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The California.

"SURELY THERE IS A VEIN FOR THE SILVER AND A PLACE FOR GOLD WHERE THEY FINE IT."

VOLUME VII., No. 1.
OFFICE, No. 532 MERCHANT STREET.

SAN FRANCISCO, MAY 25, 1867.

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Original: Dignity, by Preutice; Simpkins' Touchiug Confidence in Newspaper Advice, by Trem; Jugglery and Spiritualism; Authority aud Belief; Literary Gleauings: The Gorilla Controversy; Du Chaillu and Winwood Reade; Three Live Gorillas; Local Art Notes by Astræa; Local Architectaral Notes hy "X." "LION'S MOUTH:" What the Potrero Hogs Suid and Thought; Ladies Wearing the Mustn't-mention-ems; Leading the World; Dramatic Affairs; The Opera, etc. SELECTED: Our Astor House Breakfast, a story; A Sea-Chase; "Black Sheep" Concluded; A Very Pleasant Evening; Poetry. Paragraphs, etc.

THE LION'S MOUTH.

"THE gravest beast is an ass, the gravest bird is an owl, the gravest fish is an oyster, and the gravest man is a fool." SYDNEY SMITH.

"I WILL roar, that I will do any man's heart good to hear me."
A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

"I WILL aggravate my voice so, that I will roar you as gently as any sucking dove; I will roar you an 't were any nightingale." IBID.

"*Nil falsi audeat, nil veri non audeat dicere.*" CICERO.

The Lion's Mouth.

Once a Week, in a sketch of the haunts of harmony in Loudon, devotes considerable space to a description of Evans', the most fashionable and well-known music and supper hall in London. It has the following concerning one of the chief ornaments of the old hall—the Lion's Moath:

"A curious head, described in certain numbers of the *Guardian* for the year 1713, and designed as a box for the reception of literary contributions, was purchased by Mr. Richardson, the late proprietor of 'Evans',' against the Duke of Norfolk, and treated to a post of honor above the chimney-piece in the old music room. It bore a fanciful resemblance to a lion, and its claws were of the most formidable description. It was put up at Button's Coffee House in July 1713, removed to the Shakspeare Tavern in 1781, and bought by Mr. Richardson on the 8th of November 1809. It was described by its proprietoras being 'indeed a proper emblem of knowledge and action, for it was 'all h[illegible] paws.' 'Its features,' add? the writer, are strong and well furrowed.' The 'whiskers' gained the admiration of every one that saw them."

Entente Cordiale.

We always believed thoroughly in the truth of the saying "extremes meet." Extremes are meeting fast in the world of journalism. The radically Republican *Flag* is doing everything in its power to conciliate the radically Democratic *Examiner*—the only paper for which at present it has a good word to say. In Wednesday's issue it said: "We borrow and express the fullest reliance on the judgement of the *Examiner*." It is only right to say that the judgement of the *Examiner* was on this occasion given not with regard to reconstructiou, universal snffrage or the execution of Mrs. Surratt, but the merits of the Mexican poet Señor Gullardo's drama entitled *The Sorceress of Cordova*. Notwithstandiug this, we advise the radical subscribers to the *Flag* to keep an eye on it. Who knows but what it may not amalgamate with the *Examiner*.

A Very Small Affair.

The *Flag* thus describes the "St. James' Picnic:"

"The Sanday School, some eight mutes, a number of policemen, detailed for the purpose, with their wives and friends, left on the steamer *Contra Costa* to go to Saucelito."

How some eight mntes, and a number of policemen, detailed for the purpose, with their wives and friends can be called a Sunday School we cannot imagine. We are afterward told that, "groups of hungry, sedate people assembled *sub tegminnie fagi*, in all the freedom of the country, to eat their lunches." What sort of a minnie a "*tegminnie*" is we do not know. A Tityrus or two, thrown round loose among the eight mntes, and the policemen's wives and friends, would have given a classic air to this description of the St, James' Picuic.

A Libel on the Jews.

The *Hebrew National*, a new Jewish weekly published in London, complains that the last English edition of Webster's Dictionary contains the verb "to jew," and defines it as "to cheat," "to swindle." It is a positive fact that this verb is in common use among all classes in England, and perhaps it may be used iu the same manner among stockholders in the insurance companies in New York; but we hold it not right that it should be so set down, and we do not wonder at the indignation manifested by the *Hebrew National*. On asking a Teutonic Hebrew his opinion on the subject he said: "Oh yes, 'to jew,' das ist right. I know the word; but is is not to scheat. 'To jew'—das ist pusiness."

The Oakland Poundmaster.

The poundmaster in Oakland does not employ his time in running afte little dogs and catching them. He catches hogs. The other day he caught Mr. Hogan's hog, and Mr. Hogan the next time he passed him swore like a man and grunted an imitation of a hog. The poundmaster not taking into considcration the fact that Mr. Hogan was only swearing to himself, and had a right to recall to his recollection the voices of his lost ones by grunting, had him arrested. We should like to hear anyone whose dog had been taken to the pound bark wheu our poundmaster passed him—he would very soon get muzzled.

What the Potrero Hogs Said and Thought.

"We are becoming famous. There is an excitement in the city over youder relative to our removal to some more distaut point. The race hereahout complain of us. They say we do not furnish them with the odors of Arahy the Blest. Quite the reverse. For my part I am glad. Why do they thus imprison us. Why give they not to us the freedom of these hills? Curse them. They drive us, they impound us, and finally murder us. May my flesh abouud in trichina after death for their benefit."

So spake Gobble, an old hog, to his companions ahont the feeding trough. Gobble stood with both fore feet in his breakfast. Not merely bis owu breakfast, hut that of three or foar diminutive pigs who loudly clamored in his rear, and vainly sought to squeeze themselves into their places at the table.

"What a bore that Gobble is," said Mrs. Wallow, a sharp-nosed, vinegar-faced sow with nine small childreu at the breast. "Old Gobble is always ready to talk of the wrong aud oppression of others, but he takes very good care to get his own fill of swill if others do suffer. Even now he robs four of my last year's children of their breakfast."

"And he their father too, is he not?" said a spruce young barrow.

"I believe he is," said Mrs. Wallow reflectively.

Grant came ulong talking, squealing and singing hoisteronsly. He was half druuk with mash from the distilleries.

"What is mun?" said he, "that he claims superiority over us. He is a carniverous beast. So am I. He is a gramuniverous brute. So am I. Is he particularly clean ahout his person? Neither am I. In real common sense, I am his superior. I live solely and entirely for happiness. I am not ashamed so to act as to secure happiness To be happy, I bathe in mud. I have seen men ashamed to eat fine swill out out of a common troagh. They were afraid of each other. Bosh!

At that moment a tremendous squealing of rejoicing arose from a group of hogs gathered in the centre of the pen. What was the matter? Gohble turned half round and was on the point of so forgetting himself as to leave his breakfast. A moment's reflection suggested to him the stern truth of the four little pigs behind him. He awaited the event like a philosopher. Grunt stopped his bubbling. Mrs. Wallow carried away by curiosity, deserted her infant progeny and ran toward the excited crowd. They were gathered ahout the scrap of a morning paper wafted thither by the wind. An elderly swine, after putting on his spectacles, read aloud the following opiuion of Judge Rix:

"If they, (the hog ranchers,) after gainiug all the time possible by continuances, demand jury trials, and after conviction, appeal the cases to the County Court, they are pickliag a pretty rod for the backs."

Leading the World.

"The United States are the vanguard of freedom" says the *Alta*. "Vanguard of freedom" is good, but it was said before. To continue, the *Alta* farther remarks: "It has fallen to our lot to lead the world for a century or two at least in breaking the social, political and religious bonds in which our race was bound in semi-barbarous times, aud in which it has languished for several thousaud years." There is an alarming loosenese and recklessuess in speaking of a century or two, as if a century was a period of little weight in the *Alta's* estimation. In 1767 the United States did not lead the world entirely. Besides there were no United States at that period. Perhaps, however, we are hypercritical. The *Alta* doubtless refers to the spirit of the people and its effects on the world, rather than to any special gov ermental organization. Still we did not lead the world entirely at that period, and we are sure we did not in 1667, which is only going back a hundred years. There were a few thinkers, writers, philosophers and statesmen in Europe "a century ago" who helped lead the world.

Hard on the English Aristocracy.

A Mr. Jobson, who has lately arrived here by way of Australia, informed one paper in this city that he was a connection of the Duke of Wellington, and on the *Times* informiug the people of this city that they had "a recently imported celebrity among them," sent a communication to that paper in which he said "he was anything but proud of his connection with the aristocracy of England," aud also said "it had cost him dear." This is hard on the aristocracy, and we are sure if they were aware that Jobson was saying such things of them they would be very much annoyed. We nnderstand that Emperor Norton is in a towering passion, and intends to issue a proclamation against Johson immediately. He says either he or Johson must leave the city.

The Poor.

The *Call* says in an article relative to the seven thousand four hundred and five persons relieved by the San Francisco Benevoleut Association, "The poor we have always among us." That is so. Poverty is a commodity always in market, never inquired for or wanted, and the supply is always largely in excess of the demand.

Inquiry Financial and Im-Biblical.

"Are we to have a financial crash?" is a question often asked in the East. In San Francisco more are interested in the daily mental nquiry, "Are we to have a braudy smash?"

A Terrible Endemic.

San Francisco has escaped the epidemics which have troubled other cities; there has heen no cholera here, no rinderpest and but little diptheria. Under these circumstances our citizens can sustain themselves with great fortitude, though the endemic of "Correspondence from the Southern Coast" is raging. The *Alta* has broken out in boils, blains and putrefying sores. Vile, ungramatical eruptions appear on its face daily. It is inoculated with Santa Cruz viras, and will shortly exhibit the Warm Springs, Calistoga and Crystal Springs varieties of the endemic. On Thursday, the *Bulletin* caught it. "K" wrote "from the Southern Coast" on "Some Cheese," "Wild Mnstard" "Santa Maria Plains," "Foxens" aad other terrible subjects. He tells the intelligent public of San Francisco that be learned from a "teat puller" that Judge Steele is making 450 ponuds of cheese a day. Ho then recommends the aforesaid Judge's wild mnstard as being of "u fine quality for table use." "K" is the best of these horrible prowling correspondents who have as yet blistered the columns of the daily press, hut he is bad enough. Who on earth wants to know anything about Santa Barbara, wild mastard, and teat pullers? When it begins to get hot in San Francisco all the people who have money to spend will leave it—for some warmer place—and those whose business or impecuniosity compells them to remaiu in town, will suffer daily torture from correspondents who wish to make those they have left behind them as miserable as possible.

Ladies Wearing the Mustn't-mention-'ems.

There was a terrible commotion in San Francisco when Mrs De Wolf first appeared in public in unwhisperables, and most of the ladies were shocked. If the *Appeal* is to be believed, the ladies of Marysville have come to the conclusion that, though improper for a walking costnme, the what-d'ye-call-'ems are quite correct on horseback. This paper says:

"They propose to throw away the cumbersome and horse-scaring flonnces and adopt the Turkish style of habit, use the male saddle, and mount their steeds the same as 'other folks.'"

This is just simply an excuse for wearing the aforesaid articles of apparel which every married lady is supposed to covet. If ladies must ride on horses man-fashion they should adopt the style of hab worn by the Sandwich Island ladies. The *Appeal* says farther:

"The ladies have heeu taking this matter under serious consideration of late, and have bravely resolved to defy old fogyism and ride as sense and comfort dictate. We understand a party of five or six of our most respectable citizens are preparing their Turkish dresses, aud will be ready to take the air on horseback the latter part of this week."

They had better not come down to San Francisco or they will be arrested. Turkish dresses forsooth! Perhaps the dissolute editor of the *Appeal* (he cannot be a virtuous respectable man as all our San Francisco editors are) would like to see *other* Turkish habits introduced among the ladies of Marysville.

Summer Sports.

It is rather amasing to hear Englishmen abusing the Climate of San Francisco. The merry month of May must be delightful. The following dispatch reached us hy the cable:

"LONDON, May 23—The Derby was won by *Hermit*. There was an immense crowd in atteudance. A snow storm prevailed during the race."

The merry May days of England appear to be "played out," as we say in California. A race in a snow storm is a pleasing novelty. We must, however, state in justice to the climato of England, had as it really is, a snow storm in May is quite a stranger, but we doubt if Englishmeu as a stranger give it welcome.

"Local Art Items."

Under this head the *Bulletin* of yesterday informs its readers that four young men took the Petalnma boat, on the day previous, on their way for a tour through the coast range country to Yreka and thence to Portland, Oregon. The *Bulletin* says that these young men—all unknown to Fame—are "well supplied with materials for making oil sketches." All things considered, we think that San Francisco people and newspapers had better encourage and try to support the really good artists already here, instead of petting young beginners in art, who, if they stay here, will starve.

An Immoral Atmosphere.

We find the following paragraph in one of our exchanges:

"Three of the Japanese gymnasts got drunk at Hartford recently fought the police, and were finally locked up for the night."

The above fact, if it is a fact, is very discreditable to Hartford. None of the Japanese gymnasts got drunk in San Francisco. But that is always the way as soon as people get out of the moral atmosphere of Sun Francisco they become demoralized. We tremble when we think that even Tom Maguire's morals may become corrupted in the East.

Highly Important from England.

The important information that the *Star* "says it will be a crime to execute the Fenians" came over the wires this week. There is a little penny paper of that name published in London, but its opinion is of very little value either in England or Ireland. As we learned by dispatches sent across the cable that "was not probable that any of the Fenians would be hanged, the opinion of the *Star* is particularly valuable to citizens of San Francisco

BLACK SHEEP

BY EDMUND YATES.

Author of "Land at Last," "Kissing the Rod," etc.

FROM CHARLES DICKENS' MAGAZINE, "ALL THE YEAR ROUND."

BOOK III.

CHAPTER XV.—CONCLUSION OF BLACK SHEEP.

THE ordinary bnsiness of the place and the occasion went on, intensified in interest to the spectators by the presence of the murdered man's father, in the sensational character of a witness. Harriet's relation to the prisoner was not divined by the public, and so she passed unnoticed.

Jim Swain was, of course, the chief witness, and he told his story with clearness and directness, though he was evidently and deeply affected by the sight of Harriet, whom his quick eye instantly recognised. She took no notice; she did not change her position, or raise her veil as the examination of the boy proceeded, as minute by minute she heard and felt the last chance, the last faint hope of escape, slip away, and the terrible certainty of doom become clearer and more imminent. She heard and saw the boy—whose story contained the destruction of hope and life, showed her the utter futility of all the plans they had concocted, of all the precautions they had taken; showed her that while they had fenced themselves from the danger without, the unsuspected ruin was close beside them, always near—wholly unmoved. It had come, it had happened; all was over, it did not matter how. There was no room for anger, no power of surprise or curiosity left in her mind. As the golden locket was produced, and the identity of the portrait with that of the murdered man was sworn to, a kind of vision came to her. She saw the bright spring morning once more, and the lonely bridge; she saw the river with the early sunlight npon it; she saw herself leaning over the parapet and looking into the water, as the parcel she had carried thither with careful haste sank into the depth and was hidden. She saw herself returning homeward, the dangerons link in the evidence destroyed, passing by the archway, where a boy lay, whom she had pitied, even then, in her own great and terrible anguish. If anything could be strange now, it would be strange to remember what he then had in his possession, to render all her precantion vain. But she could not feel it so, or think about it; all things were alike to her henceforth, there was no strangeness or familiarity in them for evermore. Occasionally, for a minute, the place she was in seemed to grow unreal to her, and to fade; the next, she took up the full sense of the words which were being spoken, and every face in the crowd, every detail of the building, every accident of the scene, seemed to strike upon her brain through her eyes. She never looked at him, but she saw him distinctly; she saw also the look with which Routh regarded him.

That look was murderons. As the boy's story made his motives evident, as it exposed the fallacious natnre of the security on whieh Routh had bnilt, as it made him see how true had been Harriet's prevision, how wise her connsel—thongh he hated her all the more bitterly as the knowledge grew more and more irresistible—the murderous impulse rose to fury within him. Standing there a prisoner, helpless, and certain of condemnation, for he never had a donbt of that, the chain he had helped to forge by his counsel to Dallas was too strong to be broken; he would have taken two more lives if he had had the power and the ehance—the boy's, and that accursed woman's. Not his wife's, not Harriet's; he knew now, he saw now, she had not brought him to this. But the other, the other, who had tempted him and lured him; who had defeated him, rnined him, and escaped. He knew her shallow character and her cold heart, and his fierce, vindictive, passionate, sensnl nature was stirred by horrid pangs of fury and powerless hate as he thought of her—of the triumphant beauty whieh he had so coveted, of the wealth he had so nearly clutched—triumphant, and happy, and powerful still, while he—he——! Already the bitterness and blackness of death were npon him.

And the boy! So powerful, even now, was the egotism of the man's nature, that he winced under the pain of the defeat the boy had inflicted upon him—winced nnder the defeat while he trembled at the destruction. He had kept him near him, nnder his hand, that if the need should arise he might nse him as an instrument for the ruin of George Dallas, and so had provided for his own ruin. The active hate and persistent plan of another could not have worked more surely against him than he had himself wrought, and the sense of the boy's instrumentality became unbearably degrading to him, wounding him where he was most vulnerable.

Thus all black and evil passions raged in his heart; and as his wife looked in his face, she read them there as in a printed book, and onee again the feeling of last night came over her, of the strangeness of a sudden cessation to all this, and also something like a dreary satisfaetion in the knowledge that it was within her power and his to bid it all cease—to have done with it.

Looking at him, and thinking this, if the strange dream of her mind may be called thought, the curiosity of the crowd began to anger her a little. What was the dead man to them, the nameless stranger, and they should care for the discovery—that they should come here to see the agony of another man, destined, like the first, to die? The popular instinct filled her with loathing, but only momentarily; she forgot to think of it the next minute, and the vagueness came again, the film and the dimness, and again the acute distinctness of sound, the intensity of vision.

It was over at length. The prisoner was committed for trial. As he was removed with the celerity usual on snch occasions, Harriet made a slight sign to the solicitor acting for Ronth—a sign evidently preconcerted, for he approached the magistrate, and addressed him in a low voice. The reply was favorable to his request, and he, in his turn, signed to Harriet, who left her place and came to where he was standing. He placed her in the box, and she stood there firmly, having bowed to the magistrate, who addressed her:

"You are the prisoner's wife?"

"I am."

"Yon wish to speak to me?"

"I wish to ask yonr permission to see my husband before he is removed."

"You may do so. Take care of the lady."

This to one of the officials. The tone of the magistrate's reply to Harriet was compassionate, though he spoke briefly; and he looked intently at her as she bowed again and turned meekly away. He has said, since then, that he never saw supreme despair in any face before.

"You have not much time," the policeman said, not unkindly, who conducted her to the lock-np cell where Ronth was. She made no answer, but went, and the door was locked behind her. He was sitting on a bench exactly in front of the door, and the moment she passed it her eyes met his. Fury and gloom were lowering upon his face; he looked up sullenly at her, but did not speak. She stood by the door, leaning against it, and said, in a low toue:

"I have but little time, they tell me. I am come to learn yonr will. It was agreed between us, once, that if the worst came, I should supply you with the means of disposing of your fate. I remembered that agreement, and I have brought you *this*."

She put her hand in her bosom, and took out of her dress a small phial. It contained prussic acid, and was sealed and stoppered with glass.

He started and groaned, but did not yet speak.

"The worst *has* come," she said. "I do not say you ought not to face it ont, still I only do as you onee desired me to do in such a case. The decision is with yourself. This is my only opportunity of obeying you, and I do so."

"The worst has come," he said, in a hoarse voice, not in the least like his own; "you are sure the worst has come? He said it was a bad case, a very bad case. Yes, the worst has come."

Her hand was stretched out, the phial in it. He made no attempt to take it from her. She held it still, and spoke again:

"I have very little time. You will be searched presently, they tell me, and this will be found, probably. I have obeyed you to the last, as from the beginning."

"There's no chance—you are qnite sure there is no chance?"

"I am quite sure there is no chance. I have always known, if this happened, there could be no chance."

He muttered something under his breath.

"I do not hear you," she said. "You are reproaching me, I dare say, but it is not worth while. If you make uo use of this, you will have time to reproach me as much as you like. If you do make use of it, reproach is past, with time and life. Have you decided?"

"No," he said; "give it to me. If I use it, it must be very soon—if not, never."

She laid the phial on the bench beside him, and he took it up, and placed it in his breast pocket. She did not touch him, but when she had laid the phial down, stepped back, and leaned against the door.

"Is there anything you want to know—anything I can tell you?" she asked. "Again, my time is very short."

"No," he said; "if I make up my mind to go through this I shall know all I want; if I don't, I need not know anything."

"Just so," she said qnietly. He looked on the ground, she looked at him.

"Harriet," he said, snddenly, "I am sorry, I——"

"Hnsh," she said, flnshing scarlet for one brief moment, and putting out her hand. "No more. All is over, and done with. The past is dead, and I am dead with it. Not a word of me."

"But if—if——" he touched his coat-pocket. "I must first know what is to become of you."

"Must you?" she said, and the faintest possible alteration came in her voice—a little, little softening, and a slight touch of surprise. "I think you might have known that I shall live until I know that you are no longer living."

"Sorry to interrupt you, ma'am," said the policeman who had brought Harriet to the cell, unlocking the door with sharp suddenness—"very sorry, I'm sure; but——"

"I am quite ready," said Harriet; and, as Routh started np, she turned, and was outside the door in an instant. Two policemen were in the passage; at the door through which she had been led from the court, Ronth's solicitor was standing. He took her arm in his, and brought her away throngh a private entrance. They did not speak till she was in the street, where she saw, at a little distance, a crowd collected to watch the exit of the prison van. He called a cab.

"Where to?"

"My house."

"I will go with you."

"No, thank you. Indeed, I would rather go alone."

"I shall see yon this evening."

She bent her head in reply.

When she was seated in the cab she put out her hand to him, and as she leaned forward he saw her awful face.

"God help you, Mrs. Routh," he said, with intense pity. Then she said, in a clear low voice, whose tone he remembers, as he remembers the face, these words:

"There is no God. If there were, there could be no such men as he, and no such woman as I."

When she was a short distance from the police-court, and beyond the solicitor's sight, she called to the driver from the window that she had changed her purpose, and desired to be set down at St. Paul's Churchyard.

The arrival of the prison van at Newgate excited the usual sensation which it produces among the public who congregate in the neighborhood of the prison to see it discharge its wretched contents. The majority of this crowd were, as usual, of the dangerous classes, and it would have afforded matter of speculation to the curious in such things to look at their faces and calculate, according to the indices there given, how many of the number would one day take a personal part in a spectacle similar to that at which they were gazing with curiosity, which renewed itself daily. On this occasion the sentiment prevalent on the outside of the grim fortress of crime was shared in an unusual degree by the officials, and general, not criminal, inhabitants. Not that a supposed murderer's arrival was any novelty at Newgate, but that the supposed murderer in the preseut instance was not of the class among which society ordinarily recruits its murderers, and the circumstances both of the crime and its discovery were exceptional. Thus, when the gate by which the prisoners were to be admitted unclosed, the yard was full of spectators.

Four prisoners were committed that day: a burglar and his assistant; a merchant's clerk who had managed a forgery so remarkably cleverly that it needed only not to have been found out, to have been a stroke of brilliant genius; and Stewart Routh. The door was opened, the group of spectators gathered round. First the burglar, a wiry little man, more like the tailor of real life than the conventional hero of the center-bit and the jemmy. Next, his assistant, an individual of jovial appearance, tempered with responsibility, like a popular president of school feasts, or the leader of a village choir. Thirdly, the forger, remarkable for nothing in his appearance except its abjectness of fright and bewilderment. These had emerged from the darksome recesses of the hideous caravan, the first and no slight instalment of their punishment, and had been received with comparative indifference. A passing glance was all that was accorded to them by the spectators waiting the appearance of the "gentleman" who was in such very serious "trouble."

But the gentleman did not follow his temporary associates, though the policeman in attendance held the door open, and told him to "come on." Then he stepped into the van and up to the compartment in which Routh had been placed. After an elapse of a full minute he emerged, and addressing the lookers-on generally, he said:

"There's something queer the matter with him, and I think he's dead!"

A stir and confusion among the crowd, and the governor called for. A matter of fact turnkey advances, saying, in a business-like tone:

"Haul him ont, and let's see."

They do haul him out, and they do see. His face is rather bluish in color, and his eyes are open, but his hands are clenched, and his tongue is rigid. And he is quite dead. So there is a great sensation around the prison, the senseless figure is carried into the yard, and the gate is promptly shut, the rumor spreads through the crowd, trying to find chinks which do not exist, and to hear sounds inaudible, that the "murder" case is disposed of, the prisoner having tried, condemned and executed himself. And, though the incident is highly sensational, the general feeling is disappointment.

A woman, plainly dressed and closely veiled, who has been lingering about the street for some time, and was there when the van arrived, has seen the figure lifted from the van, and has heard the rumor. But she waits a little longer, until a policeman comes out of a side entrance, and while some eager inquirers, chiefly women, question him, and he tells them it is quite true, the man committed for trial for the riverside mur-

der is really dead, she stands by and listens. Then she draws her shawl closely round her, and shivers, and goes away. After she has taken a few steps, she falters and sways a little, but she leans against the wall, her hands pressed upon her breast, quietly, attracting no attention, until she has regained her composure, and her breath, and then goes on, along the street, and so out into Holborn.

"She has not been seen or heard of, at his chambers or at home," said Mr. Carruthers to Mr. Felton, late that evening. "Nothing is known of her. They say she has no friends; I could not find out from the servants that she has a single acquaintance even to whose house she could have gone."

Mr. Felton was infinitely distressed by this news which Mr. Carruthers, whose active benevolence, guided by the judgment of others, knew no bounds, brought to his brother-in-law, who was at length exhausted, and unable to rise. They had heard early in the afternoon of the death of Routh, and had all at once been roused to the warmest compassion for Harriet. Clare, having left the unconscious Mrs. Carruthers tranquilly asleep, had gone to Mr. Felton's lodgings, and was there when her uncle came in with his report.

"Laura has no suspicion?" asked Mr. Felton.

"Not the slightest. She has no notion that you and George are not still in Paris. I must say Clare is an admirable girl to keep a secret and play a part."

Clare blushed a little at her uncle's praise.

"What is to be done now about this unfortunate woman? She must be found. Apart from every other consideration, George would be infinitely distressed if any harm came to her."

"I really don't know," said Mr. Carruthers. "There seems to be no clue to her probable movements, and——Come in." This was in answer to a knock at the door.

Jim Swain came in, his face full of eagerness:

"Have you found her, sir? Is she at home? Does she know?"

"No, Jim," said Mr. Felton, "she's not at home, and no one knows anything of her."

"Sir," exclaimed Jim—"miss, I'm sure she's somewheres about the prison. Has any one thought of lookin' for her there? She'd go there, sir and miss—she'd go there. Take me with you, and let us go and look for her. I daren't go alone; she wouldn't listen to me, she wouldn't look at me; but I'm sure she's there."

"Uncle," said Clare, earnestly, "I am sure he's right—I feel sure he is right. Pray go; take one of the servants and him. The carriage is waiting for me; take it and go."

Mr. Carruthers did as she desired. It was wonderful to see the change that had come over him with the awakening of his better nature. He had always been energetic, and now he forgot to be pompous and self-engrossed.

The streets in the dismal quarter of the prison were comparatively silent and empty when Mr. Carruthers called to the coachman to stop, and got out of the carriage, Jim descending from the box, and they began their dismal search. It was not prolonged or difficult.

They found her sitting on the ground, supported by the prison wall, which she had contrived to reach by creeping under the strong barrier of iron spikes which protects the prison on the side which turns its external wall to the street. There, fenced in by the terrible bristling barrier, she lay, in an angle where there was little resort of footsteps and but dim light—a corner in which the tired wayfarer might rest, unquestioned, for a little, by either the policeman or the passer-by. And no more tired wayfarer had ever sat down to rest, even in the pitiless London streets, than the woman who had wandered about until the friendly night had fallen, and had then come there to die, and have done with it.

They took her to her own home, and when they removed her shawl a slip of paper, on which George Dallas' name was written, was found pinned to the front of her dress. It contained these words:

"The boy's story is true. I did not keep the diamonds taken out of the studs. You sold them when you sold your mother's. I was always sorry you ever knew us.

"H. Routh."

* * * * *

George Dallas is in New York with Mr. Felton, who is winding up all his affairs, with a view to a permanent residence in England. Jim Swain, whose education includes the art of writing now, is attached to the personal service of Mr. Dallas, who is understood to be his uncle's heir.

Miss Carruthers is at Poynings, not to be tempted by London and its pleasures; but the absence of the young and beautiful heiress is not so deeply deplored by "society" as it would be, were it not generally known that she is engaged.

[CONCLUDED.]

As an instance of the rapid growth of some of our western cities it may be stated that St. Joseph, Missouri, gained in population, in 1866, over 6,000, or more than 25 per cent.

WHY are good husbands like dough? Because women need them.

JAPAN SOCIETY.

ALL lustres fade, all types decay,
That Time has strength to touch or tarnish
Japan receives itself to-day
A novel kind of varnish.
All Asia moves; in far Thibet
A fear of change perturbs the Lama;
You'll hear the railway whistle yet
Arousing Yokohama!

Methinks it were a theme for song,
This spread of European knowledge;
Gasometers adorn Hong Kong,
Calcutta keeps a college.
Pale Ale and Cavendish maintain
Our hold among the opium smokers;
Through Java jungles runs the train,
With Dutchmen for the stokers.

The East is doomed; Romance is dead,
Or surely on the point of dying:
The travelers' books our boyhood read
Would now be reckoned lying.
Our young illusions vanish fast;
They're obsolete—effete—archaic;
The hour has come that sees at last
The Orient prosaic!

The Brother of the Sun and Moon
Has long renounced his claims excessive;
And now we find a new Tycoon,
Who styles himself "progressive,"
Where once the Dutch alone could trade,
With many a sore humiliation,
The flags are flauntingly displayed
Of every western nation.

The steamers in the harbors smoke;
The Titan-Steam begins its functions;
There'll be a market soon for coke,
When junks give way to junctions!
The oriental little boys,
Who now survey those startling vapors,
Will learn to shout, with hideous noise,
The names of morning papers!

The East is dying: live the East!
With hope we watch its transformation;
Our European life, at least,
Is better than stagnation.
The cycles of Cathay are run;
Begins the new, the nobler movement—
I'm half ashamed of making fun
Of Japanese improvement!

FALSE HAIR.—The London *Lancet* has been giving a series of articles upon the bad effects which results from the use of false hair. In its last article it says: "The fact that a very large amount of the artificial hair is originally studded over with the egg bags of the common pediculus, is one of the best evidences that the individuals from whom the hair has been obtained were strangers to habits of cleanliness. In much of the hair that comes into the English market, especially that of a lighter shade, the distal half of the shaft is dotted over with what are generally regarded as "nits." These are of two kinds; the one attached laterally—ova remains; and a second form which, surrounding the hair, is difficult to detach (more difficult than the true "nits"), and may be found on the hair that has been prepared and cleansed for sale. The latter is nothing more nor less than a collection of vegetable sporules or cells similar to those which are found in the various forms of ringworm. They are not destroyed by many of the processes to which the hair is subjected in its preparation; and there can be no doubt that, when placed upon a favorable soil, they would speedily grow and produce serious diseases. Fortunately the scalp of adults does not form a favorable *nidus* for these parasitic germs, but in some instances of scurfy disease of the scalp there is reason to think they are the true cause of mischief. In the case of the young, it cannot be doubted that ringworm would be produced by their growth; and the fact is certain that many ladies carry about with them in their "chignons" the seeds of "ringworm"—an intractable malady. There is also a novel species of false hair in the market; it is called "churchyard hair," and consists not only of the shafts but the roots also, and hence must have been pulled from the scalp of the dead!—a horrible idea, and one that should certainly make ladies revolt against the present absurd and uncleanly fashion.

A JOKE THAT PAID.—Count Bismarck recently presented a faithful but poor secretary with a portfolio bound like a book, in which were deposited five thousand thalers. On meeting his secretary next day, the Count asked him if he had perused the volume. "Yes, your highness," said the secretary, "and I am so captivated by its contents that I am waiting the appearance of the second volume with feelings of the greatest interest," The Count smiled, but said nothing. A few days afterward the secretary received a second portfolio, bound and filled like the first, and on the title page of which was the sentence: "This work is complete in two volumes."

AT a morning performance, in Paris, of "the Pirates of the Savannah," (the piece in which the Menken appears,) the large sum of nine thousand, four hundred francs was taken.

PREJUDICES are like rats, and a man's mind like a trap; they get in easily, and then perhaps can't get out at all.

A VERY PLEASANT EVENING.

YOU may not be surprised if I call upon you to prepare for your domestic pleasures with a little suffering; nor, when I tell you what such pleasures are, must you exclaim against them as absurd. Having the sanction of our forefathers, they are what is fashionable now, and consequently they are what is fit. I propose, then, that you should give for the entertainment of your friends an evening party; and as this is a scene in which young ladies prominently figure, I will, if you please, on this occasion, pay particular attention to your daughter.

O, mystery of preparation!—Pardon, sir. You err if you suppose me to insinuate that ladies are more careful over personal adornment than the gentlemen. Man at his grimmest is as vain as woman, even when he stalks about bearded and battle-axed. This is the mystery of preparation in your daughter's case; how does she breathe? You have prepared her from childhood for the part she is to play to-night, by training her form into the only shape which can be looked on with complacency in any ball-room. A machine called stays, introduced long since into England by the Normans, has had her in its grip from early girlhood. She has become pale, and—only the least bit—liable to be blue about the nose and fingers. Stays are an excellent contrivance; they give a material support to the old cause, unhealthiness at home. This is the secret of their excellence. A woman's ribs are narrow at the top, and as they approach the waist they widen, to allow room for the lungs to play within them. If you can prevent the ribs from widening, you can prevent the lungs from playing, which they have no right to do, and make them work. This you accomplish by the agency of stays. It fortunately happens that these lungs have work to do—the putting of the breath of life into the blood—which they are unable to do properly when cramped for space; it becomes about as difficult to them as it would be to you to play the trombone in a in a china-closet. By this compression of the chest ladies are made nervous, and become unfit for much exertion.

Well, your daughter comes down stairs dressed, with a bonquet, at a time when the dull seeker of health and strength would have her go up stairs with a bed-candlestick. Your guests arrive. Young ladies thinly clad, and packed in carriages, emerge half stifled, put a cold foot protected by a filmy shoe, upon the pavement, and run, shivering, into your house. Well, sir, we'll warm them presently.

But suffer me to dance a polka with your daughter. Frail, elegant creature that she is! A glass of wine—macaroon—good. That was a delightful dance; now let us promenade. The room is close; a glass of wine, an ice, and let us go to the delicious draught in the conservatory, or by that door. Is it not beautiful? The next quadrille—I look slily at my watch, and Auber's grim chorns rumbles within me. "Midnight!" Another dance. How fond she seems to be of macaroons. Supper. My dear sir, I will take good care of your daughter. One sandwich. Champagne. Blancmange. Bonbon. Champagne. Sherry. Champagne. Tipsy-cake. Brandy cherries. Glass of wine. A macaroon. Trifle. Jelly. Champagne. Custard. Macaroon. The ladies are being cared for. Yes; now in their absence we will drink their health—their and our bad healths. This is the happiest moment of our lives; at two in the morning, with a dose of indigestion in our stomach, and three hours more to come before we get to bed. You, my dear sir, hope that, on many occasions like the present, you may see your friends around you, looking as glassy-eyed as you have made them to look now. We will rejoin the ladies.

Nothing but champagne could have enabled us to keep up the evening so well. We were getting weary before supper—but we have had some wine, have dug the spurs into our sides, and on we go again. At length even the bottle stimulates our worn out company no more, and then we separate. Good night, dear sir; we have spent a very pleasant evening under your roof.

To-morrow, when you depart from a late breakfast, having seen your daughter's face and her dim and heavy eye, knowing that your wife is bilious, and that your son has just gone out for soda water, you will feel yourself to be a father who has done his duty, a man who has paid something on account of his great debt to civilized society.

A SHORT time ago, at Toledo, Ohio, a cattle-dealer received pay for a steer, which had been sold to a butcher, and rolling the greenbacks into a small wad, put them into his tobacco box. Shortly after, he extricated, as he thought, a portion of the tobacco, but, with all his mastication, could expectorate none of the savory juices, and finally took his quid out of his mouth to look at it, when he found he had been chewing his roll of grecubacks. He stood aghast for a moment, and then burst out: "Confound the luck! a whole steer at one chew!"

CEREMONY was always the companion of weak minds; it is a plant that will never grow in a strong soil.

INNOCENCE is no security against temptation; it is exactly what temptation conquers.

LITERARY GOSSIP AND GLEANINGS.

THE GORILLA CONTROVERSY.

THE hostility which M. Du Chaillu has encountered at the hands of divers English savants and naturalists may, perhaps, be in part accounted for by the fact that he commenced his career as "a young and illiterate trader"—it is thus that Mr. W. Winwood Reade characterizes him—and does not, therefore, belong to the learned guild that is accustomed to claim exclusive authority in all matters connected with the natural sciences. At any rate, we prefer to attribute it to this source than to the circumstance that the now famous African explorer, is an American by birth, and a Frenchman by descent.

But whatever may be the cause of the animosity, there can be no doubt whatever of its existence. "The position of an explorer of unknown countries in England," says Du Chaillu pathetically, "is peculiar, and very difficult. If he returns home with nothing new or striking to relate he is voted a bore, and his book has no chance of being read; if he has some wonders to unfold, connected with Geography, the Natives, or Natural History, the fate of Abyssinian Bruce too often awaits him, his narrative being held up to scorn and ridicule as a tissue of figments."

In a recent number of the *Galaxy* W. Winwood Reade, the naturalist, has an article entitled "The Facts About M. Du. Chaillu," in which he declares that wishing to settle the question of the veracity of Du Chaillu, he determined to go all the way to the gorilla country for the purpose of investigating it. We fear, from the prevailing spirit of the article, that Mr. Reade made his journey not so much with the purpose of "investigation," as of discovering proofs to support a conclusion already formed. "It seems to be a point of honor in the British naturalist," says a writer in Wilkes' *Spirit of the Times*, "to doubt M. Du Chailln. That traveler is, we believe, a native of New Orleans, born of French parents, and whether it is in his capacity of American or Frenchman that he so disgusts the British mind, or that it is by those aristocrats of science, the members of the geographical and ethnological societies, considered a piece of presumption in 'a young and illiterate trader' to discover new apes, we know not; but certainly ever since the appearance of M. Du Chaillu's first book he has been like the red rag to our cousin Bull, exciting a degree of rage wholly unintelligible to common humanity. Among the facts to be ascertained were these: Did M. Du Chaillu travel eight thousand miles on foot? Did the bald-headed ape build an umbrella-shaped nest, and sit under it when it rained? Was the young gorilla untamable? Had M. Du Chaillu ever killed a gorilla? Had a gorilla ever killed one of M. Du Chaillu's hunters? Did the gorilla attack its enemies in an erect posture, beating its breast? Now, one would suppose that after all the trouble and expense of a voyage to the gorilla country for the purpose of investigating these facts, that Mr. Reade would have investigated them. What did he do? He tells us that he went first to the missionaries. These worthy men, whose business was with the negroes, and not the apes, could not be supposed to know much about them. They, however, agreed with M. Du Chaillu, that the gorilla attacked without provocation, and always on his hind feet. But lest M. Du Chaillu's reputation should be benefitted by this opinion, for it was probably nothing more, Mr. Reade declares that M. Du Chaillu learned it from the missionaries. Leaving the missionaries, Mr. Reade goes to the natives, with whom he communicates through an interpreter, a serious obstacle, one would imagine, to the pursuit of exact knowledge. In the course of a dinner with a black king, Quengueza by name, that monarch informs him that Paulo (M. Du Chaillu) had been in the habit of shooting gorillas with him in the bush. His next inquiry was of a certain Lady Mary, 'who spoke slowly and thoughtfully.' This thoughtful person denied the truth of the king's statement, and rebuked him, upon which his majesty ate his words in a manner wholly ignoble and unkingly, and denied that Paulo had shot gorillas. And this loose talk of two naked savages, neither of whom could understand the examining counsel, Mr. Reade calls an investigation. Then he calls the hunters of the town together, and proposes to go with them to shoot gorillas. 'Who ever heard of a white man doing that?' said they. 'Why not do as Paulo did, buy the gorillas of us for powder, cloth, and tobacco?' Mr. Reade did not understand that these cunning savages wished to keep white men from their hunting grounds. Then he asked other hunters what Paulo shot. The reply was, 'squirrels, birds, and small monkeys.' Of course he did, for we saw many of these animals in his collection, and no doubt they were more plentiful than gorillas, which do not sit on every tree. But here is no evidence that Mr. Du Chaillu did not kill a gorilla. Why did not Mr. Reade call the only good witness, the beast itself? Why did he not at least try to shoot one, to ascertain whether the thing was practicable and safe. He styles himself a tourist, and, as all Englishmen are by their birthright sportsmen, he should have decided the question face to face with the great ape. Mr. Reade says that Mr. Du Chaillu's statements that he traveled eight thousand miles on foot, is monstrous. He admits that the journeys made by Mr. Du Chaillu were 'creditable to a young and illiterate trader,' though why an illiterate trader, who by Mr. Reade's own account was said by the natives 'to walk the bush well,' could not travel as well as a college graduate, does not appear. He next informs us that the umbrella-shaped nest is a myth, though whether he learned this fact from the thoughtful Lady Mary or the hospitable though irresolute Quengueza he does not say. In this, as in many other instances, we have a mere denial. Let us be thankful for that much. 'The public is not to be bamboozled any more.' Mr. Reade says that the young gorilla which he saw was not ferocious. There may be differences in gorillas as in Englishmen. Some of the latter are like Sir Roderick Murchison, kind and generous to young authors and naturalists, while others fiercely accuse them of literary crimes. Mr. Reade asserts, with the graceful modesty so characteristic of his nation, and which makes them beloved throughout the world, that no hunter has been killed by a gorilla within the memory of man, in any part of the country visited by himself or M. Du Chaillu. It is, after all, a question of evidence between himself and M. Du Chaillu, and we think the rules of evidence are in favor of him who saw, rather than of him who saw not; other things being equal, we must prefer the positive to the negative. Mr. Reade says, finally, that this is a question of science, not of sentiment. From the manner in which he and other Englishmen have discussed it, we should have thought it a question of nationality."

THE GORILLA AT HOME.

The most uncompromising champions of M. Du Chaillu, must, however, admit that in his last volume, "A Journey to Ashango-Land," he has taken back, or considerably modified several of the more sensational statements made in the "Adventures in Equatorial Africa." He admits it is possible to capture the adult female gorilla alive; also, that the gorilla is gregarious, instead of living in pairs, and the whole representation of the creature as it figures in the present work, is very much toned down. Here is a description of three of them captured by the negroes:

"The natives of all the neighboring country were now so well aware that I wanted live gorillas, and was willing to give a high price for them, that many were stimulated to search with great perseverance; the good effects of this were soon made evident.

One day, as I was quietly dining with Captain Holder, of the *Cambria* (a vessel just arrived from England), one of my men came in with the startling news that three live gorillas had been brought, one of them full-grown. I had not long to wait; in they came. First, a very large adult female, bound hand and foot; then her female child, screaming terribly; and lastly, a vigorous young male, also tightly bound. The female had been ingeniously secured by the negroes to a strong stick, the wrists bound to the upper part, and the ankles to the lower, so that she could not reach to tear the cords with her teeth. It was dark, and the scene was one so wild and strange that I shall never forget it. The fiendish countenances of the Calibanish trio, one of them distorted by pain (for the mother gorilla was severely wounded), were lit up by the ruddy glare of native torches. The thought struck me, what would I not give to have the group in London for a few days!

The young male I secured by a chain which I had in readiness, and gave him henceforth the name of Tom. We untied his hands and feet; to show his gratitude for this act of kindness he immediately made a rush at me, screaming with all his might; happily the chain was made fast, and I took care afterward to keep out of his way. The old mother gorilla was in unfortunate plight. She had an arm broken and a wound in the chest, besides being dreadfully beaten on the head. She groaned and roared, many times during the night, probably from pain.

I noticed next day, and on many occasions, that the vigorous young male, whenever he made a rush at any one and missed his aim, immediately ran back. This corresponds with what is known of the habits of the large males in their native woods; when attacked they make a ferocious rush at their enemy, break an arm or tear his bowels open, and then beat a retreat, leaving their victim to shift for himself.

The wounded female died in the course of the next day; her moaning were more frequent in the morning, and they gradually became weaker as her life ebbed out. Her death was like that of a human being, and affected me more than I could have thought possible. Her child clung to her to the last, and tried to obtain milk from her breast after she was dead. I photographed them both when the young one was resting in its dead mother's lap. I kept the young one alive for three days after its mother's death. I feed it on goat's milk, for it was too young to eat berries. It died the fourth day, having taken an unconquerable dislike to the milk. It had, I think, begun to know me a little. As to the male, I made at least a dozen attempts to photograph the irascible little demon, but all in vain. The pointing of the camera toward him threw him into a perfect rage, and I was almost provoked to give him a sound thrashing. The day after, however, I succeeded with him, taking two views, and not very perfect, but sufficient for my object.

I must now relate how these three animals were caught, premising that the capture of the female was the first instance that had come to my knowledge of an adult gorilla being taken alive. The place where they were found was on the left bank of the Fernand Vaz, about thirty miles above my village. At this part a narrow promontory projects into the river. It was the place where I had intended to take the noted traveler, Captain Burton, to show him a live gorilla, if he had paid me a visit, as I had expected, for I had written to invite him while he was on a tour from his Consulate at Fernando Po to several points on the West African coast.

A woman belonging to a neighboring village had told her people that she had seen two squads of female gorillas, some of them accompanied by their young ones, in her plantain field. The men resolved to go in chase of them; so they armed themselves with guns, axes and spears, and sallied forth. The situation was very favorable for the hunters; they formed a line across the narrow strip of land and pressed forward, driving the animals to the edge of the water. When they came in sight of them, they made all the noise in their power, and thus bewildered the gorillas, who were shot or beaten down in their endeavors to escape. There were eight adult females altogether, but not a single male. The negroes thought the males were in the adjoining woods, having probably been frightened away by the noise."

AMERICAN AND ENGLISH LITERARY PAPERS.

The New York *Herald* thus remarks upon the difference between European and American periodicals: "In Europe men give up their lives to one definite line of labor, and expect that the solar system will tumble to pieces when they deviate a hair's breadth to the right or left of that line Every little necessary pursuit of civilization is some one's specialty. We see nowhere a better illustration of the difference than in the periodicals of the two emihspheres. London publications are special. It is *Punch's* vocation to do the fun. It has nothing to do with any subject except as it can draw a laugh from it. If it cannot keep on the broad grin it must maintain silence. The London *Illustrated News* has no business with any event or fact under the sun unless there are pictures in it. All that lies in the realm of the pictorial artist is fair game; beyond that there is nothing. Other sheets are equally devoted to athletic sports; others again to fiction, and still others to political discussion. In the pages of a single New York periodical we will find all these at once. In *Harper's Weekly* we find current events pictured with apt and admirable pencil, and on the same page the broad grin of homely humor—the lash of political satire, sometimes rather savage, perhaps—excellent fiction, and often poems of a high order of merit. While good fun is thus shown to be possible, attempts to establish funny papers here always fail. Bonner's irrepressible *Ledger* has a range but little less extensive than *Harper's Weekly*. It also supplies its readers with constant novelty in fiction, with well written essays on various topics, and, having due regard to the spice of life, with wit, humor and poesy.

These journals fill the sphere that in Europe would be taken up by half a dozen sheets, each conducted on different plans. Undoubtedly in the matter of the striking difference between the Old World and the New on this point of specialty there are notable advantages and disadvatages on both sides; yet we cannot but regard the American peculiarity as the indication of a fuller and more satisfactory development of the human intellect."

MISCELLANEOUS.

Charles Henry Webb, the founder of THE CALIFORNIAN, has determined to renounce verse-writing—at least, such would seem to be the fair inference from the following screed of "advice" from his pen, which we clip from the New York *Weekly Review*:

"The world is rife with nobler thought
Than trembles on the tongue;
The world is full of melody,
Unwritten and unsung.
The music of a march is sweet—
But action is sublime:
And each may live a nobler verse
Than e'er was told in rhyme.

Sweep from my sight these foolish books,
They vex my weary brain,
And I will sit at Nature's feet—
Her open page the plain—
And read a pleasant roundelay
In every blade that grows;
A lyric in the lily's leaf,
An epic in the rose!

Let tinklings of the tongue or pen
To love-sick girls belong—
The music of a well-spent life
Is sweeter far than song.
It likes me not, this waste of words—
Our world were not so dead,
If maids and men would cease to write,
And live their verse instead!"

The sentimental and pedantic style of poetry is cleverly parodied, in the following verses, from "Crinkshank's Omnibus." They exemplify the science of horticulture, and purport to be the work of a Dr. Bulgardo. L.S.D., Treasurer of several Learned Societies, and Professor of Asparagus at the University of Battersea. Horticulture is illustrated in lines "To Molly with a basket of fruit and vegetables:"

"Nay! say not shrivell'd—'tis despair
Has thus subdued them, for they see
That in themselves, however fair,
They'll ne'er be relish'd, love, like thee!
A deeper blush the raspberry paints,
Pale is the ruddy beetroot's lip;
And e'en the red-cheek'd apple faints,
As though it suffer'd from the pip.
Severely frown the baking pears;
The artichoke's bold crest is down;
The awe-struck medlar wildly stares
To see thy cheek a swarthier brown.
The icy cucumber is hot,
The freckled cauliflower wan;
The mushroom has no longer got
A single leg to stand upon!
See how the rich, round-shoulder'd figs
Bow to thy figure's graceful swell;
The sobbing orange bursts its pigs
To find thee such a nonpareil!"

[For the Californian.]

DIGNITY.

BY PRENTICE.

I AM an admirer of dignity. I admire it in the judge upon the bench, the divine in the pulpit, the physician as he looks at your tongue or scratches a prescription for your benefit, of most abdominal, revolutionary tendencies.

But such people do not own all the dignity in the world. By no means. Policemen have it. View two of them as they escort a drunken man to the station house. Dignity settles itself in great masses on their faces on such occasions. It is their right to be dignified. It is their only refuge from an unappreciative world which knows nothing of the study, training and experience required properly to conduct a howling inebriate to the station house.

Dignity is an inseparable adjunct to steamboat clerks. I have often watched these beings in awe and admiration as they dispensed tickets to a crowd of struggling wretches. They are superior beings. Nature has endowed them with the extraordinary faculty of selling tickets. The gift commands our respect. Dignity was tacked to it like a sort of massive iron network, grand to behold and impossible to enter. And yet there are people every day who have the temerity to ask unnecessary questions of these herth and passage vending deities instead of applying to the deck hands! But well do they know how to administer just and merited retribution. A sea sick girl is a spectacle of wo. But a sea sick girl is a picture of cheerfulness compared to the man who creeps crushed and withered from the mouth of the steamboat clerk's den after asking some foolish question relative to the route.

I have for sometime been trying to determine which one sustained the greatest load of dignity, the hotel clerk or the bar keeper. Being often under the same roof, there ensues a tremendous contest for supremacy of dignity between them. I know of bar keepers so resplendent with dignity that in their presence I want to go down on my knees and pray. He would be perfect were he not just a trifle soured at the lack of appreciation displayed toward him by a selfish, grovelling world. What know they of the care, the unremitting midnight study of years, the oil consumed, the skill shown in the nice adjustment of sugar to water, of sugar and water to brandy, of brandy sugar and water to ice, of these last four to lemon peel, of all mainpulated with unearthly dexterity, of the necessary combination of orgeat, absynthe, wormwood or other powerful tonic required in the preparation of a brandy smash. How many years of practice were consumed ere that fluid could be slung so wonderfully from one glass to the other. Think you a lawyer or a physician could wipe those tumblers so beautifully bright and clean? Have you ever thought of the figure some mitred prelate would make behind that bar endeavoring to serve twenty Americans calling at once for every variety of stimulant, from simple pop or "whisky straight," up to the most complicated and mysterious vinous and alcoholic combinations? Has not a man a right to be dignified, who, in such emergency, can keep bottles, glasses, spoons, lemons, sugar, ice, straws and strawberries, flying for a minute in apparent chaos above, beneath and around him and while you are stupidly looking on, momentarily expecting the grand smash, Lo! your punch is before you, it is inside of you, there is your change, the bar is cleared, it is wiped, the glasses are clean and in their place and the emissary of Bacchus stands before you erect, grand, quiet, confident, smiling! And yet I have heard such a being termed a "bar keep" by base degenerate men whose very existence was a breach of Nature's great law. I heard lately of a man rash enough to interrupt one of our most talented bar keepers while eugaged in the composition of a punch saying audaciously; "There, that's good enough, you needn't mix it any more." The being gave him one look. Jove's silent frown is more dreadful than all his thunder. That man's whisky drinking prospects were ruined for life. He never drank at a bar again, and making a virtue of necessity joined a temperance society.

There are objects in nature which seem created for no other purpose than to be looked upon from a distance with awe, admiration and terror. Of what seeming use is the iceberg? It is towering, grand, cold, unapproachable. It may be looked upon but not touched, and from it are wafted breezes which chill the blood. What purpose serves the comet? Coming from the unknown regions of the infinite it bears a dread grandeur and sublimity. It is imposing, but it fill the mind with vague forebodings of awful events. We wonder but do not rejoice. And for what did Providence or nature intend the rattlesnake, or the hotel clerk? Such queries weigh upon some reflective minds, driving them to the verge of insanity.

But it is evident that the latter serves upon a smaller scale a like purpose with the iceberg and the comet. He is the embodiment of dignity. A man builds a hotel—no, a palace. It's furnishings are regal. That everything should be in keeping, Caviliers in doublet and hose, princes with plumed caps, covered with stars and orders of merit, and ladies having their trains and attendaut pages should sweep those halls instead of the modern skirts, coats and pantaloons. The practical spirit of the age will not allow this. Still these must be dignity to comport with the palatial caravansary. People from abroad who live plainly, who dine at twelve, who have dinner without soup and wine must be impressed with the dignity of the house. They must become dignified themselves. To become this there must be a fount from which to draw this attribute. The proprietor of the hotel casts about him for such a fount. He searches anxiously and wearily. Daily he posts himself upon the street, and anxiously scans the passers-by. It is tiresome. He becomes moody and abstracted. He grows emaciated and refuses nourishment. His wife grows jealous, thinking his affections are engrossed by some unattainable rival. The hotel remains silent and unoccupied. People wonder why it is not opened. At length, after weeks of weary watching, he sees from afar the "coming man." It is he, the man whose sole occupation through life has been the cultivation of dignity. He reeks with it. It drops from him as he moves majestically along. He does not walk. Do the gods walk? Involuntarily the crowd parts aside from him as he progresses. The proprietor rushes wildly toward him. Terror seizes his heart lest the newly discovered world of dignity be possessed by some rival. He reaches him. He falls upon his knees before him. He cries "Eureka!" Then he faints, then he recovers, then he calls a carriage and bundles himself and the acme of dignity therein. He drives to the hotel. He walls in his treasure behind a mahogany carved counter. He gives him two hundred and fifty dollars per month. It is finished. The statue surmounts the column. Dignity is enthroned.

And yet this man is my benefactor. For years I have been snubbed by humanity. I, too, am a trifle soured. He is my avenger. In the avenging mood I go and sit humbly in his court. I behold a presumptuous man feebly inquiring relative to some friends suspected of stopping at the hotel. And the Being flashes down thunderbolts of dignity upon him, and man abjectly retires with the sense of degredation and inferiority strong upon him. I am gratified. He is a representative of the race whose hands have so heavily been laid upon me. Now he is smitten. Now he "knows how it feels." I go forth rejoicing.

MACDONALD'S Mills, Market street, corner of Beale, is the oldest and most extensive manfacturing mill in San Francisco. It was established over fourteen years ago, when gold dust was yet the principal portion of our circulating medium, and has always maintained the lead in its peculiar branch of articles manufactured—that of doors, sashes, blinds, mouldings and finishing work for buildings. Mac. puts his own hands to the plow, and is a striking illustration of the old proverb that success will always attend those who attend to their own business. Some idea may be formed of the capital required and the extensive amount of work done at Macdonald's Mills, when we state that some two hundred men are daily employed. Certainly a large capital must be required to carry on such an establishment.

WHAT'S THE MATTER?—In passing through Third street yesterday, we saw crowds of people entering a building a few doors below Market street, and we inquired of a passer-by what's the matter? He answered that they were going to have their pictures taken in the New York Photographic Gallery, and the cause of the rush was that this took the best and cheapest pictures in the city; the inducement must be much to draw so big a crowd from Montgomery and the other streets in the northern part of the city. *

PORTLAND BOILER WORKS.—Moynihan & Aitkin, proprietors. This firm have their whole force employed manufacturing boilers for steamers, Quartz, Flour and Saw Mills. Recently the new boilers for the America were made at these works, and reflect credit on the skill of the proprietors and the competency of their workmen, not only to make boilers, but machinery superior to that manufactured at the East. The Portland Boiler works are on Mission street, between Fremont and Beale streets.

B. C. HORN & Co.—This favorite House, so long celebrated for the superiority of its imported Tobacco and Cigars, have just received the long expected Hibernia Smoking Tobacco, which proves to be the best ever imported. Try it. They are also offering 500,000 cigars at the surprising low rate of $5 per thousand. Everybody can afford to smoke cigars at that rate.

SICK PEOPLE may have the benefit of the long experience, skill, and practical knowledge acquired during more than twenty-five years, and cures without medicines, by employing Dr. Bourne, 10 Masonic Temple. *

CURES GUARANTEED TO THE SICK in almost all cases—without medicine, mesmeric jugglery, or any species of fraud or deception, by Dr. Bourne, 10 Masonic Temple. *

DYSPEPSIA CURED, not patched up, guaranteed thorough, and to the entire satisfaction of the invalid, by the unfailing process of Dr. Bourne, 10 Masonic Temple. *

POISON OAK.—The effects of this pestiferous shrub are now most virulent. Dr. Bourne's method is the only reliable cure. No. 10 Masonic Temple, Post street. *

ELECTRICITY.—Four hits for the use of the powerful electro-magnetic battery of Dr. Bourne, 10 Masonic Temple, Post street. Useful in neuralgia, etc. *

"DR. BOURNE'S BATHS."—The uniform testimony is, that as a luxury, or for the cure of ailments, they are unequalled—No. 10 Masonic Temple. *

YOUNG MEN requiring the aid of a physician can receive important information, gratuitously, by applying to Dr. Bourne, 10 Masonic Temple. *

DRAMATIC AFFAIRS.

ON Monday evening Miss Helen Western appeared as "Lady Isabel" and "Madame Vine" in the play of *East Lynne*, at Maguire's Opera House. She did not add to her reputation in San Francisco by her acting on this occasion, though those who expected to see her tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, were agreeably surprised except in the scene representing the death of "Lady Isabel's" son, where Miss Western did shriek in the most most unartistic manner. Mrs. Sophie Edwin is certainly as yet the best "Lady Isabel" we have seen on the San Francisco stage. We await the arrival of Lucille Western, and even then we have confidence in our California actress being able to hold her own. It is not, perhaps, quite fair to compare newly-arrived Eastern artistes with our California favorites, but I must say that J. A. Herne's impersonation of "Sir Francis Levison" was not nearly so finished a performance as that of Charles Thorne, Jr. The former is almost a rowdy, while the latter was, though brutal, always a gentleman. Mr. Herne had a good benefit on Tuesday and gave general satisfaction by his acting in the character of "Wild Murtough" in *Green Bushes*, and "Solon Shingle" in the *People's Lawyer*. The engagement of Miss Helen Western closes to-night. Last night she took a benefit, the play of *Captain Kyd* was performed. To-night the same piece will be played, and Mr. J. A. Herne will afterward appear in the character of "Toodles." Miss Helen Western and the company at present at the Opera House will take a tour up country on Monday.

The Martinetti troupe conclude their engagement at the Metropolitan to-night. On Monday the theater will be opened under new management with Harry Leslie and Harry Raynor, late of Christy's Minstrels, supported by a good company for the production of American minstrelsy and Burlesque Opera. Everyone must remember with pleasure the minstrel entertainment of Birch and Backus. Messrs. Leslie and Raynor are of the same class of artists, and the company will be organized so as to give a family entertainment abounding with humor, mirth and music, without a taint of grossness; such, in fact, as we used to have in the days when Birch and Wambold sang to crowded and delighted houses.

On Thursday night the last Hawthorne entertainment of the season was given at Union Hall. The comedy of *Woodcock's Little Game* was performed; the lady who filled the part of Mrs. Larking, far eclipsed all the other ladies and gentlemen taking part in the performance.

On Tuesday the Ciprico Theatrical Association gave an entertainment at Turn Verein Hall. The *Lady of Lyons* was performed; the lady who exacted "Pauline" was fully up to her part, reading and acting very well.

Mrs. Laura Cuppy will deliver her usual lecture at Mechanics' Hall this evening. These lectures are highly appreciated by all who have heard them.

TOUCHSTONE.

HAYES' PARK.—This favorite resort of pleasure-seekers will offer great attraction to-morrow. The gardens are in splendid order, and numerous amusements are offered. Miss Ella La Rue whose wonderful ascension on a rope last Sunday was witnessed by some 1,200 persons, will to-morrow make another grand ascension and perform her daring feats on the rope. In the course of a few weeks this daring funambuliste will walk from the Cliff House to Seal Rock.

WOODWARD'S GARDENS.—This wonderful piebald doe which has been added to the fine collection of animals at these gardens is the object of general admiration. We will not vouch for the truth of the *Times'* statement that any Indian who kills a piebald doe is elected chief of his tribe, but can certainly say that this spotted piebald half white deer is a most extraordinary animal.

THE last entertainment given by the "Hawthornes" came off on Thursday evening, at Union Hall. It was the most elegant and recherche affair of the kind that has yet taken place in San Francisco. The audience was large and fashionable; the pieces were rendered in the most admirable style; and the entire entertainment passed off with great *eclat*.

MARTIN'S RESTAURANT.—This old and popular restaurant was chosen by the British Benevolent Society to get up their dinner last evening, which was served on the upper floor, under the catererership of Louis Dingeon, the proprietor, to numerous members of the Society and their invited guests, without any inconvenience to the many patrons of the restaurant proper. A feat which no other restaurant in the city could do.

NEW GROCERY HOUSE.—J. W. McKee, a well-known pioneer resident of this city, has just opened, in the new block, at No. 31 Kearny street, just below Post, the neatest grocery store in San Francisco, with a stock consisting of the choicest articles obtainable in that line of trade. In compliment to his lady customers, and in compliance to the general fitness of things, Mr. McKee should call his neat store the Ladies' Grocery Store.

NEPTUNE BOILER WORKS.—This establishment is in full tide of business, manufacturing boilers for Quartz, Flour and Saw Mills, a large force is employed outside hammering away at work to complete orders on hand. Duncan Cameron is proprietor of these works, and is well known among the "Iron men" as a first class workman. These works are located at the corner of Mission and Freemont streets.

WE are indebted to J. Ross Browne for a copy of the "Reports Upon the Mineral Resources of the United States, by Special Commissioners J. Ross Browne and James W. Taylor."

A SEA-CHASE.

WE had been lying in Aden Harbor for months, almost "grounding on our beef-bones." All hands were anxious to go out for a cruise, and have a good blow once more; for the sultriness of that land-locked harbor, with the huge peak of Jibbel Shum-shum towering above it on the side of the peninsula, and with the arid desert on the other hand —all access to which was expressly prohibited in "general orders," for the natives were a lawless set of savages, who cut the throat of every one with a white skin—so great, I say, was the sultriness of this God-forsaken harbor, and so depressing the *ennui* (if it can be allowed to men-of-war's men to suffer from so fashionable a malady) of doing nothing, that when news came from a friendly native quarter that some slavers were moored in Berberah Creek, and in the act of shipping their living freight, a large proportion of whom had just arrived from the far interior, the intelligence was received with welcome by all on board the Honorable Company's ship of war, *Rajpoot*.

The *Rajpoot* was a small schooner, not much larger than an ordinary yacht, being about one hundred and fifty tons. She carried an armament of five guns, and a crew, all told, of fifty-three men and officers. How we all stowed away was a miracle in the way of packing; yet, small as she was, I have weathered many a gale in that tight little craft. I have cruised about the Indian Ocean in her in all weathers, and have seen her hammering against a stiff nor'-wester in the Persian Gulf for a fortnight; and all seamen who have sailed on that inland sea will bear me witness when I say that a nor'-wester in the Gulf is what the Yankees would call "a caution" in the way of gales.

I was First Lieutenant of the *Rajpoot*, though only a youth of twenty; for in the defunct Indian navy, a service which was always short of officers, it was customary to give youngsters acting commissions as Lieutenants. I will not say anything of the captain, who, though a young man to command a ship-of-war, was as smart a seaman as ever trod a deck; or of my messmates, who were my juniors in age, as well as in rank; but proceed to my tale, merely premising that Berberah, the place to which we were bound, is a port on the African coast, distant, with a fair wind, not more than about a couple of days' sail from Aden.

The day after receiving the above news, the order came from the senior naval officer to our captain to make the best of his way to Berberah, and pick up what we could. "Loose sail!" was now the word, and away up the rigging swarmed the "Rajpoots;" and the little schooner was soon under a cloud of canvas, and bowling along with a stiff top-gallant breeze, at her eight knots an hour, for "Afric's arid shore.' Ere night fell, we had lost sight of old Shum-shum, with its little watch-tower and flagstaff hidden in the light fleecy clouds generally crowning the venerable summit of that precipitous mountain. We were not long out of sight of land, however, for early on the following morning the range of hills inland of the town of Berberah became visible. The wind being still fair, we ran round the "spit" which protects the harbor from the sea, and renders it one of the chief ports on that coast; and soon after sunset the little craft cast her anchor, and became the theme of converse and wonderment among the crowds of armed and half-naked Soomaulies, who lined the beach and speculated on the mission that had brought us into their waters. The sails were quickly furled, and then the first cutter was called away by the boatswain's mate; and within five minutes after our anchoring, the boat was pulled away for the shore. I went in charge, and our errand I will now explain.

Moored close to that part of the head of the creek which adjoined the miserable clump of huts dignified by the term of town, were assembled about twenty Arab craft, called by the natives *bughlahs*. These vessels, we knew, were nothing more nor less than slavers, and we had been given to understand that they had embarked their quota of slaves, preparatory to taking their departure for Hoodeidah and Mocha, in the Red Sea. Berberah is, or rather was, at the time I write, the chief slave-mart on this part of the coast, north of Zanzibar, and did literally a "roaring" business in human flesh. As our advent was doubtless unexpected, we hoped to "puckerow" some of these unhappy wretches, when, besides the pecuniary gain of five pounds head-money per slave, there was the relish of adventure, the spice of danger, and last, but not least in the eyes of honest Jack, who is a tender-hearted soul, the happiness of freeing fellow-creatures (though he called them niggers) from the clutch of cruel masters and infamous procurers.

We expected to see consternation depicted on the countenances of the crews of the bughlahs waiting for our inspection; but, on the contrary, they seemed to take the matter very coolly, and as we approached nearer to them, we observed the black fellows crowding the high poops, and calmly criticising our performance. Was there treachery in this, or what did it mean?

Of all the turbulent, reckless savages in the world, commend me to these same Soomaulies for the possession of these qualities in a highly developed form. They are a cruel and treacherous race, and care for nothing but brute force. Talk to them forever, and they would but laugh at you; but speak to them through the muzzles of your guns, and they will obey with curses, not loud, but deep. So I have ever found them, and so Captains Burton and Speke testify of them. Not many hundreds of yards from this very spot had both those brave gentlemen, but a month or two before, escaped from their cruel hands. On that terrible occasion, poor Stroyan, of our service, was murdered, and often have I heard the late Captain Speke talk of that narrow escape as one of the most exciting in his adventurous life. But we knew whom we had to deal with, and had come fully armed to meet them. Presently the cutter struck against that one of the bughlahs moored at the end of the line. On hailing the vessel, the skipper appeared at the gangway, all smiles, and invited me to come on board and accept a cup of coffee. Followed by the coxswain, a brawny tar, who might have encountered the hug of a grizzly bear on equal terms, with half a dozen of the others, "all good men and true," and armed with swords and pistols, we swarmed up the wall-like side, and climbing through the open ports and over the bulwarks, stood on the deck, and gazed around us.

There were only a few of the native sailors lying about the deck, amusing themselves. Some were eating, some gambling, but the majority sleeping, as your true Oriental always will, whenever he can get a chance. I told the captain I wished to see the hold. Very good, sir, said this official, in good Hindustanee, with a cheerful smile, and led the way below. The hold was empty! There was nothing in it except the water-tanks, which, however, from their size and number, together with certain other signs, showed us that the vessel was unmistakably a slave-ship. But the birds were flown, and we had been outwitted. They must have received intimation of our approach, and had managed to disembark their wretched cargo in time to prevent their capture. It was evident, from the quiet, complacent grin on the face of the native captain, that he enjoyed our discomfiture, though I managed to hide all appearance of disappointment under a careless bearing. I left the vessel, and paid similar visits to some of the other bughlahs, but, of course, with a like result. Of one thing I was satisfied, that the slaves *had been* shipped, though only to be disembarked again when the little *Rajpoot* hove in sight. I said nothing, however, regarding that discovery, but returning the obsequious "salaams" of the chiefs by salutations equally polite, I jumped down into my boat, and, certainly not in the best of humors, pulled back to the ship.

On reporting to the captain the unsuccessful result of my evening's work, we were both unanimous in our opinion that it would never do to be thwarted in this manner; we must meet these cunning rascals with their own weapons. In the first place, we felt satisfied that the slaves who were "wanted" were concealed among the multitude of temporary huts erected during the season of the great fair, which was now in full swing; or else were removed to some place of hiding near at hand, so that, immediately our backs were turned, they could be reshipped, either here or at some desert part of the coast previously agreed upon as the rendezvous, and thus find their way into the slave-marts of Arabia.

At length we determined to adopt a ruse. We allowed significant hints to be dropped to the natives who came alongside in their small canoes, ostensibly to sell fish or milk, and who, we knew, would carry back the intelligence to the merchants on shore, that we proposed cruising to the southward to intercept certain bughlahs coming from Zanzibar. About noon on the following day we weighed anchor, and stood out of the creek under a pleasant breeze from the westward. Crowds witnessed our departure from the beach, no doubt congratulating themselves on the defeat of the hated and dreaded "Feringhees." As the short twilight gave place to the shades of night, the range of hills in the background faded into obscurity. Now, then, had come the time for action.

The ship's course was altered again for the town we had just left; in nautical phraseology we "hauled our wind," and stood back for the land. Under cover of the night, all this was of course unseen by our watchful friends, the slave-mongers. The breeze had fallen light; and not far from us lay, almost becalmed, a large native craft with her huge mainsail and small "mizzen" set. Without any noise we lowered a boat. The Second Lieutenant pushed off for the bughlah with instructions to board and take possession of her. Soon a light exhibited for a moment low down her hull, and just above the surface of the calm sea, told us that she had been secured. The two vessels were steered for each other; and about two o'clock in the morning (and not a bit too early, for faint streaks on the horizon warned us of the approach of the harbinger of day) we were alongside the stranger. No time was lost. All our sails were taken in and furled. I may here explain that the *Rajpoot*, though a schooner, was square-rigged forward, and fore-and-aft-rigged on her mainmast. To prevent the possibility of our mastheads being discerned above the sails of the coaster, we "housed" our fore-top-gallant-mast and main-top-mast; the top-gallant-yard also was sent down on deck, and the flying jib-boom rigged in, and then the *Rajpoot* was lashed on the seaward side of the bughlah. Her Arab crew were in a state of the most abject terror, and nothing would convince them that we had not the fullest designs on their lives and the miserable cargo of rice and mats they carried.

The bughlah's sails were kept set; and a prize-crew being put in possession, she was steered up the coast. Owing to the currents, we had drifted to the southward of Berberah, and had great fears that our scheme would, after all, end in a failure, for there was not sufficient wind even to keep the two vessels, thus lashed together, in the position abreast of the town in which we had purposely placed ourselves before taking in sail. Our object was to capture the slavers after they had fairly left the harbor, and were standing up the coast to the northward; but if the wind did not freshen sufficiently to drive us along under the canvas carried by our Siamese twin, as we christened her, our plans would be detected, and of course frustrated. All hands were terribly disgusted, and notwithstanding a concerto of whistling from the tars to woo the wind to our sails, the fickle element refused to be charmed.

It was now eight o'clock, and there was still a dead calm; unless a breeze sprung up before noon, it was evident that at the rate we were drifting to the southward, the hull of the man-of-war would be opened to the view of the people on shore; and not only should we be again discomfited, but what was more humiliating, we should be the object of ridicule among the Soomaulie tribes on the coast.

But Dame Fortune at length favored us. About ten o'clock a gentle breeze sprung up—quite sufficient to carry the twin-craft along. This revived our hopes, and we made preparations for a chase as soon as the slavers ventured out of the harbor, now abreast of us.

About two o'clock we were made aware of the fact that, over the low land of the "spit" we could, with the aid of good glasses, make out the naked mast-heads of the vessels moored at the head of the harbor. Now this little forest of masts broke up, and rising to the summits of the bare mast-heads we could distinguish the broad latteen-shaped mainsails as the crews hoisted them slowly up.

Hurrah! the vermin were coming out of their holes. If we could only get them into the open, we had little fear but that we could run some of them to earth. Anxiously we watched the squadron as they slowly crept out of their warren, and showed their noses like timid hares when meditating a run across a piece of open country—a spot which their memory recalls as fatal to many of their species, the scene of the short, agonized race for life ere the cruel greyhounds overtook, and before their eyes rent in pieces, their old companions. It seemed as if the vessels were endowed with life, as, one by one, they gradually drew their bows clear of the furthermost point of the low spit, and not without misgivings committed themselves to the hazzards of a chase from the implacable foe which lay concealed within a mile of them, and like a hound straining at the leash, was counting the moments when the restraining hawser would be "let slip." At length our time had come; and the sailors, who had been lounging over the rail, and longing for the time for action, sprang to their posts with enthusiasm as the order was given: "Up masts and yards, and make sail!"

The *Rajpoot* was a dashing, rakish-looking craft, and was manned by a smart set of seamen who were worthy of their ship, and were trained to the perfection that discipline and continuous drilling alone can effect. It took little more than five minutes to "fid" the main top and for-top-gallant masts, and to "sway aloft" the top-gallant-yard. In two or three minutes more the sails were all "let fall" together, and "sheeted home;" the hawser binding us to the bughlah was cast adrift, to the intense delight of the lascars of our late consort; and we "forged ahead" just as if that old tub had been at anchor.

And now began the excitement of a chase at sea. The sailors rubbed their hands, and danced with boisterous glee as the "old gal," as they affectionately called her, sent the spray flying over the forecastle in a briny shower, that threw back the rays of the noon-tide sun. The wind had freshened, and was just the one to bring out her sailing qualities. The *Rajpoot* swept down, hawk-like, on the covey of frightened craft, whose commanders seemed utterly bewildered by her unexpected appearance, to judge by the way in which they handled their commands. Some lowered their sails, as if to deprecate pursuit, and then hoisted them again; some turned back toward the harbor; some continued their course; while others pushed boldly out to sea.

We made straight for the centre of the squadron, and fired a blank cartridge from one of our guns, as an order to them to "heave to." It was disregarded. *Sauve qui peut* was the watchword among them, although, had they been gifted with an ordinary share of pluck, and shown fight, they might have escaped, for the combined crews stood to ours in the ratio of at least five to one, and, moreover, they all carried guns; but each skipper thought only of his own venture, and so they turned and fled. It certainly showed audacity on the part of the little schooner thus to dash among such a force, for actu-

ally some of the buglahs were larger than she was; but often sheer audacity wins the day.

Necessity obliged us to confine our attention to some of the runnaways, for we could not hope to capture all. The captain soon made his choice: there was a greater probability of winning those coy fugitives who had pointed their prows seaward, for there no rocks and shoals could play the part of a stern duenna, and warn us off the fair charmers. We singled three vessels out of the ruck. Every sail that would "draw" was set below and aloft, until the little vessel was almost hid beneath the flowing canvas, which bellied out high above our heads, and stretched along the lower studding-sail booms like the wings of some white bird of the ocean. The invigorating breeze blew from off the land with health-giving power, and jokes were bandied and bets laid as to the amount of the "haul" we should make. It would indeed be a piece of rare good luck if we should succeed in "bagging" all there, but it was quite on the cards. We were gaining on the fugitive craft—of that there could be no doubt. One, two, three hours passed, and we quickly neared the sternmost of them. The boats were made ready for lowering, the crews standing round them, with arms girt round their waists, for sometimes these slave-dealers, maddened by the loss of their projected gains, prefer measuring swords with the hated Feringhees to tamely yielding up to their human cargo.

The thirty-two-pounder pivot-gun was loaded, and the bulwarks lowered down; at a signal, the gun was run out, the vessel "yawned" a little, and a round shot was sent on its message. So true was the aim of the captain of the gun, that the shot went clean through the hugh mainsail. It was a warning not to be denied; the slaver "rounded to," and lowering her main-yard, surrendered at discretion. To let fly the studding-sail-sheets, throw everything aback, and lower the cutter with her crew and Second Lieutenant, was the work of two minutes. The *Rajpoot's* sails filled again, and we were off once more in pursuit. Well, to cut my yarn short, we brought the other two buglahs to their bearings after a smart chase, and before sunset all three were ours, with prize-crews of ten men on board each. The native sailors were put in irons, to avoid a rescue, for they were to the prize-crews as three to one; and then we "took stock" of our slaves—slaves no longer, but freemen the moment the "cross of red" was unfurled above their heads.

There were one hundred and seven slaves in all, men, women, and children, though chiefly coming under the two latter categories. In company with our prizes we steered our course for Aden; and as the *Rajpoot* had to accommodate her rate of speed to that of the buglahs, we were a week in making that port. One morning, to the no small astonishment of the merchantmen lying in the harbor, we sailed in, towing our three consorts. I know the officers of H. M. S. *Thunderclap* were highly amused as the saucy *Rajpoot* made her appearance, dragging in triumph the three prizes, each as large as herself.—*Chambers' Journal.*

The Compass.—The compass may be said to have opened to man the dominion of the sea, and to have put him in full possession of the earth, by enabling him to visit every part of it. Flavio Gioia, a citizen of Amalfi, a town of considerable trade in the Kingdom of Naples, was the author of this great discovery, about the year 1302. It has often been the fate of those illustrious benefactors of mankind who have enriched science and improved the arts by their inventions, to derive more reputation than benefit from the happy efforts of their genius. But the lot of Gioia has been still more cruel; though the inattention or ignorance of contemporary historians he has been defrauded even of the fame to which he had such a just title. We receive from them no information with respect to his profession, his character, the precise time when he made this important discovery, or the accidents and inquiries that led to it. Near half a century elapsed from the time of Gioia's discovery before navigators ventured into any seas which they had not been accustomed to frequent.

Love.—One who has suffered and come out strengthened from his encounter with the blind God, prints his experience for the benefit of the young beginners. Love is like the devil, because it torments us; like heaven, because it wraps the soul in bliss; like salt, because it is relishing; like pepper, because it sets us on fire; like sugar, because it is sweet; like a rope, because it is often the death of man; like poison, because it makes us miserable; like a man because here to-day and gone to-morrow; like a woman, because there is no getting rid of it; like a beacon, because it guides us to the wished-for port; like will-o'-the wisp, because it often leads one into a bog; like a fierce courser, because it often runs away with one; like a pony, because it ambles nicely, like one; like the bite of a mad dog, or the kiss of a pretty woman, because they both run us mad; like a goose, because it is silly; in a word, it is like a ghost, because it is like everything and nothing—often talked of, but never seen, touched or understood.

The unhappiest of mortals are those who have more money or more time than they know how to use.

THE CHIGNON.

O! bury me deep, with my waterfall on,
And my bonnet so tiny and gay;
Wrap all my fashionable gewgaws around
This form when it turneth to clay.

For I would astonish, long centuries hence,
The learned explorers of tombs;
I would rival the mummy in interest when
Some future Agassiz comes.

To explain to the wondering children of Then
The puzzling marvels of Now;
O! I'll bother their heads with what's on my own,
If they ever should find me, I vow!

OUR ASTOR HOUSE BREAKFAST.

THE newspapers have had a report, lately, that the Astor House was to go the way of all things down town, in New York, and be converted into profitable but uncomfortable stores. I believe they have contradicted the rumor since, and given the delightful, home-like old hostelry at least three years more of life; but I shall still act upon my original impulse, conceived when I first heard the painful story, and relieve my conscience of a weight it has carried altogether too long, by unburdening myself of a certain incident in the secret history of the sturdy old inn, for the benefit of all concerned and the rest of mankind.

It was in the winter of 1862-3, and I was engaged as army correspondent on a Boston paper of enterprise, vivacity and entire respectability combined. If this description leaves any curious reader in the dark as to the identity of the paper, he will have to turn back to the files in the *Atheneum*, and see which it was that had the lead in a brilliant though sad account of the battle of Fredericksburg—for it was with that very account in manuscript nearly complete in my pocket that I was traveling post-haste through New York on the occasion which I am about to describe.

I have intimated that I beat all the other newspaper men in the field on this occasion; and the details of how I did it might form material for another story, but there is no room for them in this. After confused, bewildering hours, I hardly know how many, of desperate fighting beginning in high hopes and ending in darkest despair, and on my part of rapid writing, page after page, of my note-book filling up with the diary of the moments on which hung the fate of the army and of the war, as I sat on the steps of the Phillips House, and gazed across the river with my glass between each sentence—at last came the decision for retreat. My good fortune consisted in hearing of this climax of ill-fortune a little in advance of any of the other eager but weary journalists who were sleping near me at the moment. It did not take long to map out my plans; and then a night ride across that dreadful sea of fathomless mud to Aquia Creek, the horrors of which I could not describe if I would, but at the close of which I sold my horse to a Yankee sutler near the wharf for a cup of coffee, five dollars, and a rubber blanket. Perhaps some notion of the ordeal of the ride may be obtained from that fact; for he was a good steed in the beginning, and I owed him gratitude for many hard rides successfully accomplished before, on the Peninsula and in the Valley of Virginia. He never did the newspaper which paid for, and the rider who trusted him a better service than his last; for just as I swallowed the scalding, milkless black coffee which restored my own strength, and just as he sank steaming in the yellow puddle which fronted the sutler's tent, I learned that a hospital transport with some of the wounded of the first day's fighting was at that moment leaving the wharf for Washington.

A quick run brought me on board a minute before the plank was withdrawn; but it took a large share of the money I had about me to persuade a Pennsylvania Dutchman, who happened to be sergeant of the guard, that I was not an able-bodied, demoralized straggler from the front, but one of those unrecognized gentry who conquered a right to go into all forbidden places by the mystic "Press," or when that failed, as now, by the talismanic greenback. The day which followed, as we sped up the Potomac with a groaning, writhing cargo of agony, borne up by patriotism, tended by an agent of the Sanitary Commission and myself, and alternately mutilated and neglected by a drunken surgeon who swore at our interferences as he staggered from a drink in the captain's cabin to a murder on the noisome, crowded deck. Doing what I could, I still found time to attend to the duties of my own profession, and made up a clear, terse, and graphic account of the events on the Rappahannock for telegraphing, besides obtaining the name, regiment and condition of every wounded and dead man on board the steamer. It was late in the afternoon, and, in that drizzly December day, already quite dark, when our slow steamer touched the Sixth street wharf in Washington. I calculated the time before the departure of the New York train to a fraction of a minute, and found I had none to spare—so broke my rule in regard to Washington hackmen, and in a minute or less from the landing, had chartered a carriage with a costly proviso that no other occupant was to be waited for, and was trundling through the mud toward the Avenue.

I was lucky enough to find our resident Washington correspondent in his office, or "bureau," as the boys were absurd enough to call it in their dispatches; and he was keen enough to comprehend the situation in a moment, to inform me that by the difference between army time and Washington clocks I had fifteen minutes less than I supposed, to take my precious dispatch of exclusive intelligence for the telegraph wires with less than a dozen words of explanation, and to send me off to the railroad station at the full speed of my carriage after a halt fabulously brief. His cool alacrity, unperturbed either by newspaper victories or national defeats, quite took away my breath; and it was not till we turned the corner near the station that I remembered that one of the two things I had to say to him was to request the loan of enough money to make me sure of having sufficient to get home with, as my hasty departure from Falmouth and the unexpected draft at the landing had reduced my immediate resources to a very low ebb.

My memory came quite too late to turn back, however, and as we arrived at the station I paid my driver his quickly-earned five dollars with more of a sigh than I had ever wasted over the expenditure of office money before. I had but three fives and some small change left; and as I recalled the price of a Boston ticket, it needed no long process in mental arithmetic to convince me that, hungry as I was, my twenty-four hours journey must be made on very short commons. Poverty sharpens the wits; and this temporary impoverishment sharpened mine, as I ran to the office, to such an extent that I bought a ticket to New York only, instead of for the whole journey, remembering that the price of the through ticket included seventy-five cents for a coach-ride through New York while the distance might be traversed by a street car for one-twelfth of the sum. I jumped on board the starting train not a moment too soon; and my first act, after finding a seat, was to make a thorough survey of the financial situation.

Six dollars were first thrust resolutely out of the way, in an inner compartment of my wallet, for my fare to Boston; and the balance which remained for the purchase of commissary supplies, after several countings over of the fractional currency—than rather a novelty, and fresh and new from the press—amounted to precisely ninety-five cents. Any wild desire which might have existed to expend the whole in the luxury of a berth in a sleeping-car was crushed by the remembrance that the price was one dollar; and I solaced myself with the thought that I was tired enough to sleep soundly and comfortably anywhere. There was a refreshment saloon attached to the night train at that time, but as I knew, from old experience, that the smallest viand on its counter would exhaust my entire resources, I resolved to insult my hunger with an apple, and then smother it in sleep, and so reserve the bulk of my fortune for the next day, when my appetite would be more peremptory and could be more economically satisfied. So I supped stoically on the mealy fruit which the basket of a passing vender supplied, and easily put myself to sleep with variations on a formula something like this:

Apple	05
Horse-car fare in New York	06
Newspaper	05
Breakfast, (coffee, eggs, and buckwheat cakes)	30
Dinner at Springfield, (baked beans and ale)	45
Margin for accidents and contingent expenses	04
	95

My very neat an symmetrical plan was not destined to be carried out beyond the first item; for as I opened my eyes in the ferry boat at Jersey City (I had contrived, in some mysterious way, to effect the change of cars then necessary at Philadelphia without awakening to consciousness beyond that of an unusually hideous dream)—my slow-returning senses were jogged by a vision of charming Sallie Burton of Boston, sitting on the opposite side of the cabin, wrapped up to her eyes in shawls and furs, yet looking as lovely as ever, and—though she must have traveled all night in the same car with myself—as fresh and blooming as when I bade her good-bye the previous summer on the piazza of the Rockland House.

She saw me almost as soon as I discovered her, and the genuine joy and tenderness that mingled in the tones of her startled little "Oh, Robert!" as it blended with my "By Jove! Sallie—" made me feel as if it were the news of a glorious victory instead of that of a tragic defeat that I was carrying home to Boston. I had been wooing the dear girl furiously in those halcyon days at Cohassett, and had just begun to dare to hope of winning her, when the order came from the office sending me post-haste at an hour's notice to join McClellan on the Chicahominy. I had dallied with my fate ever since, dreading to risk my future happiness on a letter, and forcing myself to be content with the sweet dreams of Sallie's face which came to me night after night as I shared the soldier's bivouac, and strove with every nerve to gain that promotion and distinction which should give me a better title to ask her for heart and hand when the day should come. Now her sudden appearance at the very moment when I seemed to have got so near the goal, the evident emotion with which she met me so unexpectedly, seemed like a taste of Paradise.

[continued on the 10th page.]

NOTICE.

The publication of "THE CALIFORNIAN" *takes place on Saturday mornings, and copies may be obtained in the City at all News stands, and of our News-agents through the country. It will also be served by carriers on the morning of publication.*

WHITE & BAUER, *News Dealers, No.* 413 *Washington street, are General Agents for* THE CALIFORNIAN *in the interior counties of this State, also, for the adjacent States and Territories.*

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J. P. BOGARDUS,
J. F. BOWMAN. } *Editors and Proprietors.*

THE CALIFORNIAN.

SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, MAY 25, 1867.

JUGGLERY AND SPIRITISM.

THE Spiritist imposter, W. T. Church, who was so thoroughly exposed in Louisville, Kentucky, not long ago seems previous to that occurrence to have been highly esteemed as a medium, and to have enjoyed the full confidence of his sect. The exposé at Louisville took place on the 16th or 17th of March last; but prior to that time, and as far back as November 1866, charges of imposture had been brought against him. These, however, were not substantiated by any proofs as complete and decisive as in the Louisville case, where the sudden lighting of half a dozen lucifer matches revealed the juggler in the very act of imposture. Those charges, however, had the effect of eliciting a card signed by thirteen leading Spiritists of Decatur, Illinois, where the earlier suspicions against Church arose, in which card they emphatically endorse him as "one of the most extraordinary mediums in the world," further certifying that "his soul is deeply imbued with the soul-inspiring principles of our beautiful Philosophy."

The signers of the card also state that Church "is really doing a great work in convincing sceptics, as well as giving great comfort" to those who are already believers, and "heartily recommend him to the cordial reception of all who love the heaven-born truths of our beautiful Philosophy," with much more of the peculiar jargon of the sect, to the same purport. Of the means by which the medium afforded so "great comfort" to the souls of the faithful, and demonstrated the "heaven-born truths" etc, the card furnishes a curious and edifying account. Having formed his circle, and placed himself upon a chair, the spiritual exercises proceeded as follows:

"A tape-string of about twelve feet long was passed through the armholes of his vest, being crossed and sewed together in front; thence it was passed several times around each arm, and at the crossing sewed to his coat and underclothes. It was then sewed to the leg of his pants and drawers; thence it was put around the rounds of his chair on each side, and thence extended to the floor and tacked. At every place of attachment, either to his clothes, the chair or floor, it was covered with fresh melted sealingwax and *stamped*, so that if by any possibility he should get loose, he could not repluce the seal, etc. Under this condition the usual manifestations were had —such as playing on the accordeon, ringing the bells, spirits talking to and handling their friends."

The card containing these particulars is dated "Decatur, Ill., Dec., 1866." The account of Church's exposure, contained in the Louisville *Journal* of March 19th, 1867, throws some light upon the manner in which these wonderful "manifestations" were produced. Dr. D. R. Jones, of Louisville, who was anxious to "investigate," confided his intentions to a few friends who agreed to aid him in carrying out his plan.

Accordingly, on the evening selected for the "experiment," after the medium had been duly secured, and the lights extinguished as usual, the Doctor, as soon as the manifestations began, slipped off his boots, and stole to the chair where Church should have been sitting. But the chair was vacant. The accordeon, "played by the spirit of a little Swiss girl," was however going, and during the intervals the ghost of "Nimwaukee" an Indian was heard stalking over the floor. The little Swiss occasionally caressed and kissed some favored individuals in the circle, and "Nimwaukee" furnished less gentle physical proofs of his presence, and cracked stale jests in broken English. When the performance was at its height, the Doctor gave the signal agreed upon by whistling, whereupon half a dozen matches were simultaneously lighted, and Church was revealed to the astonished circle, unbound, and nearly naked, in the act of producing the manifestations. The method by which he effected his release was quite simple. His clothes were made much too large for him, and the lights being extinguished, he could slip out of his garments, walk about the room, ring bells, play upon the accordeon and personate Indians, angels, and Swiss girls at pleasure. The performance over, he resumed his clothing, and when his confederate brought in the light, no one would suppose that he had ever moved. "There are many remarkable features in the mediumship of Bro. Church" say the Decatur certificate, "which place the manifestations upon the highest scale attained as yet."

This is an encomium the justice of which we are not inclined to dispute. We cannot so readily concur in the opinion expressed near the end of the document, that "there are few if any such mediums in the world." We are inclined to believe on the contrary that there are a great many of them.

AUTHORITY AND BELIEF.

NOTHING is more characteristic of the class of persons who delight to style themselves "liberal thinkers" than the utter contempt which they exhibit for authority in all matters of opinion. With the presumption that belongs to that stage of intellectual development which lies between utter stupidity and clear insight, and with that conceit of superior knowledge which is the ordinary badge of the smatterer and the sciolist, they not only insist upon "investigating" all subjects independently, but ridicule all belief that is not founded upon such personal investigation.

Nowhere in the world is this class of intellectual demagogues so numerous or so mischievous in their influence as in the United States, because nowhere else is there so general a diffusion of that amount of knowledge and education which causes men to take an interest in "isms" and "ologies," without qualifying them for thorough independent examination of their merits. Men who are not educated at all, cannot be made to concern themselves very seriously about the theories of pseudo philosophers, Spiritists and "free thinkers;" while men who have been thoroughly educated, are in little danger of being deluded by them. It is among the intermediate classes that the voluble expounders of spurious philosophy and impure religions find their readiest dupes. The self-sufficiency that spurns at authority and repels instruction is not so often a characteristic of the uneducated as of the half-educated, of those who having learned just enough to imagine that they know everything, set up for teachers and philosophers, exulting in the privilege of dogmatising for themselves, and for all who are so weak as to accept them as guides.

This flattering appeal to conceit and presumption, the sneer against blind deference to "authority," the invitation to "investigate," extended to those who have neither the time nor the capacity for investigation in the sense in which it is designed to be understood—these are are among the most successful arts of the intellectual demogogne, and wherever we see them practiced upon a popular audience in cases involving the necesity of scientific investigation, the proof of charlatanism is complete.

The truth is, that there are many things which the vast majority of men in the present condition of society do and must believe upon authority, and to teach the contrary is no less mischievous than silly. How many, for example, of those who accept without question the statements of men of science in regard to the distance of the sun from the earth, the period in which the latter traverses its orbit, the relative bulk of the planets, are capable of verifying these statements for themselves, or even of comprehending the reasonings and the processes by which their accuracy is established? When Professor Whitney assures us that Mt. Shasta is so many thousand feet high, we do not withhold our belief on the ground that we have not ourselves measured the base lines and taken the angles, and worked out all the trigonometrical calculations by which the result is reached. In such, and thousands of similiar cases, we believe upon authority, and act reasonably and sensibly in so doing; and it is, to say the least, quite as much out of the question for the masses of mankind to make any really thorough and independent examination of the fundamental questions of philosophy or religion, as it is for them to measure for themselves the heights of mountains or the distances and orbits of the planets.

When such issues as those between Coleridge and Bentham, between Renan and de Pressense, between Hamilton and Mill, or between Compte and Cousin, are to be decided, there is not one in a thousand even of "educated men" in the American sense of the phrase, who is competent to examine and pronounce upon them independently, and the pretence of such examination and decision is in the vast majority of cases, a deplorable and demoralizing farce. Accordingly, that instinctive respect for authority which is a part of our mental constitution, is not to be regarded as a weakness; nor is the man who, in the conflict of opinions, listens with respect to its voice, to be reproached as one who has renounced the prerogative of private judgment, since he merely takes authority into the estimate as one of the elements upon which a decision is to be formed. The blustering assertion of independence of authority on the part of the ignorant, is the mere bravado of thoughtlessness and folly; and the exhortation to "independent investigation" when addressed to those who do not possess the capacity to examine the grounds upon which a judgment must be founded, is simply an artful demagogical appeal.

As a matter of fact, the judgments of the great majority of men are, and must be, to a considerable extent influenced by authority, on a large class of subjects. This is so in art and science, and literature, as well as in matters of belief. Instructed opinion influences popular opinion, and affects where it does not control its verdicts; and those are the happiest and best ordered communities, of which this may be most emphatically affirmed. It is generally a simpler matter to decide upon the qualifications of a teacher, than upon the soundness of what he teaches, as a ship-owner ignorant of navigation may, nevertheless, satisfy himself as to the capacity of the officers to whom he entrusts his vessel.

Nor is there serious danger that deference to authority will be carried too far; least of all does such danger exist in this age and country. Indeed, it has been charged, that our system of government tends to destroy in the minds of the people all respect for what is in the best sense superior, and to stimulate conceit, presumption and hollow pretension. It must at least be considered that in our society as at present constituted, confidence is more apt to outstrip ability than to lag behind it, and that exhortations to the people at large to exercise their own independent judgment upon all subjects whether political, literary, philosophical or religious, without regard to old ideas and settled standards, are not urgently needed. Mr. Nesmith of Oregon, recently declared in the United States Senate that a knowledge of art was not necessary to enable a man with a good eye to judge of the merit of a statue; and if he had proposed to decide a question of the kind by a popular vote, the suffrage being extended to all electors of sound vision, we have no doubt that the suggestion would have been applauded by the majority of his constituents. Upon the whole we think that the alarm of the demagogues and pretenders who seem to dread the wholesome restraints of authority as inimical to their own influence, is groundless; excessive reverence for what is venerable, or undue readiness to waive the exercise of independent judgment in deference to any authority whatever, is assuredly not one of the characteristics of the American, and still less of the Californian mind of this generation.

LOCAL ART NOTES.

KEITH'S latest picture of "Tamalpais," as seen from Angel Island, to which attention has been called by Stoddard's poem, lately published in THE CALIFORNIAN, has been placed by its purchaser at Snow & Roos' for a short time. This water color is noticeable for its fresh and brilliant, yet harmonious and truthful coloring. As our artists have too often given us the pale, faded and sun-dried tints so prevalent in our summer scenery, it is refreshing indeed to find one who renders nature in her pleasantest garb. The distance in this, as in all Mr. Keith's paintings, is finely preserved; and the grand old mountain, over whose sides are rolling huge banks of sea fog, though so remote, loses nothing of its grandeur. One distinctive and pleasing feature of the work of this artist, is his excellent management of foliage which, in its graceful grouping and carefully preserved individuality, shows close study of nature. The picture is far better than the water color by Mitchell, an English artist, which is on exhibition at the same place. Mr. Keith has made rapid strides to an enviable position in his profession, and as the branch of painting in which he has met with such success, is at at last winning its long withheld and well merited appreciation in all quarters, his merits will be less likely now than formerly to escape public attention and reward.

Gutierrez has on exhibition at the same place a remarkable portrait of Consul Godoy, which is by far the best work of its kind we have seen on this coast. Another of his paintings, evidently the likeness of some raven-haired senorita, is painted with great vigor and apparent fidelity, and is a fine specimen of his coloring. The few pictures he has exhibited here show that he has been educated in a good school of art, and would at once give him an elevated position in the most critical art circles. He possesses a very correct eye for drawing, a pure judgment in the choice of colors, and a remarkable facility for giving his subjects an appearance of entire unconsciousness and easy grace. His effects are very striking, yet they appear to have been produced without labor, and though he paints with such fidelity to details that we vainly look for some trivial omission, there is no such painful attention to the minute accessories as to divert the eye from the main subject of his pictures. We understand that Mr. Gutierrez is from the City of Mexico; that the misfortune of being plundered on his journey hither, left him few specimens of his skill for exhibition, and that his stay on this coast is but temporary and preparatory to a tour Eastward and abroad. We regret that our patronage of art is too uncertain to leave a hope of his remaining permanently in San Francisco.

Marple has of late improved very much and gives promise of great excellence. His paintings have shown considerable study and care, but their chief fault has been an unnatural paleness and washed out appearance. One production of his, exhibited at Snow & Roos', representing a scene on Russian River is far in advance of his previous efforts, being painted with a bolder and freer hand and with much better effect, though still too sombre and dull in color. Of his view of the Shephard Quartz Lode we cannot say much; but with such scenery it is hard to make an attractive landscape.

Young has painted a view of Tamalpais, and Kipps a sketch of Helmet Rock. The former shows some promise; the latter very little.

Arriola, who is the most versatile of all, has executed a dashing satire on the prevailing fashion in female head gear. It is painted with animation and freedom, and if it had the artist's usual careful execution in addition to its present spirit would be a very creditable picture.

At Duncan's auction room is a small collection of paintings by Arriola, Denny, Bush and Marple. The best landscapes are Marple's, but few of these do him much credit, for he has shown us in some of his later work that he can do vastly better. From such sales as this it is impossible to judge how generously our people patronize art. When our first artists offer their best handiwork to the public under circumstances favorable to free exhibition and critical examination, we are certain that they will meet with hearty encouragement. They certainly owe it to themselves that such a collection as this we have noticed shall not be dignified with the name of an "Artists' Sale"—and pass as a specimen of what San Francisco artists can do.

Our scanty means of exhibition and private sale do not give our people the opportunity which we believe they would gladly seize to patronize the deserving; and the pride we feel in the work of such excellent and promising artists as Nahl, Keith, Wandesforde, Marple and others, leads us to hope for a speedy public exhibition and sale of their best paintings, if only to test the popular appreciation of their merits.

ASTRÆA.

LOCAL ARCHITECTURAL NOTES.

THE new building for the Merchants' Exchange is now so far advanced toward completion that its outlines and proportions sufficiently indicate its architectual character to admit of intelligent criticism.

While in its general effects, it is, as we had anticipated would be the case, one of the finest fronts in the the city, there are some minor points that produce disappointment.

The main cornice though good in its general proportions is not fashioned after the best of models; the enrichments of the frieze are somewhat overcrowded—bulls heads were never to our liking; and the square fronted modillions are not the most graceful of patterns. The recessed portion of the front, above the lower story, is not so well designed as the center and corners, the window trimmings being flat and unsatisfactory.

The basement of such a structure as this, should, we think, have been more solid in its appearance, and should also have been of granite; but, as is usual, the proprietors have sacrificed architectural effect for the sake of large openings and ample light.

With these exceptions the building shows good taste and ability in its designers. The pinacles over the corners are graceful and pleasing; the tower is imposing though perhaps a trifle too large, and the pilasters with most of the details are well proportioned and well arranged.

Where the architects have used the "orders," they have not abused the antique by abortive attempts at originality as is too often done.

Though not to be compared to the Bank of California for beauty of material and workmanship, it is more creditable as a design, not being so strongly suggestive of buildings elsewhere.

We think we may safely say, that when completed, it will be a credit to its owners and architects and an ornament to the city, which contains no more imposing work of architecture. In the buildings on the corner of Pine and Montgomery, the new color brings out many beauties of detail that were invisible before, though they lack boldness and breadth of treatment; the general effect, however, is good, much better than in many newer structures.

We have not had time to give Trinity Church a careful examination, but we observe the tower has *sprouted* since we saw it last. We trust a spire may speedily grow from its summit.

X.

The Sorceress of Cordova is the title of a new spectacular drama, composed in Spanish by Don Aurelio Luis Gallardo, a Mexican poet residing in this city, and translated into English by Albert G. Randall, Esq., assisted by S. W. Doggett. The piece was read on the afternoon of the 19th instant to a gathering of the critics and literary men of San Francisco, assembled upon the invitation of the author at Martin's Restaurant. We regret that we were unable to be present on this occasion, but according to the unanimous judgment of those who listened to the reading, the piece possesses rare dramatic and poetical merit. The scene is laid in the capital of Mexico and its environs, and the period is the close of the 16th century.

THE GRASS VALLEY "NATIONAL" devotes a column and a half to a notice of "May Wentworth's" "Poetry of the Pacific," which it says "is meeting with a hearty welcome in this portion of California." The writers mentioned with special commendation by the Grass Valley critic, are Edward Pollock, Lyman A. Goodman, Frank Soule, "Caxton," James Linen, W. A. Kendall, James F. Bowman, Charles Warren Stoddard, C. H. Webb, B. F. Washington, and Ina D. Coolbrith.

"DIGNITY," a sketch by Prentice, will be found on another page of to-day's CALIFORNIAN. For a pungent commentary upon Winwood Reade's strictures upon Du Chailln's "Ashango-Land," see "Literary Gleanings and Gossip" on the fourth page of our present issue."

[For the Californian.]

SIMPKINS' TOUCHING CONFIDENCE IN NEWSPAPER ADVICE.

BY TREM.

"OF course, my dear fellow, I don't mean to say that I pin my faith to any newspaper in particular. I don't believe the political utterances of any paper infallible, but I always have been inclined to follow advice which I found in newspapers, when my common sense told me that it was purely disinterested."

This is what Simpkins said to me the other day. He had previously expressed his appreciation of the power of the Press, and declared that he believed that error was much more effectively attacked by the firing in line of newspapers than by the volleys delivered in column by ponderous volumes.

"I have often been mistaken," continued Simpkins, and have many times had reason to regret the faith I placed in the correctness of many of the scraps of advice which go the rounds of the Press.

I was very young when I read in a newspaper a paragraph which stated that a man to become thoroughly well informed on all subjects, needed only to diligently peruse newspapers, and sneered at "book worms" who painfully and wearily ate their way through dull volumes of history, theology, etc., when they could find the vital essence of these volumes served up in an attractive form in the columns of a daily paper. I appreciated the truth of this statement; and since the day that paragraph fell under my notice I have read but few books. I find as much as I care to read of all new books in the reviews, and in fact have scarcely sufficient leisure to read all of these. I have acquired a fair knowledge of the history of most civilized nations by reading the historical tales published in the Sunday papers. I am by no means deficient in geography, though I owe nearly all my knowledge of that science to the daily papers. I find that to become a good theoretical farmer, it is sufficient to read every week the column headed "The Farm" in several of the papers for which I subscribe. I won't bore you by enumerating all the arts and sciences in which I have become tolerably expert with the sole assistance of the newspapers but will again express my belief that when a man reads his Bible, his Shakspeare, his Elegant Extracts, his Dictionary of Foreign Quotations, and all the daily and weekly papers published in this city, if he only properly digests what he reads, what he doesn't know isn't worth knowing."

I rather liked Simpkins. It was far from unpleasant to find such a radical advocate of the value of the newspaper press. I assured him I was not at all bored, and asked him to continue. He resumed his discourse:

"There is one thing which has shaken my confidence in newspapers. By-the-by, you never write 'Sensible Hints to Young Men,' 'Scraps of Advice,' 'Things Worth Knowing,' 'Cut this out,' and all that sort of thing, do you?"

With considerable indignation I assured Simpkins that I was guiltless of such foul crimes, and added that I had always been under the impression that the publications to which he alluded were written by the inmates of Asylums for Idiots as exercises.

"No?" cried Simpkins, looking grave. "Come, now, that's too bad. I tell you I've tried lots of those dodges. I reasoned that here was the wisdom of ages boiled down, crystalized and used to sweeten the columns of a daily paper. That belief has caused me trouble. I saw the other day that a raw onion eaten just before going to bed would cure lungs overburdened with oppressive and irritating matter, I thought my lungs were a little queer, my wife complained that I wheezed unpleasantly. I ate an onion as big as my fist and went to bed after my wife was asleep. Soon I was awakened by a scream. I asked what was the matter, thought I had awakened her by wheezing, and said so.

"Wheezing!" she cried, "No! Oh! you brute, you've been eating raw onions, I know you have. You wouldn't have done this before we were married."

"Very probably not, my dear," I answered, "and possibly it would not at that period of our lives have been so likely to disturb your slumbers," I told her I did it to stop the wheezing, and begged her pardon, but I had to get up and spend an hour in washing my mouth with *eau de cologne*. However, I smelled like a pole-cat all next day in spite of the perfume. Now that wasn't fair."

"Oh, that was written for the onion-eating vulgar," I answered. "You ought to have known better."

"So I ought, that's a fact," said Simpkins.

"I once read some moral advice, given in a jocular form," he continued. "It was called 'Recipes for fits.' The funny philosopher said, 'though no doctor, he had some excellent prescriptions for fits.' This was one of them: 'For a fit of idleness, count the tickings of a clock. Do this for one hour, and you will be glad to pull off your coat the next, and work like a negro.' I was frightfully lazy the other day, and I thought I'd give that a trial, for fun. I did so, and in about a quarter of an hour I was asleep and snoring. I did not feel inclined to do any work that day.

Then he said: 'For a fit of ambition, go into a churchyard and read the gravestones. They will tell you the end of ambition. The grave will soon be your bed-chamber, the earth your pillow, corruption your father, and the worm your mother and sister.' That is a cheerful prescription. I so seldom have a fit of ambition that it was some time before I tried it. However, when I did go into the cemetery and read the tombstones I had a great ambition to be lost at sea where it would be impossible to place a tombstone over me, and my mother and sister as the fellow terms the worms, couldn't get at me—I don't believe there are worms in deep water—however, I could stand the worms after death better than I could the inscription on my tombstone. I cannot believe what I have read in the Spiritual papers about spirits upsetting tables and all that sort of thing. If a spirit can smash a mahogany table, half a dozen of them could upset a tombstone, and in that case I believe that there would be iconoclastic associations formed in the "Spirit World," by those who could not rest in consequence of the bad taste displayed in their monuments.

Simpkins was straying from his subject, and I had to recall him by asking, "Have you often put faith in the medical advice given by newspapers?"

"Have I?" exclaimed Simpkins. "I rather think I have, and that I stand here alive to-day is only another proof of the powers of endurance possessed by the human frame. I have not, when afflicted with tooth ache, filled my mouth with water and sat on the stove till it boiled, but I have followed recipes almost as absurd. I read in a newspaper that a man was cured of rheumatism by being struck by lightning. I did not attempt to profit by that as I thought the treatment a little severe. I took a hint from another newspaper paragraph and built an Indian sweat house in a heap of manure in the yard, and nearly lost my life in consequence of my wife who declared I was a lunatic, having it pulled down when I was just approaching the crisis.

I have placed confidence in newspaper advice, I do so still—in a measure—but I have suffered. Six lines in one paper caused me to lose eight hens and three broods of chickens; a quarter of a column on the treatment of children was the cause of my wife leaving me, taking the children with her to her mother's house. It was with difficulty that I prevailed upon her to return. My pet dog fell a victim to a new mode of treatment for the distemper, published in a morning paper of limited circulation. I destroyed my wife's $500 shawl by attempting to remove an ink stain on it with a preparation I had manufactured from a recipe I cut out of a paper—and yet," said Simpkins, appealingly, "I don't think I'm such an awful fool. There are so many useful things in the newspapers, and unless a man experiments a little he will never find out what they are worth."

"That's very true, Simpkins," I replied, "*you* have."

ITALIAN OPERA.

THE delightful comic opera of *Don Pasquale* was presented on Friday of last week, to an audience extremely fashionable, though not overcrowded. Signor Eugenio Bellini, who made his first, and thus far his only appearance, as "Don Pasquale," proved himself an excellent *buffo*, with abundant and appropriate action, great command of facial expression, and a well trained though not very powerful voice. He was received with considerable favor. Signorina Bellini, as "Norina," appeared to better advantage than before, and was warmly encored in *Via caro sposino*. her persuasive little address to the "Don" after their quarrel. Signor Mancusi's "Doctor Malatesta" was a capital impersonation, and some of the dialogues between him and "Don Pasquale," displaying great rapidity of utterance and high comic talent on both sides, were heartily enjoyed and loudly applauded. Signor Bianchi, as "Ernesto," was sufficiently good, though the character is not exactly in his line. Some of the concerted pieces were remarkably well done, and the whole performance was given with unusual finish and smoothness.

Il Trovatore was repeated on Saturday evening, with great improvement on its first representation. Signorina Brambilla, as "Leonora," was faultless; and Signor Limberti was once more in splendid voice, and acted with great spirit, as "Manrico." The other parts were well done, as before, and the general effect was very satisfactory.

Un Ballo in Maschera, always a favorite opera, drew immense houses on Monday and Wednesday evenings, and was in many respect the most creditable performance yet given by this troupe. It was put upon the stage with less expense than during the last season, and the masquerade scene, in particular, had a meagre and shabby look, not very complimentary to such a brilliant and remunerative audience. The music, however, was rendered throughout with fine effect. Signorina Brambilla was admirable as "Amelia," and Signor Limberti almost equally so as "Ricardo;" Mme. Stella Bonheur's acting was full of significance, and her singing almost faultless as "Ulrica;" and Signor Mancusi was really magnificent as "Renato." The part of the "Page," in which Adelaide Phillips made such a hit, was prettily sung by Signorina Bellini, whose youth and diffidence compel the audience to overlook the excessive tameness in her acting. She will do better after some years' experience; meantime she has our best wishes, and we shall rejoice to see and record her improvement. The chorus and orchestra were generally good, the latter being enlarged, and in the masquerade scene supported by the Second Artillery Band.

La Favorita was produced last night, and will be more fully noticed in our next issue. *Il Trovatore* will be repeated this evening. *I Martiri* is announced for Monday.

But the cabin of a ferry boat is hardly the place for outward manifestations of ecstatic sentiment, and I dare say our fellow voyagers across the way overheard our conversation without discovering that either of us was different from ordinary mortals. In the words of somebody or other in Mother Goose's dramas, it was, "How do you do, and how do you do, and how do you do again," and then it was:

"But how in the name of wonder came you here, and where did you come from?"

"Why, I have been to Washington, to see the opening of Congress and visit my cousins, and am on my way home. But how came you here?"

My own story need not be recapitulated; but its main fact, that I was bound to Boston and on the same train with herself elicited an "Oh, how nice," that was the sweetest music and the most exquisite poetry to my ears. Of course I took possession of the satchel, water-proof, checks, ticket and other impedimenta of my fair fellow traveler at once, with the air of a regularly-appointed guardian. A glance at the long series of coupons which formed the ticket, however, reminded me that of course Miss Burton was ticketed through to Boston, and that her natural means of crossing the metropolis was by the lumbering coach which stood before us as we quitted the ferry-boat, and into which an unsavory Irishwoman with half a dozen whimpering children, was already crowding her way.

"Oh, Sallie," said I, with a sudden inspiration, whether of good or evil I have never yet quite decided, "Let us not ride in that disagreeable thing. We can easily walk to Broadway, and take a car, and then we can stop and take breakfast at some better place than those horrible restaurants near the depot."

"Certainly, I had just as lief, if you think it would be pleasanter, Mr. Delton," said she, without a moment's hesitation. "I suppose there is plenty of time, and I am sure I am hungry."

I believe Sallie thought I was moody and offended during that walk through Courtland street, because she had called me by my surname; but I hardly noticed the lapse, for the memory of the state of my pocket, forgotten in the sound sleep and sudden surprise, just then struck me, as it were, between the eyes; and none of the mental arithmetic I could muster could create a satisfactory example with the materials I had at command. Six more cents out of my ninety, for a double car fare, left only seventy-eight for the day's provision for two people, putting the longed-for newspaper out of the question as an unjustifiable luxury! and though such a sum might be an abundance in Pekin, with my knowledge of New York restaurants and railway dining rooms, I could not contrive a practicable way of making the two ends meet.

Some matter-of-fact reader may growl that of course the young lady had money enough, and that all I had to do was to borrow a few dollars of her for a day and be at once relieved of all anxiety. But I think those who have been in the same peculiar condition of mind and heart that I was in then, feeling as I did that a most momentous crisis was near at hand, will admit that such a course of procedure was quite out of the question. I was not sure enough of my fate to venture any risks however slight, and the risk implied to my mind, in confiding to the being who held my happiness in her hands, that I was two hundred miles from home with only ninety cents in available funds, would have been fatal to all my hopes of success.

No; the exigency of the hour demanded a conception and execution almost Napoleonic; and by the time we had reached Broadway I was ready for the test.

"I think, Sallie," said I, as cool as I had seen General Burnside forty-eight hours before, on the hill overlooking Fredericksburg, "I think on the whole we had better breakfast at the Astor House. It is quite near, very comfortable, and you will have a chance to get thoroughly warmed before taking the horse-car."

Sallie called me by my Christian name again as she assented joyfully to the proposal, and the conversation glided off into a track where I need not to follow it. The sun was hardly up, I remember, and none of the stores in that part of Broadway would take down their shutters for an hour or more. The newsmen rushing by with damp bundles of papers, and the hacks driving to and from the early boats and trains were about the only occupants of the street; and Sallie thought it very different from the Broadway she had known in her visits to New York, and worth being out at that unearthly hour to see as a novelty. At length we reached Vesey street, and as we turned the corner I think my heart beat faster that it had ever done in any of the perilous positions of my war experience. Suppose the door of the ladies' entrance should be locked at this early period of the day; or suppose we should be met at the head of the stairs by a polite waiter? In either case I think I should rather have been in even General Burnside's boots than mine that morning. But no untoward incident overthrew my scheme at its beginning; we entered, ran up the stairs, and without meeting an inquisitive eye crossed the hall into the little reception room where a jolly fire already burned in the grate, and gave Sallie an opportunity to doff her overshoes and warm her pretty feet in the most enchanting way imaginable.

Of course I left her, ostensibly to report myself at the office; and of course I did not go near the office, but made a hasty toilet in the wash-room, including renovation to the extent of a clean paper color from the recesses of one of my pockets. I needed the splash of the cold water to dispel the nervousness which kept creeping over me when I thought of the dangers of my position and the immensity of the interests at stake. I think I would have given a slice of my reputation to have met any of my newspaper friends in the family lobby, with five dollars in his pockets; but journalists are not abroad so late in the morning as half-past six, and no such means of relief was to be hoped for. I would have pawned my watch willingly or sold it for one-tenth its value with absolute pleasure; but neither my uncle nor the jewelers open their doors till eight at least. We had time enough, but none to spare; so I braced myself with bold resolution, assumed as much of the air of an established guest as possible, and sauntered back to the reception room where Sallie was waiting in the firelight, leaning her head on her hand in the prettiest attitude of fatigue and meditation in the world. She donned again her outer garments briskly, I shouldered overcoat and minor luggage, and we marched, she as innocent as a lark, and as gay, and I weighed down with apprehension and suspense, into the cosy little breakfast room.

Nobody stepped up to question my right there: the waiter designated a table for us as a matter of course, and evidently took us, as I meant he should, for guests of yesterday, compelled to an early breakfast on account of departure in the morning train. There was one such party in the room already, eating bonneted and shawled and with nervous glances at the clock. The fires glowed in the two grates with a cheerful lustre, and the screens before them, serving also as heaters for the rolls and plates, reminded me of the tin-kitchens of my boyhood days. We had a table to ourselves in one corner. Sallie clapped her hands joyously, and said it was splendid; and we combined to order such a breakfast as might have suggested to the waiter that we were just from a journey, and not just starting out. I remember I sent the waiter off with a bit of currency to buy me a morning's *Herald*, quite as much to add an air of luxury to our repast as to reassure myself that no New York newspaper man had stolen a march upon me by a balloon or aerial telegraph with an account of the battle. There was only a half column of sensational headings and a few confused lines of contradictory statements vaguely shadowing forth the defeat. My newspaper triumph was certain, and with it I felt assured of a promotion and an established reputation in my profession, which would give me the right to ask Sallie the question to which I fancied her eyes had already said yes.

It was a most bewitching breakfast. With youth and health and love and novelty to season our viands, there was no sickly sentimentalism about our appetites. Mine had the added stimulus of the remembrance of six months' campaign fare in Virginia and Maryland; but I think we both enjoyed the feast about alike, and shared each other's steaks, cutlets, omelets, chicken-wings and successive plates of smoking, luscious cakes, at a merry mood of rivalry and comparison. True, to me it had some of the elements of Macbeth's feast; as a step resounded in the corridor, I fancied my Banquo in the shape of the gentlemanly clerk, coming to ask me to "call at the office and register;" like the Egyptian I had a grinning skull at my banquet in the ebony waiter who might ask me at any moment for the number of my room; and when the closet door opened I conjured up a skelton in the shape of a curt detective who might take me off to the Tombs as a new edition of Jeremy Didler, with my delayed dispatch in my pocket, and Sallie in tears of wrath. With such thoughts constantly popping up, the words of adoration, of entreaty, which kept rising to my lips as I looked across the table at the dainty form opposite, had to be resolutely repressed, for should any of these interruptions occur, I thought how speedily would the tenderness that danced in Sallie's eyes turn to flashing scorn, how dark would be the prospect otherwise so bright before me.

But the meal, with all its delights and all its terrors, came to an end at last; we had still more than half an hour to reach the New Haven station; and I breathed a sigh of relief as the waiter helped me on with my overcoat as obsequiously as if I had been Mr. Astor himself, with a check for a million in my pocket, in place of that wretched ninety cents. I would have given him half my cash as a fee, in my joy, but that I feared to expose the emptiness of my pocket-book. We passed down the stairs unmolested as we had come up, followed by the *bona fide* departing guests who had breakfasted near us, and who had a carriage waiting for them at the door. We made our way to the horse-car, which at that early hour for up-town travel we had nearly to ourselves, and arrived at Twenty-seventh street in ample time for the eight o'clock Boston train.

It may be imagined that with the weight of my rash experiment off my mind, and Sallie's pretty head occasionally resting on my shoulder, with the horrors of the defeat growing dim, and the consciousness that I had distanced all the press of the east in speed that morning, and should beat them in minuteness and accuracy of detail the next, I soon recovered my natural spirits. I saw no longer any reason for delaying my own attack upon the fortress I had beseiged so long. I opened my first parallel at Bridgeport, began the assault in earnest at New Haven, carried the citadel long before we reached Hartford, and fired a salute of victory in the next tunnel. We mutually celebrated the triumph in another way at Springfield, where a judicious expenditure of my remaining seventy cents procured a lunch of wholesome New England viands quite as liberal in quantity as our hearty breakfast had left us an appetite for. But it was not till long after that that I told Sallie the secret of our Astor House feast, and how when I gave her up temporarily to her father in the depot that night, I walked to the office with hardly money enough to jingle in my pocket.

Of course, in the happy years that have followed, I have felt an occasionally twinge of honorable remorse, as I thought of the contemptible way in which I had swindled the Astor House. I did indeed contemplate explaining the whole affair at the office when I next passed through New York; but when I came to the test, the stately severity of the clerk's manner quite froze me with dismay at the thought of such a confession to such a man, and I only asked him to give me the key of my room. So absurd an idea as sending the amount of which I had defrauded the establishment in an anonymous letter, as people are constantly sending such missives to the Treasury Department, was not to be thought of. I strove to make such reparation as I could by always staying at the house when I visited New York—never again with empty pockets; but then I have reflected that the thorough comfort and homelike atmosphere of the place would have induced this choice in any other circumstances, and so I have decided to ease my conscience by a sort of public confession, and have therefore put faithfully down in black and white the whole story of the first time my wife and I ever breakfasted together at the Astor House.—*Boston Saturday Gazette.*

Artificial Flowers.—Ladies who deck their hair with mimic bloom, have, in general, little idea of the way in which those false flowers grow. They wear them, light-hearted, in the gayest of scenes, and think not that they are transplanted from the saddest. They put forth their leaves and delicate hues in stifling garrets, in fetid back kitchens, or in hot, overcrowded factories, where the gas-burners are often without glass or shade, and gas-stoves are set on the table to heat the tools, while a hundred women and girls, from nine years old and upwards, bend over their hot-house plants. Some hold the hand stamp, which cuts through sixteen folds at a time of the muslin or silk that is to make the leaves and flowers. Others vein the leaves by pressing them between dies, or paint the petals separately with a brush when the center is to be left white. Most of them are busy with the finer work of constructing the flowers. They gum and wax, dust for bloom with potato flour, or with blown glass powder for frost; they twist paper or silk thread to the stalk, and make the foundation on which the petals stick. Slender wires are run through the blossoms, and a small goffering iron gives them their curl. All this is strange and fidgety work, especially by gas-light, with blistered fingers, thumb-nails worn to the quick, and the dust of paint and other material inflaming the eyes, and preparing patients for the Opthalmic Hospital. The blue and carmines try the sight sadly, and the latter causes heaviness in the head. Arsenic green and verdigris blue are seldom used; but enough is left to poison the poor "flower girl's" existence. She works in London fourteen or fifteen hours a day, and sometimes longer. After thirteen hours' work, girls often take home sufficient for two hours more.

The Best.—Mr. Charles S. Westcott, of Elizabeth, N. J. who is well acquainted with the leading sewing machines, states: "I think the Grover & Baker is best adapted to family use, for the reason that it is the most easily kept in order, and makes a stitch which does not wear itself in two by the direct strain of the threads upon each other. I have had a shuttle or lock-stitch machine in use in my family, and abandoned it because it was more difficult for a woman to keep it in order, and because the seam made by it would in a short time rip in separate places by the wearing of the threads upon each other."

[*From testimony taken before the U. S. Commissioner of Patents, on the application for the extension of the patent for the Grover & Baker Sewing Machine.*]

Carlotta Patti has increased in favor with the musical people abroad. Ullman has commenced a second tour with her. The first concert, in Nemes, brought in over six thousand francs. If she were not lame, she would be very successful in opera. The artificial application to hide her deformity does not work well.

A soldier saves his own life by slaying his enemies. He kills for a living.

ABSCONDED!—The wife whose husband supposed she had absconded was freely forgiven, when he found she had only been down to the NEW YORK PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY to see HOWLAND, and get one dozen of those beautiful Card Pictures, THE BEST ever made in this city. Come early, if you want to get a sitting. Remember the Place—Nos. 25 and 27 Third street, east side, near Market street. B. F. HOWLAND, Artist.

MAYER'S BAZAAR.—R. Mayer offers at his Bazaar, corner Pine and Montgomery streets, the greatest variety of jewelry, watches, silver plated ware, guitars, music boxes; concertinas, accordeons, opera glasses, etc., etc., to the public of San Francisco, and to the country trade, at prices that defy competition, and is determined to close out his present stock at greatly reduced rates. His heavy case silver watches from the American Watch Company are superior to anything ever before offered to the public. These watches are taking the place of heavy gold watches from the fact that the workmanship is superior, the casings pure silver, and the prices low. The sale of these watches is very extensive on the Pacific coast. Another proof that American manufactures can beat the world. The works are made of platina and never get out of repair. French opera glasses of great power for sale or hire, and all kinds of musical instruments, eight day family clocks, etc. This is a rare chance to invest your money to advantage, at Mayer's Bazaar, southeast corner of Montgomery and Pine streets.

N. B.—An immense assortment of Japanese curiosities for sale.

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MILLS & EVANS, IMPORTERS OF THOROUGH-BRACE Wagons, light express, two and three spring Wagons, suitable for milk-men and furniture dealers, and others wishing light and durable Wagons. Their Wagons are made expressly for the California market, and Mills & Evans' is the only firm which receives Wagons from the celebrated manufactory of A. W. Sanborn & Co., Manchester, N. H. This latter firm stands A No. 1 in the east, and their wagons have stood the test of our California climate, and are sold by Mills & Evans fifty per cent. lower than any other establishment on the Pacific coast. Call and examine their Wagons, at No. 537 Market street, opposite the Metropolitan market. *

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☞ WONDERFUL BUT TRUE.—MADAME REMINGton, the world-renowned Astrologist and Somnambulistic Clairvoyant, while in a clairvoyant state, delineates the very features of the person you are to marry, and by the aid of an instrument of intense power, known as the Psychomotrope, guarantees to produce a perfect and life like picture of the future husband or wife of the applicant, with date of marriage, occupation, leading traits of character, etc. This is no imposition, as testimonials without number can assert. By stating place of birth, age, disposition, color of eyes and hair, and enclosing fifty cents and stamped envelope addressed to yourself, you will receive the picture by return mail, together with desired information.

Address in confidence, MADAME GERTRUDE REMINGTON, P. O. Box 297, West Troy, N. Y.

MEDICAL ADVICE.

DR. WM. K. DOHERTY'S Medical and Surgical Institute is becoming a *sine qua non* to the welfare of our State and health of our citizens; and his rapidly spreading reputation, although it may excite surprise, is but the signal of skill, and follows as the natural effect of such a cause. We are personally acquainted with gentlemen who had suffered for years under chronic disease, and who had taken advantage of every available means that promised relief, but without success, until they called upon Dr. Doherty, who, in an incredibly short space of time, has given them entire relief. It is gratifying to announce this fact, because the Doctor is a gentleman who seeks, not by defamation of others, to establish his reputation, or to rear the superstructure of his own upon the ruin of another's fame. The Doctor conducts his Institute in a manner that must be gratifying to all his patients. He examines, hears, advises, and recommends, without charge, and the patient, after hearing his terms for treatment, can accept or reject at pleasure. In no case does the Doctor make a charge unless he effects a cure. This he is able to do, because he feels the confidence which long experience has given, and no doubt the consolation which appertains to that confidence. Persons afflicted with either acute or chronic disease, would do well to consult the Doctor; at all events, it can do no harm, as for consultation he asks no fee; nor does he insist on obedience to his advice unless the patient places himself under his care. His offices are on Sacramento street, opposite the Pacific Mail Steamship office.—*San Francisco News.*

BROOKLYN HOTEL,

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DR. BLAKE CAN NOW BE FOUND AT the above location. Engagements as usual can be made with all those who desire thorough and FIRST-CLASS GOLD FILLINGS.

Lamott's Hat Emporium

IS THE PLACE TO GET A FASHIONABLE

HAT OR CAP,

AND AT PRICES 25 PER CENT. LESS THAN ANY OTHER HOUSE IN THIS CITY.

Do not fail to have one of

LAMOTT'S HATS!

CORNER PINE AND MONTGOMERY STREETS.

WALTER S. PIERCE,

Manufacturer and Importer of

PIANO-FORTES.

FACTORY AND WAREROOM, NO. 536 MARKET Street, opposite Second.

☞ PIANOS TO RENT.☜

WALTER S. PIERCE'S

Piano Manufactory

Is the most complete on the Pacific Coast, having every appliance of machinery for Making or REPAIRING Pianos to be found in the largest Eastern Factories.

Old Pianos converted into new, by putting in new interior mechanism complete.

THE FAMOUS

PIANOS

OF

Chickering & Son

Have received the endorsement of all the leading Artistes of Europe and America. Testimonials to be seen at the Agent's'.

Pianos to rent, from $5 to $10. Tuning free.

KOHLER, CHASE & CO.,

421 Montgomery street.

TOWNE & BACON,

Book and Job Printers,

Have the Largest Office,

Do the most work,

And do it better

Than other offices

536 In this City,

Try them

With a Job,

And you will be

Satisfied the above

Statements are facts.

Their office is at 536

Clay St., below Montgom'y,

Over Pacific Fruit Market.

EDWARD BOSQUI & CO.,

PRINTERS,

And Blank Book Manufacturers,

517 CLAY STREET,

Between Montgomery and Sansome Sts.,

SAN FRANCISCO.

STERETT & CUBERY,

PRINTERS,

533 Clay street, San Francisco.

B. F. STERETT - - - - - - - WM. M. CUBERY

We are prepared to execute in a prompt and satisfactory manner, all kinds of Book, Job and Card Printing; also, Blank Books manufactured and Paper Ruled to order.

FOR POSTERS, HANDBILLS,

AND

Show Work of All Kinds,

GO TO THE

COMMERCIAL PRINTING HOUSE

OF

FRANCIS & VALENTINE,

517 Clay street, and 510, 512 and 514 Commercial street.

DO YOU WANT ANY

PRINTING?

IF YOU DO, GO TO

411 CLAY STREET,

BETWEEN SANSOME AND BATTERY.

PRINTING OF EVERY DESCRIPTION DONE ON short notice and in the best style, by

M. D. CARR & CO.

San Francisco Mill.

HOBBS, GILMORE & CO.,

MANUFACTURERS OF

BOXES,

Market Street, between Beale and Main,

SAN FRANCISCO.

For Sale, Mahogany, Spanish Cedar, and other Fancy Woods.

D. A. MACDONALD, J. H. MACDONALD, } J. MCGILL, D. CHIPMAN.

D. A. MACDONALD & CO.,

SAWING AND PLANING MILLS,

AND MANUFACTURERS OF

DOORS, SASHES, BLINDS AND MOULDINGS,

Corner of Market and Beale Streets,

SAN FRANCISCO.

Finishing Work for Buildings constantly on hand, and got up to order.

W. N. MILLER.....J. F. HALEY.

MILLER & HALEY,

EMPIRE STEAM MILLS,

NO. 29 FREMONT STREET,

San Francisco.

SASH, BLIND, DOOR AND MOULDING FACTORY.

PIONEER IRON SHUTTER WORKS.

Established 1849.

John Upstone,

MANUFACTURER OF FIRE-PROOF

Doors and Shutters,

Bank Vaults, Balconies, Gratings, Prison Cells, Awnings, Stairs, Iron Fence, etc.,

Corner of California and Drumm Streets,

SAN FRANCISCO.

Constantly on hand a large assortment of second hand Fire-Proof Doors and Shutters.

I. H. SMALL,

Machine Shop,

BUILDER OF

Steam Engines, Saw Mills, Mining Machinery,

Also, I. H. Small's Patent Boot Screwing Machine.

Gears of all kinds Cut at Short Notice,

And at Greatly Reduced Prices.

Repairing of all kinds done with Promptness and Dispatch.

Corner of Market and Beale Streets,

SAN FRANCISCO.

J. O. HANSCOM, H. S. SMITH. } HANSCOM & CO. { T. PENDERGAST, W. W. HANSCOM.

Etna Iron Works!

S. E. corner Fremont and Tehama Streets, San Francisco,

Practical Machinists and Iron Founders,

MANUFACTURE

STEAM ENGINES,

QUARTZ-MILL MACHINERY OF ALL KINDS, SAW-MILLS, FLOUR-MILLS,

Dunbar's Improved Self-Adjusting

PISTON PACKING,

Now so extensively used in the East and in this State. Requires no springs or screws; is always steam-tight; without excessive friction, and never gets slack or leaky.

HANSCOM'S CRUSHER,

The best of the kind now in use in this State or anywhere else. All kinds of GRINDERS and AMALGAMATORS made to order. Manufacturers of the new Prospecting Quartz-Mills, consisting of Boiler, Engine, 2-stamp Battery and Grinding and Amalgamating Pan, complete, for working from one ton per day upwards. Drawings are furnished with each of these mills, so that any competent engineer can set it up in running order in two days' time.

TYLER'S IMPROVED WATER-WHEEL,

Giving greater power at lower cost than any wheel in use. Send for one of our circulars giving full tables.

All Wheels warranted to give the Power as set forth, or the money will be refunded.

SOLE MAKERS FOR THIS COAST OF THE "PENDERGAST WHITE IRON STAMP SHOES AND DIES."

None genuine unless obtained from us. Every one warranted.

Patented Machinery of all kinds will be furnished by us at market prices. Particular attention given to drawings and specifications of machinery, which will be made to order. The patronage of the public is respectfully solicited.

☞ Particular attention paid to HOUSE WORK and ORNAMENTAL CASTINGS.

THEODORE KALLENBERG,

No. 416 Market street, - - - San Francisco,

Machinist,

Maker of Models for Inventors, Drawing Instruments, Small Machines, Philosophical Instruments, Scales and Weights, all kinds of Brass and Iron Work.

REPAIRING PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

THE CALIFORNIA

Building and Savings Bank,

CALIFORNIA ST., ONE DOOR FROM SANSOME.

Capital and Deposits, - - - - - $600,000

WHICH IS LOANED ON PROPERTY.

LOANS MADE on CITY REAL ESTATE, HOUSES, SHIPS, FACTORIES AND MERCHANDISE.

Deposits received at one per cent. per month.

Money transmitted from the interior, by Express or Mail, passed to interest from the day of arrival, and a Certificate returned in course of post.

Strangers may deposit Bonds, Gold Dust, Coin, or Valuable Papers in the Vault, for long or short periods, at a small rent, for which valuables the Company will be accountable, THOMAS MOONEY, President.

THE SIGN OF THE BIG GLOVE.

MECHANICS' INSTITUTE,

25 Post street, between Montgomery and Kearny streets.

J. F. SNOW, THE "GLOVE MAN," CLEANS furs without removing the lining. All kinds of Dresses—including Stage and Party Dresses—WITHOUT RIPPING. Woolen Goods, Shawls, Buck and Kid Gloves, Buck Undervests, Feathers, etc., etc. He dyes Kid Gloves and Feathers.

RING'S VEGETABLE AMBROSIA FOR THE HAIR FOR SALE.

CANTY & WAGNER,

(SUCCESSORS TO J. REGAN,)

113 *Montgomery street, bet. Bush and Sutter*

N. B.—All candies sold by us are warranted to be manufactured from Stewart's double-refined Sugar, and to be equal to any manufactured in the State. Country merchants solicited to examine our stock and prices. Goods delivered to any part of the city free of charge.

DIDN'T KNOW.

He gave me a knife one day at school,
Four-bladed, the handle of pearl—
And great black words on the wrapper said
"For the darlingest little girl."
I was glad! Oh, yes, the crimson blood
To my young cheek came and went,
And my heart thumped wondronsly pit-a-pat,
Bnt I didn't know what it meant.

One night he said I must jnmp on his sled,
For the snow was falling fast;
I was half-afraid, bnt he coaxed and coaxed,
And got me on at last.
Laughing and chatting in merry glee,
To my home his conrse he bent,
And my sisters looked at each other and smiled,
But I didn't know what it meant.

The years passed on, and they touched his eye
With a shadow of deeper blue;
They gave to his form a manlier grace—
To his cheek a swarthier hue.
We stood by the dreamily rippling brook,
When the day was almost spent,
His whispers were soft as the lullaby;
And——NOW I KNOW WHAT IT MEANT!

MIND AND MUSCLE.—Brown, who has been editing a weekly paper at a small town in an adjoining State for some time past, went through here a few days ago, on his way to New Orleans in search of employment. Smith met him in the reading-room of the hotel just before he left here, and asked him how he happened to abandon his paper.

"You see," said Brown, "Green and I started the thing in copartnership, and as he is nothing of a writer, it was agreed between us that I should edit the paper, and he shonld do the press-work, etc. This arrangement struck me after a while as being unfair, so I said to Green one day, "Green, I don't like the way the work in this office is divided. I think that inasmnch as you merely work with your muscle, while I work with my brain, yon ought to allow me a little bigger share of the profits. Brains onght always to command a higher price than muscle."

"All that may be true," said Green, "bnt look here, Brown, considering the large amount of muscle I've got and the very small amount of brains you've got, I don't think you have any right to say a —— word."

"After that," continued Brown, "I felt that in justice to myself I couldn't associate on equal terms with Green any longer, and so I sold ont my interest in the concern and left."

THE editor of the Woonsocket *Patriot* makes merry over the mistake of an old Shanghai hen of his that had been "setting" for five weeks upon two round stones and a brick! "Her anxiety," quoth he "is no greater than ours, to know what she will hatch. If it proves a brickyard, that hen is not for sale."

"I LOVE to look upon a yonng man. There is a hidden potency concealed within his breast which charms and pains me." The daughter of a clergyman happening to find the above sentence at the close of her father's manuscript, as he had left it in his study, sat down and added: "Them's my sentiments exactly, papa, excepting the 'pains.'"

ALMOST every young lady is public spirited enough to have her father's house used as a court house.

FEW ladies are so modest as to refuse to sit in the lap of luxnry.

NATHANIEL GRAY & CO.,
UNDERTAKERS,
CITY AND COUNTY SEXTON,
641 SACRAMENTO STREET, CORNER OF WEBB
Sole agents for BARSTOW'S PATENT METALLIC BURIAL CASES and CASKETS.

PHILADELPHIA BREWERY,

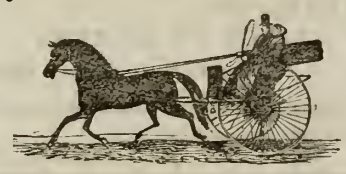
Corner Second and Folsom streets,
SAN FRANCISCO.
HOELSCHER & WIELAND,
Proprietors.

STOCKDALE HOUSE,
Corner Main and Oak streets, Petaluma.
H. STOCKDALE Proprietor

THE GREAT
New England Remedy!
DR. J. W. POLAND'S
White-Pine Compound,
IS NOW OFFERED TO THE AFFLICTED THROUGHout the country, after having been proved by the test of eleven years in the New England States, where its merits have become as well known as the tree from which, in part, it derives its virtues.
THE WHITE-PINE COMPOUND CURES:
Sore Throat, Colds, Coughs, Diptheria, Bronchitis, Spitting of Blood, and Pulmonary Affections generally. It is a remarkable Remedy for Kidney Complaints, Diabetes, Difficulty of Avoiding Urine, Bleeding from the Kidneys and Bladder, Gravel, and other Complaints. For Piles and Scurvy it will be found very valuable.
Give it a Trial, if you would learn the value of a Good and Tried Medicine.
It is pleasant, safe and sure. Sold by all Drnggists and Dealers in Medicine generally.
HOSTETTER, SMITH & DEAN,
401 and 403 Battery Street, cor. Clay, San Francisco

MASONIC TEMPLE.
Montgomery and Post streets, San Francisco.

TO THE SICK!
Cures Without Medicines.
Experience of 25 years [15th (1866) in San Francisco,] enables DR. BOURNE to Guarantee Cures! He performs all he promises—more, if possible. Consultations Free. Call or send for circulars.
10 MASONIC TEMPLE, POST STREET.

P. A. FINIGAN'S

NORFOLK STABLES,
ELLIS STREET, BETWEEN POWELL AND MASON,
SAN FRANCISCO.
THE FINEST STABLE KNOWN IN AMERICA.
Horses, Buggies, and all kinds of Carriages to let on reasonable terms. Particular attention paid to boarding horses. Ladies' and Gentlemen's Saddle Horses always on hand. P. A. FINIGAN, Proprietor.

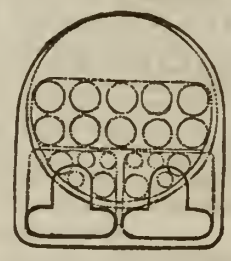
BEDDING AND FURNITURE,
LIVE GEESE FEATHERS,
DOWNY PULU, CURLED HAIR, MOSS, AND WOOL MATTRESSES.
—ALSO—
The sole right to manufacture FULLER'S PATENT SPIRAL SPRING MATTRESSES, admitted by everybody to be the BEST, more durable, more elastic, and cheaper than the old style Spring Beds.
A full assortment of FURNITURE, SHEETING, BLANKETS, etc., at extremely low prices, for cash.
JACOB SCHREIBER,
Nos. 121 and 123 Sansome street, between Bush and Pine, San Francisco.

W. E. GOLDSMITH,
Practical Card and Seal Engraver,
AND PLATE PRINTER,
No. 505 Montgomery street, over Tucker's.

HOAGLAND & NEWSOM,
ARCHITECTS,
Southwest corner Sacramento and Kearny streets,
SAN FRANCISCO.

BOWMAN & CO.,
Dealers in Stoves and Tin Ware,
Main street, Petaluma.

MOYNIHAN & AITKIN,
Portland Boiler Works,
311 AND 313 MISSION STREET,
Between Beale and Fremont streets, San Francisco.
Manufacturers of Steam Boilers, high or low pressure—Cylinder, Tubular or Flue; Sheet Iron Work; Steam and Water Pipe of the best quality, and at more reasonable prices than any other establishment on the Pacific Coast.
Being Practical Boiler Makers, of long experience, confining our whole time and attention to our branch of business, and having enlarged our works, and also added the most improved tools in the country, we are enabled to turn out Boilers more expeditiously than any other establishment on the Pacific Coast—using none but the best quality and brands of Boiler and Sheet Iron and Boiler Tubes. Those in want of anything in the above line will do well to give us a call. Orders from the country will receive prompt attention.
All work warranted according to order. Particular attention paid to Repairing Steam Boilers.
T. J. MOYNIHAN, } Proprietors.
JAS. AITKEN, }

NEPTUNE IRON WORKS.

Corner Mission and Fremont streets, San Francisco.
MARINE, LOCOMOTIVE AND ALL KINDS OF
HIGH-PRESSURE STEAM BOILERS
Manufactured.
The proprietor imports his own C. H. and B. Iron across the Isthmus, and Tubes of every size. Other parties can never blockade the market. He has made arrangements with the best houses in the East to furnish him with everything in the shape of Iron he wants.
All Boilers guaranteed and tested by U. S. Boiler Inspector before they are sent out of the shop, at my expense. All kinds of Sheet Iron and Water Pipe, Coal Oil Stills, Wrought Iron Worms, etc., manufactured to order. OLD BOILERS REPAIRED.
D. CAMERON.

PIONEER IRON SHUTTER WORKS.
Established 1849.
John Upstone,
MANUFACTURER OF FIRE-PROOF
Doors and Shutters,
Bank Vaults, Balconies, Gratings, Prison Cells, Awnings, Stairs, Iron Fence, etc.,
Corner of California and Drumm Streets,
SAN FRANCISCO.
Constantly on hand a large assortment of second hand Fire-Proof Doors and Shutters.

I. H. SMALL,
Machine Shop,
BUILDER OF
Steam Engines, Saw Mills, Mining Machinery,
Also, I. H. Small's Patent Boot Screwing Machine.
Gears of all kinds Cut at Short Notice,
And at Greatly Reduced Prices.
Repairing of all kinds done with Promptness and Dispatch.
Corner of Market and Beale Streets,
SAN FRANCISCO.

J. O. HANSCOM. U. S. SMITH. } HANSCOM & CO { T. PENDERGAST. W. W. HANSCOM.
Etna Iron Works!
S. E. corner Fremont and Tehama Streets, San Francisco,
Practical Machinists and Iron Founders,
MANUFACTURE
STEAM ENGINES,
QUARTZ-MILL MACHINERY OF ALL KINDS, SAW-MILLS, FLOUR-MILLS,
Dunbar's Improved Self-Adjusting
PISTON PACKING,
Now so extensively used in the East and in this State. Requires no springs or screws; is always steam-tight; without excessive friction, and never gets slack or leaky.
HANSCOM'S CRUSHER,
The best of the kind now in use in this State or anywhere else. All kinds of GRINDERS and AMALGAMATORS made to order. Manufacturers of the new Prospecting Quartz-Mills, consisting of Boiler, Engine, 2-stamp Battery and Grinding and Amalgamating Pan, complete, for working from one ton per day upwards. Drawings are furnished with each of these mills, so that any competent engineer can set it up to running order in two days' time.
TYLER'S IMPROVED WATER-WHEEL,
Giving greater power at lower cost than any wheel in use. Send for one of our circulars giving full tables.
All Wheels warranted to give the Power as set forth, or the money will be refunded.
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Particular attention paid to HOUSE WORK and ORNAMENTAL CASTINGS.

THE CALIFORNIAN'S
SAN FRANCISCO BUSINESS DIRECTORY

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS
J. D. Arthur & Co., corner of California and Davis.

ARCHITECTS.
Townsend & Wyneken, 405 California.

AUCTIONEERS.
Cobb & Sinton, 407 California street.

BALL AND RACKET COURT.
Thomas Kelly, 846 Howard street.

BILLIARD SALOONS.
A. B. Brown, 328 Montgomery street.

BOWLING ALLEYS.
Wholers & Stell, Pine and Montgomery, (Russ House.

BOOKS.
E. F. Arnold, 538 Market street near Montgomery.
A. Roman & Co., 417 and 419 Montgomery street.

BOOTS AND SHOES.
Wentworth, Hobart & Co. (wholesale manufac.) 210 Pine

CARPETS.
P. F. Loughran & Co., 407 Sansome street.

CLOTHING.
H. M. Lockwood & Co., 624 Clay street.
J. R. Mead & Co., corner Montgomery and Bush streets
William Shermau, 412 Sansome, corner Commercial.
Quincy Hall, 545, 547, and 549 Washington street.

COAL OIL, LAMPS, ETC.
Dell, Cranna & Co. (wholesale) 513 Front street.
A. C. Dietz & Co., (wholesale,) 521 Front street.

DENTISTS.
Dr. Blake, removed to 645 Clay street.
Dr. Wm. B. McAllister, removed 18 Third street.
N. T. Whitcomb, 205 Third, near Howard.

DANCING ACADEMY.
Coghill's, Congress Hall, Bush, above Montgomery.
Fuller & McCarthy, 727 Market, near Third.

DRY GOODS.
Meagher, Taaffe & Co., 9 Montgomery street.
Mosgrove & Blakely, 222 Third, near Howard.
Buyer & Reich, S W corner Jackson and Stockton.

DRUGGISTS.
Waters & Dillon, (Billiard Saloon,) 314 Montgomery st
G. G. Burnett, (Apothecary,) 330 Montgomery.
Shepardson & Gates, (successors to R. Hall & Co.,) corner Sansome and Commercial.

EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTIONS.
Pacific Business College, 751 Market street, above Third.
Prof. Williams' Commercial Academy, 869 Mission st.

FURNITURE.
Goodwin & Co., 510 and 528 Washington streets.
N. P. Cole & Co., 21 Sutter and 524 Market streets.

GROCERS.
Slosson & Ladd, southwest corner Folsom and First.
Haskell & Co., Market and Sutter sts, below the Market
W. M. Noble & Co., cor Howard and Twelfth streets

HATTER.
Lamott (wholesale and retail) 227 Montgomery street

HAY AND GRAIN.
J. B. Holmes & Co., 110 Market street.

HOTELS.
Brooklyn, John Kelly, Jr., Sansome, corner Pine.
Chicago, E. W. Helmburg & Co., 220 Pacific street.
John Steinmann, 323 Pine.

INSURANCE.
Accidental and Casualty, R. L. & F. Ogden, Montgomery street, corner California.
Brooklyn Life, S T King, Agent, S E cor Montg'y & Pine
Equitable Life, R. L. & F. Ogden, Montgomery, corner California.
Manhattan, R. B. Swain & Co., Ag ts, 206 Front, cor Cal
Firemens Fund Ins. Co., S.E. cor. Montg'y and Pine
Occidental Ins. Co., S.W. cor. Montgom'y and California
Pacific Ins. Co., 436 California street.

LADIES' BIJOUTERIE, CLOAKS, ETC.
Rosenblatt's, 123 and 125 Montgomery street.

LIVERY AND SALE STABLE.
Philip Morshend, removed to Howard, near Fifth.
White & Young, 211 Pine street.

LUMBER.
Armstrong, Sheldon & Co., corner Mission and Spear streets.

MILITARY GOODS AND REGALIA.
T. Rodgers Johnson, Odd Fellow's Hall, 325 Montg'ry st.

NOTARY PUBLIC,
H. S. Tibbey, 604, Montgomery street.

PHOTOGRAPHIC GALLERIES.
New York, B. F. Howland proprietor, 15 Third street, below Market.

PIANOS, MUSIC, ETC.
M. Gray, 613 Clay street.
W. S. Pierce, removed to 524 Market, opposite Second
C. Weiderhold & Co., 685 Market near Third.

PHOTOGRAPHS, CUTLERY, SPECTACLES, ETC.
Lawrence & Houseworth, 317 and 319 Montgomery st.

REAL ESTATE AGENTS.
Daly & Hawkins, 220 Montgomery street.
Dam & Sutherland, 320 Montgomery.
Geo. W. Chapin, 338 Montgomery.
John Pforr, 328 Montgomery.

RESTAURANTS.
Bivalve, Nolting & Spreen, 640 Market, near Kearny.
Ladies' Refreshment Saloon, Swain & Brown, 636 Market
Magnolia, 143 Third street.
Market, by Felix and Gustave Besson, 520 Merchant.
Helvetia, Johnjury & Bros., 524 Merchant street.
Saw[illegible]ann's, 506 Montgomery street.

SALOONS.
Russell & Holding's Exchange, 622 Market street.
Charter Oak, Frank Kelly, N E cor Third and Howard
Razzetti & Co.'s, 527 Washington, above the Market.
Jones' Sample Rooms, S.E. cor. Montgomery and Cal.
V. Squarza, 44 Leidesdorff street.
Coates & Henderson, 37 Sutter street.

SCALES.
Fairbanks & Hutchinson, Depot for Fairbanks' Scales 120 California street.

SEWING MACHINES.
Grover & Baker, R. G Brown, 116 Montgomery.
The Florence, office 111 Montgomery street.
Wheeler & Wilson, corner Montgomery and Sacramento.

STOVES AND TIN WARE.
A. Swigert, corner Fifth and Folsom.

TOYS, ETC.
Feldburh & Co., 207 Montgomery street
A. Kohler, 620 Washington street.

WATER-CURE INSTITUTE.
Dr Bourne's Pioneer, 10 Post, near Montgomery

WOOD AND COAL YARD.
Flynn & O'Grady, 860 Howard street

BROADWAY.

"'The shadows lay along Broadway,
'Twas near the twilight tide,
And slowly there, a lady fair,
Was walking in her pride.
Alone walk'd she, but viewlessly
Walk'd spirits by her side.

"'Peace charm'd the street beneath her feet,
And honor charm'd the air,
And all astir look'd kind on her,
And call'd her good as fair;
For all God ever gave to her
She kept with chary care.

"'She kept with care her beauties rare,
From lovers warm and true,
For her heart was cold to all but gold,
And the rich came not to woo;
But honored well are charms to sell,
If priests the selling do.

"'Now walking there was one more fair,
A slight girl, lily pale,
And she had unseen company
To make the spirit quail—
'Twixt want and scorn she walked forlorn,
And nothing could avail.

"'No mercy now can clear her brow,
For this world's peace to pray;
For as love's wild prayer dissolved in air,
Her woman's heart gave way:—
But the sin, forgiven by Christ in heaven,
By man is curst alway.'"

—N. P. Willis.

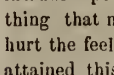
A correspondent in Skull Valley, Arizona mentions a scene that occurred in a village in Illinois, where dwells a magistrate named Helser. The minister of the village one day received a call from a soldier and a blushing maid, who wished to be married at once. On being asked for the marriage license, the "boy in blue" declared he had none, and, moreover, that he needed none, as he had known the girl for four years and they liked each other, and didn't want license or permission from any one. The clergyman assured him that without a license he could not perform the ceremony. The lover entreated, without avail, when the parson rather impatiently remarked: "You had better take this girl and go to Helser." "Go to —— yourself, sir!" was the reply; and the couple indignantly "evaded the premises," with the conviction that profanity was not by an means confined to the army.

Obituary Notice.—Dyed—in this village, on the 29th of March, the whiskers of "Jim Woodcock." They had long been an ornament in the circle in which they had moved; but their roseate hue hath departed, and, instead, they present a hue of unearthly blackness, which color is rapidly changing to a purple, mingled with a lovely lilac. "Happy are those who dye young."

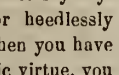
Prefer solid sense to wit; never study to be diverted without being useful; let no jest intrude upon your good manners, nor say anything that may offend modesty or heedlessly hurt the feelings of another. When you have attained this height of philosophic virtue, you will be fit for Heaven—and the sooner you go there the better your associates will like it.

The way to get a good wife—get a good girl and go to a parson.

Tyler Brothers,



691 Market st., cor. Third,
SAN FRANCISCO,



Importers, Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
SCHOOL BOOKS,
STATIONERY,
PHOTOGRAPH ALBUMS,
BLANK BOOKS,
PORTFOLIOS,
JUVENILE BOOKS,
CHILDREN'S PICTURE BOOKS,
FANCY ARTICLES, Etc.

ESPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO
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Union Saloon.—C. H. Cordes is the proprietor of the Union Saloon, Market street, a few doors south of Fremont, where is to be found the choicest wines and liquors. Mr. Cordes prides himself on his Kentucky Whisky, which is very old and oily. The "Davis" brand whisky drinkers should by all means call and test this whisky. Hot lunch is set on the table from 10 till 2.

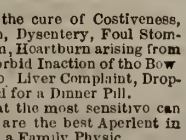
California Wines.
Vintage 1862.

THE UNDERSIGNED OFFRS FOR SALE SOME very choice Wines, of the above named vintage. That connoisseurs, all interested in the development of this magnificent resource of our State, and the public generally, may be convinced that California is able to produce as good Wine (when properly treated and of sufficient age) as other parts of the Wine producing regions of the globe, attention is respectfully called to these Wines, by A. S. LOWNDES, Wine Merchant,
311 Battery Street, S. F.

"OUR OPERA."
CAPT. JOHN H. MAY,
615 WASHINGTON STREET, 615,
SAN FRANCISCO,
Opposite Maguire's Opera House.

JOHN TAYLOR,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN
WINES AND LIQUORS.
NO. 16 THIRD STREET,
Between Market and Stevenson Streets., San Francisco.

THE BEST FAMILY WINES
IN THE CITY
—Are to be found at—
HOADLEY & CO.'S,
533 Merchant street, under Pacific Fruit Market.



☞ Call and try our Sonoma Champagne, Vega del Rio, Sonoma Port, Red and White Wines, Wine and Brandy Bitters, and all the varieties usually found in a California Wine Cellar.

DUNBAR'S EXCHANGE,
No. 223 *Bush Street,*
Bet. the Occidental and Cosmopolitan Hotels.

☞ HARRY RIKER would be pleased to see his old friends at any hour of the day.
Hot Lunch every day from 11 A. M. till 2 P. M.
J. W. DUNBAR, Proprietor.

FAUST CELLAR,
Beer and Wine Saloon,
Southeast corner of Clay and Montgomery streets,
San Francisco.
A. L. THIELE, - - - - - - Proprietor

ALWAYS ON HAND, Wholesale and Retail, Westphalia Hams, Russian CAVIAR, Sardines, Anchovies, Swiss and Limburg Cheese, and other European Delicacies. ☞ The finest brands of Liquors, Wines and Cigars; Seltzer Water.
FISHING AND HUNTING PARTIES fitted out at the shortest notice.

MARTIN GROSTETTA,
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AYER'S SARSAPARILLA

IS A CONCENTRATED EXTRACT OF THE CHOICE root, so combined with other substances of still greater alterative power as to afford an effectual antidote for diseases Sarsaparilla is reputed to cure. Such a remedy is surely wanted by those who suffer from strumous complaints, and that one which will accomplish their cure must prove, as this has, of immense service to this large class of our afflicted fellow-citizens. How completely this compound will do it has been proven by experiment on many of the worst cases to be found in the following complaints:

Scrofula, Scrofulous Swellings and Sores, Skin Diseases, Pimples, Pustules, Blotches, Eruptions, St. Anthony's Fire, Rose or Erysipelas, Tetter or Salt Rheum, Ringworm, Scald Head, etc

Syphilis or Venereal Disease is expelled from the system by the prolonged use of this Sarsaparilla, and the patient is left in comparative health.

Female diseases are caused by Scrofula in the blood, and are often soon cured by this Extract of Sarsaparilla.

Do not discard this invaluable medicine, because you have been imposed upon by sometbing pretending to be Sarsaparilla, while it was not. When you have used Ayer's—then, and not till then, will you know the virtues of Sarsaparilla. For minute particulars of the diseases it cures, we refer you to Ayer's American Almanac, which the agent below named will furnish gratis to all who call for it.

Ayer's Cathartic Pills, for the cure of Costiveness, Jaundice, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Dysentery, Foul Stomach, Headache, Piles, Rheumatism, Heartburn arising from Disordered Stomach, Pain, or Morbid Inaction of the Bowels, Flatulency, Loss of Appetite, Liver Complaint, Dropsy, Worms, Gout, Neuralgia, and for a Dinner Pill.

They are sugar coated, so that the most sensitive can take them pleasantly, and they are the best Aperient in the world for all the purposes of a Family Physic.

Prepared by J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass., and sold by
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ESTABLISHED IN 1851.

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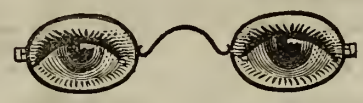

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THE LARGEST OPTICAL INSTRUMENT Establishment on the Pacific Coast. Import all their own goods direct from European and American manufacturers, and have a larger and more complete assortment than all other dealers combined.

SPECTACLES and EYE-GLASSES warranted to suit the sight in every particular.

Double sighted Spectacles, Tinted Spectacles and Brazilian Pebble Spectacles of the most approved form.

Those who have been disappointed at other establishments will certainly be pleased with the Spectacles they purchase from us.

N. B.—Inferior Glasses are not sold by us to the unwary for Brazilian Pebbles.

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Complete Catalogues of Optical Instruments furnished free.

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Auburn, Golden, Flaxen and Silken Curls,

PRODUCED BY THE USE OF PROF. DE BREUX FRISER LE CHEVEUX.

One application warrsuted to curl the most straight and stubborn hair of either sex into wavy ringlets, or heavy massive curls. Has been used by the fashionables of Paris and London, with the most gratifying results. Does no injury to the hair. Price by mail, sealed and post paid, $1. Descriptive circulars mailed free. Address
BERGER, SHUTTS & CO., Chemists,
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Sole Agents for the United States.

Don't Read This!

PORK TRIMMINGS TO BE GIVEN AWAY.

PRICES:

Pigs' Heads	6 cents
Pigs' Feet	7 cents
Pigs' Tongues	10 cents
Tails	7 cents
Spare Ribs	10 cents
Sausage Meat	8 cents
Pork Roast	10 cents
Sugar Cured Hams	18 cents
Breakfast Bacon	18 cents
Leaf Lard	15 cents

The above are from grain-fed Hogs.

No. 1 American Beef	from 5 to 10 cents
Sugar Cured Smoked Beef	12½ cents
Choice Mutton	5 to 7 cents

FOR SALE—1,000 South Down SHEEP.
WILSON & STEVENS,
508 Market street,
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D. GHERARDELLIS & CO.'S
Italian Manufactury,
415 and 417 JACKSON ST., SAN FRANCISCO,
Manufacturers and Dealers in
PLAIN, SWEET, CINNAMON AND VANILLA CHOCOLATES;
PREPARED COCOA, COCOA PASTE,
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PURE GROUND OLD JAVA COFFEE AND COSTA RICA COFFEE;
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CHOICE WINES AND LIQUORS.

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THE SIGN OF THE BIG GLOVE.
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J. F. SNOW, THE "GLOVE MAN," CLEANS Furs without removing the lining. All kinds of Dresses—including Stage and Party Dresses—WITHOUT RIPPING. Woolen Goods, Shawls, Buck and Kid Gloves, Buck Undervests, Feathers, etc., etc. He dyes Kid Gloves and Feathers.

RING'S VEGETABLE AMBROSIA FOR THE HAIR FOR SALE.

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IMPORTERS AND MANUFACTURERS OF
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No. 315 BATTERY STREET,
Nex Door to Commercial Street,
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AT THE
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Eureka Theatre, Montgomery street,
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ITALIAN MANUFACTORY
FIRST PREMIUM 1857 — 1858 — 1864 — 1865
OF
MACCARONI, VERMICELLI,
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J. R. MEAD & CO.,
Importers, Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
FINE CLOTHING,
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200 & 202 MONTGOMERY STREET,
Corner of Bush,
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Asphaltum Roofing.
PAVEMENTS, ROOFING,
CELLAR FLOORS, WATER HOUSES,
And all kinds of
Asphaltum Work,
Done at shortest notice, and at moderate prices, by
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Office—Express Building (up stairs),
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AT THE REGULAR
RETAILING AMERICAN WATCHES
C. E. COLLINS & CO.,
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Nos. 42 and 44 Nassau Street,
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Dealers in American, Swiss and English WATCHES,
JEWELRY AND MATERIALS.
WHOLESALE PRICES.
☞ We have made arrangements to buy AMERICAN WATCHES in large quantities from the Factory, and will receive a discount on the regular Wholesale Prices. We will hereafter
Retail the American Watches
AT
The Regular Wholesale Prices.
Our only profit being the small per cent. allowed by buying in large quantities.

HOWE'S NEW STYLE
FAMILY SEWING MACHINES.
GREAT IMPROVEMENT—JUST RECEIVED.
ESPECIALLY ADAPTED FOR FINE WORK. Also, Braiding, Hemming, etc. The advantage these Machines have is extreme simplicity, very strong and durable, not liable to get out of order—adapted equally well to all grades of work. The Howe should be examined by all contemplating purchasing. H. A. DEMING,
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If there is a Florence Sewing Machine within a thousand miles of San Francisco, that is not giving entire satisfaction, if I am informed of it, it will be attended to without express charge or expense of any kind to the owner. Samuel Hill, Agent, 111 Montgomery St., San Francisco.

LOVED TOO LATE.

Far off in the dim and desolate Past—
That shoreless and sorrowful sea
Where wrecks are driven by the wave and blast,
Shattered, sunken and lost at last,
Lies the heart that was broken for me—
Poor heart!
Long ago broken for me!

My loves were Glory and Pride and Art—
Ah, daugeroas rivals three!
Sweet lips might quiver and warm tears start
Should an artist panse for a woman's heart—
Even that which was broken for me!
Poor heart!
Too rare to be broken for me!

Oh, she was more mild than the summer wind,
More fair than the lillies he!
More true than the star with twilight twinned
Was the spirit against whose love I sinned—
The heart that was broken for me—
Poor heart!
Cruelly broken for me!

I told her an artist should wed his art—
That only his love should be;
No other should lure me from mine apart,
I said; and my cold words chilled her heart,
The heart that was broken for me—
Poor heart!
Hopelessly broken for me!

I spoke of the beautiful years to come,
In the lands beyond the sea—
Those years which must be so wearisome
To her; but patient lips were dumb;
In silence it broke for me!
Poor heart!
Broke, yet complained not, for me!

I pressed her hand, and rebuked her tears
Lightlessly and carelessly;
I said my triumphs should reach her ears,
And left alone with dismal years
And the heart that was breaking for me—
Poor heart!
Silently breaking for me!

My days were a dream of summer time
My life was a victory;
Fame wove bright garlands to crown my prime,
And I half forgot in that radiant clime,
The heart that was broken for me—
Poor heart!
Patiently breaking for me!

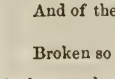
But my whole life seemed, as the swift years rolled,
More hollow and vain to be;
Fame's bosom at best is hard and cold—
Oh, I would have given all praise and gold
For the heart that was broken for me—
Poor heart!
Thanklessly broken for me!

Sick with long, hope and dread
I hurried across the sea;
She had wasted as though with grief, they said—
Poor child, poor child!—and was long since dead;
Ah! dead for the love of me—
Poor heart!
Broken, and vainly, for me!

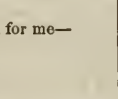
Weighed down by a load too heavy to hold,
She died murmuringly;
And I, remorseful and unconsoled,
I dream of the wasted days of old,
And of the heart that was broken for me—
Poor heart!
Broken so vainly for me!

And my soul cried out in bitter pain
For the bliss that cannot be—
For the love that never can come again,
For the sweet young life that was lived in vain,
And the heart that was broken for me—
Poor heart!
Broken and buried for me!

Tyler Brothers,



691 Market st., cor. Third,
SAN FRANCISCO,



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STATIONERY,
PHOTOGRAPH ALBUMS,
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FANCY ARTICLES, Etc.

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W. G. JONES, - - - PROPRIETOR

SAN FRANCISCO STOCK BREWERY,

CORNER POWELL AND FRANCISCO STS.

Capital Stock $200,000, divided in Two Thousand Shares of $100 each.

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WM. ERZGRABER.....Vice President
J. G. WATERMANN.....Secretary

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The above Company intend to establish a reputation for making the best

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In the country, and respectfully solicit the patronage of their friends and the public generally.

☞ All orders from the country promptly filled and delivered free of charge in the city.

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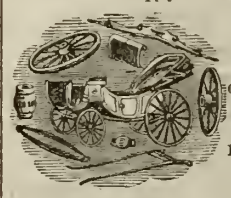
NOS. 12 AND 14 PINE STREET.

The Largest Establishment on the Pacific Coast for the supply of materials for



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EXPRESS WAGONS,
BUGGIES, SULKIES, Etc.
Also, Importers of

GREGG'S TENONING MACHINES,

Hub Boring Machines, Thimble Skeins for Wood Axles, Hub Bands, Axle Clips, Shaft Shackles, Malleable Iron Castings, Concord Axles and Springs.

☞ Orders from the country solicited aad promptly attended to. MEEKER, JAMES & Co.

REMOVAL. REMOVAL.

Larkins & Co.,

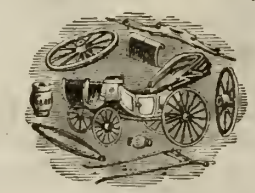
Manufacturers of every description of

CARRIAGES.

CONCORD WAGONS, Ranch Wagons aad Buggies made to order. ☞ All kinds of Jobbing aud Carriage Painting done at the shortest notice.

☞ New Manufactory Nos. 631 and 633 Howard street, corner of Hubbard, between Second and Third, San Fraacisco.

A. FOLSOM,



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EVERY DESCRIPTION OF CARRIAGES, EXPRESS Wagons, Buggies, etc, made to order, of the best materials and workmaaship.

Repairing and General Blacksmithing doas with promptness, aad at prices to suit the times.

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Makes to order all kinds of Carriage aad Buggy Work, Express and Thoroughbrace Wagons aad Stage Work.

A general assortment of new and second hand Wagoas on haud. Jobbing done with neatness aud dispatch.

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LIGHT CARRIAGES
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Insurance Company,

Southwest corner Montgomery and California streets.

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THIS COMPANY will insure against loss by Fire on any Dwelling House, Buildings, Merchanise or other property, situated in the State of California. The largest sum they will take on any one risk is thirty thousand dollars.

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FURNITURE

At Less than Gold Cost,

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It comprises the LARGEST AND FINEST assortment in the city—manufactured from the Latest Patterns, and in the most durable manner.

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For Sale by all dealers in medicines. Price One Dollar per bottle.

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Scrofula, Scrofulous Swellings and Sores, Skin Diseases, Pimples, Pustules, Blotches, Eruptions, St. Aathony's Fire, Rose or Erysipelas, Tetter or Salt Rheum, Ringworm, Scald Head, etc

Syphilis or Venereal Disease is expelled from the system by the prolonged use of this SARSAPARILLA, and the patient is left in comparative health.

Female diseases are caused by Scrofula in the blood, and are often soon cured by this EXTRACT OF SARSAPARILLA.

Do not discard this invaluable medicine, because you have been imposed upon by something pretending to be Sarsaparilla, while it was not. When you have used AYER'S—then, and not till then, will you know the virtues of Sarsaparilla. For minute particulars of the diseases it cures, we refer you to Ayer's American Almanac, which the agent below named will furnish gratis to all who call for it.

AYER'S CATHARTIC PILLS, for the cure of Costiveness, Jaundice, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Dysentery, Foul Stomach, Headache, Piles, Rheumatism, Heartburn arising from Disordered Stomach, Pain, or Morbid Inaction of the Bowels, Flatulency, Loss of Appetite Liver Complaint, Dropsy, Worms, Gout, Neuralgia, and for a Dinner Pill.

They are sugar coated, so that the most sensitive can take them pleasantly, and they are the best Aperient in the world for all the purposes of a Family Physic.

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Were awarded the FIRST PRIZE MEDAL at the late great INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION AT LONDON, over the wo hundred and sixty-nine Pianos entered for competition from all parts of the world.

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All kinds of Brass, Composition, Zinc, and Babbitt Meta Castings, furnished at the shortest notice. Brass Ship Work of all kinds, Spikes, Sheathing Nails, Rudder Braces. Hinges, etc., constantly on hand and made to order. Also, manufacture Ship and Steamboat Bells and Gongs of superior tone.

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Wine, Cidor, Cotton and Tobacco Presses of the latest Improved Patterns.

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Marble Mantels, Grates, Monuments, Head-Stones, Cemetery Copings, and all kinds of Marble Work executed on most reasonable terms. Particular attention paid to the placing of Tombstones at Lone Mountain or Calvary Cemeteries. N. B.—Country orders promptly attended to.

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WARM AND COLD BATHS from 6 A. M to 9 P. M. daily, with every appliance usually connected with a well-ordered Gymnasium for the development of Health and Muscle.

The only Complete Swimming Bath on this Coast.

Another advantage connected with this establishment, not usually found in Swimming Baths, is, that the water is Continually Changing, Fresh Water running in and out Constantly.

Single Baths, including Towels and Bathing Dress..25 cts
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Call and Try Them. The Kearny Street and Montgomery Street Cars pass the door *every five minutes.*

The Baths are reserved for Ladies every Tuesday, from 6 A. M. to 9 P. M. Ladies to supply their own Bathing Dresses.

I will *guarantee* to impart a thorough *practical knowledge* of *Swimming* in *one month!* Terms for the Course, $10.

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Office of MADAME LAURUSTINUS, No. 816 Montgomery street, between Jackson and Pacific. Office hours, from 8 o'clock in the morning until 8 in the evening.

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No. 205 Third Street, San Francisco.

Teeth filled with fine gold, artificial bone and platina. All plate work made and repaired, of the best material, at the shortest notice and warranted. None cheaper or better on the coast. Call and examine specimens.

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Private Medical Office,

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Steam Navigation Company.

STEAMER CAPITAL.....CAPT. E. A. POOLE.
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One of the above steamers leave BROADWAY WHARF, at 4 o'clock P. M., *EVERY DAY*, (Sundays excepted,) for Sacramento and one for Stockton, the Sacramento steamer connecting with light-draft steamers for Marysville, Colusa, Chico and Red Bluff.

Steamships *PACIFIC, ORIZABA, CALIFORNIA, ACTIVE,* and *SENATOR,* leave as advertised, for Portland, Oregon, New Westminster, British Columbia, Victoria, (V. I.,) Santa Barbara, San Pedro, and San Diego.

Office of the Company, northeast corner of Front and Jackson streets.

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Fashionable Milliner,

NO. 23 POST STREET,

Between Kearny and Montgomery,

SAN FRANCISCO.

All kinds of Lace Work, Head Dresses, Breakfast Caps, &c., made to order.

Particular attention paid to mending and doing up Laces.

☞ Goods received hy every steamer, from New York and Paris.

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Billiard TABLE MANUFACTORY.

P. LISENFELD,

Has removed from 612 Battery street to 537 Sacramento street, a few doors below Montgomery,

Has constantly on hand a large assortment of the best BILLIARD TABLES, with all the modern improvements. Also BILLIARD TRIMMINGS of every description. All goods sold are warranted.

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REFERS TO Messrs. Elam & Howes, Clay street, below Battery; Messrs. Hatch & Co., (R. W. Brangon & T. H. Hatch,) Washington street below Battery; A. J. Cogbill, Esq., Front street, corner of Clay; Wm. J. Adams, Esq., (Adams, Blinn & Co.,) Piers 17 and 19, Stewart street; Joseph Rich, Esq., Bush street below Turnverein Hall; Hon. M. S. Latham, London and San Francisco Bank; Wm. B. Johnston, Esq., Insurance Building, 412 and 414 Montgomery street; James Brooks, Esq., Editor "Golden Era."

LOTS FOR SALE ON BERNAL RANCHO.

NOTICE IS GIVEN, THAT IN PURSUANCE OF AN Order of the Probate Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, the undersigned will sell at public auction, in two separate parcels, subject to confirmation hy said Court, on TUESDAY, the 4th day of June, 1867, at 12 o'clock noon, at the auction rooms of MAURICE DORE & CO., No. 327 Montgomery street, in said City and County, the real estate belonging to the Estate of CORNELIUS RICKTER, deceased, described as follows, to-wit:

All those certain pieces or parcels of land situated, lying and being on the Bernal Rancho, in the City and County of San Francisco, aforesaid and known and designated upon a certain map entitled, "Gift Map No. 3," as and hy the numbers 269 and 271—being each 25 feet in width, in front and rear, and 70 feet deep.

Terms of Sale—Cash, in United States Gold Coin. Deeds and Stamps at expense of purchaser.

J. W. BRUMAGIM,
Administrator of the Estate of Cornelius Rickter, deceased.
Dated May 11th, 1867. my11-3w

IN THE PROBATE COURT of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the Estate of DANIEL B. BARNES, deceased.

Order to show cause why order of distribution should not he made.

On reading and filing the petition of Stephen Smith, Administrator of the Estate of Daniel B. Barnes, deceased, setting forth that he has filed his final account of his administration of the estate of said deceased, in this Court, and that the same has been duly settled and allowed; that all the debts and expenses of administration have been duly paid; and that a portion of said estate remains to be divided among the heirs of said deceased, and praying among other things for an order of distribution of the residue of said estate among the entitled:

It is Ordered, that all persons interested in the estate of the said deceased, be and appear before the Probate Court of the city and county of San Francisco, at the Court Room of said Court, in the City Hall in said city and county, on MONDAY, the third day of June, A. D. 1867, at eleven o'clock, A. M., then and there to show cause why an order of distribution should not he made of the residue of said estate among the heirs of said deceased, according to law.

It is further Ordered, that a copy of this order be published for four successive weeks, before the said third day of June, A. D. 1867, in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published in the said city and county.

M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.
Dated May 3d, A. D. 1867 my4-5t13

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

EDWARD J. QUIRK, Plaintiff, vs. JAMES P. HORBACH, et als., Defendants

Action brought in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the said city and county of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to JAMES P. HORBACH, HENRY DELVENDAHL, HENRY BREMMERMAN, ERNST JANSSEN and GUSTAV HELMKE, Defendants:

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff, in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein, within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons—if served within this county; or, if served out of this county, but in this District, within twenty days; otherwise, within forty days—or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said Complaint.

The said action is brought to require you, the said defendants, to set forth the nature of your respective claims to that certain lot or parcel of land situate in said city and county of San Francisco, as particularly described in the complaint herein, being subdivision No. 5 of the 100 vara lot known on the map of the city of San Francisco as No. 276, as designated on a plat of the original subdivision thereof, recorded in the office of the County Recorder of said city and County, in Liber 1 of Certified Grants, at page 156, that all adverse claims of said defendants and each of them may be determined hy a decree of this Court; that hy said decree it be declared and adjudged that the said defendants, each and all of them, have no estate or interest whatever in or to said parcel of land, and that the title of plaintiff thereto is good and valid; that said defendants, and each of them, he forever debarred from asserting any claim whatever in and to said land adverse to plaintiff, and for such other and further relief as to this Hon. Court shall seem meet and agreeable to equity, with costs of suit against such of the defendants as shall defend this action.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in said complaint.

Given under my hand and seal of the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco, this 25th day of February; in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-seven.

WM. LOEWY, Clerk,
[SEAL.] By OCTAVIUS BELL, Deputy Clerk.
Int. Rev. Stamp, canceled. 50 cts.
THOS. B. BISHOP, Plaintiff's Attorney. mh30-13w

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE FOURTH Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

SIEGMUND T. MEYER and ASHER T. MEYER, Plaintiffs, vs. LINA A. SON, Defendant.

Action brought in the District Court of the Fourth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to LINA A. SON, Defendant: You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff, in the District Court of the Fourth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein, (a copy of which accompanies this summons) within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons—if served within this county; or, if served out of this county, but in this district, within twenty days; otherwise, within forty days—or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said complaint.

The said action is brought to recover the sum of two thousand nine hundred and ninety-one and 85-100 dollars, alleged to be due from you to the plaintiffs on a judgment recovered by said plaintiffs against you, and more particularly described in the complaint herein, together with costs of suit.

And you are hereby notified, that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said Plaintiffs will take judgment against you for said sum and costs of suit.

Given under my Hand and the seal of the District Court of the Fourth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this nineteenth day of February, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-seven

WM. LOEWY, Clerk.
By JAS. E. ASHCOM, Deputy Clerk.
[SEAL, AND INTERNAL REVENUE STAMP CANCELED.] mh2-3m

IN THE PROBATE COURT of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the Estate of ELLEN JENNER, deceased,

Order to show cause why order of distribution should not be made.

On reading and filing the petition of William A. Jenner, the Executor of the last will and testament of Ellen Jenner, deceased, setting forth that he has filed his final account of his administration of the estate of said deceased, in this Court, and that the same has been duly settled and allowed; that all the debts and expenses of administration have been duly paid; and that a portion of said estate remains to be distributed to the heirs and devisees of said deceased, and praying among other things for an order of distribution of the residue of said estate among the persons entitled:

It is ordered, That all persons interested in the Estate of the said Ellen Jenner, deceased, be and appear before the Probate Court of the City and County of San Francisco, at the court-room of said court, in the City Hall in said city and county, on MONDAY, the 3d day of June, A. D. 1867, at 11 o'clock, A. M., then and there to show cause why an order of distribution should not be made of the residue of said Estate among the heirs and devisees of the said Ellen Jenner, deceased, according to law.

It is further ordered that a copy of this order be published for four successive weeks before the said third day of June, A. D. 1867, in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published in the said city and county.

M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.
Dated April 23d, A. D. 1867.
THOS. B. BISHOP, Att'y for Executor. ap27-4t

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—Estate of CLAUDE JACQUIN, deceased:

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, William Rowan, Administrator of the estate of said deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice, to the said William Rowan, at No 532 Merchant street, Room No. 3, in the City and County of San Francisco.

WM. ROWAN.
Administrator of the estate of Claude Jacquin, deceased.
Dated at San Francisco, April 26th, 1867. my4-6w

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF HENRY SEAMAN, deceased. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administratrix of the above named estate, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit the same with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice, to the undersigned, at the office of D. P. Barstow, Esq., No. 6 Montgomery Block, in the city and county of San Francisco.

JANE SEAMAN,
Administratrix of the Estate of Henry Seaman, deceased.
May 10th, 1867. my11 6w

MAGUIRE'S OPERA HOUSE.

THOMAS MAGUIRE,.....Sole Proprietor
CARS. TIBBETTS,.....Business Manager
C. L. GRAVES,.....Stage Manager
WM. STEVENSON,.....Treasurer

The Beautiful and Fascinating

HELEN WESTERN,

Supported by THE GRAND COMBINATION COMPANY,

This Afternoon.....May 25th,

CAPTAIN KYD.

THIS EVENING,

Captain Kyd, and Toodles.

In Rebearsal—The Helen Western Speciality:

HOME AND ABROAD!

In which she will enact Ten Characters, and introduce the celebrated FEMALE MINSTRELS.

PRICES OF ADMISSION:

Dress Circle.....$1 00 | Orchestra.....$1 00
Parquette..... 50 | Upper Circle..... 25

☞No Extra Charge for Reserved Seats.

MAGUIRE'S ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

THOMAS MAGUIRE.....Proprietor
CHARLES TIBBETTS.....Business Manager

ITALIAN OPERA.

SATURDAY EVENING.....MAY 25th,

Will be presented the Grand Opera of

LA FAVORITA!

Leonora di Guzman.....Madame Stella Bonbeur.
Ferdinand.....Signor G. Limberti.
Alphoceo XI.....Signor G. Mancusi.
Balthazar.....Signor S. Milleri.
Don Gaspar.....Mons. Charles.
Inez.....Mme. Hall.

MONDAY EVENING.....I MARTIRI.

Conductor.....MR. GEO. T. EVANS.

☞ The Regular Subscription Nights will be Monday, Wednesday, and Friday. On Saturday evening an extra night will be given.

METROPOLITAN THEATRE.

MONDAY EVENING.....MAY 27th,

Engagement of the Distinguished ETHEOPIAN COMEDIANS,

MESSRS. LESLIE AND RAYNOR,

Late Members of the World-Renowned

"Christy's Minstrels,"

From St. James' Hall and Her Majesty's Concert Room, London, and who performed in all the Principal Cities in England and Australia.

At the request of many influential citizens, the Management have succeeded in effecting an engagement with the above named

CELEBRATED ARTISTES,

Who will be assisted by a distinguished array of MINSTREL TALENT, and will give a short series of Refined Entertainments in

American Minstrelsy and Burlesque Opera.

For Particulars, see future announcement. Box Sheet now open—where Seats can be secured four days in advance, without extra charge.

HAYES' PARK.

ANOTHER CHAMPION PERFORMANCE

....FOR....

SUNDAY.....MAY 26th, 1867.

☞ Cheapest and Best Place of Amusement on the Pacific Coast.

MISS ELLA LA RUE

WILL MAKE AN

ASCENSION ON A TIGHT ROPE.

Thomas Rosa

In his Great DISLOCATION, OR INDIA RUBBER ACT, in conjunction with

Eugene Lee,

IN HIS GREAT SOMERSAULT ACT.

GRAND DOUBLE ACTS!

BY MESSRS. ROSA AND LEE.

At the close of the Performance,

A GRAND BALL!

With Alper's Metropolitan Brass and String Band.

Admission.....25 Cents.

☞ Ladies Free.

☞ The new Four-horse Cars run direct to the Park.

WONDERS OF WONDERS!

TO BE SEEN ONLY AT THE

Pacific Museum of Anatomy and Science,

Eureka Theatre, Montgomery street,

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Smoking Tobacco,

UNEQUALLED BY ANY IN THE MARKET.

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FRONT STREET, CORNER OF CLAY,

SAN FRANCISCO.

5,000,000 CIGARS

At $5 per Thousand,

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TRY IT!

STANDARD SOAP CO.'S

WASHING POWDER.

It saves one-half the time and labor of ordinary Soaps. Does not injure the Clothing. Get a package and give it a trial. Sold by all Grocers.

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FRENCH SCREWED BOOTS AND SHOES,

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The Finest quality of CUSTOM WORK neatly executed. Always on hand other fine work ready made.

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AND

FAMILY FURNISHING

Store,

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NOW RECEIVING ORDERS FOR GROCERIES, PROvisions. Table Luxuries, and all Housekeeping articles of the best quality at low prices.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

TO

Purify the Blood.

NOT A FEW OF THE WORST DISORDERS THAT afflict mankind arise from the corruption that accumulates in the blood. Of all the discoveries that have been made to purge it out, none have been found which could equal in effect AYER'S COMPOUND EXTRACT OF SARSAPARILLA. It cleanses and renovates the blood, instills the vigor of health into the system and purges out the humors which make disease. It stimulates the healthy functions of the body, and expels the disorders that grow and rankle in the blood. Its extraordinary virtues are not yet widely known, but, when they are, it will no longer be a question what remedy to employ in the great variety of afflicting diseases that require an alterative remedy. Such a remedy, that could be relied on, has long been sought for, and now, for the first time, the public have one on which they can depend. Our space here does not admit certificates to show its effects But the trial of a single bottle will show to the sick that it has virtues surpassing anything they have ever taken. Sufferers from Scrofula, Scrofulous Swellings and Sores, try it and see the rapidity with which it cures. Skin Diseases, Pimples, Pustules, Blotches, Eruptions, etc., are soon cleaned out of the system.

St. Anthony's Fire, Rose or Erysipelas, Tetter or Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Ringworm, etc., should not be borne while they can be so speedily cured by AYER'S SARSAPARILLA.

Syphilis or Venereal Disease is expelled from the system by the prolonged use of this SARSAPARILLA, and the patient is left as healthy as if he never had the disease.

Female Diseases are caused by Scrofula in the blood, and are generally soon cured by this EXTRACT OF SARSAPARILLA. Price $1 per bottle, or 6 bottles for $5.

For all the purposes of a family physic, take AYER'S CATHARTIC PILLS, which are everywhere known to be the best purgative that is offered to the American People.

Prepared by DR. J. C. AYER & Co., Lowell, Mass., and sold by all Druggists and dealers in medicine everywhere.

CRANE & BRIGHAM, San Francisco,
Wholesale Agents.

Black Silks.

200 PIECES.

VERY SUPERIOR BLACK SILKS.

Suitable for

DRESSES,

CLOAKS AND

MANTILLAS,

AT A REDUCTION OF 25 PER CENT.

From Cost of Importation.

MEAGHER, TAAFFE & CO.,

9 MONTGOMERY STREET,

LICK HOUSE.

WHOLESALE HOUSE,

No. 107 BATTERY STREET, BETWEEN CALIFORNIA AND PINE.

Cloths, Cloths.

500 PIECES.

FRENCH, SCOTCH AND ENGLISH CLOTHS

Suitable for

CLOAKS, AND MEN AND BOYS' WEAR,

Just received, and will be offered on

MONDAY, 13th inst.,

AT A REDUCTION OF 50 PER CENT.

From Cost of Importation.

MEAGHER, TAAFFE & CO.,

9 MONTGOMERY STREET,

LICK HOUSE.

WHOLESALE HOUSE,

No. 107 BATTERY STREET, NEAR PINE.

Family Dry Goods

AT

REDUCED PRICES!

Cotton Sheetings and Shirtings;
Linen Sheetings and Shirtings;
Towels and Towelings;
Barnesly, Scotch and French Table Damask and Table Cloths;
Flannels, Blankets, Quilts, Etc.

—ALSO—

A large line of French Cambrics, Nainsooks, Mull Mull, Jaconets and Organdies, suitable for Ladies' and Childrens' Dresses.

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SARSAPARIPHERE

BITTERS

POSSESS INVALUABLE PROPERTIES.

They give Health to the Sick,

Strength to the Weak,

Joy to the Afflicted.

☞SOLD EVERYWHERE.☜

THE CENTRAL PARK OF THE PACIFIC.

WOODWARD'S GARDENS,

Art Gallery,

Museum, Gymnasium

.....AND.....

ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

THESE BEAUTIFUL GARDENS ARE VISITED DAILY by hundreds of the pleasure seeking public, and all agree in pronouncing them the best and only first class suburban resort on the Pacific coast.

The extensive grounds are covered with the rarest trees and shrubbery, making it a most desirable spot for small parties wishing to enjoy a Pic-Nic.

New attractions are being constantly added.

These Gardens are accessible by the Howard, Market and Folsom street cars. Entrances on Mission and Valencia streets, between Thirteenth and Fourteenth.

OPEN EVERY DAY.

Admission 25 cents. Children under 12 years, half price.

AMERICAN HOTEL,

Main street, - - - Petaluma.
EMERSON & LAMBERTON, Proprietors.

PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.'S

STEAMSHIPS FOR

NEW YORK, JAPAN AND CHINA,

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VOLUME VII., No. 2.
OFFICE, No. 532 MERCHANT STREET.

SAN FRANCISCO, JUNE 1, 1867.

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THE LION'S MOUTH.

"THE gravest beast is an ass, the gravest bird is an owl, the gravest fish is an oyster, and the gravest man is a fool." SYDNEY SMITH.

"I WILL roar, that I will do any man's heart good to hear me." A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

"I WILL aggravate my voice so, that I will roar you as gently as any sucking dove; I will roar you an 't were any nightingale." IBID.

"*Nil falsi audeat, nil veri non audeat dicere.*" CICERO.

The "Bulletin's" "Lady" Correspondent in Paris.

The last letter from the woman whom the *Bulletin* has engaged to write an account of the Paris Exposition is not worthy of admission into the columns of so respectable a paper. She complains of the unfinished condition of the building on April 11th, and hopes that the finishing touch will soon be given to it. She then says:

"*Mi trops embrasse mal e'trente* is an old saw the Commissioners, in their ambition to give the stamp of universality to their undertaking, have done well to bear in mind."

It is hard to say which is the most incomprehensible in the above paragraph, the French (?) or the English. Then this correspondent, referring to the English Exhibition, says:

"I so well remember how Queen Victoria, leaning on Prince Albert's arm, and holding by the hand a little boy dressed in Highland costume, (who has since developed into a graceless man,) was able without running the risk of a sore throat, to expose her royal neck and shoulders to the eyes of the enthusiastic multitude. No blinding column of dust forced her to shut her honest blue eyes," etc.

As the Prince of Wales is at the present time engaged in filling the duties which properly belong to the lady with the honest blue eyes, and has done nothing as yet to make the people of England consider him "graceless," the statement of the female correspondent of the *Bulletin* must be taken *cum grano salis*. Near the end of her letter the correspondent rather backs down on the lady with the blue eyes, saying with reference to a model of the mausoleum erected to the Prince Consort.

"When I saw this monument of her grief, I doubted of the truth of the history of her adventures with John Brown, the faithful Gillie to whom it is said she is about to be privately married."

This is the true old gossip's style: "I don't believe Mrs. Smith did so and so; she is really such a good woman I almost doubt it; but yet, who knows?" This lady correspondent picked up a "sea captain" at the Exposition, and struck him for a breakfast. She says:

"A Russian peasant, speaking French with a Parisian accent, gave me a plate *caviar* for 40 cents. It was very palatable but not nice to look at."

It is really kind of this person to inform the public of San Francisco that caviar is "very palatable, but not nice to look at," and that the poor sea captain had to pay 40 cents for her plate. In the criticism on the paintings, we are told that the "pre-Raphaélites' pretentious eccentricities are extraordinary." We must say that the pretentious eccentricities of this female correspondent of the *Bulletin*—if it is a female—are very extraordinary. She is constrained by no laws of decency, grammar, or the courtesy due to foreign languages.

Edwin James on Bankruptcy.

Edwin James has written a book entitled:

"The Bankrupt Law of the United States, 1867. With Notes, and a Collection of American and English Decisions upon the Principles and Practice of the Law of Bankruptcy."

Mr. James says in his preface:

"Some experience as a legislator upon this subject, and many years practice in the English courts of bankruptcy, have induced the author to undertake the work."

This distinguished English lawyer might have entitled his work "The Bankrupt Law, by a Bankrupt." Mr. James would have to legislate considerably before he could get the privilege of passing through "the English courts of bankruptcy." He would probably have the pleasure of spending the remainder of his life in a debtor's prison if he returned to England, where his liabilities amount to somewhere about a hundred thousand dollars.

Comfort for the Hungry.

The Dayton *Empire* says that Mr. Brown has lived fifty-four days without food. Read this ye complaining ones who strive to borrow four bits on the grounds that ye have not had a square meal for two days! If Mr. Brown of Dayton can live fifty four days without food, why cannot ye do likewise? Oh, ye of little faith! Ye have never tried. Only try the experiment instead of filling out your poor perishable bodies directly they become a little shrivelled. Think of Mr. Brown! What man has done, man may do again.

Prevention of Cruelty to Animals—Difficulty of Organization.

There was a talk the other day among the animals at the North Beach Menagerie relative to this matter. From the City Pound there had come a delegation consisting of two escaped curs to confer with the North Beach people. Some organization was said to be necessary for protection against man. There being a dearth of spectators, the meeting was called to order. It was proposed to appoint a President.

"I ought to be President," said the ring-tailed monkey, swinging himself to and fro. Many monkeys have been Presidents of different organizations and societies. I need the office. It will keep me out of mischief. If I am not President I shall make trouble.

"You, a President," growled the grizzly. Dignity is needed for that office. I need not say where that is to be found.

The parrot also put forth some claims on the ground of possessing superior oratorical powers.

The coon who had been uneasily walking backward and forward, saw his opportunity, and objected to feathered bipeds having any voice in the meeting. "They were not animals," said he. "This proposed organization was for the benefit of animals. Birds were not animals."

Then there arose a great hubbub of dispute and contradiction. The monkey and the fox rejoiced and sided with the parrot. They wanted the feathered vote. The fox had his eyes on the Vice Presidency.

The discussion occupied two days. It was finally decided against the birds, on the ground of their being bipeds. There was a prejudice against bipeds, man, their great enemy, being a biped. So it was decided that none were entitled to the benefits of the proposed organization, but those who went on all-fours. The monkey after this took good care to walk on four feet, and even the grizzly stood not erect as formerly. How grovelling is selfish ambition. Yet the chances of both were lessened for the Pesidency. It was a master strike of policy on the part of the coon to lessen the bear's and monkey's political prospects. He did not see, however, that his own were not a bit improved. Organization was more difficult than ever.

During all this time the escaped curs had nearly starved to death while patiently waiting for the appointment of a committee to whom they might present their credentials and be received as members of the convention. Tired of the necessary delay, they started back to the pound. On their way thither they were again captured by the municipal dogerrillas, and arrived at their old quarters just in time to be drowned with twenty-five other unfortunates.

Reform.

Thousands of our citizens, influential and otherwise, patiently suffering the unfortunate organ-grinder, who leaves no portion of this city unmolested, whose terrible and increasing repetition of "Dixie" and other airs doomed by him or his instrument to an eternal torture, is wearing many weak and sensitive organizations into their graves, Thousands of our citizens, we say, would eagerly join in a benevolent enterprise having for its object either the retirement of this peripatetic but mechanical votary of Apollo from public life, or the purchase of a new organ. It is no wonder with this terrible instrument in our midst that the public are so fickle in their encouragement of Italian Opera, or that the discovery of deceased infants under sidewalks and woodpiles is a matter of such common occurrence.

Another desideratum is the procuring of a clean if not new suit of clothes for the one-legged Italian beggar, whose wonderful patience in maintaining his position at that corner, strikes the reflective and observing beholder with admiration. Don't you know the man? He of the bald head, two crutches, one leg, benevolent countenance of beseeching air, observing you as you pass with an expression which, as you approach him, seems to say, "This man is charitable. He will give." And then, when you go on, his leathery facial muscles exclaim, turning to the next passer-by "No. He is like the rest of the cold, cold world." We pity our Italian brother's indigence, but his double-distilled untidiness is distressing.

The man who bawls eulogiums on four dollar boots, cheap shirts, socks, etc., near the corner of Clay and Montgomery, should either be entirely abolished, or turned into a revival preacher, or political stump orator. We mean the man whose voice is characterized by a deep and hollow baseness, suggestive to people of a consumptive habit of body and strong imagination of expectoration of blood, consequent upon such a tremendous wear of lungs. It shameful that so base a voice should be wasted on such base wares.

How Kind.

Last Monday's *Times* frankly and stupidly made the acknowledgment that that journal "had not in all respects reflected the views of its proprietors." This admission does not certainly reflect much credit on the management of a "First Class Daily." And the *Bulletin*, while patronizingly extending the hand of welcome to the *Times*, of course repeats the dying confession of that paper just to keep the public reminded of the inefficiency and inability characterizing its course. So does Mrs. Grundy sometimes damn her victims with a sort of sympathetic censure, saying, "Mrs. Jones acknowledged to me her folly, poor woman. She says herself, she is a dolt and a stupid, but you know that is no new thing to us.

A Common-Sense Boston Legislator.

On April 27th a debate occurred in the House of the State of Massachusetts on the resolution granting $10,000 to Professor Agassiz's Museum. Mr. Branning, of Lee, strenuously opposed the passing of the resolution. He didn't believe in the museum. It was of no practical use to the common people; no students were educated there, and nobody went there but the Legislature once a year. It was a place for the storage of pickled snakes, periwinkles, dead fish, and such trash. He believed that the old fossils who were interested in this museum were better able to pay its bills, than was the State. Mr. Mason, who replied to Mr. Branning, said, shaking his finger at him, that he should, at least, be thankful that this great man had demonstrated to his friend that he (Mr. Branning) and those who came before him did not come from the gorilla. Was Mr. Branning, the common-sense man who did not believe in storing up pickled snakes, periwinkles, dead fish, and such trash to be put down this? No! He replied that "he did not require this; his Maker had given him common sense enough to tell him that he was the creation of his hand!" All honor to Mr. Branning, who possessed such very common sense! He didn't care for the other member's sense which had been cultivated, he liked the good common article. He is the sort of man who would prefer pork and beans to truffled turkey, and would consider that what was good enough for him was good enough for any other man in the world. That's the right sort of talk. Bring these fellows who have better sense than their neighbors down to common-sense. Alas! The resolution granting $10,000 to Professor Agassiz to defray the expense of pickling snakes and other trash, was passed by a vote of 106 to 6. There is much *un*common sense in the Boston Legislature.

Persecution of the Jews.

In New York a Jew butcher has been arrested and bound over under $500 bail for cruelty to animals, by cutting the throat of a bullock instead of first knocking him on the head. The rites of the Jews forbid them to kill animals in any other way, and they will strenuously oppose this new order of things, which they claim is an infringement upon them in a religious point.

It may be justifiable, although all religionists are supposed to have equal rights in the United States to compell everyone to observe Sunday in the manner prescribed by the Scotch and English Churches. When, however, the Jews are debarred from making money on Sunday, as well as on the Sabbath, and have to spend two days of the week in grief and lamentation, we think it is a little too rough on them to prevent them from killing their bullocks as they please. If a little more than necessary suffering on the part of one thousand bullocks aids in saving one Jewish soul from hell, have the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals any right to interfere? We trow not. The rites of the Jews forbid them to kill bullocks in any other manner than by cutting their throats, and are they to be forced to risk their souls because New Yorkers do not understand their religion? There has been too much persecution of the Jews. It is time that it should be put a stop to. They should be protected from the persecution of the New York Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals and the New York Insurance Companies. Is it possible that New York wishes to drive them to California?

An Observation.

In the physical world there is but little territory left to discover, but there are vast multitudes who have yet to find that they won their own souls.

Anger in many instances arises from a cowardly fear of seeing or being told our own faults. When apparently enraged at others we are really enraged with ourselves for being enraged at all. For further confirmation consult your own soul after a fit of passion.

Unceasing regrets for past transgressions are as useless as the conduct of one who, having passed over a weary desert, insists on turning back and again needlessly traversing the same route.

The last two inferences are the result of one hour of meditation after an accusation of theft of newspapers; said accusation being partly true.

A "Flash" Religion.

The *Dramatic Chronicle* remarks:

"The Sunday papers continue their intelligent supervision of the metropolitan pulpit. Can't they furnish us with the programme of a new and "flash" style of religion suited to the taste and capacity of their readers?"

Perhaps Bro. Todd, the apostle of "Our beautiful and philosopic Faith," might render assistance in getting up the new style of religion needed.

The Flag.

Since its resuscitation the *Flag* evinces new vigor. It is a double turreted monitor among the old hulks. Something must be done to save the sinking fleet, against which its shots are directed with such terrible effect. McDonald's foot is once more upon his native heath. He wields a keen blade, inflicting thrust upon thrust on his slow and pompous adversaries, overburthened by the cumbersome armor of bogus dignity and worn out conventionality.

More Jugglers.

Another company of Japanese jugglers have arrived. There seem to be a fearful demand for Japanese jugglers. The legitimate drama is buried fathoms deep under this spreading taste for barbaric contortions of body and sleight of hand. Aspirants for theatrical fame are advised to quit Shakespeare and devote their time and energy in becoming elastic and contortic.

HOW THE LION STOCKS HIS LARDER WHEN HE IS A PATERFAMILIAS.

WE often read and hear of the wonderful strength of the "King of Beasts," and how it is displayed in carrying on large animals which he has slain, very long distances, to feast at his leisure. My own experience leads me to infer that those who tell such tales are misled by natives, who, as a rule, believe anything that they fancy about the powers of the lion, without taking the trouble to investigate facts; and travelers who have little time, and possibly less inclination to search for themselves, adopt the tales they hear—not willingly deceiving others, but being misled themselves. There is a large class who would, in such cases, prefer the common mode of arguing, *i. e.* "it is easier to believe than to go and see." I once labored under misconception that the lion had such vast strength that he could convey a cow or a bull, as the case might be, but I was cured of my credulity in the following manner.

Seated at our round-table of African teak, merry as crickets round a hearth, we smoked our cigars in peace and with gusto, for they were a recent present from the ladies of Cape Town, and therefore the sweeter. As we sat piff-puffing, our well-beloved General dropped in, and took a cup of coffee. At the close of one of his charming pictures of home life in England, the General made some observations upon the intelligence of the "colley," or the shepherd's dog, and gave some instances, which exhibited great sagacity on the part of a dog that belonged to a farmer, over whose ground he had shot during one of those too brief intervals in which his military life had permitted him to enjoy the domeatic life he so well loved. While all admitted the cleverness of the dog referred to, Glenlyon, whose Highland birth and early boyhood had furnished him with many indubitable proofs of the sagacity of these useful animals—shepherd's dogs—was appealed to by the General to say whether he had ever known or heard in his native mountains the equal to the one he had spoken of. The Highlander replied he thought he knew instances in which the instinct of the dogs had been as fully developed as in that particular one; "but," said he, "for clear judgment in selecting the most desirable animal from a herd of cattle, and for skill in driving him a long distance after he has been picked out from a herd, and separated from it, I consider a lion or a tiger infinitely superior to any dog that I have ever seen, read or heard of, and some of the tales told in the Highlands and on the Borders are wonderfully stiff ones, I can assure you. Every shepherd's dog, like every man's horse, is 'the best in the world:' that they will maintain; and in order to do so they give some extraordinary instances of superior intelligence. If some of them had heard you say the dog you spoke of went after the beast nineteen miles, found him, brought him back, they would have said they knew a dog that would do all that, and would have sat down and written a letter to his master to say he was coming, in order to relieve the master's mind of his anxiety about the lost beastie as soon as he had found it."

After a langh, in which the General cordially joined, the latter said, for in all matters of hunting, etc., Glenlyon was an authority:

"Is it a fact, Glenlyon, that lions and tigers do actually select beasts from large herds, and drive them to their own retreats?"

"It is, I assure yon; and I really believe a middle-aged lion, one who is a father of a family, is the best drover in the whole world, quadruped or biped. I have seen many men who were accounted to be skillful drovers, and men of vast experience, who never could have done, and never would have attempted, what I have seen a lion and a tiger do with a refactory beast, which he had selected from a herd a hundred times greater in number than any herd we can have in our country—besides their greater wildness—and yet he has taken him off, over the roughest country imaginable, and safely conducted him to his lady-love, who, with her tender babes, was waiting for her supper."

"It seems almost incredible! One can scarcely imagine such capabilities, and yet there must be something of the kind one, now and then; for I remember several cases where cattle have been lost without a trace of blood, or of any struggle whatever having taken place anywhere within a wide radius."

"No doubt," observed Glenlyon, "many a beast has gone down to the account of the Kaffirs which some canine lion has driven off at the end of his nose; but if we were to tell these stupid Dutch boers how they went, they would swear we were descendants of Munchausen or Ferdinand Mendez Pinto."

"And you have *seen* lions do this?" said the General.

"Repeatedly. I have also seen tigers in India do it, but not so often. As to lions, I will undertake to show instances of their capabilities to any one who will accompany me some night, within a week."

When the General was gone, and we were all seated behind well-lit cigars, I ventured to ask my friend if he would allow me to accompany him on one of his nocturnal expeditions in quest of lions, so that I might have ocular demonstration of the curious fact he had related, a fact so new to me that I received it with surprise. I did not doubt for one moment his accuracy, for I knew him to be exceedingly cool and observant in any position of danger, and eminently truthful in all the relations with which he favored us of his experiences.

"With much pleasure, my dear Snooks. Provide yourself with a good night-glass, so that you may closely watch all his manœuvres, and I have no doubt yon will be highly amused. If the beast he selects should chance to he a young bull, you may see some fun; and the lion will require all his sagacity and agility to make him go the desired road, more especially if there be any trees on the way, or water. The beast will plunge into any stream or lake in the hope to get away from his pursuer; but lions will face water in such a case like a Newfoundland dog, and head him like the best 'colley' that ever put teeth in wool: but if the night be gloomy you will need a good glass to see all the details minutely, as I should wish you to see them."

The next day Glenlyon sent for the Kaffirs, and inquired whether they knew of any lions being within easy distance, especially any lionesses which had had any addition to their family circles lately. Two of them—not the lions, but the Kaffirs—belonging to the last batch of prisoners we had received, grinned, and said in a sort of mysterious whisper, they knew of one—each! oh, such a big one! They were in the large caves beyond the marshes in the devil's cave. There upon the third night after the discussion at the round-table, we bent our steps, accordingly.

We marched on till Glenlyon thought we were near enough to the caves to see any creature leaving them or going in. Of the latter there was not much chance, if it were true that the monarch of beast had taken up his abode therein. While daylight lasted, there was no chance of the royal beast going out—he would be, as Glenlyon said, "about enjoying his last nap prior to getting up and going to business," so there would be plenty of time for us to take some coffee before dusk, after which all signs of fire must he removed.

I lay myself down upon the gorgeous flowers which decked our resting-place. A thicket, an arm of a mighty forest, stretched itself out toward the vast rocks in which "The Caves" were hidden. Every tree was a Titan, and we seemed to be but pigmies creeping through them, and as we did not advance far in, we had all the enjoyment which the brightest foliage and the richest flowers could afford. Pushing some of the lofty parasitical plants on one side with each of his hands, our guide, who was a very useful fellow, by the way, at once made a most luxurious bower for us. It was getting gloomy.

"Keep your eye upon that arched opening in the huge rock. If the lion he there he will come out over those boulders, and his anxious lady will perhaps come out first, to look at the weather; she will be sure to accompany him to the edge of the boulders nearest to us, to see that he goes off to do his night's work."

"Ilitchj, where do you think the old fellow will find beef to-night?" (This to our guide.)

"Daoun ze rippa," (river).

"That's a good ten miles' journey for us, perhaps more, ten as the eagle flies. Picket the coh safely, Ilitchj, cover him up well, get all ready, we may have to start in five minutes."

"I think I see a lion's head." I observed.

"Do you? where? Oh, I see—ah, that is the lady—she is taking a sight of the sky; the screams of the eagles have aroused her, and she is afraid there will he no beef to-night. She is right, too, I will take care of that. Keep your eye upon her till the old gentleman comes. She will fetch him out, if he do not come soon."

I did as requested. I carefully watched the lioness. After looking skyward and downward, and all about her in front of the stronghold in which she dwelt, the lady of the castle suddenly came forward, trotted quickly down between the boulders, and then halted just in front of them, it might be to get a more correct notion of the weather, or to see if any cause of alarm was nigh to account for the row made by the eagles, or both of these purposes. Having apparently satisfied herself, one way or the other, she reascended the path she had gone down with that loose, shambling gait peculiar to the larger beasts of prey, and soon disappeared round the angle of the arched way which led to her den, and where I first caught sight of her head. In a moment she returned, just protruding her head as she had at first. If the lady were not cross, she ought to have been, for she looked so; but I fancy no hungry lioness can look good-tempered, especially if she have some craving youngsters to think about, and a sleepy husband.

I told Glenlyon all this as he was eyeing his double roer to see it was ready for action when required, and he said:

"Ah, the guidwife is gone to rouse the sluggard, she will not be long turning him out. All females have a strange malicious pleasure in rousing a male creature out of his last comfortable nap, whether wife, sister, or a maiden aunt; even a chambermaid at an inn raps twice as hard as the 'Boots' at your door, but any other female in any other office is the same, down to a lioness. Now if that royal sluggard do not tumble out in two minutes or "a brace of shakes," as sailors say, there will be a row—he will get a 'Candle lecture' on the duties of husbands and fathers in providing for their families. Tell me when he comes out, he is sure to he the first under the gateway; you will see him yawning till his head is more than half off, and then stretching himself till his legs seem to be parting from his body, blowing up his wife at intervals for disturbing his natural rest."

It was singular how well my companion knew the habits of the creatures of which he spoke. It did not seem more than a minute ere the very image he had described appeared before my telescope. The head of the lion peered round the angle of the rock, with the huge jaws widely distended, and the cavernous mouth seemed as if it would never close again, so prolonged was the gaping. But it did close, and the head shot suddenly forward, as if somebody pushed him out. Then there was another yawn, and next came a stretch of the fore legs, the body being drawn backward till the legs seemed of an unusual length; next the body was drawn forward, and I could see the wild, shaggy, but not ungraceful mane, and the massive shoulders, while I could well fancy the hind legs were undergoing the elongating process. Then there seemed to be another impulse from behind, and the whole body of the lion was quickly propelled into view, just as he was about to indulge in another yawn, the rude interruption of which seemed to provoke his majesty; for he suddenly sprang round, and his jaws snapped violently at something, which seemed to he too quick for him to catch hold.

"Ilitchj, get on after that reluctant hunter—he moves off but slowly—you will easily keep him in sight. You Kaffirs all know how to follow on the trail of beasts, so I need not tell you to keep on his lee side, as sailors say, but you know I mean that the wind shall blow from him to you."

Ilitchj showed all his teeth and nodded, not á la Burleigh, but with the rapid and forcible motion of a hammer. Glenlyon went on:

"The night is dark. Our signal must he the cry of the young alligator, or, as you call them, 'Goorghj.' Can you make the sound?"

Ilitchj sent forth a shrill plaintive wail, like that of an infant, quite exhausted, but in acute pain; so natural was it that it was startlingly suggestive of dying babies.

"That will do," said Glenlyon, approvingly. "I see yon are a practiced hunter. That signal will keep us together, however dark it may be."

Allowing some minutes to elapse after Ilitchj's departure, we went out of our fairy arbor, and marched on in silence. After turning the angle of the rocks we went on for ten minutes, when Glenlyon sent forth the signal for the whereabouts of our Kaffir guide. It was quite a surprise to me. I had forgotton all about signals, and my thoughts were far away with one very dear to me, and for the life of me I could not help fancying some poor child was in agony. Glenlyon laughed, but he quickly suppressed his mirth, and said, "Listen."

In a moment after the word was uttered, another wail was heard, so full of mortal anguish that I felt as if a cold stream were trickling down my spine.

"We are on the right track," said my companion; "but we must keep more to the right. The lion is leading Ilitchj in that direction, and both he and we must follow our leader for some time to come."

Ever and anon sounded the signal which kept us and our guide well up with each other. Intervals of ten minutes only were allowed to elapse between them; thus we were secure that we were on the right track.

Presently the single cry of the young alligator was heard in a faint tone, but seemingly close to us, and I could hut feel how admirably the signals were arranged. Such a cry could awake no suspicion in the animal we pursued, and it also appeared, even to my unpractised ear, as one just suited to the locality: for away to the right, from whence the wind blew, there seemed to come an odor of malaria, indicating marshy ground, where alligators might he found. I made no remark then, because Glenlyon was exchanging signals with Kaffir to guide him up to us, and in a moment he was before us.

"Do you think we are far from the beef now?" said Glenlyon.

"Close to. Zee tree, two zide? go troo dem"

"Then, in that case, we will all go together. Keep Indian file. I will lead. Snooks, see to your barrels!"

"Send down the ramrod. Ilitchj, do the same. That will do. See to your caps. Never throw a chance away. Out with your night-glass. We will ascend the bank there on the right, where the tallest of the trees are; follow me as stealthily as cats. If there are any monkeys in the trees they will be at use if we make a noise; Ilitchj knows that."

"Ilitchj knows too moosch dat."

"I thought so. Tell this gentleman how to follow me without making any row. On the bank we can sit, if there are no snakes, and watch our friend in his manœuvres to get one out of the herd, and drive him through the gap between the two banks."

We may sit down and rest for an hour; it will take him all that to get the beast he fancies out of the herd and through the gap. Come on."

We followed our leader, whose steps was the lightest I have ever yet seen taken by man, and he was six feet high and over thirteen stone in weight. We soon gained the bank, which was composed of a loose soil, which gave as we placed our feet upon it; and we found the branches and the trunks of the white, or more properly, as I think, the grey, ash very useful in helping us to ascend. At the top. we knelt and looked cautiously over the wide savannah beyond, which was then, the scene of much commotion. The herd had winded the lion. More probably the sentinel on duty, as there always is round herds of wild cattle when feeding and resting, at various points, had seen their dreaded enemy when he stealthily passed through, or before he approached the gap, and if so had given a danger-signal, as usual in such cases.

The lion was going round the herd, which was running wildly and full of consternation, and gradually getting them into a smaller circle. He did his work silently, because the terrors of the poor creatures were sufficient to make them do all he required, which was simply to get them together in as small a compass as possible, knowing that the bulls would all be on the outside of the solid mass, in order to give the females all the protection in their power. This proceeding, as the herd was a vast one, occupied some time, during which he was walking or rather going round them at a sort of shambling pace, neither a walk nor a trot, but something of both; his face upturned to, and his eyes seeming fixed upon those of the animals which faced outwards; but many of them, indeed all the younger bulls, turned their backs upon the enemy, while their heads were anxiously turned back over their shoulders, their eyes glaring in horror and alarm mixed with anguish, that doubtless drove the tears down their cheeks, and caused the white foam to burst forth upon their chests and flanks, and a dense vapor arose from their reeking bodies, like a cloud.

I observed a movement going on within the circle which I could not at all comprehend, and I asked Glenlyon if he knew what it meant?

"Oh yes. Look closely. You will see that all the old bulls are passing up to that part of the ring which faces the gap. There they are concentrating their strength, and their object is to make a 'stamp' there. If you do not know what a 'stamp' means, listen. Whenever wild cattle mean to do mischief their first action is a series of stamps, beginning with the chief of the herd, generally a patriarch of his race, and followed by all who mean to join him in whatever he does, to let him know they are ready and willing. In such a case as this, we may conclude there will be few who will refuse to join in any effort to release themselves from such an enemy as they have near them. The chief sees that the gap is a favorable place for making a bolt; he has been stamping for some minutes to call all the most determined of the bulls about him, and they are working their way up, as well as they can, through such a mass so closely huddled together. So soon as they all get up, the young bulls will be marshalled in a double line, if there be enough of them, to cover the females who are on the inside."

"And will they succeed in getting away?" I asked.

"Impossible to say; that lion knows what he has to do, and how to do it; he may prevent the stamp from being carried out. Lions have a singular power in checking the movements of all animals, and he may succeed in stopping that vast herd, even at the last moment. I need scarcely tell you, that if the stamp actually become a 'stampedo,' as the Saniards call it—that is, if they really commence the run and get off full swing, no power which that lion possesses or a hundred more, could stop them. If he made the effort, he would be gored and trampled to death and to jelly; but his time to check the movement is before it begins, and I expect, from his mode of going to work, he knows that as well as I do. In either case he will not go supperless. If they do succeed in getting away from him, he will have to take one of the rearmost of the herd; if he stop them effectually, he can take his choice of a victim—that is the only difference; but to a lion of taste, and one having a particular wife at home to please her caprices, even that difference may be important, as affecting his domestic peace. She may object to an elderly cow, and if he can get no other, you may imagine the black looks he will get by what you saw of her way of turning him out tonight. Of course, she would prefer a young juicy bull—her own tastes and her motherly instincts will tell her he is better food for her and her young toothless ones than the dry and flavorless flesh of his grandmother."

"I cannot conceive how one animal, even if it be a lion, can succeed in arresting the progress of that vast body of powerful creatures, if they are resolved upon flying from him."

"I suppose not; and there are many others like you, yet it is possible. I have often seen it, and, from what I see of this lion, I expect I shall this night witness the same thing. He is no fool, depend upon it, though he looked foolish when his lady pinched, with her great teeth, that portion of his royal person given him to sit down upon; you or I might look foolish if assailed in the rear, unexpectedly, in that fashion. However, we shall see—and we shall have but a short time to wait—for I see the oldest bulls are nearly all up, and their council will be but a brief one."

"Well, if ever he stops them from bolting—that is, if they are inclined to run—I will eat him. It is against common sense."

"Do not be rash—Jephtha made a vow and repented it—and you might find that lion hard to digest. As to the *how* he will do it, I will not presume to say anything about it; but mark what I do say—*he will do it!* I see it is in him, and what is in him will come out, upon a great occasion like this. He will remember the lovely wife at home, and he will ask himself what is the risk of be trampled upon by these creatures, although they are legion, to a certainty of being worried, tooth and nail, by a vixen at home?"

"But it is physically impossible."

"I have heard that before. Indeed, I have heard a good deal of argument, but the proof has always been furnished by the lion. Men say much—nothing that is new or true—lions say nothing, but they do all that is required—my faith rests on the lions."

And sure enough the "physical impossibility," as I supposed it, was being done before my eyes. The herd had got itself massed into as dense a body as could be formed. At first the animals were huddled together without order—heads here and there, and in all directions—but at some signal—some variation in the stamping, probably—every head was turned in the same direction, and that was toward the spot where the oldest bulls were collected; at last, as I have said, was immediately before the gap or opening between the two banks. The opening might be about from fifty to sixty yards. Every head was raised over the back of the beast that stood before it, and, inch by inch, the animals crept up to each other, until they were in a dense column. All waited, as it seemed to us, only for the one remaining signal to be given—that for rushing forward. The centre bulls in front were raising their heads and lowering them alternately, as if preparing for the onward dash; there was but one in that centre which stood still; that is to say, he did not toss his head as the others did, he rather seemed to be intently listening, or as if trying earnestly to ascertain if all in his own rear, and throughout the living mass, were quite ready for the start, before he should give the final signal.

This was the position when the lion slowly appeared in front of the column, for the body was now more in the form of a column than of a circle, as it had originally been. The lion, as I have said, appeared in front—that is to say, at the right-hand angle of the column—about eight, or it might be ten, yards from the front. He stood a moment, as if glaring upon the outside beast, which he directly faced, and then he slowly and side-long moved till he faced the next, where he also made a brief pause; and thus he continued till he had passed along the whole line. This done, the whole column seemed to have no power to move; it stood riged and fixed, as if suddenly petrified into stone by that earnest gaze; each beast of the front row leaning back till the forelegs assumed a sloping position, and the feet were firmly planted *in* rather than *on* the earth. It was a singular sight to behold. Each head was held high and drawn back, every eye seemed glaring with horror, and the wreaths of vapor that issued from, and curled above, their distended nostrils, showed how spasmodically they breathed. They were indeed awed into obedience, and motionless from terror.

Still the lion did not think his work complete. Before, he had moved laterally from the right to the left angle of the column, the front of which he "dressed," to use a military phrase, as well as any martinet could desire, as he passed in front of each individual beast, to whom he presented his own full front. Now he proceeded to repeat the lateral movement from left to right, in just the same manner as before, pausing before each animal as he had done previously, standing a brief space before each, till he had reached the last bull in the front rank. Arrived there, he gave the loudest roar which I had ever heard from any beast—but my experience was then limited—and that roar was repeated, when the vapor that arose from the dense mass of cattle ascended slowly, but in a quantity which showed how they all perspired in their agony of terror.

"What think you of a lion's power now, Common-Sense?" said Glenlyon, in a whisper.

I was silent, indeed my astonishment kept me speechless, and at the same time, I confess that shame at my rash observations might have had something to do with it. I could not remove my telescope from the beast, and I saw him go down the side of the column, still moving laterally, and presenting his full front to every creature he passed. I fancied he was going round the entire body, and was thinking it would occupy some time if he did so, when my companion again whispered:

"See, he has made his choice: now watch him."

I did so. Just as Glenlyon began to whisper, the lion had stood somewhat longer than he had before the last beast he passed, and he drew back about a yard, giving the earth at the same moment a mighty strike with his fore-paw. Having waited about half a minute, as near as I could guess, he repeated the stroke with more violence than before, and uttered a fearful roar, and drew himself farther back. The animal to which he thus addressed himself seemed involuntarily to dart forward a step, and then as if in great terror to retreat again into the rank he had quitted. But this was not what the lion meant to be. He gave a heavier stroke than any with his foot, and then laid himself down in the attitude which lions always assume when they intend to make a spring; then the tyrant seemed to wait the effect of this manifest threat.

Too well the trembling victim seemed to comprehend the power before him. Slowly, and with timid hesitation, he moved one foot forward—it was but a short step he made, but the other foot seemed to totter after it—not placing it before the first, but on a level with it. The lion must have been intently glaring with his own eyes into those of the victim, but that of couse we could not see, we could only feel it *must* be so. Another feeble step was taken, followed as before by the other foot being placed on a level with it, and then it was that the art of the tyrant was cunningly manifested. Seeing that these two steps had, short though they were, nearly brought half the body of the young bull out of the rank, he raised himself gently from the ground, and took two steps backward, so that the trembling victim might come entirely out without being further terrified by coming so very near to him. The movement, as no doubt it was intended to do, seemed to give a slight encouragement to the bull, for he slowly stepped in the same manner as before, quite out of the rank, and, the instant he did so, the lion quickly stepped, catlike, on one side, farther from the gap through which he desired the animal to go in his rear, then a bark, rather than a roar, so suddenly that the sharp noise, together with another powerful stroke with his paw on the ground, made the bull dart forward quickly toward the head of the column, the lion following him up closely behind, to prevent him from turning and going along the front rank. As he reached the angle formed by the side and front of the mass, he uttered another more furious roar, struck the earth with his paws with great force and rapidity three times, and the unfortunate bull bounded through the gap just beneath us!

On went the lion after him.

"He will have to travel at a slower rate than that which brought him here," said Glenlyon, "we need not follow him directly. The bull will give him some trouble yet, but, if he is ever so tractable, he will not go fast, and we can soon get up with them. Better stay a few minutes to see how that mass of blockheads recover their scattered senses. Here is a proof, if any were needed, that fear on one side makes an easy conquest for the other side."

Fully ten minutes elapsed ere the chief bull of the herd began to shift his position, the rest not venturing to stir till he did. He was the leader—their duty was to obey. Some of the young bulls grew impatient, but a poke from the horn of some sedate cow brought them to their senses, and they were still again. At length the leader moved one step forward. He listened; nothing seemed to alarm him; he stamped his feet, other bulls did the same, and then all the heads were pointed toward him as he wheeled round the angle of the column, and thence dashed on in a mad gallop over the broad savannah, in the opposite course to that taken by the lion, and were soon lost to our view. They had escaped. Little they recked of the poor victim they had so meekly surrendered, or of the tortures he was enduring in that midnight journey to death. In this world few think of the sufferings of others, if they escape suffering themselves.

"Ilitchj," called Glenlyon. Ilitchj was fast asleep. The lion might eat all the beef in the herd, for ought he cared; but one magical word aroused him, and brought him grinning to us. "Schnapps" was the potent signal to recall his slumbering faculties—the "open sesame" to his understanding—such as it was. It was rather a singular fact, that when the Kaffirs were once assured we did not dine off them, we could never find one that wished to get away from us. If we asked them why they did not go, the reply was, "Like moosch besser ztop—goot to ztop—run away no goot—no moosch blenty eat—no zshnapp—tam bat, dat, eh? It became proverbial among our men that when a Kaffir got into the camp or barracks he never knew when to go, and the men would add, "they are such funny little beggars, one can't kick 'em out, it's a pity to hurt 'em."

In half an hour after Glenlyon and I left the bank on which we had rested, we got up to Ilitchj. He was about two hundred yards in the rear of the lion, who had his "hands full." The young bull was a lusty fellow, and a handsome specimen of his race. He had no fancy for being driven, and did not pin his faith on lions. Every now and then he would try to make a bolt with much persistency, but the power of the lion was most wonderful in stopping him. When the bull would make a sweep in the form of an arc, in order to avoid his persecutor, and to get back to those he loved, the lion did not put himself greatly out of the way. His eyes were always upon his prey, and thus he detected the slightest attempt at

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LITERARY GOSSIP AND GLEANINGS.

MR. SWINBURNE'S "SONG OF ITALY."

THE London *Athenæum* thinks that the key to this remarkable poem, may he found in the supposition that the singer is probably meant to be understood, not as the English poet in person, but as an Italian patriot, a Roman by birth, and a republican in creed. The *Athenœum* says:

"A cry of Mazzini, Mazzini, Viva Mazzini l is the burthen of his song, the reason of its being, and the sole element of its life. In such a singer as we have supposed, this strain would be dramatically true. A Roman patriot, a professor of extreme opinions, would be sure to regard the Italian exile as the hightest expression of his country's genius. Praise which, coming from English lips, would be rebuked as fantastical and extravagant, would he received from him as the genuine langnage of political admiration, even though it might be regarded as undeserved. The praise would be dramatically true.

The conception of some such singer of the 'Song of Italy' is, in fact, the reader's chief difficulty; for many things in the poem, otherwise black as night, become plain enough the moment it is made clear that it is not Mr Swinhurue who chants and rhapsodizes, hut a fiery Italian partisau of Signor Mazzini's ideas. For instance, England is abused, and France denounced on grounds which an Englishman would hardly understand, still less admit to be just. Again, the pressure of the poem is against the Pope, in favor of Mazziui; and the praises lavished on the Roman triumvir are pitched in a high key enough to draw shrieks of horror from our trading respectahilities. If our theory is good as to this dramatic design of the 'Song of Italy,' Mr. Swinburne will have a perfect right to deny his responsibility for mnch of the sentiment uttered by the imaginary Italian poet."

The poem opens in a powerful, though rather rhapsodical lyric strain, with a vision of freedom revealed to the poet in the watches of the night. There is a certain pomp and splendor in the language which cannot fail to produce an effect even upon minds to which it conveys no very distinct image of the majestic vision:

Upon a windy nigbt of stars tbat fell
At the wind's spoken speli,
Swept the sharp strokes of agonizing ligbt
From the clear gulf of night,
Between the fixed and fallen glories one
Against my vision shone,
More fair aad fearful and diviue than they
That measure night and day,
And worthier worship; and within mine eyes
The formless folded skies
Took shape and were unfolded like as flowers;
And I heheld the hours
As maidens, and the days as laboring men,
Aud the soft nights again
As weired women to their own sonls wed,
And ages as the dead,
And over these living, and them tbat died,
From one to the other side
A lordlier light than comes of earth and air
Made the world's future fair.
A woman like to love in face, but not
A thing of transient lot—
And like to hope, but having bold on truth—
And like to joy or youth,
Save that upon the rock her feet were set—
And like what men forget,
Faith, innocenee, high thought, laborious peace—
And yet like none of these,
Being not as these are, mortal, bnt with eyes
That sonnded the deep skies
And clove like wings or arrows their clear way
Througb night and dawn and day—
So fair a presence over star and sun
Stood, making these as one.

An apostrophe to Mazzini, opens thus:

But thou, though all were not well done, O chief,
Must thou take shame or grief?
Because one man is not as thou or ten,
Mnst thou take shame for men?
Because the supreme sunrise is not yet,
Is the young dew not wet?
Wilt thou not yet abide a little while,
Soul without fear or guile,
Mazzini—O our prophet, O our priest,
A little while at least?
A little hour ot doubt and of control,
Sustain thy sacred soul;
Withhold thine heart, our fatber, hut an hour,
Is it not here, the flower,
Is it not blown and fragrant from tbe root,
And shall not be the fruit?
Thy children, even thy people thou hast made,
Thine, with thy words arrayed,
Clothed with thy thoughts and girt with thy desires,
Yearn up toward thee as fires.
Art thou not father, O father, of all these?
From thine own Genoese
To where of nights the lower extreme lagune
Feels its Venetian moon:
Nor suckling's mouth nor mother's breast set free,
But hath that grace through thee.
The milk of life on death's unnatural brink
Thou gavest them to driak,
The natural milk of freedom; and again
They drank, and they were men.
The wine and honey of freedom and of faith
They drank, and cast off death.
Bear with them now; thou art holier; yet endure,
Till they as thou be pure.

We pass to Garibaldi for a moment:

Thon too, O splendor of the sudden sword
That drove the crews abhorred
From Naples and the siren-footed strand,
Flash from thy master's hand,
Shine from the middle summer of the seas
To the old Æolides,
Oushine their fiery flames of burning night,
Sword with thy midday light,
Flame as a beacon from the Tyrrbene foam
To the rent heart of Rome,
From the island of her lover and thy lord,
Her savfour and her sword
In the fierce year of failure and of fame,
Art thou not yet the same
That wert as lightning swifter than all wings
In the blind face of kings?
Wheu priests took counsel to deviee despair,
And princes to forswear,
She clasped thee, O ber sword and flag-hearer
And staff and shield to her,
O Garibaldi: need was bers and grief,
Of thee and of the chief,
And of another girt in arms to stand
As good of hope and hand,
As high of soul and happy, albeit indeed
The heart should burn and bleed,
So but the spirit shake not, nor the breast
Swerve, hut abide its rest.

The following passionate apostrophe to Rome is exceedingly powerful:

O priestless Rome that sbalt be, take in trust
Their names, their deeds, their dust,
Who held life less than thon wert; be the least
To thee indeed a priest,
Priest and hurnt-offering and blood-sacrifice
Giveu without prayer or price.
A holier immolation than meu wist,
A costlier encharist,
A sacrament more saving; hend thine head
Above these many dead
Once, and salute with thine eternal eyes
Their lowest head that lies.
Speak from thy lips of immemorial speech
If hut one word for each.
Kiss but one kiss on each thy dead sons' month
Fallen dumb or north or south.
And laying but once thiue hand on brow and breast,
Bless them, through whom thou art hlest.
And saying in ears of these thy dead, "Well done,"
Shall they not hear, "O son?"
And bowing thy face to theirs made pale for thee,
Shall the shut eyes not see?
Yea, through the hollow-hearted world of death,
As light, as hlood, as breath,
Shall there not flasb and glow the fiery sense,
The pulse of prescience?
Shall not these know as in times overpast
Thee loftiest to the last?
For times and wars shall change, kingdoms and creeds
And dreams of men, and deeds:
Earth shall grow gray with all her golden things,
Pale peoples and hoar kiugs;
But though her thrones and towers of nations fall,
Death has no part in all;
In the air, nor in the imperishable sea,
Nor heaven, uor truth, nor thee.
Yea, let all sceptre-stricken nations lie,
But live thon though they die;
Let their flags fade as flowers that storms can mar,
But thine be like a star;
Let England's, if it float not for men free,
Fall, and forget the sea;
Let France's, if it shadow a hateful head,
Drop as a leaf drops dead;
Thine let what storm soever smite the rest
Smite as it seems him best;
Thine let the wind that can, by sea or land,
Wrest from thy banner-hand.
Die they in whom dies freedom, die and cease,
Though the world weep for these;
Live thou and love and lift when these be dead
The green and white and red.

Portions of the following fervid and lofty glorification of Italy and Rome are remarkable for strength and splendor of expression, while in other portions we are ahle to perceive nothing but the swing and majesty of the rhythm and the pomp and magnificence of the langnage that swells and subsides like a strain of martial music:

Italia! by the passion of the pain
That bent and rent thy chain;
Italia! hy the breaking of the bands,
The shaking of the lands;
Beloved, O men's mother, O men's qneen,
Arise, appear, be seen!
Arise, array thyself in manifold
Queen's raiment of wrought gold:
With girdles of green freedom, and with red
Roses, and white snow shed
Above the flush and frontage of the hills
That all thy deep dawn fills
And all thy clear night veils and warms with wings
Spread till the morning sings;
The rose of resurrection, and the bright
Breast lavish of the light,
The lady lily like the snowy sky
Ere the stars wholly die;
As red as blood,, and whiter than a wave,
Flowers grown as from thy grave,
From the green fruitful grass in Maytime hot,
Thy grave, where thou art not.
Gather the grass and weave, in sacred sign
Of the ancient earth divine,
The holy heart of things, the seed of birth,
The mystical warm earth,
O thou her flower of flowers, with treble braid
Be thy sweet head arrayed,
In witness of her mighty motherhood
Who bore thee and found thee good,
Her fairest-born of children, on whose head
Her green and white and red
Are hope and light and life, inviolate
Of any latter fate.
O our Republic that shall blind in bands
The kingdomless far lands
And link the chainless ages; thon that wast
With England ere she past
Among the faded nations, and shalt he
Again, when sea to sea
Calls through the wind and light of morning time,
And throneless clime to clime
Makes antiphonal answer; thou that art
With one man's perfect heart
Burns, one man's brow is brightened for thy sake,
Thine, strong to make or break;
O fair Republic hallowing with stretched hands
The limitless free lands.
When all men's heads for love, not fear, bow down
To thy sole royal crown,
As though to freedom, when men's life smells sweet,
And at thy bright swift feet
A bloodless and a bondless world is laid:
Then, when thy men are made,
Let these indeed as we in dreams behold
One chosen of all thy fold,
One of all fair things fairest, one exalt
Above all fear or fault,
One unforgetful or unhappier men
And us who loved her then;
With eyes that outlook suns and dream on graves;
With voice like quiring waves;
With heart the holier for their memories' sake
Who slept that she might wake;
With breast the sweeter for that sweet blood lost,
And all the milkless cost;
Lady of earth, whose large equality
Finds but to her and thee;
Equal with heaven, and infinite years,
And splendid from quenched tears;
Strong with old strength of great things fallen and fled,
Diviner for her dead;
Chaste of all stains and perfect from all scars,
Above all storms and stars,
All winds that blow through time, all waves that foam,
Our Capitolian Rome.

The *Athenœum* concludes its review of the poem as follows:

"Thongh the form of this 'Song of Italy' is dramatic, and the singer an Italian, we have no doubt that, on the whole, Swinhurne has, in the foregoing verses, mainly expressed his own ideas. The desire to do justice to Mazzini is becoming a note of high and poetic natures. Whatever our trading respectabilities may think on the subject, our yonng men of ideas leel that he, chiefly, has made Italy into a nation. Remembering that our own Milton was proscribed, that onr own Sidney was exiled, they affect—and wisely affect—to care little for the accidents of contemporary politics. They fiud in him a great thinker and teacher, and perhaps there is not much harm done when their proud resentment against his wrongs carries the sympathetic admiration of his genius and his service into some excess. Yonth justifies a noble generosity."

DR. THRALL'S ESSAY ON THE EPISCOPATE, AS THE MISSIONARY ORDER OF THE CHURCH.

Dr. S. C. Thrall, formerly rector of Trinity Church in this clty, and one of the most learned theologians in the United States, has recently published an essay entitled "The Episcopate the Missionary Order of the Church," which cannot fail to attract a considerable share of attention in the Episcopal Communion.

Doctor Thrall declares that the Church has failed "in her work of gathering in the nations," and thinks that the source of the failure is to be fonnd "in the maladjustment of the offices of the Church, and the relation of her officers," and in "the disturbance of the true relation of the Episcopate by the usurpations of the Papacy." In his preface, the writer says:

"To state concisely the great misfortnne of the whole Reformed Church, it is that she has inherited from the Papacy a practically mutilated Episcopate, a Papal Episcopate without a Pope. The powers of the Episcopate which the Bishop of Rome gradnally stole away from other bishops, have been left with him, and uever resumed. When we consider that the specific work of the Church of God is to disciple the nations, and that the Reformed Church in ten generations has lost to heresy, schism and the world at least three-fonrths of the descendants of her own children, and more than ten times, probably more than one hundred times, as many as she has gained from the world, it must be conceded that the Reformed Church is in this part of her work one of the most illustrious failures of Christendom. The author has meditated a review of the causes of this failnre, a full statement of the facts, the tracing them to their proper source, which he believes to be primarily the maladjustment of the relations of the offices of the Church. This would involve a consideration of the history of the Reformed Church, and a tracing of the steps by which the Episcopates of primltive times came to be by the encroachments of the Bishop of Rome and the interference of the secular power snch a piece of pure, ecclesiastical mechanism for merely perfunctory uses as it is at this day. Such a work he believes to be greatly needed ar this time. He has alluded to it here only that he might not be thought to have been ignorant of how large a subject that was on the borders of which only he had come. His excuse is that when he wrote, now ten months since, he wrote with a view to one branch of the subject, and for a particular purpose."

The main argument of the essay, is designed to show that the Episcopate, as distinct from the other orders, is "the missionary order of the Church;" that Bishops are the proper ones *personally* to do this work, and that the *pastoral* work belongs properly in the economy of the Church, to the second order. We shall give some extracts from the essay itself, next week.

GOOD DIGESTION.—Men who succeed need not have any subtile minds, or brilliant imaginations, or marvelous powers of indnstry. Some indnstry, some imagination, and some acuteness are, doubtless, indispensahle. Bnt the one indispensable factor is a good digestion. The laborions man and the indnstrions man is often of an atrabilious temperament, gloomy and austere; or he is nervous, fidgetty, anxious and fretful. In neither case is he successful. He may consnme gallons of midnight oil on some very clever or very learned book, but after being a three weeks' lion, he will find himself supplanted in the homage of society by his own book, or by some sharp, quick-witted, off-hand spark, who picks his brains, repeats his sayings, appropriates his facts or his inferences, and gains all the credit that is really dne to the genius and industry of a discontented dyspeptic. Who is the successful man? The man with a good stomach, ample barrel, broad face, glowing cheeks, and a ruddy smile, which may denote good-humor, sympathy, or perfect indifference. Who does not know the "capital good fellow" of society, with his rosy gills, habitnal smile, and white teeth; his little innuendoes, and his significant looks, indicating that he knows your latest secret and last-formed plans?

LOVE can excuse anything except meanness; hnt meanness kills love, cripples even natural affection; without esteem, true love cannot exist.

MEN, in general, are more completely persnaded by the suggestions of their own minds, than by reasons offered them hy others.

DRAMATIC AFFAIRS.

ON Monday, Miss Helen Western and a large proportion of the stock company of Maguire's Opera House went to Sacramento. In the evening, Mrs. C. R. Saunders, the favorite low-comedy actress, made her first appearance since her return from the East, playing "Nancy Strap" in the farce of *The Pleasant Neighbor*. The Martinetti Troupe change their base on Monday and appeared, after the farce, in gymnastic exercises and feasts of strength. The performance concluded with the pantomime of *The Red Gnome*, which was well put upon the stage and well played. This bill with but little alteration was presented until last night, when the fine spectacular extravaganza entitled *The Elves* was produced. The favorite actress, Miss Sallie Hinckley, made her reappearance on the stage of the Opera House on this occasion, as "Sylvia," and pretty Miss Alicia Mandeville Thorne made her first appearance since her return from the East as "Eoline," Mrs. Sophie Edwin played "Prince Lubin" and Mrs. C. R. Saunders appeared in the comic part of "Phillis." The Martinetti Troupe with their fine ballet company appeared in beautiful ballets and in their great gymnastic and athletic exercises in the "fete" scene. The play concluded with a magnificent illuminated tableau. This afternoon and evening this attractive performance will be repeated and will probably run for many nights.

Leslie and Raynor, the talented minstrels, (late of Christy's Minstrels,) have made a hit at the Metropolitan Theater. Large and fashionable audiences have heen in attendance every night this week. The performance is a good one throughout, though the choruses in the "First Part" would be better if the company were strengthened hy the addition of two or three more voices. However, good voices are not easily obtained in these operatic times. Harry Leslie s singing and acting are admirable, and he has a good stock of amusing jokes. His song "In the Rain," proved very popular. Harry Raynor's greatest hit is his performance ou the Japanese fiddle, a diabolical one-stringed instrument, from which he draws the most excruciating sonnds, expressing the agony they cause him by wonderfully funny facial coutortions. Leslie and Raynor are very good in their negro acts, those entitled "Tragedy Rehearsed" and "The Rhinoserous," never fail to convulse the audience with laughter. A grand matinee will be given this afternoon, and a capital bill has been prepared for this evening. Next week the burlesque opera of *Maritana*, which has been in rehearsal for a week past, will be produced. To ensure the representation of this capital burlesque—one of the best performed by Christy's Minstrels—in unexceptionably good style, Henri Herberte, the fine English Tenor, who has delighted the public on many occasions of late, and Miss Julia Gould, the clever singer and burlesque actress, have been engaged. These operatic burlesques are sure to prove popular. Messrs. Leslie and Raynor's repertory comprises hurlesques on all the best operas of the day, including *L'Africaine*.

On Monday, the Japanese Mikado Troupe of seventeen male and female artistes will make their appearance at the Academy of Music. The performances of these artistes will consist of slack rope walking, tub balancing, conjuring, etc. Yoshigeeroo, the Yedo Hercules, assisted by his family will perform wonderful balancing feats, Toroonoski, the Japanese Blondin, will construct a ladder of paper in the presence of the audience, and, ascending it, perform on it—Japanese paper must be pretty good—hetter than that of some of our merchants. He will accomplish other strange feats. Tzenageero will walk barefooted up a ladder of swords placed edge uppermost. The above enumerated feats will give some idea of the quality of this troupe.

Edwin Adams is at present on his way to San Francisco, and will appear at Maguire's Opera House. The Great Dragon Troupe of Japanese jongleurs, balancers, slack rope ascensionists and musical and dancing girls from the Great Dragon Theater, Osaca, are expected to arrive daily, and will probably appear at the Metropolitan Theater. The public will probably again have an opportunity afforded them of judging of the respective merits of two troupes at the same time.

Mrs. Laura Cuppy will deliver a lecture as usual to-morrow evening at Mechanics' Institute Hall, and will, at the request of the Eight Hour League, deliver an address at the same place on Monday evening, on the conclusion of the other exercises of the day. TOUCHSTONE.

WOODWARD'S GARDENS.—The childrcu all have a holiday at present and picnics are in vogue. No more delightful spot for a picnic than Woodward's Gardens can be found. The children delight in looking at the bears and the animals and riding on the camel.

PACIFIC MUSEUM.—The numerous wonders to be seen here please and surprise all who see them. The many thousands of dollars expended on this collection have produced an immense exhibition.

THE cultivation of some souls is merely local, as if you should rub a dry log in one spot to produce fire, all the rest remaining cold.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S BOOK.—Queen Victoria, says a London correspondent, has written a work entitled "Leaves from a Journal in the Highlands," which consists of about forty papers, descriptive of her life at Balmoral and the neighborhood. The work is illustrated by photographs and wood cuts from her majesty's sketches. It contains, among other interesting matter, three long accounts of her incognito journeys made hy the prince consort and herself to different parts of Scotland, aud the adventures which they met with. In one of the papers she gives an account of the preaching of Dr. Norman McLeod, of Glasgow, and after stating how astonished she was that any one could preach "so eloquently and touchingly without notes," she adds, "and then he prayed so kindly for me and the prince in the after prayer that I was deeply touched; hut when he invoked God's blessing on the children, I felt a great lump come in my throat." She had not expected to be prayed for so kindly hy a Presbyterian, and least of all did she expect him to remember the children. I think there is something touching in this simple note of the queen-wife and mother, which shows how true a woman she is. Only forty copies of the work have been printed for special friends and favorites, but sooner or later it will of course be reprinted, and will he a most interesting addition to contemporary literature. What would the world not give for such a work by Queen Mary or Queen Elizabeth? The copy from which I have quoted bore on the title-page the following inscription:

"To dear Jeannie G——, in remembrance of many, many happy hours—gone never to return again. from V. R."

NEW MUSIC.—We have received from M. Gray, the music publisher, 613 Clay street, the following pieces of new music, received by the last steamer: "Early in the morning, Merrily Oh; or, Pretty Little Sarah," as sung by Kelly and Leon's Minstrels. "Queen of the night," a serenade, as sung by Mrs. George Simpson; words by Geo. Cooper, music by J. R. Thomas. "If I Had But Two Little Wings," words, by Coleridge, from the German, music by H. Perabeau. The favorite Irish Melody, "Pat Malloy," with hrilliant variations for the piano, by Theo. Mœllins, and the beautiful song "I am Lonely To-night," arranged with variations, by the same author. This musical feast will draw all the musical young ladies of San Francisco—and all our prettiest young ladies are musical—to Gray's store on Clay street.

A CHANCE FOR ECONOMICAL LADIES.—The ladies of San Francisco are often accused of being extravagant iu dress, and no doubt many are. There are, however, thousands who want an opportunity to purchase a dress at a low rate instead of buying the latest imported goods without reference to cost. A capital opportunity is offered the economically-inclined at the preseut time. The great dry goods house of Meagher, Taaffe & Co., are offering at their retail store, 9 Montgomery street, certain descriptions of goods at from 20 to 40 per cent. less than cost of importatiou. These goods are of superior quality and of the most useful description. A black silk dress is, as every lady knows, always fashonable. Meagher, Taaffe & Co. are selling pieces of good black dress silk at $1 aud $1 25, and other of the finer qualities from $2 50 to $8. Housekeepers should carefully read and ponder on the advertisement which appears in another columu. Large houses like that of Meagher, Taaffe & Co., frequently become overstocked with goods and are compelled to turn them into cash at a sacrifice.

FOR HEALTH, go to the Hot Springs, bathe in and drink the waters, whose odor remindeth of aged eggs; wallow in mud springs natil your slimy person shall resemble the crawling reptiles of a Louisiana bayou; battle with the flies and mosquitoes, and be suffocated with the pulverized clay of the country: fail to realize your wishes, and be digusted with the result of your enterprise, and then call upon Dr. Bourne, 10 Masonic Temple, who, from his loag experience, skill and practical knowledge, guarantees cures in almost all cases, and tbus recover the treasure of lost health. *

KELLER'S WINES.—Keller's wines have stood tbe test for years of public opinion, and the committees of all the Fairs have awarded the premiun on them over other competitors. The Front street merchants have their orders filled in cases from Keller's wiae cellar, corner of Washington and Battery streets; while families are supplied (by the case) with the best quality of Old White Wine, Sherry, Maderia, and Port. Drinkers of Maderia Wine sbould sample Keller's Maderia, whicb, in flavor, is like the Old Teneriffi.

PORK TRIMMINGS.—Where is the housekeeper that will not get all the pork they can for a sbilling, and Wilson & Stevens at the corner of Market Sutter and Sansome streets gives more pork for a shilling than any other establishmeut. This is the place for both the rich and the poor to bny their meats. It comes fresh every day from their extensive slaughter house at Black Point.

HORSES and dogs are quadrupeds, and there the similarity ends. Just so with Baths. The Russian, Turkish, Persian, Greek, Irish or Digger Indian Baths, are no more like DR. BOURNE'S Baths than are horses and dogs. DR. BOURNE'S Baths are universally acknowledged hy all competent judges to be superior to all otbers in their admirable effect upon tbe system, in health or disease *

WE do not belive in "cure-alls" until we tried AYER'S inimitable PILLS, aud now we think the whole secret lies in the fact, that purgatives are the natural remedy for disease, and Dr. Ayer has made the best of purgatives. They cure all our compluints—*Logan (O) Press.*

"DR. BOURNE'S BATHS."—The naiform testimony is, that as a luxury, or for the cure of ailments, they are unequalled—No. 10 Masonic Temple, Post street. *

ELECTRICITY.—Four bits for the use of the powerful electric-magnetic battery of Dr. Bourne, 10 Masonic Temple, Post street. Useful in neuralgia, etc. *

UNPROTECTED FEMALES.—At six in the evening we moved off from Beyrout, with an additiou of some hundred pilgrims; and as night came on, beds were spread in such numbers on the deck that we had but a narrow strip to walk up and down in. The devout Mussulmans had scarce room to say their prayers, but say them they did, diving their turbans, as they prostrated themselves, into the faces and laps of sleeping groups. One of these groups, which occupied a nook near the steersman, had very white, clean cushions. Three women, in the ample calico envelopes within which these Eastern females enclose themselves, were lying down, apparently asleep, in the moonlight. When our tea, however, was brought, one of them suddenly started up, and coming toward us, seized a spoon that lay in the sugar-bowl, and, taking a portion, tasted it, thinking it salt; then sitting down beside us, she began a wild song, finishing with a strange trill, that might have vibrated a mile over the silent sea. She talked a great deal, and gave us each something, orange, nuts, etc. After awhile she went away again to her couch, but ever and anon started up from it, breaking out into song, and terminating with the trill, in alto. She came to us again, frequently hovering round us, and addressing each. Meanwhile, a few more of these half-wild creatures were amusing themselves by looking down into the cabin, their black eyes under the veils making the sippers of tea below start when they met their glance. A fast French lady, who came on board at Beyrout, was another specimen of female loneliness, for our singular Asiatic had come from the far interior, and was going to Mecca quite by herself. Madame Olympe was a pretty person, quite young, and affecting to be a literary character. She had passed, she said, three mouths with the ladies of the harem, and gave us what she assured us was a very truthful representation of their life.—*Pilgrimage to Eastern Shrines.*

THE NEXT DELUGE.—A French work recently published maintains that every ten thousand five hundred years the waters of the sea pass from one pole to the other, submerging and overwhelming, in their passage, the earth and all its inhabitants. According to the author of this theory, M. Paul de Jouvencel, the last of these deluges occurred four thousand years ago; the next one is due in six thousand years more. M. Jouvencel recounts this great cosmical drama with the vigor and pictorial effect of an eye-witness. Six thousand years—sixty centuries—then only are left to us wherein to do our whole world's work, and to complete and perfect the civilization which has yet hardly dawned upon the greater number of mankind! Sixty old men may touch hands across the interval between the present moment and the last hour of the world as it exists; then all will be finished. all consumed; all will disappear! the sea for ten thousand five hundred years, in its immeasurable depths, will crush out our history, and leave nothing of it all hut a few fossils! So, at least, says M. Jouvencel.

WHY YOUNG LADIES STARE.—An exchange says the reason that young ladies seem to have a habit of staring, is simply because they cannot help it, as to keep in the fashion they are compelled to wear such a hunch of stuff at the back of the head that the natural hair is drawn to the highest tension, and as the skin of the forehead is drawn back, the eyelids also get an upward tendency that leaves the impression that the girls look bold and fierce. It's all a mistake. The dear creatures are just as gentle and lovable as they ever were, and they would be very willing to lower their eyelids if they could do so, without lifting the tremendous hall that is bound to the head in such a disadvantageous position. When the waterfalls get ignored by fashion, the girls will look as meek-eyed as they did before the advent of that monstrosity of fashion.

THE SCHOOL EXERCISES which have been given during the present week, have shown unusual ability and industry on the part of those in charge of the various school departments, and a great proficiency and advancement on the part of the thousands of pupils under their charge. There is probably no city in the Union that can boast of a more efficient and commendable school department than that of San Francisco.

NO CHOLERA ON THE NICARAGUA TRANSIT.—A large number of passengers by the *America*, which arrived yesterday, testify in a published card to the fact that there is no cholera or epidemic of any kind on the Nigaragua Transit. The telegraphic report from the East that the cholera was raging extensively in Nigarauga received here some two weeks since, was evidently a manufactured one.

AMONG the popular errors *not* to be found enumerated in any "Commonplace Book" are these: That editors keep public reading-rooms. That they have plenty of time to talk to everybody. That they are delighted to get anything to fill up the paper with. That every man's own special ax is a matter of "public interest." That it doesn't make much difference whether copy he written on both sides.

IT is as easy to write a gaudy style without ideas, as it is to spread a pallet of showy colors, or to smear in a flaunting transparency.

FOOLS are the worst of all thieves; they rob us of time and temper.

THE PLAINTIFF NONSUITED.

A LAWYER'S STORY.

"GENTLEMEN, it is unnecessary, perhaps, for me to tell any of my legal brothers here, that the summer in Nassau Street is hot; but I may be allowed to say, in passing, that it was very hot in my office in Nassau Street on one particular August afternoon, a dozen years since. In fact, I was sitting very unprofessionally in my shirt-sleeves, when Mr. Lockshaw—firm of Phillips and Lockshaw—came into the office, rather red, and much excited."

"'Mr. Riley,' said he, 'you must go to Wisconsin to-night. We have fifteen thousand dollars due us there from Wells & Co., and we learn from private advices that they are going to sell out, and run away to California. Now what can we do, except attach their property?'

"'Nothing,' I replied, 'and you will be very fortunate if you do that before they assign.'

"His finger trembled at this suggestion, as he moved it slowly over the map; and, stopping suddenly, he said: 'Here it is, on the Fox River, about a day's drive back from Lake Michigan. There is no town marked on the map, but you can't miss it. We will give you a thousand dollars extra, beside your expenses and regular fee.'

"'Well, Mr. Lockshaw, I suppose there is no use in refusing, so get your notes ready, and I'll leave on the next train.'

"He had not been gone ten minutes when up came Mr. Wolfe, an old friend and client; and, what was much more important to me, the father of Fanny Wolfe, who, according to a mutual agreement, was to become Mrs. Riley two months from that date.

"'Well, Riley, I'm glad to find you in,' said he, with something of the patronizing air of a prospective father-in-law, 'you must go to Wisconsin for me.'

"'Wisconsin! What is the matter there, sir?'

"'A good deal,' said he; 'fifteen thousand dollars at least, and hanging by a single thread, too.'

"'Fifteen thousand dollars! What shape is it in?' said I. 'Who owes it to you?'

"'Wells & Co.,' he replied. 'Why, what's the matter, Riley? Are they friends of yours?'

"You will excuse me, gentlemen, for having been so unprofessional, on this occasion, as to allow my face to betray my feelings," said Riley to us, "but I recovered immediately, and replied to Wolfe that they were not my friends, and asked him where Wells & Co. lived.

"'About a day's drive back from Lake Michigan, on the Fox River,' said he, 'and you must attach their goods. They have a large stock I'm told—some forty thousand dollars' worth.'

"'I am very sorry, Mr. Wolfe, that it so happens,' said I, greatly perplexed at the unpleasant position I was in, 'but I cannot go for you.'

"'You must,' said he, positively; 'I depend on it. You are not going somewhere else, are you?'

"'No, not exactly,' said I, anxiously, for he was not a man to be trifled with, and I felt uneasy when I thought of Fanny. 'But I'm going to be busy—very busy—in fact entirely absorbed in a case for another client.'

"'Who is it?' said he. 'You must put him off. This is too important, and must be attended to. I will give you twenty-five hundred dollars and your expenses, if you'll go.'

"'But I cannot attend to it. I assure you, unless my other clients release me. I will send them a note, and they can decide while I am getting ready to go.'

"So I wrote a note to Phillips and Lockshaw, stating the case, and urging them to unite with Mr. Wolfe, and let me collect on account of both claims, as Mr. Wolfe said he understood there was forty thousand dollars' worth of goods in Wells & Co.'s store.

"When I had finished writing, the errand-boy had not returned. Here was a dilemma, for I had no time to see my clients in person, and Mr. Wolfe was pacing the room much excited. He had long been my client, and I had made a thousand dollars from his business where I had a hundred dollars from Phillips and Lockshaw; besides, I was to be one of his family in two months; but I had been retained by the other parties, and professional honor, of course, demanded my utmost exertions in their behalf, against all opponents whatsoever.

"'Well,' said he turning sharp on his heel, seeing me holding the note by one corner, 'how is it?'

"'Why, my boy is gone, and I cannot get this delivered, nor have I time to see them, for I must go off on the next train, and need all my time to get ready in. You must employ some other lawyer this time.'

"'Here,' said he, 'I'll deliver the note.'

"'No, sir,' said I, fearful of an interview between him and Lockshaw; 'I wouldn't think of allowing you to do that.'

"'Yes,' he insisted; 'pass it over, and I'll deliver it. I'm good at skipping these streets. I have done it ever since I was big enough to dodge an omnibus. Let me have it, quick!'

"I hesitated a moment, then handed him the note.

"'Phillips and Lockshaw!' said he, his grey eyes snapping, and he scowled a little. 'Well, I'll probably be here when you get back.'

"I returned very soon, but he was not there. Phillips and Lockshaw were both there, and very red in the face, too, for a wholesale firm.

"'Did Mr. Wolfe bring a note for me?' I inquired.

"'Yes,' replied my clients, both in the same breath.

"'What was your answer?

"'Well, you see, he asked me,' said Lockshaw, 'before I saw the note, if we could let you off from our engagement, whatever it was, for a few days. I told him that we couldn't possibly release you, because we wanted you to go to Wisconsin and attach some goods. The minute I said that, he threw down the note and went out of our office almost on a run.'

"'You have defeated yourselves!' said I, to the great terror of the wholesale firm. 'He will get ahead of us, sure.'

"'But you must run!' said Mr. Lockshaw.

"'You mustn't sleep nor eat day nor night!' said Phillips, in his excitement, anxious to contribute his utmost to assist me.

"'Gentlemen,' said I, 'you had better see Mr. Wolfe, and agree to have me collect for all of you. In the mean time, I will get on the train, and you can come there to report.'

"I had been aboard about ten minutes, when, just as the cars were moving off, my clients came running up, and being unable to explain in words, they did so by signs; Mr. Phillips shaking his head, which I interpreted to mean that I was to neither eat nor sleep, and that he had not agreed with Wolfe. Mr. Lockshaw, at the same time, was nodding vigorously, and moved me on with his hands; which I took to mean that he approved of me, indorsed my course, wished to convey the company's blessings, and desired me, without fail, to outstrip Wolfe's man, and circumvent all their enemies.

"'A bothering pair,' said I to myself—'a couple of skrimpy patterns, cut out of poor cloth. Both of their bodies and brains are not worth the little finger of old Wolfe—the hothead!'

"I felt unpleasant and dissatisfied; because, if I succeeded in Phillips and Lockshaw's case, I would most likely fail in my own suit with Wolfe's daughter, for he was a man of strong passion, and Fanny had plenty of her father's spirit.

"What added to my anxiety was the fact that Mr. Wolfe had met with some Western losses, and did not feel very amiable. He had always relied on me in difficult cases, and I felt now as if my position would not be fully understood—that he could not, or would not, look on professional honor as I did.

"But the cars soon shook these thoughts out of me, as we banged along through dust and dirt all night and next day; and the next night we came into the range of the cool lake winds, and so on to Chicago—hungry, flaccid, and sleepy.

"I had looked through the train for Mr. Wolfe's lawyer, but failed to find any one I knew, and concluded that I was ahead, thus far at least; so I registered my name in full, and went to bed.

"'My friend,' said I, speaking to the clerk in a style somewhat prevalent thereabout, as I came down rather late next morning—'my friend, why didn't you call me as I ordered? I wanted to take the Lake Shore train for Wisconsin.'

"'You changed your order, sir,' said the clerk. 'You told us you did not want to go.'

"'No, sir,' said I, 'begging your pardon, I did not change my order.'

"'It is so marked here,' he replied, showing me the slate. 'Order changed—needn't call—stays to-morrow.'"

"'You have made an entry against the wrong name,' said I.

"'This is not the gentleman,' said another clerk, coming up. 'The gentleman who changed Mr. Riley's order paid his bill, and has taken the Lake shore train. Here is his name—C. Wakefield, New York.'

"Wakefield and I have never met, though he knew Fanny. He was undoubtedly Wolfe's lawyer, and had got ahead of me. 'Give me my bill, quicker than lightning,' said I.

"'But don't you want your breakfast?' replied the clerk; 'the train has gone.'

"'No, I want my bill; that's all I want in this house.'

"'It was a mistake, sir, that no one could help,' said he, writing.

"'I understand what it was,' said I, 'but I'll try to help it, if you will give me my bill'—and, throwing down the money, I seized my valise and started.

"'Here, take me to the Lake Shore train on a dead run, and don't stop for anything,' said I to a coachman at the foot of the stairs. 'Ten dollars if you make the train,' I shouted through the front window of the coach after I got in. He did not hear, and I punched him. He came to a dead stop of course. 'Ten dollars if you reach the train,' I repeated. It is wonderful, now I think of it coolly, what a difference *that* made. He had been figuring it up, and concluded that by missing the train he would get a fare back; but now, by reaching it, he would get five fares in one. It seemed as if the coach and the horses heard my offer, and instantly put forth individual exertions, somewhat in harmony with the driver, to earn the money; for I commenced rocking, dancing, and jumping about, like an acrobat trying to drive through both doors and the front window at one leap.

"I think the people in the streets must have had a vague idea that the coach contained a pair of boots wrestling with a hat—the boots being, most of the time, on top. People at crossings dodged out of the way in angry amazement, and the very dogs ran into the gutters, looking back over their shoulders, wondering what ailed the coach.

"'Hold on, driver!' said I, punching him again. 'I don't want a funeral in our family just yet.'

"'All right,' said he, whipping his horses, thinking I was urging him on.

"'Hold on! hold on! You fool!' I shouted, pulling his coat-tails through the window and tugging at them. 'You'll kill me.'

"'Yes,' he yelled, 'I'll kill 'em or make it!' and, jumping to his feet, he lashed his horses to the highest pitch, and brought me alongside the moving train.

"'Now then!' he cried, tearing open the door; and jumping out, I clambered on the platform, and threw down a twenty-dollar bill, which he picked up, tipping his hat in acknowledgment.

"'Well, Mr. C. Wakefield, what do you think of this?' said I, soliloquizing as I cuddled down in my seat. 'If I do not beat you, then my name is not Riley, and there are no snakes in Texas.'

"I had hoped, until now, that Wells & Co. would pay up and save trouble, or that some sort of a compromise would be made between the New York claimants; but it was idle to hope any longer. I must be prepared to meet and overcome all sorts of schemes and games; and, as the first discreditable trick to detain me in Chicago, by changing my order so that I should miss the train, had failed of its object, and exposed Mr. C. Wakefield's presence and designs, I must expect to meet almost any obstacle that could be placed in my way for a less sum than fifteen thousand dollars.

"That was the prize for which we now both struggled, and half an hour's delay might defeat me; so I called up the conductor, and questioned him particularly about the place where we were to stop. I found out where to go for a good dinner, the best livery team, and the sharpest lawyer.

"I walked back to the hind platform of the last car, and slipped off with my valise before the train had fairly stopped. I went directly to a comfortable little public house, frequented by farmers, principally, and, ordering dinner, I immediately consulted Mr. Benway, the best lawyer to be found, paying him one hundred dollars down, with assurance of more. In two hours the papers were drawn; dinner was over, and we were riding across the prairie toward Well & Co.,s store. I had fairly distanced Wakefield, and felt good. Added to this emotion of triumph was an indiscribable sense of freedom from restraint, and an exhilerating feeling of roominess, in the wide, grassy, echoless plain; and there was a tonic, too, in the winds that blew out of the boundless horizon.

"We were riding along at a rapid pace when I saw a man standing on a knoll, some distance to the right, shouting and beckoning us that way.

"It is the sheriff,' said Benway, as we drew near, 'and he has got something over in the slough—a deer or a horse-thief, I'll bet, for he is death on both.'

"We rode up on the rise of ground, and, looking over into the slough saw two horses mired, and on the other side was a man covered with mud, and limping off through the grass, evidently quite lame.

"'What's the matter?' said Benway.

"'That's a counterfeiter,' replied the sheriff. 'I was chasing him, and we both rode down in there, pell-mell, and got mired—blast his pictur.'

"The counterfeiter's horse had struggled out to our side, and was shaking himself.

"'Here" said the sheriff, taking the horse by the bridle, and pulling a pistol from the saddle pocket, 'you go round, Benway, and head him off. No you needn't though, for I understand his dodges, and can do better. You stay here;'—and, mounting the counterfeiter's horse, he rode round the end of the slough, a hundred rods off, and came up in front of the man, who turned back toward us again.

"'Now, see here,' said the fellow, cocking a large pistol, 'you'd better keep off.'

"'No, I guess not,' said the sheriff, 'I think I'd better keep *on*. I've been hunting you too long. I've grown fond of you, and fairly hanker after your fascinating face. I couldn't think of giving up my game just as it is ready to bag, you know.'

"'But *you* may go into the bag, that's all,' said the man. 'I'll shoot, if you don't keep off.'

"'No, now,' replied the sheriff, riding up nearer; 'you wouldn't do that before witnessess.'

"The fellow looked over at us; and a sullen face it was too, his coarse, black eyebrows covering a third of his forehead, and growing clear across the top of his nose; then he turned suddenly to the sheriff and fired. The horse jumped as if he

a face
When priests took cou-
And princes to forswe

had been shot at before, and, wheeling about, threw his rider on the ground, and the counterfeiter started on a run again.

"'So that's your game, is it?' said the sheriff. 'I only want to know what your game is, so as to play according to rule;'—and, drawing his pistol, he snapped it at the fellow, but it missed fire. Throwing it down, he dashed after the man, and, coming up to him as he struggled through the tall tangled grass, near the slough, he seized him by his arms behind, and threw him down. We had started on a run too, and, coming up, we tied his arms with a handkerchief.

"In the grass close by, Benway and I found two fifteen-thousand-dollar packages of counterfeit bills, one of which we claimed as our share of prize money. In the fellow's saddle-pockets the sheriff found plates, engraving tools, and dies.

"'You are a captain' I guess,' said the sheriff. 'Hold out your hands here, and let me put on these bracelets. There you are now,' continued he, standing back to admire him, as if he had been a statue of the Greek Slave—'there you are now, all ready for court, with your regular uniform on, and the jury won't disagree a minute when they come to see your face, I *think*.'

"'Well, now, Benway,' said he, turning to us, 'what have you got to drink, and where are you going?'

"Having satisfied the sheriff on the first point, Benway said, 'We are going out to attach Wells & Co.'s goods, and you must go with us.'

"'Their store is closed,' replied the sheriff; 'I just came through there.'

"'Then we must break down the door,' said Benway.

"'But can you give bonds?' he inquired.

"'Yes, I represent the house of Phillips and Lockshaw, good for a hundred thousand dollars, and I have one thousand here in my pocket, just to make things go easy.'

"'All right,' said the sheriff, briskly—'down goes their door. Now one of you take our handsome friend into the buggy, while the other rides his nag.' So I mounted the horse; the sheriff caught and mounted his; and falling into line, with the buggy ahead, we moved on again.

"What we had most to fear now was that Wells & Co. would make an assignment, and leave us to fight it out with a mob of claimants, and get little or nothing at last. So we hurried along; but it soon came on dark, then darker, and finally black; and we lost our way.

"'I believe we are going round and round,' said the sheriff.

"'No, I think we must be all right,' said Benway, 'for the mud has come on the left side of my face ever since dark.'

"'See here' my friend, you are a night bird,' said the sheriff to the counterfeiter. "Can't you do something handsome, and smell your way out of this scrape?'

"'Yes,' said he, 'if you'll let me get on my horse, he and I can take you to the Fox Crossing on a bee-line.'

"'You are a very intellectual young man, considering your occupation,' said the sheriff, 'and your kind intentions do you honor; but I guess we'll take the will for the deed, and find our own way out.'

"'What are you doing now?' inquired Benway of the sheriff, who was dismounted, and down in the grass.

"'Spreading a newspaper,' he replied. 'I want to see if we shall come to it again, for I believe we are playing circus here;'—and about a hundred yards farther on he spread out the other half of the paper.

"We went on again, through the endless, everlasting grass, and in about an hour came to the paper,—the horses snorting and turning one side to avoid it; and then we came to the other piece.

"'This won't do,' said the sheriff. 'We have beat down a road, and the horses have followed it round and round. Let us camp;'—and, spreading his horse-blanket, we sat down on it near the buggy.

"'Not quite so noisy as New York,' said he, after a long silence, 'but it's better. I've tried 'em both, and just for a place to live in, now, I wouldn't give this prairie for the whole island, from Spuyten Duyvil down.'

"Then we sat there a long time, silently watching the sky; and presently, where the clouds grew thin and vapory, the moon came slowly out, shining full in our faces.

"'Good morning, good morning!' said the sheriff, kissing his hand to her, as he rose to his feet. 'Now let's face about,' he continued, 'and keep the good old girl straight behind us, and we shall go all right.'

"We had gone but a short distance when he said: 'I hear horses behind, and I guess they are counterfeiters, come to rescue the prisoner. If they are part of your gang,' said he to the counterfeiter, 'and attempt to rescue you, I give you fair notice that the father of your children may get hurt unless you keep quiet.' The man did not speak, but I heard the chain on his handcuffs rattle a little.

"'Who is that?' asked one of the horsemen, riding up behind.

"'Some travelers,' replied the sheriff.

"'You are out rather late. Have you met the sheriff?' asked the horseman.

"'Ah, ha!' said that official, in a low voice, drawing his pistol, and cocking it; 'I've a devilish good mind to pepper the scoundrels. Are you loaded, Benway?'

"'No, I have no pistol,' he replied in a low tone.

"'I'm sorry, because we couldn't very well hit amiss among them fellows,' said the sheriff, 'for they are a desperate gang. I believe it would save the country several thousand dollars' expense of grand and petit jurors, and board in jail, if I could only make a centre shot, now.'

"'I say, have you seen the sheriff?' said the horseman again, riding still nearer, but keeping within easy reach of his companions.

"'See here!' said the sheriff, reining his horse suddenly around in the path before them. 'I'm the sheriff of this county, myself; and I weigh a hundred and eighty pounds, when I'm light! I've got one of your gang in irons—the Great Mugwump himself, I reckon—strongly guarded by men armed to the teeth; so you just ride up here and surrender, or we'll blow you through, and kill old Mug too. Ride up here now, or we'll fire.'

"Instead of obeying this sanguinary order, one of the party sang out. 'Ho-ho-hold on now, she-sheriff! don't shoo-shoot your friends!'

"'Bah!' said the sheriff, lowering his pistol and turning about disgusted, 'it's Old Royce. I wonder what's up now.'

"'Who is it?' said I to Benway.

"'It is Roswell Lewis, a lawyer,' he replied. 'We call him Old Royce. He's out on that attachment suit against Wells & Co, and your friend Wakefield is with him, probably. Here, sheriff,' said Benway, 'ride back and give him this bottle: that will unlock his brains if anything can.'

"'That's pretty good,' said Old Royce, 'and tastes like imported. My friend Wakefield here never takes anything; so I guess I'll drink for him. I've always had to do double duty in the world. By the way,' he continued, 'I must tell you a good dodge that my friend here came on a pigwidgeon lawyer down in Chicago. This lawyer was trying to get ahead of my friend here, and had left orders to be called for the morning train, but what does my friend here do but go and have the order changed—do you see?—and so the little pigwidgeon is left behind. It's just such little touches of genius as that, sheriff, that redeems human nature, and makes us more than brutes. He'll make fifteen thousand dollars by it. Hallo, what's your hurry, sheriff? I can't keep up if you're going to *trot*, you know. This horse was made on purpose for a circus, I guess. He'd do all the square jumping up and down to music, but he ain't worth shucks to go ahead. He's a humpy horse, and I believe my brains would all be shaken into my boots if I rode him another day;'—and he grumbled away in the same strain till we got out of hearing, and afterward, I presume.

"In two hours more we reached the Fox, and forded it, and found a sleepy ostler in the hotel; but on looking in the buggy for my valise, I found it was gone, and it contained all my papers. We had probably left it by the slough. Here was a bad fix; for when it came daylight, Wakefield would attach, of course.

"'What shall we do, Benway?' said I. 'Can't you invent some plausible story to detain them?'

"'It looks to me,' he replied, 'as if we were to be defeated at last. I'll send some men to look for the valise, and we'll see what can be done after that; but I know old Royce well, and when his head is clear again he'll be sharp enough—to use his own phrase—to shave hogs with a feather.'

"I felt desperate now, for I had come to look on the matter as fairly under my control, and had already set Wakefield down as defeated; but here the tables were to be turned with a vengeance, and my enemy was to triumph.

"'Benway,' said I, when he came back, 'I have got them, I guess. You say that Wells boards in this house and that you are intimate with him. Go to him with this fifteen thousand dollars in counterfeit money, and tell him Old Royce is going to attach his goods. Then give him the money, with instructions to be counting it over in his room, while you tell Royce that now is his time to attach, because Wells has sold out and is counting his money up stairs. Tell Wells that, if he plays his part properly, he will settle the Wolfe claim very soon."

"Benway hesitated a moment, then said, 'Well, under the circumstances I guess I will, for we are dealing with unscrupulous fellows.' So when breakfast was over I saw Benway talking with Wells, and soon after with Royce, who immediately went to the deputy-sheriff.

"'Now then,' said Royce to this official, after getting him out in the horse-shed, with Wakefield, 'what we want is *grit*. We must break down the door and grab all the money we see; and mind you, if he puts it in his pocket we must pull it out of his pocket, that's all. Business is business, and this is *big* business, and you must be gritty. There are moments of destiny,' said he, pulling a bottle from his pocket, and taking a long drink, 'and this is one of 'em.'

"The whole party came back looking pale, and the deputy started ahead, old Royce Lewis following next, and Wakefield closing up the rear on the stairway. Shortly after they disappeared we heard the door crashed in, and a scrambling rush followed.

"We afterwards learned from the deputy, a jovial fellow, that Old Royce was the first man in the room, and that, after grabbing what money he could hold in each hand, he knocked the balance on to the floor and sat down on all he could cover, shouting to the deputy, 'I've got the pile; attach me! attach me!'—moving his elbows up and down, meanwhile, like a young crow trying in vain to fly. When they came down stairs, flushed with triumph, Mr. Lewis took occasion to recount his twenty-five years' experience at the bar, which seemed to have been years of triumphs for him, and an uninterrupted series of defeats for all his opponets. After this more convivality, more stories, more triumphs at the bar, but no one suspected the money.

"Meantime the men returned with the valise just as Royce Lewis, Wakefield, and the deputy were leaving town with the money, and they had but fairly crossed the river when Wells invited us all up to his store to celebrate the success of the trick just played.

"Wells was very jolly; and that mysterious and hitherto invisible being called 'Co.' came out strong. He even went so far as to say that he guessed 'Wells didn't eat no snow,' which meant, probably, that he slaked his thirst and satisfied his appetite by the more economical and time-saving methods usual among men.

"'Here, take some more all around,' urged Wells. 'This last drive was the best I ever came on any one."

"'Yes,' said Benway, walking up to the desk and looking at the papers, sharply, 'it *was* good—first rate—even for the West, where we manage to keep ahead in business; but I believe the sheriff can show you a better one.'

"'I shouldn't wonder if I could,' replied the sheriff, walking up to Wells and serving the papers.

"The man who 'didn't eat snow' looked so white for a moment that a stranger would have thought that snow was his regular food—in fact, that he ate nothing else. But the next moment he turned to Benway, fiercely, and said, 'You scoundrel, you got in here by fraud; it's a swindle; I won't stand it. I've a mind to knock you down, sir.'

"'No, don't now, Wells,' said Benway; 'it is too expensive for you, under your present circumstances. We should have got in here any way, and you merely saved a door by the operation; that's all.'

"'Not all, exactly,' said Wells; 'for I should have made an assignment and beaten you.'

"'Yes, I see it is all ready,' said Benway, taking up some papers from the desk; 'but I'm pleased to notice that your very valuable autographs are not attached. Wells, you are a gentleman, and I'm sorry you've had bad luck; but you'll come out.'

"After securing two trusty men to take charge of the store, we hunted, fished, smoked, and talked away the day, and rode back to the lake over the prairie next day. The first man we saw was old Royce Lewis.

"'Where is your friend Wakefield?' inquired Benway.

"'The man who came that stunning game over the pigwidgeon lawyer,' said the sheriff.

"'Why, he went off on the morning train, with orders to have the money deposited here in bank,' replied Royce.

"'So he thinks it's all right, then.'

"'Of course,' replied Royce, contemptuously. 'And I made a good fee out of the case.'

"'Yes,' said the deputy, coming up, 'you were so very smart that you took your fee out of counterfeit money,'

"This came so unexpectedly, and was received with such shouts of laughter, that the old man, for the first time in his life, perhaps, had nothing to say, and hurried off without attempting a reply.

"I finished my business, and took the next train East. I found Phillips and Lockshaw excited, as usual. They had learned from Mr. Wolfe that his claim had been collected in money, and they were much relieved, if not pleased, on hearing the true state of the case.

"I met Wolfe on the street near my office.

"'So I beat you, Riley, after all,' said he; 'but allow me to say, sir, that I don't think you did the fair thing by me. You might have said at once that you were going out there for Phillips and Lockshaw.'

"'But, sir,' I replied, 'I had been retained by them in the case, and was bound to protect them by concealing their designs.'

"'I don't think so,' he replied; 'besides, they could stand the loss, and I can't.'

"'Mr. Wolfe,' said I, 'I should as soon think of embezzling my client's money, as I would of intentionally revealing any of the secrets confided to me as a lawyer.'

"Next morning, when I met Wolfe, he not only refused to acknowledge my salutation, but was actually almost purple with rage. He had received a letter from Royce Lewis, stating that the money was counterfeit.

"I lost no time in calling on Fanny, but found her not at home. I excused that, thinking she might have been out; but the next day I saw her in the street, and she avoided me.

"I wrote her a brief, but vigorous note, explaining my posi-

[CONTINUED ON THE 10TH PAGE.]

NOTICE.

The publication of "THE CALIFORNIAN" *takes place on Saturday mornings, and copies may be obtained in the City at all News stands, and of our News-agents through the country. It will also be served by carriers on the morning of publication.*

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J. P. BOGARDUS, J. F. BOWMAN. } *Editors and Proprietors.*

THE CALIFORNIAN.

SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, JUNE 1, 1867.

A MILITARY POLICE—STATE INTERFERENCE IN MUNICIPAL AFFAIRS.

SOME of the democratic papers of New York, seem to contemplate the arming and drilling of the Metropolitan Police as a military body, with feelings of zealous alarm. "The police force of this city," says the *Atlas*, "once a purely popular organization, has been, by degrees, subjected to a more and more perfect military discipline until at last we are to have a Brigade of Police, armed and drilled as regular troops. This is a startling innovation and would have been strenuously opposed a few years ago as aping a monarchical institution unfitted for a republican country. The duties of the policeman and the citizen soldier have hitherto been kept scrupulously distinct, and the confounding of them now under the control of a Commission created by the State and in no wise responsible to the people of the city is not a movement in the direction of popular liberty."

To a disinterested observer, familiar with the history of the city of New York for the last few years, and with its present political and social condition, it would seem as though the better class of its population had more eminent perils to dread than any that are likely to arise from the increased efficiency and power of the police force. As to the interposition of the State Legislature by the creation of a Police Commission, beyond the control of a mere municipal majority, we are by no means certain that interference of a similar kind, but extending to more matters than those affecting police organizations, will not ultimately become a necessity in all the large cities of the United States. Thus far, experience seems to indicate that under our system of government it is the fate of the great centers of commerce and population gradually to fall under the control of the worst class of corrupt politicians, who, by their influence with a comparatively ignorant majority, hold the rights of the minority at their mercy. If San Francisco thus far furnishes an exception, the fact may, perhaps, find an explanation in exceptional circumstances in her history. "The Police Board," says the *Atlas*, "is gradually absorbing all power, and it promises in a few years to exercise unlimited military authority. If this is republicanism it is of a new fangled kind which can scarcely be distinguished by old-fashioned eyes, from that which our fathers called despotism."

It is not, we are sure, the respectable and industrious portion of the population of any American city that are troubled by apprehensions of a "police despotism." There is a despotism, however, of quite a different description which they have good reason to dread—the despotism of an ignorant or depraved majority under the control of petty demagogues who make municipal politics a trade, and municipal office the means of obtaining a living by corrupt bargaining, contract selling and place brokering. In a city where such scenes as those of the anti negro, and the outrages that attended the last celebration at "St. Patrick's Day," in New York, are liable to occur, it seems to us that the police force cannot well be too powerful or too thoroughly organized.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

THE following new publications have been received at this office:

SUT LOVINGOOD. Yarns Spun By a Nat'ral Born Durn'd Fool, Warped and Wove for Public Wear, By George Harris. New York; Dick & Fitzgerald Publishers, San Francisco; A. Roman & Co., pp. 229 with illustrations,

WHERE SHALL HE FIND HER? From the French, Translated by I. D. A. New York; Crowen & Co., 1867. Being No. 1. of the "Library of Light Literature," Paper, covers pp. 257, San Francisco; A. Roman & Co.

LECTURES ON NATURAL THEOLOGY: or Nature and the Bible from the same author. Delivered before the Lowell Institute, Boston. By P. A. Chadbourne, A. M. M. D., Professor of Natural History in Williams College; Author of Lectures on the "Relations of Natural History," etc New York: G. P. Putnam & Son, 661, Broadway, 1867. San Francisco; A. Roman & Co.

THE FORLORN HOPE. By Edmund Yates. Author of the "Black Sheep," "Land at Last," etc. Loring, Publisher: Boston. A. Roman & Co., San Francisco.

THE EPISCOPATE, THE MISSONARY ORDER OF THE CHURCH. By A. Presbyter, New York. Pott & Amery, Booksellers, Publishers and Importers, 5 & 13 Cooper Union, 1867.

A ROMAN CATHOLIC THEORY OF TOLERATION.

THE *Monitor*, a weekly paper published in this city, which claims to be "the only Irish or Catholic journal on this coast," has undertaken to justify the recent action of the Peruvian government in refusing to permit the public exercise of any worship except that of the Roman Catholic Church within its jurisdiction. The reasoning of the *Monitor*, if not remarkable for logical force, is worthy of the serious consideration of all American citizens who value freedom of opinion and belief, upon grounds quite distinct from its intrinsic merits.

"An entirely Catholic community," so the argument commences, "in which the people believe every tittle of their common faith to have been revealed by God, must consider apostacy from the Church as an act opposed to morality, and may, therefore, logically prohibit such being done publicly, or any attempt to bring it about, as the erection of temples for other worship is. If a man's conscientious opinions lead him into acts contrary to public decency as established in the community of which he is a member, such acts are and must be restrained by law, as polygamy is prohibited in the United States, though its lawfulness is conscientiously held by Mormons and Mahometans. On the same principle Catholic States may prohibit the open introduction of new doctrines. Catholicity being established on the principle that all men are bound to believe what the Church teaches, considers wilful disbelief as sinful, and accordingly its public toleration is entirely a question of expediency. Protestantism, established on the principle that every man has a right to form his own creed, must, in consistency, allow each to worship in his own manner. *Thus the case is widely different in a Catholic country and a Protestant one.* For instance, in the United States, where there is no commonly received religion, Unitarians and Episcopalians, Calvinists and Armenians, Baptists, and Methodists, are as opposite as the poles, and mutual toleration is a matter of necessity; but in Peru, where the entire population is Catholic, it is no hardship or tyranny for them to remain so by their own will."

The wide difference thus coolly declared to exist, in regard to religious toleration, between "a Catholic Country and a Protestant one," amounts according to the *Monitor*, to precisely this, that in the Catholic Country, religious freedom cannot consistently be allowed to Protestants, while in the Protestant Country it must be granted to Catholics. This theory may be a very satisfactory one to Roman Catholics; but we doubt much whether American Protestants are, as yet, fully prepared to accept it with the meekness that seems to be expected of them. Unless it is considered that unusual concessions are due to extraordinary arrogance, and that a title to exceptional privileges may be established by exceptional pretensions, Americans will be slow in yielding assent to the proposition that Romanists have a right to suppress Protestant worship wherever they have the power to do so and may deem the exercise of that power expedient. For the claim of "the only Irish or Catholic journal" is nothing less than this. "A Catholic legislator," it declares, in the same article from which we have quoted above, "in a purely political point of view, must view them" (religious innovations) "with distrust, and, if possible, endeavor to prevent their introduction; though if they once become established, it is usually *more expedient* to tolerate them." And in the next sentence we are gravely assured that "though toleration is thus only a question of expediency in Catholic Countries, and as against Protestantism," it is to be regarded as "a right in Protestant ones"

However consistent this theory may be with the traditional pretensions of the Church of Rome, it is clear that it is at war with the principle of religious freedom, and that it threatens the rights of minorities wherever Roman Catholics are in the majority. The saving clause to the effect that though it is the duty of the Catholic legislator to prevent the introduction of doctrines not approved by the Church, yet if once established, "it is usually more expedient to tolerate them," furnishes a feeble security indeed, to persons holding such doctrines. The question of expediency is one that admits of being viewed in many lights, and is greatly affected by the question of opportunity and power. Let the principle be conceded that freedom of worship cannot be claimed as a right in countries where the powers of government are wielded by Roman Catholics, that toleration under such circumstances is a mere question of expediency, and there is too much reason to conclude that the suppression of religious freedom would be found to be expedient wherever it is practicable.

THE *Santa Clara News* is the name of a new paper recently established at the town of Santa Clara, Santa Clara county. It is a large sheet, handsomely made up, attractive in its typographical appearance, and is edited with judgment and ability. In politics it is Republican. The name of John M. Sullivan, well known in this State as an experienced journalist, appears at the head of its columns, as editor.

A "STEINWAY" VICTORIOUS.—A telegram was received in this city from Paris during the present week announcing that the first premium of the World's Fair, a gold medal, was awarded to a Steinway piano. Chickering received the second premium

A POETICAL PUZZLE.

IN nearly all of Mr. Swinburne's earlier poems, there was a large element of that kind of obscurity, that affects even the critic who has been accustomed to cherish the complacent belief that there can be no intelligible meaning where he finds himself puzzled to discover any, with an uneasy doubt as to whether the difficulty lies in the author's depth, or in his own dulness. Yet Mr. Swinburne's obscurity is of quite another kind than Browning's. There is no metaphysical element in it. It is passionate rather than philosophical, and seems to spring in part, at least, from the audacious struggle of an imagination at once subtle and fervid, to flash meanings upon the mind that are incapable of distinct expression in words, or to produce impressions by the use of unintelligible language, (unintelligible in the sense that no meaning can be reached by the process of verbal analysis) that could not be produced by the use of intelligible language..

There is a poetic obscurity that springs from weakness, of which it would be easy to point out any desired number of examples in contemporary writers; but there is also an obscurity that has its origin in the highest intellectual and imaginative force, coupled with a spirit that delights in grappling with difficulties from which feebler natures shrink.

To the class of critics who cannot tolerate the use in poetical composition, of any phrase, or form of expression, or collocation of words that does not convey a distinct meaning and admit of rigid grammatical and rhetorical analysis, both Browning and Swinburne are of course, an abomination. Critics of this creed were sufficiently disgusted with "Chastellard," and "The Queen Mother," but the "Song of Italy," the poet's latest production, will prove still more exasperating, so far as we can judge from such portions of it as we have read.

There are, however, some exceedingly vigorous objurgatory passages in the poem, which are intelligible enough, particularly that in which the Pope is pictured as gloating over prostrate Italy. Other portions of the song, even after a second and third reading leave us as much mystified as ever, and yet not without a certain vague apprehension of a meaning such as may be felt in a strain of music, but cannot be translated into words.

A few extracts from the poem, upon which the reader can, if so inclined, exercise his ingenuity, will be found in the "Literary Gleanings" on another page of our present issue.

THE *Pacific Churchman* and the *Monitor* have had a brief controversial passage in reference to the recent charge of Bishop Kip, in which the latter paper assumed a highly offensive tone, and one singularly out of place, we should think, in a religous journal. Indeed, both the language and the spirit of the *Monitor* in speaking of the *Churchman* and the Episcopal Bishop of this diocese, were grossly discourteous, and not distinguishable from those of the less respectable class of partisan journals in their assaults upon political opponents. Our Roman Catholic fellow citizens are exceedingly sensitive in regard to any disrespectful allusion to their Church or its diguitaries, and their indignation would have been most vehement had any journal in this city ventured to speak of Arch-bishop Allemany in the strain of coarse levity employed by the *Monitor* toward Bishop Kip. Those who are so prompt in resenting offences of this description, ought, one would think, to be guarded in their own conduct. It will scarcely do for persons who are utterly careless of showing courtesy to opponents, to be punctilious in exacting it for themselves.

THE entertainment to be given under the auspices of the Young Men's Christian Association, and for their benefit at Platt's Hall next week, promises to be of an unusually attractive character, besides being a decided novelty. The Association is to be congratulated on their judicious selection of a lady President for the occasion, whose skill and experience in such matters furnish a guaranty that all the arrangements will be conceived in good taste, and carried out with rare executive tact. The whole design, so far as the details have been made known, seems to be quite an original one, entirely out of the beaten track of Fairs and Festivals, which have been so frequent of late as to have become an intolerable bore. Among the novel features of the present entertainment, will be a "Corner Grocery," and an old fashioned "Yankee Tavern" both of which will be "character institutions" in every practicable detail.

THE REV. MR. SAVAGE, of Grass Valley, has charged Mrs. Laura Cuppy with having "in one breath asserted that Jesus Christ was the best and divinest man that ever lived, and in the next, that his whole mission was a humbug and an imposture, and himself a cheat, a hypocrite, and a liar." We are assured that Mrs. Cuppy never used this language, or any of similar import, and we fully credit the denial Mrs. Cuppy is a lady of education and refinement, and has no affinities with the scurrilous and blaspheming class of table-tippers. She denies the divinity of Jesus, but the language in which she presents her views of his character and mission, is scarcely distinguishable from that of Unitarians of the School of Theodore Parker, and it has always been characterized so far as we are informed, by a spirit of reverence and by perfect decorum of expression.

[For the Californian.]

DIGNITY, NO. TWO.

BY PRENTICE.

DIGNITY appertains to some editors. I approach this phase of dignity with trepidation. I am bringing down jugs of wrath upon my head, yet it must be said ; some editors are dignified. Why is this? Why does a remorseless, impelling, unavoidable destiny compel me to write these things? Why am I the victim selected to give expression to certain ideas relative to editorial dignity. I see wo in the futnre. Yet I must write. It is inevitable. I am doomed.

The desire to publish and edit a paper is common to all humanity. Yet have we not all a right to aspire? Certainly. Is mental diminutiveness any bar to aspiration? Certainly not. The frog had a right to try and swell himself to the dimensions of the ox. He had also the right to burst. He did burst. The ox was not harmed. These editors have a right to be dignified. It requires an endless amount of skill, genius and executive power to edit a newspaper. Money is necessary ; but money is not all. Brains are somewhat useful ; but brains are not all. These things are well in their place. But in order to fuse the two into the proper combination, the Great Being, the Figure Head, the Divine Afflatus must be present to sit in the editorial chair, to represent the awful "We," to disburse the cash needful to keep going the machine, cursed with the brains, to entertain visitors, to chat with simple folks and literary people from afar, who retire wondering if that indeed be the God, to say unto Scrub, "Scrub thou art commanded, thou art ridden, the bit is in thy mouth, the saddle on thy back, Scrub there is barley in the manger for the pack-horse who works well in harness, and none for the balky nag, Scrub thou art commanded, Scrub write what things I tell unto the, pull down, build up, praise, blame, traduce, slander, villify, blacken, and tear from thy breast the remnant of that useless rag, conscience."

Yet if the gnat ride the elephant, shall not the gnat be dignified? You are angry my friend at the gnat for its assumption. Why do you look at it? How weak in you thus to be troubled by an insignificant insect though it be a mental blood-sucker. How foolish to be angry at such a grand comedy! Country editors are sometimes dignified. It is natural. Look at the Weekly *Squab*. It is owned and conducted by a man like the rest of us. He had a father and a mother. He was brought up in a civilized land. He was sent to a school. He learned to read, to write, to cipher up to the "Rule of Three." He has buzzed through grammar. He was once proficient in Geographical boundaries. He has trodden carefully on the outskirts of history. He once came near thinking for himself, but while treading upon the verge of an idea he was attacked by Political Partisanship. The malady took deep root. He is Democratic. He is Republican. It matters not. The seed is the same. So is the blossom. He treads three great avennes of thought, and three only, devotion to party, opposition to political opponents, and hostility to the few who think for themselves. The mountain of misty importance, weekly gives birth to the sickly ghost of a mouse. It is the *Squab*. There are five columns of quack advertisements terrible for youthful contemplation. There are the cards of the lawyer, the physician, the dentist. There are the advertisements of the butcher, the baker, the retailer of dry goods and groceries, and the candlestick makers, setting forth their wares, being the literary pabulum of the *Squab* most inviting to the palate of the readers.

But the original matter. Has not this man brains? Yes certainly, thin, frothy, translucent, but nevertheless brains. There they are rubbed over a column and a half of the inside, mixed with the refuse of old ideas, stirred to a paste, with just enough consistency to stick together. I hear a voice ever repeating the same drowsy speech. "Stay in this house. Men built it who could think. We cannot think." And meanwhile the flood is roaring and rising, the timbers creak and groan, the house rocks, even the rats are leaving it and traveling up the mountain side. In the midst of all this commotion, out steps the editor of the *Squab*, complacent and dignified. He deems himself one of the engineers of the flood. He imagines he has over it some control with his puny press. The gods laugh. But the editor of the *Squab* hears them not. All the villagers know him. He is the editor. He receives free tickets to balls, the circus, the menagarie, the comical exhibitions of negro minstrels, the panorama, and the learned pig. He is one of the great men at races and Fourth of July celebrations. It is a mark of honor to be able to "treat" him. No wonder he is dignified.

Dignity is a conspicuous appendage to schoolmasters. It cannot be wondered at. Their profession obliges them to cultivate dignity.

Youth is boisterous. It must be overawed. But you may say, "Spare this useful, inoffensive class of men. They train the youthful mind. Their employment should be regarded with respect." True. I am aware of this. Unhappy being that I am to be compelled to speak thus of the schoolteacher, because I once witnessed the antics of one solitary pedant! If he looked with contempt upon other men because of their inability to pounce like a hawk upon a required rule of grammar or the rule for the proper pronunciation of words of four syllables ending in tion, or give the proper definition of a letter, or tell with exasperatiug correctuess which is the Northernmost cape in Europe, the longest river and the highest mountain in the world, is that any reason why I should regard his brethren as possessed with similar peculiarities? I am astonished at such inconsistency. This man thought nothing could be taught outside of the schoolhouse.

What to him was the forest? A place for runaway boys to go birdnesting. And the brooks and rivers? Places where case hardened urchins fished, bathed, and occasianally got drowned. Nature to him was only legitimate when bound in calf. Wisdom and learning could only be found between book covers. The end and aim of education was more successfully to "get on" in life. Naughty, idle boys died poor. The industrious, studious and good left for the kingdom of Heaven rich, or at least in good circumstances. Yet, how narrow and contracted that mind must be to assume from this that all, or a majority of pedagogues think similarly.

Virtue in this man, lay in grammatical correctness. Vice lay in the improper use of adverbs. Total depravity in substituting the objective for the nominative case.

I did not wish my boy crammed with moral philosophy at the age of eight years. To him I ventured to say this. I knew not the peril of such a course. I trod upon his inflamed dignity. He knew what he was about. Was he not an educator by trade? Had he not taken the dimensions, the depth, the breadth and the capacity of my boy's brain with his square and compass?

He contended that no man could become a good citizen and discharge his duties to himself and to society without a thorough knowledge of algebra. Was not Napoleon a mathematical genius? said he. But I did not want my boy a Napoleon. He looked at me with amazement and contempt, and adjusting his immense burthen of dignity on his back as a pedlar does his pack, strode heavily and majestically away.

There is first class journalistic dignity. There are people who, when walking on stilts, imagine they are above their fellows. Well, are they not? Yes, but the legs are of wood and there may be an assimilating quality of the head. At all events, when these apparent intellectual giants looked up to by Tom, Dick and Harry, with so much awe and reverence, are tripped up by a four line squib, they do seem very ridiculous, especially when they attempt to rise with the stilts still strapped to them.

THE PRICE OF PAINTINGS IN SAN FRANCISCO.—The artists' sale of oil paintings by Duncan & Co., on Friday evening, was largely attended and the entire catalogne sold. The list embraced all of Marple's best pictures and those of Arriola & Denny. Fifty-two paintings were disposed of, the principle ones at the following prices: "Pilot-boat Cruising," by Denny, $22½ ; "North Dome," by Marple, $59 ; Landscape, by Marple, $35 ; "Two Domes," by Marple, $42½ ; "View in Spring Valley," by Marple, $31 ; "Pilot-boat Caleb Curtis Cruising," by Denny, $36; "Job's Peak," by Marple, $56 ; "Volcano," by Arriola, $50 ; "Sly Park," by Marple, $72½ ; "Farallones," by Denny, $22½ ; "Kenilworth Castle," by Arriola, $80 ; "Yosemite Falls," by Marple, $105 ; "Napa Creek," by Marple, $65 ; "Helmet Rock," by Arriola, $150 ; "Coast near Monterey," by Denny, $25 ; "Russian River Valley," by Marple, 2 views at $50 and $55 ; "Mazatlan," by Arriola, $150 ; "North side of Yosemite," by Marple, $57½ ; "Ruins in Italy," by Arriola, $90 ; "Starr King Yosemite," by Marple, $75 ; "Fallen Leaf Lake," by Marple, $40 ; "Scene on the Stanislaus," by Denny, $50 ; 2 heads, "Hits at the Fashions," by Arriola. $25 and $26 ; "El Capitano," by Marple, $32½. The sale footed up over $2,000.

THE Commencement Exercises of the Latin High School will take place this evening, at a quarter before eight o'clock, at Lincoln Hall, corner of Market and fifth streets. Mr. George Easton, who has carried off the "first honor" of his class, will deliver the Valedictory, with an oration on "The Late Struggle." Mr. Melville H. Regensburger, who took the "second honor," pronounces the Latin Salutatory; and orations on "Treason," Ambition," "Julius Cæsar," "American Aristocracy," "Physical Education," and "Classical Studies," will be delivered by Messrs. Frank E. White, Joseph Mee, Charles B. Learned, Sidney Worth, George E. Davis, and Edward Blaney, respectively. The Roll of Honor for the term ending May 6th, 1867, embraces the names of James Lankershim, Jacob Rienstien, Edward Blaney, John L. Scudder, and H. M. Caldwell, in the first grade, and Harrison A. Jones and Joseph C. Rowell, in the second grade.

MISS PITTSINGER'S READING.—Miss Pittsinger gave a reading of origiual and selected articles at the Mechanics' Institute Hall last Wednesday evening. The lady poetess claims our sympathy. She has several times before in this capacity, ventured to entertain the public. It is evident she lacks the assistance and advice of a true friend. Miss Pittsinger's style is rich, striking, and full of originality. A little of it goes a grdat way. She may yet succeed in this vocation, and show another example of the wonders which may be accomplished by patience, boldness and perseveraunce.

ITALIAN OPERA.

SINCE our last review three new operas have been produced—*La Favorita* on Friday and Saturday, *I Martiri* on Monday, and *Il Barbiere di Siviglia* on Wednesday. In *La Favorita*, Mme. Stella Bonheur made a very favorable impression as "Leonora," dressing the character magnificently, acting with great force, and singing the music in a style to which we can offer no objection except in regard to the tremulousness already noticed. She was frequently applauded ; and the duet with Signor Mancusi ("Alphonso") in the second act was *encored* on Friday evening, while that in the last scene with Signor Limberti ("Fernando") excited equal enthusiasm on Saturday. The general effect of the performance was not sufficiently good on either night to merit further notice. *I Martiri* was tolerably well rendered, and the duet between Signorina Brambilla ("Paolina") and Signor Limberti ("Poliuto") in the last act was given with such intensity of voice and action as to receive a unanimous *encore*.

The representation of *Il Barbiere* was a brilliant success, the cast comprising nearly the whole strength of the company. Signorina Brambilla displayed wonderful execution in the florid music assigned to "Rosina," and in the lesson scene she introduced two favorite concert waltzes, which were immensely applauded. Signor Bianchi as "Almaviva," Signor Mancusi as "Figaro," M. Roncovieri as "Dr. Bartolo," and (last but by no means least) Signor Milleri as "Don Basilio," were all unusually excellent ; the orchestra and chorus were good, and the whole performance a thoroughly enjoyable one.

Il Trovatore was played last night for the third time, constituting the final regular performance of a season in which we find much to praise, though we have felt obliged to be severe sometimes in our criticism of details. *Un Ballo in Maschera* will be given this evening as an extra performance. The second seasou is postponed until week after next ; meantime *L' Africaine* and other new operas will be carefully rehearsed, and we may expect a high degree of completeness when they are finally brought before the impatient public.

"MARK TWAIN'S" BOOK.—Our popular California humorist, whose sketches in THE CALIFORNIAN first won an Eastern recognition of his genius, has collected a number of his best pieces in this elegant volume of some one hundred and ninety odd pages. The book embraces, besides the "Jumping Frog," the "Launching of the Steamer *Capital*," better known, perhaps, as the "History of the Traveling Panorama," the "Story of The Little Bad Boy Who Didn't Come to Grief," "Among the Spirits," "Literature In the Dry Diggings," "The Killing of Julius Cæsar Localized," and twenty other pieces in the same vein. The author is too well known to the Californian public to require the introduction, of "John Paul," who somewhat unnecessarily appears in a prefatory "advertisement" as editor of the volume. One of the most characteristic features of "Mark Twain's" humor is the basis of shrewd observation, hard good sense, and keen, yet by no means cynical, perception of the foibles of character, that underlies it, giving it a certain value and significance quite independent of its power to excite the risibilities.

The greater portion of the sketches that compose the present volume appeared originally in THE CALIFORNIAN, but they are not of the ephemeral quality that cannot endure the test of a second reading. The dedication of the book is eminently characteristic, and since it is as brief as it is original in conception and style, we will give it entire. Here it is: "To John Smith, whom I have known in Divers and Sundry Places about the World, and whose many and Manifold Virtues did ever Command my Esteem, I Dedicate this Book. It is said that the man to whom a volume is dedicated, always buys a copy. If this prove true in the present instance, a princely affluence is about to burst upon—The Author."

The book may be obtained at H. H. Bancroft & Co's.

LAST EVENING'S Bulletin, in an article entitled "The Opposition to the People's Movement," evinces some little of that "campaign spirit" which reminds us unpleasantly of the temper that characterized in "early days." Duriug the last few years there has been a noticeable advance in the tone and character of San Francisco journalism. But it is a significant fact that on the eve of every municipal election, a marked retrogade tendency is developed. The passions and prejudices stimulated into activity by political contests, seem to be too strong for the restraints imposed by the laws of journalistic decorum, and in the article alluded to, the *Bulletin* breaks out in the coarse strain which belongs rather to its old traditions than the better reputation which it has earned. "Who is George C. Gorham," it asks, "that the people of San Francisco should take him for a Dictator? What has the cunning little wire-worker from Yuba done to entitle him to the sufferages of this great city?" etc. This is not exactly the style of political "discussion" which the better class of its readers have of late years been accustomed to look for in the *Bulletin*.

escape, as soon almost as the intention was formed, and then he threw himself forwards rapidly in a sort of low trot, his body nearly on the ground, and his nose very close to it. Thus he darted on with more swiftness than could be expected from his creeping position, taking very short but astonishingly quick steps, in an oblique direction, so as to head the bull at the nearest possible point, which he unerringly did, and when he met him he made no noise, and used no force or violence of any kind. It seemed to be quite sufficient that their eyes should meet, for the bull to be rendered helpless and impotent, so far as resistance went—that he felt he *must turn* to avoid the terrible gaze of the tyrant bent upon his distruction, and that he *must* pursue the course which was indicated to him, in order to avoid that gaze which he could not bear to encounter.

Once and only once during that long and, to him, most painful drive, did the poor animal make what might be called a determined effort to resist the tyrannical oppressor. He had been ascending an inclined plane of about a mile in length, and at the top of it there was a sheet of water—one of those inland lakes so frequently found in South Africa, in which are almost as often found the alligator, and, where trees are abundant on the margins of the water, the rhinoceros. It is remarkable that cattle have a sort of instinctive dread of these waters—probably from their being the haunts of the former voracious reptiles—and they will endure great thirst rather than approach them. They seem to have been taught by experience—the most expressive of all teachers—that, although the eye may fail to detect the presence of the lurking monsters, they may be crouched under any bank, and if their hiding place be at one extremity of the lake and the prey at the other, they will run under the water and suddenly seize and drag down a victim before their presence is discovered. On ordinary occasions, no doubt, the bull would have shunned the water before him, but now he, perhaps, felt that no worse enemy could be in it than was behind him. At all events, when the lion bore away to the right to make the animal turn to the left, which was the direct course toward his own den, the bull plunged into the lake with a force that dashed the water into a foam, and proceeded directly across it. I expected the lion would follow; but his tactics were different.

To my surprise, he did not seem much put out of his way by the effort of his captive to escape. I was rejoicing, for I fancied the bull would get off. By "Jove," said I, "he will get away, and I am glad of it."

"He will, by-and-by," said Glenlyon, "but not now. That lion is too well up to his work. See how he bounds round the lake; by the time the bull is across he will head him, and his eyes will draw him out of the water as they drew him out of the herd."

And it was so. The crafty brute went round the bank by a series of bounds till he was opposite the panting creature, when the latter halted and turned to another point, where he hoped to land. In vain—the lion headed him there. After many efforts of a similar nature, all equally unavailing, their eyes must have met, for the bull became suddenly motionless—and then we heard the heavy stroke of the lion's paw upon the earth. It was repeated twice, and the poor bull unresistingly walked ashore, the lion drawing back to induce him to land, and then going on one side, as he had done on the former occasion. Then he got in the rear of his prey and drove him onward as quietly as before.

I could have rushed forward round the head of the lake and shot the brute, at all hazards to myself, so much were my sympathies with the helpless victim; and I should, had not Glenlyon placed his hand on my arm, saying:

"Do not be premature. The journey is drawing to a close. If the lion were killed here, we might have more difficulty with the lioness; we might not be able to draw her out, and we have no torches to go in to her; besides, there are but two things which can be well done in haste, and lion-killing is not one of them. When you catch fleas or run away from the cholera, you must use haste; but a hasty aim at a lion so crafty as that fellow is, would end far worse for you than him. So be quiet, and take things coolly. When he gets his prey to his own door, and his wife comes out to see what he has brought home, I shall perceive the right moment to begin, and you may be sure I will not neglect it. If I miss, then you may do your very best to correct my error; but remember once for all, a lion at close quarters is a dangerous beast to encounter, and no man is fit to meet him whose pulse rises half a beat above the ordinary number. Count your pulse, and tell me how fast it is going now."

I felt the indirect reproof. My heart was bumping audibly. With the best grace I could, I replied: "You are quite right, Glenlyon; I am not so cool as a man should be with an enemy like that. I shall never make a hunter."

After the attempt I have described, the poor bull made no other; he seemed to resign himself to his fate, whatever and however dreadful that might be, and, in truth, to his instincts it must have been a fearful one.

About three quarters of an hour from the time we left the lake the high rocks loomed darkly in our sight. No longer resisting, but hopeless and desponding, the bull hung his head droopingly, and moved on listlessly, he cared not whither, in whatever direction his grim follower intimated. Arrived at the foot of the boulders, the lion gave a roar that almost shook the rocks themselves, and the hapless victim sank forward on his knees, from which he with difficulty arose, and stood quivering with terror. He had scarcely risen when the lioness rushed out to the opening at the head of the boulders, in haste to view the spoil to be laid at her feet. The sight of another enemy in front of him caused the bull to shrink backwards, but a roar from the foe behind him caused him to stand, or rather to totter, while the vapor rose from his body profusely, and he uttered moans so despairing, so acutely expressive of his agonies, that I could scarcely bear to hear them, I felt my eyes growing moist, I own, when I found the hand of Glenlyon upon my left shoulder, and heard him whisper:

"Look to your caps; tell Ilitchj to do the same. You and he are too excited to aim truly, but I may want your roer and his rifle. Have both your knives out ready, if I should break my own. I shall abridge the tortures of that poor beast. The moment I get the two lions' heads in line, I fire. All I ask *you* to do is to hand me your roer *then*, and to load mine; plenty of powder and one bolt, as you saw me put in mine—a charge and half of powder. Now, God bless you! Here goes?"

He left me and walked up behind the lion till he could see the glare of the lioness' eyes between his ear-tips, when he knelt. She had not yet left the spot where she first stopped to look on the prey. Up went the roer slowly—bang! I could hear no crash; if there were any, it too closely followed the heavy report of the roer to be distinguished; but I knelt down to look beneath the smoke: the lion was on his knees, quivering.

The Kaffir had picked up part of a phrase in common use among our men: "His goose is cooked," and he now said to me, "Gooce cook—moosch big prophet—iz—cook gooce moosch well."

As he spoke, another "bang" was heard, and I saw the lioness leap and fall down among the boulders, where she rolled and struggled violently—now up, then down—on her side, fighting at the huge stones which she sent rolling against others—on her back, all her feet fighting with the air, and sending forth frightful yells that drew many eagles out of the rocks—in the hope of a banquet, probably—and their screams, joined to her unearthly shrieks, and the shrill cries of the vultures, made a deafening confusion of sounds in which our voices could not be heard.

I sprang forward to hand my roer to Glenlyon, who took it quite coolly, and drawing his tomahaac, went on to the lion, merely saying, "His appetite is spoiled, and his lady is very ill, I think." Using my night-glass, I could see the lion laid still till Glenlyon got up to him, when he moved, but as rapid as the lightning, the tomahaac swung round and was buried in his brains. Then he went on to the bull, and considerately turned his head round toward me. The animal caught sight of his dead foe, and seemed to comprehend that he was powerless to harm him, for he walked, or, more properly, reeled past him, and came on toward me, from whom, but a few hours before, he would have fled; and when at my side, he stood, panting, and with heaving flanks, between me and Ilitchj, each stroke of his heart being loudly heard, and large tears rolling down his face.

Anxious for Glenlyon, I hastily patted our new friend, as he stood trembling, and turned to go to see what the lioness was about. I might have spared myself the anxiety. Glenlyon had settled her earthly accounts for her, and was coolly walking back to me, and wiping his hunting-knife with some grass he had torn up. His first words when he came up were:

"Ilitchj, take that poor beast into the place where the coh is, and let him drink; the fever of terror must be quenched, or he will sink down, and we shall have difficulty in raising him. He has suffered enough for one night. Take in a light, and that branch of the ash you brought with you, for fear of snakes."

Then he turned to me saying:

"I think I have been very economical in the matter of powder to-night. I happened to make impressions in the right places for once."

A result of this night's work was, that a young man who was undergoing punishment upon the charge of stealing a cow, supported by merely circumstantial evidence, was set free. He had ever asserted his innocence, but there was no proof that a lion had slaughtered an animal on the spot, and no one supposed a lion capable of being his own "drover;" although imprints of a lion's feet were plainly seen. The facts here narrated created a doubt, of which the prisoner had the benefit; he was "pardoned," never having committed the crime, in truth!

I may add, that in this, as in all cases, extreme terror had effectually tamed the wild bull. He followed us back to the camp like a dog, seeming to fear every bush was a lion.

—*Temple Bar.*

The most troublesome fools are those who have some wit.

[CONCLUSION OF "THE PLAINTIFF NONSUITED."]

tion, and endeavoring to impress upon her the necessity I felt of maintaining my professional honor stainless, and above suspicion even. This came back indorsed, 'Riley *versus* Wolfe. The plaintiff nonsuited.'

"'The visible tracks of my respected would-be father in law,' I said, examining the note closely forother writing, but there was nothing else to be found.

"I admired spirit, when it *was* spirit, instead of impertinence, selfishness, or some other small sin; but I certainly did not admire Wakefield, and he was now Fanny's suitor. If I could not gain her for myself, I felt bound to save her from him, and went to work for that purpose.

"The chief obstacle to all my plans was the old gentleman, who seemed to be hastening matters to a crisis. I heard that Fanny was soon to become Mrs. Wakefield.

"I had kept up a correspondence with Benway in the Phillips and Lockshaw matter, and had learned from his last letter that Wells & Co. owned a branch store up the country farther, which was filled with goods, and they were doing finely.

"I immediately sent a legal acquaintance to Mr. Wolfe, with instructions to offer him a thousand dollars for the Well's claim, which was gladly accepted, for the Phillips and Lockshaw suit had been compromised for ten thousand dollars, and it was supposed that Wells & Co. could not pay one per cent. to any other claimant.

"I forwarded the notes to Benway, with instructions to attach the new store of goods, if possible, and then compromise for twelve thousand dollars—intending to lower the demand to six thousand, if necessary.

"In reply, I received a letter from Benway, telling me if I would take ten thousand dollars down, he would send me a draft for that. In two weeks the draft came for ten thousand dollars, less exchange, and I enclosed it to Mr. Wolfe, duly indorsed over to him by me, with my compliments.

"He came to my office, but I was out; he went to my hotel, and I was out; but he found me on the street.

"I bowed to him coldly and was passing on, for I knew my man, but he grasped my hand, and said; 'My dear Riley I beg your pardon. I have not done you justice. But the fact is, that Wisconsin loss almost ruined me. It would have ruined me, I believe, if this draft had not come just as it did. It's your money, Riley, and I would not take it under any other circumstances, or now, even, only on condition that I may pay it back when I get my matters straightened up, and collections made.'

"'I'm glad to hear, sir, that it has helped you so much,' said I. 'The money is yours, of course. Good morning, sir,' and I attempted to pass on.

"'But I cannot permit this, Riley,' said, he impulsively; 'you must come over to dinner.'

"I made some lame excuse, but he insisted.

"'We shall all expect you,' he said, 'for to tell the truth, Riley, we have been gloomy enough of late—Fanny particularly. My financial difficulties depressed the whole household. Come to dinner to-morrow.'

"I nodded, having suddenly become a little too much choked up to talk much, and walked away.

"I went there at the appointed time, of course, for Wolfe always had one acceptable thing at his table, and that was good-humor. He was princely at his repasts. At first we felt formal, but it wouldn't do; we broke down, and presently found our old selves again. She is engaged to Wakefield, and I was too much of a gentleman to be otherwise than jolly over it—so very merry, indeed, that she didn't seem to like it.

"She had expected sentimental sighs, sheep's eyes, allusions to old times, and such things. But the old gentleman poured forth a deluge of fun, and I joined him in increasing the good feeling. I have since been confidentially informed that I was never so brilliant in my life—in fact, perfectly fascinating! I went there regularly to dinner, and often met Wakefield, whose day of destiny was drawing near. They were to be married in a month—that was fixed. I learned afterwards that it had been adjourned over a short time, and I couldn't find out the reason. So I went up to Mr. Wolfe's house and settled Mr. C. Wakefield at one blow.

"Gentlemen, I couldn't help it. There is a statue against cruelty to animals, and he was suffering.

"It is a peculiarity of mine, perhaps, that, when a case is decided against me, I bear no ill-will: and when it is *for* me, I always pity my opponent, Therefore it was, that, 'as a man and a brother' lawyer I felt sorry for poor Wakefield when Fanny entered on her docket, 'Wakefield *versus* Wolfe. The plaintiff nonsuited.'

"But my grief was transient, for in that case, as in all cases against her, I was then, and still remain, the defendant's attorney, in fact and in law."—*Atlantic Monthly.*

The most reluctant slave to vice that we ever saw was a poor fellow who had his fingers in one.

Be temperate in diet. Our first parents ate themselves out of house and home.

ABSCONDED!—The wife whose husband supposed she had absconded was freely forgiven, when he found she had only been down to the NEW YORK PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY to see HOWLAND, and get one dozen of those beautiful Card Pictures, THE BEST ever made in this city. Come early, if you want to get a sitting. Remember the Place—Nos. 25 and 27 Third street, east side, near Market street. B. F. HOWLAND, Artist.

MAYER'S BAZAAR.—R. Mayer offers at his Bazaar, corner Pine and Montgomery streets, the greatest variety of jewelry, watches, silver plated ware, guitars, music boxes; concertinas, accordeons, opera glasses, etc., etc., to the public of San Francisco, and to the country trade, at prices that defy competition, and is determined to close out his present stock at greatly reduced rates. His heavy case silver watches from the American Watch Company are superior to anything ever before offered to the public. These watches are taking the place of heavy gold watches from the fact that the workmanship is superior, the casings pure silver, and the prices low. The sale of these watches is very extensive on the Pacific coast. Another proof that American manufactures can beat the world. The works are made of platina and never get out of repair. French opera glasses of great power for sale or hire, and all kinds of musical instruments, eight day family clocks, etc. This is a rare chance to invest your money to advantage, at Mayer's Bazaar, southeast corner of Montgomery and Pine streets.

N. B.—An immense assortment of Japanese curiosities for sale.

WAGONS.

MILLS & EVANS, IMPORTERS OF THOROUGH-BRACE Wagons, light express, two and three spring Wagons, suitable for milk-men and furniture dealers, and others wishing light and durable Wagons. Their Wagons are made expressly for the California market, and Mills & Evans' is the only firm which receives Wagons from the celebrated manufactory of A. W. Sanborn & Co., Manchester, N. H. This latter firm stands A No. 1 in the east, and their wagons have stood the test of our California climate, and are sold by Mills & Evans fifty per cent. lower than any other establishment on the Pacific coast. Call and examine their Wagons, at No. 587 Market street, opposite the Metropolitan market. *

MEDICAL.—"YOUNG MAN'S FRIEND AND PROTECTOR," an Association for beneficent objects, Young men should inform themselves in relation to it, and by applying to, the ACTUARY, Dr. Bourne, 10 Masonic Temple, Post street, they will be furnished with Prospectus.

☞ WONDERFUL BUT TRUE.—MADAME REMINGton, the world-renowned Astrologist and Somnambulistic Clairvoyant, while in a clairvoyant state, delineates the very features of the person you are to marry, and by the aid of an instrument of inteuse power, known as the Psychomotrope, guarantees to produce a perfect and life like picture of the future husband or wife of the applicant, with date of marriage, occupation, leading traits of character, etc. This is no imposition, as testimonials without number can assert. By stating place of birth, age, disposition, color of eyes and hair, and enclosing fifty cents and stamped envelope addressed to yourself, you will receive the picture by return mail, together with desired information.

Address in confidence, MADAME GERTRUDE REMINGTON, P. O. Box 297, West Troy, N. Y.

MEDICAL ADVICE.

DR. WM. K. DOHERTY'S Medical and Surgical Institute is becoming a *sine qua non* to the welfare of our State and health of our citizens; and his rapidly spreading reputation, although it may excite surprise, is but the signal of skill, and follows as the natural effect of such a cause. We are personally acquainted with gentlemen who had suffered for years under chronic disease, and who had taken advantage of every available means that promised relief, but without success, until they called upon Dr. Doherty, who, in an incredibly short space of time, has given them entire relief. It is gratifying to announce this fact, because the Doctor is a gentleman who seeks, not by defamation of others, to establish his reputation, or to rear the superstructure of his own upon the ruin of another's fame. The Doctor conducts his Institute in a manner that must be gratifying to all his patients. He examines, hears, advises, and recommends, without charge, and the patient, after hearing his terms for treatment, can accept or reject at pleasure. In no case does the Doctor make a charge unless he effects a cure. This he is able to do, because he feels the confidence which long experience has given, and no doubt the consolation which appertains to that confidence. Persons afflicted with either acute or chronic disease, would do well to consult the Doctor; at all events, it can do no harm, as for consultation he asks no fee; nor does he insist on obedience to his advice unless the patient places himself under his care. His offices are on Sacramento street, opposite the Pacific Mail Steamship office.—*San Francisco News.*

BROOKLYN HOTEL,

1852. SAN FRANCISCO. **1866.**

The Proprietor of the above-named Hotel wishes to inform his patrons and the Travelling Public that he has opened that elegant Brick Fireproof Hotel, on the

S. E. Corner of Pine and Sansome streets,

With all the modern conveniences attached to it.

Gas and water are supplied throughout the House. The Rooms are well ventilated, and the Public will find in this Hotel all the comforts of a home. The Hotel is spacious, and well adapted for the use of Families. Suits of Rooms can be had on reasonable terms.

A Large Reading Room is attached to the Hotel,

Containing 500 Volumes of Standard Works,

Which is entirely for the use of patrons.

THE CITY COACH, with the name of the Hotel on it, will be in readiness at the Wharf, on the arrival of each steamer, to convey passengers and baggage to the Hotel, free of charge. JOHN KELLY, Jr., Proprietor.

WM. O. BREYFOGLE.

(Successor to WARE & MOSHER,)

NO. 26 CALIFORNIA STREET,

Manufacturer and Dealer in

SASH, DOORS, BLINDS & SHUTTERS,

From Kiln-Dried Lumber—at the Lowest Rates.

Orders from the country will receive prompt attention

BOYS! BOYS! BOYS!

NOW IS THE TIME

H. M. LOCKWOOD & CO.,

New No. 624) CLAY STREET, (Old No

Have received a Large Stock of

GENTS' AND BOYS' CLOTHING

—AND—

FURNISHING GOODS,

Which they are selling

AT VERY LOW PRICES.

Every Garment warranted. All are invited to call examine our goods.

H. M. LOCKWOOD & CO.

624 Clay street, San Francisco.

RADICAL CURE TRUSSES!

LADIES' SUPPORTERS

Shoulder Braces, etc.,

FITTED, AND RELIEF WARRANTED

AT

GEORGE TIEMAN'S & CO.'S

NEW YORK BRANCH

Surgical and Dental Instrument Depot,

No. 218 MONTGOMERY STREET, San Francisco, Cal.,

(Opposite the Russ' House,)

J. H. A. FOLKERS. Sole Agent.

Also keeps Ear Trumpets for the Deaf, Elastic Stockings for Enlarged Veins, etc., Bannsheidt's Rheumatism Instrument, Magentic Electro Machines, etc.

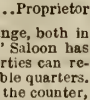
MARTIN'S RESTAURANT,

623 COMMERCIAL STREET

Above Montgomery. Meals at all hours. The best of Wines, Oysters, Game, and all the delicacies of the season always on hand. Private Saloons up stairs for Dinner and Supper Parties. LEON DINGEON, Proprietor.

CALIFORNIA

COFFEE AND DINING SALOON,



(Formerly the German Coffee Saloon,)

NOS. 612 AND 614 MONTGOMERY STREET,

Between Clay and Merchant, San Francisco.

J. R. REAGAN.....Proprietor

This house has undergone a thorough change, both in MANAGEMENT and PRICES. A fine Ladies' Saloon has been fitted up in the rear, where private parties can receive every attention in the most comfortable quarters. We also keep lunch hot on chafing dishes at the counter, including the finest of Pastry, where customers can be served quickly and satisfactorily.

French Breakfasts and Dinners, with Wine, continued

A. BONZI & CO.,

Italian Restaurant,

515 Merchant street, opposite Washington Market, between Montgomery and Sansome streets, San Francisco.

MEALS, WITH WINE, 50 CENTS.

THE CHOICEST COMMODITIES OF THE Market served up in the best style of Italian and French cookery.

On the second floor are numerous private rooms, for social or private DINNER PARTIES. Coffee, Chocolate, Wine, Beer, Liqueurs, with every description of edible accompaniments, served to order at any hour of the day or evening.

REMOVED

To 645 Clay street, a few doors below Kearny.

DR BLAKE CAN NOW BE FOUND AT the above location. Engagements as usual can be made with all those who desire thorough and FIRST-CLASS GOLD FILLINGS.

Lamott's Hat Emporium

IS THE PLACE TO GET A FASHIONABLE

HAT OR CAP,

AND AT PRICES 25 PER CENT. LESS THAN ANY OTHER HOUSE IN THIS CITY.

Do not fail to have one of

LAMOTT'S HATS!

CORNER PINE AND MONTGOMERY STREETS.

WALTER S. PIERCE,

Manufacturer and Importer of

PIANO-FORTES.

FACTORY AND WAREROOM, NO. 536 MARKET Street, opposite Second.

☞ PIANOS TO RENT.☜

WALTER S. PIERCE'S

Piano Manufactory

Is the most complete on the Pacific Coast, having every appliance of machinery for Making or REPAIRING Pianos to be found in the largest Eastern Factories.

Old Pianos converted into new, by putting in new interior mechanism complete.

THE FAMOUS

PIANOS

OF

Chickering & Son

Have received the endorsement of all the leading Artists of Europe and America. Testimonials to be seen at the Agent's.

Pianos to rent, from $5 to $10. Tuning free.

KOHLER, CHASE & CO.,

421 Montgomery street.

TOWNE & BACON,

Book and Job Printers,

Have the Largest Office,

Do the most work,

And do it better

Than other offices

536 In this City,

Try them

With a Job,

And you will be

Satisfied the above

Statements are facts.

Their office is at 536

Clay St., below Montgom'y,

Over Pacific Fruit Market.

EDWARD BOSQUI & CO.,

PRINTERS,

And Blank Book Manufacturers,

517 CLAY STREET,

Between Montgomery and Sansome Sts.,

SAN FRANCISCO.

STERETT & CUBERY,

PRINTERS,

533 *Clay street, San Francisco.*

B. F. STERETT - - - - - - - WM. M. CUBERY

We are prepared to execute in a prompt and satisfactory manner, all kinds of Book, Job and Card Printing; also, Blank Books manufactured and Paper Ruled to order.

FOR POSTERS, HANDBILLS,

AND

Show Work of All Kinds,

GO TO THE

COMMERCIAL PRINTING HOUSE

OF

FRANCIS & VALENTINE,

517 Clay street, and 510, 512 and 514 Commercial street.

DO YOU WANT ANY

PRINTING?

IF YOU DO, GO TO

411 CLAY STREET,

BETWEEN SANSOME AND BATTERY.

PRINTING OF EVERY DESCRIPTION DONE ON short notice and in the best style, by

M. D. CARR & CO.

San Francisco Mill.

HOBBS, GILMORE & CO.,

MANUFACTURERS OF

BOXES,

Market Street, between Beale and Main,

SAN FRANCISCO.

For Sale, Mahogany, Spanish Cedar, and other Fancy Woods.

D. A. MACDONALD, J. H. MACDONALD, } { J. MCGILL, H. CHIPMAN.

D. A. MACDONALD & CO.,

SAWING AND PLANING MILLS,

AND MANUFACTURERS OF

DOORS, SASHES, BLINDS AND MOULDINGS,

Corner of Market and Beale Streets,

SAN FRANCISCO.

Finishing Work for Buildings constantly on hand, and got up to order.

W. N. MILLER.....J. F. HALEY.

MILLER & HALEY,

EMPIRE STEAM MILLS,

NO. 29 FREMONT STREET,

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SASH, BLIND, DOOR AND MOULDING FACTORY.

PIONEER IRON SHUTTER WORKS.

Established 1849.

John Upstone,

MANUFACTURER OF FIRE-PROOF

Doors and Shutters,

Bank Vaults, Balconies, Gratings, Prison Cells, Awnings, Stairs, Iron Fence, etc.,

Corner of California and Drumm Streets,

SAN FRANCISCO.

Constantly on hand a large assortment of second hand Fire-Proof Doors and Shutters.

I. H. SMALL,

Machine Shop,

BUILDER OF

Steam Engines, Saw Mills, Mining Machinery,

Also, I. H. Small's Patent Boot Screwing Machine.

Gears of all kinds Cut at Short Notice,

And at Greatly Reduced Prices.

Repairing of all kinds done with Promptness and Dispatch.

Corner of Market and Beale Streets,

SAN FRANCISCO.

J. O. HANSCOM. H. S. SMITH. } HANSCOM & CO { T. PENDERGAST. W. W. HANSCOM.

Etna Iron Works!

S. E. corner Fremont and Tehama Streets, San Francisco,

Practical Machinists and Iron Founders,

MANUFACTURE

STEAM ENGINES,

QUARTZ-MILL MACHINERY OF ALL KINDS, SAW-MILLS, FLOUR-MILLS,

Dunbar's Improved Self-Adjusting

PISTON PACKING,

Now so extensively used in the East and in this State Requires no springs or screws; is always steam-tight; without excessive friction, and never gets slack or leaky

HANSCOM'S CRUSHER,

The best of the kind now in use in this State or anywhere else. All kinds of GRINDERS and AMALGAMATORS made to order. Manufactures a of the new Prospecting Quartz-Mills, consisting of Boiler, Engine, 2-stamp Battery and Grinding and Amalgamating Pan, complete, for working from one ton per day upwards. Drawings are furnished with each of these mills, so that any competent engineer can set it up in running order in two days' time.

TYLER'S IMPROVED WATER-WHEEL,

Giving greater power at lower cost than any wheel in use. Send for one of our circulars giving full tables.

All Wheels warranted to give the Power as set forth, or the money will be refunded.

SOLE MAKERS FOR THIS COAST OF THE "PENDERGAST WHITE IRON STAMP SHOES AND DIES."

None genuine unless obtained from us. Every one warranted.

Patented Machinery of all kinds will be furnished by us at market prices. Particular attention given to drawings and specifications of machinery, which will be made to order. The patronage of the public is respectfully solicited.

☞ Particular attention paid to HOUSE WORK and ORNAMENTAL CASTINGS.

THEODORE KALLENBERG,

No. 416 Market street, - - - San Francisco,

Machinist,

Maker of Models for Inventors, Drawing Instruments, Small Machines, Philosophical Instruments, Scales and Weights, all kinds of Brass and Iron Work.

REPAIRING PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

THE CALIFORNIA

Building and Savings Bank,

CALIFORNIA ST., ONE DOOR FROM SANSOME.

Capital and Deposits, - - - - - $600,000

WHICH IS LOANED ON PROPERTY.

LOANS MADE on CITY REAL ESTATE, HOUSES, SHIPS, FACTORIES AND MERCHANDISE.

Deposits received at one per cent. per month.

Money transmitted from the interior, by Express or Mail, passed to interest from the day of arrival, and a Certificate returned in course of post.

Strangers may deposit Bonds, Gold Dust, Coin, or Valuable Papers in the Vault, for long or short periods, at a small rent, for which valuables the Company will be accountable. THOMAS MOONEY, President.

CANTY & WAGNER,

(SUCCESSORS TO J. REGAN,)

113 *Montgomery street, bet. Bush and Sutter.*

N B—All candies sold by us are warranted to be manufactured from Stewart's double refined Sugar, and to be equal to any manufactured in the State. Country merchants solicited to examine our stock and prices. Goods delivered to any part of the city free of charge.

JAMES C. PARKINSON JOHN J. MAHONEY.

PARKINSON & MAHONEY,

GILDERS AND MANUFACTURERS

—OF—

LOOKING-GLASS AND PICTURE FRAMES,

No. 333 Kearny street, between Pine and Bush, San Francisco. All kinds of Oval Frames. Lithographs and Engravings kept constantly on hand. Pictures cleaned and varnished. Old Frames regilt.

Adams, Dentist, 423 Montgomery

THE LOVE OF GOLD.

A STORY OF CRIME, BUT NOT OF THE DARKEST DYE.

CHAPTER I.—THE EVIL COUNSELOR.

It was in an evil moment that she listened to his suggestions. But, alas, she was scarcely mistress of her actions when his evil counsels prevailed.

She sat alone in her quiet boudoir. Her hands were clasped in agony as she rocked to and fro, murmuring to herself. What is it that she whispers?

"Gold—gold! O yes, it must be gold!"

The next day she left her home—but not forever! No, only for an hour or so.

CHAPTER II.—A PICTURE OF HOME.

They had been very—very happy, she and her Algernon, the husband of her choice. Three darling children had blest their union, and they had a villa at Bayswater.

Every night when he returned from the Money Market, where had a stall and drove a brisk trade, he drew her toward him, and she leaned on his shoulder until her raven tresses mingled with the tawny beard that flowed over his manly bosom and the intervening white waistcoat.

But that might never—never be again!

CHAPTER III.—A SAD CHANGE.

She flew homeward with a guilty conscience! She scarce dared to meet the gaze of the domestic who opened the door. That domestic started, uttering a smothered "O, my!" But she heeded not. She flew up sairs to the nursery, and clasped her children to her palpitating bosom.

The little creatures struggle to get away from her. The baby went into convulsions. They did not recognize her as their mother. Wringing her hands wildly, she fled down stairs. Algernon had just returned. She met him in the passage—trembling, half fainting. He looked at her coldly and passed her by.

She tumbled down flat on the door mat!

And why was this?

Why? Because her evil counselor, the hairdresser, had prevailed on her to have her hair bleached to the fashionable yellow, to be sure; and, of course, it did not become her.

At a Sabbath school "concert," held in one of the prettiest towns in Western New York, a portion of the exercises consisted in each scholar repeating a verse of Scripture, in which should be found the word love. When it came to the turn of Miss J——, a beautiful lady of eighteen, and "in the market," she was unprepared with the answer; but before the exercises were concluded, she remarked to her teacher that she had found the verse. It was: "I love those who love me, and those who seek me early shall find me." Excellent girl that!

A Sad Case for the Underwriters.—A wreck of a woman with a cataract in her eye, a waterfall on the back of her head, a creek in her back, forty springs in her hooped skirt, and high-tied shoes on.

Hearts, the best card in the chance game of matrimony; sometimes overcome by diamonds and knaves; often won by tricks; and occasionally treated in a shuffling manner, and then cut altogether.

The difference between Whittier's new poem and a Massachusetts' schoolmarm is, that while one is "The Tent on the Beach," the other is bent on the teach.

Millinery and Head-Dresses.—Mrs Winship has just received, per last steamer, the latest Parisian Millinery Goods and Laces for HEAD-DRESS, consisting in part of Breakfast Caps, Point Application, Lace Vallenciennes, and the Widow's Rooche, worn by the crown heads of Europe, and the only first imported to the Pacific Coast. Queen Emma, while here, replenished her wardrobe from the stock then and now on hand, at MRS WINSHIP, No. 23 Post Street, under the Mechanics' Institute. Through the influence of Queen Emma, Mrs Winship has filled quite a number of orders for the foreign population of Honolulu. The ladies of San Francisco should call and examine these beautiful Goods, by which means they will secure the Latest Fashionable Styles.

What's the Matter?—In passing through Third street yesterday, we saw crowds of people entering a building a few doors below Market street, and we inquired of a passer-by what's the matter? He answered that they were going to have their pictures taken in the NEW YORK PHOTOGRAPHIC GALLERY, and the cause of the rush was that this took the best and cheapest pictures in the city; the inducement must be much to draw so big a crowd from Montgomery and the other streets in the northern part of the city.

THE GREAT

New England Remedy!

DR. J. W. POLAND'S

White-Pine Compound,

IS NOW OFFERED TO THE AFFLICTED THROUGHout the country, after having been proved by the test of eleven years in the New England States, where its merits have become as well known as the tree from which, in part, it derives its virtues.

THE WHITE-PINE COMPOUND CURES:

Sore Throat, Colds, Coughs, Diptheria, Bronchitis, Spitting of Blood, and Pulmonary Affections generally. It is a remarkable Remedy for Kidney Complaints, Diabetes, Difficulty of Avoiding Urine, Bleeding from the Kidneys and Bladder, Gravel, and other Complaints. For Piles and Scurvy it will be found very valuable.

Give it a Trial, if you would learn the value of a Good and Tried Medicine.

It is pleasant, safe and sure. Sold by all Druggists and Dealers in Medicine generally.

HOSTETTER, SMITH & DEAN,
401 and 403 Battery Street, cor. Clay, San Francisco

MASONIC TEMPLE,
Montgomery and Post streets, San Francisco.

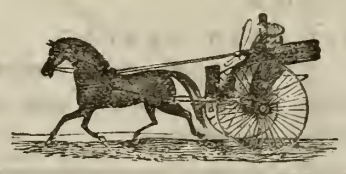
TO THE SICK!

Cures Without Medicines.

Experience of 25 years [15th (1866) in San Francisco,] enables DR. BOURNE to Guarantee Cures! He performs all he promises—more, if possible. Consultations Free. Call or send for circulars.

10 MASONIC TEMPLE, POST STREET.

P. A. FINIGAN'S



NORFOLK STABLES,

ELLIS STREET, BETWEEN POWELL AND MASON,
SAN FRANCISCO.
THE FINEST STABLE KNOWN IN AMERICA.

Horses, Buggies, and all kinds of Carriages to let on reasonable terms. Particular attention paid to boarding horses. Ladies' and Gentlemen's Saddle Horses always on hand. P. A. FINIGAN, Proprietor.

BEDDING AND FURNITURE,
LIVE GEESE FEATHERS,
DOWNY PULU, CURLED HAIR, MOSS, AND WOOL MATTRESSES.
—ALSO—

The sole right to manufacture Fuller's Patent Spiral Spring Mattresses, admitted by everybody to be the best, more durable, more elastic, and cheaper than the old style Spring Beds.

A full assortment of Furniture, Sheeting, Blankets, etc., at extremely low prices, for cash.

JACOB SCHREIBER,
Nos. 121 and 123 Sansome street, between Bush and Pine, San Francisco.

W. E. GOLDSMITH,
Practical Card and Seal Engraver,
AND PLATE PRINTER,
No. 505 Montgomery street, over Tucker's.

HOAGLAND & NEWSOM,
ARCHITECTS,
Southwest corner Sacramento and Kearny streets,
SAN FRANCISCO.

AMERICAN HOTEL,
Main street, . . . Petaluma.
EMERSON & LAMBERTON, Proprietors.

MOYNIHAN & AITKIN,

Portland Boiler Works,

311 AND 313 MISSION STREET,
Between Beale and Fremont streets, San Francisco.

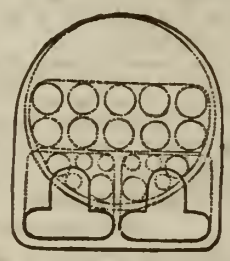
Manufacturers of Steam Boilers, high or low pressure—Cylinder, Tubular or Flue; Sheet Iron Work; Steam and Water Pipe of the best quality, and at more reasonable prices than any other establishment on the Pacific Coast.

Being Practical Boiler Makers, of long experience, confining our whole time and attention to our branch of business, and having enlarged our works, and also added the most improved tools in the country, we are enabled to turn out Boilers more expeditiously than any other establishment on the Pacific Coast—using none but the best quality and brands of Boiler and Sheet Iron and Boiler Tubes. Those in want of anything in the above line will do well to give us a call. Orders from the country will receive prompt attention.

All work warranted according to order. Particular attention paid to Repairing Steam Boilers.

T. J. MOYNIHAN,
JAS. AITKEN, } Proprietors.

NEPTUNE IRON WORKS.



Corner Mission and Fremont streets, San Francisco.

MARINE, LOCOMOTIVE AND ALL KINDS OF
HIGH-PRESSURE STEAM BOILERS
Manufactured.

The proprietor imports his own C. H. and B. Iron across the Isthmus, and Tubes of every size. Other parties can never block the market. He has made arrangements with the best houses in the East to furnish him with everything in the shape of Iron he wants.

All Boilers guaranteed and tested by U. S. Boiler Inspector before they are sent out of the shop, at my expense. ☞ All kinds of Sheet Iron and Water Pipe, Coal Oil Stills, Wrought Iron Worms, etc., manufactured to order. OLD BOILERS REPAIRED.

D. CAMERON.

PIONEER IRON SHUTTER WORKS.

Established 1849.

John Upstone,
MANUFACTURER OF FIRE-PROOF
Doors and Shutters,
Bank Vaults, Balconies, Gratings, Prison Cells, Awnings, Stairs, Iron Fence, etc,
Corner of California and Drumm Streets,
SAN FRANCISCO.

Constantly on hand a large assortment of accond hand Fire Proof Doors and Shutters.

I. H. SMALL,

Machine Shop,

BUILDER OF
Steam Engines, Saw Mills, Mining Machinery,
Also, I. H. Small's Patent Boot Screwing Machine.
Gears of all kinds Cut at Short Notice,
And at Greatly Reduced Prices.
Repairing of all kinds done with Promptness and Dispatch.
Corner of Market and Beale Streets,
SAN FRANCISCO.

J. O. HANSCOM, D. S. SMITH. } HANSCOM & CO { T. PENDERGAST, W. W. HANSCOM.

Etna Iron Works!

S. E. corner Fremont and Tehama Streets, San Francisco,
Practical Machinists and Iron Founders,
MANUFACTURE
STEAM ENGINES,
QUARTZ-MILL MACHINERY OF ALL KINDS, SAW-MILLS, FLOUR-MILLS,
Dunbar's Improved Self-Adjusting
PISTON PACKING,
Now so extensively used in the East and in this State Requires no springs or screws; is always steam-tight; without excessive friction, and never gets slack or leaky

HANSCOM'S CRUSHER,

The best of the kind now in use in this State or anywhere else. All kinds of GRINDERS and AMALGAMATORS made to order. Manufacturers of the new Prospecting Quartz-Mills, consisting of Boiler, Engine, 2-stamp Battery and Grinding and Amalgamating Pan, complete, for working from one ton per day upwards. Drawings are furnished with each of these mills, so that any competent engineer can set it up in running order in two days' time.

TYLER'S IMPROVED WATER-WHEEL,

Giving greater power at lower cost than any wheel in use. Send for one of our circulars giving full tables.

All Wheels warranted to give the Power as set forth, or the money will be refunded.

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☞ Particular attention paid to HOUSE WORK and ORNAMENTAL CASTINGS.

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Townsend & Wyneken, 405 California.

AUCTIONEERS.
Cobb & Sinton, 407 California street.

BALL AND RACKET COURT.
Thomas Kelly, 846 Howard street.

BILLIARD SALOONS.
A. B. Brown, 328 Montgomery street.

BOWLING ALLEYS.
Wholers & Steil, Pine and Montgomery, (Russ House.)

BOOKS.
E. F. Arnold, 538 Market street near Montgomery.
A. Roman & Co., 417 and 419 Montgomery street.

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Wentworth, Hohart & Co. (wholesale manufac.) 210 Pine

CARPETS.
P. F. Loughran & Co., 407 Sansome street.

CLOTHING.
H. M. Lockwood & Co., 624 Clay street.
J. R. Mead & Co., corner Montgomery and Bush streets
William Sherman, 412 Sansome, corner Commercial.
Quincy Hall, 545, 547, and 549 Washington street.

COAL OIL, LAMPS, ETC.
Dell, Cranna & Co. (wholesale) 513 Front street.
A. C. Dietz & Co., (wholesale,) 521 Front street.

DENTISTS.
Dr. Blake, removed to 645 Clay street.
Dr. Wm. B. McAllister, removed 18 Third street.
N. T. Whitcomb, 205 Third, near Howard.

DANCING ACADEMY.
Coghill's, Congress Hall, Bush, above Montgomery.
Fuller & McCarthy, 727 Market, near Third.

DRY GOODS.
Meagher, Taaffe & Co., 9 Montgomery street.
Mosgrove & Blakely, 222 Third, near Howard.
Bayer & Reich, S W cornar Jackson and Stockton.

DRUGGISTS.
Waters & Dillon, (Billiard Saloon,) 314 Montgomery st
G. G. Burnett, (Apothecary,) 330 Montgomery.
Shepardson & Gates, (successors to R. Hall & Co.,) corner Sansome and Commercial.

EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTIONS.
Pacific Business College, 751 Market street, above Third.
Prof. Williams' Commercial Academy, 869 Mission st.

FURNITURE.
Goodwin & Co., 510 and 528 Washington streets.
N. P. Cole & Co., 21 Sutter and 524 Market streets.

GROCERS.
Slosson & Ladd, southwest corner Folsom and First.
Haskell & Co., Market and Suttersts, below the Market
W. M. Noble & Co., cor Howard and Twelfth streets

HATTER.
Lamott (wholesale and retail) 227 Montgomery street

HAY AND GRAIN.
J. B. Holmes & Co., 110 Market street.

HOTELS.
Brooklyn, John Kelly, Jr., Sansome, corner Pine.
Chicago, E. W. Heimburg & Co., 220 Pacific street.
John Steinmann, 323 Pine.

INSURANCE.
Accidental and Casualty, R. L. & F. Ogden, Montgomary street, corner California.
Brooklyn Life, S T King, Agent, S E cor Montg'y & Pine
Equitable Life, R. L. & F. Ogden, Montgomery, corner California.
Manhattan, R. B. Swain & Co., Agents, 206 Front, cor Cal
Firemens Fund Ins. Co., S E. cor. Montg'y and Pine
Occidental Ins Co., S W. cor. Montgom'y and California
Pacific Ins. Co., 436 California street.

LADIES' BIJOUTERIE, CLOAKS, ETC.
Rosenblatt's, 123 and 125 Montgomery street.

LIVERY AND SALE STABLE.
Philip Morshead, removed to Howard, near Fifth.
White & Young, 211 Pine street.

LUMBER.
Armstrong, Sheldon & Co., corner Mission and Spear streets.

MILITARY GOODS AND REGALIA.
T. Rodgers Johnson, Odd Fellow's Hall, 325 Montg'ry st.

NOTARY PUBLIC,
H. S. Tibbey, 604, Montgomary street.

PHOTOGRAPHIC GALLERIES.
New York, B. F. Howland proprietor, 25 Third street, below Market.

PIANOS, MUSIC, ETC.
M. Gray, 613 Clay street.
W. S. Pierce, removed to 534 Market, opposite Second
C. Weiderhold & Co., 685 Market near Third.

PHOTOGRAPHS, CUTLERY, SPECTACLES, ETC.
Lawrence & Houseworth, 317 and 319 Montgomery st.

REAL ESTATE AGENTS.
Daly & Hawkins, 220 Montgomery street.
Dam & Sutherland, 320 Montgomery.
Geo. W. Chapin, 338 Montgomery.
John Pforr, 328 Montgomery.

RESTAURANTS.
Bivalve, Nolting & Spreen, 640 Market, near Kearny.
Ladies' Refreshment Saloon, Swain & Brown, 636 Market
Magnolia, 143 Third street.
Market, by Felix and Gustavo Besson, 520 Merchant.
Helvetia, Johnury & Bros., 524 Merchant street.
Sawyann's, 506 Montgomery street.

SALOONS.
Russell & Holding's Exchange, 622 Market street.
Charter Oak, Frank Kelly, N E. cor Third and Howard
Razzetti & Co.'s, 527 Washington, above the Market.
Jones' Sample Rooms, S E. cor. Montgomery and Cal.
V. Squarza, 44 Leidesdorff street.
Coates & Henderson, 37 Sutter street.

SCALES.
Fairbanks & Hutchinson, Depot for Fairbanks' Scales 120 California street.

SEWING MACHINES.
Grover & Baker, R. G. Brown, 116 Montgomery.
The Florence, office 111 Montgomery street.
Wheeler & Wilson, corner Montgomery and Sacramento.

STOVES AND TIN WARE.
A. Swigert, corner Fifth and Folsom.

TOYS, ETC.
Feldhush & Co., 207 Montgomery street
A. Kohler, 620 Washington street.

WATER-CURE INSTITUTE.
Dr Bourne's Pioneer, 10 Post, near Montgomery.

WOOD AND COAL YARD.
Flynn & O'Grady, 860 Howard street.

EACH HEART HAS ITS SOMEBODY.

Oh, Alice! what are you doing,
Sitting alone in your room?
The others down stairs are dancing;
You must not stay in the gloom.
What is the matter, my darling?
Your voice is husky with tears;
And your cheek was wet when I kissed it—
There—whisper—nobody hears.

No answer—must I conjecture?
Is some one you love to blame?
Has somebody cross'd or vex'd you?
Hush, dearest, I use no name!
There's no need to flush so crimson,
For what have I said or done?
Isn't somebody some one's darling?
Each heart has its Number One!

Perhaps you will scarce believe it,
But, a long, long time ago,
I'd a face that was not uncomely,
And I'd friends who told me so.
This wrinkled skin then was polish'd,
These dim eyes were clear and bright,
My hair had a shade as golden
As yours when you face the light.

Listen! I'll tell you what happen'd—
The same happens ev'ry day;
Somebody told me he loved me,
And I gave my heart away!
We parted—he named a twelvemonth;
He vow'd to be true and trust.
Ah, well!—I will put it briefly—
His vows were written in dust!

We parted—and worse than distance
Was the world that crept between;
The glowing lights of the present,
Which deadened what once had been.
He forgot me when I was absent,
He went after something new—
Alice, don't look so indignant,
'Tis what hundreds of people do!

Come, if you misdoubt my meaning,
I'll tell you what chanced to-night.
Did you see that old man down stairs,
Whose hair was so thin and white?
If I remember properly,
You stood in the corridor
When, in the throng of careless guests,
He came through the entrance-door.

Do you remember our meeting;
Our hands how quietly clasped;
The long, calm gaze in each other's eyes;
And the silence that elapsed,
Before our hearts recovered speech?
Well, people would never have thought
That he had once been my somebody;
Even you discovered nought.

Yes, it is just as I tell you—
After many bitter years
We met, with no show of feeling,
No sighings, reproaches, tears.
We met but as mere acquaintance,
With greetings constrained and cold;
Only a glance of wonder
That each should have grown so old.

He spoke—but his very accents
Were changed from their former tone,
That querulous voice was never
The voice of my love—my own;
'Twas the voice of the gouty husband
Of her in maroon and lace,
Who sat by Sir John at dinner,
And grew so red in the face.

So, Alice, don't sit here moping
And sighing for some one's sake;
When the world is made up of changes
There's no fear your heart will break;
For even the loved and injured
Get over the pain at last,
Grow wiser, calmer and better
For lessons learned in the past.

An insurance agent, urging a citizen to get his life insured, said: "Get your life insured for ten thousand dollars, and then if you die next week, the widder's heart will sing for joy."

NATHANIEL GRAY & CO.,
UNDERTAKERS,
CITY AND COUNTY SEXTON,
641 SACRAMENTO STREET, CORNER OF WEBB
Sole agents for BARSTOW'S PATENT METALLIC BURIAL CASES and CASKETS.

PHILADELPHIA BREWERY,

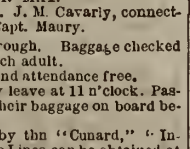
Corner Second and Folsom streets,
SAN FRANCISCO.
HOELSCHER & WIELAND,
Proprietors.

WINE SALOON.
UNION SALOON.—C. H. Cordes is the proprietor of the Union Saloon, Market street, a few doors south of Fremont, where is to be found the choicest wines and liquors. Mr. Cordes prides himself on his Kentucky Whisky, which is very old and oily. The "Davis" brand whisky drinkers should by all means call and test this whisky. Hot lunch is set on the table from 10 till 2.

California Wines.
Vintage 1862.
THE UNDERSIGNED OFFRS FOR SALE SOME very choice Wines, of the above named vintage. That connoisseurs, all interested in the development of this magnificent resource of our State, and the public generally, may be convinced that California is able to produce as good Wine (when properly treated and of sufficient age) as other parts of the Wine producing regions of the globe, attention is respectfully called to these Wines, by A. S. LOWNDES, Wine Merchant,
311 Battery Street, S. F.

"OUR OPERA."
CAPT. JOHN H. MAY,
615 WASHINGTON STREET, 615,
SAN FRANCISCO,
Opposite Maguire's Opera House.

JOHN TAYLOR,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN
WINES AND LIQUORS.
NO. 16 THIRD STREET,
Between Market and Stevenson Streets., San Francisco.

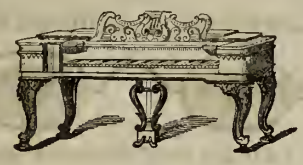
THE BEST FAMILY WINES
IN THE CITY
—Are to be found at—

HOADLEY & CO.'S,
533 Merchant street, under Pacific Fruit Market.
☞ Call and try our Sonoma Champagne, Vega del Rio, Sonoma Port, Red and White Wines, Wine and Braudy Bitters, and all the varieties usually found in a California Wine Cellar.

DUNBAR'S EXCHANGE,
No. 223 *Bush Street*,
Bet. the Occidental and Cosmopolitan Hotels.
☞ HARRY RIKER would be pleased to see his old friends at any hour of the day.
Hot Lunch every day from 11 A. M. till 2 P. M.
J. W. DUNBAR, Proprietor.

FAUST CELLAR,
Beer and Wine Saloon,
Southeast corner of Clay and Montgomery streets,
San Francisco.
A. L. THIELE, - - - - - - - Proprietor
ALWAYS ON HAND, Wholesale and Retail, Westphalia Hams, Russian CAVIAR, Sardines, Auchovies, Swiss and Limburg Cheese, and other European Delicacies. ☞ The finest brands of Liquors, Wines and Cigars; Seltzer Water.
FISHING AND HUNTING PARTIES fitted out at the shortest notice.

MARTIN GROSTETTA,
LATE OF VIRGINIA CITY,
Would respectfully inform his friends and the public that he has purchased the WELL-KNOWN SALOON previously occupied by THOS. DOYLE, 535 SACRAMENTO ST., above the What Cheer House. The best kind of Wines, Liquors and Cigars always on hand. Passengers' Stores carefully put up to order.

PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.'S
STEAMSHIPS FOR
NEW YORK, JAPAN AND CHINA,
WILL BE DISPATCHED AS FOLLOWS:
Leave Folsom-street Wharf at 11 o'clock A. M. of the following dates, for PANAMA, connecting *via* Panama Railroad, with one of the Company's splendid steamers from ASPINWALL for NEW YORK.
On 10th, 18th, and 30th of each month that has 30 days.
On 10th, 19th, and 30th of each month that has 31 days.
When the 10th, 19th and 30th fall on Sunday, they will leave on Saturday preceding; when the 18th falls on Sunday, they will leave on Monday following.
Steamer leaving San Francisco on the 10th touches at Manzanillo. All touch at Acapulco.
Departure of 19th connects with French Transatlantic company's steamer for St. Nazaire, and English steamer for South America.
Departure of 10th connects with English steamers for Southampton and South America, and P. R. R. Co.'s steamer for Central America.
STEAMERS FOR MAY.
May 30th—SACRAMENTO, Capt. J. M. Cavarly, connecting with OCEAN QUEEN, Capt. Maury.
Passengers will be berthed through. Baggage checked through—100 pounds allowed each adult.
Surgeon on board. Medicine and attendance free.
These steamers will positively leave at 11 o'clock. Passengers are requested to have their baggage on board before 10 o'clock.
Through tickets to Liverpool by the "Cunard," "Inman" and "National" Steamship Lines can be obtained at P. M. S. S. Co.'s office in San Francisco.
For Merchandise Freight apply to Wells, Fargo & Co.
The splendid steamship COLORADO will be dispatched on July 3d, for Hongkong via Kanagawa, carrying passengers, mails and freight.
For Passage and all other information, apply at Pacific Mail Steamship company's office, corner of Sacramento and Leidesdorff streets.
OLIVER ELDRIDGE, Agent.

THE CELEBRATED PIANOS

—OF—
J. B. DUNHAM, F. C. LIGHTE & CO.,
AND ERNEST GABLER,
Are warranted for FIVE YEARS, and indorsed by the LEADING PIANISTS of AMERICA as SUPERIOR INSTRUMENTS.
SOLE AGENTS— C. WIEDERHOLD & CO.,
685 Market street, near Third.

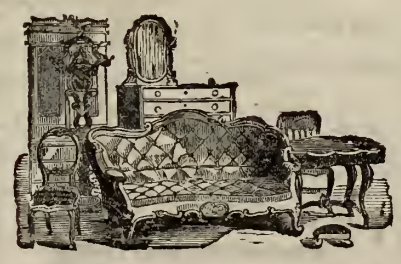
GREAT TRIUMPH!

STEINWAY & SONS
Were awarded the FIRST PRIZE MEDAL at the late great INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION AT LONDON, over the two hundred and sixty-nine Pianos entered for competition from all parts of the world.
The Special Correspondent of the New York *Times* says: "Messrs. Steinway & Sons' indorsement by the Jurors is emphatic, and stronger and more to the point than that of any European maker."
A constant supply of the above superior instruments can be found at the Agent's,
M. GRAY, 613 Clay street.
PIANO TUNING done by a first-class Workman, from Steinway & Sons's Factory, New York.

CALIFORNIA BRASS FOUNDRY,
No. 125 *First street, opposite Minna*,
SAN FRANCISCO

All kinds of Brass, Composition, Zinc, and Babbitt Meta Castings, furnished at the shortest notice. Brass Ship-Work of all kinds, Spikes, Sheathing Nails, Rudder Braces, Hinges, etc., constantly on hand and made to order. Also, manufacture Ship and Steamboat Bells and Gongs of superior tone.
All kinds of Steam, Liquor, Water, Oil, and Flange Cocks and Valves made and repaired.
Hydraulic Pipes and Nozzles, and Hose Couplings and Connections of all sizes and patterns, furnished with dispatch. *PRICES MODERATE.*
V. KINGWELL. JOS. H. WEED, SAM'L WHITE.

SAN FRANCISCO
Foundry and Machine Works,
Northeast corner Fremont and Mission streets,
Manufacturers of
MARINE AND STATIONARY ENGINES,
Quartz Machinery, Saw, Flour and Sugar Mills, Mining Pumps, Hoisting Gear, Agricultural Implements, etc.
ALSO,
Wine, Cider, Cotton and Tobacco Presses of the latest Improved Patterns.
STEAM ENGINES AND BOILERS,
Of all sizes, constantly on hand; Quartz Mill Shoes and Dies warranted to be made of the best white iron.
Dunbar's Improved Self-Adjusting Piston-Packing, requires no springs or screws; is always steam-tight; without excessive friction, and never gets slack or leaky.
MACHINERY, OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS,
Bought, sold, or exchanged. Bolt Cutting and Castings at the lowest market rates.
DEVOE, DINSMORE & CO.

N. P. COLE & CO.,
WHOLESALE
Furniture Warehouse,

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LOWEST RATES AND MOST COMPLETE STOCK ON THE COAST.
RETAIL STORE,
Nos. 524 Market, and 21 Sutter streets—next door to the Metropolitan Market.

JOHN HAGAN,
Marble - Worker,
MARKET ST., OPPOSITE LINCOLN SCHOOL HOUSE, between Fifth and Sixth.

Marble Mantels, Grates, Monuments, Headstones, Cemetery Copings, and all kinds of Marble Work executed on most reasonable terms. Particular attention paid to the placing of Tombstones at Lone Mountain or Calvary Cemeteries. N. B.—Country orders promptly attended to.

BOWMAN & CO.,
Dealers in Stoves and Tin Ware,
Main street, Petaluma.

ITALIAN MANUFACTORY

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FINE CLOTHING,
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Gents' Furnishing Goods,
TRUNKS, VALISES, CARPET BAGS, ETC.,
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Asphaltum Roofing.
PAVEMENTS, ROOFING,
CELLAR FLOORS, WATER HOUSES,
And all kinds of
Asphaltum Work,
Done at shortest notice, and at moderate prices, by
M. BONNET,
Office—Express Building (up stairs),
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RETAIL & AMERICAN WATCHES

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Nos. 42 and 44 Nassau Street,
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Dealers in American, Swiss and English WATCHES,
JEWELRY AND ATERIALS.
☞ We have made arrangements to buy AMERICAN WATCHES in large quantities from the Factory, and will receive a discount on the regular Wholesale Prices. We will hereafter
Retail the American Watches
AT
The Regular Wholesale Prices.

Our only profit being the small per cent. allowed by buying in large quantities.

WHOLESALE PRICES.

HOWE'S NEW STYLE
FAMILY SEWING MACHINES.
GREAT IMPROVEMENT—JUST RECEIVED.
ESPECIALLY ADAPTED FOR FINE WORK. Also, Braiding, Hemming, etc. The advantage these Machines have is extreme simplicity, very strong and durable, not liable to get out of order—adapted equally well to all grades of work. The Howe should be examined by all contemplating purchasing. H. A. DEMING,
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IF there is a Florence Sewing Machine within a thousand miles of San Francisco, that is not giving entire satisfaction, if I am informed of it, it will be attended to without express charge or expense of any kind to the owner.
Samuel Hill, Agent,
111 Montgomery St., San Francisco.

REPENTANCE.

I.

A kitten once to its mother said:
"I'll never more be good;
But I ll go and be a robber fierce,
And live in a dreary wood,
Wood, wood, wood,
And live in a dreary wood."

II.

It climbed a tree to rob a nest
Of young and tender owls;
But the branch broke off and the kitten fell,
With six tremendous howls!
Howls, howls, howls,
With six tremendous howls!

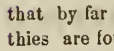
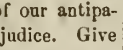
III.

Then up it rose, and scratched its nose,
And went home very sad:
"Oh! mother dear, behold me here,
I'll never more be bad,
Bad, bad, bad,
I'll never more be bad."

PREJUDICE AND CHARITY.—It is safe to say that by far the greater number of our antipathies are founded on unjust prejudice. Give them the opportunity of free explanation without fear of rebuff or coldness, and the men you dislike most will show you that you ought to like them. If you doubt this, ask yourself whether you do not feel that you could effect a similar change, with occasion, in the sentiments of those who dislike yourself. The answer with the right thinking and generous can scarcely be equivocal. We are too much in the habit of forgetting, what is nevertheless strictly true, that we owe a certain duty—a duty of kindness, of fraternal regard, of mutual encouragement, in this dusty road of life to every living soul we encounter in it. There is little of the spirit of Christianity in a heart which, its attention directed to this truth, can turn coldly away from it. The turmoil and hurry of life, and especially of business life, is unfavorable to the candid survey of apparent minutiæ like those of commonplace antipathies, and the fact should make us persistent and energetic in considering and correcting them. For nearly all of us there are cordial, trusty friends to be gained by no greater effort than that which will summon the magnanimity to suppress or conquer frivolous and unmanly antipathies. We think that those reflections are even better applicable to women than to men. The greater part of the feuds and aversions, the scandals and petty hatreds of society, are attributable to such ignoble sources as those we have discussed. Dislike founded upon incidents which most people are ashamed to mention, is a hundred times more common than that which is due to incidents which are acknowledged and palpable. The whole subject, discuss it as we may, brings us unfailingly to appreciate the great need—the unchristian deficiency—of our modern society, which is simply and in a word the diffusion and practice of charity.—*Round Table.*

"MAY I be married, ma," asked a pretty young miss of sixteen. "What do you want to get married for?" inquired her mother. "Why, ma, you know the children have never seen any one married, and I thought it might please them a little, that's all" "Nonsense, you can't fool me," remarked the old lady with a significant shake of the head.

Tyler Brothers,


691 Market st., cor. Third,
SAN FRANCISCO,


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FANCY ARTICLES, Etc.

ESPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO
LADIES' STATIONERY,
Which we Stamp with Initials
WITHOUT EXTRA CHARGE.

WEDDING AND VISITING CARDS
Engraved, Written or Printed.

STOCKDALE HOUSE,
Corner Main and Oak streets, Petaluma
H. STOCKDALE, Proprietor

ESTABLISHED IN 1851.

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317 AND 319 MONTGOMERY STREET,

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THE LARGEST OPTICAL INSTRUMENT ESTABLISHMENT on the Pacific Coast. Import all their own goods direct from European and American manufacturers, and have a larger and more complete assortment than all other dealers combined

SPECTACLES and EYE-GLASSES warranted to suit the sight in every particular.

Double sighted Spectacles, Tinted Spectacles and Brazilian Pebble Spectacles of the most approved form.

Those who have been disappointed at other establishments will certainly be pleased with the Spectacles they purchase from us.

N. B.—Inferior Glasses are not sold by us to the unwary for Brazilian Pebbles.

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OPTICIANS,
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Complete Catalogues of Optical Instruments furnished free.

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Auburn, Golden, Flaxen and Silken Curls,

PRODUCED BY THE USE OF PROF. DE BREUX FRISER LE CHEVEUX.

One application warranted to curl the most straight and stubborn hair of either sex into wavy ringlets, or heavy massive curls. Has been used by the fashionables of Paris and London, with the most gratifying results. Does no injury to the hair. Price by mail, sealed and post-paid, $1. Descriptive circulars mailed free. Address

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No. 285 River street, Troy, N. Y.,
Sole Agents for the United States.

Don't Read This!

PORK TRIMMINGS NOT GIVEN AWAY.

PRICES:

Pigs' Heads	6 cents
Pigs' Feet	7 cents
Pigs' Tongues	10 cents
Tails	7 cents
Spare Ribs	10 cents
Sausage Meat	8 cents
Pork Roast	10 cents
Sugar Cured Hams	18 cents
Breakfast Bacon	18 cents
Leaf Lard	15 cents

The above are from grain-fed Hogs.

No. 1 American Beef	from 5 to 10 cents
Sugar Cured Smoked Beef	12½ cents
Choice Mutton	5 to 7 cents

FOR SALE—1,000 South Down SHEEP.
WILSON & STEVENS,
508 Market street,
9 Sutter street.

D. GHIRARDELLI & CO.'S
Italian Manufactury,

415 and 417 JACKSON ST., SAN FRANCISCO,
Manufacturers and Dealers in
PLAIN, SWEET, CINNAMON AND VANILLA CHOCOLATES;
PREPARED COCOA, COCOA PASTE,
CRACKED COCOA, COCOA SHELLS, etc., etc.
PURE GROUND OLD JAVA COFFEE AND COSTA RICA COFFEE;
CHARTRES AND RIO COFFEE;
GREEN COFFEE OF EVERY QUALITY.
CHOICE WINES AND LIQUORS.

N. B.—Ghirardelli's Chocolate is manufactured by steam from Cocoa of the finest quality, imported direct. In excellence and delicacy of flavor, it is superior to any imported Chocolate.

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MECHANICS' INSTITUTE,
25 Post street, between Montgomery and Kearny streets.

J. F. SNOW, THE "GLOVE MAN," CLEANS Furs without removing the lining. All kinds of Dresses—including Stage and Party Dresses—WITHOUT RIPPING. Woolen Goods, Shawls, Buck and Kid Gloves, Buck Undervests, Feathers, etc., etc. He dyes Kid Gloves and Feathers.

RING'S VEGETABLE AMBROSIA FOR THE HAIR FOR SALE.

Peet & Son,

IMPORTERS AND MANUFACTURERS OF
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No. 315 BATTERY STREET,
Nex Door to Commercial Street,
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NATURE UNVEILED,
AT THE
PACIFIC MUSEUM OF ANATOMY AND SCIENCE
Eureka Theatre, Montgomery street,
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SAN FRANCISCO STOCK BREWERY,
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Capital Stock $200,000, divided in Two Thousand Shares of $100 each.

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In the country, and respectfully solicit the patronage of their friends and the public generally.

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Wagon & Carriage Materials,

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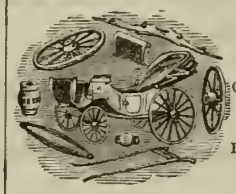
The Largest Establishment on the Pacific Coast for the supply of materials for



WAGONS, TRUCKS,
CARTS, OMNIBUSSES,
CARRIAGES, COACHES,
EXPRESS WAGONS,
BUGGIES, SULKIES, Etc.

Also, Importers of

GREGG'S TENONING MACHINES,

Hub Boring Machines, Thimble Skeins for Wood Axles, Hub Bands, Axle Clips, Shaft Shackles, Malleable Iron Castings, Concord Axles and Springs.

Orders from the country solicited and promptly attended to. MEEKER, JAMES & Co.

REMOVAL. REMOVAL.

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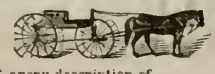

Manufacturers of every description of

CARRIAGES.

CONCORD WAGONS, Ranch Wagons and Buggies made to order. All kinds of Jobbing and Carriage Painting done at the shortest notice.

New Manufactory Nos. 631 and 633 Howard street, corner of Hubbard, between Second and Third, San Francisco.

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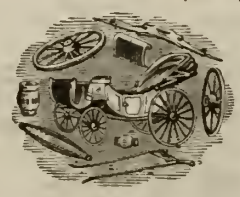

Carriage Manufacturer,

No. 531 CALIFORNIA STREET,
Between Montgomery and Kearny streets, San Francisco.

EVERY DESCRIPTION OF CARRIAGES, EXPRESS Wagons, Buggies, etc, made to order, of the best materials and workmanship.

Repairing and General Blacksmithing done with promptness, and at prices to suit the times.

SAUL & McARRON,

Manufacturers of

STAGE AND THOROUGHBRACE WAGONS,

NO. 579 AND 581 MARKET STREET,
Near Second Street, San Francisco.

Makes to order all kinds of Carriage and Buggy Work, Express and Thoroughbrace Wagons and Stage Work.

A general assortment of new and second-hand Wagons on hand. Jobbing done with neatness and dispatch.

Pollard & Carvill,

Dealers in and Manufacturers of
LIGHT CARRIAGES AND BUGGIES,
37 and 39 Webb street,
Between Sacramento and California.

Also, Repairing, Blacksmithing, Painting and Trimming done with neatness and dispatch.

CORNS!
DR. V. POPPER,
Surgeon Chiropedist

No 20 Montgomery street, between Post and Sutter, San Francisco. Office hours from 9 A. M to 5 P. M.

Offers his services to the public as an Operator on such excrescences as hard and soft corns, enlarged joints, club nails, bunions, nails penetrating the flesh, warts, etc.

FIRE AND MARINE INSURANCE.

UNION INSURANCE COMPANY
OF SAN FRANCISCO.
Nos. 416 *and* 418 *California Street.*

INDIVIDUAL LIABILITY.

CASH CAPITAL, - - - - $750,000

The California Lloyds,

HAVING CONSOLIDATED WITH THE UNION INSURANCE COMPANY, JANUARY 1, 1866, THIS COMPANY ARE NOW PREPARED TO EFFECT MARINE AS WELL AS FIRE INSURANCE UPON THE MOST FAVORABLE TERMS.

LOSSES PROMPTLY AND EQUITABLY ADJUSTED AND PAID IN GOLD COIN.

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Joseph A. Donohoe,	John Parrott,
M. J. O Connor,	J. Underhill,
I Friedlander,	M. D. Sweeny,
Moses Heller,	C. N. Felton,
Lafayette Maynard,	James Phelan,
Charles L. Low,	Gustave Touchard,
Jacob Scholle,	Michael Castle,
James Dows,	Nicholas Larco,
Joseph Seller,	N. G. Kittle,
L. H. Allen,	Wm. C. Talbot,
Wm. Hooper,	Patrick McAran,
C. Temple Emmet,	Geo. C. Johnson,
Joseph Brandenstein,	Caleb T. Fay,
B. F. Hastings, Sacramento.	
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CHARLES D. HAVEN, Secretary.
GUSTAVE TOUCHARD, Marine Director.

OCCIDENTAL
Insurance Company,
Southwest corner Montgomery and California streets.

INDIVIDUAL LIABILITY.

Capital Stock, - - - $300,000

LOSSES PAID IN UNITED STATES GOLD COIN.

THIS COMPANY will insure against loss by Fire on any Dwelling House, Buildings, Merchandise or other property, situated in the State of California. The largest sum they will take on any one risk is thirty thousand dollars.

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MANHATTAN INSURANCE CO.
OF NEW YORK.

INCORPORATED.....1821.

Cash Capital and Surplus $1,250,000

Insurance effected against both

Fire and Marine Risks,

AT THE LOWEST RATES.

Losses promptly adjusted, and paid in United States Gold Coin.

R. B. SWAIN & CO., Agents,
206 Front street, San Francisco.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla
TO
Purify the Blood.

NOT A FEW OF THE WORST DISORDERS THAT afflict mankind arise from the corruption that accumulates in the blood. Of all the discoveries that have been made to purge it out, none have been found which could equal in effect AYER'S COMPOUND EXTRACT OF SARSAPARILLA. It cleanses and renovates the blood, instills the vigor of health into the system and purges out the humors which make disease. It stimulates the healthy functions of the body, and expels the disorders that grow and rankle in the blood. Its extraordinary virtues are not yet widely known, but, when they are, it will no longer be a question what remedy to employ in the great variety of afflicting diseases that require an alterative remedy. Such a remedy, that could be relied on, has long been sought for, and now, for the first time, the public have one on which they can depend. Our space here does not admit certificates to show its effects But the trial of a single bottle will show to the sick that it has virtues surpassing anything they have ever taken. Sufferers from Scrofula, Scrofulous Swellings and Sores, try it and see the rapidity with which it cures. Skin Diseases, Pimples, Pustules, Blotches, Eruptions, etc., are soon cleaned out of the system.

St. Anthony's Fire, Rose or Erysipelas, Tetter or Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Ringworm, etc., should not be borne while they can be so speedily cured by AYER'S SARSAPARILLA.

Syphilis or Venereal Disease is expelled from the system by the prolonged use of this SARSAPARILLA, and the patient is left as healthy as if he never had the disease.

Female Diseases are caused by Scrofula in the blood, and are generally soon cured by this EXTRACT OF SARSAPARILLA. Price $1 per bottle, or 6 bottles for $5.

For all the purposes of a family physic, take AYER'S CATHARTIC PILLS, which are everywhere known to be the best purgative that is offered to the American People.

Prepared by DR. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, MASS., and sold by all Druggists and dealers in medicine everywhere.

CRANE & BRIGHAM, San Francisco,
Wholesale Agents.

DEXTER STABLES,
Bush Street, between Occidental and Cosmopolitan Hotels, San Francisco.

W. G. JONES, PROPRIETOR

THE CELEBRATED PIANOS

—OF—

J. B. DUNHAM, F. C. LIGHTE & CO.,

AND ERNEST GABLER,

Are warranted for FIVE YEARS, and indorsed by the LEADING PIANISTS of AMERICA as SUPERIOR INSTRUMENTS.

SOLE AGENTS— C WIEDERHOLD & CO., 685 Market street, near Third.

GREAT TRIUMPH!

STEINWAY & SONS

Were awarded the FIRST PRIZE MEDAL at the late great INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION AT LONDON, over the two hundred and sixty-nine Pianos entered for competition from all parts of the world.

The Special Correspondent of the New York *Times* says: "Messrs. Steinway & Sons' indorsement by the Jurors is emphatic, and stronger and more to the point than that of any European maker."

A constant supply of the above superior instruments can be found at the Agent's,

M. GRAY, 613 Clay street.

PIANO TUNING done by a first-class Workman, from Steinway & Son's Factory, New York.

CALIFORNIA BRASS FOUNDRY,

No. 125 First street, opposite Minna,

SAN FRANCISCO

All kinds of Brass, Composition, Zinc, and Babbitt Meta Castings, furnished at the shortest notice. Brass Ship Work of all kinds, Spikes, Sheathing Nails, Rudder Braces, Hinges, etc., constantly on hand and made to order. Also, manufacture Ship and Steamboat Bells and Gongs of superior tone.

All kinds of Steam, Liquor, Water, Oil, and Flange Cocks and Valves made and repaired.

Hydraulic Pipes and Nozzles, and Hose Couplings and Connections of all sizes and patterns, furnished with dispatch. *PRICES MODERATE.*

V. KINGWELL. JOS. H. WEED, SAM'L WHITE.

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Foundry and Machine Works,

Northeast corner Fremont and Mission streets,

Manufacturers of

MARINE AND STATIONARY ENGINES,

Quartz Machinery, Saw, Flour and Sugar Mills, Mining Pumps, Hoisting Gear, Agricultural Implements, etc.

ALSO,

Wine, Cider, Cotton and Tobacco Presses of the latest Improved Patterns.

STEAM ENGINES AND BOILERS,

Of all sizes, constantly on hand; Quartz Mill Shoes and Dies warranted to be made of the best white iron.

Dunbar's Improved Self-Adjusting Piston-Packing, requires no springs or screws; is always steam-tight; without excessive friction, and never gets slack or leaky.

MACHINERY, OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS,

Bought, sold, or exchanged. Bolt Cutting and Castings at the lowest market rates.

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WHOLESALE

Furniture Warehouse,

No. 314 Pine street, San Francisco.

LOWEST RATES AND MOST COMPLETE STOCK ON THE COAST.

RETAIL STORE,

Nos. 524 Market, and 21 Sutter streets—next door to the Metropolitan Market.

JOHN HAGAN,

Marble - Worker,

MARKET ST, OPPOSITE LINCOLN SCHOOL HOUSE, between Fifth and Sixth.

Marble Mantels, Grates, Monuments, Head-stones, Cemetery Copings, and all kinds of Marble Work executed on most reasonable terms. Particular attention paid to the placing of Tombstones at Lone Mountain or Calvary Cemeteries. N. B.—Country orders promptly attended to.

BOWMAN & CO.,

Dealers in Stoves and Tin Ware,

Main street, Petaluma.

Powell Street

WARM SWIMMING BATHS!

N. E. Corner Powell and Filbert Streets,

OPPOSITE WASHINGTON SQUARE.

J. M. NASH.....PROPRIETOR.

WARM AND COLD BATHS from 6 A. M to 9 P. M. daily, with every appliance usually connected with a well-ordered Gymnasium for the development of Health and Muscle.

The only Complete Swimming Bath on this Coast.

Another advantage connected with this establishment, not usually found in Swimming Baths, is, that the water is Continually Changing, Fresh Water running in and out Constantly.

Single Baths, including Towels and Bathing Dress..25 cts
5 Bath Tickets, " " $1

Call and Try Them. The Kearny Street and Montgomery Street Cars pass the door *every five minutes.*

The Baths are reserved for Ladies every Tuesday, from 6 A. M. to 9 P. M. Ladies to supply their own Bathing Dresses.

I will *guarantee* to impart a thorough *practical knowledge* of *Swimming* in *one month.* Terms for the Course, $10.

J. M. NASH.

JACOB SHEW,

Pioneer Photographer

612 CLAY STREET,

North side, four doors above Montgomery.

Takes all kinds of Photographs in the very best style of the Art. Would especially invite attention to the superiority of the "Cabinet Photograph," or new size, taken at this establishment.

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Executed in a Superior Style, at

GEO. D. MORSE'S

NEW AND ELEGANT ROOMS,

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Photographs retouched in India Ink or Water Colors, and copied from daguerreotypes or ambrotypes to any size. All work guaranteed and perfect satisfaction given. Call and see specimens before going elsewhere.

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DEALER IN

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Sporting Apparatus,

AMMUNITION

AND GUN MATERIALS,

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Gilding and Silver Plating of all kinds of metals; also, Silver or Plated Ware refurnished.

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STOVES, TIN-PLATE,

SHEET IRON, LEAD PIPE, PUMPS, ZINC, WIRE, AND

HOUSE FURNISHING HARDWARE.

MANUFACTURERS OF

TIN, SHEET-IRON AND COPPER WARE.

Nos. 13 and 15 Front street.....San Francisco
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—OF—

MADAME LAURUSTINUS,

The Great Prophetess and Doctress.

The Madame has astonished thousands of her visitors in Europe, England and America, by revealing the Past, Present and Future Events of Life, such as Law Suits, Travel by Sea or Land, Lost or Stolen Goods, Hidden Treasure, Absent Friends or Relatives, and all affairs of business in general.

☞The Madame has a select assortment of pure Roman Talismans, for Love, Good Luck, Success in Business, and guaranteed for Life.

Office of MADAME LAURUSTINUS, No. 816 Montgomery street, between Jackson and Pacific. Office hours, from 8 o'clock in the morning until 8 in the evening.

DR. N. T. WHITCOMB,

DENTIST,

No. 205 Third Street, San Francisco.

Teeth filled with fine gold, artificial bone and platina. All plate work made and repaired, of the best material, at the shortest notice and warranted. None cheaper or better on the coast. Call and examine specimens.

North Beach and South Park Cars pass the door.

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DOCTOR DEMAREST'S

Private Medical Office,

617 KEARNY STREET,

Near Commercial, San Francisco.

OFFICE HOURS: From 9 A. M., till 4 P. M.

CALIFORNIA

Steam Navigation Company.

STEAMER CAPITAL.....CAPT. E. A. POOLE.
" CHRYSOPOLIS. CAPT. A. FOSTER.
" YOSEMITE.....
" CORNELIA....CAPT W. BROMLEY.
" JULIA.....CAPT E. CONCKLIN

One of the above steamers leave BROADWAY WHARF, at 4 o'clock P. M., *EVERY DAY,* (Sundays excepted,) for Sacramento and one for Stockton, the Sacramento steamer connecting with light-draft steamers for Marysville, Colusa, Chico and Red Bluff.

Steamships *PACIFIC, ORIZABA, CALIFORNIA, ACTIVE,* and *SENATOR,* leave as advertised, for Portland, Oregon, New Westminster, British Columbia, Victoria, (V. I.,) Santa Barbara, San Pedro, and San Diego.

Office of the Company, northeast corner of Front and Jackson streets.

B M. HARTSHORNE, President.

MRS. WINSHIP,

Fashionable Milliner.

NO. 23 POST STREET,

Between Kearny and Montgomery,

SAN FRANCISCO.

All kinds of Lace Work, Head Dresses, Brenkfast Caps, &c., made to order.

Particular attention paid to mending and doing up Laces.

☞Goods received by every steamer, from New York and Paris.

REMOVAL.—FIRST PREMIUM

Billiard TABLE MANUFACTORY.

P. LISENFELD,

Has removed from 612 Battery street to 537 Sacramento street, a few doors below Montgomery,

Has constantly on hand a large assortment of the best BILLIARD TABLES, with all the modern improvements. Also BILLIARD TRIMMINGS of every description. All goods sold are warranted.

AGENTS WANTED

FOR

Headley's Great Work!

The only book issued on our NAVY during the Rebellion. Agents find no competition.

FARRAGUT AND OUR NAVAL COMMANDERS,

Comprising Popular Biographies of our Naval Heroes, by Hon. J. T. Headley, the distinguished Author and Historian—complete in one large volume—handsomely illustrated in steel. The best paying Agency of the day.

In connection with this work our Agents can take orders for five of Headley's Standard Works. Call or send at once for Circulars and Terms.

E. E. SHEAR, General Agent,
No. 8 Montgomery street, San Francisco.

McDOUGALL & MARQUIS,

Architects,

328 Montgomery street, San Francisco.

B. M'DOUGALL. J. MARQUIS.

REFERS TO Messrs. Elam & Howes, Clay street, below Battery; Messrs. Hatch & Co., (R. W. Brangon & T. H. Hatch,) Washington street below Battery; A J Cogill, Esq., Front street, corner of Clay; Wm. J. Adams, Esq., (Adams, Blinn & Co.,) Piers 17 and 19, Stewart street; Joseph Rich, Esq., Bush street below Turnverein Hall; Hon. M. S. Latham, London and San Francisco Bank; Wm. B. Johnston, Esq., Insurance Building, 412 and 414 Montgomery street; James Brooks, Esq., Editor "Golden Era."

Whiskers and Mustaches!

FORCED TO GROW UPON THE SMOOTHEST FACE face in from three to five weeks by using Dr. SEVIGNE'S RESTAURATEUR CAPILLAIRE, the most wonderful discovery in modern science, upon the Beard and Hair in an almost miraculous manner. It has been used by the elite of Paris and London with most flattering success. Names of all purchasers will be registered, and if entire satisfaction is not given in every instance, the money will be cheerfully refunded. Price by mail, sealed and post paid, $1. Descriptive circulars and testimonials mailed free. Address

BERCER, SHUTTS & CO., Chemists,
No. 285 River street, Troy, N. Y.,
Sole Agents for the United States.

HEALY'S CURATIVE OIL,

For the Extermination of Pain, is a Sovereign Remedy for Rheumatism, Headache, Toothache, Sore Throat, Cramps in the Limbs, Diarrhœa, Sprains, Bruises, Burns and Cuts, and for the Bites of Poisonous Insects, Frozen Feet, etc., stands unrivalled.

For Sale by all dealers in medicines. Price One Dollar per bottle.

LOTS FOR SALE ON BERNAL RANCHO.

NOTICE IS GIVEN, THAT IN PURSUANCE OF AN Order of the Probate Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, the undersigned will sell at public auction, in two separate parcels, subject to confirmation by said Court, on TUESDAY, the 4th day of June, 1867, at 12 o'clock noon, at the auction rooms of MAURICE DORE & CO., No. 327 Montgomery street, in said City and County, the real estate belonging to the Estate of CORNELIUS RICKTER, deceased, described as follows, to-wit:

All those certain pieces or parcels of land situated, lying and being on the Bernal Rancho, in the City and County of San Francisco, aforesaid and known and designated upon a certain map entitled, "Gift Map No. 3," as and by the numbers 269 and 271—being each 25 feet in width, in front and rear, and 70 feet deep.

Terms of Sale—Cash, in United States Gold Coin. Deeds and Stamps at expense of purchaser.

J. W. BRUMAGIM,
Administrator of the Estate of Cornelius Rickter, deceased.
Dated May 11th, 1867. my11-4w

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

EDWARD J. QUIRK, Plaintiff, vs. JAMES P. HORBACH, et als., Defendants

Action brought in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the said city and county of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to JAMES P. HORBACH, HENRY DELVENDAHL, HENRY BREMMERMAN, ERNST JANSSEN and GUSTAV HELMKE, Defendants:

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff, in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein, within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons—if served within this county; or, if served out of this county, but in this District, within twenty days otherwise, within forty days—or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said Complaint.

The said action is brought to require you, the said defendants, to set forth the nature of your respective claims to that certain lot or parcel of land situate in said city and county of San Francisco, as particularly described in the complaint herein, being subdivision No. 5 of the 100 vara lot known on the map of the city of San Francisco as No. 276, as designated on a plat of the original subdivision thereof, recorded in the office of the County Recorder of said city and County, in Liber 1 of Certified Grants, at page 156, that all adverse claims of said defendants and each of them may be determined by a decree of this Court; that by said decree it be declared and adjudged that the said defendants, each and all of them, have no estate or interest whatever in or to said parcel of land, and that the title of plaintiff thereto is good and valid; that said defendants, and each of them, be forever debarred from asserting any claim whatever in and to said land adverse to plaintiff, and for such other and further relief as to this Hon. Court shall seem meet and agreeable to equity, with costs of suit against such of the defendants as shall defend this action.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in said complaint.

Given under my hand and seal of the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco, this 25th day of February, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-seven.

WM. LOEWY, Clerk,
[SEAL.] By OCTAVIUS BELL, Deputy Clerk.
1ut. Rev. Stamp, canceled. 50 cts.
THOS. B. BISHOP, Plaintiff's Attorney. mh30-13w

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE FOURTH Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

SIEGMUND T. MEYER and ASHER T. MEYER, Plaintiffs, vs. LINA A. SON, Defendant.

Action brought in the District Court of the Fourth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to LINA A. SON, Defendant: You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff, in the District Court of the Fourth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein, (a copy of which accompanies this summons) within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons—if served within this county; or, if served out of this county, but in this district, within twenty days; otherwise, within forty days—or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said complaint.

The said action is brought to recover the sum of two thousand nine hundred and ninety-one and 85-100 dollars, alleged to be due from you to the plaintiffs on a judgment recovered by said plaintiffs against you, and more particularly described in the complaint herein, together with costs of suit.

And you are hereby notified, that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said Plaintiffs will take judgment against you for said sum and costs of suit.

Given under my hand and the seal of the District Court of the Fourth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this nineteenth day of February, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-seven

WM. LOEWY, Clerk.
By JAS. E. ASBCOM, Deputy Clerk.
[SEAL, AND INTERNAL REVENUE STAMP CANCELED.] mh2-3m

IN THE PROBATE COURT of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the Estate of DANIEL B. BARNES, deceased.

Order to show cause why order of distribution should not be made.

On reading and filing the petition of Stephen Smith, Administrator of the Estate of Daniel B. Barnes, deceased, setting forth that he has filed his final account of his administration of the estate of said deceased, in this Court, and that the same has been duly settled and allowed; that all the debts and expenses of administration have been duly paid; and that a portion of said estate remains to be divided among the heirs of said deceased, and praying among other things for an order of distribution of the residue of said estate among the entitled:

It is Ordered, that all persons interested in the estate of the said deceased, be and appear before the Probate Court of the city and county of San Francisco, at the Court Room of said Court, in the City Hall in said city and county, on MONDAY, the third day of June, A. D. 1867, at eleven o'clock, A. M., then and there to show cause why an order of distribution should not be made of the residue of said estate among the heirs of said deceased, according to law.

It is further Ordered, that a copy of this order be published for four successive weeks, before the said third day of June A D. 1867, in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published in the said city and county.

M C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.
Dated May 3d, A. D. 1867 my4-5t13

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—Estate of CLAUDE JACQUIN, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, William Rowan, Administrator of the estate of said deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice, to the said William Rowan, at No. 532 Merchant street, Room No. 3, in the City and County of San Francisco.

WM. ROWAN.
Administrator of the estate of Claude Jacquin, deceased.
Dated at San Francisco, April 26th, 1867. my4-6w

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF HENRY SEAMAN, deceased. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administratrix of the above named estate, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit the same with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice, to the undersigned, at the office of D. P. Barstow, Esq., No. 6 Montgomery Block, in the city and county of San Francisco.

JANE SEAMAN,
Administratrix of the Estate of Henry Seaman, deceased.
May 10th, 1867. my11-6w

MAGUIRE'S OPERA HOUSE.

THOMAS MAGUIRE,.....Sole Proprietor
CARR. TIBBETTS,.....Business Manager
C. L. GRAVES,.....Stage Manager
WM. STEVENSON,.....Treasurer

GRAND COMBINATION

....OF....

DRAMATIC AND BALLET COMPANIES.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON AND EVENING....JUNE 1st,

Will be presented the Gorgeous Spectacle of

THE ELVES!

Sylvia, the Statue Bride.....Miss Sallie Hinckley
Prince Lubin Jockey Club.....Mrs. Sophie Edwin
Eoline.....Alicia Maudeville Thorne
Phillis.....Mrs. C. R. Saunders
Count Coldstream.....W. Barry
Blazini, a demon.....A. Lehman

FAIRY BALLETS AND GRACEFUL DIVERTISEMENTS,

By Mesdames Marzetti, Mathieu, Schmidt, Lehman, and the Large and Beautiful Corps de Ballet.

—ALSO—

The celebrated

MARTINETTI TROUPE,

In their Wonderful and Daring Feats of Strength, Grace and Agility.

☞ New and Beautiful Tableaux, Gorgeous Scenery and Mechanism!

PRICES OF ADMISSION:

Dress Circle	$1 00	Orchestra	$1 00
Parquette	50	Upper Circle	25

MAGUIRE'S ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

THOMAS MAGUIRE.....Proprietor
CHARLES TIBBETTS.....Business Manager

ITALIAN OPERA.

LAST NIGHT OF THE SEASON,

SATURDAY EVENING.....JUNE 1st,

Will be presented Verdi's Opera of

UN BALLO EN MASCHERA.

Amelia.....Signorina Elvira Brambilla
Oscar.....Signorina Eugenia Bellini
Ulrica.....Madame Stella Bonheur
Richard.....Signor G. Limberti
Reinhart.....Signor G. Mancusi
Samuel.....Mons. Roncovieri
Tom.....Mons. Charles
Sylvan.....Mons. Schwigardi

The Second Artillery Band has been engaged.

Conductor.....MR. GEO. T. EVANS.

METROPOLITAN THEATRE.

HARRY LESLIE.....Stage Manager.

Great success of the Distinguished ETHEOPIAN COMEDIANS,

MESSRS. LESLIE AND RAYNOR,

Late Members of the World-Renowned

"Christy's Minstrels,"

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For a few evenings, previous to the departure of the P. M. Steamship, in a series of NOVEL, BRILLIANT, HUMEROUS and SENSATIONAL FEATS, peculiarly Japanese, such as Slack Rope Performances, Tub Balancing, Walking a Ladder of Swords, Top Spinning, Conjuring, Perche, Paper Ladder Act, Bending, Magic Screen and Ladder, and Performing Birds.

The feats of Balancing, with the Tubs, Ladders, Bamboos, Screens, and Boat by the Artist YOSHIGREROO, the Yeddo Hercules, assisted by his Family of Males and Females, are astonishing and picturesque.

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TZENAGEEROO performs the most incredible feat of walking a Ladder of Swords, edge uppermost, barefooted.

The remainder of the Troupe will be found equally interesting, and capable in their different acts, too numerous to mention.

They are acknowledged to be the most efficient and accomplished Troupe of the kind in Japan, and will make every endeavor to win the good opinion of the people of America during their few months sojourn.

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They give Health to the Sick,

Strength to the Weak,

Joy to the Afflicted.

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There cometh glad tidings of joy to all,
To young and old, to great and to small;
The beauty which was once so precious and rare,
Is free for all, and all may be fair.

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WHITE LIQUID ENAMEL,

FOR IMPROVING AND BEAUTIFYING THE COMplexion.

The most valuable and perfect preparation in use, for giving the skin a beautiful pearl-like tint, that is only found in youth. It quickly removes Tan, Freckles, Pimples, Blotches, Moth Patches, Sallowness, Eruptions, and all impurities of the skin, kindly healing the same, leaving the skin white and clear as alabaster. Its use cannot be detected by the closest scrutiny, and being a vegetable preparation is perfectly harmless. It is the only article of the kind used by the French, and is considered by the Parisian as indispensable to a perfect toilet. Upwards of 30,000 bottles were sold during the past year, a sufficient guarantee of its efficacy. Price only 75 cents. Sent by mail, post-paid, on receipt of order, by

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TO THE LADIES ESPECIALLY, THIS INVALUABLE depilatory recommends itself as being an almost indispensable article to female beauty, is easily applied, does not burn or injure the skin, but acts directly on the roots. It is warranted to remove superfluous hair from low foreheads, or from any part of the body, completely, totally and radically extirpating the same, leaving the skin soft, smooth and natural. This is the only article used by the French, and is the only real effectual depilatory in existence. Price 75 cents per package, sent post-paid, to any address, on receipt of an order by

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The Californian.

"SURELY THERE IS A VEIN FOR THE SILVER AND A PLACE FOR GOLD WHERE THEY FINE IT."

VOLUME VII., No. 3.
OFFICE, No. 532 MERCHANT STREET.

SAN FRANCISCO, JUNE 8, 1867.

TERMS, $5 A YEAR, BY MAIL, IN ADVANCE
50 CENTS A MONTH, BY CARRIER

CONTENTS:

ORIGINAL: The Prospects of the Church of Rome; Glimpses of Bohemia, by an Old Stager; Street Car Reflections, by Prentice; The Alumni Celebration; Literary Gleanings; Tennysoniana; Edmund Yates' Harriet Routh; "Lion's Month:" The San Francisco Wind; Letters from the People; The Primary Election; Drumatic Affairs; Paragraphs; Poetry, etc. SELECTED: The Three Pellets of Bread, a French story: Fenian Facts, an Irish sketch; Engine Drivers and Their Ways; The Bowery Theater, etc.

THE LION'S MOUTH.

"THE gravest beast is an ass, the gravest bird is an owl, the gravest fish is an oyster, and the gravest man is a fool." SYDNEY SMITH.

"I WILL roar, that I will do any man's heart good to hear me." A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

"I WILL aggravate my voice so, that I will roar you as gently as any sucking dove; I will roar you an 't were any nightingale." IBID.

"*Nil falsi audeat, nil veri non audeat dicere.*" CICERO.

The San Francisco Wind.

The wind has received much attention from poets, sailors and millers. Modified and mitigated winds are termed breezes and zephyrs. They are very pleasant, save when laden as they are at times with perfumery overdone. The most villainous in the world is the San Francisco wind. Very angry, and irritable is this species of wind. It always gets up about noon in a dreadful stute of temper. It tackles everything, like a young housekeeper who has so much to do that she knows not what to take hold of first. So she goes rampaging and charging around, sweeping a bit here, and dusting a bit there, and rushing out into the kitchen to see the coffee boil over, and rushing back to answer some vexatious match-peddler's knock at the front door, scolding everyone who comes in her way. Something in this manner does the San Francisco wind handle men and women, being no respector of persons. It chucks great armfuls of dust in your eyes, and then it follows up the dust attack with clouds of sand. I have seen it bundle a respectable woman on the corner of Market and Third, where it descends from above perpendicularly and blows seven different ways at once. I have seen it bandie such a woman as if it considered that woman a carpet which needed shaking. I looked to see that woman go up heavenward, but she did not because she had set her head against going in that direction just then, and when a woman sets her head against anything it is hard even for a San Francisco wind to oppose her.

The San Francisco wind takes a malicious pleasure in blowing your hat off, if it be a new one, and then rolling it tantalizingly ahead of you in the dirtiest places it can select. It manifests great judgment in picking out dirty places.

The San Francisco wind is responsible for a vast amount of bad temper. On the few calm days with which we are favored during the windy season, people who have to walk home arrive there in a terrible humor, but the rest of the time they are so beat and banged about by the airy tempest as to work them into such an intensified state of nervous irritability that the afflicted persons are fit to commit murder or any other crime for which they have a liking, immediately on crossing the family threshold.

The San Francisco wind is the meanest wind a poor man can breathe or exist in, not so much on account of his lungs, as his clothes when they are of black broadcloth and he is unable to buy more than one suit a year. It rains down seediness on impoverished humanity.

Letters from the People.

The *Call* has of late very properly devoted a portion of its space to "letters from the people." The people avail themselves of this opportunity to rush into print. "Pater Familias" informs the *Call* and the public generally that his wife bought some salmon of a fish-peddler, paid for two pounds, and on weighing it found she had only received twenty-two ounces. We know that "Pater Familias;" he's a regular tradesman who keeps a store—perhaps he is a fish-monger—and he is continually writing to the *Call* under various names, and warning people against patronizing peddlers. Then "Pamela Brown" complains bitterly that a nail in the sidewalk tore her dress. She says:

"I am a poor, hard-working girl, away from my parents, who reside a long way from here, and, owing to the objection above alluded to, have been a sufferer; for, on going to the Post Office to inquire for letters, last week, and the boards of the footway being so very loose, sprung up and a projected nail, or a portion of the board, catching my dress, tore it to such an extent as to cause me considerable time and expense to repair, which I can ill afford. Please call the attention of the authorities to this nuisance, and oblige your very humble servant."

Now we must say that the *Call* was very good natured to oblige poor Pamela Brown, a hard-working girl, away from her parents, who reside a long way from here, by allowing her to tell the public how she tore her dress. It was a little rough on Pamela, we own, as had her parents not been a long way from here, she might have got her mother to mend her dress for her instead of sewing up the rent herself. However, if "the authorities" have hammered down that projected nail in consequence of Pamela Brown's letter to the *Call*, then, indeed, has that paper been of public service. We always considered the *Call* a useful little paper.

Seriously Concerned.

The *Spirit of the Times and Fireman's Journal* has broken out in a fresh spot. Directly below a sporting item, containing the valuable information that a gentleman of Los Angeles "claims the name of Col. Lathrop for n ch. colt foaled March 16, 1867, one white hind-foot and small white spot in the face, sired by Fireman, dam old Lena, by Grey Eagle out of a Picket mare." Just below this bit of sporting intelligence, is an "article" concerning the issue in the Episcopal Church of this diocese, between the friends of the Rev. Mr. Eagan on the one hand, and the Bishop and the regularly constituted church authorities on the other. As the question is a very serious and complicated one, involving points of ecclesiastical law and usage in said Episcopal Church, besides sundry disputed matters of fact, the deliberate opinion of the editor of the *Fireman's Journal and Spirit of the Times*, as a gentleman thoroughly posted in "fistiana," the "turf," dog-fights, and the capacity of thorough-bred rat-and-tan terriers for dispatching a given number of rats in a given number of minutes, must be of inestimable value to the religious world—scarcely less so indeed, than the theological views of the learned editors of the flash Sunday papers Little sins against the canons of grammar and rhetoric, are to be looked for in Sporting organs, and seem to be rather appropriate to them than otherwise; therefore the weight of the *Spirit's* verdict ought not to be estimated by the quality of the language in which it is expressed. Here it is:

"We look upon this whole affair, from its inception to its close, as most disgraceful to the Church and productive of no good whatever. * * * To be so near the Almighty as the Bishop of the Church is supposed to be, he is farther removed from the people, for whom the Son of God died to save, than any Prelate of the Episcopal Church we ever heard of.

This is very severe on Bishop Kip, and we are sincerely sorry for him. He is remorselessly set down as the worst prelate with whom the editor of the *Fireman's Journal* ever had any intimate, personal acquaintance, and as the number of said prelates must be presumed to be very large, the case of our Bishop is truly deplorable.

The Primary Election.

We strolled around last Wednesday to look at the first legalized primary elections held in this city. People interested in saving the country, say that legalized primaries are a good thing. To us it seems a still further complication of the elective machinery, necessitating, perhaps, in a few years the establishment and legalization of ante-primary elections to elect somebody or something to the primaries. Politics is certainly getting to be a very difficult and complicated study. To be a good citizen, and a properly developed voter, you must get registered, you must attend all the preparatory meetings, you must read various political newspapers, you must keep on good terms with two or three professional politicians to keep posted, and you must be able, when duty calls, to drink bad whisky. It is a hard and laborious occupation. Many of the men we saw on Wednesday, about those primaries, looked as if their patriotic calling had told heavily upon their constitutions. The concentration of the mingled odor of tobacco, whisky, Democrats and Republicans at the polling places was immense. Thank Heaven there are so many willing to relieve us of our share of the burthen of saving the country and holding office.

Sound and Sense.

The lady who advertises in the following manner in a daily paper should have availed herself of the services of some one who knew how to write English:

"WANTED—Every father and mother in San Francisco wishing their sons or daughters to play music well, read well, sing well and articulate song words distinctly, feelingly and beautifully, are requested to call and see Mrs. S. J. C., who will play, sing and read for you with pleasure."

If Mrs. S. J. C. teaches her pupils to mangle words as she mangles the English language, she is a dangerous woman and should be avoided. If Mrs. S. J. C. is as little skilled in the grammar of music as she is in the grammar of the English language, then every father and mother who *are* requested to call on her will hear her play and sing for *you* with anything but pleasure. Why does not some one establish a bureau and write advertisements of all kinds in decent English for a moderate compensation?

The Power of Music.

Some one says that music hath power to move the savage breast and make the wildest Indian tame. The Indians are at present very savage. Would it not be well to try the power of music on them, attack them with music produced from barrel organs instead of lead from rifle barrels. The power of music on the brute creation has been fully tested. An exchange, in speaking of the magical strains of a hand organ, says: "When he played *Old Dog Tray*, we noticed 11 pups sitting in front of the machine on their haunches, brushing away the tears from their eyes with their fore paws." If 11 pups were thus subjected by the strains of one hand-organ, what would be the effect of a thousand hand-organs on the Indians? The inhabitants of the chief cities of the United States would gladly spare them for a month or two.

Freight from Australia.

A Mr. Jobson who recently arrived from Australia, has brought with him a poem addressed to Washington, which he has submitted to the Board of Supervisors for their approval. It is not yet decided whether or not Mr. Shrader will read it on the coming Fourth of July.

Unspeakably Delightful.

A Washington correspondent of the Boston *Transcript*, tells a story about an Indiana soldier who was buried alive for two days and a half. Five coffins were piled on his coffin, and when he woke to consciousness on the third day, we are told that "his first feeling was a suffocating sensation." It is probable if he awoke that he *did* feel rather suffocated. Then we are told he screamed, and the sentinel guarding the tomb dropped his musket which went off. We give the remainder of the story in the correspondent's own words:

"The report aroused Mr. M. still more to a sense of his condition and awful location. He redoubled his screams, bringing a rush of soldiers to the tomb, who soon got him out and relieved him from his terrible confinement. He says that, though never conscious of his dreadful situation, his mind was always active, and his sensations unspeakably delightful—seeming to float through scenes of surpassing beauty, amid strains of delicious music, such, to use his own words, as he has never heard since."

Now mark how easily this infamous correspondent is proved to be a story teller. Mr. M. was "aroused to a sense of his condition and awful 'location,'" we are told. Then "he redoubled his screams." After this, we are informed that he was "never conscious of his dreadful situation." If he was aroused to a sense of his "awful location" how is it that he was never conscious of his "awful situation!" As to his hearing strains of delicious music which he has never heard since, this is easily explained, if he has not been to the opera since his recovery. We cannot believe that his sensations were unspeakably delightful when he had five coffins on the top of his own peculiar coffin. If they were why did he scream, and why did he redouble his screams? This is just the sort of thing to encourage people to get themselves buried alive, and have five coffins piled on the top of them. We beg everyone to place no credence in this wicked prevaricator's story.

Conscience.

The *California Farmer* of Thursday, May 30th, publishes "Conscience," by James Linen, with the following introduction:

"[We are most happy to give our readers the following Gem of Poetry, from our gifted California Poet, James Linen, Esq. We know our readers will justly appreciate it, and acknowledge it to be truly a Gem in Poetry.]"

"Conscience" in the *Farmer* of the above date, only amounts to about three quarters of a foot. Had the *Farmer* a little more conscience it would have duly credited the "poem" to THE CALIFORNIAN, for which paper it was originally written, instead of simply introducing it to its lucolic readers as "a Gem in Poetry," and expressing its firm conviction that its readers would justly appreciate it and acknowledge it to be truly "a Gem in Poetry." Gemmy Linen's Gem in Poetry will, we trust, be fully appreciated; but still, the editor of the *Farmer* ought not to have published it without credit. The poem commences:

"Tell me, O Conscience! what thou art,
That fires the brain and wrings the heart;
That haunts the guilty mind with fears,
And fills the bitter mind with tears."

Ah, ah! If the *Farmer* man has any conscience, his poor brain is pretty hot, his unfortunate heart is being wrung like a flannel petticoat in Maxton's patent clothes wringer, his guilty mind is pretty well haunted with fears, and the aforesaid mind is just pickled in bitter tears.

Police and Religion.

We are informed by the Eastern press that a young Methodist clergyman has preached from the steps of his church in Salisbury, N. H., all through the winter, the house having been closed against him soon after he was sent there. No one comes to hear him, but in storm or shine, he takes his position with uncovered head, and exhorts and prays, and no expostulation or entreaty can turn him from what he deems his duty. We do not exactly understand why this young Methodist clergyman should be considered an object of sympathy by the press. The unfortunate Mr. Crisis, who preached in this city with uncovered head, was first villified by the unscrupulous Fitz Smythe in the public prints, and afterwards arrested by the police. If that young Methodist clergyman were to preach anywhere within a block of the *Alta* office, in this city, he would not be expostulated with or entreated to desist; he would be lugged off to the calaboose, unless the policeman on the beat and Fitz Smythe and the majority of those who were passing by happened to be Methodists. We have a free church in San Francisco, but we don't approve of religion being made too free. Business is business, and no peddling without a license is tolerated.

Our Mechanics.

Our bosom swelled with patriotic pride as we contemplated the grand turn out of the workingmen of this city on Monday. They didn't look much like the "down-trodden masses, of the effete monarchies of the Old World." Not a bit of it. They didn't look as if they suffered much from short-rations, and the display of Sunday dry-goods was most liberal. We don't believe that the people who do the brain work, and labor from twelve to sixteen hours a day could turn out in as good store clothes, with white gloves, etc., or that they could afford to pay for so many carriages and bands of music. We heaved a sigh as we contemplated these happy fellows, and groaned in spirit over the evil destiny that had consigned us to the doom of a "slave of the lamp," instead of making us a working man.

Literary Co-partnership.

The *Times* says that Alice Kingsbury intended to produce, before she left for Europe, several plays written for her by "a lady and gentleman of this city," and regretted not being able to do so. This is better than the Beaumont and Fletcher partnership. Ah! How much the public of San Francisco lost in not having introduced to it the literary offspring of a lady and gentleman of this city!

THE THREE PELLETS OF BREAD.

THE FIRST PELLET.

IN 1824, toward the end of October, ten yonng men were concluding a repast at one of the tables of the Café de Paris. The succulent dishes had been apparently well seasoned with wine, for all their faces were illuminated, and all were talking at the same time.

Nor was it surprising that the meeting had been a jovial one. The amphitryon—George Benier by name—only the other day sub-lieutenant in the 5th Regiment of Dragoons had unexpectedly inherited a fortune estimated at six hundred thonsand francs. Barely a month had elapsed since he had received, whilst serving in Spain, the news of the death of an uncle, who had left him heir to the accumulations of an industrious and well-spent life. He had obtained leave of absence, and had hurried off to the capital to realize his fortune. He had also invited what few friends—chiefly college chums— he had in Paris, to participate in his happiness. He had nine—in a day or two he would have fifty. A man with a well-lined pocket has always plenty of friends.

The banquet held in honor of this sudden accession of funds was coming to a conclusion—that is to say, the party were at their last bottles of champagne. Awaiting coffee, everyone was laughing, talking, or gesticulating, without concerning himself about listening or being listened to. The host, who was more animated even than the others, probably because, in his quality of host, he had deemed it necessary to set a good example, was endeavoring to get a word in concerning his feats of valor in the Peninsula—expatiating upon the assault of the Trocadero on the 31st of August, 1823, and the delivery of Ferdinand VII. from the hands of the Cortes; but everyone was too happy to listen to details.

In the meantime, coffee had been brought in. The young man—George Benier was in his twenty-first year—was lifting his cup to his lips, when he suddenly put it down again, with an exclamation of surprise and disgust.

"Garcon!" he shouted, in a voice that made the whole establisement start, "take this cup away at once."

And, as he said this, he pointed to two flies that had been stupid enough to take a bath in the hot fluid—a bath which had cost them their lives. One of the gareons took away the cup, whilst another busied himself in repairing the disaster. The guests were laughing heartily at the discomfiture of the lieutenant of dragoons.

"Ah! ah!" said one, "George is afraid of a fly!"

But, Prosper Dyonnet, a college chum, interposed—"Don't you remember? he used to kill them by hundreds; his conscience troubles him, and now the sight of two dead flies awakeos his remorse."

The interpellation excited renewed laughter, in which George joined heartily.

"True, gentlemen," he said, "I always had a horror of flies, and I became so skillful by dint of practice in killing them with pellets of bread, that I got the surname of 'Tueur de mouches.' I have not lost my skill yet, I can tell yon; but if I assassinate flies, that is no reason why I should also swallow them."

"Well said," observed one of the guests; and with after-dinner thoughtlessness, and the love of fun natural to youth, he proposed that George should give them proof that he was still entitled to what he was pleased to designate as a glorious title to distinction.

To this effect a roll of bread was taken from a table close by. George Benier, as serious as if he were about to solve a problem in mathematics, broke it, took out the crumbs, and began to prepare his ammunition. Having made three pellets, he held them out in his open hand.

"Now," he said, "who'll bet that I don't kill a fly with each shot?"

"We'll all bet," shouted the guests. "What shall it be? A monster punch!"

"Good; but what distance do you allow me?"

"We leave that to you—a pellet of bread is not precisely a conical ball."

In the interval, a man, apparently above fifty years of age, with grey monstaches and coat buttoned up—evidently an old soldier—had come into the café. Ordering a cup of chocolate, he had taken up a newspaper, and was reading as he awaited his refreshment. The room was crowded with flies, half stupified by the approach of winter, and George Benier observed that three had settled upon the new comer—one on his arm, another on his neck, and a third had the impudence actually to alight on the very hand that held the paper. The guests watched the direction which George's eyes had taken, and the same malicious idea occurred at the same moment to all their excited brains. This idea was mutually exchanged by nods, and smiles, and intelligent glances, but not formulated into words. That would have spoilt the fun. George, encouraged by these looks of approbation, made his preparations for the commission of a grievous act of folly.

Placing one of the pellets on his thumb, and holding it there by the medium finger curved into a bow, so as to act as a spring, he took aim at the right hand of the man with the grey moustaches. It must be said to his credit, however that he hesitated for a moment, a ray of sense flashed across his mind, and he turned around to look at his friends. But all he saw there was encouragement by nods, and winks, and smiles, It was such fun! Alas! how many foolish things are done under the absurd impression that there is something funny in them!

George's thumb went off; the pellet was shot forth, and killed the fly that lay on the officer's hand.

"Superb!" ejaculated his friends, but in subdued tones, not to interfere with the progress of their rich friend's experiment.

As to the veteran, he never moved, but continued to read his paper as if nothing had happened. Encouraged by his success, and excited by the applause of his friends, as also by the attention of other spectators which had been attracted to what was going on, George Benier took aim at the shoulder, and the second fly fell a victim to his skill. After this there was no receding. The man in the buttoned-up coat persisted in ignoring the insults put upon his person; there was only one fly more to kill to inaugurate the monster punch, and that fly was stretching out its fore feet not many inches below the formidable grey moustaches. Off went the third pellet, and the intrusive insect fell dead. The experiment concluded, there was no longer any cause for silence, and all the guests united in shouting "Vive le Tueur de mouches!"

But whilst they were thus jubilant and triumphant, the man in the buttoned-up coat had slowly risen, and stooping, he deliberately picked up the three pellets of bread, which done, he walked over, quite calmly, to where George sat with his friends. The laughter now suddenly ceased, and the attention of the other spectators became breathless. Strangers, as well as the friends of the "Tueur de mouches," knew that matters could not stop there. A pin might have been heard to fall in the whole café.

The man with the grey moustaches saluted the company. The salutation was respectfully returned by George and his guests. George was a little pale, but calm. The veteran, extended his hand, in the palm of which were the three pellets of bread, was about to speak. But George, who would not allow, even for half a second, that it should be supposed that he would leave the responsibility on anyone but himself, anticipated him.

"It was I sir; I shot those pellets."

The unknown bowed again.

"That is sufficient, sir."

So saying, he quietly unbuttoned his coat, and drew forth a card from his waistcoat pocket.

"Monsieur," he said, "will be good enough to show me that he is as skillful with a sword as he is with a pellet of bread?"

"At your orders, sir," replied George, as he exchanged cards with his adversary.

Upon the stranger's card was graven: "Louis Rodet, ex-Captain of Light Infantry."

Next morning at ten the young soldier of the Trocadero and the veteran of Austerlitz and of Wagram met, accompanied each by two friends, in the Bois de Boulogne. George was a proficient in sword exercise, but by no means as much so as the captain. After a few passes he had to give up the combat, his right arm being pierced through and through. As the veteran left the field, he saluted his wounded and discomfited antagonist with great courtesy:

"Till we have the pleasure of meeting again, sir," he said.

"You are really too kind," retorted George Benier.

And following the old soldier with his eyes as he took his departure, accompanied by two veterans of his own stamp.

"Ah ca!" he muttered, "what does that animal mean with his 'pleasure of meeting me again?' Does he not think one lesson of politeness sufficient? The idea is any thing but reassuring!"

George Benier had to keep his bed for two months. His wound was severe, and he had to observe complete repose. After these two months, a third was enjoined in his room for convalescence.

"It was well worth while," he said to himself, "to hurry from Spain to claim my inheritance, and to have to spend three months in suffering and tedium!"

But at length he was free, and happy in being able to walk, eat, run, and laugh like everybody else. Prosper Dyonnet remained his boon companion, although he entertained a slight grudge toward him for his folly in resuscitating his talents as a collegian in so inopportune a manner. But he remembered also that Prosper had had a few glasses of champagne too many, and he forgave him. Prosper, besides, knew Paris intimately, and not only assisted him in procuring a carriage and horses, but also introduced him to the world.

THE SECOND PELLET.

During the carnival of 1825, George Benier made the acquaintance, at an opera ball, of a lady who was much sought after at that period, and who was known as the Baroness of Belmonte. We say known, for she was no more a baroness than her mother, who sold artichokes in winter and oranges in summer. Despite her humble origin, the baroness, however, was clever, and she managed to captivate the young man. He could not sleep at night, and spent the day in deploring to his Prosper Dyonnet the cruelty of the fair one. Not that the baroness objected to the young man's attentions, but she knew her interests too well to succumb at once. Three weeks had passed in walks and drives, the lady had accepted both cashmeres and diamonds, but as yet had given no signs of a riciprocal affection. George began to weary of laying siege to so impregnable a place. Scenes of recrimination occurred, till the lady, fearing she might lose her lover, showed more symptoms of relenting.

George was walking arm-in-arm with his friend Prosper on the Boulevards. He was in high spirits; visions of happiness were before him which he did not fail to confide to his bosom friend, and they agreed to celebrate the happy turn in events by a repast at the Café Anglais. They had just reached the threshold, and George was about to step in, when he was stopped by a hand placed on his shoulder, and a voice interposed:

"I beg your pardon, sir. A word, if you please."

George turned round in anger. The voice was well known to him—very unpleasantly so—and he and his friend Prosper recognized at once the man of the Café de Paris, the man with the grey moustaches and buttoned-up coat—Captain Rodet! Both were disconcerted—the meeting was not agreeable—but the young officer of dragoons, quickly recovering himself, inquired, in a haughty tone, what the veteran wanted with him.

"Very little, sir," replied the latter, in a tone of exquisite politeness. "I wish to return this to you, and at the same time to announce to you that, now you are so perfectly recovered, I will put it in your power to receive a portion of the remainder."

George had mechanically opened the paper handed to him by the captain. It contained a pellet of bread.

"Monsieur!" he said, and he was about to add, "I thought that a meeting, followed by a severe wound, was sufficient punishment for an act of thoughtlessness;" but there was something so austere and implacable in the veteran's looks, that the words stuck in his throat. But Prosper had not the same reasons as his friend for declining to reason upon the matter.

"Monsieur," he said, addressing the captain, "unless you are impelled by motives of personal hostility, I cannot understand what interest you can have in exacting another meeting on the part of M. George Benier. The insult was slight, you must admit, and is not your honor satisfied by the blood already spilt?"

But the veteran never wavered in the inflexible expression which he had assumed, and, with his eyes fixed on George, he awaited an answer without vouchsafing a reply to Prosper.

"Captain," said the former, seeing there was no alternative, "I do not accept the words pronounced by my friend. I am ready to meet you where and when you like, and we will fight as much as you like."

"To-morrow evening—the same place and the same hour as before," replied the captain, who had resumed his most affable manner.

"Be it so," replied George Benier.

Poor George! his skill in killing flies with pellets of bread was destined to entail a vast amount of misery. On the occasion of this his second encounter, anger and hatred of his rival imparted double strength to his arm, and gave unwonted vigor to his thrusts. But it was in vain; the veteran parried his sword as coolly as if fencing with foils. The struggle lasted a long time; George became exhausted by his efforts and exasperation, and at length fell on the greensward—the captain's sword had penetrated his chest. To add to his horror, as he lay fainting from loss of blood, he heard the old soldier say, "Adeau, till we meet again!"

This time George remained three months in bed, and another month in his arm-chair. During these long days of suffering and debility, friendship alone remained faithful to the poor patient. Love had taken its flight. The first day that George—whose life the surgeon had despaired of for three long weeks—was allowed to speak. Prosper felt inclined to avoid him, but George said:

"Stay, stay! Who would love me, if I were fool enough to quarrel with you?"

Prosper shook his head sorrowfully.

"Alas!" he said, "sickness tries friendship; and love, too, does it not? Well, frankly, you could not expect—"

"That Madame de Belmonte would become my nurse? No; most assuredly I did not expect that. But she did not send to inquire after me?"

"Yes, for four days consecutively."

"Four days! Well, when I get well I will send her four bracelets. We must not expect impossibilities."

What most surprised Prosper Dyonnet was, that as George Benier recovered his strength, instead of gaining spirits with improving health, he seemed to remain anxious, and at times sorrowful.

"What troubles you, George?" he inquired. "The doctor has said that on Saturday you can go out in the carriage, and yet you seem to experience some secret grief. Is it possible that the memory of Madame de Belmonte haunts you? She was not worthy of your love."

George, smiling grimly, replied:

"Prosper, I am melancholy, becanse I am afraid."

"Afraid of what?"

George contented himself with handing a card to his friend, and bnried his face in his hands.

"Captain Louis Rodet!" exclaimed Prosper. "Fool, idiot that I was! Yes, I understand now, my poor George. You need not blush; you fear to meet that man again, who is more implacable than if you had deprived him of honor, fortune, of all that was dear to him."

"Yes, Prosper, that is what I dread. He has still one pellet to receive satisfaction for, and he keeps it for the last. If I meet that man again, he will kill me."

"Listeu, George," said Prosper, taking a seat by his side. "That man is an assassin. I am not a soldier, and I should have recourse to other means of getting rid of so bloodthirsty an antagonist. I would denounce him to the police."

George shnddered.

"No," he said, "I would never humble myself to that extent. I have been an officer, and I conld not, without branding myself as a coward, take the step which you recommend."

"Well, then, George, there is only one alternative. We must separate."

"Why so?"

"Because you must go to Italy; and, what is more, you must leave this in a fortnight. You must remain there six months or a year.

THE THIRD PELLET.

George Benier, although deeply grieved to part from his friend, resolved, after mature consideration to follow his advice. A fortnight had not elapsed ere he was on his way to a change of climate and scenery. After a month's absence he had regained his health and spirits. He had dismissed from his mind all thoughts of his formidable creditor, who, possessed of a miserable pellet of bread instead of a dishonored bill, had made an ex-officer of dragoons take flight to other realms. It was at this epoch that his frieud Prosper received a long letter from him. It was dated 6th of September, 1825, Naples. Referring to previous communications, George reminded his friend that he had mentioned to him his having met a young person walking with her mother on the Monte Olivetto, with whom he had been very much smitten; that he had ascertained through his friend Count Popoli that the ladies were French, that the mother's name was Madame Castillion, that she was a widow, and wealthy; that the daughter's name was Blanche, that she was seventeen years of age, and pretty enough to put in a frame. Well, since he had made that communication he had been introduced to the parties, acquaintance had ripened into affection, and iu a month's time he was to be married at the church of San Domenico. He insisted upon Prosper Dyonnet being present at the wedding; he must come away at once. The ladies, on their side, expected one of their relations—a brother of Madame Castillon—whom he (George Benier) was said to be acquainted with; but they would not tell me his name, as they intended to give him an agreeable surprise! Perchance. he said, he and Dyonnet might travel together.

George was seated behind his betrothed in a box at the theatre of San Carlo. The curtain had just fallen upon the second act of an opera of Piccini's. George was muttering some words in Blanche's ear which made her smile. Madame Castillon, like a good mother that she was, was looking elsewhere, so that George might talk, and Blanche might smile.

Suddenly George, whose eyes were wandering mechanically towards the stalls, stopped in the middle of a phrase. He turned pale, and a groan, that almost resembled the rattle of a moribund, escaped from his chest. The two ladies, snrprised and terrified, turned toward him.

"Farewell! farewell!" he exclaimed.

And hurrying to the door of the box he threw himself into the corridor. and thence gained the square of San Carlo.

"Where is my carriage? Oh, here it is! Whip, coachman, whip!"

"Where is monsieur going to?"

"Where am I going? Where you like. Right before you, if you like it—only start."

Without replying, the driver mounted his box, and when the horses, worn out with the speed at which they were driven, came to a dead stop, George was eight leagues from Naples.

"What is the matter?" said George, putting his head out of the window. "Why don't we go on, John?"

"Because monsieur's horses cannot go any farther," replied John.

George jumped out, and, after some loss of time, it was ascertained that a village and post-house were close by, and thither he hastened. There happened at the very moment of his arrival to be a post-chaise at the door, to which a couple of post-horses were being harnessed. The master stood by superintending the operation.

"Monsieur," said George to this man, "I want two horses for my carriage."

The man shook his head.

"Very sorry, sir, but I have no more horses. These two are the last."

George rushed at the chaise and opened the door. A man—an Englishman, to judge by his whiskers—was seated within.

"Monsieur," said George, "I have a request of great importance to make to you."

"Speak, sir," replied the traveler, with an accent which did not belie his whiskers.

"Will you give up your horses?"

"Impossible, sir!"

"I will give you a thousand, two thousand francs, in exchange for the concession."

"I do not want your money, sir."

"Sir, your kindness will save my life."

"I have not time to be kind."

"Sir, I will make you repent your cruelty!"

"Repent! Ah! Postillion, stop a moment."

The Englishman stepped out of the chaise, and with characteristic calmness said:

"What do you mean, sir, by saying yon will make me repent?"

"What I meant I scarcely know. Perhaps I am mad; bnt, mad or not, it depends upon you to prevent me from being killed."

The Englishman looked hard at the young man, and then tnrning round as if to re-enter his chaise, he superciliously remarked:

"And what is it to me, sir, if you are killed?"

Goorge, irritated by his contemptuous indifference, raised his hand.

At the very moment a lond noise was heard on the road. It was a post-chaise coming at full gallop. George heard his own name called out in a well known voice.

"Ah! I am lost!" exclaimed the young man; and a cold perspiration bedewed his brow.

It was Captain Rodet in pursuit—it was Baptain Rodet who was calling to him. George saw him stepping rapidly toward him. At the sight of the man, whom he looked upon as his executioner, George advanced to the encounter.

"Kill me—assassinate me, sir," he exclaimed, "for I warn yon I shall not fight. I am a coward; I admit it. Kill me at once, for I am frightened of you!"

George, notwithstanding his unmanly avowal, stood in the presence of his enemy, his head erect, his arms crossed on his breast, as if awaiting death. The captain looked at the young as if a thunderstruck, but a strange smile played upon his lips. A little group of bystanders had, in the meantime, gathered around. The Englishman himself, taken aback by the strangeness of the scene, had forgotten to get into his chaise. Like the rest, he looked at George Benier and then at Captain Rodet in presence of one another.

At last the captain opened his mouth, and, holding out his right hand to George, "Who says anything about killing sir?" he said, in an affectionate tone. "Who speaks to you about fighting? Why should I kill you? I am Blanche's uncle, sir; and I come in her name to give you this trifle, which belongs to you—yourself."

George looked at the hand that was held out to him, and uttered an exclamation of joyful surprise. It contained the third pellet of bread! The captain renounced the last meeting, to which he was entitled by the code of honor!

Had Captain Rodet, in reply to George's invitation, raised a dagger at his breast, the young man would not have shrunk, but to find that he was forever delivered of an implacable hostility was too much for him. He fell fainting to the ground.

When he regained his consciousness he found himself on a bed in the inn, and Captain Rodet by his side. Involuntarily he shuddered; but the captain was smiling.

"What, sir," he said "are you——"

"Yes, I am going to be your uncle, young man—precisely so." And, as George was about to reply, "Two words more," said the old soldier. "I have, perhaps, shown myself very severe for a slight fault. I admit it. But my excuse—you will understand it, my excnse—good or bad, is, that I served the emperor and you served the Bourbons. Austerlitz could not permit itself to bo eclipsed by the Trocadero. But, so that you may not deem me more truculent than I really am, know, young man, that long before my sister wrote to me that you desired to be her son-in-law, I had made up my mind that I would no longer cross swords with you. It was quite enough twice, was it not?"

George rose up in his bed.

"From all this, captain, it results——"

"It results, my dear George, that you are going to marry a charming young person."

"That is not precisely what I was about to say, captain."

"What, then, were yon going to say, my dear young friend?"

"Why, captain, that I was frightened. I must confess it, I was horribly frightened."

The captain burst out into a joyous laugh.

"So frightened, that, to avoid fighting me, you were going to fight that Englishman because he would not cede his horses to you! Come, George," and the old soldier took him by the hand.

"But Blanche—bnt her mother! What shall we say to them to excuse my conduct?" said George, after reflecting a few seconds.

"We will tell them the trnth," exclaimed the captain; "it is far the shortest."

"True. I was mad when I ran away from Blanche."

"She thought so. Let her still deem you mad when you return."

"How so?"

"Madly in love!"

George wedded Blanche, and they were happy. The moral of which is, that if there had been no flies in the Café du Palais Royal in October, 1824, George Benier would never have fought—most probably—Captain Rodet. If Captain Rodet had not persecuted George, he would—most probably—have never gone to Italy. If he had not gone to Italy, he would—most probably—have never met Blanche and became Captain Rodet's happy nephew, and a respectable member of society. All's well that ends well.

MODERN ROME.

THE following pleasant bit of description is taken from Miss Edna Dean Proctor's last letter to the *Independent:*

The streets of Rome are a panorama of unending interest and variety. The open squares are full of sunshine and the music of fountains, and it is like going from noon to twilight to step from them into the narrow, damp streets, whose tall, overhanging houses sometimes almost shut out the sky. Most noticeable among the passers-by are the clergy and the monks, of all names and degrees, from the cardinals, with their superb black horses and liveried attendants, and their gorgeons scarlet and purple robes, which make them look like some gigantic cactus blossom, to the barefooted friars, with their shuffling gait and dull faces and greasy cowls—the light and shade of the church tableau. Then there are the multitude of strangers of all nations who have come to pass a week or a winter at Rome. On foot, on horseback, in carriages, they throng the piazza of St. Peter's, and wake the echoes of the Coliseum, and explore the Appian Way, pouring in a full tide on to the Pincian Hill during the fashionable hours of the late afternoon. Last and most attractive, there are the common people, the Romans of to-day. The babies, swathed like mummies, laugh and crow, and look on with wide-open eyes. The larger children swarm in the sunny places and beside the fountains; while the mothers knit or sew, or spin flax from a distaff, chattering the while in their liquid Italian. In Germany, France, and Switzerland it is rare to see a pretty woman among the laboring classes; but amoug these women of Rome there are many faces that a painter might love to give to canvas, or a sculptor to marble, so glowing is the color and so fine the form. The Lucretias, and Cecilias, and Livias are no more; but in the low, broad brows, the large, expressive eyes, the rich cheeks, the well-cut lips and noses, and the black, lustrous hair of some of these Giuliettas, and Marias, and Agneses, I fancy I see their transmitted charms. Nothing can be more picturesque than a group of these women, in their gay costumes, (a scarlet bodice, or a small bright shawl folded surplicewise across the bosom, their glossy braids of hair confined at the back with a silver pin or arrow, and always the gold or coral necklace and earrings, procured ofteu with difficulty and worn with pride) abroad with their children, bargaining in the market or gossiping, as they love to do, beside the clear fountain nnder the azure sky. As for the men, they throw the corner of their loose cloaks over the left shoulder, with a grace worthy of the ancient toga, and work, or lounge, or beg with equal ease and unconcern. Speaking of these handsome, dark women reminds me, by contrast, of one exquisitely fair, whom I saw at *table d'hote* at the Hotel de Grande Bretange, in Florence. Noticing her delicate bloom and her golden curls, tied with a blue ribbon, I said to myself, This must be a Scotch lassie—some lily of Liddesdale. After dinner, as I passed out of the room, I heard the waiter reply, to the inquiries of an anxious Englishman, "Yes, sir; the Duke and Duchess of Argyle and their daughter. They sat on the left of the table." So I was right, and the lovely flower was indeed of Scottish growth; the lily, not of Liddesdale, but of Inverary and the Clan Campbell.

SEWING MACHINES.—Mr. Alonzo Taylor, Manufacturer of Shuttle Stitch Sewing Machines, 90 East 39th Street, New York, states that he has purchased nearly a dozen Grover & Baker Machines for his friends, to be used in their families, because he thought they would do the work better than Shuttle Machines.

[*From testimony taken before the U. S. Commissioner of Patents, on the application for the extension of the patent for the Grover & Baker Sewing Machine.*]

POVERTY, like other bullies, is formidable only to those who show that they are afraid of it.

MUSIC is the most delightful rational entertainment that the human mind can possibly enjoy.

REVENGE is a much more punctual paymaster than gratitude.

LITERARY GOSSIP AND GLEANINGS.

EMERSON'S NEW VOLUME.

THE appearance of Emerson's new volume of poems entitled "May-Day, and Other Pieces," just published by Ticknor & Fields, is one of the most noteworthy literary events of the season. The following is a characteristic extract, the source of which could scarcely be mistaken by any admirer of the Concord poet and philosopher:

I heard or seemed to hear the chiding Sea
Say, Pilgrim, why so late and slow to come?
Am I not always here, thy Summer home?
Is not my voice thy music, morn and eve?
My breath thy healthful climate in the heats.
My touch thy antidote, my bay thy bath?
Was ever building like my trresses?
Was ever couch magnificent as mine?
Lie on the warm rock-ledges, and there learn
A little lot suffices like a town.
I make your sculptured architecture vain,
Vain beside mine. I drive my wedges home,
And carve the coastwise mountain into caves.
Lo! here is Rome, and Nineveh, and Thebes,
Karnak, and Pyramid, and Giant's Stairs,
Half-piled or prostrate; and my newest slab
Older than all thy race.

Behold the Sea,
The opaline, the plentiful and strong.
Yet beautiful as is the rose in June,
Fresh as the trickling rainbow of July;
Sea full of food, the nourisher of kinds,
Purger of earth, and medicine of men;
Creating a sweet climate by my breath,
Washing out harms and griefs from memory,
And, in my mathematic ebb and flow,
Giving a hint of that which changes not.
Rich are the sea-gods: who gives gifts but they?
They grope the sea for pearls, but more than pearls.
They pluck Force thence, and give it to the wise.
For every wave is wealth to Dædalus.
Wealth to the cunning artist who can work
This matchless strength. Where shall we find, O waves!
A load your Atlas shoulders cannot lift?

I with my hammer pounding overcome
The rocky coast, smite Andes into dust,
Strewing my bed, and, in another age,
Rebuild a continent for better men.
Then I unbar the doors; my paths lead out
The exodus of nations: I disperse
Men to all shores that front the hoary main.

I too have arts and sorceries:
Illusion dwells forever with the wave.
I know what spells are laid. Leave me to deal
With credulous and imaginative man;
For, though he scoop my water in his palm,
A few rods off he deems it gems and clouds.
Planting strange fruits and sunshine on the shore,
I make some coast alluring, some lone isle.
To distant men, who must go there or die.

"TENNYSONIANA."

This is the title of a small volume of about 170 pages, written by some fervent admirer of the genius of the English Laureate, who has devoted much time and industry to a kind of work seldom undertaken during the life of the person who is its subject. It contains many curious results of a careful collection and collation of the different editions of Tennyson's poems, together with numerous personal details which will be interesting to the poet's admirers, and extremely valuable to his future biographer. Our knowledge of the book is derived from the notices of it in the foreign papers, one of which says:

"It seems that the first literary production of Alfred Tennyson appeared about forty years ago. It was printed and publised at Louth, in Lincolnshire (Tennyson's native county) and was entitled 'Poems by Two Brothers.' The 'two brothers' were Alfred and Charles Tennyson, though their names did not appear on the title-page. Alfred was at that time in the eighteenth year of his age; and he and his brother, with becoming modesty, adopted as their motto the following words from Martial—'Hæc nos novimus esse nihil' (We know this to be nothing). 'R. H. S.' gives us but few specimens of this volume; but we may safely infer that the contents were poor enough. Some of the titles suggest the old poetical commonplaces of young beginners—'Lines to Memory,' 'The Exile's Harp,' 'Remorse,' 'We Meet no More,' 'To Fancy,' 'Midnight,' Friendship,' 'On Sublimity,' 'Time, an Ode,' etc. Others have an odd tone of something formal and old-fashioned; as, 'Lines to One who Entertained a Light Opinion of an Eminent Character.' 'On the Death of my Grandmother,' 'On being asked for a Simile to illustrate the Advantage of keeping the Passions subservient to Reason,' 'Short Eulogium on Homer,' etc. Others, again, betray that the brothers shared in the then prevalent excitement in favor of the Hellenes; for we find poems called 'Greece,' and 'Exhortation to the Greeks.' Byron seems to have had a powerful influence on the minds of the youthful poets; one of their pieces is called 'On the Death of Lord Byron,' and lines from the author of 'Childe Harold' are frequently used as mottoes. The first conspicuous work of Alfred Tennyson was his Cambridge Prize Poem, 'Timbuctoo' (1829), which was very eulogistically noticed in the *Athenæum* of July 22nd of that year, and which was certainly distinguished by some noble passages. In 1830 appeared 'Poems, chiefly Lyrical, by Alfred Tennyson." This was the volume which contained 'Mariana in the Moated Grange.' It was well received upon the whole—the *Westminster Review* (in an article, it is thought, by Mr. John Stuart Mill) hailing it as a work of great promise; Leigh Hunt, in the *Tatler*, contrasting the two brothers, in a series of articles, and concluding by giving the palm to Alfred; and Professor Wilson, in *Blackwood's Magazine*, 'mingling praise and blame,' as Tennyson afterward told us, in some very stinging verses. After the appearance of the volume of 1833, Coleridge said of Tennyson that some of his poems showed 'a good deal of beauty,' but he added that he had 'begun to write verses without very well understanding what metre is.' And he 'prescribed' to him to write for two or three years 'in none but one or two well-known and strictly-defined metres, such as the heroic couplet, the octave stanza, or the octosyllabic measure,' as a corrective to the looseness of his new metres, some of which Coleridge said he could scarcely scan. Woodsworth, in 1845, spoke of Tennyson as 'Decidedly the first of our living poets,' though it seems that he had originally, unlike Leigh Hunt, regarded Charles as the better poet. The very curious little volume of 'R. H. S. contains a great many collations of first and second readings of passages in the chief poems (Tennyson is a great corrector); a complete list of the poet's writings; an account of the Tennyson portraits; various literary and biographical particulars, and some remarks on Tennyson's versification, in which it is shown that the stanza of 'In Memoriam' is borrowed from Ben Johnson."

EDMUND YATES' HARRIET ROUTH.

The London *Spectator*, in a decidedly clever criticism of Edmund Yates' novel, "Black Sheep," has some judicious and rather striking comments on Harriet Routh, by far the most original character in the book, and one that is drawn with considerable psychological insight. The critic says:

"Mr. Yates has tried to sketch in her one of the most singular, yet not most infrequent of mental phenomena—the loss of identity, the merging, as it were, of one nature into another so absolutely that it assists in evil, without, so far as human eye can trace, itself becoming as evil as its partner. Harriet Routh, a clever governess of good emotions and no particular principles, meets her husband, a villainous black-leg, dying in an inn on the Continent. Moved by some instinct or an irresistible pity, she refuses to let him die alone, nurses him, is dismissed by her employers, and on his recovery marries him. Thenceforward she becomes absorbed in him, till her own nature seems to disappear: enters into his nefarious projects, aids with him the higher courage and brighter brain than his own to swindle friends; becomes, in fact, an accomplice, while remaining the cheerful, loving, devoted, unselfish wife.

All this while, it is impossible, though she has sunk in action to the sharper's level, to hold her morally equally degraded. By a thousand touches, some of them, we suspect, unconscious, as if Mr. Yates were sketching something he had seen and only half understood, the author gives us to understand that she is not lost; that virtues remain, though all are misdirected. She is a swindler absolutely truthful to herself and her husband, a cheat who is absolutely sincere, a loving woman who is pitiless to all but one, but has, in her mad concentration to that one, scarcely human sympathies for others—a woman full, to use the only word which will express the thought, of piety, but a piety for him, not God. It is not an ordinary passion which is described, but an absolute merging of the identity of the moral nature, such as some heretics have tried to believe the true relation of woman to man. You feel that, but for Routh, Harriet would be a queenly nature. At last it becomes essential to his plans to commit a murder—very artistically suppressed as to details by Mr. Yates—and throw the suspicion on a friend; and Harriet, cognizant of the former, personally arranges for the latter. Then comes the finest stroke Mr. Yates probably ever conceived.

Murder differs from all other crimes in the remorse it creates, and most novelists would have made Harriet repent. He makes her break. She has lost her identity too completely to repent; at all events till Routh does; but she bows down under the scathing effect of crime; begins, for the first time in her life, to think of risk, to feel fear and doubt; her head gets hot, her veins fill, and once she urges her husband to escape, leaving her to face consequences alone. He, all the while, in his meanness, is beginning, as one who knows too much, to fear and hate her; but even estrangement or treachery cannot restore her moral nature; she protects him to the last, once using his mistress to do it, and when all is discovered, carries him poison in prison; and then, with full means of retreat before her, drags herself to the outer gate, and thinking how he is dying within, sits till either by death, heart-break, or by poison, she terminates her existence with his. It is the passion which Mary of Scots entertained for Bothwell described, and well described, in a sharper's wife.

This is at least a striking idea, so striking that we wish its execution were more equal and more thorough. It is too sketchily done. We do not see enough of Harriet or Harriet's mind, and the original design is marred by two great blots. Such cases of absolutely merged identity, of one nature so absorbed in another as to leave no room for judgment on that other's acts certainly do occur, but they always demand two conditions. First, that the merged nature shall not be absolutely superior at all points to the one in which it is merged, and Harriet Routh's is. Routh has nothing in him whatever that we can see—has not his wife's courage, or brain, or unselfishness, or capacity of loving, or sovereign strength of will. There is no reason why his wife's will should in his presence cease to act except in accord with his, yet if it does not, where is the excuse for her? Does not Mr. Yates see that good remains in Harriet in spite of her criminality, because to be criminal one must *will* crime, and her will is, as it were, paralized, or rather exhausted, by excessive concentration on the single resolve to be one with her husband. That in her antiseptic, the one thing which preserves her nature from rotting as all natures rot under crime; and to make his will so inferior to hers that hers cannot have ceased to operate, not to spend on him some of the labor he has spent on her, is defective art."

A SOUTHERN DRAMA.—A Memphis paper contains an account of a poem "by a lady," which is entitled *Helvington, a Dramatic Story*, and which may be properly ranked among the curiosities of literature. Here is an extract, showing the style in which Isabel Rivers, the heroine, and her mother talk of the passage of the Sixth Massachusetts Regiment through Baltimore:

"MRS. R.—Oh! would I could forget!
It is too deeply graved upon my mind—
That first dark day that ushered in the train
Of all our days of woe—that accursed day,
Th' insulting tread of Lincoln's men, his hosts
Of low born hirelings fell upon the streets
Of proud old Baltimore.
"ISABEL.— * * * * * * *
And my dear father, fired with patriotic hate
And scorn for tyranny, rushed from his hearth
To meet, to fuce, that coward host—defied, and—died!"

The heroine and her mother being confined in Fort Lafayette, thus discuss the binding obligation of oaths of allegiance:

"ISABEL.—*I'd pile up oaths until they reached the sky,*
And every one as false as the false foe
That forces them on us, sooner than have
Our pearl defaced—our darling Murgaret!"
* * * * * * * *
"MRS. R.—*Let your untaught tongue run glib*
With Lincoln's ooths—repress the scorn you feel—
High Heaven will not record the sin against you."

They both take the oath upon the Bible. The band striking up Yankee Doodle, Isabel is made to exclaim:

"Detested air!
Fit symphony for oaths as false as this!"

Miss Augusta Evans, the "Great Southern Novelist," must look to her laurels.

BOYHOOD'S PLEASURES AND PENALTIES.—A youngster came home after having a glorious time in the puddles, his face all aglow and his boots full of water. The punishment of staying in the house for the remainder of the day did not seem very hard; but as his little heart warmed up with the recollection of the triumphs of the morning, when he had waded deeper than any of his playmates dared to, he could bear the restraint no longer, and went to his mother saying, "Please, mother, whip me, and let me go out again!" Human nature could not resist such an appeal, and, though the mother's heart had some misgivings as to the propriety of indulging her son, he was allowed his liberty, and received a caress instead of a flogging.

ORIGIN OF THE TERM PERFUME.—The first perfumes were obtained by a combustion of aromatic woods and gums (hence the name *perfumum*, "through smoke") and the first use primitive nations made of them was to offer them on the altars erected to their gods, perhaps with the mystic idea that their prayers would reach them sooner wafted on the blue wreaths of smoke, or for the less poetical purpose of counteracting the smell of the flesh burned in their sacrifices. Modern incense derives its sweet balsamic smell from benzoin (*Styrax benzoin*), which also formed one of the chief ingredients in pastilles and fumigating papers.—*Rimmel on Flowers and their Uses.*

THERE is one advantage in being a blockhead—you are never troubled with low spirits or apoplexy. The moment a man can worry he ceases to be a fool.

MANY people consider the world as a worm does the interior of a nut—simply a place to feed and grow fat in.

BURY your troubles, but don't linger around the grave-yard conjuring up their ghosts to haunt you.

HEAVEN has promised pardon to him that repents; but it has not promised repentance to him that sins.

THE true man walks calmly amid the wickedness and cruelties of the world, like Daniel among the lions.

To be able to bear provaction, is an argument of great wisdom; and to forgive it, of great mind.

ABOUT the age of thirty-six, the lean man generally becomes fatter, and the fat man leaner.

THOUGH we travel the world over to find the beautiful, we must carry it with us, or we find it not.

RIDICULE is a kind of weapon that should have a button of good nature on the point of it.

THE hungry mouth no more readily finds food than the hungry mind finds truth.

No man can avoid his own company—so he had best make it as good as possible.

ERROR loves to walk arm-in-arm with truth, to make itself thought respectable.

HYPOCRITIES are beings of darkness disguised in garments of light.

[For the Californian.]

VALE!

THE staff is crumbling in my hand,
The pride is breaking in my heart;
The soul of fire is smouldering ashes,
The flame of Life will soon depart.

Bright shining stars will shine for others,
Dear flowers will bloom for other eyes;
The Moon for lovers trim her crescent,
And sail across the evening skies.

But I shall sleep—perchance forever,
While others laugh, and others weep;
While others to delights surrender
Which I have had but could not keep.

The changeful living will froget me,
I breathe it with a sob of pain;
The changeless dead—I shall be with them
Whose world is either loss or gain.

Well—be it so, since so it must be,
The grave is narrow, dark and cold;
And but that gallant spirits rest there,
To die would be despair untold.

Farewell, sweet Muse! ah, I have been
Your constant lover—bootless wooer;
Farewell to friends most sorely tried,
Whose largess did not wait the suer.

Farewell to mountains, cloud-aspiring,
Whose heights ambitious youth has trod;
Farewell to seas whose mighty breakers
The feet of strength have walked unshod.

Farewell to day's sunshiny glory,
Farewell to twilight's tender glow;
Farewell to all the gentle pleasures
That Nature's guileless children know.

Farewell, farewell! there is no morrow,
The lists are closed, the world rolls by;
A warrior leaves the wide arena,
Whose shield is blank, whose blade is dry,

June, 1867. * * * * *.

[For the Californian.]

STREET CAR REFLECTIONS.

BY PRENTICE.

A FEW mornings since, a young man with his arm in a sling became my fellow passenger. He brought with him a companion with whom he conversed in a loud tone of voice. He told him how his arm was crushed, how it hurt him, and how the surgeon set it. He gave us a graphic idea of the setting of broken bones, and the exquisite pain attendant on such operations. He gave particular attention also to the crushing so that no effort was requisite by a vivid imagination to conceive a lively image of macerated human flesh and bones. All of us could hear him above the rumble of the car. It was interesting—especially to the narrator. If not entirely agreable to his involuntary and confined audience, it was thrilling and conducive to cold chills.

Once we thought he had ended. This was a mistake. He had but stopped to take breath and reinforce his recollection. There were a few details relative to the setting which had not been sufficiently wrought up to suit him, and these he manipulated with such diabolical skill that all the hearers could themselves feel the twists and wrenches the young man felt while undergoing the manipulations of his anotomical carpenter. How, for the time being, we wished it had been his neck! And the young man's fearful narrative went on and on, and round and round, until he and his accompanying listener stepped out of the car.

That listener, by the way, was quite as reprehensible as the fractured young man. Had he not been along there would have been no human receptacle for the inpouring of this horrible tale.

Yet why am I so selfish as to begrudge that young man the pleasure of telling his story? It does him good. Perhaps it is his only recompense for the suffering and weary hours resulting from the accident. I ought not to have been annoyed at the discourse, for from my youth up I have suffered a terrible breakfast and tea-table experience, in the recital of distressing cases of disease and death-bed experiences from elderly ladies of strong religious tendencies, but tinged with ghoul-like inclinations. I ought, by this time, to be used to such things.

Then I found myself sorry because he had left. I discovered that he had amused as well as annoyed me. He had made my other fellow beings uncomfortable. Of course in that there were a few grains of satisfaction. Misery loves company, a miserable love, however, of misery.

There is a man in our car who is evidently in a great hurry to terminate his trip. He fidgets and twist and looks out of the window to note the distance accomplished. He is in great twitterdegee externally, and a greater one internally. Mentally, he is in the condition of a decapitated hen. He is uncomfortable because he knows not how to wait. Waiting, is a science. To learn to wait is to learn to be patient; to learn to be patient is to study and investigate. Study and investigation lead to discovery; discovery to happiness. I know this. I have swallowed oceans of misery for years and years in waiting for almost everthing a man can wait for, and I am waiting for many things yet. It is by waiting we are made to see what is going on around us, and next what is transpiring inside of us.

Our impatient friend has sent his soul far ahead of him to his place of destination, and the poor soul vainly strives to drag the body after it. Hence, impatience, vain longing, restlessness.

My dear wretch, do try and see if you cannot enjoy, and at the same time improve this bit of the present which is always with you. Now the admonition "improve your time" has, in consequence of early and disagreeable associations, a harsh and gloomy sound to many of us. I was constantly, when a child, pestered with this precept, by parents, guardians, ministers, deacons, Sunday-School teachers, and a great many other people, who said it because they did not know what else to say, and who did not exactly comprehend what they were saying either, just as some good people think they must quote, and often misquote, scripture, while visiting the sick.

So, being a conscientious and obedient urchin, I strove to improve my time. I read and perspired over works greatly above my comprehension, I twisted my legs in a nervous embrace of those of the table, and ran out my tongue in spiral contortions, while vainly endeavoring to write political, metaphysical and philosophical essays. Finally, I became tired and disgusted. I gave up trying to "improve the time" and "not to lose a moment." I became a bad boy. I went over to the enemy. From the model boy of the Academy I became a Benedict Arnold, and to the Sunday School a Judas Iscariot. There was no one in those days who knew how to show me rightly the method of improving time. I mistook the road and tried to become somebody else.

But you, my unfortunate impatient, need make no such mistake. You are looking from your windows at that shrew who so vigorously inflicts castigation on her unfortunate child for falling in the gutter. You are thinking of the injustice of the punishment. You are indignant at the woman. Now look inside. Why did you speak so cross to your own responsibilities just before leaving home? Because one wanted a pair of new shoes. Because another had brought home a miserable stray dog for a pet. You do not like dogs. They are useless and expensive. Billy has littered up the back yard in the construction of a rabbit pen. It is chaotic in design and the materials are widely and untidily dispersed. Besides you do not fancy rabbits about the house. Hence the domestic typhoon which signalized your departure. Which stands highest, you or the shrew?

There steps in old Dogmatic as pompous and conceited as ever. How you dislike him! And yet it was but yesterday you looked down with just such an air of superiority on that poor restaurant waiter when he mistook your order.

You are very much disgusted at the good-natured specimen of intoxication who has just entered with a red and gray complexion, the red being the alcoholic bloom, the gray resulting from an unshaven beard, who persists in talking to you, and who shows symptoms of a design of embracing.

Good-natured inebriation when in the embracing mood, is worse than combative inebriation. The latter can be kicked out if fortunately sufficiently demonstrative, but the former must be endured. Even an angel on one of those "visits, few and far between," to realize our idea of an angel, must come sober. Do you suppose you could endure a drunken angel at a select private party?

Well, you are disgusted and annoyed. You bind that miserable man hand and foot and toss him into the scales. You heap on the weights of condemnation and your own rectitude. The inebriate rises high in the balance and is found wanting, until suddenly there flashes upon your mind the recollection of your own condition on that very same car some three months ago, when you made such extrordinary speeches to a lady with whom you had a passing acquaintance. Then there is not so great a discrepancy in weight after all.

"Well, all this moralizing may be very useful but I don't see the enjoyment of the thing," says our impatient friend.

Has not the time passed the quicker for these thoughts? That is one point gained. Unpleasant they may be. Nearly all the initiatory steps toward true happiness are unpleasant. You crept and stumbled before you could walk, you stammered before you could talk, you cut a most ridiculous figure in learning to waltz, you howled dismally before your voice was attuned to melody, and you practiced laboriously and drove many unfortunates compelled to remain within hearing nearly distracted ere you could manipulate the piano with such art and skill.

In these affections you are treading on the boundaries of the vast territory of soul within you, full of grand avenues of thought to be traveled with the vigorous stride of youth, of retired lanes in which you may leisurely walk, and of shady nooks and dells where you may repose. No other territory in the world is like unto it, no more than you are like anyone else. No one save you can explore it. There are battles to be fought, however, and it must be conquered ere it can be possessed. As you press forward, other and more beautiful views will constantly open beyond still tempting you onward, yet memory will always carry you back to the sweet spots passed over. It may be entered by many humble gates and one of them is our street car.

DRAMATIC AFFAIRS.

THE spectacular play of *The Elves* ran at Maguire's Opera House until last night, when *The Naiad Queen* was produced in fine style, with Mrs. Sophie Edwin as "Surline," Miss Sallie Hinckley as "Sir Rupert," and the entire *corps de ballet* of the Martinetti Troupe in dances, marches and tableaux. This attractive spectacular piece will be presented this afternoon and evening. During the present holiday times it is fit that these spectacular fairy plays in which children so much delight should be produced.

During the coming week the romantic drama entitled *The Spanish Dancers* will be produced.

This afternoon and evening the Mikado Japanese Troupe give their last two performances at the Academy of Music. Those who have not yet witnessed the wonderful screen act as performed by Goshigeero and his pretty daughter, Miss Oyonshkeo, should not fail to be present at either the morning or evening performance. The rope-walking and balancing feats performed by this troupe are very wonderful, and far surpass those performed by the troupes which preceded them.

On Monday the Academy of Music will remain closed. On Tuesday the inmates of the Deaf and Dumb Asylum will give a public exhibition in this theater. The proceeds will be devoted to their library fund. The pantomime of the impersonators of "The French Spy," "The Old Corporal," and other mute characters is far surpassed by the wonderful performances of these stricken ones whom art has instructed how to supply the deficiencies of nature. All who have witnessed the pantomime of the mutes have been delighted. An entertainment such as this should attract at least as large a house as assembles to witness the feats of Japanese gymnasts.

This afternoon and evening Harry Leslie and Harry Raynor, Henrie Herberte, Miss Julia Gould and the troupe of minstrels will give their two last performances. The burlesque opera of *Maritana*, which has been such a popular feature of the performance during the week, will be presented this evening for the last time. Those who have not listened to the clever songs of Harry Leslie and Harry Raynor, laughed at their grotesque negro acts and been present at the capital operatic performance have missed a treat.

On Monday the Great Dragon Troupe of Japanese jongleurs, equilibrists, rope dancers and musical and dancing girls, will make their appearance at the Metropolitan Theater. In this troupe we have conjurors, a clown, many balancers, numerous acrobats, O-mu-tu-san, a Japanese ballat girl, and other artistes—twenty-six in all. These performers are, we are assured, all high artistes in their profession, and are confidently backed by the management to quite surpass all the performers who have left Japan. Their stay in San Francisco must be limited to a few days, as they are bound for the Paris Exposition.

The next sensation in the dramatic world which we may expect is the arrival of Edwin Adams, who is due on Tuesday. He will probably open his engagement at Maguire's Opera House the week after next, in *Hamlet*.

There is some talk of producing sacred operas on Sunday. Whether or not this will conflict with the Sabbatarians' pet law remains to be proved.

Mrs. Laura Cuppy lectures as usual to-morrow at the Mechanics' Institute Hall.

The celebrated Do Save troupe of male and female gymnasts will appear at the Academy of Music next week on the off nights of the Opera season. The ladies of this troupe perform the Niagara Leap and numerous feats on the trapeze.

TOUCHSTONE.

WOODWARD'S GARDENS.—The curious wild beasts, the beautiful flowers, the collection of paintings and other works of art, delight crowds who daily flock to these gardens. No more delightful spot for a picnic can be found than these pleasure grounds.

PACIFIC MUSEUM.—No less than three pickled murderer's heads are to be seen at this establishment. The most wonderful freaks of nature are exhibited here as well as models of all parts of the human frame.

CALIFORNIA WINES—The fame of California wines is spreading far and wide, and the choice varieties may be found on the dinner tables of the high and mighty ones of New York and other Eastern States. Some of the best wines which have gained for California this high reputation as a wine growing country, have been produced by the United Anaheim Wine-Growers' Association, 351 Montgomery street. B. Dreyfus, the manager, assures us that he has at present some Port and Angelica wine, which has seldom, if ever, been equalled on this coast.

DYSPEPSIA CURED, not patched up, guaranteed thorough, and to the entire satisfaction of the invalid, by the unfailing process of Dr. Bourne, 10 Masonic Temple. *

POISON OAK.—The effects of this pestiferous shrub are now most virulent. Dr. Bourne's method is the only reliable cure. No. 10 Masonic Temple, Post street. *

"DR. BOURNE'S BATHS"—The uniform testimony is, that as a luxury, or for the cure of ailments, they are unequalled. No. 10 Masonic Temple, Post street. *

YOUNG MEN requiring the aid of a physician can receive important information, gratuitously, by applying to Dr. Bourne 10 Masonic Temple. *

STATUE OF CLEOPATRA.

WHAT! this cold quarry-stuff for Antony's queen;
Marble for fire; the sculptured art of eyes
For that consummate passion that, between
Love and desire, shook kingdoms with her sighs.

Yet thus she might have looked when the red asp
Had sucked the sultry Egypt from her veins;
But not when love-warm from her warrior's clasp,
The sweet mouth blossomed with the mixed lip stains.

Those beautiful lips and bountiful, that crushed
The blood-red out of his own, and clung
With ripe possession till the bosom blushed,
And all the seething senses swayed and swung.

Eyes that smote eyes with blindness, perilous deep
As soundless cisterns of delirious light;
Limbs, lustrous as the lotus-laving sweep
Of the Nile waters when the moon is white.

The sumptuous sense of woman; the rare feast
Of queenly body and voluptuous breath,
To comfort and make glad the enamoured beast
That crawls and basks and bites it to the death.

—*Round Table.*

ENGINE-DRIVERS AND THEIR WAYS.

MR. FRITH'S "Railway Station" is one of the most popular pictures ever painted, and all the officials in it are taken from life. The driver is from a photograph; and it will interest the readers of these lines, should he go to see the picture, to know that this very man made, it is believed, the fastest trip ever known. This was from London to Didcot; he accomplished the journey, just fifty-three miles, in forty-seven minutes. It happened that a comrade had run the trip in forty-seven and a half, and Mr. Frith's hero resolved to beat him. He did beat him; and another first-rate man openly declared his determination to do it in less time; but an order was judiciously issued which stopped this rather alarming rivalry. The desire to run excessively fast is, curiously enough, generally traceable to the pride each man has in his engine, which may be compared to the well-known feeling of the groom toward his horse. The engine-driver has too much riding and tearing along to care for racing on his own account; but that the "Rhinoceros" should be beaten by the "Hippopotamus" is not to be borne. Even good-tempered men become offensive when championing the merits of their engines; it is so difficult for them to exalt their favorite without depreciating competitors. To what a pitch this feeling goes may be illustrated by a little anecdote. A man who had just come in from a very long trip with a goods train—only those who are familiar with railway work can appreciate the difference between driving a goods train for one hundred and twenty miles and doing the same amount of passenger work—threw his greatcoat across his arm, and, swinging his can and basket in his right hand, walked slowly and heavily up the slope homewards, his fireman slouching behind him. Bed was evidently his immediate destination, and the poor fellow wanted rest badly enough. Great, therefore, was the surprise of his chief—and I may say of myself too—to see, about fifty minutes afterwards, the same driver coming down the slope, followed again by his fireman, carrying greatcoat, can, and basket, all as before.

"Beg your pardon, sir," said the driver, "but I hear you are a going to send 'Kaffir'—this was the name of the engine—out again to-night, with Tom Baldwin."

"Yes," replied the chief; "you know we are very short of engines."

"Well, sir," returned the man, "he's not a bit of good to her; he don't understand her, sir; he'll spoil her; and if you'll allow me, sir, me and my mate will run the trip to night."

"You!" exclaimed the superintendent; "you can't—you're knocked up."

"Not a bit of it, sir," replied the driver. "Anyhow, sir, I can do more with 'Kaffir' than he can, and I'll never have such an engine drove by him, if I can help it."

And out of devotion to his great, ungainly goods engine, the driver, instead of going to bed, chose to pass another night without sleep, and to run over another six or seven score miles of rail.

Sometimes the feeling will manifest itself in a still stranger manner. An excellent plan is adopted on railways of taking the pressure off old boilers—that is, when an engine has run a certain number of miles, although no symptoms of weakness may appear, yet as wear must have been going on, the pressure at which the steam blows off is reduced from, say, one hundred and twenty pounds to the square inch, by which, of course, the bursting of the boiler is rendered more improbable. It may be noticed here that so great an improvement in quality of fuel and completeness of combustion has, during the last few years, been effected, that an engine will run thirty or forty thousand more miles with the same set of tuoes than would have worn it out some years back. Of course, when the pressure of steam is reduced, the power of the engine is reduced in proportion, and I have known a driver, whose favorite engine was in the factory for repairs, wait upon the engineer and beg and pray, as the phrase goes, that authority to forego his intention of diminishing the pressure; being quite willing to risk his own life and that of his fireman rather than his iron steed should suffer in her reputation for speed and drawing power. Not, be it understood, that any engine has any reputation beyond her driver, and a very few equal.

It will be easily understood that engine-drivers are intensely professional; the ruling spirit, I have no doubt, is strong with them in death, though this, of course, I cannot easily prove. I know of one instance, however, where the engine, at some obstacle, leaped from the line when running at great speed on a high embankment. "It's all up, mate," exclaimed the driver, "but hold on to the brake." His mate did so, while he held on to the regulator. The engine and tender turned right over, and pitched with terrific force into a meadow below. No one could ever account for the escape of the men, but beyond stunning each of them for a short time, and knocking out the whole of driver's front teeth, no great harm was done.

I really think, although I by no means urge the companies to relax the stringency of their rules on the point, and would certainly rather not travel by the train while the experiment was trying, that even a drunken driver would hardly make any mistake in his signals, and in support of this an odd illustration may be given. A driver, not on duty, had been drinking, and was, in company with his fireman, walking in the vicinity of the Edeware Road, when he suddenly started violently, and seizing his mate's arm, shouted:

"Hold hard, mate—hold hard!"

"What's the matter?" cried the fireman.

"Matter!" roared the driver, "why, you're running by the red light;" and he pointed to the crimson glare which streamed through a glass bottle in a chemist's window.

"Come along; that's nothing," said the fireman, trying to drag him on.

"What, run by the red light, and go afore Dannel in the morning?" retorted the driver, and no persuasion could or did get him to pass the shop. He was a Great Western man, and the "Dannel" whom he held in such wholesome awe was the celebrated engineer, now Sir Daniel Gooch, and chairman of that line. He was then the locomotive chief, and renowned above all other things for maintaining discipline among his staff, while they cherished a feeling for him very much akin to what we hear of the clannish enthusiasm of the ancient Scotch.

As a rule, as is well known, engine-drivers are a very hardy race. Indeed, few delicate constitutions can hope to survive the long and severe course by which only the cleaner or laborer can attain the position of driver. I was told some years back—for things are changed a great deal for the better on most lines now—by a man who used to run for a company which was encouraging a mineral traffic—a long way, by the by, from London—that he has several times, while on his journey, woke, and found his fireman asleep. The change in the sound as the train ran through the station was sufficient to attract his practised ear; but that he should have been knocked up was no miracle, as his down trip averaged seventeen hours; and without more time to spare than was required to arrange the train, he had to come back the same journey.

Some of the men, as some of all classes will do, certainly abuse their fine constitutions. I have known a man never dry or change his clothes, save on Sundays, all through a winter: throw his soaked and dripping garments on a chair when he came in tired and went to bed, and put the same articles on when he rose, though they clung to him with damp. He stood this, and lives still; but for one who braves this danger with impunity, a host may sink. Consumption on our railways, as everywhere else, claims its full proportion of victims.

I have alluded to a driver's coolness and resolution in an accident, but no chronicle ever has or ever will be written which will tell one tithe of the accidents which the courage and presence of mind of these men have averted. A railway ran over a river—indeed, it might be called an arm of the sea: as it was the inlet to an important harbor, provision was obliged to be made for the shipping, and so the piece of line, which crossed the water, at a height of seventy feet, was, in fact, a bridge, which swung round when large vessels had to pass. I need hardly say that such a point was carefully guarded. At each end, at a fitting distance, a man was placed specially to indicate whether the bridge was open or shut. One day, as the express was tearing along on its up journey, the driver received the usual "all right" signal; but to his horror, on coming in full sight of the bridge, he found it wide open, and a gulf of fatal depth yawning before him. He sounded his brake-whistle, that deep toned scream which signals the guard, and he and his fireman held on, as before described, to the brake and regulator. The speed of the train was, of course, checked; but so short was the interval, so great had been the impetus, that it seemed almost impossible to prevent the whole train from going over into the chasm. Had the rails been in the least degree slippery, any of the brakes out of order, or the driver less determined, there would then have occurred the most fearful railway accident ever known in England; but by dint of quick decision and cool courage, the danger was averted; the train was brought to a standstill when the buffers of the engine absolutely and literally overhung the chasm. Three yards more, and a different result might have had to be chronicled.

Some of my readers may remember an incident in railway history which dates back to our first great Exibition. I mention it here for its singularity, and for my having known the driver whose coolness was so marked. In ascending a very long gradient, the hindermost carriages of the train snapped their couplings when at the top; the engine rattled on with the remainder, while these ran down the slope, which was several miles in length, with a velocity which of course increased every moment. To make matters worse, the next train on the same line was comparatively close behind, and, in fact, shortly came in sight. The driver of this second train, a watchful and experienced hand, saw the carriages rushing toward him, and divined that they were on the same line. If he continued steaming on, of course, in a couple of minutes he would come into direct collision with them, while, on the other hand, if he ran back, the carriages would probably gather such way, that they would leap from the bank. So, with great presence of mind, and wonderful judgment of speed, he ran back at a pace not quite as fast as the carriages were approaching, so that eventually they overtook him, and struck his moving engine with a blow that was scarcely more preceptible than the jar usually communicated by coupling on a fresh carriage. When this was done, all the rest was easy; he resumed his down journey, and pushed the frightened passengers safely before him until they reached their destination, where the officials, as may readily be supposed, were in a state of frantic despair at the loss of half the train.

These anecdotes could be multiplied to almost any extent, as could the gloomy, yet strangely fascinating record of accidents to the men. It is a common saying that steam is a mighty power, yet very few of those who repeat the saying reflect for a moment how mighty it is. It is difficult to understand how tremendous is the force, until you have seen something of the mischief it can do. The best way to appreciate the might of steam is to look at a locomotive engine after an explosion. The weight of a first-rate locomotive engine, with its tender, is between sixty and seventy tons, which simple fact speaks all that is necessary to be said as to its solidity and strength. It is always built of the very best materials; it may not have occurred to the reader to observe, that, when an inquest is held or any kind of inquiry instituted consequent upon an engine accident, it never happens that the fault arises from the engine having been constructed of bad or even inferior material. Nor, and this is very curious, does an engine ever explode when in motion; I have know many cases of explosion, and they have always been while the engine is at rest.

In spite of the censures so often, because so easily, launched at railway directors and managers, I do sincerely believe that every exertion and device which ingenuity and experience can suggest, is used to prevent accidents, and to insure the punctual working of trains. As railway carriages are very expensive things, and the cost of a first-rate engine is more than three thousand pounds, it can easily be understood how a slight collision, even with goods trains, for instance, which never even finds its way into print, may entail a really awful expense. This, however, is going a little beyond my theme, relative to which, should any reader feel any curiosity, I should advise the cultivation of a little intimacy with some one of the many worthy fellows in the class of which I have written.

ENGLISH CLUBS.—The last number of the *Galignani's Messenger* contains the following in regard to admission into the popular London clubs:

Club-land is just now much troubled and full of desultory turmoil, by reason of the number of candidates for admission who are unable to make their way within its charmed confines. The pressure from without and the resistance from within are much more vehement than those of the unenfranchised who wish for the suffrage, and the now privileged minority who hesitate as to the degree in which they would extend it. The "Carlton" was full long ago, and a "Junior Carlton" is already beginning to rise opposite the old one. To gain admission to the "Athenæum" you must spend half a lifetime in the state of probation. The "Travelers" is practically inaccessible, partly owing to the fastidiousness of those who have the power to admit, but partly, also, to the physical impossibility of affording room to more than a limited number within circumscribed precincts. "Brooks'" maintains with Whig dignity its inflexible limitation to five hundred, which excludes of necessity scores of peers and commoners of undeniable eligibility, but which precludes the annoyance and vexation caused in less exclusive quarters by the putting up of numerous names for ballot practice, with the inevitable results in wounded and missing. There was last week a *battue* at the "Reform," six gentlemen out of eight were what is called "peppered," an equal number having been blackballed the week before, and this for no other reason that can be intelligibly assigned than that the House is already too full, and that the beleaguered garrison do not choose to share the necessaries and comforts of life with strangers, however individually likeable.

GENIUS.

FAR out at sea the sun was high,
While veered the wind and flapped the sail;
We saw a snow-white butterfly
Dancing before the fitfull gale—
Far out at sea.

The little stranger who had lost
His way, of peril nothing knew;
Settled awhile upon the mast,
Then fluttered o'er the waters blue—
Far out at sea.

Above there gleamed the boundless sky,
Beneath the boundless ocean sheen;
Between them danced the butterfly,
The spirit-life in this vast scene—
Far out at sea.

Away he sped, with skimmering glee,
Dim, indistinct, now seen, now gone;
Night comes, with wind and rain, and he,
No more shall dance before the sun—
Far out at sea.

He dies, unlike his mates I ween;
Perhaps not sooner nor worse crossed;
But he has felt and known and seen
A larger life and hope, though lost—
Far out at sea.

TEMPUS FUGIT.

ONE of the best stories we remember referring to a stolen watch comes from a Frauch source. In the pit of the old Frenoh opera, one of the audience suddenly discovered that his watch was *gone*. The evening's entertainment had not commenced, and the owner of the property mounted a bench, stated the loss, which could not have occurred above two or three minutes, and begged those around him to remain perfectly quiet, as his watch struck the hours like a clock, and, it then being on the stroke of seven, the watch would speedily indicate into whose possession it had fallen. There was a dead silence; but the eye of the proprietor detected an individual who was trying to edge away from the vicinity, and he immediately denounced the skulker as the thief. The latter was seized, and the watch was found upon him; and as the owner quietly put it into his pocket, he remarked, "The watch does *not* strike the hours, hut I thought my assertion that it *did* would enable me to strirke out the thief."

"Does your watch go well?" asked a bystander of the happy owner.

"It both goes well and returns well," replied the latter. Either of the speakers may have remembered the old admonitory picture which was republished some years ago of Death looking in at a watchmaker's shop, and holding out an hour glass, asking, "Do I go properly?" To which the mechanician tartly replies. "You are much too fast!"

The differences of time have become more remarkable since the electric telegraph has had the transmission of messages. The American story is not a joke, which announced across the continent the accession of a young wife to the honors of motherhood. When the message was read, it was found literally that she had had a son to-morrow. This might happen even in the more limited space of Great Britain. A similar message flashed along the line, let us say five minutes after twelve on a Sunday morning, from Glasgow or Inverness to Plymouth, would reach the latter place at about three-quarters past eleven on Sunday night; the reason, of course, heing that at the first two places time is about seventeen minutes earlier than it is at the last. For the same reason, the new year begins at Liverpool about eleven minutes hefore it does at Bristol. Anyone who has crossed in the Irish mail packets between Holyhead and old Dunleary, as the place was properly called before flunkeyism christened it *Kingston*. will remember that English time is half an hour hefor Irish time. By forgetting this fact an Irish gentleman once lost his passage; and by being reminded of it he lost his patience and found a grievance.

"English time half an hour *before* Irish time!" he exclaimed. "And do you call *that* justice to Ireland?"

The unreasonahle patriot was as confused on the process of time, as if he had been calculating it by the Dutch clock in "Christopher Tadpole," which "pointed to twenty minutes to three, and struck eleven—the combination signifying that it was eight percisely, after the dissolute manner of Dutch clocks in general." These Dntch instruments had certainly a great disregard for the divisions of time. That sixty seconds made a minute, or that sixty minutes made an hour, they agreed or disagreed with, according to caprice and circumstances. And it must be said for them that they were not altogether unreasonable in their capriciousness.

The ordinary idea that sixty minutes make an hour will not hold good in all countries. At the period of the summer solstice in Rome the day is fifteen hours and six minutes iu length, and each hour of the day is really seventy-five minutes long. The night, on the other hand, is actually eight hours and fifty-four minutes long. and each hour consists of forty-four minutes. This is difficult of comprehension to those only who are ignorant of the Italian method of computation of time in the convents, in and about Rome, where the old ecclesiastical fashion survives of dividing the day, from dawn to dewy eve, or dark, into twelve equal parts, and subjecting the night, from dark to dawn, to the same division. This method is cumbersome, blundering, varying and inconvenient; all of which constitute very good reasons for its being retained in that especial locality where little is left of the other world but its errors, vices, pretensions, and superstitions.

THE BOWERY THEATER.

ITS ASSOCIATIONS—TOM HAMBLIN—HIS PERSONAL APPEARANCE AND CHARACTER—MRS. SHAW—SHAKSPEARE AT THE BOWERY—JOHN SCOTT—PANTOMIMES.

WE have hut one really old theater in New York, and that is the well-known Bowery. Niblo's is an old institution, but the building itself is not more than twenty years old. Wallack's, the Broadway, (better known as Wallack's old theater) the Olympic, the Academy, the New York, the French, are all new and almost without associations. But the Bowery has its history, and once boldly rivalled, in its aspirations at least, the sedate and aristocratic Park. Even when old Simpson of the latter establishment used to insist in printing at the top of his bills the simple word "Theater," thereby sublimely ignoring every other institution, the Bowery in its company and its occasional great names, challenged the attention of the public. Malihran sang in it. Charles Kean acted in it. Forrest won on its boards many of his early laurels. Farren, the famous English comedian, made his bow to its audiences. It did not long maintain this position, however, and after a time it became noted for its scenic pieces and the noisy character of hoth its acting and its audiences. That rowdyism which became almost synonymous with the word Bowery soon affected its reputation.

To think of the old Bowery is to recall Tom Hamblin, who for so many years controlled its destinies. To men whose recollections are older than two decades, it is unnecessary to describe Hamblin, and to all others no mere description can adequately convey an impression of a style of man and style of acting now quite passed from the stage. Hamblin was the last of the Kembletonian school. He was Kembletonian in his stature, in his splendid Roman head, in his sonorous utterance, in his stately and grand manner, and in his asthma. He did not miss a point in the traditional characteristics of the great head of the school. There are no men now-a-days huilt upon his model. His stature was large and imposing; his head of the old long type; his features massive, with a nose of the fine Roman cast; his brow compact and small, and his head covered with a mass of clustering locks, thick and heavy, and falling down over the brow in picturesque profusion. It was a head to pick out of ten thousand—not hecause it was intellectual but hecause its type was thoroughly antique. The contrast between him and the modern white-browed, scant-haired, weak-featured, over-refined small-voiced, narrow-chested generation is great indeed. Hamblin's physical beauty, his stately and superh acting, his hold badness, his many wives and the romantic stories current in connection with them, all combined to make him the much talked about. No man's name ever pointed so many morals, or adorned so many tales.

To recall Hamblin is to recall Mrs. Shaw—for hy that name she was better known than hy her husband's (Hamblin), it being quite uncertain when she rightfully lost the one and gained the other. Mrs. Shaw was a great favorite and a great heauty. Her figure was superb, and her face, though rather expressionless, was exceedingly beautiful. Her acting was powerful by a certain magnetic charm it possessed. Her delivery was slow and studied, and she seemed to influence her hearers hy a concentrated intensity, a sort of white heat peculiar to herself. She played *Ion* iu defiant rivalry with Ellen Tree. The latter's rendition was pure, delicate and intellectual; Mrs. Shaw's was mainly fascinating as the sensuous picture of a superbly beautiful boy—a modern Adonis that drove both men and women wild.

The Bowery stage is large, and offers good scope for scenic pieces. Among its early successes in this way was "The Last Days of Pompeii," with Hamblin as the magnificent *Arbaces*. At a somewhat later day Putnam and his wonderful ride down the break-neck declivity, offered grand delight for a whole year to the Bowery boys and girls. Some seventeen years ago a strong effort was made to revive the character of the Bowery performances. James W. Wallaok (Jr. then), Lester Wallack, John Gilbert, for a season or two offered the legitimate to only moderately appreciative audiences. The Bowery habitues, however, have always had a liking for Shakspeare. When John Brougham some ten years ago undertook the management of this theater, an examination of the books for the preceding twenty years revealed the fact that, apart from a few long runs of sensational drama, Shakspeare had yielded the best returns, and "Macbeth" had been the favorite. After "Macbeth" came "Hamlet," Hamblin heiug considered then, as Booth is now, the great Hamlet of the day. During the latter days of Hamblin's management, some twenty years ago, when his asthma allowed him to act but rarely, a great favorite, especially with the rougher part of the audiences, was John or Jack Scott. This actor had a fine physique and a most emphatic delivery. The passions were never so roughly handled hy mortal before or since. He used to r-r-roll his *r*'s in a style that would convulse the Bowery boys with wild delight. Intemperance killed him.

These few reminiscenses had been awakened by a visit I paid to the Bowery a few nights ago, the first time for many years. The Bowery is on the east side of the town and quite removed from west-side people's ordinary journeys. The theatre is now under the management of Mr. C. L. Fox, who has exhibited a great deal of talent for pantomime, and whose "Little Boy Blue," etc., have attracted the attention of people not ordinarily counted among the Bowery patrons. I found, as I entered the theatre on the occasion of my visit, the company engaged in acting, as a preliminary to the pantomime, the old society farce "Perfection." I cannot commend the performance. The actors delivered their sentences in a cut and thrust style that was, or would he, horrible to ears polite. The way actors of the Bowery generally have of tossing, churning, and worrying their sentences is utterly indescribable. The audience, however, enjoyed "Perfection" with great relish, laughing and applauding everything that was said or done. The pantomime proved to be really good, Mr. Fox, who is manager, author, and actor, exhibiting no little talent in writing, producing, and acting plays of this character. The transformations and tricks were good, and the merriment they excited abundant. One could not complain of the conduct of the audience, which was noisy only in its good nature. There was a plentiful chewing of peanuts, eating of oranges, and munching of other edibles. Young gentlemen were rather prone to sit with their arms encircling the waists of the fair damsels who accompanied them, and the damsels themselves, in no wise repelling this affectionate demonstration, coddled up closely to the sides of their protectors and seemed to enoy the play all the better in consequence of their snug and agreeable positions. A sweetheart's waist to encircle, an orange for refreshment, and a good play to look at seemed to afford the warm-hearted beaux the extreme of felicity. It was quite amusiug to notice how each good part of the play would be communicated to the fair companion by affectionate hugs. If the loud laughter that greeted the pantomime sometimes betrayed the empty mind, it also gave evidence of the simple heart and the ready disposition to he pleased. Altogether a visit to the Bowery is worth making.—*New York Correspondent of the Boston Saturday Evening Gazette*

CHEESE AS FOOD.—Compared with other people, the Americans place but little value on cheese as an article of food. We use it as a condiment, sauce or side dish, rather than as necessary or proper food. In England, Scotland, Ireland, Wales, and in many parts of continental Europe, it is regarded as a common and sometimes a necessary article of food. There is reason why it should be so regarded. Its composition is very similar to that of flesh, the case in representing the muscular fibre, and the buttery matter the fat portion. Casien in an albuminous substance, useful in building up the muscles, and the battery matter is a concentrated carbon as useful, in its way, for food, as fat meat. The Swiss chamois hunters take on their expeditions among the higher Alps, where they remain sometimes for days together, exposed to intense cold and undergoing the hardest of exercise, only a small quantity of cheese and a flask of brandy. The English harvesters live on ale, cheese, bread, and occasionally a hit of mutton. The Germans and Hollanders use cheese as a commou article of food. Cheese derives a factitious and market value from the districts in which it is produced. The Stiltou cheese is a synonym of superior excellence to the English palate, and those who have made themselves acquainted with Teutonic tastes understand well what is meant by Limhurger and Sweitzer kase. But for years past the American cheeses have been growing in favor, not ouly here, but in England. A late number of the London *Grocer* says: "The Americans and Canadians are emulating our most successful dairymen, and really choice American and Canadian cheese may now be obtained from those English importers who have made themselves well acquainted with the hest sources of supply." If cheese could be afforded at a fair price as compared with meat, there is no reason why it should not become iu a measure, a substitute, as it seems to be especially adapted to restore the force expended by those whose work is extra laborious and exhaustive; and, indeed, it may be questioned, now, whether it is not as cheap, all things considered, as fresh meats. It is a subject worthy some consideration.

POLITENESS IN BUSINESS.—Politeness is a large addition to your capital already invested. It keeps your customers in a good humor, and gains new ones for you every day. It is the charm that smooths and softens the rough paths of business. It is the "philosopher's stone" which turns every hinge you touch into gold. It invests commercial life with the most of the poetry that adorns it. It makes men like you and love to deal with you. It gains you the kind words and good offiecs of those with whom you daily come in contact. It has been humorously and truly said hy one that he preferred making his yearly hill with a polite merchant who would cheat him a little, than a rude, rough, and habitually impolite one who would *honest* him a great deal. Honesty and honor are commendable and shining qualities, it is true, hut they never look better than when they are found in a setting of genuine politeness and good breeding.

THERE is very little charity or benevolence in a deed if the doer thinks there is a great deal

NOTICE.

The publication of "The Californian" takes place on Saturday mornings, and copies may be obtained in the City at all News stands, and of our News-agents through the country. It will also be served by carriers on the morning of publication.

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J. P. BOGARDUS, J. F. BOWMAN. } Editors and Proprietors.

THE CALIFORNIAN.

SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, JUNE 8, 1867.

☞ **Two good canvassers wanted. Apply at the office** of The Californian on Monday, between 12 and 1.

THE PROSPECTS OF THE CHURCH OF ROME.

To one measurably free from the prejudices of sect, and who surveys the history and the present position of the Roman Catholic Church from the stand-point of an independent and philosophical observer, it seems difficult to discover any sufficient grounds for the wide-spread and confident belief that exists even among the better informed and thoughtful classes outside of her communion, that Church is in a decadent condition, and is soon destined to lose the vast power which it has exercised in the world during more than fourteen centuries.

It is almost equally difficult to comprehend how any intelligent and liberal believer in Christianity, who wishes the influence of religion to be powerfully felt in society, literature, and politics, can regard the speedy overthrow or decay of the Church of Rome as a thing to be desired.

So far as the prospect of such an event is concerned, we can discover nothing either in the latest aspect and tendencies of religious and philosophical thought, or in the present condition of society, or in recent political events in Europe, to make it seem probable. The fact that it at least holds its own in the most enlightened and highly civilized European communities, and in the great centers of learning, would seem to show in opposition to the popular Protestant notion, that it can exist and flourish in an atmosphere of the ripest culture, and the brightest intelligence: the vast number of men, eminent for high ability and profound scholarship, in England, France, and Germany, who are its earnest champions, negatives the idea that it can, in this progressive and sceptical age, command the honest allegiance of none but the ignorant or the superstitious; and its present condition and attitude in the United States prove with equal conclusiveness unsoundness the old-fashioned Protestant conviction that it must dwindle and perish when brought into contact with free institutions, public schools, an untrammelled press, and the thousand influences of American society that were deemed peculiarly hostile to superstition and priestcraft.

Those who have heretofore entertained these ideas, must have begun to perceive the necessity of reconsidering them, when they note the increasing influence of the Roman Catholic Church in a country where it receives no aid or countenance from the State, and where its doctrines and practices are amenable to the freest criticism and discussion.

As to the effect upon the Church, likely to be produced by depriving the Pope of his *status* as a temporal prince, we can see no reason for believing that it will be injurious to its power. It might indeed give an increased importance to the various national churches as bodies to a certain extent independent, and so assimilate their relations to each other to those that exist between the Episcopal Church in England and that in the United States; but this would, it seems to us, prove an additional source of strength, rather than an injury.

If we come to the question of the desirableness of the speedy overthrow of Roman Catholicism, we must remember that there are many populous communities where it is the only form in which Christianity exists or has any hold upon the people. In Italy and Spain there is but one church, and that church is in those countries the only representative of Christianity. The same may be affirmed, though less broadly, of Austria and France. The overthrow of the Catholic Church in those countries would mean nothing less than the overthrow of religion itself, and the inauguration of that low infidelity which is more detestable than the most distorted and corrupt forms that Romanism has ever assumed—such infidelity as in the days of the first French Revolution, caused even an infidel legislature to contemplate its manifestations with horror, and to seek the restoration of religious belief as the only means of saving the State from monarchy, and society from utter demoralization. When the alternative is between such infidelity as made the Parisian mob act at one time like beasts, and at another like demons, and Romanism as it exists even in Spain or South America, no candid believer in Christianity, however strong his Protestant prejudices, will long hesitate in his decision. No thoughtful student of history can deny that the Roman Catholic Church has done, and is still doing a great and good work in the world, however much his antagonism may be aroused by the unbounded assumption and the haughty intolerance that have been her most invariable characteristics. Notwithstanding the consistent cruelty of her her system, and the logical arrogance of her pretentions, she is a great and powerful branch of the Church Universal, in whose downfall no enlightened Christian would exult however much he may deplore the abuses and corruptions which she has sanctioned.

Such an event, therefore, we regard as one not to be reasonably anticipated for at least many generations, and not to be desired until the way is prepared and the foundation laid for some future Church, such as might grow out of a union or eclecticism of all the best elements of the Greek, Roman, and Protestant communions. The establishment of ecclesiastical relations between the Episcopal Church and the Church of Russia, which has been advocated by Anglican divines, and was discussed at the last Episcopal General Convention, of the United States, may prove the first step in this direction. Meantime, we are very far from indulging any expectations that either this, or the next generation will witness the consummation of any such great eclectic scheme as is above alluded to.

THE ALUMNI CELEBRATION.

The Fourth Annual meeting of the Associated Alumni of the Pacific coast took place on the 5th instant, at Oakland. The Literary exercises on the occasion consisted of an oration, by the Rev. Dr. Stone, and a poem by Frank Bret Harte, Esq. The poem was something quite new, and so far as our knowledge extends, entirely unprecedented in its kind, being a really true and artistic poem written for an anniversary occasion. If there is anything in the same line extant, we have not had the good fortune to meet with it. The only suggestions that the most malicious criticism could originate in regard to it would be that it has no special appropriateness to an Alumni gathering, and that there are certain reminiscenses of Longfellow's "Building of the Ship," distinguishable at times in the rhythm and metre. The social gathering in the evening passed off very pleasantly. Among the best of the speeches on the occasion, were that of W. H. L. Barnes, which opened very gracefully in a serious and pensive vein, with a backward glance at college reminiscenees, and closed in a strain of robust humor; that of Mr. Bartlett, of the *Bulletin*, which was sensible, vigorous, and manly, and that of Professor Keeler, which was the neatest, the most artistic—and we suspect the most carefully prepared—of all.

"Mark Twain" and Mr. Webb.—The Brooklyn *Eagle* thinks that Charles Henry Webb, and "Mark Twain," are one and the same person. In a late issue it has the following:

"Mark Twain—Charles H. Webb—has been known on the Pacific coast for a number of years by his humorous, philosophical, and satirical contributions to the California press. His introduction to the reading public of the Atlantic States occurred in the columns of the New York *Times*, through "Liffith Lank," one of the cleverest travesties that has appeared in a long time."

We are in doubt whether "Mark," or Mr. Webb will feel most flattered by this odd blunder. Both will, we suspect, be inclined to the opinion that the *Eagle* is not as well informed as it ought to be, in regard to the literary celebrities of the day.

The New York Weekly Review makes favorable mention of a picture exhibited at the last exhibition of the National Academy of Design, called "On the Grand Canal, Venice," which is, we believe, the work of David D. Neal, a young California artist, well known in this city. The *Review* says: "It is an indisputably fine painting of its class. It is a view taken from an open balcony or room looking over and upon the line of the canal. The landscape, or, more properly, the waterscape, is deliciously rendered with a sedulous finish which, if less artistic, might haply be Pre-Raphaelite. Nothing could well be more charming than the color, and if an exception be taken to the figures of the Venetian woman and child, it is simply that they are not equal in their treatment to the rest of this most excellent work."

Italian Opera.—The new season of Italian Opera will commence at the Academy of Music on Wednesday, June 13th. The troupe have been assiduously rehearsing the following operas during the present week: *Faust, Linda di Chamounix, Macbeth and Rigoletto*, as well as the famous opera of *L'Africanine*, and the opera of *Ione*, which are new to San Francisco. This season promises to be the most attractive ever given in this city and subscriptions should come in rapidly. The box-sheet for subscribers' seats will be open every morning at 10 o'clock. On Monday, the grand opera of *Ione* will be rehearsed, the theatre being closed to the public for the occasion. The new season will open with the fine opera of *Faust*.

Both the New York *Tribune* and the *Herald* speak in very high terms of eulogy, of "Mark Twain's" lecture, at the Cooper Institute. The *Herald* declares that "the mantle of 'Artemus Ward' has fallen upon 'Mark's' shoulders," and the *Tribune* awards him a distinguished place among American humorists. The lecture was on the Sandwich Islands, being the same delivered at the Academy of Music before the lecturer's departure for the East, and it seems to have proved a complete success

[For the Californian.]

GLIMPSES OF BOHEMIA.

BY AN OLD STAGER.

A LUNCH AT "THE SHADES"—I MAKE THE PERSONAL ACQUAINTANCE OF MR C. COLUMBUS TOTTLE, OF THE "SUNDAY GLOBE," AND MR. HAMPDEN FLIGHTLEY, OF THE "WEEKLY SCISSORS."

My friend's apparel consisted of a well-worn black frock coat, threadbare in places, and particularly shiny about the cuffs and collar, but carefully brushed; an alpacca vest by no means new; and trowsers of some cheap stuff for summer wear, all however, well made and fitting admirably. His boots, shirt, and cravat were unexceptionable; and in spite of all deficiencies of detail, there was a certain unmistakable air of style and fashion about his appearance as a whole.

Utterly unembarrassed by the meanness of his surroundings, he offered me the only chair the room contained and seated himself in one of the depressions in the demoralized lounge, saying;

"I never ask a visitor to occupy this luxurious article of furniture, unless he is an unwelcome one, or has learned by experience where he may locate himself safely. One must know where the springs are, or its dangerous. And now my dear boy, tell me what on earth has brought you to New York, and how you come to be away from the venerable Alpha out of vacation time." Though I had sought him out for the express purpose of telling him what he now asked, I found myself unable to do it. A revulsion of feeling which I could not account for had suddenly come over me, and for the moment I saw or suspected something of the monstrous folly of my scheme. I told him that I had left college—but not why, and gave him to understand that I had come to the city for a week's recreation.

After a few minutes' conversation referring mainly to matters and persons connected with the college, my companion excused himself in order to "step out and learn the time of day."

"My neighbor," he said, "the occupant of the next room is the wealthy proprietor of a wooden clock, which I have in vain endeavored to persuade him to put up in the hall for the common benefit of the tenants of this floor, and I revenge myself for his meanness in refusing to do so, by going in to demand the time as often as I can make it convenient."

Within a minute he returned. "It is lunch time," he said, "that is, it is what we used to call dinner-time at Schenectady; and if you retain a college appetite, I have no doubt you can do justice to a mutton chop and a glass of beer."

"Lunch," was a meal that I had never before heard of. At H——, and also at Schenectady, even the most fashionable people breakfasted at from six to seven in Summer, and from seven to eight in Winter; dined at twelve or one, and "took tea," (a meal consisting of bread and butter, cake, preserves, and tea, but with no meats or cooked dishes,) at "candle-light."

Locking his door, and depositing they ke in its place of concealment between the coal-box and the wall, my friend led the way down stairs, and drawing my arm through his, conducted me through Wall street to Broadway, crossed to the west side, and dived into a narrow street or alley leading toward the North River. After walking half a block, we reached a mean looking frame building with the name "The Shades" over the door.

"This is an English institution," said Pike, "but inasmuch as they keep a superior article of ale, and the very best of chops and steaks, besides being reasonable in the matter of charges, I waive the point of patriotism and generally take my lunch here." Entering the street door, we found ourselves in a narrow passage, and turning to the right passed into a long room where a few persons were lunching, or drinking ale at small wooden tables, of which there was a row separated by short intervals, on each side of the apartment. The floor was sprinkled with fresh sawdust, and the walls were adorned with a variety of sporting cuts, of famous pugilists, actors, race-horses, together with spirited and life-like portraits of celebrated terriers, some of whom had been victorious over other celebrated terriers in matches for from fifty to five hundred dollars a side, and some of whom enjoyed an honorable fame in consequence of the number of rats they were recorded to have dispatched in sixty seconds.

As we seated ourselves at one of the tables, a waiter rushed forward to take our order. It was very evident that my friend was regarded as a person of no ordinary consequence in this establishment, and the deference shown him, went a great way toward neutralizing the impression made upon my mind by the wretched and poverty-stricken appearance of his "office and lodgings."

A thick-set man with a protruding mouth, and a nose the symmetry of which seemed to have been permanently impaired by some accident not of a very recent date, was sitting in a square closet or box behind a bar just long enough to occupy the width of the door-way, where he drew the ale as it was ordered of the boy who waited on the customers.

We were scarcely seated when two young men entered the room, who saluted my companion in a somewhat boisterous fashion, and without an invitation drew a couple of chairs to the table occupied by us, which furnished but scanty accommodations for four persons. Pike did not appear, as it seemed to me, to be particularly pleased at this unexpected accession to the company; but seeming to place some constraint upon himself, he performed the ceremony of introducing me to them, as Mr. Tottle, and Mr. Flightley. The former gentleman, I think I should have had no difficulty in recognizing, from my friend's epistolary description. He was a brisk, alert, breezy-looking little man, of about five and twenty, with a peculiarly wide-awake and complacent expression of countenance, and a carriage so erect and military as to suggest the notion that he was bent on making up by the dignity of his port, for his defective stature. Mr. Flightley, on the other hand, was tall and slender, with large dark eyes, an abundance of silky hair, and a mildly sentimental expression of countenance.

"Lunching, eh?" said Mr. Tottle, as the attendant placed before us the mutton chops and the two "tobeys of ale" that Pike had ordered. "Flightley and I, just came round for a little chat over a glass of liquid refreshment; breakfasted late, and won't want any solids until dinner time. What shall it be Flightley, eh? What do you say to a bottle of Scotch ale at joint expense—a Kentucky treat, eh?"

Mr. Flightley assented to this suggestion, remarking that he didn't approve of Kentucky treats as a general thing, or of that style of partnership arrangement on social and festive occasions, unless financial considerations rendered it an imperative necessity. It wasn't exactly the romantic style, but then what was a man to do when the state of his exchequer laid a veto upon the impulses of a convivial spirit?" Accordingly the bottle of ale being brought, each of the two gentlemen produced a shilling, in payment of his half of the treat, and Mr. Tottle placed the two coins in the hand of the attendant.

"By-the-by Pike," said the gentleman last named, after tossing off his first glass of ale, "the Majesty of Mango has promulgated an edict changing the place of meeting for to-night, from the old Symposium to Rheinstein's cellar—you know the place—on Broome street not far from Mott."

"Yes, I know the place" returned Pike, rather tartly, "and the lager too, which is new, yeasty, and detestable. What the deuce is the change for?"

"Why, Rex says that the weather is too hot to drink lager, and I suspect he means to put us on sour 'Rhein wein' or 'Berliner Weiss-bier' or some such trashy stuff during the heated term. He gives out that he has struck something particularly rich in the way of a hot weather drink, at the Broome street cellar."

"It's what I call a high-handed thing," grumbled Mr. Flightley with a solemn and injured air, "a piece of confounded tyranny. His encroachments upon the Constitution have gone the length of establishing an absolute despotism. We have no law but his whims, and they are becoming more outrageous every day.

"Ah!" exclaimed Mr. Tottle, with a countenance expressive of thoughtful admiration, "he *does* carry things with a high hand. But then he does it everywhere, and with everybody. I never knew such a man to have his own way. Why, he comes sauntering into our office just as if he owned it, and marches right into old Bullhead's sanctum when he's in such a mood that I'd rather go into the cage of the laughing hyena at the Bowery Menagerie. There isn't a weekly paper in town, and not a great many dailies either, where he don't make himself just as free as a Fifth Ward Statesman at a corner grocery on election day. What does he care for 'Private,' or 'No Admittance' on a door? Why it only seems to provoke him, and in he's sure to march, just as old Pastebucket makes it a matter of religious principle to slap up a six-foot poster wherever he sees a notification to 'Post No Bills.' Its wonderful," resumed Mr. Tottle after a pause, during which he refreshed himself with another glass of ale, "Its wonderful, and so far as I am concerned, I'm free to say I can't analyze it. I've sat for *hours* trying to analyze it, and I think I may, without vanity, lay claim to some analalytical faculty—at least I had credit for it at college, standing second in mathematics out of a class of sixty; but really I've given it up long ago."

"It's magnetism," said Mr. Flightley, looking very profound. "It's just personal magnetism—and that's the whole of it;" having delivered himself of this oracular utterance, he recommenced drinking with a didactic air.

Mr. Tottle, however, did not seem inclined to accept this off-hand solution of a problem that had so long baffled his analytical powers, and he rejoined, with some asperity:

"O, *that's* your explanation is it! Well, it may be satisfactory to you, but it will hardly satisfy anyone who likes to look *into* things. It's plausible enough; but it isn't philosophical. It is easy enough to say 'personal magnetism,' but I'd like to be told, if it's quite convenient, what that personal magnetism consists of."

"What does it consist of? O, that's your difficulty is it?" said Mr. Flightley, with an odd mixture of wisdom, sternness, and condescension in his air, "Well, then, it consists in——"

Here the speaker suddenly slapped himself on the face, and pronounced an animated anathema upon an imaginary fly, after which he wiped his forehead with his handkerchief, transferred the remaining contents of the bottle in which he and his friend were jointly interested, to his own glass, and drank with much deliberation.

Mr. Tottle was not so completely absorbed in any analytical process as not to observe this act of unequal appropriation, and there was something that savored of high moral disapprobation in his tone and manner, as he brought Mr. Flightley back to the point:

"I believe you were going to inform me *what* it consists of. I should like to hear, for I confess it's too much for me to make out without assistance."

"Pshaw!" interrupted Pike, impatiently, "there's nothing so mysterious about the matter. Grandin is a handsome, high-spirited young fellow, overflowing with talent and vitality, and possessing a fascinating address and a distinguished air. That's the whole secret of his ascendency over the vulgar."

"Excuse me," said Mr. Tottle, with dignity. "Flightley was on the point of explaining, I believe. I should be pleased to hear his explanation."

"Well now," returned the gentleman last named, "its most extraordinary; but Pike has fairly taken the words out of my mouth. What I meant by magnetism—personal magnetism, is simply the overflow—the surplus—the superabundance—the exhuberance of vitality, and all that sort of thing, substantially as Pike has expressed it. Pike understands the thing precisely as I do. And really, Tottle, you know you oughtn't to set a thing down as inscrutable, because *you* can't see into it."

This concluding observation was pronounced "offensive" by Tottle, and elicited from that gentleman a retort in kind, to which his adversary rejoined in the same vein of delicate sarcasm; whereupon Mr. Tottle surrejoined with increasing bitterness, and the discussion was fast waxing hot and fierce, when Pike put an end to it by saying:

"This won't do. It's personal, and comes under Article Five. Stop it! Another word, and it will be bottled ale at the next meeting."

These words produced a magical effect. Both disputants looked seriously frightened, and not without good reason, as I afterward understood.

"I'm sure I'm as much opposed to serious discussions in public places," said Mr. Tottle, in a deprecatory tone, "as any gentleman can be. It's in bad taste, and if there's any one thing that I'm more opposed to than another, by instinct, education, and temperament, that thing is bad taste. I'd rather violate the code of morality," continued the little man impressively, and emphasizing his words by a blow of his fist upon the table—"I'd rather violate the code of morality, than the code of taste; it's more gentlemanly. The former is only a sin, the latter is a vulgarity." Having given utterance to these exalted sentiments with an amazing fluency of speech, he shook hands with Mr. Flightley, and declared that he had meant nothing offensive in calling that gentleman "dogmatic;" dogmatism after all was merely one of the forms in which confidence in one's own convictions exhibited itself; it was often an attribute of the greatest intellects and associated with prodigious learning. Of all which Mr. Tottle proceeded to give numerous instances, including Dr. Johnson, Porson, and other famous men.

Then Mr. Flightley, thoroughly appeased, declared that *he* had meant nothing offensive, when he had called Mr. Tottle "voluble." Indeed the charge might generally be considered a compliment rather than otherwise. Volubility was akin to eloquence, and it was often used by the envious as a disparaging term for that ease and fluency of expression which they did not themselves possess. In fact, he, Mr. Flightley had been more than once so disparaged, by disputants who had found themselves unable to hold their own with him in discussion.

To say the truth, neither gentleman seemed to have much the advantage so far as the unfailing flow of words was concerned, the chief difference being that while Mr. Tottle's style of speech was like the rattle of rain-drops upon dry leaves in a brisk shower, or the continuous fire of squibs, Mr. Flightley's discourse flowed on in a steady monotone as unbroken and unvaried as the sound of water running from a spigot. The former liked to hear himself talk, and seemed to concern himself little whether any one listened; while the latter was jealous of inattention and intolerant of interruption, eyeing his audience closely as he talked, and looking utterly disgusted whenever he detected a straying glance or a side remark.

The reader will be able to judge how utterly unsophisticated, or how deficient in natural acuteness I must have been, when I state in all sincerity, that I was quite blind to anything comic or absurd in all this. On the contrary, I looked up to Messrs Tottle and Flightley as two decidedly superior literary persons, and was impressed with a profound admiration both for their ability, and their amiability.

Harmony having been restored, Mr. Tottle proposed that the company should adjourn to the "Rarebit" and "take a mug of ale all round" at his expense, adding as he glanced toward the empty "Tobies," that he "relished it better out of pewter." The "toby," it may be as well to explain, since I have never seen it except in certain old-fashioned places, in the city of New York, is an earthern-ware mug holding about a pint, and having a handle and a lip like a pitcher. The side opposite the handle is distended like an alderman's stomach, and represents a grotesque countenance, expressive of the highest stage of convivial jollity. It was used only for English ale, and was considered by moderate or inexperienced drinkers to hold enough for two persons. The liquor was always poured from the mug into small and slender glasses preparatory to drinking.

"Nonsense!" returned Pike in answer to Mr. Tottle's proposal, smiling oddly as he spoke, "that notion about pewter is a mere fancy. We'll take it here, in the shape of two tobies, which will give us a couple of glasses apiece, and cost the same as four mugs of Alabany." So saying he rapped on the table to summon the attendant, whereupon Mr. Tottle manifesting symptoms of demoralizing alarm, hastily declared that he had *another* reason for his proposition to adjourn, besides his predilection for pewter, namely, that he enjoyed an established credit at the "Rarebit" upon which he designed to draw, not having at present, as he expressed it, "a copper about him."

Pike, seeming by no means astonished at this revelation of impecuniosity, ordered the two tobies, and fishing a couple of six-pences from his waistcoat pocket paid for the liquor himself. Thereupon Mr. Tottle whose spirits had seemed momentarily depressed, became himself again, and recommenced talking with great vivacity, sipping his ale at intervals with as much apparent gusto as though it were "out of pewter."

Mr. Flightley, meanwhile, appropriated one of the mugs to himself and me jointly, perceiving, perhaps, that I drank sparingly, and preferring me on that account as a partner.

"Do you ever see my paper, the *Scissors*, Mr. Flicker?" he inquired politely as he filled my glass and his own. I explained that I lived in the country, this being my first visit to the city, which might, I said, account for my never having heard of the journal referred to.

"Indeed!" said he, smiling with an expression of pity rather than of surprise. "Well, the fact is, we don't circulate much in the rural districts, and don't care to. What we play for, is a circulation among the cultivated and aristocratic classes. We leave the 'oi polloi' (Mr. Flightley pronounced the words without the aspirate.) to the *Dredger* and the *Globe* and that class of flash Sunday papers."

This allusion to the two Sunday publications was uttered in a very low tone, and accompanied by a furtive glance at Pike and Tottle, who were engaged in an animated discussion, the question seeming to be whether one Gushling ought to be expelled from the Mangoes for having "degraded the profession"—such was Mr. Tottle's charge—"by doing the theatricals" on some weekly journal, at five shillings per week.

"Yes sir," resumed my new acquaintance, upon noting the preoccupation of our companions, "we don't get up the *Scissors* with reference to the tastes of sewing girls, fire boys, and sporting characters. We have a small but select metropolitan circulation, among classes who would feel it necessary to make their ablutions with an extra-liberal use of soap, and to sprinkle themselves with *eau de cologne*, should they chance to take up such a journal as ——." Here the speaker suddenly paused, and, glancing up, I perceived that Mr. Tottle had his eye fixed upon him sternly, smiling a sardonic smile. Flightley had already perceived it, and swallowing a glass of ale, with great presence of mind concluded the sentence—"as the *Venus Miscellany* or the *Police Gazette*,"

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed Mr. Tottle, "Ha! ha! ha!"

"What's the matter with you, Tottle?" asked Mr. Flightley, pouring the remaining contents of the toby into his glass. "Don't keep the joke to yourself pray."

"If the courage of some people," returned Mr. Tottle significantly, "only equalled their superciliousness and malignity, "they'd speak out plain, and not swallow their words just between their teeth and their lips. That's the joke Flightley. How do you like it," retorted Tottle glaring viciously at his friend.

"I don't understand you," returned the other with dignity, "really I'm afraid that the tipple's too strong for you."

"O no, you don't understand me. Of course not," retorted Mr. Tottle, "well then, let me say that *I* understand *you* perfectly, sir. And I'll take the liberty of telling you, sir, in the presence of witnesses, that *I* consider even the *Venus Miscellany* and the *Police Gazette* immeasurably superior to a paper that lives upon stealing—a paper, sir that depends more upon "scissors" than brains; that clips its matter from exchanges with a pair of shears, throws it in with a pitchfork, and publishes it without credit. The *Venus Miscellany* and the *Police Gazette*, have individuality and character of their own at least. They are distinctive; they occupy a field, sir. Their matter is original. Can the same be said of the *Weekly Scissors?*"

"Don't go too far, Tottle," said Mr. Flightley, emphasizing the caution with his fore-finger; "don't presume too much upon old acquaintance and your diminutive stature, for there's a point you know where—"

But the irascible Tottle anticipated his opponent, in reaching "the point where forbearance ceases to be a virtue." The allusion to his stature was scarcely out of Mr. Flightley's mouth, when he seized the toby, in which half a glass of ale yet remained, and threw the contents into that gentleman's face.

This sudden change in the manner of conducting the discussion seemed to take Mr. Flightley entirely by surprise. For several seconds he sat regarding his adversary with a bewildered air, the ale dripping from his beard upon his shirt-bosom. Then rising from his chair, he hoarsely articulated the words; "We shall meet again," and stalked solemnly from the room.

FENIAN FACTS.

"DON'T drink that water, sir; it's full of Feeneens," said the aged and feeble sextoness of our parish church to my little son, one sultry Sunday in August, 1865. "Feeneens!" replied I. "Pray what on earth are Feeneens?" I poured out some of the condemned water into a tumbler. It was bright and clear, but swarmed with a multitude of black, wriggling, doubling, worm-like insects, darting to and fro in every hideous variety of form. "These, then, are Feeneens?" said I. "Ugly creatures they are at best."

Next day, looking at a stack of clover, I saw all round the base of the rick a layer of impalpable dust, of a light yellow color, like the pollen of flowers. "What is this?" I inquired of James Fitzpatrick, the factotum who managed my little farm. "That's the Feeneens," he answered; "they ate up all the good of the clover-seed, and lave that dirty stuff behind them." So I concluded that the word "Feeneens," or, as it is usually pronounced in Ireland, "Feenyeens," denoted a multitude of any ugly devouring creatures which destroyed what was intended for the use of man and beast. It has been supposed that the word is derived from some mythical Irish king called Fin, or Finn, or from a Celtic root signifying "chivalry" or "militia," but whenever I heard of the Fenians afterwards I could not help remembering the creatures who spoiled the bright water and my clover-stack.

It was in August and September, 1865, that the existence of biped Fenians first became experimentally known to me. Afternoon services were held on Sundays in the parish church, at four P. M. These services were much more largely and fashionably attended than those in the morning. A walk through the country lanes and by the fields, teeming with harvest, was delightful. The officers from a neighboring garrison seemed to think that an hour's sojourn in a pretty neatly furnished church gave a pleasant rest, if nothing more. The afternoon services were semi-choral, and the preacher, a clergyman of high collegiate reputation, thought he could say as much in fifteen minutes as his hearers would be likely to retain.

My way to the church lay through a long avenue, bordered with ornamental firs and flowering shrubs, all alive with singing birds. The roadway then passed under and between two great sepulchral mounds or "barrows," supposed to have been raised by the Danes over dead warriors. A square patch of grass, darker in hue than the rest, indicated where an exploration had been made, and the country people told how deep within the mound the diggers reached a stone chamber, and saw for a moment a war-horse and his rider in armour, stiff and erect. While they looked upon the figures, they said, man and horse crumbled away, and all they found were plates of rusty armour, broken fragments of golden ornaments, swords eaten away by time and damp, and dusty bones of the chieftain and his charger. From these mounds the road is bordered with wild apple, hazel, and hawthorn trees. In spring the banks are blue with perfumed violets, or yellow with primroses. The country girls and their sweethearts love to sit upon these mossy banks in summer evening, and plan the future of their lives. Down the hill a sudden turn leads to a long reach of roadway, and now the beautiful church spire gleams white above a thick grove of beech, and fir, and aged laurels. It was on this road, and amidst its peaceful scenery, I first fell in with the "Fenian men."

On the third Sunday in August, 1865, passing as usual in my little pony-car under the barrows I spoke of, I observed far over my head, in strong relief, as fine a specimen of humanity as I ever saw. He stood perfectly motionless, looking intently down the long roadway. I bade the man, as usual, "the time of day," but met with no reply. This was curious, for the Irish peasantry are probably the most polite and courteous in the world. "He must be a stranger," thought I, and again hailed him. Suddenly glancing down upon me for a moment, the man lifted both hands above his head, ran three times round the summit of the barrow, and disappeared on the opposite side. I knew enough of the military system to be assured that the man was a scout or advanced picket, and that he had just signalled the presence of a stranger to others. Looking behind me, down in the valley, I perceived three dark bands of men, each band containing about sixty. Some twenty yards in front stood a single individual, facing the rest. There could be no doubt these men were at drill in that fern-clad hollow among the hills. Pursuing my way to church, I suddenly, at the turn of the road, came upon a Fenian regiment, marching, I suppose, to join the men at drill. The scout had warned them, for they were partly breaking up from close order; but it was plain they were divided into advanced guard, main body, and rear guard. They opened out without a word to let my pony pass, and fell in on each side of the railway, so as to prove to me they had been at least partly drilled. They were dressed very comfortably and even neatly. All wore the American "pot hat," dark-grey cloth blouses, dark grey trousers, and all, without exception, were well shod. A finer or more healthy and cleanly looking body of young men no one could wish to see. They were just the material for soldiers. Evidently they were farmers' sons, or from the better class of laborers. Not one among them was over twenty-five years, or younger than eighteen. As I passed down between the double line, very slowly, anxious to recognise some face I knew, I saw they were all strangers from other parishes. There was not one of the residents in our own district amongst them, and it was subsequently discovered that the Fenians of one parish always marched and drilled in another. Here and there amongst them a hand would be doubtfully, and with some hesitation, moved to the hat, by way of salutation. One or two gave me the regular military salute. I touched my hat, and wished "good evening" to all, but they were not in a social mood. About the center of the line one carried a flag-pole, but no flag; another strove to play an Irish jig upon a squeaking fife. There was not one of woman-kind either amongst or following the company—a most unusual thing in Ireland. This was no meeting for a dance upon the short springy sheep-shorn grass; it was the "March of the Fenian men."

From that time, until the seizure of the Irish People newspaper, late in September, and the capture of James Stephens subsequently, a feeling of worrying and wearying uneasiness universally prevailed. People spoke loudly of "confidence" and "loyalty," but they sought for confirmation of this trust, and betrayed, unconsciously, their own apprehension. Drilling was constantly carried on, but never twice in the same place, and this proved how general and effective was the organization. A signal fire kindled on one of the neighboring hills was answered from other hills in quick succession. These fires did not blaze out for more than ten or fifteen minutes, and probably were kindled with straw or furze. Fire baloons were now and then seen to rise from the distant coast and soar above the hills, then to flash out redly and disappear. We passed, on four successive evenings, through large bodies of men who made way for us silently, and gave no greeting. Now, however, they had with them a fiddler or a piper, or they flung a football into the air on the approach of strangers.

No injury was committed on property, except that the young ash-trees were cut down and carried off, no one could find whither. We heard the dull thud of axes, and the sharp short crack of breaking timber in our own wood toward the early hours of morning. Our dogs often barked furiously at night, and when let loose limped home, lamed or otherwise injured. Twice we found straight branches of seasoned fir cut down and left behind—just the length for pike staves when barked and trimmed.

No one knew whom to trust; your gatekeeper or farm-servant might be in the plot, biding his time, or giving information of your absence. It is now ascertained that the insurgents knew what arms every gentleman possessed, and where he kept them. Cadgers, tramps, and beggars swarmed about the lodges and houses of the gentry. Pedlars, umbrellamenders, clock doctors, and itinerant musicians, all strangers, endeavored to gain entrance to the farm-yards and kitchens unobserved by the owner of the mansion or his family. They had always stories of the American war to tell, and spoke of an American expedition to Ireland as a settled thing. They cleverly, and in the most artful way, inquired respecting the habits of the family and their friends. Scarcely a day passed without a visit from persons evidently Americans, with a horse and gig. They dashed up the avenue, and insisted upon exhibiting to the "ladies" of the household shawls, laces, patterns of cloths, stuffs, and tweeds, as salvage from imaginary wrecks. While one engaged the attention of the inmates, the other examined the approaches to the house and out-offices. I detected one of these fellows sketching a plan of the rectory-house, a place memorable for the repulse of a rebel attack in "'98." He had jotted down carefully the bearings of a road through a defile, and under a "rath," or barrow, close to the house. Ladies feared to walk in their own grounds without male protection, and our dogs were admitted to pleasure-gardens from which before they had been rigidly excluded. Strangers came in, we could not tell from whence or how—whether through hedges and over fences, or by the lodge gates with the connivance of the keeper. To lock the gates was no effectual means to keep them out. They seemed to know all the "gaps" and "short cuts" about the farm. Occasionally the lodge people said they were threatened with violence if they did not allow the tramps to pass. It was a time of vague fear and general insecurity. Several of our leading families left for Dublin or large towns, the gentleman returning to guard their homes or advise their tenantry. The constabulary patrolled the public roads, and passed through demesnes all the night through in bodies of six or eight or ten, but they could not be everywhere. The very precautions taken to prevent alarm created apprehension. Nothing of value was ever taken. The oats, wheat, hay, and potatoes remained safe and untouched in farm-yard or field. Yet every night there was an alarm, often, as it seemed, unfounded. One night we thought the hour of rising had actually come, for fires flared up here and there in our wood and plantation; we heard the tramp of feet and voices of men. In the morning we were told "the bird-catchers were here last night," and kindled straw to daze and bewilder the wood guests."

It might be true or false, for no one desired by minute inquiries to show he distrusted those about him. But the rope which daily hauled up our Union Jack was cut and taken away, our young ash-trees were carried off, our dogs were maltreated, and our cattle came galloping from the fields to the homestead in the dead of the night. This undecided worry continued until the latter end of October, when the police were making numerous arrests. The seizure of the Irish People and the leading conspirators had baffled the plans for insurrection. Drilling ceased, and we met no more of those bands of silent men, while our nights were passed without disturbance or alarm. But numbers of young men, laborers or farm-servants, suddenly disappeared. They had departed for America; but how they obtained the passage-money I could not ascertain. Many a sorrowing mother has since come to me to "write a line" for her to her son at New York or Chicago, who seemed to have forgotton "her and the old home." In the autum of 1866, only two attempts were made, to our knowledge, to recommence drilling and marching. But the numbers present were greatly diminished, and the "Fenians" were plainly of the very lowest grade. The constabulary seemed to think that the danger was greater than in the preceding year, but we saw no reason to believe such was the case. We supposed that if a rising was really intended, it would take place when the harvest was gathered in, and before the farmer sold his produce to pay his November gale.

Nothing calculated to excite apprehension occurred; the peasants pursued their usual avocations, there was almost a total cessation of tippling and drunkenness, and there was little or no crime. The people did not like to speak of the Fenians. The few whom you could draw out condemned and cursed them as robbers, who would pillage the poor farmers first, and who were under the ban of priest and minister.

The autumn had passed away, and Christmas was at hand without a ripple of trouble on the surface of our society, when suddenly we were shocked and alarmed by the discovery that we at least had been sleeping over a mine, and that a trusted man in my own service was suspected to be one of the chief leaders of rebellion. It was for him I sought in vain at Tallaght.—*All the Year Round.*

POLAR BEAR.—The bears, wandering continually through the night, must needs have a hard struggle to live. During the summer the seals, which furnish their subsistence, crawl up on the ice, and are there easily caught; but in the winter they are captured with difficulty. Driven to desperation by hunger, the bears will sometimes invade the haunts of men in search of the food which their quick sense has detected. I had an adventure about this time, which shows that the Polar bear is not so ferocious as is generally supposed; indeed, they have never been known to attack man, except when hotly pursued and driven to close quarters. Strolling one day along the shore, I was observing with much interest the effect of the recent spring tides upon the ice-foot, when, rounding a point of land, I suddenly found myself confronted in the faint moonlight by an enormous bear. He had just sprung down from the land ice, and was meeting me at a full trot. We caught sight of each other at the same instant. Being without a rifle or other means of defence, I wheeled suddenly toward the ship with, I fancy, much the same reflections about discretion and valor as those which crossed the mind of old Jack Falstaff when the Douglas set upon him; but finding, after a few lengthy strides, that I was not gobbled up, I looked back over my shoulder, when, as much to my surprise as gratification, I saw the bear tearing away toward the open water with a celerity which left no doubt as to the state of his mind. I suppose it would be difficult to determine which was the most frightened—the bear or I.—*Dr. Hayes.*

AN EXCELLENT THOUGHT.—Whenever we behold a tear, let our kindliest sympathies awake— let it have a sacred claim upon all that we can do to succor and comfort under affliction. What rivers of tears have flown, excited by the cruel and perverse ways of man! War has spread its carnage and desolation, and the eyes of the widows and orphans have been suffused with tears. Intemperance has blighted the homes of millions, and weeping and wailing have been incessant. A thousand other evils, which we may conquer, have given birth to tears enough to constitute a flood—a great tide of grief. Suppose we prize this little philosophy, and each one determine never to excite a tear in another. Watching the eye as the telegraph of the mind within, let us observe it with anxious regard, and whenever we are moved to complaint by the existence of supposed or real wrongs, let the indication of the coming tear be held as a sacred truce to unkindly feeling, and our efforts be devoted to the substitution of smiles for tears.

OUR AUGUSTAN AGE.—The New York *Citizen* says: "The last half-century has been the brightest period of English fiction; and when we recall the names of Browning, and Tennyson, and Swinburne in poetry; Whewell and McCosh in metaphysics, and Whately and Mill in logic and political economy, and a great company of other eminent men in the various paths of science, we are ready to pronounce the Victorian age the most splendid era of English literature."

MILLINERY AND HEAD-DRESSES.—Mrs Winship has just received, per last steamer, the latest Parisian Millincry Goods and Laces for HEAD-DRESS, consisting in part of Breakfast Caps, Point Application, Lace Vallenciumes, and the Widow's Rooche, worn by the crown heads of Europe, and the only first imported to the Pacific Coast. Queen Emma, while here, replenished her wardrohe from the stock then and now on haud, at MRS. WINSHIP, No. 23 Poat Street, under the Mechanics' Institute. Through the influence of Queen Emma, Mrs. Wiuship has filled quite a uuuber of orders for the foreign populstion of Houolulu. The ladies of San Francisco should call and examine these heautiful Goods, by which means they will secure the Latest Fashionahle Styles.

WHAT'S THE MATTER?—In passing through Third street yesterday, we saw crowds of people entering a building a few doors below Market street, and we inquired of a passer-hy what's the matter? He answered that they were going to have their pictures taken in the NEW YORK PHOTOGRAPHIC GALLERY, and the cause of the rush was that this took the best and cheapest pictures in the city; the inducement must he much to draw so hig a crowd from Montgomery and the other streets in the northern part of the city.

MAYER'S BAZAAR.—R. Mayer offers at his Bazaar, corner Pine and Montgomery streets, the greatest variety of jewelry, watches, silver plated ware, guitars, music boxes; concertinas, accordeons, opera glasses, etc., etc., to the public of San Francisco, and to the country trade, at prices that defy competition, and is determined to close out his present stock at greatly reduced rates. His heavy case silver watches from the American Watch Company are superior to anything ever before offered to the public. These watches are taking the place of heavy gold watches from the fact that the workmauship is superior, the castings pure silver, and the prices low. The sale of these watches is very extensive on the Pacific coast. Another proof that American manufactures can beat the world. The works are made of platina and never get out of repair. French opera glasses of great power for sale or hire, and all kinds of musical instrumcuts, eight day family clocks, etc. This is a rare chance to invest your money to advantage, at Mayer's Bazaar, southeast corner of Montgomery and Pine streets.

N. B.—An immense assortment of Japanese curiosities for sale.

WAGONS.

MILLS & EVANS, IMPORTERS OF THOROUGH-BRACE Wagens, light express, two and three spring Wagons, suitahle for milk-men and furniture dealers, and others wishing light and durahle Wgons. Their Wagons are made expressly for the California market, and Mills & Evans' is the only firm which receives Wagous from the celebrated manufactory of A. W. Sanborn & Co., Manchester, N. H. This latter firm stands A No. 1 in the east, and their wagons have stood the test of our California climate, and are sold hy Mills & Evaus fifty per cent. lower than any other establishment on the Pacific coast. Call and examiue their Wagous, at No. 587 Market street, opposite the Metropolitan market. *

MEDICAL.—"YOUNG MAN'S FRIEND AND PROTECTOR," an Association for benoficent objects, Youug men should inform themselves in relation to it, and hy applying to, the ACTUARY, Dr. Bourne, 10 Masonic Temple, Post street, they will be furnished with Prospectus.

☞ WONDERFUL BUT TRUE.—MADAME REMINGton, the world-renowned Astrologist and Somnamhulistic Clairvoyant, while in a clairvoyant state, delineates the very features of the person you are to marry, and by the aid of an instrumeut of inteuse power, known as the Psychomotrope, guarantees to produce a perfect and life like picture of the future husband or wife of the applicant, with date of marriage, occupation, leading traits of character, etc. This is no imposition, as testimouials without number can assert. By stating place of birth, age, disposition, color of eyes and hair, and enclosing fifty cents and stamped envelope addressed to yourself, you will receive the picture hy return mail, together with desired information.

Address in confidence, MADAME GERTRUDE REMINGTON, P. O. Box 297, West Troy, N. Y.

MEDICAL ADVICE.

DR. WM. K. DOHERTY'S Medical and Surgical Institute is becoming a *sine qua non* to the welfare of our State and health of our citizens; and his rapidly spreading reputation, although it may excite surprise, is bnt the signal of skill, and follows as the natural effect of such a cause. We are persoually acquainted with gentlemeu who had suffered for years under chronic disease, and who had taken advantage of every available means that promised relief, bnt without success, until they called npon Dr. Doherty, who, in an incredibly short space of time, has given them entire relief. It is gratifying to announce this fact, because the Doctor is a gentleman who seeks, not by defamatiou of others, to establish his reputation, or to rear the superstructure of his own upon the ruin of another's fame. The Doctor conducts his Institute in a manner that must be gratifying to all his patients. He examines, hears, advises, and recommends, without charge, and the patient, after hearing his terms for treatment, can accept or reject at pleasure. In no case does the Doctor make a charge unless he effects a cure. This he is able to do, because he feels the confidence which long experience has given, and no doubt the consolation which appertains to that confidence. Persons afflicted with either acute or chronic disease, would do well to consult the Doctor; at all events, it can do no harm, as for consultation he asks no fee; nor does he insist on obedience to his advice unless the patient places himself under his care. His offices are on Sacramento street, opposite the Pacific Mail Steamship office.—*San Francisco News.*

CANTY & WAGNER,

(SUCCESSORS TO J. REGAN,)

113 *Montgomery street, bet. Bush and Sutter*

N B—All candles sold hy us are warranted to he manfactnred from Stewart's double refined Sugar, and to he equal to any manufactured in the state. Country merchants solicited to examine our stock and prises. Goods delivered to any part of the city free of charge.

AMERICAN HOTEL,
Main street. - - - Petaluma.
EMERSON & LAMBERTON, Proprietors.

Adams, Dentist, 423 Montgomery

TOWNE & BACON,
Book and Job Printers,
Have the Largest Office,
Do the most work,
And do it better
Than other offices
In this City,
536 Try them
With a Job,
And you will be
Satisfied the above
Statements are facts.
Their office is at 536
Clay St., below Montgom'y,
Over Pacific Fruit Market.

EDWARD BOSQUI & CO.,
PRINTERS,
And Blank Book Manufacturers,
517 CLAY STREET,
Between Montgomery and Sansome Sts.,
SAN FRANCISCO.

STERETT & CUBERY,
PRINTERS,
533 *Clay street, San Francisco.*

B. F. STERETT - - - - - - - WM. M. CUBERY

We are prepared to execute in a prompt and satisfactory manner, all kinds of Book, Job and Card Printing; also, Blank Books manufactured and Paper Ruled to order.

FOR POSTERS, HANDBILLS,
AND
Show Work of All Kinds,
GO TO THE
COMMERCIAL PRINTING HOUSE
OF
FRANCIS & VALENTINE,
517 Clay street, and 510, 512 and 514 Commercial street.

DO YOU WANT ANY
PRINTING?
IF YOU DO, GO TO
411 CLAY STREET,
BETWEEN SANSOME AND BATTERY.

PRINTING OF EVERY DESCRIPTION DONE ON short notice and in the best style, by
M. D. CARR & CO.

San Francisco Mill.

HOBBS, GILMORE & CO.,
MANUFACTURERS OF
BOXES,
Market Street, between Beale and Main,
SAN FRANCISCO.

For Sale, Mahogany, Spanish Cedar, and other Fancy Woods.

D. A. MACDONALD, J. H. MACDONALD, } { J. MCGILL, H. CHIPMAN.
D. A. MACDONALD & CO.,
SAWING AND PLANING MILLS,
AND MANUFACTURERS OF
DOORS, SASHES, BLINDS AND MOULDINGS,
Corner of Market and Beale Streets,
SAN FRANCISCO.

Finishing Work for Buildings constantly on hand, and got up to order.

W. N. MILLER.....J. F. HALEY.
MILLER & HALEY,
EMPIRE STEAM MILLS,
NO. 29 FREMONT STREET,
San Francisco.
SASH, BLIND, DOOR AND MOULDING FACTORY.

BOYS! BOYS! BOYS!
NOW IS THE TIME
H. M. LOCKWOOD & CO.,
New No. 624) CLAY STREET, (Old No
Have received a Large Stock of
GENTS' AND BOYS' CLOTHING
—AND—
FURNISHING GOODS,
Which they are selling
AT VERY LOW PRICES.

Every Garment warranted. All are invited to call examine our goods.
H. M. LOCKWOOD & CO.
624 Clay street, San Francisco

RADICAL CURE TRUSSES!

LADIES' SUPPORTERS
Shoulder Braces, etc.,
FITTED, AND RELIEF WARRANTED
AT
GEORGE TIEMAN'S & CO.'S
NEW YORK BRANCH
Surgical and Dental Instrument Depot,
No. 218 MONTGOMERY STREET, San Francisco, Cal.,
(Opposite the Russ' House,)
J. H. A. FOLKERS. Sole Agent.

Also keeps Ear Trumpets for the Deaf, Elastic Stockings for Enlarged Veins, etc., Baunscheidt's Rheumatism Instrument, Magentic Electro Machines, etc.

MARTIN'S RESTAURANT,
623 COMMERCIAL STREET

Above Montgomery. Meals at all hours. The best of Wines, Oysters, Game, and all the delicacies of the season always on hand. Private Saloons up stairs for Dinner and Supper Parties. LEON DINGEON, Proprietor.

CALIFORNIA
COFFEE AND DINING SALOON,

(Formerly the German Coffee Saloon,)
NOS. 612 AND 614 MONTGOMERY STREET,
Between Clay and Merchant, San Francisco.
J. R. REAGAN.....Preprietor

This house has undergone a thorough change, both in MANAGEMENT and PRICES. A fine Ladies' Saloon has been fitted up in the rear, where private parties can receive every attention in the most comfortable quarters. We also keep lunch hot on chafing dishes at the counter, including the finest of Pastry, where customers can be served quickly and satisfactorily.

French Breakfasts and Dinners, with Wine, continued

A. BONZI & CO.,
Italian Restaurant,
515 Merchant street, opposite Washington Market, between Montgomery and Sansome streets, San Francisco.

MEALS, WITH WINE, 50 CENTS.

THE CHOICEST COMMODITIES OF THE Market served up in the best style of Italian and French cookery.

On the second floor are numerous private rooms, for social or private DINNER PARTIES. Coffee, Chocolate, Wine, Beer, Liqueurs, with every description of edible accompaniments, served to order at any hour of the day or evening.

REMOVED
To 645 Clay street, a few doors below Kearny.

DR. BLAKE CAN NOW BE FOUND AT the above location. Engagements as usual can be made with all those who desire thorough and FIRST-CLASS GOLD FILLINGS.

Lamott's Hat Emporium
IS THE PLACE TO GET A FASHIONABLE
HAT OR CAP,
AND AT PRICES 25 PER CENT. LESS THAN ANY OTHER HOUSE IN THIS CITY.

Do not fail to have one of
LAMOTT'S HATS!
CORNER PINE AND MONTGOMERY STREETS.

WALTER S. PIERCE,

Manufacturer and Importer of
PIANO-FORTES.
FACTORY AND WAREROOM, NO. 536 MARKET Street, opposite Second.
☞ PIANOS TO RENT.☜
WALTER S. PIERCE'S
Piano Manufactory
Is the most complete on the Pacific Coast, having every appliance of machinery for Making or REPAIRING Pianos to be found in the largest Eastern Factories
Old Pianos converted into new, by putting in new interior mechanism complete.

THE FAMOUS
PIANOS
OF
Chickering & Son
Have received the endorsement of all the leading Artists of Europe and America. Testimonials to he seen at the Agen's'.
Pianos to rent, from $5 to $10. Tuning free.
KOHLER, CHASE & CO.,
421 Montgomery street.

PIONEER IRON SHUTTER WORKS.
Established 1849.
John Upstone,
MANUFACTURER OF FIRE-PROOF
Doors and Shutters,
Bank Vaults, Balconies, Gratings, Prison Cells, Awnings, Stairs, Iron Fence, etc.,
Corner of California and Drumm Streets,
SAN FRANCISCO.

Constantly on hand a large assortment of second hand Fire-Proof Doors and Shutters.

I. H. SMALL,
Machine Shop,
BUILDER OF
Steam Engines, Saw Mills, Mining Machinery,
Also, I. H. Small's Patent Beet Screwing Machine.
Gears of all kinds Cut at Short Notice,
And at Greatly Reduced Prices.
Repairing of all kinds done with Promptness and Dispatch.
Corner of Market and Beale Streets,
SAN FRANCISCO.

J. O. HANSCOM. H. S. SMITH. } HANSCOM & CO { T. PENDERGAST. W. W. HANSCOM.
Etna Iron Works!
S. E. corner Fremont and Tehama Streets, San Francisco,
Practical Machinists and Iron Founders,
MANUFACTURE
STEAM ENGINES,
QUARTZ-MILL MACHINERY OF ALL KINDS, SAW-MILLS, FLOUR-MILLS,
Dunbar's Improved Self-Adjusting
PISTON PACKING,
Now so extensively used in the East and in this State Requires no springs or screws; is always steam-tight; without excessive friction, and never gets slack or lesky

HANSCOM'S CRUSHER,
The best of the kind now in use in this State or anywhere else. All kinds of GRINDERS and AMALGAMATORS made to order. Manufacturers of the new Prospecting Quartz-Mills, consisting of Boiler, Engine, 2-stamp Battery and Grinding and Amalgamating Pan, complete, for working from one ton per day upwards. Drawings are furnished with each of these mills, so that any competent engineer can set it up in running order in two days' time.

TYLER'S IMPROVED WATER-WHEEL,
Giving greater power at lower cost than any wheel in use.
Send for one of our circulars giving full tables.
All Wheels warranted to give the Power as set forth, or the money will be refunded.
SOLE MAKERS FOR THIS COAST OF THE "PENDERGAST WHITE IRON STAMP SHOES AND DIES."
None genuine unless obtained from us. Every one warranted.
Patented Machinery of all kinds will be furnished by us at market prices. Particular attention given to drawings and specifications of machinery, which will be made to order. The patronage of the public is respectfully solicited.
☞ Particular attention paid to HOUSE WORK and ORNAMENTAL CASTINGS.

THE CALIFORNIA
Building and Savings Bank,
CALIFORNIA ST., ONE DOOR FROM SANSOME.
Capital and Deposits, - - - - - $600,000
WHICH IS LOANED ON PROPERTY.
LOANS MADE on CITY REAL ESTATE,
HOUSES, SHIPS, FACTORIES
AND MERCHANDISE.

Deposits received at one per cent. per month.
Money transmitted from the interior, by Express or Mail, passed to interest from the day of arrival, and a Certificate returned in course of post.
Strangers may deposit Bonds, Gold Dust, Coin, or Valuable Papers in the Vault, for long or short periods, at a small rent, for which valuables the Company will be accountable. THOMAS MOONEY, President.

BROOKLYN HOTEL,
1852. SAN FRANCISCO. 1866.

The Proprietor of the above-named Hotel wishes to inform his patrons and the Travelling Public that he has opened that elegant Brick Fireproof Hotel, on the
S. E. Corner of Pine and Sansome streets,
With all the modern conveniences attached to it.
Gas and water are supplied throughout the House. The Rooms are well ventilated, and the Public will find in this Hotel all the comforts of a home. The Hotel is spacious, and well adapted for the use of Families. Suits of Rooms can be had on reasonable terms.
A Large Reading Room is attached to the Hotel,
Containing 500 Volumes of Standard Works,
Which is entirely for the use of patrons.
THE CITY COACH, with the name of the Hotel on it, will be in readiness at the Wharf, on the arrival of each steamer, to convey passengers and baggage to the Hotel, free of charge. JOHN KELLY, Jr., Proprietor.

WM. O. BREYFOGLE.
(Succeasor to WARE & MOSHER,)
NO. 26 CALIFORNIA STREET,
Manufacturer and Dealer in
SASH, DOORS, BLINDS & SHUTTERS,
From Kiln-Dried Lumber—at the Lowest Rates.
Orders from the country will receive prompt attention

BOWMAN & CO.,
Dealers in Stoves and Tin Ware,
Main street, Petaluma.

RAREY AND THE JACKASSES.

John Rarey, the horse tamer, while he was in Rome, was terribly annoyed, as strangers always are, by the indescribable braying of the jackasses, which, coming to the market early in the morning with vegetables, always improve the hour when strangers are enjoying the half-dozing daylight which immediately precedes the pain of getting up, to bray with special vehemence, singly and in chorus. No one who has not suffered it can appreciate the brickbat-rubbing, saw-filing effect of it on the strongest nerves. Rarey could not stand it—and he swore he wouldn't. He watched the awful little beasts with a professional keenness sharpened by personal pain, to see if there was any practicable way to stop their braying without cutting their throats, but almost resolved to do that, if there was no other remedy. He soon noticed that the animal invariably straightened its tail out as stiff as a poker when the eruction commenced, and he darted with rapidity of genius to the conclusion that as the tail and the bray went together, the bray couldn't go without the tail; so he determined to hold the tail down. He tied a number of heavy lava paving stones to stout strings, with slip-knots on the ends, and while the owners were enjoying their "cafe latta" at some neighboring "cafe," he slipped the nooses over the unsuspicious tails, and retired to watch the result. In a few minutes an especially noisy jackass was seen to open his mouth and gasp convulsively. He stood gaping for three or four seconds. He wheezed, and the lava block swung suddenly to the braying level. But no sound came. He looked plaintively round to his companions, as if to ask them what ailed him. His lips shook, and he dropped the artichoke leaves he had been munching, as the idea entered his superstitious fancy that the devil had somehow got out of the hogs into him. Another tried, but an inarticulate grunt was all that he could reach. They all tried a chorus which had only the same morning rattled and crashed through every street and lane, but in vain. There was silence that day in the "Strangers' Quarter," and rejoicing in every piano from the Piazza del Popolo to the Piazza d'Espagna.

Dubbs, the speculator, met Stubbs, the real estate broker in the street, one windy, dusty, March day, and, hailing Stubbs, asked him how real estate was. "Well," said Stubbs, taking off his spectacles and wiping the dust out of his eyes, "real estate is very active to-day, Mr. Dubbs; every one I see has a spec in his eye."

Does the court understand you to say, Mr. Jones, that you saw the editor of the *Augur of Freedom* intoxicated?"

"Not at all, sir. I merely said that I had seen him frequently so flurried in his mind that he would undertake to cut out copy with the snuffers—that's all."

A short time since, two young ladies, well known, were holding high converse over the virtues of a certain new dress. "And does it fit well?" asked one. "Fit? as if I'd been melted and poured in."

Editor of the Californian—Sir: Permit me to report to the public, through your columns, the business operations of the BUILDERS' INSURANCE COMPANY, for May:

Number of policies issued	1,070
Average amount insured under each policy	$ 862 69
Average rate per cent	2 11
Net amount of premiums received	19,479 82
Losses for the month	4,726 13
Balance in favor of Company	$14,753 69

All of which, I trust, will be deemed satisfactory.

THOMAS MOONEY,
President Builders' Insurance Company.

San Francisco, June 1, 1867.

CENTRAL FAY CLUB.

The rooms of the Central Fay Club, No. 1, 5 and 6, southeast corner of Pine and Montgomery streets. Special meeting every TUESDAY EVENING. Rooms open every evening for general consultation.

THE GREAT

New England Remedy!

DR. J. W. POLAND'S

White-Pine Compound,

IS NOW OFFERED TO THE AFFLICTED THROUGHout the country, after having been proved by the test of eleven years in the New England States, where its merits have become as well known as the tree from which, in part, it derives its virtues.

THE WHITE-PINE COMPOUND CURES:

Sore Throat, Colds, Coughs, Diptheria, Bronchitis, Spitting of Blood, and Pulmonary Affections generally. It is a remarkable Remedy for Kidney Complaints, Diabetes, Difficulty of Avoiding Urine, Bleeding from the Kidneys and Bladder, Gravel, and other Complaints. For Piles and Scurvy it will be found very valuable.

Give it a Trial, if you would learn the value of a Good and Tried Medicine.

It is pleasant, safe and sure. Sold by all Druggists and Dealers in Medicine generally.

HOSTETTER, SMITH & DEAN,
401 and 403 Battery Street, cor. Clay, San Francisco

MASONIC TEMPLE,

Montgomery and Post streets, San Francisco.

TO THE SICK!

Cures Without Medicines.

Experience of 25 years [15th (1866) in San Francisco,] enables DR. BOURNE to Guarantee Cures! He performs all he promises—more, if possible. Consultations Free. Call or send for circulars.

10 MASONIC TEMPLE, POST STREET.

P. A. FINIGAN'S

NORFOLK STABLES,

ELLIS STREET, BETWEEN POWELL AND MASON, SAN FRANCISCO.
THE FINEST STABLE KNOWN IN AMERICA.

Horses, Buggies, and all kinds of Carriages to let on reasonable terms. Particular attention paid to boarding horses. Ladies' and Gentlemen's Saddle Horses always on hand. P. A. FINIGAN, Proprietor.

BEDDING AND FURNITURE,
LIVE GEESE FEATHERS,
DOWNY PULU, CURLED HAIR, MOSS, AND WOOL MATTRESSES.

—ALSO—

The sole right to manufacture FULLER'S PATENT SPIRAL SPRING MATTRESSES, admitted by everybody to be the BEST, more durable, more elastic, and cheaper than the old style Spring Beds.

A full assortment of FURNITURE, SHEETING, BLANKETS, etc., at extremely low prices, for cash.

JACOB SCHREIBER,
Nos. 121 and 123 Sansome street, between Bush and Pine, San Francisco.

W. E. GOLDSMITH,

Practical Card and Seal Engraver,

AND PLATE PRINTER,

No. 505 Montgomery street, over Tucker's.

CANTY & WAGNER,

(SUCCESSORS TO J. REGAN,)

113 *Montgomery street, bet. Bush and Sutter*

N. B.—All candies sold by us are warranted to be manufactured from Stewart's double refined Sugar, and to be equal to any manufactured in the state. Country merchants solicited to examine our stock and prices. Goods delivered to any part of the city free of charge.

MOYNIHAN & AITKIN,

Portland Boiler Works,

311 AND 313 MISSION STREET,

Between Beale and Fremont streets, San Francisco.

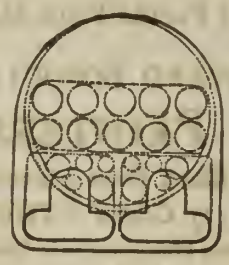
Manufacturers of Steam Boilers, high or low pressure—Cylinder, Tubular or Flue; Sheet Iron Work; Steam and Water Pipe of the best quality, and at more reasonable prices than any other establishment on the Pacific Coast.

Being Practical Boiler Makers, of long experience, confining our whole time and attention to our branch of business, and having enlarged our works, and also added the most improved tools in the country, we are enabled to turn out Boilers more expeditiously than any other establishment on the Pacific Coast—using none but the best quality and brands of Boiler and Sheet Iron and Boiler Tubes. Those in want of anything in the above line will do well to give us a call. Orders from the country will receive prompt attention.

All work warranted according to order. Particular attention paid to Repairing Steam Boilers.

T. J. MOYNIHAN, JAS. AITKEN, } Proprietors.

NEPTUNE IRON WORKS.



Corner Mission and Fremont streets, San Francisco.

MARINE, LOCOMOTIVE AND ALL KINDS OF

HIGH-PRESSURE STEAM BOILERS

Manufactured.

The proprietor imports his own C. H. and B. Iron across the Isthmus, and Tubes of every size. Other parties can never blockade the market. He has made arrangements with the best houses in the East to furnish him with everything in the shape of Iron he wants.

All Boilers guaranteed and tested by U. S. Boiler Inspector before they are sent out of the shop, at my expense. All kinds of Sheet Iron and Water Pipe, Coal Oil Stills, Wrought Iron Worms, etc., manufactured to order. OLD BOILERS REPAIRED.

D. CAMERON.

PIONEER IRON SHUTTER WORKS.

Established 1849.

John Upstone,

MANUFACTURER OF FIRE-PROOF

Doors and Shutters,

Bank Vaults, Balconies, Gratings, Prison Cells, Awnings, Stairs, Iron Fence, etc.,

Corner of California and Drumm Streets,
SAN FRANCISCO.

Constantly on hand a large assortment of second hand Fire-Proof Doors and Shutters.

I. H. SMALL,

Machine Shop,

BUILDER OF

Steam Engines, Saw Mills, Mining Machinery,

Also, I. H. Small's Patent Boot Screwing Machine.

Gears of all kinds Cut at Short Notice,

And at Greatly Reduced Prices.

Repairing of all kinds done with Promptness and Dispatch.

Corner of Market and Beale Streets,
SAN FRANCISCO.

J. O. HANSCOM, H. S. SMITH, } HANSCOM & CO { T. PENDERGAST, W. W. HANSCOM.

Etna Iron Works!

S. E. corner Fremont and Tehama Streets, San Francisco,

Practical Machinists and Iron Founders,

MANUFACTURE

STEAM ENGINES,

QUARTZ-MILL MACHINERY OF ALL KINDS, SAW-MILLS, FLOUR-MILLS,

Dunbar's Improved Self-Adjusting

PISTON PACKING,

Now so extensively used in the East and in this State Requires no springs or screws; is always steam-tight; without excessive friction, and never gets slack or leaky

HANSCOM'S CRUSHER,

The best of the kind now in use in this State or anywhere else. All kinds of GRINDERS and AMALGAMATORS made to order. Manufacturers of the new Prospecting Quartz-Mills, consisting of Boiler, Engine, 2-stamp Battery and Grinding and Amalgamating Pan, complete, for working from one ton per day upwards. Drawings are furnished with each of these mills, so that any competent engineer can set it up in running order in two days' time.

TYLER'S IMPROVED WATER-WHEEL,

Giving greater power at lower cost than any wheel in use. Send for one of our circulars giving full tables.

All Wheels warranted to give the Power as set forth, or the money will be refunded.

SOLE MAKERS FOR THIS COAST OF THE "PENDERGAST WHITE IRON STAMP SHOES AND DIES"

None genuine unless obtained from us. Every one warranted.

Patented Machinery of all kinds will be furnished by us at market prices. Particular attention given to drawings and specifications of machinery, which will be made to order. The patronage of the public is respectfully solicited.

Particular attention paid to HOUSE WORK and ORNAMENTAL CASTINGS.

THE CALIFORNIAN'S SAN FRANCISCO BUSINESS DIRECTORY

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS
J. D. Arthur & Co., corner of California and Davis

ARCHITECTS.
Townsend & Wyneken, 405 California.

AUCTIONEERS.
Cobb & Sinton, 407 California street.

BALL AND RACKET COURT.
Thomas Kelly, 846 Howard street.

BILLIARD SALOONS.
A. B. Brown, 328 Montgomery street.

BOWLING ALLEYS.
Wholers & Stell, Pine and Montgomery, (Russ House.

BOOKS.
E. F. Arnold, 538 Market street near Montgomery.
A. Roman & Co., 417 and 419 Montgomery street.

BOOTS AND SHOES.
Wentworth, Hobart & Co. (wholesale manufac.) 210 Pine

CARPETS.
P. F. Loughran & Co., 407 Sansome street.

CLOTHING.
H. M. Lockwood & Co., 624 Clay street.
J. R. Mead & Co., corner Montgomery and Bush streets
William Sherman, 412 Sansome, corner Commercial.
Quincy Hall, 545, 547, and 549 Washington street.

COAL OIL, LAMPS, ETC.
Dell, Cranna & Co. (wholesale) 513 Front street.
A. C. Dietz & Co., (wholesale,) 521 Front street.

DENTISTS.
Dr. Blake, removed to 645 Clay street.
Dr. Wm. B. McAllister, removed 18 Third street.
N. T. Whitcomb, 205 Third, near Howard.

DANCING ACADEMY.
Coghill's, Congress Hall, Bush, above Montgomery.
Fuller & McCarthy, 727 Market, near Third.

DRY GOODS.
Meagher, Taaffe & Co., 9 Montgomery street.
Mosgrove & Blakely, 222 Third, near Howard.
Buyer & Reich, S W corner Jackson and Stockton.

DRUGGISTS.
Waters & Dillon, (Billiard Saloon,) 314 Montgomery st
G. G. Burnett, (Apothecary,) 330 Montgomery.
Shepardson & Gates, (successors to R. Hall & Co.,) corner Sansome and Commercial.

EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTIONS.
Pacific Business College, 751 Market street, above Third.
Prof. Williams' Commercial Academy, 869 Mission st.

FURNITURE.
Goodwin & Co., 510 and 528 Washington streets.
N. P. Cole & Co., 21 Sutter and 524 Market streets.

GROCERS.
Slosson & Ladd, southwest corner Folsom and First.
Haskell & Co., Market and Sutter sts, below the Market
W. M. Noble & Co., cor Howard and Twelfth streets

HATTER.
Lamott (wholesale and retail) 227 Montgomery street

HAY AND GRAIN.
J. B. Holmes & Co., 110 Market street.

HOTELS.
Brooklyn, John Kelly, Jr., Sansome, corner Pine.
Chicago, E. W. Heimburg & Co., 220 Pacific street
John Steinmann, 323 Pine.

INSURANCE.
Accidental and Casualty, R. L. & F. Ogden, Montgomery street, corner California.
Brooklyn Life, S T King, Agent, S E cor Montg'y & Pine
Equitable Life, R. L. & F. Ogden, Montgomery, corner California.
Manhattan, R. B. Swain & Co., Agents, 206 Front, cor Cal
Firemens Fund Ins. Co., S.E. cor. Montg'y and Pine
Occidental Ins. Co., S.W. cor. Montgom'y and California
Pacific Ins. Co., 436 California street.

LADIES' BIJOUTERIE, CLOAKS, ETC.
Rosenblatt's, 123 and 125 Montgomery street.

LIVERY AND SALE STABLE.
Philip Morshead, removed to Howard, near Fifth.
White & Young, 211 Pine street.

LUMBER.
Armstrong, Sheldon & Co., corner Mission and Spear streets.

MILITARY GOODS AND REGALIA.
T. Rodgers Johnson, Odd Fellow's Hall, 325 Montg'ry st.

NOTARY PUBLIC,
H. S. Tibbey, 604, Montgomery street.

PHOTOGRAPHIC GALLERIES.
New York, B. F. Howland proprietor, 25 Third street, below Market.

PIANOS, MUSIC, ETC.
M. Gray, 613 Clay street.
W. S. Pierce, removed to 534 Market, opposite Second
C. Weiderhold & Co., 685 Market near Third.

PHOTOGRAPHS, CUTLERY, SPECTACLES, ETC.
Lawrence & Houseworth, 317 and 319 Montgomery st.

REAL ESTATE AGENTS.
Daly & Hawkins, 220 Montgomery street.
Dam & Sutherland, 320 Montgomery.
Geo. W. Chapin, 338 Montgomery.
John Pforr, 328 Montgomery.

RESTAURANTS.
Bivalve, Nolting & Spreen, 640 Market, near Kearny.
Ladies' Refreshment Saloon, Swain & Brown, 636 Market
Magnolia, 143 Third street.
Market, by Felix and Gustave Bessoo, 520 Merchant.
Helvetia, Johnjury & Bros., 524 Merchant street.
Sauer Kraut's, 506 Montgomery street.

SALOONS.
Russell & Holding's Exchange, 622 Market street.
Charter Oak, Frank Kelly, N E. cor Third and Howard
Razzetti & Co.'s, 527 Washington, above the Market.
Jones' Sample Rooms, S.E. cor. Montgomery and Cal.
V. Squarza, 44 Leidesdorff street.
Coates & Henderson, 37 Sutter street.

SCALES.
Fairbanks & Hutchinson, Depot for Fairbanks' Scales 120 California street.

SEWING MACHINES.
Grover & Baker, R. G. Brown, 116 Montgomery.
The Florence, office 111 Montgomery street.
Wheeler & Wilson, corner Montgomery and Sacramento

STOVES AND TIN WARE.
A. Swigert, corner Fifth and Folsom.

TOYS, ETC.
Feldbush & Co., 207 Montgomery street
A. Kohler, 620 Washington street.

WATER-CURE INSTITUTE.
Dr Bourne's Pioneer, 10 Post, near Montgomery.

WOOD AND COAL YARD.
Flynn & O'Grady, 860 Howard street

MORE VIRTUOUS THAN WISE.

A lady of the Methodist persuasion, who was not possessed of a superabundant quantity of cerebro-spinal axis, once got into a meeting intended for the male members of the church only. She was much annoyed to find "only men" there; but commending herself to the care of the Lord she kept her seat with courage, nothing daunted, and trusted that some of the "sistren" would arrive before the services commenced.

If she was annoyed at the presence of the "brethren," minus the usual sprinkling of the other sex, the male members were none the less annoyed at her presence.

What was to be done? She must be got rid of—but how? They did not wish to offend the simple-minded spirit, but as long as she remained, business could not progress. The parson hemmed, hawed, and began to grow nervous; but there she sat bolt upright, a sheep among wolves. At last the parson found courage to say:

"Sister B——, will you please retire?"

Imagine the consternation of the "wolves" when, with an indignant flush mounting up her cheeks, she arose and exclaimed in a tone that indicated virtuous indignation in the superlative degree:

"No! I'll leave the house first!"

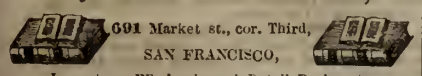
And leave the house she did. She has since moved to another town and joined the Congregationalists.

MORAL: Virtoo is its own reward.

THE MONSTER BELLS OF THE WORLD.—In making large bells, loudness rather than pitch is the object, as the sound can be conveyed to a much further extent. This accounts for the enormous weight of some of the largest bells. St. Paul's, for instance, weighs 13,000 pounds; the bell of Antwerp, 16,000 pounds; Oxford, 17,000; the bell at Rome, 19,000 pounds; Mechlin, 20,000 pounds; Bruges, 22,000 pounds; York, 24,000 pounds; Cologne, 25,000 pounds; Montreal, 29,000 pounds; Erfurt, 30,000 pounds; "Big Ben," at the House of Parliament, 31,000 pounds; Sens, 34,000 pounds; Vienna, 40,000 pounds; Novgorod, 69,000 pounds; Pekin, 139,000 pounds; Moscow, 141,000 pounds. But, as yet, the greatest bell ever known is another famous Moscow bell, which was never hung. It was cast by order of the Empress Anne in the year 1653. It lies broken on the ground, and is estimated to weigh 443,772 pounds. It is nineteen feet high, and measures around the margin sixty-four feet. No wonder that it has never been suspended. There are few bells of interest in the United States. The heaviest is probably the alarm bell on the City Hall in New York, weighing about 23,000 pounds. As the Russians make their pilgrimage to the great Moscow bell and regard it with superstitious veneration, so the American citizen honors and venerates the old Independence bell in Philadelphia, for he is not only reminded of the glory of the revolution, but he believes now more than ever in its inscription, since the injunction has been obeyed—"Proclaim liberty throughout the land, unto all the inhabitants thereof."

A COUNTRY editor, describing a new organ, says: "The swell died away in delicious suffocation, like one singing a sweet song under the bed-clothes."

Tyler Brothers,



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PORTFOLIOS,
JUVENILE BOOKS,
CHILDREN'S PICTURE BOOKS,
FANCY ARTICLES, Etc.

ESPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO
LADIES' STATIONERY,
Which we Stamp with Initials
WITHOUT EXTRA CHARGE.

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Engraved, Written or Printed,

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RISING SUN AND LOS ANGELES VINEYARDS.
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NATIVE WINES AND BRANDIES,
Wine and Brandy Bitters,
BASEMENT OF MERCHANTS' EXCHANGE,
Corner of Battery and Washington Streets,
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G. GROEZINGER,
DEALER IN
Native California
RED AND WHITE WINES,
Brandies, Port, Sherry, Augelica, Etc.,
N. W. CORNER OF BATTERY AND PINE STREETS,
SAN FRANCISCO.

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UNION SALOON.—C. H. Cordes is the proprietor of the Union Saloon, Market street, a few doors south of Fremont, where is to be found the choicest wines and liquors. Mr. Cordes prides himself on his Kentucky Whisky, which is very old and oily. The "Davis" brand whisky drinkers should by all means call and test this whisky. Hot lunch is set on the table from 10 till 2.

California Wines.
Vintage 1862.
THE UNDERSIGNED OFFRS FOR SALE SOME very choice Wines, of the above named vintage. That connoisseurs, all interested in the development of this magnificent resource of our State, and the public generally, may be convinced that California is able to produce as good Wine (when properly treated and of sufficient age) as other parts of the Wine producing regions of the globe, attention is respectfully called to these Wines, by A. S. LOWNDES, Wine Merchant,
311 Battery Street, S. F.

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CAPT. JOHN H. MAY,
615 WASHINGTON STREET, 615,
SAN FRANCISCO,
Opposite Maguire's Opera House.

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WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN
WINES AND LIQUORS.
NO. 16 THIRD STREET,
Between Market and Stevenson Streets., San Francisco.

THE BEST FAMILY WINES
IN THE CITY
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HOADLEY & CO.'S,
533 Merchant street, under
Pacific Fruit Market.

☞ Call and try our Sonoma Champagne, Vega del Rio, Sonoma Port, Red and White Wines, Wine and Brandy Bitters, and all the varieties usually found in a California Wine Cellar.

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Bet. the Occidental and Cosmopolitan Hotels.
☞ HARRY RIKER would be pleased to see his old friends at any hour of the day.
Hot Lunch every day from 11 A. M. till 2 P. M.
J. W. DUNBAR, Proprietor.

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Beer and Wine Saloon,
Southeast corner of Clay and Montgomery streets,
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ALWAYS ON HAND, Wholesale and Retail, Westphalia Hams, Russian CAVIAR, Sardines, Anchovies, Swiss and Limburg Cheese, and other European Delicacies. ☞ The finest brands of Liquors, Wines and Cigars; Seltzer Water.
FISHING AND HUNTING PARTIES fitted out at the shortest notice.

MARTIN GROSTETTA,
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Would respectfully inform his friends and the public that he has purchased the WELL-KNOWN SALOON previously occupied by THOS. DOYLE, 535 SACRAMENTO ST., above the What Cheer House. The best kind of Wines, Liquors and Cigars always on hand. Passengers' Stores carefully put up to order.

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TO BE SEEN ONLY AT THE
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between California and Pine.

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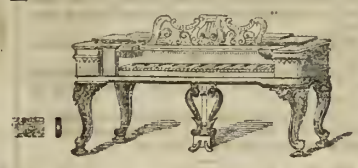
CUSTOM
BOOT AND SHOE STORE,
—ALSO—
FRENCH SCREWED BOOTS AND SHOES,
No. 546 Washington Street, near Montgomery Street
The Finest quality of CUSTOM WORK neatly executed. Always on hand other fine work ready made.

THE CELEBRATED PIANOS



—OF—
J. B. DUNHAM, F. C. LIGHTE & CO.,
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Are warranted for FIVE YEARS, and indorsed by the LEADING PIANISTS of AMERICA as SUPERIOR INSTRUMENTS.
SOLE AGENTS— C. WIEDERHOLD & CO.,
685 Market street, near Third.

GREAT TRIUMPH!

STEINWAY & SONS
Were awarded the FIRST PRIZE MEDAL at the late great INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION AT LONDON, over the two hundred and sixty-nine Pianos entered for competition from all parts of the world.
The Special Correspondent of the New York *Times* says: "Messrs. Steinway & Sons' indorsement by the Jurors is emphatic, and stronger and more to the point than that of any European maker."
A constant supply of the above superior instruments can be found at the Agent's,
M. GRAY, 613 Clay street.
PIANO TUNING done by a first-class Workman, from Steinway & Son's Factory, New York.

CALIFORNIA BRASS FOUNDRY,
No. 125 First street, opposite Minna,
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All kinds of Brass, Composition, Zinc, and Babbitt Meta Castings, furnished at the shortest notice. Brass Ship Work of all kinds, Spikes, Sheathing Nails, Rudder Braces, Hinges, etc., constantly on hand and made to order. Also, manufacture Ship and Steamboat Bells and Gongs of superior tone.
All kinds of Steam, Liquor, Water, Oil, and Flange Cocks and Valves made and repaired.
Hydraulic Pipes and Nozzles, and Hose Couplings and Connections of all sizes and patterns, furnished with dispatch. *PRICES MODERATE.*
V. KINGWELL, JOS. H. WEED, SAM'L WHITE.

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Foundry and Machine Works,
Northeast corner Fremont and Mission streets,
Manufacturers of
MARINE AND STATIONARY ENGINES,
Quartz Machinery, Saw, Flour and Sugar Mills, Mining Pumps, Hoisting Gear, Agricultural Implements, etc.
ALSO,
Wine, Cider, Cotton and Tobacco Presses of the latest Improved Patterns.
STEAM ENGINES AND BOILERS,
Of all sizes, constantly on hand; Quartz Mill Shoes and Dies warranted to be made of the best white iron.
Dunbar's Improved Self-Adjusting Piston-Packing, requires no springs or screws; is always steam-tight; without excessive friction, and never gets slack or leaky.
MACHINERY, OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS,
Bought, sold, or exchanged. Bolt Cutting and Castings at the lowest market rates.
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Marble - Worker,

MARKET ST., OPPOSITE LINCOLN SCHOOL HOUSE, between Fifth and Sixth.
Marble Mantels, Grates, Monuments, Headstones, Cemetery Copings, and all kinds of Marble Work executed on most reasonable terms. Particular attention paid to the placing of Tombstones at Lone Mountain or Calvary Cemeteries. N. B.—Country orders promptly attended to.

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Carrying the United States Mail via Nicaragua!
THE OPPOSITION STEAMER
MOSES TAYLOR,
Will sail for SAN JUAN DEL SUR, Nicaragua, from MISSION STREET WHARF, at 11 o'clock, A. M., on
TUESDAY, - - - JUNE 25th, 1867,
Connecting at Greytown with the magnificent Steamship NEVADA, 3,000 tons, for NEW YORK.
☞ The AMERICA will sail July 15th.
For further information, apply to
I. W. RAYMOND, Agent,
Northwest corner Battery and Pine streets, up stairs.

Adams, Dentist, 423 Montgomery

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EUREKA
FIRST PREMIUM 1857 1858 1864 1865
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TRUNKS, VALISES, CARPET BAGS, ETC.,
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Asphaltum Roofing.
PAVEMENTS, ROOFING,
CELLAR FLOORS, WATER HOUSES,
And all kinds of
Asphaltum Work,
Done at shortest notice, and at moderate prices, by
M. BONNET,
Office—Express Building (up stairs),
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AT THE REGULAR
RETAILING AMERICAN WATCHES
C. E. COLLINS & CO.,
603 MONTGOMERY STREET,
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Nos. 42 and 44 Nassau Street,
NEW YORK.
Dealers in American, Swiss and English WATCHES,
JEWELRY AND MATERIALS.
☞ We have made arrangements to buy AMERICAN WATCHES in large quantities from the Factory, and will receive a discount on the regular Wholesale Prices. We will hereafter
Retail the American Watches
AT
The Regular Wholesale Prices.
Our only profit being the small per cent. allowed by buying in large quantities.
WHOLESALE PRICES.

HOWE'S NEW STYLE
FAMILY SEWING MACHINES.
GREAT IMPROVEMENT—JUST RECEIVED.
ESPECIALLY ADAPTED FOR FINE WORK. Also, Braiding, Hemming, etc. The advantage these Machines have is extreme simplicity, very strong and durable, not liable to get out of order—adapted equally well to all grades of work. The Howe should be examined by all contemplating purchasing. H. A. DEMING,
137 Kearny street, S. W. cor. Sutter, San Francisco, Cal.

N. P. COLE & CO.,
WHOLESALE
Furniture Warehouse,

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LOWEST RATES AND MOST COMPLETE STOCK ON THE COAST.
RETAIL STORE,
Nos. 524 Market, and 21 Sutter streets—next door to the Metropolitan Market.

HEALY'S CURATIVE OIL,
For the Extermination of Pain, is a Sovereign Remedy for Rheumatism, Headache, Toothache, Sore Throat, Cramps in the Limbs, Diarrhœa, Sprains, Bruises, Burns and Cuts, and for the Bites of Poisonous Insects, Frozen Feet, etc., stands unrivalled.
For Sale by all dealers in medicines. Price One Dollar per bottle.

ONLY A DREAM.

BY A. J. RAQUIER.

By the lake, beyond the meadow,
Where the lilies blow—
As the young moon dipt and lifted
Her reflected bow!
Lived and died a dream of beauty,
Many years ago.

Something made the milk-white blossoms
Even whiter grow;
Something gave the dying sunset
An intenser glow;
And enriched the cup of pleasure,
Filled to overflow.

Hope was frail, and Passion fleeting—
It is often so;
Visions born of golden sunsets,
With the sunsets go;
To have loved is to have suffered
Martyrdom below!

By the lake, beyond the meadow,
Where the lilies blow,
Of the glory there that perished,
None shall ever know—
When the human heart was broken,
Many years ago!

EXTRAORDINARY STORY OF A DEAD MAN.—The following curious incident has just come to light. About twenty-one years ago, a young man named Turner was living at a large academy at Amersham, Bucks, filling the position of teacher of languages. One evening he was seized with a fit—he being subject to them—and the next morning his bed-room window was found open and he was missing from the room. About ten days after the body of a young man was found lying, face downward, in some shallow water, and the body was at once supposed to be that of the unfortunate young man, and on a number of the scholars and the relatives viewing the body, they all identified it as that of their teacher and friend. The body in due course was interred by the relatives, and the mother took possession of a watch belonging to deceased, and wore it till her death. A few days ago some of the relatives of Turner received a letter from Ballarat, Australia, and were not a little surprised to find that their relative, whom they believed to be dead and buried, and whose grave they had kept up ever since, was still alive, quite well, and in a very comfortable position.

HOW NAMES CHANGE.—A Scotchman named Feyerston settled among some Germans in the western part of the State of New York. They translated his name by the sound into the German Feurstein. On his return to an English neighborhood, his acquaintances discovered Feurstein in German means Flint in English. They re-translated his name, and the family name became Flint. One of the grandsons settled on the Arcadian coast of the Mississippi, and with the common fate of his family, his name of Flint became translated by the French into Pierre a-Fusil. His son went North, and the last transformation was a re-translation, and Pierre a-Fusil, hien, so became Peter Gun.

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SCHOOL BOOKS,
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BLANK BOOKS,
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JUVENILE BOOKS,
CHILDREN'S PICTURE BOOKS,
FANCY ARTICLES, Etc.

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Which we Stamp with Initials
WITHOUT EXTRA CHARGE.
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HEALY'S CURATIVE OIL,

For the Extermination of Pain, is a Sovereign Remedy for Rheumatism, Headache, Toothache, Sore Throat, Cramps in the Limbs, Diarrhœa, Sprains, Bruises, Burns and Cuts, and for the Bites of Poisonous Insects, Frozen Feet, etc., stands unrivalled.
For Sale by all dealers in medicines. Price One Dollar per bottle.

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THE LARGEST OPTICAL INSTRUMENT ESTABLISHMENT on the Pacific Coast. Import all their own goods direct from European and American manufacturers, and have a larger and more complete assortment than all other dealers combined
SPECTACLES and EYE-GLASSES warranted to suit the sight in every particular.
Double sighted Spectacles, Tinted Spectacles and Brazilian Pebble Spectacles of the most approved form.
Those who have been disappointed at other establishments will certainly be pleased with the Spectacles they purchase from us.

N. B.—Inferior Glasses are not sold by us to the unwary for Brazilian Pebbles.

LAWRENCE & HOUSEWORTH,
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Complete Catalogues of Optical Instruments furnished free.

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PRODUCED BY THE USE OF PROF. DE BREUX FRISER LE CHEVEUX.
One application warranted to curl the most straight and stubborn hair of either sex into wavy ringlets, or heavy massive curls. Has been used by the fashionables of Paris and London, with the most gratifying results. Does no injury to the hair. Price by mail, sealed and post paid, $1. Descriptive circulars mailed free. Address
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Sole Agents for the United States.

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PLAIN, SWEET, CINNAMON AND VANILLA CHOCOLATES;
PREPARED COCOA, COCOA PASTE,
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PURE GROUND OLD JAVA COFFEE AND COSTA RICA COFFEE;
CHARTRES AND RIO COFFEE:
GREEN COFFEE OF EVERY QUALITY.
CHOICE WINES AND LIQUORS:
N. B.—Ghirardelli's Chocolate is manufactured by steam from Cocoa of the finest quality, imported direct. In excellence and delicacy of flavor, it is superior to any imported Chocolate.

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J. F. SNOW, THE "GLOVE MAN," CLEANS Furs without removing the lining. All kinds of Dresses—including Stage and Party Dresses—WITHOUT RIPPING. Woolen Goods, Shawls, Buck and Kid Gloves, Buck Undervests, Feathers, etc., etc. He dyes Kid Gloves and Feathers.
RING'S VEGETABLE AMBROSIA FOR THE HAIR FOR SALE.

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SADDLERY AND HARNESS,
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Nex Door to Commercial Street,
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UNDERTAKERS,
CITY AND COUNTY SEXTON,
641 SACRAMENTO STREET, CORNER OF WEBB
Sole agents for BARSTOW'S PATENT METALLIC BURIAL CASES and CASKETS.

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Corner Second and Folsom streets,
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HOAGLAND & NEWSOM,
ARCHITECTS,
Southwest corner Sacramento and Kearny streets,
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MEEKER, JAMES & CO.,
Importers and Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
Wagon & Carriage Materials,
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The Largest Establishment on the Pacific Coast for the supply of materials for
WAGONS, TRUCKS,
CARTS, OMNIBUSSES,
CARRIAGES, COACHES,
EXPRESS WAGONS,
BUGGIES, SULKIES, Etc.
Also, Importers of
GREGG'S TENONING MACHINES,
Hub Boring Machines, Thimble Skeins for Wood Axles, Hub Bands, Axle Clips, Shaft Shackles, Malleable Iron Castings, Concord Axles and Springs.

Orders from the country solicited and promptly attended to. MEEKER, JAMES & Co.

REMOVAL. REMOVAL.
Larkins & Co.,
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LIGHT CARRIAGES AND BUGGIES,
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Offers his services to the public as an Operator on such excrescences as hard and soft corns, enlarged joints, club nails, bunions, nails penetrating the flesh, warts, etc.

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HAVING CONSOLIDATED WITH THE UNION INSURANCE COMPANY, JANUARY 1, 1866, THIS COMPANY ARE NOW PREPARED TO EFFECT MARINE AS WELL AS FIRE INSURANCE UPON THE MOST FAVORABLE TERMS.
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For all the purposes of a family physic, take AYER'S CATHARTIC PILLS, which are everywhere known to be the best purgative that is offered to the American People.
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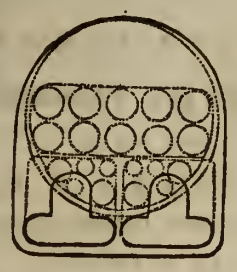

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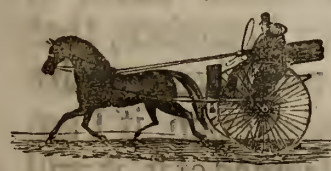

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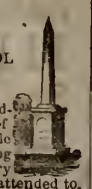

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WARM AND COLD BATHS from 6 A. M to 9 P. M. daily, with every appliance usually connected with a well-ordered Gymnasium for the development of Health and Muscle.

The only Complete Swimming Bath on this Coast.

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Call and Try Them. The Kearny Street and Montgomery Street Cars pass the door *every five minutes.*

The Baths are reserved for Ladies every Tuesday, from 6 A. M. to 9 P. M.. Ladies to supply their own Bathing Dresses.

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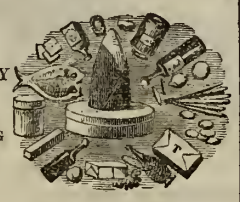

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Steamships *PACIFIC, ORIZABA, CALIFORNIA, ACTIVE*, and *SENATOR*, leave as advertised, for Portland, Oregon, New Westminster, British Columbia, Victoria, (V. I.,) Santa Barbara, San Pedro, and San Diego.

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All kinds of Lace Work, Head Dresses, Breakfast Caps, &c., made to order.

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Has removed from 612 Battery street to 537 Sacramento street, a few doors below Montgomery,

Has constantly on hand a large assortment of the best BILLIARD TABLES, with all the modern improvements. Also BILLIARD TRIMMINGS of every description. All goods sold are warranted.

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The only book issued on our NAVY during the Rebellion. Agents find no competition.

FARRAGUT AND OUR NAVAL COMMANDERS,

Comprising Popular Biographies of our Naval Heroes, by Hon. J. T. Headley, the distinguished Author and Historian—complete in one large volume—handsomely illustrated in steel. The best paying Agency of the day.

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POSSESS INVALUABLE PROPERTIES.

They give Health to the Sick,

Strength to the Weak,

Joy to the Afflicted,

☞ SOLD EVERYWHERE. ☜

There cometh glad tidings of joy to all,
To young and old, to great and to small;
The beauty which was once so precious and rare,
Is free for all, and all may be fair.

By the use of

CHASTELLAR'S

WHITE LIQUID ENAMEL,

FOR IMPROVING AND BEAUTIFYING THE COMPLEXION.

The most valuable and perfect preparation in use, for giving the skin a beautiful pearl-like tint, that is only found in youth. It quickly removes Tan, Freckles, Pimples, Blotches, Moth Patches, Sallowness, Eruptions, and all impurities of the skin, kindly healing the same, leaving the skin white and clear as alabaster. Its use cannot be detected by the closest scrutiny, and being a vegetable preparation is perfectly harmless. It is the only article of the kind used by the French, and is considered by the Parisian as indispensable to a perfect toilet. Upwards of 30,000 bottles were sold during the past year, a sufficient guarantee of its efficacy. Price only 75 cents. Sent by mail, post-paid, on receipt of order, by

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Excelsior! Excelsior!!

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HAIR EXERMINATOR, FOR REMOVING SUPERFLUOUS HAIR.

TO THE LADIES ESPECIALLY, THIS INVALUABLE depilatory recommends itself as being an almost indispensable article to female beauty, is easily applied, does not burn or injure the skin, but acts directly on the roots. It is warranted to remove superfluous hair from low foreheads, or from any part of the body, completely, totally and radically extirpating the same, leaving the skin soft, smooth and natural. This is the only article used by the French, and is the only real effectual depilatory in existence. Price 75 cents per package, sent post-paid, to any address, on receipt of an order by

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285 River street, Troy, N. Y.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

EDWARD J. QUIRK, Plaintiff, vs. JAMES P. HORBACH, et als., Defendants

Action brought in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the said city and county of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to JAMES P. HORBACH, HENRY DELVENDAHL, HENRY BREMMERMAN, ERNST JANSSEN and GUSTAV HELMKE, Defendants:

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff, in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein, within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons—if served within this county; or, if served out of this county, but in this District, within twenty days, otherwise, within forty days—or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said Complaint.

The said action is brought to require you, the said defendants, to set forth the nature of your respective claims to that certain lot or parcel of land situate in said city and county of San Francisco, as particularly described in the complaint herein, being subdivision No. 5 of the 100-vara lot known on the map of the city of San Francisco as No. 276, as designated on a plat of the original subdivision thereof, recorded in the office of the County Recorder of said city and County, in Liber 1 of Certified Grants, at page 156, that all adverse claims of said defendants and each of them may be determined by a decree of this Court; that by said decree it be declared and adjudged that the said defendants, each and all of them, have no estate or interest whatever in or to said parcel of land, and that the title of plaintiff thereto is good and valid, that said defendants, and each of them, be forever debarred from asserting any claim whatever in and to said land adverse to plaintiff, and for such other and further relief as to this Hon. Court shall seem meet and agreeable to equity, with costs of suit against such of the defendants as shall defend this action.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in said complaint.

Given under my hand and seal of the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco, this 25th day of February, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-seven.

WM LOEWY, Clerk,
[SEAL.] By OCTAVIUS BELL, Deputy Clerk.
Int. Rev. Stamp, canceled. 5c cts.
THOS. B. BISHOP, Plaintiff's Attorney. mh30-13w

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF HENRY SEAMAN, deceased. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administratrix of the above named estate, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit the same with the necessary vouchers within ten months after the first publication of this notice, to the undersigned, at the office of D. P. Barstow, Esq., No. 6 Montgomery Block, in the city and county of San Francisco.

JANE SEAMAN,
Administratrix of the Estate of Henry Seaman, deceased.
May 10th, 1867. my11 6w

STOCKDALE HOUSE,
Corner Main and Oak streets, Petaluma
H. STOCKDALE Proprietor

MAGUIRE'S OPERA HOUSE.

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....OF....

DRAMATIC AND BALLET COMPANIES.

Engagement of the Celebrated

MARTINETTI TROUPE,

SATURDAY AFTERNOON AND EVENING....JUNE 8th,

Will be presented the Gorgeous Spectacle of

THE NAIAD QUEEN.

Sir Rupert.....Miss Sallie Hinckley
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Mrs. Brigel.....Mrs. C. R. Saunders
Baptiste.....W. Barry
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FAIRY BALLETS AND GRACEFUL DIVERTISEMENTS,

By Mesdames Marzetti, Mathieu, Schmidt, Lehman, and the Large and Beautiful Corps de Ballet.

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PRICES OF ADMISSION:

Dress Circle.....$1 00 | Orchestra.....$1 00
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LAST TWO PERFORMANCES OF THE ETHEOPIAN COMEDIANS,

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Late Members of the World-Renowned

"Christy's Minstrels,"

Who will be assisted by a distinguished array of MINSTREL TALENT, in

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A Brilliant Interlude, introducing the famous Stump Speech, Japanese Fiddle, Stocks Up and Down, and the Great Shadow Pantomime.

The wonderful ZAMPILLAEROSTATION, the most wonderful Burlesque ever witnessed.

To conclude with the

BURLESQUE OPERA MARITANA,

....WITH....

HENRI HERBERTE & MISS JULIA GOULD,

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Last Two Performances

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MIKADO JAPANESE TROUPE,

17 MALE AND FEMALE ARTISTS,

Under the management of J. R. MARSHALL.

The feats of Balancing, with the Tubs, Ladders, Bamboos, Screens, and Boat by the Artist YOSHIGEROO, the Yeddo Hercules, assisted by his Family of Males and Females, are astonishing and picturesque.

TOROONOSKI, the Bloudin of Japan, among other feats, will construct a Ladder of Paper, in presence of the audience, ascend it, and execute a most thrilling performance, walk with Clogs on a Swinging Bamboo, twenty feet long, suspended in the air, ascend a Slack Rope from the floor of the stage to the gallery, making his descent in a most daring and artistic style.

TZENAGEEROO performs the most incredible feat of walking a Ladder of Swords, edge uppermost, barefooted.

The remainder of the Troupe will be found equally interesting, and capable in their different acts, too numerous to mention.

They are acknowledged to be the most efficient and accomplished Troupe of the kind in Japan, and will make every endeavor to win the good opinion of the people of America during their few months sojourn.

Dress Circle.....One Dollar
Family Circle.....Fifty Cents
Gallery.....Twenty-five Cents

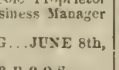
Box Office open from 10 to 4 o'clock. Doors open at 7 o'clock; Performance commences at 8 o'clock.

NOTICE.

J. Branger Will Open To-Day

THE LOUISIANA ROTISSERIE,

DUPONT STREET, CORNER WASHINGTON.



I BEG TO INFORM MY FRIENDS AND the public that TO-DAY, (SATURDAY), June 1st, I will re-open the above Restaurant. Everything will be done to satisfy those who favor me with their patronage. Large Saloons for parties. House will be open all night. All orders for the city will be promptly attended to, and with the utmost care.

Ladies' entrance on Washington street, one door above Dupont. J. BRANGER.

MAGUIRE'S ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

THE

Second Season of

....THE....

ITALIAN OPERA

WILL COMMENCE ON

WEDNESDAY EVENING.....JUNE 12th.

During the Season, in addition to

Faust, Linda,
Macbeth, and
Rigoletto,

THE NEW OPERAS OF

IONE AND L'AFRICAINE

Will positively be produced.

Box Sheet for Subscribers' Seats open every morning, at 10 o'clock.

METROPOLITAN THEATER.

HAVE ARRIVED

AND WILL APPEAR ON

MONDAY EVENING.....JUNE 10th,

FROM YOKOHAMA, JAPAN,

....THE....

Great Dragon Troupe

....OF....

JAPANESE JONGLEURS,

Equilibrists, Slack Rope Ascensionists,

MUSICAL AND DANCING GIRLS!

....FROM....

THE GREAT DRAGON THEATER,

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COMPRISING THE LARGEST AND MOST WONDERful Troupe of the first class male and female Artistes that has ever been permitted to leave Japan.

As a contract has been entered into with the Tycoon's Government that the Great Dragon Troupe shall be taken to the Paris Exhibition, their stay in San Francisco will be limited to only a few days.

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ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

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The extensive grounds are covered with the rarest trees and shrubbery, making it a most desirable spot for small parties wishing to enjoy a Pic-Nic.

New attractions are being constantly added.

These Gardens are accessible by the Howard, Market and Folsom street cars. Entrances on Mission and Valencia streets, between Thirteenth and Fourteenth. OPEN EVERY DAY.

Admission 25 cents. Children under 12 years, half price.

Important Notice.

ANOTHER DOCTOR IN THE CITY.

DR. H. A. BENTON has been performing many wonderful cures in this city the past two years, and as his practice is fast increasing at the office, finds it difficult to attend outside calls, concluded to invite R. H. OLMSTEAD, M. D., of Napa City, to join him. Dr. Olmstead has been 18 years successfully treating obstinate cases, with water, electricity, and the magnetic forces, (and when needed, Eclectic Remedies, of which he is a graduate of that school); also, being the seventh son of a celebrated Physician, and having a powerful organization, his magnetic hands, like magic, dispel pain and disease in a wonderful manner; he is also a natural BONE SETTER.

DR. OLMSTEAD has this day associated with Dr. H. A. BENTON, the Medical Electrician and Homœpathist, at his office, 314 Bush street, San Francisco, who, having all the necessary facilities, such as the Patent Electro-Chemical, Sulphur, Vapor, Hot Air, and Medicated Baths, which are valuable aids in removing all curable diseases, whether acute or chronic. The combined skill, together with the aid of an excellent Lady Assistant, gives an assurance of CURE TO MANY, BENEFIT TO ALL, AND INJURY TO NONE.

N. B.—Terms within reach of all. Office hours from 9 A. M. to 8 P. M. Sundays, by appointment.

☞ Lodging Rooms convenient for those from the country.

June 1st, 1867.

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Merchant Taylors,

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SAN FRANCISCO.

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JUNE, 1867.

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The Life of Carl Ritter. By W. L. Gage.
Facts about Peat. By T. H. Leavitt.
Man, and the conditions that surround him.
Essays. By Dora Greenwell.
The Birth of Pleasure—the Story of Cupid and Psyche.
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Who wrote "Rock me to Sleep, Mother?"
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The Pioneer Church; by Rev. M. Schuyler, D. D.
The Celebrated Jumping Frog; by Mark Train.
Tegner's Frithiof's Saga. Edited by Bayard Taylor.
U. S. Tariff for 1867. Compiled by E. D. Ogden.
Homiletics, and Pastoral Theology; by Wm. G. T. Shedd, D. D.
How to make money and How to keep it; by Thos. A. Davies.
Prometheus in Atlantis—a Prophecy of the Extinction of the Christian Civilization.
The Christ of the Apostles' Creed: by Rev. W. A. Scott, D. D.
Adventures of Daniel Ellis, the Union Guide.
Homespun: or, Five and Twenty Years Ago; by Thos. Lackland.
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Booksellers, Publishers and Importers,

Nos. 417 and 419 MONTGOMERY ST.

Petroleum Stoves.

THE ATTENTION OF HOUSEKEEPERS AND PEOPLE rooming is called to the use of

MORRILL'S

PETROLEUM STOVES,

Which can be used in any room with or without chimneys, as

IT EMITS NO SMOKE, SOOT OR ASHES.

It is a superior Cook. In fact, it does all kinds of Stove work as well as any (and better than most) stoves. It is perfectly safe. The State Assayer having thoroughly tested these Stoves, pronounced them non explosive. For sale at No. 13 Kearny street.

M. B. BULLARD, Proprietor.

M. B. B. is also agent for MORRILL'S

UNIVERSAL OIL STOVE,

Which burns COAL OIL, BENZINE, or NAPTHA, with blue flame, non-luminous, intense heat. There are seven sizes. No. 1 is adapted to boiling water, heating glue, and Dentist's work, etc. No. 2, with Urn for hotels, saloons, boarding houses, barbers, etc. No. 3 to 8 for all kinds of cooking, which they do in superior manner. They are as easily managed as a lamp, perfectly safe and economical. They can be seen and are for sale at 13 Kearny street.

LAMPS.

I have PATENT BURNERS that can be used with any lamp to burn Coal Oil, or the lighter products of Petroleum, with PERFECT SAFETY, and GREAT ECONOMY. I have also a HAND LAMP (to carry about the house) that will burn a flame equal to a candle, with no more smoke or odor, at an expense of ONE CENT for EIGHT HOURS.

N. B.—I am also agent for Huck's celebrated Self-Generating Gas Lamps. M. B. BULLARD.

Personal Tax Assessment

ROLL OF SAN FRANCISCO—1867-'68.

PUBLIC NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN IN ACCORdance with Section 1 of an Act entitled "An Act to provide for the Collection of Taxes on Personal Property in the City and County of San Francisco," approved May 9, 1862, that the Personal Property Assessment List has been completed and delivered over to me as Clerk of the Board of Supervisors, and that the said Board will meet as a Board of Equalization on the THIRD DAY OF JUNE, at 7 o'clock P. M., and continue in session from time to time until the 17th day of June, 1867, for the purpose of determining complaints in regard to errors of Assessment of Personal Property, and correcting errors therein. The Assessment List will be open for examination from this date, from 9 o'clock A. M. until 4 o'clock P. M., daily (Sundays excepted), during the sitting of the Board of Equalization. All applications for reduction of assessments are required to be made in writing and verified by oath.

JAS. W. BINGHAM,
Clerk of the Board of Supervisors,

San Francisco, June 3, 1867

Erin Go Bragh.

HIBERNIA

Smoking Tobacco,

UNEQUALLED BY ANY IN THE MARKET.

B. C. HORN & CO.,

FRONT STREET, CORNER OF CLAY,

SAN FRANCISCO.

500,000 CIGARS

At $5 per Thousand,

FOR SALE BY

B. C. HORN & CO.,

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PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.'S

STEAMSHIPS FOR

NEW YORK, JAPAN AND CHINA,

WILL BE DISPATCHED AS FOLLOWS:

Leave Folsom-street Wharf at 11 o'clock A. M. of the following dates, for PANAMA, connecting *via* Panama Railroad, with one of the Company's splendid steamers from ASPINWALL for NEW YORK.

On 10th, 15th, and 20th of each month that has 30 days.

On 10th, 19th, and 30th of each month that has 31 days.

When the 10th, 19th and 30th fall on Sunday, they will leave on Saturday preceding; when the 18th falls on Sunday, they will leave on Monday following.

Steamer leaving San Francisco on the 10th touches at Mazzanillo. All touch at Acapulco.

Departure of 19th connects with French Transatlantic company's steamer for St. Nazaire, and English steamer for South America.

Departure of 10th connects with English steamers for Southampton and South America, and P. R. R. Co.'s steamer for Central America.

STEAMERS FOR JUNE.

June 10th—CONSTITUTION, Capt. W. F. Lapidge, connecting with RISING STAR, Capt. Gray.

June 15th—GOLDEN CITY, Capt. J. T. Watkins, connecting with ARIZONA. Capt. Harris.

June 29th—MONTANA, Capt. Jos. Sutton, connecting with OCEAN QUEEN, Capt. Maury.

Passengers will be berthed through. Baggage checked through—100 pounds allowed each adult.

Surgeon on board. Medicine and attendance free.

These Steamers will positively leave at 11 o'clock. Passengers are requested to have their baggage on board before 10 o'clock.

Through tickets to Liverpool by the "Cunard," "Inman" and "National" Steamship Lines can be obtained at P. M. S. S. Co.'s office in San Francisco.

For Merchandise Freight apply to Wells, Fargo & Co.

The splendid steamship COLORADO will be dispatched on July 4th, and will be followed by the GREAT REPUBLIC, on August 24th, from wharf, corner of First and Brannon streets, for YOKOHAMA and HONGKONG; connecting at Yokohama with the steamer COSTA RICA, for SHANGHAI.

For Passage and all other information, apply at Pacific Mail Steamship company's office, corner of Sacramento and Leidesdorff streets.

OLIVER ELDRIDGE, Agent.

IF there is a Florence Sewing Machine within a thousand miles of San Francisco, that is not giving entire satisfaction, if I am informed of it, it will be attended to without express charge or expense of any kind to the owner. Samuel Hill, Agent, 111 Montgomery St., San Francisco.

AMERICAN HOTEL,
Main street, . . . Petaluma
EMERSON & LAMBERTON, Proprietors

The California.

"SURELY THERE IS A VEIN FOR THE SILVER AND A PLACE FOR GOLD WHERE THEY FINE IT."

VOLUME VII., No. 4.
OFFICE, No. 532 MERCHANT STREET.

SAN FRANCISCO, JUNE 15, 1867.

TERMS, $5 A YEAR, BY MAIL, IN ADVANCE; 50 CENTS A MONTH, BY CARRIER

CONTENTS:

ORIGINAL: Purity of the Language; Politicians and the Press; Philosophy and Politics: Local Art Notes. Literary Gleanings; Dr. Thrall on the Episcopate; The Bishop's Office; Boards of Missions: Mr. Webb's "St. Twel'mo;" Lowell and Longfellow: Swinburne Appreciated. "Lion's Mouth:" The Coming Fourth; A Learned Dialogue; The New York *Clipper's* Correspondent. Dramatic Affairs; etc. SELECTED: Under Greek Fire; The Burning of Wildgoose Lodge; Sunday-School Address; The Nose. Paragraphs; Poetry, etc.

THE OCEAN.

LIKENESS of heaven!
Agent of power!
Man is thy victim!
Shipwrecks thy dower!
Spices and jewels
From valley and sea,
Armies and banners
Lie buried in thee!

What are the riches
Of Mexico's mines,
To the wealth that far down
In thy deep water shines?
The proud navies that cover
The conquering west—
Thou flingest them to death
With one heave of thy breast.

From the high hills that view
Thy wreck-making shore,
When the bride of the mariner
Shrieks at thy roar,
When, like lambs in the tempest,
Or mews in the blast,
O'er ridge broken billows
The canvass is cast;

How humbling to one
With a heart and a soul,
To look on thy greatness,
And list to thy roll;
To think how that heart
In cold ashes shall lie,
While the voice of eternity
Rises from thee!

Yes! where are the cities
Of Thebes and Tyre?
Swept from the nations
Like sparks from the fire:
The glory of Athens,
The splendors of Rome,
Dissolved—and for ever—
Like dew in the foam.

But thou art almighty—
Eternal—sublime—
Unweakened, unwasted—
Twin brother of time!
Fleets, tempests, nor nations,
Thy glory can how;
As the stars first beheld thee,
Still chainless art thou!

But hold! when thy surges
No longer shall roll,
And that firmament's length
Is drawn back like a scroll;
Then—then shall the spirit
That sighs by thee now
Be more mighty, more lasting,
More chainless than thou!

JOHN AUGUSTUS SHEA.

Yosemite Valley.

The effects of the air of Yosemite on certain constitutions are terrible. This is the sort of ernption which it has produced in the case of a correspondent of the *Alta* signing himself—or herself—"Yosemite."

"Travellers are beginning to skim over the roads like winged birds, and the merry jest and gay laugh go out cheerily on the golden air as they lope away toward the renowned mammoth trees and the grand Yosemite. The miner drops his shovel to gaze, and the Chinamen hold a noisy pow-wow as the lively strangers dart past their gold-saving sluices."

When the travellers begin to "skim," proceed to "lope" and finally "dart" and one of them is driven to gush in such a manner as does this correspondent, we cannot believe that Yosemite is a healthy place.

THE LION'S MOUTH.

"THE gravest beast is an ass, the gravest bird is an owl, the gravest fish is an oyster, and the gravest man is a fool." SYDNEY SMITH.

"I WILL roar, that I will do any man's heart good to hear me." A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

"I WILL aggravate my voice so, that I will roar you as gently as any sucking dove; I will roar you an 't were any nightingale." IBID.

"*Nil falsi audeat, nil veri non audeat dicere.*" CICERO.

A Learned Dialogue.

Williamson Shooks, a man who has an unquenchable thirst for knowledge, and is most frank in his acknowledgement of the defects in his education, the other day met Wilfer Wahoo, whom Shooks believes to be a very fine scholar, and the following dialogue occurred:

SHOOKS. (*Catching Wahoo by the arm*). My dear fellow! This is, I might say, almost providential. I havn't seen you for six months, and now I come across you at a time when you can help me out of a serious trouble.

WAHOO. (*A little scared, thinking, of course, that Shooks wishes to borrow money of him.*) Really, I'm sorry, but, Mr. Shooks, I don't think you could have applied to a worse man. I'm incapable—

SHOOKS. No sir. There isn't a man in San Francisco so capable as yourself of rescuing me from the dilemma in which I at present find myself. I know, sir, that *you* can tell me the derivation of the word aristocracy.

WAHOO. (*Much relieved, but at the same time taken off his guard.*) Oh, yes. Certainly. "Aristocracy," originally. "Aristocracy" now corrupted. Of course, Shooks, you remember Ariosto was a great swell in ancient times—or modern times—you know, at any rate, he ruled a lot of other fellows, "cracy," you know, from the Greek, and then after him when a swell ruled a lot of fellows who weren't swells they called it Ariosto-cracy. Only a corruption

SHOOKS. (*Puzzled.*) Is that it?

WAHOO. (*shaki Shook's hand nervously* Yes, good by, Shooks always come to me when you're in any fix of that kind. (Aside.) Oh dear! It wouldn't do to confess to Shooks but I *have* been desperate.

Poor Wahoo has since this unfortunate affair been afraid to appear in the streets, but he in the solitude of his chamber prays that Shooks may receive due punishment for having been the cause of his making such a terrible blunder. Shooks is at the present time firmly convinced that Ariosto-cracy is the original word from which aristocracy was derived, but has been unable to discover whether Ariosto was an ancient Roman or a modern Greek.

The Coming Fourth.

Again is Young America to be made glad by guns, pistols, cannon crackers, processions and an increased burthen of pocket money. Again will Old America be victimized and profanely deprecate the patriotic racket. Again is the annular procession to move, the honored poet of the day to sweat and groan in the preparation of his patriotic verse, and the vast and enthusiastic assemblage to eagerly wait for the tedious and humdrum orator of the day to conclude his oration. There will be ten thousand drunks. Washington, Jefferson and Franklin will from the battlements of heaven look on that day over a vast crowd of their inebriated fellow countrymen. Again will individuals of aspiring tendencies be gratified by appointments as marshals, roaders and other chimney pot offices peculiar to the day, whereby sufficient glory and satisfied ambition will be secured them to last the whole year.

Speaking of the measures necessary to ensure a general turn-out, the *Flag* asks "how can the people be got out?" We suggest that they be paid for turning out. We believe that the most imposing procession by far that San Francisco ever witnessed could be got up at the rate of fifty cents per head. The surrounding country would then eagerly rush in and take a part and draw their celebratorial perdiem. The Chinese would, so induced, eagerly swell the patriotic throng. The inhabitants of the South Sea Islands, the denizen of Oakland, aye, even the unaspiring digger would in such a case, be too happy to march under the protection of our glorious banner. We ourselves would go, and enlist our children.

The Methodist Religion.

A certain newspaper publishes the following:

"The use of tobacco has been prescribed by the Vermont Methodist Conference. Hereafter no person addicted to this habit will be admitted to membership."

We have carefully re-read the ten commandments and cannot find "Thou shalt not smoke." However, it is just possible that the Vermont Methodist Conference took out one of the commandments—perhaps the shortest one—and put in this one to fill up.

A Maniac's Longings.

An unfortunate maniac who left on the last boat for Stockton observed to us that *he* would not be satisfied like Archimedes to *move* the world, but if he could get some standing point on the outside would rip up the Atlantic cable and [illegible] for a "returning ball."

A Deaf Mute on the "Alta."

We are pleased to learn a deaf mute is to be employed as local editor on the *Alta*. The gentleman who reported the exhibition of the Deaf and Dumb Asylum says in speaking of its inmates; "A thorough knowledge of grammar as well as of history was shown." This same gentleman (can it be Fitz-Smythe who has recently returned from Arizona?) who so admires grammar says:

"About sixty were present, and they presented, collectively, a most pleasing appearance, and no one could look upon the assemblage without a strong feeling of sympathy for children *deprived of attributes that only those who know the loss can comprehend how great are their value*. The pity or compassion of the large audience was evidenced during the evening for the interesting class, and it must have been a consolatory reflection that the State has most liberally provided for their education and support."

It is just possible that the present local reporter of the *Alta* is one of the inmates of the Idiot Asylum let out on a holiday. He says:

"During the evening many bouquets were thrown upon the stage to testify admiration and sympathy for the excellence of the boys and girls, and applause—heartfelt applause—was frequently given, but more than one half of the pupils were unconscious of this tribute to their superior learnings acquired under disadvantageous circumstances."

As the deaf could *see* the spectators clapping their hands and the blind could *hear* the plaudits of those who liked their music the above statement must be taken *cum grano salis*. Seriously, the *Alta's* English is becoming intolerable and were it not that Fitz-Smythe is said to have returned we should be at a loss how to account for it.

Pilgrims Bound for the Holy Land.

In the telegraphic news we find the following paragraph:

"Among the passengers of the Quaker City for the Holy Land are the two Beechers, "Mark Twain," Miss Larrowe, of California, Maggie Mitchell and mother."

We are not much interested in the fact that "Miss Larrowe, of California," has started for the Holy Land, the departure of Maggie Mitchell and mother disturbes us but little, we are slightly agitated at the exodus of the two Beechers, but the incursim of "Mark Twain" on holy ground fills us with [illegible]. Mark has a good sized bump of veneration, but we fear the relics in the Holy Land will be handled by him in a manner which will bring upon him the wrath of the Holy Catholic Church. *He* would have no scruples to prevent his suggesting that the toe-nails of St. Paul be boiled down for glue. We fear that he will insist on assaying the nail from the true cross, and will investigate all the relics and miraculous paintings, in a manner which will be thought irreverent. We trust "Mark" will remember that he is not in California, and will, as much as in him lies, cultivate, rejuvenate, and bring to a state of perfection his early religious education. Our hope lies in the two Beechers, and the fact that "Mark" once went as a missionary to the Sandwich Islands.

The New York "Clipper's" San Francisco Correspondent.

Some person of the name of Allien has been interfering with the business of the correspondent of the New York *Clipper*. On this account the following appears in a paper published in this city:

"Allow me through the columns of your paper, to denounce this same Allien as he deserves. In the first place, he is not correspondent for the New York *Clipper*; the *Clipper* only employ men who can write the English language correct, and then the *Clipper* only employ men who have too much honor and pride to attempt blackmailing people. I doubt very much that Mr. Allien is correspondent for the New York *Mercury*; I know that when he tells people he is correspondent for the *Clipper*, he tells them an unmitigated falsehood.

Yours truly, CHARLES DE LACY.
Correspondent N. Y. *Clipper* and Cincinnati *Commercial*."

Mr. Charles De Lacy proves most exclusively that he—and not Allien—is the correspondent of the New York *Clipper* in this city by saying: "the *Clipper* only *employ* men who can write the English language *correct*."

A Well-Regulated Town.

An exchange informs us that: A circus was lately refused permission to exhibit in Lee, Berkshire County, Massachusetts, lest it should disturb the deep religious feeling now prevailing there.

This paper forgets to mention the fact that a religious revival was only a short time previously nipped in the bud in consequence of the circus having arrived one day before the revival. Lee, Berkshire County, Massachusetts is one of the best regulated towns in the whole United States. All the children have the measles at the same time, all the people experience religion at the same time, and the only reason that the above mentioned circus was not allowed to play was that it arrived just at the time when all the people had spent their money and began to feel religi-ous.

It Might be Worse.

The *Alta* complains that "the female who delights in wearing pantaloons" is now wearing a different colored dress. It says:

"The color of the unmentionables was drab, and they looked no only unseemly, but disgusting."

Probably if the lady had appeared in "her buff" the effect would have been still more unseemly.

THE BURNING OF WILDGOOSE LODGE (COUNTY LOUTH.)

ABOUT nine o'clock on a wild October night, 1816 (the year after Waterloo), a lonely little chapel at Stonetown, in the county Louth, many long miles from Dundalk, is filled by a mysterious party of about forty men, wrapped in the rough heavy-caped frieze greatcoats of the ordinary Irish peasants, and armed with rude, guns, horse-pistols, bludgeons, old gun-barrels set in pistol-stocks, and pitchforks. The men look savage, pale, and worn; many of them have ridden from great distances—from outlying villages in Meath, Cavan, and Monaghan. There are farmers and fishermen from the coast, blacksmiths, artisans, and farming lads, men of all ages and classes; their brows are knit, their mouths are compressed by the sense of a horrible secret about which they mutter under breath. They have met for no midnight mass. They are bent on no pilgrimage to Croagh Patrick, or the entrance of Purgatory, on the island of Lough Deargh. No Priest is on his way to exhibit the host to these pertrubed men. The sacred bell will not tinkle that night within that roadside chapel, nor the crucifix be raised above their heads by a robed minister of God. They have not the air of men who come to kneel or who wish to unburden their souls before the holy altar. They are bent on work to further which either the Virgin, the saint, or the angels can be invoked. They are looking at the hammers and triggers of pistols; they are loadiug guns; they are fixing and sharpeuiug bayonets with hideous smiles of cruel meaning. They are cursing the boys of Drumbridge and Ennisheen for being late, and cheering the gosoons of King's Court and Ballynavorneen for beiug early, though they had to come through the bogs on foot.

It is not difficult to sketch the place of the Ribbonmen's meeting—a plain whitewashed little chapel, with a strip of green before the door, and inside the railings a large iron cross, with the emblems of the Passions attached to it by a crown of thorns. The interior of the dimly lit building is plain and poor, a timber roof, whitened walls, with here and there a staring colored picture of the Virgin or St. Patrick, or a list of services or pilgrimages, a few rough chairs and benches, at the east end a deal platform, upon which the priest paces up and down while he delivers his sermon. On this platform stands the altar with the receptacle for the host—a plated sort of watch-case surrounded by metal rays. There are a few horn-books and dog's-eared primers, and there is a cane lying in the window; for Stonetown being a poor place, the school is held in the chapel, and all day the parish clerk and schoolmaster, Pat Devan, has been beating into the barefooted, quick, ragged peasant childreu scraps of dog Latin, dreary sections of the multiplication-table and fragments of Irish grammar. Those black sods lying in a heap by the low smouldering fire of red-hot peat are the fees that each boy brings daily to pay for his rough schooling. The chapel is hot, reeking and close, for it has not been opened since the classes left.

Mr. Devan is held by the country people, the peat-cutters, and ploughmen of Stonetown and Reagstown, to be a prodigy of learniug. The only wonder is, that he never went to carry off all the prizes at Mayuooth, or to astonish the learued Jesuits at St. Omer. He can read the breviary in Latin, and can repeat the prayers for the dead almost as well as Father Murphy. He knows the Hours by heart, and can recite long poems in Irish. He can hardly ask you how you are, or how the wife and childen are, without bringiug in the Latin. No one prostrates himself lower or with more solemnity when the bell rings and the host is elevated; no one in Louth has gone more pilgrimages, or performed more stations. No one can tell you more about the Holy Father, and the great ceremonies at Rome; and whist! he is one of us; he is in all the secret societies. It is in this chapel the Ribbonmen meet and discuss their plans of attacking houses for arms, to be ready for the next risiug. He denouncces traitors and spies. He know when Meath is ready, Monaghan is up, when Cavan is troubled, when Loutb has got something on its mind. As he is the clerk of the parish as well as schoolmaster, he keeps the key of the chapel, so that no one but those who ought to know it, need know of the meetings of the Whiteboys or the United Irishmen. The halo of the priesthood surrounds him also; he is at once respected and feared. The village priest, a worthy, portly, easy man, may or may not wink at these political meetings. At all events, he is not here to-night, but is no doubt by his own cozy fire, warming his toes and reading one of the Fathers near a table on which pleasantly steams a reasonable quiet glass of whisky-punch; or he is thinking of his pleasant college days, as he watches the last bit of peat burn clear and blue in the frugal little grate.

It is indeed a violent troubled night for a rendezvous; one of those nights when the fir-trees writhe and struggle with the wind, the oaks rock angrily, and the elms lash the air in a restless despair. The wind is tearing off the dead leaves by sheaves at a time. Dead leaves dry and crackle down every lane. Clouds of yellow leaves break out of sudden corners, and fill the air for a moment, before they scatter in utter discomfiture over the loose stone walls and the lonely miles of mountain, moor and bog. The wind has demoniacal outbursts of anger that relapse into shrewish cries at keyholes, fretful rattliugs at shutters and doors, hollow moans and shuddering vibrations down chimneys. If ever the devils wander in the darkuess prompting hopeless men to despair, urging bad men to murder and to cruelty, and rejoiciug at the growth and progress of wickedness wherever planning or accomplishing, this is the night that should bring them on such ghastly journeys, such is the storm that should shroud and cover them in their exulting search, leaving behind, a wake of wreck, death, and destruction.

Devan goes round to the men in the chapel, the fresh-colored striplings and the old scarred wicked-looking rascals who fought in 'Ninety-eight, and gives them the sign and countersign of the night. There is not much said above a whisper, but the gestures, at which they laugh hideously, seem to typify gibbets with men hanging, and prayers offered up for such men. Then Devan takes a peat from the fire, blows sparks from the lighted end, and waves it over his head. There is a suppressed shout and a wave of guns and pitchforks, as some one produces a bottle of whisky and an egg-shell; the fiery liquor is passed round, till the eyes of the conspirators begiu to glitter, and a cruel alacrity inspires the tired men, whom Devau now selects and divides into two bands. Then, carrying the lighted turf, Devan leads them into the road in a rough military order, and carefully locks the chapel door behiud him. They march from that chapel by the Mill of Louth almost silently. Are they merely going to drill, or are they going to attack some farmer's house? Many do not yet know; all that many kuow is that they have been called from the forge and plow, the fishing-boat and the shibbeen, on some secret errand of the Ribbonmen committee, and that they dared not refuse to come. But Devan and M'Cabe, Marron and M'Elarney, *they* know, for they are the leaders, and every one will soon know. Through the ranks from time to time spread the words, "Remember, boys, who hung Tierney, Coulan and Shanley; we must show no mercy to them that showed none." Then there roll along a ground-swell of deep curses and execrations in Irish, as Devan waves the turf torch. that glows scarlet in the wind.

In the meantime, other bands are converging to the same spot. A party of men, with guns, pistols, and loaded sticks, have come from the cross-roads of Correcklick, where others bave joined them; again, at the cross-roads of Ballyuavoreen, others have come riding up smiling and shoutiug; at the cross-roads of Dumbride there have also been recruits; and even at Churchtown there was one armed man waiting. At Churchtown, the men on foot, knowing the country every "shap" and dyke, leap away to Reaghstowu Chapel, the near way across the fields, but the horsemen (many riding double) ride to Reaghstown by the road to Tullykeel.

There are near upon a hundred now; savage-looking fellows, many of them with bad forehcads. high cheek-bones, and coarse cruel mouths, ready for any crime. They are near the place of action; at Arthurstown Chapel more whisky is produced; they maddeu themselves with driuk; for there is work to do, and there may be fighting, if the dragoons come down on them. The fierce fellow who leads the Reaghstown detachment boasts that he has a party that can be relied on, and he goes to Campbell, who brought up the men from Dumbride, and, flourishing a pistol, swears that if any of either party flinch he will blow their brains out.

Beyond Reaghstown Chapel the country gets very wild, and there is one narrow swampy lane which horses can hardly traverse. There is one small farm-house on a piece of rising land; at this season almost surrounded by water, it is only approachable (except in a boat) by the narrow pass leadiug from the south side of Reaghstowu Chapel laue. The bog is a wild mournful, desolate place, much like any other of the five million acres of bog that give a mournful monotonous character to Irish scenery; wide tussocky tracks, untouched since the Deluge, great thorny lumps of furze, tangled nets of bramble, giant hillocks of rush, tufts of coarse dead grass, acres of heather; deep treuches are cut in the madder-colored peat earth for drainage, from which the snipe darts and zig-zags when you approach; little black peat-stacks; these form the only landmarks to break the melancholy level, or here and there a little heap of coarse reedy grass; everywhere, by the dark chocolate slices dug but yesterday, or the dustier and more friable sections of the older workings, the wild cotton scatters its delusive little tufts of snowy filament, with which the wild duck will line its random nest. In the prairies, in the virgin forests, in the jungle, among the icebergs, between the glaciers, there is nothing so desolate and repulsive as an Irish bog, though beneath it lies the inexhaustible wealth of a soil whose riches have been accumulating since the Flood, and which needs only the magic touch of Hope and Industry to spring and blossom into plenty.

Such spots, colonised by needy, energetic, and ventnrous men, are dreary enough, even under a bright sun and pure sky; but in autumn, on a howling restless night, they are perfectly purgatorial in their dismal and deserted barrenness; they seem the end of the world, and outside all civilization. Such may have been the aspect of the earth when the dragon lizards, those disbelievers in progress, dominated alone, and trampled as conquerors over their muddy dominion.

In the lane leading to this bog stood a laborer's house.

A man named Pat Halfpenny and his wife lived there. They were sitting by the fire talking over the events of the day, and listining to the wind that, swelling and raging, then weariug down to a tired lull, seems all at once to give birth to strauge sounds like the voices of advanced men and the trampling and splashing of horses' feet. The wife clings to her husband; they tremble; for the fear of death is upon them, and their hearts beat so loud that they can hear the beating almost as clearly as that of the clock which ticks on the wall. A moment after, there comes an imperative tap at the door—the knock of men who will force their way in if they are not instantly admitted. Two stern men, one of them with a gun, enter, the moment the door is tremblingly opened; without speaking, they go up to the hearth; taking a little pot, they put three or four red-hot peats in it, and are about to go off with them. The poor woman falls on her knees, clasps her hands, and prays them not to take the fire away at such an hour. She does not know what it is for, but she suspects some horrible revenge. The men push her away angrily. The one with the gun says to Halfpenny:

"If we hear a word from you or your wife, we'll drag you out; if you dare to look after us, you spalpeen, I'll blow the shot in this gun-through you."

They then leave a sentry at the door, and go on toward Lynch's, another house further on. Halfpenny, listening in intense fear, presently hears a clamor of talking, shouting, and mustering, and then the tramp of horses.

When the sound has gone by, and Halfpenny thinks all is safe, and opens his door to go and call his neighbor, Carrol, he hears a fierce voice in the darkness that tells him to shut the door or he will be shot.

There is no disguise now about the Ribbonmen's intention. They are going to attack a lone house, called Wildgoose Lodge, inhabited by a farmer named Edward Lynch, who at the last Louth summer assizes prosecnted the three Ribbonmen, Tierney, Coulan, and Shanley, for breaking into his house to obtain arms. The resistance had been desperate. The prisoners were unmistakably identified, and were convicted and executed at Dundalk, to the open horror and indignation of the Ribbon societies. Lynch's son-in-law, Thomas Rooney, and a laboring boy, named James Rispin, were the chief witnesses.

In that lone house on the bog, they are busy at work, or sitting singing and laughing round the fire, while supper is preparing: Lynch and his wife, his brave son-in-law, James Rispiu, another laborer, Elizabeth Richards a servant, and another woman, and a child.

Devau and Malone, the captains of the two bands, have spread their men, according to order, to the right and left round the hill on which the doomed house is; they are closiug in upon their victims, with guns and pistols ready. The lighted peat, roused by the wind and waviug to and fro, breaks into a blaze, and is a moving signal for the circle of Ribbonmen. Their cruel object is to prevent any of the hated Lynches from runniug down to the water and escaping in the darkness by swimming and wading to the land, or hiding in the heather clumps on the bog. Gologly and other men, left in the lane to hold the horses, laugh and dance as they see the circle formed. M'Elarney has refused to help hold the horses, sayiug he is as fit to go to the burning as any man there.

The sound of voices has by this time aroused the Lynch family. They look out, they see the moving light and hear the threatening sounds that can only mean mischief. They guess in an instant that the Ribbonmen are on them, to revenge their three dead comrades. Rooney snatches down his gun and prepares for defence. Some rush and bolt the hall door. The assailants make a charge at it with their gun-butts and strong shoulders. A voice from within cries:

"The first that comes in or out, I'll shoot him!"

Devan answers hoarsely through the darkness, the fire glaring on his face, so that it even more than usually resembles an evil spirit's:

"Don't think it is old times with you, Rooney; this night is your doom."

There is no more said, but several shots flash from the windows, and a man named Keeran is burned in the face by the powder of one discharge. The Ribbonmen fall back, and do not again attempt to force an entrance. Devan and Malone then cry out to fire the house at the back. With a savage eagerness the wretches run to the hay-yard, and collect great heaps of dry flax, unthrashed oats, and straw. The two men who fetched fire from Halfpenny's—determined men, and one of them a robber by profession—are ordered to light a bundle of flax and thrust it into the thatch of the roof. There is a crackling, a glare, a blaze, that shows at once the ring of red howling faces, and makes the bayonets and gun-barrels gleam crimson. Devan cries:

"We will show the country boys that there shall be no informers allowed in it."

The fire spreads over the roof with dreadful rapidity, flashing from end to end, with a crackling roar and fierce volumes

of reddened smoke. In a few minutes a sheet of water, which almost insulates the house, seems turned into a sea of blood, the windows glitter in the blaze, and the glass snaps and falls. Through the horrible glare, the ring of rejoicing wretches must seem to the unhappy creatures within like a circle of exulting devils.

Nothing but God's voice from heaven or the avenging hands of Angles can save the Lynches now. Devan's party know it, and dance and toss up their brimless hats, and wave their guns and pitchforks, with the ferocity of cannibals. The poor women, too, and the children, what have they done? What do they know of prosecutions and Ribbonmen conspiracies—they who were defended so bravely by Lynch and Rooney when they fought for their lives against the midnight thieves? Perhaps, even now, tearing themselves from the groaning women and screaming children. Lynch, Rooney, Rispin, and his fellow-servant, may load their guns to the muzzle, sharpen some knives for their belts, and, throwing open the door, turn mad and rush down on these murderers. If they fail to break through the circle, they may at least kill some, and die bravely.

But there is no time for this; the farmer has his wife in his arms, Rooney has his little child crying for help, the farm-servants have their sweethearts clinging to them, and praying hysterically for mercy—clinging with the agony and despair of drowning creatures. The burning timbers of the roof and the masses of blazing thatch fall on them, and set their clothes on fire, the house glows like a furnace, the fire starts in at the windows, the walls are growing red hot, the beds and chairs and floor are breaking out into flames. The men and women fly past the windows, from this corner to that, like terrified animals in a burning forest; their cries pierce and rend the air.

The only answer their murderers give, is a shout: "Let none survive; not one must live to tell of it!" And they pile more straw on the roof. The sky over the lonesome swamp gets redder—redder, and men far away at Andee and Enniskeen see it and know what is being done.

Bryan Lemmon, one of Devan's gang, springs forward with a pouderous sledge-hammer, and toling like a Titan, drives in and shatters the hall door with a dozen crushing blows. The bayonets and guns move nearer; will Devan's men rush into this furnace, and slay all they meet? No, their hatred is now too intense and fiendish for such a shortening of their sport. A dozen of them bring armfuls of flax and oat straw, and push them blazing into the rooms. The hay-yard furnishes the funeral pile for its unhappy owner. So do the stables, where the horses kick and plunge, maddened by the heat and noise and glare.

The women and children fly from room to room, up-stairs and down. They crouch, they hide, they pray, they scream, and their screams are heard far beyond the flame, far into the darkness, scaring the heron and the fox. The wretched Lynch's well-known form is seen crossing a window, and Devan gives orders to fire at him. He cannot resist that order, though it rather shortens the boy's fun. They fire, but he does not fall. A more terrible death awaits him. Lynch is seen no more. The lad Rispin, younger and more passionately eager for life, clambers on to a side-wall, from which the roof is now burnt away, and supplicates for mercy. Mercy! Ask a shark for mercy when he turns to snap, or a wolf after a second bite at the lamb. The answer is a dozen clashing bayonets in his side and back; and he topples, screaming, headlong into the seething caldron of flame.

Bursts of fire and smoke from the windows; one thrilling scream, a thrill shriek from a child; then a deep and terrible silence. The house glows like a red-hot crucible. Look in at the windows and you see only a raging volume of flame. At last the red rafters of the roof fall in, crashing and snapping a storm of sparks glitters before the wind, a gust of flame rises up, then a tall pillar of illuminated smoke. The fire abates, and settles down over the eight poor murdered people. Devan and his men discharge their guns in noisy joy, the circle of one hundred monsters toss their hats, huzza, and cry:

"Lynch, we wish you luck of your hot bed."

Malone and another man say, as they go:

"All is well now, if we only had Mr. Fligate" (the Louth magistrate, who tried the three Ribbonmen whom poor Lynch had convicted).

It has been a glorious night's work for the Ribbonmen. When they leave the house—an hour ago so cheerful, now a charred vault—Campbell shouts to Gologly and the others, who have been holding the horses in the boggy part of the lane.

"We burned the little ones as well as the big ones, and left no one to tell the story; Begor! Lynch and Rooney won't go and inform against us again."

This very Gologly to whom he thus spoke betrayed Campbell, and brought him to the gallows.

Early in the morning, after this dreadful event, a man named Owen Reilly, whose cabin is about four miles from Lynch's house, hears voices in the road, and, being alarmed, barricades his door. A body of armed men at that hour can mean no good. There is a loud and angry rapping, but he is still unwilling to open, till the voices insist on it, assuring him that no harm is meant to anybody in that house. They merely want something to eat and drink. Reilly opens the door, and sees some savage-looking, smoke-blackened men, who call for oaten bread and a bowl of milk. They are sullen, tired, and one of them has a black scorched wound on his face. That is Keeran, whom Lynch had wounded.

Next day the ruin of poor Lynch's house is visited by half the country-side. Mr. Filgate rides over and inspects with horror the four blackened walls, and the charred and ghastly remains of the eight murdered people. The peasants stand silently round, in secret sorrow or secret approval. The sunshine falls on the white ashes of the roof, the broken door, and the trampled garden strewn with half-burned straw.

The crowd opens and part, when an old woman, bowed with grief, and tossing her arms like a keener at an Irish funeral, comes to look at the black mummies that so short a time ago, were human beings. She recognizes two of them—her son whose shoulder, with a birth-mark on it, is still unconsumed; and Biddy Richards, one of the maid-servants. The rest she cannot guess at, they are so dreadfully burned. Poor Rooney is found sitting beside his wife, with the blackened body of his fine little boy, only five months old, sheltered between his knees. The sledge-hammar lies on the grass near the door, and the garden is littered with straw and flax.

There are too many people in this horrible conspiracy for the whole to reman long undiscovered. Devan is at once seized. It is noticed that a neighbor named M'Cabe is not among the people who flock to see the ruins of Lynch's house. A laborer, named Greenan, who goes to Liswinny to tell Mr. Filgate, the magistrate, of the events, is told M'Cabe is lame, and confined to the the house with a "touch me not," or boil on the knee. But Alice Rispin sees him, two days after the fire, vaulting over a ditch, and in perfct health, and soon after an informer deposes to his having been seen at the fire.

Approvers soon come in, tempted by the reward of fifteen hundred pounds—not very reputable men—generally thieves or outlaws—but still clear and consistent in their stories, all witnesses of the crime, all active sharers in its accomplishment. The first, Bernard M'Ilroy, was once a soldier in the Meath militia. He informs to Mr. Filgate. He had been forced into the business by Devan, and had not dared to refuse to help burn Wildgoose Lodge. A second approver, Peter Gologly, who was in jail for a murder, held the horses in the lane, saw the blaze, heard the shots fired, and the huzzaing. Michael Kernan, a third approver, will confess afterwards that he knows nothing, except on hearsay from M'Ilroy, who told him they should share some seven thousand pounds reward. Thomas Gubby, another approver, is a thief; Patrick Murphy, the last approver, is under sentence to be hanged at Trim as as a thief and murderer when he comes forward as a witness against the men by this time seized and thrown into prison.

These wretches were tried before the Honorable Justice Fletcher at the Louth Lent assizes, held in Dundalk on the 5th, 6th, and 7th of March, 1817, for the burning of Edward Lynch and his whole family of eight persons.

Serjeant Joy, in opening the case with much force and eloquence, "deplored the wretched state of depravity into which the lower orders of people in this country seemed to have fallen. No sooner did an honest individual seek redress of injuries from the impartial laws of his country, than an infernal conspiracy was entered into for his ruin. The unfortunate Lynch had evinced his conrage and honesty in the prosecution of these ruffians, and was therefore devoted to destruction. A conspiracy was immediately entered into to deprive him of his life. Villains fron the north from the south, from the east and from the west; from the counties of Monaghan, Louth, Cavan, and Meath; all combined in a diabolic conspiracy to assassinate the man who had dared to appeal to the laws of his country for protection and redress. It was a remark worthy of attention, that religious parties had nothing to do with this most horrible transaction. murderers and the murdered were of the same religion—all Catholics. It was founded upon an utter abhoreuce of all law, of all distributive and impartial justice."

The three first prisoners, M'Cabe, Keeran (the man with the black wound), and Campbell were first found guilty. They received the sentence of death with a savage and sullen obduracy.

Next day, Craven, Marron, Gainer, Malone, Lennan and Butler were also found guilty, and sentenced to death; the judge ordering their bodies to he delivered over to the surgeons for dissection. On the verdict being passed, the murderers broke out into a clamorous protest of adjurations and curses. Their hard and cruel faces showed with how little remorse they would have thrown the judge and jury into flames. They would scarsely be pacified or induced to listen to the judge's address, in which he twice broke down, overcome by the poignancy of his feelings. Before the sentence of death was finished, Malone seized a Testament which lay near him, and swore in the name of God and the Virgin that he was innocent. The crier snatching it from his hand, he broke into shouts and curses against the judge, the jury and the police. He was removed still pouring forth those black, bitter, semi-Oriental imprecations with which the Irish language abounds'

The next day, three other prisoners were also found guilty. During his cross-examination, Murphy, the approver, confessed that, as a Ribbonman, he was sworn to obey his brethren to the utmost of his power, and that if ever again at liberty he would do the same under similar circumstances.

In summing up, Judge Fletcher said:

"The crime with which the prisoners stood charged was perhaps the most enormous which had ever come before him in his judicial capacity. How it was proved it was for them to decide. Ho knew (he said) that they would fully discharge their duty."

His lordship then exhorted the jury to consider the whole business dispassionately and maturely. If they entertained any doubt, the prisoners at the bar were to have the full benefit of that doubt. Such is the beneficial spirit of that law, which the wretched and infatuated people who have perpetrated the crimes in question have sought to destroy.

The jury retired for a short time and found a verdict of guilty.

An indescribable scene ensued. The most dreadful imprecations burst forth from the wretched prisoners. M'Elarney, an old and malignant convict, vented his rage by cursing the counsel who had pleaded against him, and by frequently interrupting the judge in pronounciug the awful sentence of death. "I don't care! I don't care what you do with me!" was the incessant cry of the inhuman miscreant.

The ten murderers were hung at Dundalk on the 9th of March. The ninety other villains who had danced round the funeral pile of the Lynches escaped.

In his charge at Armagh, immediately after these executions, Judge Flecher gave a history of the by-gone persecutions of the Catholics of Armagh by the Oranagemen and Break of Day men, who had ruthlessly driven thousands of persons from the country, or, to use their own cruel language, "to hell or Connought." These wonton and unprovoked persecutions, unchecked by the magistrates, magnified by designing and traiterous persons, had led to the fatal origination of the Ribbonmen's associations and subsequently to the deplorable rebellion of 'Ninety-eight, with all its attendant atrocities and cruel massacres.

The excellent and wise judge concluded with a few sentences which were as thoughtful as they were true. "No good," he said, "can accure to you from the prosecution of your neighbors who may believe a little more or a little less, who may worship God in a different temple, or with different observances. The law knows no difference, regards no distinction of color or pretension. For myself, I think it right to say to you, gentlemen, that I regard all these associations as illegal. I care not what the body, whether green or orange, nor what the pretence, nor what the profession—*all, I say, are illegal.*"

It is in crimes like this burning of Wildgoose Lodge that we see the darker side of the fine Irish character, its impetuous conrage turned into cruelty, its deep religious feeling into fetish superstition, its pining for liberty into secret and cowardly conspiracy. Can we wonder that such crimes as this and the Scullabogue, Wexford, and Vinegar-hill massacres, forced the English into severity and repression?

Not Weighed.—The Salem *Register* hears that a man called at a provisions store in that city, a few days since, and dickered a considerable time about the price of some small article he purchased, soon after his departure the proprietor missed a fine leg of ham. A few hours later a boy was sent to the customer's house to say that his master wished that ham returned, as it was not weighed. The unsuspecting wife (her husband happened to be out) immediately gave the ham to the messenger, who carried it back to the store. It is presumed it is not weighed yet, as it has not been sent back.

In times of good fortune it is easy to appear great—nay, even to act greatly; but in misfortune, very difficult. The greatest man will commit blunders in misfortune, because the want of proportion between his means and his ends progressively increases, and his inward strength is exausted in fruitless efforts.

Compensation—God made the strong eagle to face the sun unwinkingly, to live up in the high, dreary clouds; but he made also the beautiful flower-world, and the happy floating butterfly, and the sweet, warm atmosphere of the brilliant garden part of the globe.

Grief knits two hearts in closer bonds than happiness ever can; and commom sufferings are far stronger links than common joys.

It is better to need relief than to want the heart to give it.

Angry friendship is not unfrequeutly as bad as calm enmity.

Without confidence, friendship is but a mockery, and social intercourse a sort of war in disguise.

The sunshine that makes the grass green and beautiful, nurtures and invigorates the snake in it.

The greatest miracle ever wrought by love is the reformation of a coquette.

LITERARY GLEANINGS.

DR. THRALL ON THE EPISCOPATE.

WE have already made mention of a publication in pamphlet form, entitled "The Episcopate the Missionary Order of the Church," the authorship of which is attributed to the Rev. S. C. Thrall, formerly rector of Trinity Church in this city, and who enjoys as high a reputation in his denomination, for theological and ecclesiastical learning, as Vinton and Ewer do for pulpit eloquence. As Dr. Thrall has numerous warm friends and admirers in this city, who will feel interested in anything that emanates from his pen, and as only a small number of copies of his essay are in San Francisco, we publish a few extracts.

The following contains some principles bearing indirectly upon such cases as the one that has recently been the subject of much discussion in this diocese :

"How little idea the Church has of the dignity, use, responsibility and discretion of Bishops, may be seen by noting the small measure of protection with which their several fields of labor are preserved, to be cultivated according to their judgment. They are carefully protected from each other, so that no Bishop can invade another's jurisdiction by official acts. The provision is wise, and might wisely be extended, by leaving them free to ordain their own clergy, suited to their peculiar fields of labor, instead of compelling them to accept every peripatetic priest or deacon who comes with a letter which certifies his Bishop's ignorance of any just liability 'to evil report for error in religion or viciousness of life,' and who has been ordained not by reason of his fitness for some particular field of duty, but because he has lived through a period of candidateship, and, by the amiability of a standing committee, and the indulgence of examiners, has found himself standing before a Bishop, about to hold an ordination. Then a Bishop of an organized diocese is protected against the invasion of the Board of Missions in the selection of stations and the sending missionaries into his jurisdiction ; but he has no power to hinder the selection of any presbyter in his diocese, and assigning him to any missionary station. This measure of protection, too, is accorded only to a diocesan Bishop. Missionary Bishops, though not created or selected by the board, are turned over to it as soon as consecrated, become their agents, and have only advisory power in the missionary work of their jurisdiction. They report to the board—and worse, their presbyters do the same, and this not through their Bishops, but directly, and so are much more the priests of the board than of their Bishops. Thus missionary Bishops become a convenient appendage, and first class agency of the board. When men learn the value of order and subordination by the stern discipline of war, they fall into no such blunders, and show due and proper respect to official station. Finally, Bishops of all kinds are canonically unprotected against the harmful intrusions of self-constituted societies, by euphemism called voluntary, who may map out a diocese, plant missionaries, and direct their operations after their own indiscreet willfulness. Canonically unprotected we say, for the Church declaring herself a missionary society, and appointing an agency for the direction of her missionary work, all other organizations are lawless, irregular, void of right, and to be shunned alike by men of honor and of honesty. This declaration and appointment protects sufficiently against the intrusion of a gentleman. But not all members of the Church are gentlemen, and the grace of orders does not supply the defect of nature more than others. It might therefore be well to inquire if some protective legislation is not demanded."

Dr. Thrall argues that the missionary work is peculiarly that of the Bishop—the missionary work, that is, not in the modern, but in the Apostolic sense :

THE BISHOP'S OFFICE AND ITS TOILS.

"The Bishop is indeed to reach all the people in his jurisdiction, but not in one day or one year, or one man's life ; but after an economy, as the apostles were to preach the Gospel to all the world. This is the work in which he is chiefly to engage. He is to administer discipline too in his see, to ordain, to confirm, visit and inspect his clergy and their work, be to them a guide, counselor, friend, father. He must teach the teachers. This is part of his work, because he is personally responsible to God for all the work of the Church. But this should so be done as not forgetting or neglecting the peculiar apostolic work of going forth discipling and gathering in from the world those who know not Christ in His body, the Church. As this is a wore peculiar to his office, committed to no other, it cannot be too much to ask that, at the least, one half of his time should be given to that one work ; that his visitation of his diocese should be not merely holding confirmations in organized parishes, but that an equal portion should go to the world ; that he should personally survey and examine all the unoccupied field ; and after the manner of St. Paul, selecting the largest, most promising fields, places which are centers of influence to an outlaying country, in one of these, attended by his deacon, do the missionary work of his apostolic office, till, if the ground proves fruitful, the Church is well established. This is to go to the world and preach the Gospel. This is his commission. Not merely to preach to the Churches. How little this is in the mind of the Church it is sad to think. In what conventional address does one bear an account of such work in a new field. The Bishop who shall furnish such a record will furnish what this age so much seeks, a new sensation, and distance all novelists. We were unfortunately planted by England in reverse order, and are not yet done backing into position. Of generalities we have abundance : 'There remains yet very much land to be possessed'—general appeals for men and means—statements of fact sufficiently obvious to all, and not remarkable for freshness, novelty or force. But where is the leader's bugle call which tells of careful examination, well selected field of contest, nights of prayer, and toil of muscle and sinew and brain day after day, waging, as the appointed leader, the Master's battle till a new post is gained and garrisoned. We mean not that the Bishops are idle. They work hard enough ; but, for the most part, in a treadmill, going a weary round of perfunctory duties. In the present method to the Church they are the pack-horses of the Christain camp, to bear all sorts of rubbish cast on them to lighten other's loads. They come as gleaners. If there is any thankless, heartless, weary work in the Church, it is a Bishop's office as the tyrant custom makes it now. The Bishop leads not, he cannot lead. In a small diocese he often does a priest's duty alone in the largest parish, flitting off on week days as he my to hold a hurried visitation, and back to his priest's work again. In the large sees he plans by night how he may divide his days to give three hours each to parishses, on the average, and get a hurried lunch and catch a train by which to fill the gaps between the services, and still make time for neccssary correspondence."

BOARDS OF MISSIONS.

The Doctor places no very high estimate upon the usefulness of the labors of volunteer associations, and "Boards," organized to do missionary work. On this point he says :

"The way by which the Church has grown shows how little men appreciate the seed and office by which God provided for its growth. Long time it was by that emigration which brought a few devout ones together in a village or hamlet, who, when they found each other out, consulted how they might secure Christian ministration. To aid these small beginnings, societies were formed, most unfortunately miscalled missionary. Bishops are God's missionary society. The low churchmen of New York, by a truer instinct, rightly named theirs a pastoral aid society. But real mission work was chiefly done by zealous priests, who seeing the destitution of outlying districts, with more or less of cost to their own proper pastoral work, went out to a work no ways theirs. These grew to what we misname mission stations, by a society's eking out, ofttimes for years, the scanty pittance on which a minister must live till he can do better. The evil of the system was that centres of influence were not chosen, nor places which gave promise of a large and speedy success. The only element of selection was the accident of a pious emigration, or convenience of access from an established parish—a Darwinian method of natural selection, not of intelligent choice. That the Church has grown so much with such neglectful administration is one of the strongest proofs of her divine life. Nothing human could survive such neglect, to adapt means to ends.

This neglect of method, and the slow growth of the Church, have developed a restive, inquiring, dissatisfied spirit in the Church, tending to experiments to remedy it. The last triennial meeting of the 'Board of Missions' proposed and carried the plan of public meetings to stimulate enthusiasm. What will come of it we cannot say. But till some other method comes mere enthusiasm will do little good. The same restiveness and need of method has developed in the older sees a new agency—that of convocations. This is better simply in that it tends to some system where we have none. But we dislike it thoroughly. It puts a human invention and device in the place of God's appointed agency. A diocese is the unit of the Church. The Bishop is he through whom a diocese and all its members are in communion with the body of Christ—the Church. The work of a diocese is a common work in which all are equally interested. The Bishop is the missionary and chief pastor in his see. His clergy are his assistants. Their interest is in his work, and through him. Convocations (admirable as they are when held for divine service, mutual intercourse, the warming of the hearts of brethren for each other by fraternal companionship, and the attrition of mind with mind), when they enter on the work of missions, create local centres of interest and administration. It grows of and tends to individualism and independency of which we have far too much already. We little understand the idea of relation to the Church, and her work only through the Bishop as it is stated in the Ignatian Epistles, and in the Epistles of St. Cyprian, or any of the early Fathers."

MR. WEBB'S ST. TWEL'MO.

The Eastern critical journals, including the *Nation*, the *Round Table* and the New York *Weekly Review*, speak very favorably of Mr. Webb's last performance. The *Weekly Review* very justly says :

"Absurd novels are more effectually criticised by satire or burlesque than by serious discussion. To review Miss Evans' 'St. Elmo,' as a work entitled to the least consideration from any person of sense, taste, and culture, would be a waste of time and labor. It is merely a piece of trash, that only deserves to be laughed at. Mr. C. H. Webb, who is both author and publisher of the travestie, 'St. Twel'mo,'—to which we invite the attention of our readers—has very cleverly turned a bad novel into ridicule. Comical as his work is, however, it is not, to our mind, a wit more comical than the original which it burlesques. Thousands of copies of 'St. Elmo,' are said to have been sold ; and, if that piece of absurdity is popular, why shall not the burlesque be popular also? Our earnest wish is, at any rate, that 'St. Twel'mo' may follow wherever 'St. Elmo' has gone. The one will be a corrective of the other."

It may be added, that "St Twel'mo" is not a mere travestie. A serious critical purpose is perceptible to the intelligent reader, showing that the author aimed at exposing in the most effectual, though not the most direct manner, the shallowness and superficiality of such books as St Elmo.

Here is Mr. Webb's description of his hero, "the cuneiform cyclopedist of Chattanooga :"

"A thrill shot along her nerves ; she felt a blind fumbling at her heart-strings ; a presentiment overwhelmed her ; the Pantheistic Necessity that she should marry the rude intruder became evident and apparent—in him she recognized the coming man.

The coming man—that is, the one who had just gone out—was tall and athletic, not exactly young and not percisely elderly ; it would be safe to set him down as middle-aged. According to all accounts, he must have been a rather rum-looking customer ; for his fair chiseled lineaments were blotted by dissipation and blackened and distorted by the baleful fires of a fierce, passionate nature, and a restless, poweful, and unhallowed intellect. Furthermore, he was symmetrical and grand

> As some temple of Juno,
> Whose polished shafts
> Gleamed centuries ago,
> In the morning sunshine
> Of a day of woe,

(this thing resolves itself into rhyme), whose untimely night has endured for nineteen hundred years ; so in the glorious flush of his youth this man had stood facing a noble and possibly sanctified future, (and things) ; but the ungovernable flames of sin had reduced him, like that blackened and desecrated fane, to a melancholy mass of ashy arches and blackened columns, where ministering priests, all holy aspirations, slumbered in the dust.

The dress of this melancholy mass of ashy arches and blackened columns was costly but negligent, and the red stain on his jacket told that his errand had not been fruitless, (from which it might be inferred that he had been strawberrying as well as ducking). As part of this costly but negligent dress, this melancholy mass wore a straw hat and belted with broad black ribbons, and his spurred boots (hunters down there always put spurs on when they chase the wild duck and the fierce snipe to their Lookout Mountain fastness) were damp and muddy."

The following bit of dialogue between St. Twel'mo, and Ætna, the encyclopedic heroine, is capital, and cannot fail to remind those who have read anything of "the great Southern novelist," of the sprightly and erudite conversational style that is common to all her chief characters : St. Elmo speaks :

"'Pardon me if I remind you,' he said, 'of the preliminary and courteous *en garde!* which should be pronounced before a thrust. De Guerin felt starved in Languedoc, and no wonder! But had he penetrated every nook and cranny of the habitable globe and traversed the Saharas which science accords the universe, he would have died at last as hungry as Ugolino. I speak advisedly, for the true Io gadfly *ennui* has stung me from hemisphere to hemisphere, across tempestuous oceans, scorching deserts, and icy mountain ranges. I have faced alike the bourrans of the steppes and the Samieli of Shamo, and the result of my vandal life is best epitomized in those grand but grim words of Bossuet : "*On trouve au fond de tout le dide et le néant.*" Nineteen years ago, to satisfy my hunger, I set out to hunt the daintiest food this world would furnish, and, like other fools, have learned finally, that life is but a huge mellow golden Osher, (short for pumpkin,) that mockingly sifts its bitter dust upon our eager lips. Ah! truly, *On trouve au fond de tout le vide et le néant!*"

"Etna promptly made answer to this sprightly little sally : 'Mr. Murray, if you insist upon your bitter Osher simile, why shut your eyes to the palpable analogy suggested? Naturalists assert that the Solaunni, or apple of Sodom, contains in its normal state neither dust nor ashes, unless it is punctured by an insect, (the Tenthredo,) which converts the whole of the inside into dust, leaving nothing but the rind entire, without any loss of color. Human life is as fair and tempting as the fruit of Aiu Judy, still stung and poisoned by the Tenthredo of sin.'"

LOWELL AND LONGFELLOW.

A writer in the New York *Independent*, who has been on a literary pilgrimage to the homes of divers down east celebrities, gives the following sketch of the auther of the "Biglow papers :"

"Lowell is very striking in his personal appearance—strikingly handsome he is usually called—though handsome is not precisely the word to use. He looks like one of Ruben's portraits. His head is finely developed in the intellectual and moral organs. His color is prevailingly brown. His strong, reddish-brown hair, parted from the middle of his low but wide forehead, falls in thick curls, down to his shoulders. His beard is of the same color. The expression of his face is not sweet, but earnest and grave rather, except when it is lighted by mirth or inspiration. Lowell is forty-eight years old ; but he looks younger. His form is lithe and compact ; his manners quiet : an air of self-composure is always about him. He is remarkably genial with his friends, fond of jest and tale ; but with strangers he is reserved. Only those see Lowell to advantage who see him intimately—and they see one of the most delightful men in the world."

Of Longfellow and his surroundings, the writer thus speaks :

"The spacious rooms are furnished with ostentatious luxury ; elegant literature is freely strewn about : pictures, engravings, and miscellaneous works of art adorn the walls and grace the mantels. The library, on the second floor front, expresses the occupant. It is a large, sunny room, fitted with books of all languages, that seem to have fallen into their places at the bidding of the muse Here sits the poet. Mr. Longfellow was always a poet to look at—in form, features, and expression a poet. Lawrence's portrait, engraved for the small blue and gold edition of the poetical works, gives an admirable idea of his head and countenance in its finest mood—though not in its domestic aspect. Since the fearful death of his wife, the outward man of the poet has altered much. The step is less buoyant than it was. The bearing less joyous, the look less elate. The florid man has matured into an exceeding mellow-

ness of dignity. Ripe and rich-looking he always was—exquisitely neat in dress and exquisitely elegant in person—though always animated by a sentiment that saved him from the suspicion of foppery. But now he has attained a wonderful completeness of expression. His aspect is that of a bard in the full affluence of his years, and the full wealth of his genius. His silvered hair is long and wavy. His beard grows white and thick beneath his chin, looking like a deep lake ruff than anything else. His voice is melodious as an organ; and his features, handsome as ever, have been touched with new lines, by the action of thought and sorrow. His manners are very beautiful to all persons; and he carries about him that indescribable atmosphere that marks the perfectly cultured gentleman."

SWINBURNE APPRECIATED.

A powerful champion has come to the rescue of the erratic Swinburne, and furnishes in the pages of the *Westminster Review*, the ablest, the keenest, and the most impartial estimate of that original and daring genius that has yet been published. The reviewer attributes the violent antagonism of a certain class of critics to Swinburne's poetry, to an unduly exclusive admiration of the meditative and contemplative school of Coleridge and Wordsworth. He says:

"It cannot be questioned that Mr. Swinburne's poetry is mainly the outcome and hitherto the highest manifestation of a strong, silent, but very sensible reaction against the principles and practice of the Wordsworthian school of poetry. For the past quarter of a century that school has domineered over English verse-writers; the very greatest of our living poets have not escaped its spell; and the native vigor of their individualities alone has saved them in all important points harmless. We do not intend any disparagement of Wordsworth's own genius, which was of its kind unsurpassed. But it may be acknowledged by his warmest advocates that his influence on English poetry has not been wholly beneficient. It is certain that the fever-fit of admiration for the poet of "The Excursion," which England was seized with after thirty or forty years of neglect, has fostered every one of the special vices of our contemporary works of imagination. *Corruptio optini fit pessima.* The qualities which made Wordsworth a great poet, have set all the puny choir of fledgeling bards singing of mountains and molehills, if not of metaphysics. The apparent (not real) lack of finish in some of Wordsworth's minor poems has given our younger minstrels a pretext for rudeness and carelessness in their work; and from the same example they have derived the theory that not heroic lives or heroic actions are the proper material in which poetry should work, but rather buttercups and babies.

"Mr. Swinburne's poetry, then, being a protest against the narrow and prudish ideas of the day, has gone, as we have seen, to the opposite extreme, and has boldly given the lie to most accepted conventions. But it is remarkable that a protest so fierce as this has issued in part from another artistic development of Wordsworth's theories; we mean pre-Raphaelite art. The "Poems and Ballads" are dedicated to Mr. Burnes Jones, and two very admirable poems have been suggested by pictures of Mr. Whistler and Mr. Dante G. Rossetti."

MISCELLANEOUS.

Mr. Louis Gaylord Clarke is writing a series of humorous sketches for the Philadelphia *Home Weekly*, under the general title "Things Remembered." Clarke exhibits still some of the old fire with which he was wont to shine in the *Knickerbocker Magazine*. In a recent communication he tells this *story* of Mr. Theodore Tilton, of the *Independent*, and a landlord at whose table he "boarded." His host, who was continually "short" of money, was in the habit of handing in his bills before they were due, and making apologies for it. On one occasion, when a bill was laid upon Tilton's table, with the customary apologetic note, he enclosed the money in an envelope, with the following reply:

"You need make no excuse, my dear landlord,
I'll pay your bills as soon as they are scored?
For if from me you may,
Before the proper day,
Get pay for board;
Yet also I from you,
Long, long before 'tis due,
Get *bored for pay*."

Walt Whitman is said to be devoting his leisure to the preparation of a new edition of his poems. The *Times* thinks "if he could so far yield to what he regards as the prejudices of the public as to omit a few of the poems included in former editions, he would readily not only achieve a wide popularity but make koown some of the finest and noblest strains in the English tongue to persons who probably will otherwise never see them. One thing is certain," says the same critic, "our late war has produced no other verse at all comparable to the poems he has written upon it."

Serpents in Doves' Nests.—Under this rather fanciful title, the Rev. John Todd, D. D., of Norwich Connecticut, has published a pamphlet addressed particularly to married women, urging upon their attention the important duties of maternity, and protesting against what he denominates "Fashionable Murder." Dr. Todd's statements—which, however, we do not care to rehearse—are very startling and terrible. We can but hope that this little book will find its way to the public for whom it is intended, and be instrumental in arresting the progress of the frightful evil which is alleged to exist in our midst.

Mr. Dickens announces yet another collected edition of his writings. It is to be called "The Charles Dickens Edition," and each volume will be accompanied by a facsimile of the author's signature. Mr. Dickens, it is expected, will soon revisit the United Ststes, and give a series of readings from his own works, in the chief cities. He has, by the way, written to Messrs. Ticknor & Fields a letter expressive of his emphatic approval of the illustratrions to the Diamond Edition, furnished by Mr. Sol Eytinge, Jr.

The last number of the *Quarterly Review* contains a curious article on "The Poetry of the Seven Dials." It discussed the most important and popular of the halfpenny ballads which have been published in London, from the year 1854 down to the effusion suggested by the lions in Trafalgar square. In respect to "dying speeches" it tells us: "Many of these are clearly by the same hand, probably one of the five or six well-known authors, who also chant their own verses in the streets. 'I gets,' says one of the fraternity, 'I gets a shilling a copy for the verses *written by the wretched culprit* the night previous to his execution.' 'And I,' says another, 'did the helegy on Rush. I didn't write it to horder; I knew that they would want a copy of verses from the wretched culprit. And when the publisher (Mr. Catoach) read it, "that's the thing for the streets," he says. But I only got a shilling for it.' 'It's the same poet as does 'em all,' says a third authority, 'and the same tip; *no more nor a bob for nothing.*'"

Tennyson's friend, the Rev. F. D. Maurice, has put forth a book on "The Commandments considered as Instruments of National Reformation."

A book was recently announced in London, with this singular title: "The Spirit Disembodied. When we die we do not fall asleep: we only change our place." By Herbert Broughton.

M. C. Hippeau has just published the first part of his Collection of French Poems of the Twelfth and Thirteen Centuries.

Laughton Osborne, the poet and critic, has translated from Apuleius the pretty love story of Cupid and Psyche. It is freed from indelicacy and is entitled "The Birth of Pleasure."

THE NOSE.

It is rather a singular fact that, although the eyes, the mouth, the eyebrows, the eyelashes, the lips—in fact, all the other features of the face, have received commendation from the poets, the nose has been alone, without much passing remark. Throughout all political literature, there seems to have been a strict silence kept on this important subject. No poet has ever yet found courage to write an "ode" to the nose. One would think it would be a very good subject, if for nothing else than for its novelty. It certainly is not worn out, because there has been very little, if anything written about it.

Even in conversation, in every-day life, very light mention is made of the nose. How often we hear the expression: "What beautiful eyes;" "what rosy lips;" "what plump cheeks;" but how seldom is the remark made, "what a fine nose!" Whenever the nose is spoken of, it is with a smile. No one ever talks seriously about it; few ever think of expatiating on its beauty. It is more than probable if our greatest poet should send a poem "on the nose" to the editor of a periodical, the latter would respectfully decline it, with the remark: "That's all very good, my dear sir, but then you know, it is on *the nose*, and that won't do at all."

The very terms we use in describing a man's nose tend to bring it into contempt and make us laugh. For instance, we say that a man has a pug nose, a parrot's nose, or a turned-up nose. Some thoughtless people designate it as a snout, a proboscis; while others, in speaking of a large nose, call it a promontory. A Frenchman says of a clever man, that he has a fine nose; of a proud man, that he carries his nose in the air; an inquisitive person is said to poke his nose everywhere; a *gourmand* is described as always having his nose in his plate; that of the scholar is said to be always in his books. When an individual is growing angry under provocation, the French say the mustard is rising to his nose. The English say of a man who does not form very decisive opinions—who is led by what others say rather than by his own judgment—that he is led by the nose. Others, who do themselves harm when trying to injure an enemy, are said to have cut off the nose to spite the face. And, in love affairs, when a rival has been supplanted, it is said that he has had his nose put out of joint.

A whole issue of our journal might be filled with the humorous allusions which have been made on the nose. From the very earliest time down to the present, it would seem as if there were a tacit agreement among mankind to make the nose a subject of jest. The following is a versification of a remark made on a man who not only had a very large nose, but large teeth also:

"Let Dick one summer's day expose
Before the sun his monstrous nose.
And stretch his giant mouth, to cause
Its shade to fall upon his jaws;
His nose so long and mouth so wide,
And those twelve grinders, side by side,
Then Dick, with very little trial,
Would make an excellent sun-dial."

The literal translation of the remark is: placing your nose opposite to the sun, and, opening your mouth, you will show the hour to all observers. A Greek poet describes the nose of a man as being so large that its distance prevented him from hearing himself sneeze.

Although the nose has been ridiculed through all the time, and held in contempt, yet the majority of the greatest men who have ever lived have been noted for large noses. The Romans had a proverb: "It is not common to every one to have a nose;" meaning that it was not every one who could boast of a prominent nasal appendage, or, to speak more plainly, have an expressive nose. Cyrus the Great had a long, sharp nose; and the Persians of the present day, in order that they may resemble, in one particular, at least, their great warrior, pinch their noses to resemble his. Cicero was called the orator with the equivocal nose. Julius Cæsar had an aquiline nose; so had Achilles; but the nose of the old philosopher, Socrates, it is said to relate, was a decided pug.

It is almost needless to say that the nose enters very largely into the matter of personal beauty. All writers on physiology and beauty lay great stress on the part it must take in the facial outline. Some call it the regular of all the features. One claims it should be one third the length from the tip of the chin to the roots of the hair; and, if there is any deviation from this rule, it must be an excess, for it would be better to have too large a nose than one too small. Plato called the aquiline the royal nose; and from the fact that the subjects of most of the early sculptors and painters were represented as having large noses, we may judge that they preferred them to small ones. But tastes differ; for, among the Kalmucks, a dumpy nose is considered the perfection of beauty. The Hottentots, among other heathenish customs, flatten the noses of their offspring; and the Chinese consider a nose of no account unless it be short and thick. The Crim Tartars do worse than this—they break the nose of their children because they consider them in the way of their eyes.

California Wine.—Among the most extensive wine cellars if not the largest in our city, is that of G. Groezinger, N. W. corner Battery and Pine streets, running nearly the entire block. Wines from all parts of the State are to be found in abundance in this vault Mr. Groezinger has agencies in New York, Chicago and other Western cities, which draw heavily on his stock here. Still he supplies our city and the Pacific coast with his different wines put up in cases or bulk, if so ordered. For private families, by the case or demijohn, he has a superior article of red wine for table use, like unto the Tinta Madeira a choice wine used in Europe; besides, fine old Port and white wine. Mr. Groezinger assures us that brandy, equal to the finest imported can be made here from the mountain grape. Success attend the undertaking.

Sawing and Planing Mills.—The most extensive Sawing and Planing Mills on the Pacific coast are those of the firm of D. A. Macdonald & Co., corner Market and Beale streets. There are four members comprising this firm, all practical men, namely, D. A. and J. H. Macdonald J. McGill and H. Chipman. Their employees number two hundred and upwards, and at the close of the day's work when the men leave the buildings for their homes, it reminds us of one of our Eeastern steamers discharging her passengers. A large capital is necessary to carry on so extensive an establishment, but the demaud for material for building purposes justifies such a large outlay of money and employ of hands. Adjoining of the main building is the sample rooms, where the different kinds of timber are assorted ready for sale to our City contractors and builders. as well as for the interior trade.

Merchant Tailors.—Zeitska & Sheppard have opened at No. 610 Clay street, a few doors north of Montgomery, where the latter gentleman was established in the same business in 1853. Both of these gentlemen are old forty niner's, and experienced cutters. They make to order gentlemen's wearing apparel of the latest London, Paris or New York styles. If you wish to be sure of perfect fitting suits of any description of goods call and leave your orders with them.

Italian Restaurant.—This restaurant was open to the public last week by Messrs Coco & Tovolara, who are well known to their countrymen as caterers in different restaurants in San Francisco for years. Wine is given both for breakfast and dinner, making an entire breakfast or dinner, composed of Italian dishes, for the moderate sum of 50 cents. The location of the Italian Restaurant is 540 Commercial stree, one door below Montgomery, east side. A most convenient locality to our principal thoroughfare.

New Printing Firm.—Mr. Wm. M. Cubery (recently of Sterett & Cubery) has, in connection with Mr. F. W. Van Reynegom, established a Book and Job Printing House at 536 Market street, directly opposite Second street, under the firm name of Cubery & Co. Residents in that section of the city wishing to call in the aid of the "Printer's Art" can rely upon procuring good work at the lowest rates, by leaving their orders with Cubery & Co.

Meagher, Taaffe & Co., have made a further reduction in certain articles of Dry Goods. See their advertisement.

Sash Doors etc.—Wm. O. Breyfogle has increased his facilties for turning out Sash, Doors, Blinds and Shutters. Contractors and Builders, both in the City and Country, will find it to their interest t leave their orders at his establishment No. 26 California street—Country orders attended to and delivered punctually.

Poison Oak.—The effects of this pestiferous shrub are now most virulent. Dr. Bourne's method is the only reliable cure. No. 10 Masonic Temple, Post street. *

Cures Guaranteed to the sick in almost all cases (without medicine, mesmerism, jugglery, or any species of fraud or deception) by Dr. Bourne No. 10 Masonic Temple. *

Young Men requiring the aid of a physician can receive important information gratuitously, by applying to Dr. Bourne, No. 10 Masonic Temple. *

MY DREAM.

LAST night I dreamed of you—
Ah! sweets if you only knew,
What scorn would arise in those beautiful eyes,
Those wonderful eyes of blue!

I dreamed that I held you close—
So close to this bosom, sweet,
That your billowy hair strayed over my breast,
And I felt your heart beat.

Your cheeks were so temptingly near,
And your lips were so temptingly red,
That I kissed them, over and over again,—
You hung your beautiful head,

And blushed like the veriest child,
Fair Rose—rare Rose of the North:
On your cheeks where the snow-drops and lilies grow,
Carnations and roses sprang forth.

What was it I read in your eyes?
'Twas the old, old story, sweet:
You loved me—I poured out my passionate soul
At your beautiful, beauiful feet.

Then come, my Beautiful, come
To this loyal heart o' mine!
O come, my Lily, my wee with Rose,
With those 'wildering eyes o' thine!

O come as came last night—
(I remember your eyes' soft gleam,)
Come, Heart o' my heart and love me now,
As you loved me in my dream!

A. N.

UNDER GREEK FIRE.

NEAR the foot of Mount Pentelicus, and a few miles distant from Athens, a tranquil little village lies in the heart of a thickly-wooded hollow; it is surrounded by olive trees of great age, and every flat-roofed cottage has its tiny vineyard attached to it, or at least its garden, containiug a pomegranite or fig tree, as the sole revenue of its possessor. In winter the Cephisus runs through it with that delicious sound of flowing water which is so refreshing in an arid climate, and in summer its dry bed, filled with sparkling pieces of white marble, is almost hid by the lovely rose laurels which cluster over it. In the centre of the village stands the little church, with its Byzantine arcbitecture, its ever-burning lamp, and its open door, through which at dawn, and again at sunset, soft clouds of incense are seen to roll, while the monotonous voice of the priest is heard chanting the old words that have echoed down to him through more than a thousand centuries. Near it is the fountaiu, where the peasant women come in their gracefnl Albanian dress with brown capote and long white veil, to fill the earthen jars they bear on their shoulders, and which, in shape, are precisely the same as those depicted on the vuces found in ancient tombs. Immediately behind the villiage is the great myrtle-clad mountain, whose marble qnarries have yielded up the treasures which to this day give life to the classic memories of Greece—and on the other side, it needs but to ascend a little rising ground to catch sight of these gleaming pillars of the Parthenon, which seems, when spiritualized by the effects of strong sunlight, like the pure white vision of some beavenly temple in the air.

This village is inhabited entirely by peasants; and what it was at the time when the events took place which we are about to record, it still is—the perfect type of an Attic villuge. Quietly and monotonously the simple life of its inhubitants has gone on since then; undisturbed by the storms and convulsious of the world without, which to them have been only like the faint sound of waves falling on an unseen shore; but they have especially remained unchanged in this respect, that to gratify their hatred of the Moslem they are prepared to do and to suffer now all that they did and suffered then.

In one of the best houses of the village, which, nevertheless, only consisted of one large room with an earthern floor, there lived an old man named Apostoli, with his son Constandi and his daughter Xantha. He was looked upon as a considerable proprietor, for he possessed two olive trees of his own and some beehives; and when he went, as all other men did, to smoke his pipe in front of the little café in the evening, a place was always reserved for him beside the pappas as the post of honor, although the good priest himself differed in no respect from the other villagers, excepting that he new the Liturgy of St. Basis by heart. Apostoli and his son had both taken arms against the Turks, and they possesed one gun between them, which had done good execution in the time of need. Xantha was fifteen, and beautiful as a Greek maiden of that age often is, with her long almond-shaped eyes, clear olive complexion, and splendid coils of dark hair, which, when left to hang loose, touched the ground at her feet. She wore it twisted round her little red fez, with three gold coins banging from it over her forehead, which constituted all the money that Apostoli and his fathers before him had ever possessed. The soft white veil with which she had been taught to cover the lower part of her face, leaving only the eyes visible, when she met any man, usually fell in graceful folds on her shoulders; her gray pelisse, of a thick woolen material embroidered with red, reached to her knees, and below this she wore a long white garment with wide hanging sleeves, which was confined at the waist by a silken scarf; red slippers covered her small brown feet: and thus attired in the identical dress which her dead mother and grandmother had worn before her, little Xantha looked as classical a figure as could well have been seen. It was a calm, hot summer evening, and, like all other women in the village, Xantha was seated on the ground, outside her own door, talking to the inhabitant of the next house, who was in a similar position. The contrast presented by these two neighbors was very singular, although their dress was precisely the same. Xantha was at the ripest hour of her young beauty, and Diamanta was not only the oldest woman in the village, but probably the oldest in Greece, for she bad numbered a hundred and twelve years, and looked the most withered wrinkled old mummy it is possible to imagine. It almost seemed as if she had been dried up to such a state of complete preservation that she must last forever; and there was no sign of life about her when her face was in repose, except the dim black eyes which looked out upon the world with an uncertain gaze, as though it were strange to them. She was speaking now, however, and the shrill, muffled voice seemed to come from a distance.

"Yes, corizi mou," (my daughter), she was saying, "it is as I tell you—the saints have forgotten me—I am tired of living, and they ought to have taken me years ago; but they have never troubled their heads about me, and it is very unkind of them, especially of Saint Dimitri; for it is I that have given him a taper on his feast-day every year, and let it burn down to the end, because he was my husband's name saint. He ought to remember me at least; but he don't—he can take Petrachi, the barber, who was only eighty, and Stamina, the papas' widow, who was not so much; but he can't think of me, oh, no!"

"Tell about your husband, mitera mou," (my mother,) said Xantha, interrupting the old woman's grumbling. "What was he like?"

"How should I remember? He has been dead a hundred years. I married him when I was eleven, and he died the year after."

"Dead a hundred years ago!" exclaimed Xantha, letting her distaff fall from her hand, "and you a widow all that time! But you can tell me if you liked him, surely; and if you were sorry when he died?"

"Not I, indeed! I know nothing about it. I married him because my father said I must do so, without my ever having seen him before the wedding day, as you will marry your bridegroom, poulaki mou, (my little bird,) when the time comes."

"But, mitera mou," said Xantha, still pursuing her researches into the history of the poor old worn-out heart that was beating so feebly now with the last remnant of life, "if you lived a whole year with your husband, you must remember if you grew to love him, and if it seemed to you when he died as if the sun had gone out, as I am sure it would to me?"

"I tell you, poulaki, I remember nothing about him. I knew I got the public mourners to come and shriek when he died, for I always done my duty, I did. But I don't care anything about it—I want to die, if only Saint Dimitri would act like a Christian, and take me?"

"Well, mitera mou, you are very old, I know," said Xantha with a sigh, "but I do not think if I lived even as long as you have done, I should wish to die. I should not like to have my best clothes put on me, and to be carried away to be hid under ground. I want to live; I do not want ever to die. Oh, life is sweet!"

"Ah, well," grumbled Diamanti, "you will not find it so pleasant when you have no teeth to eat even olives with, and when you cannot see whether it is a grape or a blue beetle you are putting in your mouth, as it happened to me yesterday." Just at this moment Apostoli came slowly up, pipe in hand, and told Xantha to come into the house, as he had something to say to her.

She obeyed, and the old man seated himself cross-legged on the divan, where a little square carpet formed his bed at night, while his daughter sat down on the ground at his feet. Apostoli smoked in silence for a few minutes with great solemnity, and then said:

"My daughter, you are now fifteen, are you not?"

"Yes, father; I began my sixteenth year on the feast of the sleep of the Virgin."

"It is a great age," said the old man, gravely; "you should have gone home to a husband last year, but I have been so occupied with these accursed Turks that I have neglected my duty to you; however, it is all settled now. I have found you a bridegroom, and you will be married next week."

Xantha started violently, while the sudden color dyed her face with as rich a glow as that which blushes over Hymettus when is sinking.

"O, my futher, no!" she exclaimed. "I do not wish to marry."

Apostoli took his pipe out of his mouth, and stared at her in utter amazement.

"Xantha, have you slept under the moon and gone mad, that you speak such words? You ought to hide your face for shame that you are not married already; but there will be no more delay now; your godfather and godmother are preparing your crown, and the papas has promised to have the wedding next Sunday."

"But who is the bridegroom, father?" asked Xantha, clasping her hands with a movement of pain.

"Xantha, is that a proper question for you to ask?" said Apostoli, severely. "What bad spirit is come to you today?"

The young girl bent down her head in silence, tears dropping from her eyes.

"You can ask me, if you like, what I intend to give you for your portion, and you will see you have a good father. I have promised that you are to have three beehives and your mother's clothes. The bridegroom's father is to give two olive trees and the house furnished. Ah! it is a good bargain"—and he stroked his head in a self-satisfied manner.

"Do I know the bridegroom's father?" asked Xantha, with apparent unconcern.

"No; you have never seen him; he is the demark of Keffesia," said the old man, falling into the trap, "and Manelaki is his only son; so he is willing to do great things for him. Now, my little bird, I have told you thus early of your wedding in order that you may have time to get the sweetmeats ready, and the gold threads to mix with your hair; and it may be as well to have your eyebrows and eyelids painted to-morrow; but your godmother will see to all that—she is coming as soon as the sun rises."

While he spoke Costandi came through the garden and into the house with the peculiarly haughty, almost insolent bearing which the Greek peasant is so apt to assume. He had the delicate profile and short upper lip of his race, and was a fine-looking youth, full of energy and vigor—strangely different, indeed, to what he was later in life, when he was known to the writer as a worn, moody, restless man who wandered about in the deadly sunshine when everyone else was sleeping, as if haunted by fatal memories that would not die.

"I have told Xanthoula," said Apostoli, addressing him, "that the bridegroom you know of is coming for her on Sunday."

"Ah, it is time, indeed," said Costandi. "I am ashamed to see her still in her father's house. There is not a maiden in the village so old as she is, and unmarried. You should have seen to it earlier, patera mou."

"Is it my fault? Could I bring bridegrooms down from heaven when they had all gone off to fight with these dogs of Turks? But we shall soon see her taken home now. Xantha, are you dreaming that you do not fill your brother's chibouki? Do not you see that he is waiting for it?"

Xantha had been sitting with her eyes hidden in her hands; she now rose with a heavy, sullen look on her beautiful, face, and, dragging her feet slowly along, went to fill Costandi's pipe.

Soon the family prepared to go to rest for the night, and as it was extremely hot Apostoli and his son took their carpets from the divan which formed their couch in colder weather, and went out to sleep in the garden. Xantha had already lain down on a mat near the door, and appeared to be sunk in a profound slumber. There was, in reality, however, no sleep under those long eyelashes wet with tears; and the wild beating of her heart might almost have been heard in the intense stillness that soon fell on all around. For an hour or two the Greek girl lay perfectly still; then cautiously she sat up and listened, with her large dark eyes glancing from side to side like those of a young fawn when it fears an enemy. There was not a sound, however, except the little green frogs chirping in the trees, and the perpetual creaking noise of the cigala. At last she rose—laid aside her slippers—gathered her veil over her face, and stole out of the house. She passed her father and brother, who lay buried in deep sleep, with the utmost caution, and then with a swift and noiseless step, her naked feet scarcely touching the ground, she fled away through the village, and out into the olive grove beyond, never stopping till she reached a spot in the center of the wood, marked by the traces of some very ancient ruins. Here she paused. Her feet, though she knew it not, were on the site of a temple once dedicated to Pallas, while, at a little distance from her, were the remains of a chapel which bore the evidences of four different epochs unmistakably on its crumbling walls.

But there was only one good in heaven or in earth for Xantha in that hour, and she was waiting for it now with longing eyes and parted lips, and hands clasped tight to still the throbbing of her heart. Soon the sound which was the music of life to her came faintly on the air. She heard the galloping of a horse coming ever nearer and nearer towards her. Now her eyes grew larger with joyful excitement, her chest heaved, her breathing became short and hurried—nearer and nearer—through the trees she can discern the beautiful Arab mare that was bearing to her the desire of her heart, and in

another moment the horseman was at her side. He flung himself to the ground and caught her in his arms, while she let her head fall on his breast with a faint cry of delight.

But now the terror and the curse of Xantha's fate is seen, for the lover whom the Greek maiden has welcomed with such rapture is a Turk! A noble-looking man, indeed; but a Turk wearing a green turban, which marked him as a descendant of Mahomet, and a scimentar which had often been reddened by the blood of Greeks.

"Oh, Achmet!" she said, as they sat down together at the foot of an olive tree, "it is well that we were to meet to-night, for you must save me now, or it will be too late forever." And she shuddered, squeezing her little hands into his as if she wanted him to hold her safe from the grasp of others.

"What has happened?" he said, drawing her nearer to him.

"My father is going to bring a bridegroom on Sunday to take me away!"

"A bridegroom!" said Achmet, scoffingly. "I am your bridegroom, Xanthoula, and none other shall you have."

"I know it, Achmet mou—I would rather die than go with another; but what shall I do when my father brings him to marry me? Oh, don't let him take me away!"

"Fear nothing, my little bird, he shall never come near you, for you must do now what should have been done long ago. You must come with me to my strong tower in Negropoint, where you will be safe for the present, and then, when I can get a ship, I will take you to Stamboul, where you shall live in my harem and do nothing to amuse yourself all day long.

"Oh, Achmet, if only you were a Greek!" she said, putting her arms round his neck.

"Can you not love me as I am—Xantha, can you not?" he answered, holding back her head that he might look into her eyes.

"I do, I do, better than life; but my father—my brother—if they were ever to know I had gone away with a Turk!" And she shuddered from head to foot.

"They will never know it, angelaki mou—(my little angel;) you must come with me now—at once. My good Arab will have placed you in safety before they have awakened to miss you. Come, my thrice beloved—light of heart—we must not delay another instant."

He rose, and drew Xantha to her feet. She stood for a moment trembling and changing color, her eyes full of tears, her lips quivering; her country, her religion, her father, were straining on the chords that bound them to her heart—while before her was the face which was the sun of her existence.

"Choose, Xantha," said Achmet, who was watching her keenly: "if you do not come with me now, you will never see me again."

With a cry she flung herself into his arms.

"Achmet mou, you must be my home, my country my all!"

Without a word he lifted her on the horse, took his seat behind her, and in another moment they were flying through the olive grove as if the beautiful Arab had wings to his feet.

Xantha was missed as soon as her father and brother awoke, for it was a circumstance so unprecedented that a Greek peasant girl should be absent from her home, that it excited alarm and suspicion at once. Costandi went without delay into the village to try and obtain some tidings of her, and in the course of an hour he came back to his father with his face so transformed by furious passion that the old man rose appalled from his seat, and could only gasp out "My daughter!"

"Your daughter and my sister no more, father," said Costandi, grinding his teeth. "The accursed woman has given herself to Achmet, the Turk—yes, *the Turk!*—and has gone with him to his home!"

The old man gave a cry almost like that of a wild beast when his pray is torn from him.

"It cannot be—it cannot be," he groaned out; "that son of a dog may have carried her off, but she has not consented.

"She has," said his son. He came up to Apostoli, and spoke in a voice of deep passion. "Listen, father; the papas met them in the olive grove—she was on the horse in front of the Turk. The priest thought she was being stolen away, and he caught the bridle, and besought that hound to give her up to him; then Xantha—*Xantha*, father!—turned and put her arms around the Turk, and said she would never leave him—she would go with him wherever he went; she was his own, his wife.

Apostoli stopped his ears. "Enough," he said. He sat down on the divan, his face changing to a livid hue and a dark expression of concentrated rage and hate. At last he stretched out his right hand and said: "Let her be anathema!"

"It is not enough only to curse her, father," said Costandi, very slowly. The old man looked up and met his son's eyes. He understood the meaning they expressed, and his ghastly face became convulsed in the agony of the terrible conflict of feeling that was rending his heart. Costandi continued to meet his imploring gaze unflinchingly. At last the old man, in a faint, broken voice, whispered: "My son, must it be?"

"Father, are you a Greek, and do you ask me?" With a groan Apostoli drew his capote over his head, laid his face on his arms, and remained motionless. Costandi took his gun from the corner of the room and went out.

It was night once more—sweet, beautiful and calm as that which had witnessed Xantha's final apostacy to her country and her faith; and the solemn loveliness of the hour was even more exquisite in the pine-grove of Sooli, where she now enjoyed it, than in the familiar scene where she beheld it last This grove lies along one side of the plain of Marathon, in the shade of the mountains that encircle it, and forms the only break in that wide expanse whose edge is washed by the rippling waves, with the exception of the tumulus in the centre, where the bones of the long-remembered heroes yet rest in peace.

The sea was lying now under the soft starlight like a sheet of molten silver, serene as the cloudless sky that looked down on the calm scene of ancient strife; and the hush and stillness in the air were so complete that one might have well fancied one could have heard, according to the old tradition, the phantom horses of the Persians neigh in their agony, and the shouts of the Greeks as they rushed to their death. Within the pine grove the shadows lay soft and deep, but there was light enough for little Xantha to busy herself in preparing a repast for her lover with the provisions which he had carried off from a luckless Greek peasant, whom he had met on the mountain-path going home with a well-laden donkey. Achmet had brought Xantha to this spot to rest till the heat of the day was over, and they intended to resume their journey in an hour or two. Xantha was moving about with a light step and a sunny smile, arranging the grapes and bread and the skin of wine at the foot of a tree, where her lord could recline at ease. She had given herself up for the time to the intoxicating sweetness of the love she no longer cared to conceal; they were together, free and alone, and she had flung out from her heart all thought of Greece in its oppression, and her father in his anger and misery. Achmet was with her, and what was all the world beside to her? This, she felt, was the crowning hour of her life, the best, the sweetest; and true it is that the brightest and loveliest hour of day is often that over which the sun casts his last rainbow-tinted rays before he leaves the world to gloom and night.

Presently Xantha discovered that the wooden water-bottle which Achmet carried slung from his saddle, was empty, and that it must be replenished as much for the sake of the horse as for their own. The Turk at once said that he knew there was a little mountain stream not very far up the hill-side, where he would go to fill it; and smiling at Xantha's entreaties that he would come back as quickly as he could, he swung the bottle over his shoulder, and disappeared among the trees. Still she busied herself in preparations for his comfort, and at last having made every arrangement she could think of that was likely to please him, she went and stood quietly leaning against a tree, with her beautiful, bright face turned in the direction from which she expected to see her lover return. After a little time her ear detected a footstep, coming toward her; she leaned eagerly forward, calling out in a joyous tone—"Achmet, my thrice beloved, are you come?"—and a voice, a voice she knew too well, answered, hoarse with rage—"Accursed woman! it is I who have come!"

The arms stretched out to embrace her lover fell at her side; her large eyes, dilated with unutterable terror, became fixed and glassy; her lips refused to form even a cry for help; frozen with the awful pressage of her fate, she stood like a statue, awaiting the approach of the avenger. Soon, from among the trees, her brother appeared, and stopped a few paces from her, where the full starlight fell upon his cruel, inexorable face. Slowly he raised his gun, then a wild shriek burst from the unhappy girl; she fell on her knees and clasped her hands.

"Amaun! amaun!" she cried, in a voice of stifled agony. This word, which means simply mercy, is a Turkish expression; but it is currently used in Greece, and another time it would not have been remembered from what language it was taken: now, if anything could have added to Costandi's implacable wrath this would have done it.

"You do well to ask mercy in Turkish; it is a fitting word to be the last on the lips of a false-hearted Greek; and now, in your own blood, will I wash out the stain of your infamy! He fired, as he spoke, with a sure and steady aim. Xantha, struck to the heart, fell over on her side; and on her beautiful face, upturned to the starlight, death stamped the seal of its mysterious calm, effacing forever the look of horror and fear which had marred its loveliness in the last awful moment of consciousness.

Costandi drew near and looked at her, not to mourn the fair young life he had destroyed, but to assure himself that the work was well and surely done, and that the child of their common parents could be false to Greece no more. Then, when he had fully satisfied himself that Achmet would find only a corpse where he had left a form of living beauty, and a heart beating with love, he turned calmly from the spot and disappeared among the trees.

Costandi lived many long years after Greece had become free, and the Moslem driven from her fairest possessions. He may be living still—posaibly he is one of those old men, of whom we have heard, who have renewed their youth in the cause of Crete, and are even now fighting hand to hand, with their ancient foes on her shore.

SENSATIONS OF THE DYING.

THE popular ideas relative to the sufferings of persons on the point of death are undoubtedly, to a certain extent, erroneous. The appearance of extreme agony which is often presented under these circumstances is due to mere muscular agitation' independent of any extraordinary sensibility of the nerves of feeling. Those who die a natural death, in the very last stages of existence are scarcely conscious of bodily suffering—not more than they frequently are to the attentions and solicitude of friends.

Those who die by violence or accidents, undoubtedly experience a degree of pain proportionate to the extent of the bodily mutilation. Hanging is doubtless an unpleasant mode of death; but few, after all, "shuffle of this mortal coil", more easily than those who are suspended by the neck. It is akin to drowning in this respect. The blood immediately seeks the head, and soon deprives it of all consciousness. The efforts to inhale the air, which are kept up for some time after the cord is attached, and which cause such violent movements of the chest and extremities, arise from the influence of the spinal marrow, whose sensibility is not so soon destroyed by the congestion of blood as that of the brain. Persons who die by decapitation most probably suffer more, though their pain is only momentary; this is the case with those who blow out their brains The sensation produced by a ball passing through the body would be difficult to describe by one who has never experienced it; but it is something singular in this case that those who are shot, although the "leaden messenger of death" may not have penetrated any essentially vital organ, immediately fall to the earth, apparently under an irresistible feeling of their approaching return to dust, exclaiming, as it were, involuntarily, "I am a dead man!"

A dagger wound in the heart, for the few moments which are consumed in the ebbing of life, must occasion unutterable feelings of agony, independent of the mere sensation of pains in the parts sundered by the entrance of the blade. The rushing out of the blood at each convulsive pulsation of the heart must seem like the actual spectacle of the flow of life.

Those who are crushed to death may not expire instantly, unless the cranium happens to be involved in the casualty. Where the skull is not fractured there is probably an inconceivable agony for a few seconds—a flushing thought of home, friends and family, and all is over. Those who are cut in two by a heavily burdened railroad carriage must experience some similiar sensations.

If the neck is broken low down, the person does not necessarily die on the instant. His situation is the most distressing perhaps of any which can be imagined. He may live and have a being for days; but he cannot move. His face may express all the passions, feelings and emotions; but beyond the motions of his breast and countenance, his energies do not go. His arms are pinioned to his side; his legs are lifeless; and he essentially beholds his body in the grave, while he is yet in the full possession of his faculties. The least disturbance of his position is liable to launch him into eternity.

In taking laudanum, a person exists in a state of insensibility for a length of time, a melancholy spectacle to his friends. In poisoning from arsenic, a great amount of suffering is undergone. The sensibility of the stomach is exceedingly acute when inflamed; and the effect of arsenic is to produce a fatal inflammation of this *viscus*. Prussic acid is rapid, and acts by paralyzing the brain.

In reflecting on the horrors which death presents under these different aspects of violence, the mind becomes satiated with disgust. We cannot do better than turn to the contemplation of its features in the milder course of disease, where, if the mind be at ease, the final exit is made without any of those revolting exhibitions of bodily suffering.

A LETTER from Naples mentions the following curious fact: "Lately, while excavations were being made at Pompeii, in presence of several persons of distinction, the workmen discovered a bronze vase, hermetically closed and enveloped in a thick crystalized crust, that having been broken and the lid raised, the interior of the vessel was found to contain a considerable quantity of water. As no marks of oxydation appeared within the vase, some persons present ventured to drink some of the liquid, and all unanimously agreed in pronouncing it clear, fresh, and of remarkable softness. As the destruction of Pompeii by the ashes of Vesuvius dates from the year 79 of our era, the water in question has been preserved for nearly 1,800 years."

ENVY ought in strict truth to have no place whatever allowed it in the heart of man; for the goods of this present world are so vile and low that they are beneath it; and those of the future world are so vast and exalted that they are above it.

ANCIENT MANUSCRIPTS.—The most ancient manuscripts are written without accents, stops or separation between the words, nor was it until after the ninth century that copyist began to leave space between words.

THE world's experience preaches in vain, every man thinking him self an exception to all general rules.

NOTICE.

The publication of "THE CALIFORNIAN" *takes place on Saturday mornings, and copies may be obtained in the City at all News stands, and of our News-agents through the country. It will also be served by carriers on the morning of publication.*

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THE CALIFORNIAN.

SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, JUNE 15, 1867.

☞ **Two good canvassers wanted. Apply at the office** of THE CALIFORNIAN on Monday, between 12 and 1.

THF PURITY OF THE LANGUAGE.

WE think that there is such a thing as an unwise and excessive conservatism in regard to innovations in the forms and usages of the language. Many of the freshest and finest productions of American writers during the last few years, many of those that evince the highest degree of originality and vital power, and that seem to herald the dawn of a genuine and distinctive national literature that shall be neither an imitation nor an echo, are not written in what the fuical purists are accustomed to style "classical English." The introduction of new words, phrases and idioms, variously classed as vulgarism, provincialisms, and slang, though regarded with such sensitive horror by pedagogues and small critics, is inevitable in every living language; and notwithstanding the clamorous protests of predants and grammarians it may admit of grave doubt whether such new coinages are to be pronounced an evil. There is some reason for believing that if the sticklers for classical correctness in style and expression were to have their way, and put under ban every homebread phrase freshly transferred from the talk of the people into literature, every collection of words and every idiom not sanctioned by the usage of the writers who are held to imitation as the best models of English composition, everything in short, that can be called "an Americanism," our language would become stilted and bookish, and degenerate into mere *diction* so as to be no more a fit vehicle for the living thought of the age and country and for giving adequate expression to our national individuality than Latin or Greek would be. Addison and Steele, doubtless wrote pure and classical English, and so did King James' translators of the Bible, but the language has changed, and we venture to think improved, as much since the era of the Spectator and the Tatler, as it did during the period that elapsed between the reign of King James and that of Queen Anne. After all, there is a certain higher law of language, not to be found in the text books of grammar and rhetoric, by virtue of which its forms never can become fixed and rigid until it ceases to be the actual speech of a people—by virtue of which, so long as it is a living tongue the speaking usage continually affects and modifies the writing usage, so that in the course of a period longer or shorter, according to the conditions of each particular case, the books of one generation become unfamiliar and uncouth, if not positively unintelligible to a succeeding one. There are few of us who can read Chaucer, or even Shakspeare, without feeling the necessity of frequent recourse to a glossary, and the time will probably come when Swinburne and Tennyson, Longfellow and Whittier will seem equally old-fashioned to the student of a future generation. Nor is this gradual change and progress a thing to be deplored. It is more desirable that the language of literature should receive fresh accessions from the common speech of the people, than that the latter should become formal, bookish, and precise. The former process imparts force and vigor; the latter tends to take away picturesqueness and color. Every one must have often observed in the conversation of uneducated persons of natural shrewdness and observation, a peculiar description and narrative power such as is self attained by men of literary culture—a quality at which Lowell hints when he says of "Uncle Reuben's" story:

> "I could not give his *language where through ran*
> *The gamy flavor of the bookless man*,
> Who shapes a word before the fancy cools."

It is Scott's marvellous skill in initiative, or rather perhaps in reproducing pithy idiomatic language of the common people, that gives such unrivalled vigor and spirit to his dialogue, and occasionally to his narrative when put into the mouth of one of his characters. The story of "Wandering Willie" the blind fiddler in "Red Gauntlet," and the conversation of old Peter Peebles in the same novel, are stifling instances of this. Upon the whole, we are not sorry to observe that the fear of the schoolmaster who feels bound to take up the battle-axe in favor of "pure English" and to make war against home-bred phrases and idioms, is not as strong with the rising generation of authors as it was with their predecessors, and we shall neither be greatly surprised nor afflicted if the next "Dictionary of Americanisms" shall be found to contain twice as many pages as the last.

THE PRESS AND THE POLITICIANS.

ONE of the "lessons" that may be learned from the nomination of Mr. Gorham for the office of Governor, would seem to be that the Press is, so far from being omnipotent in political matters that the politicians can, under certain conditions, contemn and defy it. Whatever its power may be in a canvass before the people, it seems to possess scarcely any for influencing the preliminary arrangements of party managers, the making of slates and the selection of candidates. These matters are controlled by a few men who make the practical part of politics their business, and who, disdaining theories and theorists, possess a skill in managing the political machinery by which legislators and governors are made, that seems like jugglery to the uninitiated.

For many weeks past, a very large portion of the Press of this state has been urging the claims of Mr. Bidwell for Governor, while we know of but one or two papers that openly advocated the cause of Mr. Gorham. The latter, moreover, was energetically opposed by the four leading papers of the State. Naturally enough, that portion of the public that derive their notions of politics from the newspapers, supposed that the last named gentleman had no chance of success, and by many it was even doubted whether he was to be regarded as a serious candidate. But while the "leading journals" were declaiming about the candidates, the managing politicians, concerning themselves little as to what the editors and writers might say or leave unsaid, gave their whole attention to those practical details that have a vast deal more to do with securing party nominations than any quantity of "able leaders." Mr. Gorham's friends did their work well and thoroughly, but so quietly, at the same time, that it was not until just on the eve of the meeting of the Convention, that the general public became aware that he was a formidable candidate. The result shows clearly, that a few sharp and experienced "workers" can accomplish more toward securing a party nomination than a powerful newspaper combination.

AN UNJUSTIFIABLE ATTACK.—A weekly paper, ostensibly devoted to sporting matters, but which appears lately to have lent itself to parties wishing to avail themselves of a vehicle for personal attacks dictated by interested or malicious motives, has recently published a very long article entitled "The Sutter Street Railroad Company" which is in reality a series of charges against a private citizen, The whole subject matter of the attack, is of a purely business character, and one that the public is not the proper tribunal to decide; and no person of ordinary sagacity can fail to see at a glance that the article referred to is simply a prejudiced and *ex parte* statement, in regard to a business controversy, prepared by one of the parties to that controversy, the publication of which as an editorial, is a violation of respectable journalistic usage. If any portion of the stockholders of a street railroad company are in favor of a change in the board of directors, the best mode of accomplishing the object is not to procure the publication of articles on the subject in the newspapers. Such a course, is especially objectionable, when, as in the present case, the appeal to the public is unfair and one sided, besides being bitter in spirit, coarse in manner, and abounding in distorted statements of alleged facts.

THE *Monitor* makes a mild reply to our comments upon the tone of its strictures upon Bishop Kip, and undertakes to justify the coarseness of its attack upon the ground that the Episcopal Bishop was the aggressor, he having characterized the Church of Rome in his address to the Episcopal Convention, as "a gigantic system of superstition." The Bishop had a perfect right, in addressing his own clergy, to speak of the Church of Rome in any terms which he deemed just. He was not speaking to the public at large, and Roman Catholics have no just ground of offence in his language.

MUCH INTEREST and curiosity are felt as to the course which the *Bulletin*, *Alta*, and the Sacramento *Union* will pursue in reference to the nomination of Gorham for Governor. The course pursued by those papers has been such as to make it an exceedingly awkward business for them to support him, and yet it is difficult to see how they can bolt the nomination without losing their *status* as Union organs. The *Times* has promptly signified its adhesion to the "powers that be," by placing the nominations of the Sacramento Convention at the head of its columns.

ALL THE journals that have strong Democratic leanings and yet hesitate from prudential considerations openly to espouse the Democratic cause, seem to be peculiarly anxious for the nomination of Gen. Rosecranz as the candidate of that party for the office of Governor. Such a nomination would furnish a neat and graceful bridge by which persons who would like to help the Copperhead cause without incurring the odium that attaches to it, can pass over to their friends.

THE NEW YORK *Herald* has hit upon a plan of reconstruction which will, it thinks, speedily restore harmony between the North and the South. This novel plan is for the Democrats to nominate a presidential ticket consisting of Gen. Grant for President and Gen. Lee for Vice President.

DRAMATIC AFFAIRS.

AT Maguire's Opera House the Martinetti ballet and pantomime season closes to-night with *The Night Owl*. On Monday the Young American tragedian, Edwin Adams of whom we have heard such good accounts from the East, will commence an engagement, opening in *Hamlet*. The public will greet with joy the restoration of the legitimate drama to the stage of Maguire's Opera House which has been for too long a time given up to "Fanchons," legs and pantomime. Now we may hope for something which will appeal to the intellect, as well as to the heart and the eyes. Everyone of cultivated taste must hope that Edwin Adams will prove acceptable to the public of San Francisco.

At the Academy of Music the De Lave Family of acrobats and gymnasts made their appearance on Thursday to a crowded house. The most daring feats performed by the Japanese are certainly excelled by the perilous leaps of the brave little Lilla and Zoe. The tight rope ascension from the stage to the gallery, made by M. De Lave, is a wonderful and graceful performance. The De Lave family have made an immense hit Our fickle public have quite given up their quondam pets, the Japanese, and now worship the young female gymnasts.

The usual matinee will take place at Maguire's Opera House, and at the Academy of Music the De Lave troupe will give one of their wonderful performances at 2 P. M. today.

The engagement of the Great Dragon Troupe of Japanese at the Metropolitan Theater closes to-night, and on Tuesday they will proceed to the East.

MRS LAURA CUPPY has returned from Stockton and will deliver a lecture on "Isms" to-morrow evening at Mechanics' Institute Hall.

TOUCHSTONE.

POLITICS AND PHILOSOPHY.—So far as abstract questions are concerned, there can, of course, be no compromise between right and wrong. But what is inadmissible in theory is often wise and necessary in practice. So far as theory is concerned, we look for ideal perfection; but in practice we must often be content, temporarily at least, with what is practicable and attainable, Precisely at this point commences the difference between the philosopher and the statesman. The former deals with theories and principles, the latter, with measures. Expediency, circumstances, and present surroundings which are not admitted as elements in the calculations of the one, have a powerful influence with the other. In politics there can be no real issue in regard to principles—at least no practical issue; for such an issue can only arise when the abstract ideas and philosophical theories of hostile parties have been reduced to the shape of practical measures. Votes cannot be taken, nor political campaigns conducted upon abstract issues, or questions of principle unassociated with proposed measures. Every political party is, indeed, in some sense, the embodiment of an idea, but that idea must find embodiment in a shape that has reference to action.

Simple as these propositions may seem, it is from not perceiving their truth that much of the acrimony of our political warfare springs. Practical politicians, who wish to do the best that circumstances and the nature of the case will admit for the time being, misunderstand the theorists whom they denounce as visionaries, abstractionists, radicals, etc., and are in turn misunderstood by them. Thus, men of strong convictions, like Thaddeus Stevens, Wendall Phillips, and Charles Sumner, are prone to accuse practical statesmen who are content to aim at what is attainable, of sacrificing principle to expediency, and the cases are exceedingly rare where either of these diverse orders of mind is capable of doing justice to the other.

THE FOURTH OF JULY. — The probabilities are that the coming anniversary of our National Independence will be very generally celebrated. The subscriptions are coming in quite freely, by the aid of the active and earnest endeavors of the Collection Committee; the societies are responding cheerfully to the invitations extended to them to participate in the procession, and all things look favorable for a good old-fashioned celebration. Of course, the grand display of fireworks will wind up the day's festivities, and we trust that some appropriate place may be chosen for their display, so that the public may not find themselves gathered in their rear inhaling their smoke and the villainous odor of saltpetre with no chance of seeing them, as was the case last year.

Would not the Western side of Telegraph Hill, just above the line of Kearny street, from Filbert to Greenwich streets, be a suitable place? The location is elevated, and affords an extended range of vision from Washington Square, and the whole Northern and Western portions of the city; besides the prevailing western winds would blow the smoke away over the hill to the leeward without it intercepting the vision. If we must pay for fireworks let the public have the best opportunity possible to see them.

WOODWARD'S GARDENS.—An immense number of visitors flock to these lovely gardens every day. There so many attractions that everyone is pleased. Many a cosy little picnic takes place under the shady bowers.

SUNDAY SCHOOL ADDRESS.

BY JOHN QUILL.

[One of the invariable characteristics of genius, is its tendency to provoke imitation. The following, evidently had its inspiration in "Mark Twain's" "Bad Little Boy," and would in all probability have never been written had not its author seen appreciated, and admired its prototype.]

THEY had a Sunday school stereopticon exhibition up town last week, and after the pictures were all shown, the superintendent asked me to address the children, I spoke about as follows: "I shan't say very much to the little boys and girls here to-day, because I havn't got much to say. Although I used to be a little boy and girl myself a great many years ago, I don't think of anything that would interest them just now. You remember that beautiful picture you have just seen of Elijah and the bad boys. Elijah had a bald head, and these wicked boys made a good deal of fun of him, and called him hard names. and before they could think almost, two bears came out of the woods and eat them right up. Now this should be a warning to you never to holler at a bald-headed man when you see him, but to just go up quietly to him, like a little gentleman, and tell him he ought to buy a wig. Or, if your father is a barber, ask him to please buy some hair restorative. Never holler at him, and make fun of him, for wherever there is a bald head there's most always more or less bare about somewhere.

Of course you all read your library books that you get from Sunday school, and you like them very much. Now you've noticed how the good boys in them always die before they grow up and have half a chance at enjoying life. It's my belief that good boys always do die young, for I can't go back on the Sunday school books. Therefore I don't want to advise you to be good, for you'll certainly die, and as I don't care to have you die, I'd recommend you to go in and get wicked. Most any insurance company will insure your life if you're wicked. For they can afford to do it, you see. And you must always be careful, my dear children, to love your relations. You boys ought to be very kind to your little sisters. I once knew a bad boy who struck his sister a blow over the eye, although she didn't slowly fade away and die in the early summer time, when the June roses were blowing, with words of sweet forgiveness on her pallid lips, she rose up and hit him over the head with a rolling pin, so that he couldn't go to Sunday school for more than a month on account of not being able to put his best hat on. So love your little sisters, I say. I never had a little sister of my own, but I recolleet that I went out once and loved another man's sister, but she had a wicked father, and he hurt me very much helping me off his front door-steps. But you ought to love them, and always obey your father and mother. If your father tells you to do a thing and your mother tells you not to, it don't make any difference, you've got to obey them both. I'll leave it to the superintendent if the Bible don't say so.

You ought to love your teachers very much, too, and reverence them. When I went to school the boys used to love the teacher so much that they couldn't bear for him to even go out for a minute, and they put shoemaker's wax on his chair, so as to hold him down. And the teacher said he would never desert us, never, never, but he would always stick to us. And then he used to get down a club, about four feet long with a ferule on it, and do more sticking than we thought was necessary. He was a good teacher, though, and once when I asked him if he would whip me for a thing I didn't do, he said "no," and then I told him I hadn't done my sums. But he said he believed he'd change his mind, and then he flogged me like the very nation. Still we loved that teacher, and when he died, the boys were so glad to see that he had a handsome coffin, that they fairly shouted for joy.

And, my dear children, let me caution you against the sin of letting your angry passions rise. Fighting is a bad business. Dr. Watts, you know says:

> "Let dogs delight to bark and bite,
> For 'tis their nature to:
> But Satan will find some work
> For idle hands to do."

Fighting is very wicked, indeed. A few years ago I knew a boy who was squaring off and daring people to fight him, and saying he could lick them, more or less, all the time. And what became of this wretched boy? Why, one day he dared a fellow to knock a chip off his shoulder, and the fellow knocked it, and did much more knocking beside, so that the boy was taken deathly sick, and couldn't budge out of his bed for six weeks. So that the boy actually wished he had never seen that particular chip, in the whole course of his life. But he went around and bought a brass-barreled pistol, and got some other boys to make a secret society, and draw up a constitution. And they all swore to have revenge. But nothing much ever came of it, for the fellow who knocked off the chip was a big boy, and, of course, so fast as the society boys grew big, he grew bigger, so they thought perhaps they'd better let him alone.

Another thing, boys, I want to caution you against, and that is ever going to the theater or the circus. I know boys who always go to see the show and creep in under the tent. But they generally come to bad ends, and a tiger or a hyena, or some wild animal or other is absolutely certain to rush out and grab them by the trowsers sooner or later. So be very careful to keep away from all such places and go to Sunday school regularly. Why, I recollect just as distinctly as if it had been to-morrow, a boy who ran away one Sunday morning and instead of going to school, he went a boating on the river, and he hadn't been gone long before a fearful storm came—which wouldn't have come if he had gone to Sunday school—and the boat was upset and this miserable boy was nearly drowned. But now listen to the result. Ah! my dear children, wickedness is always punished, and this boy got to hate water so much that he never drank a drop afterward that he couldn't help, and he used to drink rum, and he died and filled a drunkard's grave.

This was wrong, and so it is to smoke and chaw tobacco, I had a second cousin who went out and got a chaw of tobacco when he was a boy, and he came home and chawed it, and he sat down by the stove and he got sicker and sicker and whiter and whiter, and when his fond mother asked him what was the matter with him, he said he guessed he must have taken a slight cold, and than he went out and threw up with this wicked lie upon his lips.

It never works to be a bad boy, but if all you children mind what I am saying to you, you'll never be bad boys, and I don't believe the girls will ever anyhow. But mind you mustn't be too good. Casabianca was too good and he died miserably. George Washingto was good and he died, and all the good boys that ever lived died. So you'd better be just a little good, and when you grow up maybe you'll get to be President. The girls, of course, won't, but I suppose some of them maybe can go to congress by that time, and then you can blacken one another's characters as much as you've a mind to.

AN ANCIENT BREACH OF PROMISE.

A CURIOUS instance of a lady availing herself, in 1540, of the right to appear by champion in a "breach of promise of marriage" case, is mentioned in the memoirs of Marochal de Villeville. The husband of Madame Phillippe de Montepsdon having died in Piedmont without issue, she was left a young, rich and beautiful widow, and was sought in marriage by several noble suitors. Among these was the Marquis de Staluces to whose attentions she seemed to listen favorably, and she permitted him to accompany her from Turin to Paris. It turned out, however, that the clever dame merely wished to have the advantage of his escort on the journey; and when she arrived at its termination she cavalierly dismissed him, saying:

"Adieu, sir; your lodging is at the hostel des Ursins, and mine at the hostel Saint Denis, close to that of the Augustius."

The marbuis still persisted in his suit, but as Phillippe continued obdurate, he asserted that she had made him a formal promise of marriage, and cited her to appear before the Court of Parliament. She came there attended by a numerous company of friends, and having been desired by the president to hold up her hand, she was asked whether she had ever promised marriage to the marquis, who was then present in court. She answered upon her honor that she had not; and when the court proceeded to press her with further questions, she exclaimed, with passionate warmth;

"Gentlemen, I never was in a court of justice before, and this makes me fear that I may not answer properly, but to put a stop to all captious cavailing and word-catching, I swear in the face of this assembly, of Heaven and the King—to the King, under the penalty of loss of honor and life—that I have never given pledge or promise of marriage to the Marquis de Saluces, and, what is more, that I never thought of such a thing in my life. And if there is anyone who will assert the contrary, here is my chevalier, whom I offer to maintain my words, which he kowns are entirely true, and uttered by the lips of a lady of honor, if ever there was one. This I do trusting in Heaven and my good right, and that he will prove the plaintiff to be (begging the pardon of the court) a villainous liar." This spirited defiance caused no little sensation in the audience, and the president told the registrar that he might put up his papers, for Madame Mareehale had taken another and much shorter road toward settling the dispute. Then, addressing the marquis, he asked;

"Well, sir, what say you to this challenge?"

But the love, as well as the valor of the latter, was fast oozing away; and the craven knight answered by a very decided negative:

"I want not," said he, "to take a wife by force; and if she does not wish to have me, I do not wish to have her."

And so, making a low obeisance to the court, he prudently retired, and the fair Phillippe heard no more of his pretentions to her hand.

BE pure but not stern; have moral excellences, but don't bristle with them.

IT is a very easy thing for a man to be wise for other people.

LOCAL ART NOTES.

GUETIEREZ has exhibited at Snow & Roos' another of his fine portraits, fully equal in point of execution, to his previous efforts. Such success in portraiture gives evidence of power to excel in other branches of art, and we hope to see some work from his hands establishing his claim to the designation of "Historical Painter" which his professional card gives him.

Marple's last production shown at the same place, represents a very brilliant beach scene, and is the most effective picture we have seen from his hand. The rock in the foreground is rather stiff and bare, and might be much improved without lessening the effect of the picture, but there is such boldness in the design and execution comparing it with his other paintings that in our gratification at his marked progress we are inclined to lose sight of its slight defects.

Young's view of Mt. Shasta, also shows considerable improvement in style, but he is hardly ripe for such subjects yet, and simple studies of the details of landscape which are here much neglected and badly arranged, would do him more credit.

Wandesforde has a lake scene at Jones and Wool's. We cannot omit a protest against the blueness of his skies and water. It cannot be natural, and it certainly is not pleasant to the eye. Even if such depth of color were true to nature, he should give the other portions of the landscape a correspodning tone, which he has not done, except, perhaps, in a few bright red patches upon the rocks in the foreground. His foliage is entirely wanting in freshness and brilliancy, causing a lack of harmony that is almost painful to the eye.

Keith has made a trip to the Summit, and returned with a portfolio of interesting sketches, which will shortly be given to the public in his excellent water-color drawings.

Many of our artists are absent from the city on sketching tours and will soon return with material for a winter's work. It seems to us that they have started out too late in the season to find the best colors in the landscapes, but we shall gladly welcome them back if they bring with them some other subjects for their skill than the much absurd Yosemite.

ASTRÆA.

EFFECTS OF IMAGINATION.—The mysterious influence exercised by the mind over the body is well illustrated in the following case contained in Dr. Warren's treatise on the preservation of health: "Some time since, a lady presented herself to me with a tumor, or swelling of the submaxillary gland of the neck. It was about the size of an egg, had lasted two years, and so very hard that I considered an effort to dissipate it by medicine to be in vain, and advised it to be removed by an operation. To this the patient could not bring her mind; therefore, to satisfy her wish, some applications of considerable activity were directed to be made to the part, and these she pursued a number of weeks without any change. After this, she called on me, and, with some hesitation, begged to know whether an application recommended to her would, in my opinion, be safe. This consisted in applying the hand of a dead man three times to the diseased part. One of her neighbors now lay dead, and she had an opportunity of trying the experiment, if not thought dangerous. At first, I was disposed to divert her from it, but, recollecting the power of imagination, gravely assured her that she might make the trial without apprehension of serious consequences. A while after, she presented herself once more, and, with a smiling face, informed me she had used this remedy, and on examining for the tumor it had disappeared."

THE OPERA.—The second season of the Italian Opera at the Academy of Music was not inaugerated. The lack of sufficient support being the cause. And yet San Francisco boasts of her liberality in operatic matters, when she is far behind some of the old sleepy cities of Germany. The people of Leipsic, for instance, have decided to build one of the most sumptuous theatres on the continent. Leipsic is not a great city, (only eighty-seven thousand inhabitants), but in the musical world it occupies high rank—for even the London *Musical World* is compelled to say that its performances surpass those of the metropolis itself.

THE proprietors of the new rolling-mill at Portsmouth, Ohio, are in possession of the true secret of Russian iron, directly from the only manufactory where it is made in Russia. The secret was sent to this country clandestinely, through the agency of a citizen of Youngstown, Ohio, and a relative he had in the iron works of Russia. It was sent, a word at a time, in along correspondence. Russia has heretofore kept a close monopoly on this superior iron, and has been able by it to extort from us as well as other nations a heavy revenue.

PACIFIC MUSEUM.—The wonderful models to be seen at this institution afford food for much useful reflection.

IT is bliss to learn lessons in love, for woman is our teacher.

To grow up to the skies, we must be planted low in the dust.

SUCCESS is not genuine merit, but it is a good counterfeit.

PARIS DURING THE EXPOSITION.

AT the present moment, when all eyes are directed toward the French capital, and the great industrial congregation of the whole world that is assembled there, anything that is calculated to furnish a graphic picture of the scene of this hitherto unprecedented display, is sure to prove welcome to the mass of intelligent readers. We have nowhere found more judicious and satisfactory descriptions of Paris during the Exposition, than those furnished by the correspondent of the New York *Tribune*. The following sketch, equally admirable for matter and manner, is condensed from his last letter: "Place yourself in the brightest city of the world on its brightest Monday morning. Winter, long and stormy, has rained its last. An April without showers lifts every gauze from the sun, so that he lights up the broad boulevards, and the fresh green river Seine, and shows every current setting for the Champ de Mars. When you climb to your house-top to follow the great caravans of men and wains and banners, you see around you the city of Paris, the home of two millions of people floating over the undulations of a pleasant plain, through the middle of which, lengthwise, curves a stream as clear as Croton Lake, no wider than the Passaic, and which, in its beautiful inutility, winds through 500 miles of France, without a tide or a sail. Of the two unequal parts into which it bisects Paris, the greater is the Northern, where you stand, set against an amphitheater of hills, populous to their summits, and bounded in the vast level tracts, near to the river, by two proud monuments, three miles apart. The one is the Arch of Triumph, to commemorate the glory of the original Bonaparte, the other is the shaft raised by the Republican people on the site of the Bastile, when they had driven the last licentious and bloody Bourbon from the capital.

Halfway between these monuments, and in line with them, in the geometrical center of the city, lies the mighty cluster of palaces, whose varying tenantry have made the history of modern Europe. Over the oldest of them to-day a tri-color flag is flying to show that the most recent lessee of the Tuileries is at home. It is in the central dome or pavilion of this huge building that Louis Napoleon may be found, and if we ascend thither we may see him, thus early, looking across the wood and flower garden before the palace, to a vast boiler-like structure, that, at a mile distant, coils in the midst of a flat, low-lying plain in the suburbs of Paris. The Seine, beneath him, reaches down to it, with frequent bridges, like a long bending ladder. It is upon the inferior side of the stream, and between it and the great Arch of Triumph, the opposite river bank is bold and high table-land, vacantly and suburbanly furnished. This huge boiler, as it seems, is the crowning show, the latest of his surprises, his bid to industry to appease uneasy history.

The perfectly level plain of the Champ de Mars, a year ago a hard parade, has been transformed into a wonderful fair ground, out of the midst of which arises an almost circular edifice of iron and glass, in shape like a vast boiler of concentric rings, pierced transversely by fifty avenues which radiate from a garden at the centre, where four huge fountains fling perpetual crystal. Under the awnings of this garden there are places for rest, and two of the broadest streets bisect it at right angles, while the two circular galleries immediately west of it are wholly filled with paintings and statuary. The outer rings are devoted to some grand department of manufactures, and the nations are so arranged, in segments proportionate to the quantity of their goods, that transverse streets divide them from each other. Thus, a visitor interested in silk, woolen, and cotton fabrics has but to keep one circular route continuously to pass in order the wares, in that specialty, of every existing nation. Without, the greatest circle of them all, next to the park, the restaurant of each nation lies, its food confined to the dishes, and its liquors to those beverages which are current at home; while the large park, encompassing the whole, is taken up with the characteristic buildings of particular lands, and experimental structures appertaining to the arts, sciences, and amusements. The borders of the Champ de Mars, on the extreme outer rectangle, are lined with large warehouses where great pieces of machinery are exposed; and the gates or turn-stiles giving admission to the whole, are placed at frequent intervals between these warehouses or *annexes*. The classification, both as to Palace and grounds, extends to the five continents, and, the Monroe Doctrine being scrupulously respected, we shall find the thirteen States arrayed with Mexico, Peru, and Patagonia, while Great Britian and France divide about half the world between them.

The Exhibition is meant to be a complete epitome of the world, performing within its grounds all the functions of all races—sleeping only excepted. The steam that drives the engines, the folly that relieves toil, the drinking, eating, and worshiping of every species of man must be manufactured and warehoused here. You see, out of the infinite number of towers and roofs that at first confuses you, a broad vestibule, wide as Broadway, 800 feet in length, opening straight from the bridge of Jena to the Palace. This is canopied with green vellum, spangled with golden bees, the emblem of the Bonapartes, and every foot of it surmounted with the flag of an independent nation. Flowers and statues line it on either side; the Imperial tri-colors, banderolles, and oriflammes are flung from two great gonfalon masts at the portal; on the roof of the Palace, climbing through the sky as if the tinted clouds had descended to wreathe it, all the colors of each nation wave; and in the angle between the long vestibule and the deep curve of the Palace, the broad, white ermine, bright with bees, stretched upon the sceptre and cross, denotes the pavilion of the Emperor. The buildings in the Park are capped with fanciful flags, indicative of their purposes; yonder you see the crescent of the Turk dominating his mosque, and the crocheted pagodas tell of Thibet and the land of tea; the frowning, sepulchral portals of the Egyption adjoin the more intellectual effigies of the Assyrian lion, where lie sucking their pipes the pure-skinned Persians; high over all a lighthouse pierces the sky, and the twinkle of waters among the trees denotes the ripple of artificial lakes that discharge under an iron bridge into the animated Seine. A railway depot, whose rails go flying through the air and sapping a block of houses alternately to pass the river and thread the city, is equaled in spaciousness, nearest the eye, by a great international club-house for the bourse of the world. Past and beyond all, the far-sweeping valley of the river goes; to the right among the purple and palaced hills, and dark forests; to the left, under its marble bridges, a score in number, pointing at its various angles, now to the far dome of the Pantheon, now to the towers of Notre Dame, now to the steep of Montmatre and the tombstones in the groves of Pere la Chaise.

Twice the dimensions of the great circle of the Exhibition, which has been not inaptly compared to a monstrous gasometer, is the park environing it, 1,000 yards in length and in breadth 300. Sixty edifices are interspersed in this; 2,000 trees of good umbrageous growth are planted in it; five lakes and three waterfalls lie in its cool grasses; it is intersected, with artistic irregularity, by 70 paths and drives, and it contains one edifice of every architecture known to civilized man. If you enter from the great portal on the side of the Seine, and turn off the broad vestible to either side, you meet successively a Spanish theater, where the *Gitanos* dance to the clinkling pulses of castinets; a Chinese booth, where *jougleurs* impale each other and eat red-hot fire; a Protestant chapel, where there is worship every day and in the English language; a hospital, where any wounded in the crush of multitudes or by machinery receive speedy relief; an Egyptian cemetery in gorgeous Moresque; a French ball where the girls in the *cancan* throw their feet into the spheres, waltzing eccentrically to the music of "Fra Diavolo;" an international theater, where, at alternate hours, a troop of every known nation, from Fetish dancers to negro minstrels make hilarity; a lake of clear water filled with the trout of Fontainbleau that Bonaparte used to feed, a tropical aquarium where you can see a weak copy of Hugo's Devil Fish, catching spiders and minnows as a lady's fan catches hearts; a Gothic cathedral, brown as if with age, and pompous with masses from noon till dark; chalets of the Swiss, such as grow on Alpine tops, with real chamois grazing on their miniature precipices; Swedish and Russian shops and huts, grotesquely carved, where candles are sold as articles of food, and the reindeer's horns branch from the gables; a mock harem, inhabited by real Georgian girls, not prepossessing enough to keep close in their country; many Chinese pagodas, all of porcelain, where Confucius looks contempt at the outside barbarians; Japanese households, with two of their countrywomen, and a pair of little-footed wives or grass widows from China, smiling like a couple of almonds with double kernels in them; strange houses for rare lamps and engines; cooking-furnaces that make such dishes as would turn a Christian stomach though it had forty coats; innumerable pavilions of rustic patterns, sealed by kissing flowers with thirsty cups; kiosques and orchestral stations, which blow music and the tinkle of bells on every quivering sunbeam; tents such as are spread by the Arabs when they open the Thousand and One Nights and call the Genii into their opium smoke; observatories where the telescopes swing all day; and tiny rivers trickling off through pearly bottoms, turning little mills; while in the air great wind-wings turn lazily, as in a Dutchman's dream, and over all the light-house, 130 feet in the clouds, flings its solid calcium glare into the constellations, to rival their fixed blaze. The garden is a green convalescence after the cramped splendor of the Exhibition, when the tints of a Continental day mock the painted glasses of the Babel interior; here stroll the little girls, half-way over womanhood, the soft lights fading from their faces and the ruddiness of thoughtful and dawning ambitions making deeper tints, while the great English dames stagger down the walks in the beefness of their middle age, and florid ladies of Germany, all of one fervid flax, rise up in the perspective like some metamorpharized fields of overripe grain. Among these you see the American girl, delicate-eyed, speaking heart, and thought and purity in every modest step, light of foot and shy of presence, the noblest and less imitable contribution the world has given. At night, when the hammers are quiet within the broad palace, and in the grasses the tapers glisten as if they were burning drops of dew, the gaieties of the garden start into life, and in the *cafés chantant* the globes of light fall upon beautiful singers, twirling the tambourine."

HOW TO DRESS WELL.

IN an old number of *All the Year Round*, we find the following: "As you look from your window in Paris, observe the first fifty women who pass; forty have noses depressed in the middle, a small quantity of dark hair, and a swarthy complexion; but then, what a toilet! Not only suitable for the season, but to the age and complexion of the wearer. How neat the feet and hands! How well the clothes are put on, and, more than all, how well they suit each other!"

We have often said the same thing in other words. Before our English women can dress *perfectly*, they must have the taste of the French, especially in color. One reason why we see colors ill-arranged in this country is, that the different articles are purchased each for its own imagined virtues, and without any thought of what it is to be worn with. Women, while shopping, buy what pleases the eye on the counter, forgetting what they have got at home. That parasol is pretty, but it will kill by its color one dress in the buyer's wardrobe, and be unsuitable for all others. To be magnificently dressed certainly costs money; but, to be dressed with taste, is not expensive. It requires good sense, knowledge, refinement. Never buy an article, unless it is suitable to your age, habits, style and to the rest of your wardrobe. Nothing is more vulgar than to wear costly laces with a common delaine, or cheap laces with expensive brocades.

What colors, we may be asked, go best together? Green with violet: gold with dark crimson or lilac; pale blue with scarlet; pink with black or white; and grey with scarlet or pink. A cold color generally requires a warm tint to give life to it. Grey and pale blue, for instance, do not combine well, both being cold colors. White and black are safe wear, but the latter is not favorable to dark or pale complexions. Pink is, to some skins, the most becoming; not, however, if there is much color in the cheeks or lips; and if there be even a suspicion of red either hair or complexion. Peach-color is perhaps one of the most elegant colors worn. Maize is very becoming, particularly to persons with dark hair and eyes. But whatever the color or material of the entire dress, the details are all in all; the lace round the bosom and sleeves, the flowers; in fact, all that furnishes the dress. If trimmed with black lace, some of the same should be worn in the head, and the flowers that are worn in the hair should decorate the dress.

MUSIC OF SOLOMON'S TEMPLE.—The disentombing of Assyrian sculptures and the deciphering of Assyrian and Egyptian inscriptions, have opened new fields of investigation in almost every department of masonic knowledge. Among the branches of science which have shared in these discoveries, that of music has been benefited largely. The accounts of ancient musical instruments were vague, and our ideas, especially of Hebrew music, were confused, till recently sculptures and paintings have been brought to light which delineate the musical instruments of early Oriental nations, and in a number of cases veritable specimens have been disentombed. Such, in example, is an Egyptian harp found in Thebes, with its strings yet perfect enough to vibrate again, after a silence of three thousand years.

The more recent investigations prove that the parents of all known musical science is Assyria. From the Assyrians, the Hebrews, and the Egyptians, and, indeed, all Eastern nations, derived their knowledge of music. The unveiled monuments show that in the time of Sennacherib, music was a highly cultured art, and must have existed through generations. This polished nation used a harp of twenty strings, the frame, of which was four feet high, which accompanied minstrel songs, or was borne in the dance. The lyre of tortoise shell the double pipe, the trumpet, drum and bell we common. Even of the bagpipe, representations have been described, though none of stringed instruments like the violin played with the bow.

In all delineations of social or worshipping assemblies, musical instruments very like our modern ones have a prominent place. The Hebrew music, in the time of the Exodus, was purely Egyptian; but it was much modified subsequently in associations with Asiatic nations. In the Temple of Jerusalem, according to the Talmud, stood a powerful organ, consisting of a wind chest with ten holes, containing ten pipes each pipe capable of emitting ten different sounds by means of finger holes, so that a hundred sounds could be produced by it. It was provided with two pair of bellows and ten keys, so that it could be played with the fingers. According to the Rabbins, it could be heard a great distance from the Temple, and some masonic historian state in the most confident manner that our Grand Master, Solomon, performed the duties of his office to the music of that organ.

INSECT. LIFE—Insects, generally, must lead a truly jovial life. Think what it must be to lodge in a lily—imagine a palace of ivory or pearl, with pillars of silver, and capitals of gold, all exhaling such a perfume as never arose from gum or censer. Fancy, again, the fun of tucking yourself up for a night in the folds of a rose, rocked to sleep by the gentle sighs of the summer air, and nothing to do when you awake but to wash yourself in a clear dew-drop, and fall to and eat your bedclothes.

MILLINERY AND HEAD-DRESSES.—Mrs. Winship has just received, per last steamer, the latest Parisian Millinery Goods and Laces for HEAD-DRESS, consisting in part of Breakfast Caps, Point Application, Lace Vallenciumes, and the Widow's Rooche, worn by the crown heads of Europe, and the only first imported to the Pacific Coast. Queen Emma, while here, replenished her wardrobe from the stock then and now on hand, at MRS. WINSHIP, No. 23 Post Street, under the Mechanics' Institute. Through the influence of Queen Emma, Mrs. Winship has filled quite a number of orders for the foreign population of Honolulu. The ladies of San Francisco should call and examine these beautiful Goods, by which means they will secure the Latest Fashionable Styles.

WHAT'S THE MATTER?—In passing through Third street yesterday, we saw crowds of people entering a building a few doors below Market street, and we inquired of a passer-by what's the matter? He answered that they were going to have their pictures taken in the NEW YORK PHOTOGRAPHIC GALLERY, and the cause of the rush was that this took the best and cheapest pictures in the city; the inducement must be much to draw so big a crowd from Montgomery and the other streets in the northern part of the city.

MAYER'S BAZAAR.—R. Mayer offers at his Bazaar, corner Pine and Montgomery streets, the greatest variety of jewelry, watches, silver plated ware, guitars, music boxes; concertinas, accordeons, opera glasses, etc., etc., to the public of San Francisco, and to the country trade, at prices that defy competition, and is determined to close out his present stock at greatly reduced rates. His heavy case silver watches from the American Watch Company are superior to anything ever before offered to the public. These watches are taking the place of heavy gold watches from the fact that the workmanship is superior, the casings pure silver, and the prices low. The sale of these watches is very extensive on the Pacific coast. Another proof that American manufactures can beat the world. The works are made of platina and never get out of repair. French opera glasses of great power for sale or hire, and all kinds of musical instruments, eight day family clocks, etc. This is a rare chance to invest your money to advantage, at Mayer's Bazaar, southeast corner of Montgomery and Pine streets.

N. B.—An immense assortment of Japanese curiosities for sale.

WAGONS.

MILLS & EVANS, IMPORTERS OF THOROUGH-BRACE Wagons, light express, two and three spring Wagons, suitable for milk-men and furniture dealers, and others wishing light and durable Wagons. Their Wagons are made expressly for the California market, and Mills & Evans' is the only firm which receives Wagons from the celebrated manufactory of A. W. Sanborn & Co., Manchester, N. H. This latter firm stands A No. 1 in the East, and their wagons have stood the test of our California climate, and are sold by Mills & Evans fifty per cent. lower than any other establishment on the Pacific coast. Call and examine their Wagons, at No. 587 Market street, opposite the Metropolitan market. *

MEDICAL.—"YOUNG MAN'S FRIEND AND PROTECTOR," an association for beneficent objects, Young men should inform themselves in relation to it, and by applying to, the ACTUARY, Dr. Bourne, 10 Masonic Temple, Post street, they will be furnished with Prospectus.

☞ WONDERFUL BUT TRUE.—MADAME REMINGton, the world-renowned Astrologist and Somnambulistic Clairvoyant, while in a clairvoyant state, delineates the very features of the person you are to marry, and by the aid of an instrument of intense power, known as the Psychomotrope, guarantees to produce a perfect and life like picture of the future husband or wife of the applicant, with date of marriage, occupation, leading traits of character, etc. This is no imposition, as testimonials without number can assert. By stating place of birth, age, disposition, color of eyes and hair, and enclosing fifty cents and stamped envelope addressed to yourself, you will receive the picture by return mail, together with desired information.
Address in confidence, MADAME GERTRUDE REMINGTON, P. O. Box 297, West Troy, N. Y.

MEDICAL ADVICE.

DR. WM. K. DOHERTY'S Medical and Surgical Institute is becoming a *sine qua non* to the welfare of our State and health of our citizens; and his rapidly spreading reputation, although it may excite surprise, is but the signal of skill, and follows as the natural effect of such a cause. We are personally acquainted with gentlemen who had suffered for years under chronic disease, and who had taken advantage of every available means that promised relief, but without success, until they called upon Dr. Doherty, who, in an incredibly short space of time, has given them entire relief. It is gratifying to announce this fact, because the Doctor is a gentleman who seeks, not by defamation of others, to establish his reputation, or to rear the superstructure of his own upon the ruin of another's fame. The Doctor conducts his Institute in a manner that must be gratifying to all his patients. He examines, heals, advises, and recommends, without charge, and the patient, after hearing his terms for treatment, can accept or reject at pleasure. In no case does the Doctor make a charge unless he effects a cure. This he is able to do, because he feels the confidence which long experience has given, and no doubt the solution which appertains to that confidence. Persons afflicted with either acute or chronic disease, should do well to consult the Doctor; at all events, he can do no harm, as for consultation he asks no fee; and does he insist on obedience to his advice unless the patient places himself under his cure. His offices are on Sacramento street, opposite the Pacific Mail Steamship office.—*San Francisco News.*

500,000 CIGARS

At $5 per Thousand,

FOR SALE BY

C. HORN & CO.,

FRONT STREET, CORNER OF CLAY,

SAN FRANCISCO.

TOWNE & BACON,

Book and Job Printers,
Have the Largest Office,
Do the most work,
And do it better
Than other offices
536 In this City,
Try them
With a Job,
And you will be
Satisfied the above
Statements are facts.
Their office is at 536
Clay St., below Montgom'y,
Over Pacific Fruit Market.

EDWARD BOSQUI & CO.,

PRINTERS,

And Blank Book Manufacturers,
517 CLAY STREET,
Between Montgomery and Sansome Sts.,
SAN FRANCISCO.

FOR POSTERS, HANDBILLS,
AND
Show Work of All Kinds,
GO TO THE
COMMERCIAL PRINTING HOUSE
OF
FRANCIS & VALENTINE,
517 Clay street, and 510, 512 and 514 Commercial street.

DO YOU WANT ANY
PRINTING?
IF YOU DO, GO TO
411 CLAY STREET,
BETWEEN SANSOME AND BATTERY.

PRINTING OF EVERY DESCRIPTION DONE ON short notice and in the best style, by
M. D. CARR & CO.

San Francisco Mill.

HOBBS, GILMORE & CO.,

MANUFACTURERS OF

BOXES,

Market Street, between Beale and Main,

SAN FRANCISCO.

For Sale, Mahogany, Spanish Cedar, and other Fancy Woods.

D. A. MACDONALD, J. B. MACDONALD, } J. MCGILL, H. CHIPMAN.

D. A. MACDONALD & CO.,

SAWING AND PLANING MILLS,

AND MANUFACTURERS OF

DOORS, SASHES, BLINDS AND MOULDINGS,

Corner of Market and Beale Streets,

SAN FRANCISCO.

Finishing Work for Building constantly on hand, and got up to order.

W. N. MILLER.....J. F. HALEY.

MILLER & HALEY,

EMPIRE STEAM MILLS,

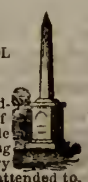
NO. 29 FREMONT STREET,

San Francisco.

SASH, BLIND, DOOR AND MOULDING FACTORY.

JOHN HAGAN,

Marble - Worker,



MARKET ST, OPPOSITE LINCOLN SCHOOL HOUSE, between Fifth and Sixth.

Marble Mantels, Grates, Monuments, Headstones, Cemetery Copings, and all kinds of Marble Work executed on most reasonable terms. Particular attention paid to the placing of Tombstones at Lone Mountain or Calvary Cemeteries. N. B.—Country orders promptly attended to.

BOYS! BOYS! BOYS!

NOW IS THE TIME
H. M. LOCKWOOD & CO.,
New No. 624) CLAY STREET, (Old No
Have received a Large Stock of
GENTS' AND BOYS' CLOTHING
—AND—
FURNISHING GOODS,
Which they are selling
AT VERY LOW PRICES.

Every Garment warranted. All are invited to call examine our goods.

H. M. LOCKWOOD & CO.
624 Clay street, San Francisco

SAN FRANCISCO

Foundry and Machine Works,

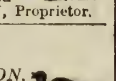
Northeast corner Fremont and Mission streets,
Manufacturers of
MARINE AND STATIONARY ENGINES,
Quartz Machinery, Saw, Flour and Sugar Mills, Mining Pumps, Hoisting Gear, Agricultural Implements, etc.
ALSO,
Wine, Cider, Cotton and Tobacco Presses of the latest Improved Patterns.

STEAM ENGINES AND BOILERS,
Of all sizes, constantly on hand; Quartz Mill Shoes and Dies warranted to be made of the best white iron.

Dunbar's Improved Self-Adjusting Piston-Packing, requires no springs or screws; is always steam-tight; without excessive friction, and never gets slack or leaky.
MACHINERY, OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS,
Bought, sold, or exchanged. Bolt Cutting and Castings at the lowest market rates.
DEVOE, DINSMORE & CO.

MARTIN'S RESTAURANT,

623 COMMERCIAL STREET



Above Montgomery. Meals at all hours. The best of Wines, Oysters, Game, and all the delicacies of the season always on hand. Private Saloons up stairs for Dinner and Supper Parties. LEON DINGEON, Proprietor.

CALIFORNIA

COFFEE AND DINING SALOON,

(Formerly the German Coffee Saloon,)
NOS. 612 AND 614 MONTGOMERY STREET,
Between Clay and Merchant, San Francisco.

J. R. REAGAN.....Proprietor

This house has undergone a thorough change, both in MANAGEMENT and PRICES. A fine Ladies' Saloon has been fitted up in the rear, where private parties can receive every attention in the most comfortable quarters. We also keep lunch hot on chafing dishes at the counter, including the finest of Pastry, where customers can be served quickly and satisfactorily.

French Breakfasts and Dinners, with Wine, continued

A. BONZI & CO.,

Italian Restaurant,

515 Merchant street, opposite Washington Market, between Montgomery and Sansome streets, San Francisco.

MEALS, WITH WINE, 50 CENTS.

THE CHOICEST COMMODITIES OF THE Market served up in the best style of Italian and French cookery.

On the second floor are numerous private rooms, for social or private DINNER PARTIES. Coffee, Chocolate, Wine, Beer, Liqueurs, with every description of edible accompaniments, served to order at any hour of the day or evening.

REMOVED

To 645 Clay street, a few doors below Kearny.

DR BLAKE CAN NOW BE FOUND AT the above location. Engagements as usual can be made with all those who desire thorough and FIRST CLASS GOLD FILLINGS.

Lamott's Hat Emporium

IS THE PLACE TO GET A FASHIONABLE
HAT OR CAP,
AND AT PRICES 25 PER CENT. LESS THAN ANY OTHER HOUSE IN THIS CITY.

Do not fail to have one of
LAMOTT'S HATS!
CORNER PINE AND MONTGOMERY STREETS.

WALTER S. PIERCE,

Manufacturer and Importer of
PIANO-FORTES.

FACTORY AND WAREROOM, NO. 536 MARKET Street, opposite Second.

☞ PIANOS TO RENT.☜

WALTER S. PIERCE'S
Piano Manufactory

Is the most complete on the Pacific Coast, having every appliance of machinery for Making or REPAIRING Pianos to be found in the largest Eastern Factories.

Old Pianos converted into new, by putting in new interior mechanism complete.

THE FAMOUS
PIANOS
OF
Chickering & Son

Have received the endorsement of all the leading Artistes of Europe and America. Testimonials to be seen at the Agents'.

Pianos to rent, from $5 to $10. Tuning free.
KOHLER, CHASE & CO.,
421 Montgomery street.

THE CALIFORNIA

Building and Savings Bank,

CALIFORNIA ST., ONE DOOR FROM SANSOME.

Capital and Deposits, - - - - - $600,000

WHICH IS LOANED ON PROPERTY.

LOANS MADE on CITY REAL ESTATE,
HOUSES, SHIPS, FACTORIES
AND MERCHANDISE.

Deposits received at one per cent. per month.

Money transmitted from the interior, by Express or Mail, passed to interest from the day of arrival, and a Certificate returned in course of post.

Strangers may deposit Bonds, Gold Dust, Coin, or Valuable Papers in the Vault, for long or short periods, at a small rent, for which valuables the Company will be accountable. THOMAS MOONEY, President.

BROOKLYN HOTEL,

1852. SAN FRANCISCO. 1866.

The Proprietor of the above-named Hotel wishes to inform his patrons and the Travelling Public that he has opened that elegant Brick Fireproof Hotel, on the
S. E. Corner of Pine and Sansome streets,
With all the modern conveniences attached to it.

Gas and water are supplied throughout the House. The Rooms are well-ventilated, and the Public will find in this Hotel all the comforts of a home. The Hotel is spacious, and well adapted for the use of Families. Suits of Rooms can be had on reasonable terms.

A Large Reading Room is attached to the Hotel,
Containing 500 Volumes of Standard Works,
Which is entirely for the use of patrons.

THE CITY COACH, with the name of the Hotel on it, will be in readiness at the Wharf, on the arrival of each steamer, to convey passengers and baggage to the Hotel, free of charge. JOHN KELLY, Jr., Proprietor.

WM. O. BREYFOGLE.

(Successor to WARE & MOSHER,)
NO. 26 CALIFORNIA STREET,
Manufacturer and Dealer in
SASH, DOORS, BLINDS & SHUTTERS,
From Kiln-Dried Lumber—at the Lowest Rates.
Orders from the country will receive prompt attention

Important Notice.

ANOTHER DOCTOR IN THE CITY.

DR. H. A. BENTON has been performing many wonderful cures in this city the past two years, and as his practice is fast increasing at the office, finds it difficult to attend outside calls, concluded to invite R. H. OLMSTEAD, M. D., of Napa City, to join him. Dr. Olmstead has been 18 years successfully treating obstinate cases, with water, electricity, and the magnetic forces, (and when needed, Eclectic Remedies, of which he is a graduate of that school); also, being the seventh son of a celebrated Physician, and having a powerful organization, his magnetic hands, like magic, dispel pain and disease in a wonderful manner; he is also a natural BONE SETTER.

DR. OLMSTEAD has this day associated with Dr. H. A. BENTON, the Medical Electrician and Homœpathist, at his office, 314 Bush street, San Francisco, who, having all the necessary facilities, such as the Patent Electro-Chemical, Sulphur, Vapor, Hot Air, and Medicated Baths, which are valuable aids in removing all curable diseases, whether acute or chronic. The combined skill, together with the aid of an excellent Lady Assistant, gives an assurance of CURE TO MANY, BENEFIT TO ALL, AND INJURY TO NONE.

N. B.—Terms within reach of all. Office hours from 9 A. M. to 8 P. M. Sundays, by appointment.

☞ Lodging Rooms convenient for those from the country.

June 1st, 1867.

Petroleum Stoves.

THE ATTENTION OF HOUSEKEEPERS AND PEOPLE rooming is called to the use of

MORRILL'S

PETROLEUM STOVES,

Which can be used in any room with or without chimneys, as

IT EMITS NO SMOKE, SOOT OR ASHES.

It is a superior Cook. In fact, it does all kinds of Stove work as well as any (and better than most) stoves. It is perfectly safe. The State Assayor having thoroughly tested these Stoves, pronounced them non explosive. For sale at No. 13 Kearny street.
M. B. BULLARD, Proprietor.

M. B. B. is also agent for MORRILL'S

UNIVERSAL OIL STOVE,

Which burns COAL OIL, BENZINE, or NAPTHA, with blue flame, non-luminous, intense heat. There are seven sizes. No. 1 is adapted to boiling water, heating glue, and Dentist's work, etc. No. 2, with Urn for hotels, saloons, boarding houses, barbers, etc. No. 3 to 5 for all kinds of cooking, which they do in a superior manner. They are as easily managed as a lamp, perfectly safe and economical. They can be seen and are for sale at 13 Kearny street

LAMPS.

I have PATENT BURNERS that can be used with any lamp to burn Coal Oil, or the lighter products of Petroleum, with PERFECT SAFETY, and GREAT ECONOMY. I have also a HAND LAMP (to carry about the house) that will burn a flame equal to a candle, with no more smoke or odor, at an expense of ONE CENT for EIGHT HOURS.

N. B.—I am also agent for Huck's celebrated Self-Generating Gas Lamps. M. B. BULLARD.

Adams, Dentist, 423 Montgomery

"IF I WERE A PAINTER."

I could paint the mill-stream, cut in two
By the beat o' the summer skies,
And the sand-bar, with its long brown black,
And round and bubbly eyes,
And the bridge, that hung so high o'er the tide,
Creaking and swinging from side to side.

The miller's pretty little wife,
In the cottage that she loves,—
Her hand so white, and her step so light,
And her eyes as brown as th' doves',
Her tiny waist, and belt of blue,
And her hair that almost dazzles you.

I could paint the White Hawk tavern, flanked
With broken and wind-warped sheds,
And the rock where the black clouds used to sit,
And trim their watery heads
With little springles of shining light,
Night and morning, morning and night.

The road, where, slow and wearily,
The dusty teamster came,—
The sign on its post and round-faced host,
And the high arched door aflame
With trumpet-flowers,—the well-weep, high,
And the flowing water-trough, close by.

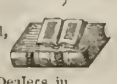
ALICE CARY.

A man was chopping wood before his door with his children playing about him. A stranger came along and bid him good morning. The man replied somewhat gruffly. "Fine children you have, sir." "Yes." "All grown?" "Of course." "This is a nice little girl." "That's Elizer." "That's a what sir?" "That's Elizer." The stranger couldn't stand that, and immediately piched into *pater familias*, while the children ran screaming into the house. The noise brought out the old woman, who succeeded in explaining matters after the belligerents had become pretty well tuckered out.

A singular duel has just taken place at Berlin between a journeyman silversmith and another artisan. The arms selected were a bottle of sulphuric acid. The arrangements was that whichever of the adversaries threw the lowest with dice, should swallow the contents of the fatal phial. Chance favored the silversmith, who immediately poured out a glass of the liquor and handed it to his adversary, who unhesitatingly drank of the liquid, but, to the astonishment of this antagonist, instead of falling senseless, smacked his lips and asked for another glass. The seconds had acted on the sensible idea of substituting arrack for the corrosive fluid. It is hardly necessary to say that the affair terminated in a reconciliation.

Thomas Paine was probably the first man who suggested the practicability of constructing bridges of iron, and he conceived the idea from contemplating the fabrication of a spider's web when he was in the United States. In 1787 Paine presented to the Academy of Sciences, at Paris, the model of a bridge which he had invented, and when he resided at Rotherdam, in Yorkshire, a bridge, chiefly of wrought iron, was constructed under his direction by the Messrs. Walker.

Tyler Brothers,

691 Market st., cor. Third,
SAN FRANCISCO,


Importers, Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
SCHOOL BOOKS,
STATIONERY,
PHOTOGRAPH ALBUMS,
BLANK BOOKS,
PORTFOLIOS,
JUVENILE BOOKS,
CHILDREN'S PICTURE BOOKS,
FANCY ARTICLES, Etc.

ESPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO
LADIES' STATIONERY,
Which we Stamp with Initials
WITHOUT EXTRA CHARGE.
WEDDING AND VISITING CARDS
Engraved, Written or Printed.

WM. O. BREYFOGLE.

(Successor to WARE & MOSHER,)
NO. 26 CALIFORNIA STREET,
Manufacturer and Dealer in
SASH, DOORS, BLINDS & SHUTTERS,
From Kiln-Dried Lumber—at the Lowest Rates.
Orders from the country will receive prompt attention

NOTICE.

J. Branger Will Open To-Day
THE LOUISIANA ROTISSERIE,
DUPONT STREET, CORNER WASHINGTON.

I BEG TO INFORM MY FRIENDS AND the public that TO-DAY, (SATURDAY), June 1st, I will re-opeo the above Restaurant. Everything will he doue to satisfy those who favor me with their patronage. Large saloons for parties. House will he open all night. All orders for the city will he promptly attended to, and with the utmost care.

Ladies' entrance on Washington street, one door above Dupont J. BRANGER.

Personal Tax Assessment

ROLL OF SAN FRANCISCO—1867-'68.

PUBLIC NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN IN ACCORdance with Section 1 of an Act entitled "An Act to provide for the Collection of Taxes on Personal Property in the City and County of San Francisco," approved May 9, 1862, that the Personal Property Assessment List has been completed and delivered over to me as Clerk of the Board of Supervisors, and that the said Board will meet as a Board of Equalization on th s the THIRD DAY OF JUNE, at 7 o'clock P. M., and continus in session from time to time until the 17th day of June, 1867, for the purpose of determining complaints in regard to errors of Assessment of Personal Property, and correctiug errors therein. The Assessment List will be open for examination from this date, from 9 o'clock A. M. until 4 o'clock P. M., daily (Sundays excepted), during the sitting of the Board of Equalization. All applications for reduction of assessments are required to be made in wiritng and verified by oath. JAS. W. BINGHAM,
Clerk of the Board of Supervisors.
San Francisco, June 3, 1867

Petroleum Stoves.

THE ATTENTION OF HOUSEKEEPERS AND PEOPLE rooming is called to the use of
MORRILL'S
PETROLEUM STOVES,
Which can be used in any room with or without chimneys, as
IT EMITS NO SMOKE, SOOT OR ASHES.

It is a superior Cook. In fact, it does all kinds of Stove work as well as any (and better than most) stoves. It is perfectly safe. The State Assayor having thoroughly tested these Stoves, pronouuced them non-explosive. For sale at No. 13 Kearuy street.
M. B. BULLARD, Proprietor.

M. B. B. is also agent for MORRILL'S
UNIVERSAL OIL STOVE,

Which burns COAL OIL, BENZINE, or NAPTHA, with blue flame, non luminous, intense heat. There are seveu sizes. No. 1 is adapted to hoiling water, heatiug glue, and Dentist's work, etc. No. 2, with Urn for hotels, saloons, boarding houses, harbers, etc. No. 3 to 8 for all kinds of cooking, which they do in a superior manner. They are as easily managed as a lamp, perfectly safe and economical. They can be seen and are for sale at 13 Kearuy street

LAMPS.

I have PATENT BURNERS that can he used with any lamp to burn Coal Oil, or the lighter products of Petroleum, with PERFECT SAFETY, and GREAT ECONOMY. I have also a HAND LAMP (to carry about the house) that will burn a flame equal to a candle, with no more smoke or odor, at an expense of ONE CENT for EIGHT HOURS.

N. B.—I am also agent for Huck's celebrated Self-Generating Gas Lamps. M. B. BULLARD.

Important Notice.

ANOTHER DOCTOR IN THE CITY.

DR. H. A. BENTON has been performing many wonderful cures in this city the past two years, and as his practice is fast increasing at the office, finds it difficult to attend outside calls, concluded to invite R. H. OLMSTEAD, M. D., of Napa City, to join him. Dr. Olmstead has been 18 years successfully treating obstinate cases, with water, electricity, and the magnetic forces, (and when needed, Eclectic Remedies, of which he is a graduate of that school); also, being the seventh son of a celebrated Physician, and having a powerful organization, his magnetic hands, like magic, dispel pain and disease in a wonderful manner; he is also a natural BONE SETTER.

DR. OLMSTEAD has this day associated with Dr. H. A. BENTON, the Medical Electriciau and Homœpathist, at his office, 314 Bush street, San Fraucisco, who, having all the necessary facilities, such as the Patent Electro-Chemical, Sulphur, Vapor, Hot Air, and Medicated Baths, which are valuable aids in removing all curable diseases, whether acute or chronic. The combined skill, together with the aid of an excellent Lady Assistant, gives an assurance of CURE TO MANY, BENEFIT TO ALL, AND INJURY TO NONE.

N. B.—Terms within reach of all. Office hours from 9 A. M. to 8 P. M. Sundays, by appointment.

☞ Lodgiug Rooms convenient for those from the couutry.

June 1st, 1867.

Newly Opened.

McKee's
NEW GROCERY
AND
FAMILY FURNISHING
Store,

No. 31 KEARNY STREET,
Third Door South of Post Street,

NOW RECEIVING ORDERS FOR GROCERIES, PROvisions. Table Luxuries, and all Housekeeping articles of the best quality at low prices,

MOYNIHAN & AITKIN,
Portland Boiler Works,

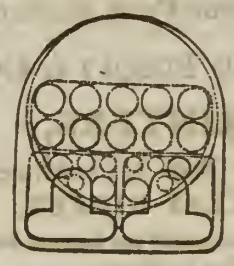
311 AND 313 MISSION STREET,
Between Beale and Fremont streets, San Francisco.

Manufacturers of Steam Boilers, high or low pressure—Cylinder, Tubular or Flue; Sheet Iron Work; Steam and Water Pipe of the best quality, and at more reasonable prices than any other establishment on the Pacific Coast.

Being Practical Boiler Makers, of long experience, confining our whole time and attention to our branch of business, and having enlarged our works, and also added the most improved tools in the country, we are enabled to turn out Boilers more expeditiously than any other establishment on the Pacific Coast—using none but the best quality and brands of Boiler and Sheet Iron and Boiler Tubes. Those in want of anything in the above line will do well to give us a call. Orders from the country will receive prompt attention.

All work warranted according to order. Particular attention paid to Repairing Steam Boilers.
T. J. MOYNIHAN, JAS. AITKEN, } Proprietors.

NEPTUNE IRON WORKS.



Corner Mission and Fremont streets, San Francisco.

MARINE, LOCOMOTIVE AND ALL KINDS OF
HIGH-PRESSURE STEAM BOILERS
Manufactured.

The proprietor imports his own C. H. and B. Iron across the Isthmus, and Tubes of every size. Other parties can never blockade the market. He has made arrangements with the best houses in the East to furnish him with everything in the shape of Iron he wants.

All Boilers guaranteed and tested by U. S. Boiler Inspector before they are sent out of the shop, at my expense. ☞ All kinds of Sheet Iron and Water Pipe, Coal Oil Stills, Wrought Iron Worms, etc., manufactured to order. OLD BOILERS REPAIRED.
D. CAMERON.

PIONEER IRON SHUTTER WORKS.

Established 1849.

John Upstone,
MANUFACTURER OF FIRE-PROOF
Doors and Shutters,
Bank Vaults, Balconies, Gratings, Prison Cells, Awnings, Stairs, Iron Fence, etc.,
Corner of California and Drumm Streets,
SAN FRANCISCO.

Constantly on hand a large assortment of second hand Fire-Proof Doors and Shutters.

I. H. SMALL,
Machine Shop,

BUILDER OF
Steam Engines, Saw Mills, Mining Machinery,
Also, I. H. Small's Patent Boot Screwing Machine.
Gears of all kinds Cut at Short Notice,
And at Greatly Reduced Prices.
Repairing of all kinds done with Promptness and Dispatch.
Corner of Market and Beale Streets,
SAN FRANCISCO.

J. O. HANSCOM. H. S. SMITH. } HANSCOM & CO { T. PENDERGAST. W. W. HANSCOM.

Etna Iron Works!

S. E. corner Fremont and Tehama Streets, San Francisco,
Practical Machinists and Iron Founders,
MANUFACTURE
STEAM ENGINES,
QUARTZ-MILL MACHINERY OF ALL KINDS, SAW-MILLS, FLOUR-MILLS,
Dunbar's Improved Self-Adjusting
PISTON PACKING,
Now so extensively used in the East and in this State Requires no springs or screws; is always steam-tight; without excessive friction, and never gets slack or leaky

HANSCOM'S CRUSHER,

The best of the kiod now in use in this State or anywhere else. All kinds of GRINDERS and AMALGAMATORS made to order. Manufacturers of the new Prospecting Quartz-Mills, consisting of Boiler, Engine, 2-stamp Battery and Grinding and Amalgamating Pan, complete, for working from one ton per day upwards. Drawings are furnished with each of these mills, so that any competent engineer can set it up in ruuuing order in two days' time.

TYLER'S IMPROVED WATER-WHEEL,

Giving greater power at lower cost than any wheel in use. Send for one of our circulars giving full tables.

All Wheels warranted to give the Power as set forth, or the money will be refunded.

SOLE MAKERS FOR THIS COAST OF THE "PENDER GAST WHITE IRON STAMP SHOES AND DIES"

None genuine unless obtained from us. Every one warranted.

Patented Machinery of all kinds will be furnished by us at market prices. Particular attention given to drawings and specifications of machinery, which will be made to order. The patronage of the public is respectfully solicited.

☞ Particular attention paid to HOUSE WORK and ORNAMENTAL CASTINGS.

THE CALIFORNIAN'S
SAN FRANCISCO BUSINESS DIRECTORY

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS
J. D. Arthur & Co., corner of California and Davis.

ARCHITECTS.
Townsend & Wyncken, 405 California.

AUCTIONEERS.
Cobb & Sinton, 407 California street.

BALL AND RACKET COURT.
Thomas Kelly, 846 Howard street.

BILLIARD SALOONS.
A. B. Brown, 328 Montgomery street.

BOWLING ALLEYS.
Wholers & Steil, Pine and Montgomery, (Russ House.

BOOKS.
E. F. Arnold, 538 Market street near Montgomery.
A Roman & Co., 417 and 419 Montgomery street.

BOOTS AND SHOES.
Wentworth, Hohart & Co. (wholesale manufac.) 210 Pine

CARPETS.
P. F. Loughran & Co., 407 Sansome street.

CLOTHING.
H M. Lockwood & Co., 624 Clay street.
J. R. Mead & Co., corner Montgomery and Bush streets
William Sherman, 412 Sansome, corner Commercial.
Quincy Hall, 545, 547, and 549 Washington street.

COAL OIL, LAMPS, ETC.
Dell, Cranna & Co. (wholesale) 513 Front street.
A. C. Dietz & Co., (wholesale,) 521 Front street.

DENTISTS.
Dr. Blake, removed to 645 Clay street.
Dr. Wm. B McAllister, removed 18 Third street.
N. T. Whitcomb, 205 Third, near Howard.

DANCING ACADEMY.
Coghill's, Congress Hall, Bush, above Montgomery.
Fuller & McCarthy, 727 Market, near Third.

DRY GOODS.
Meagher, Taaffe & Co.. 9 Montgomery street.
Mosgrove & Blakely, 222 Third, near Howard.
Buyer & Reich, S W corner Jackson and Stockton.

DRUGGISTS.
Waters & Dillon, (Billiard Saloon,) 314 Montgomery st
G. G. Burnett, (Apothecary,) 330 Montgomery.
Shepardson & Gates, (successors to R. Hall & Co.,) corner Sansome and Commercial.

EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTIONS.
Pacific Business College, 751 Market street, above Third
Prof. Williams' Commercial Academy, 869 Mission st.

FURNITURE.
Goodwin & Co., 510 and 528 Washington streets.
N. P. Cole & Co., 21 Sutter and 524 Market streets.

GROCERS.
Slosson & Ladd, southwest corner Folsom and First.
Haskell & Co., Market and Sutter sts, below the Market
W. M. Noble & Co., cor Howard and Twelfth streets

HATTER.
Lamott (wholesale and retail) 227 Montgomery street

HAY AND GRAIN.
J. B. Holmes & Co., 110 Market street.

HOTELS.
Brooklyn, John Kelly, Jr., Sansome, corner Pine.
Chicago, E. W Heimburg & Co., 220 Pacific street.
John Steinmann, 323 Pine.

INSURANCE.
Accidental and Casualty, R. L. & F. Ogden, Montgomery street, corner California.
Brooklyn Life, S T King, Agent, S E cor Montg'y & Pine
Equitable Life, R. L. & F. Ogden, Montgomery, corner California.
Manhattan, R. B. Swain & Co., Agents, 206 Front, cor Cal
Firemens Fund Ins. Co., S.E. cor. Montg'y and Pine
Occidental Ins. Co., S.W. cor. Montgom'y and California
Pacific Ins. Co., 436 California street.

LADIES' BIJOUTERIE, CLOAKS, ETC.
Roseublatt's, 123 and 125 Montgomery street.

LIVERY AND SALE STABLE.
Philip Morshead, removed to Howard, near Fifth.
White & Young, 211 Pine street.

LUMBER.
Armstrong, Sheldon & Co., corner Mission and Spear streets.

MILITARY GOODS AND REGALIA.
T. Rodgers Johnson, Odd Fellow's Hall, 325 Montg'ry st.

NOTARY PUBLIC,
H. S. Tibbey, 604, Montgomery street.

PHOTOGRAPHIC GALLERIES.
New York, B. F. Howland proprietor, 25 Third street, below Market.

PIANOS, MUSIC, ETC.
M. Gray, 613 Clay street.
W. S. Pierce, removed to 524 Market, opposite Second
C. Weiderhold & Co., 685 Market near Third.

PHOTOGRAPHS, CUTLERY, SPECTACLES, ETC.
Lawreuce & Houseworth, 317 and 319 Montgomery st

REAL ESTATE AGENTS.
Daly & Hawkins, 220 Montgomery street.
Dam & Sutherland, 320 Montgomery.
Geo. W. Chapin, 338 Montgomery.
John Ptorr, 328 Montgomery.

RESTAURANTS.
Bivalve, Nolting & Spreeu, 640 Market, near Kearny.
Ladies' Refreshment Saloon, Swain & Brown, 636 Market
Magnolia, 143 Third street.
Market, by Felix and Gustave Besson, 520 Merchant.
Helvetia, Johnjury & Bros., 524 Merchant street
Sauvinet's, 506 Montgomery street.

SALOONS.
Russell & Holding's Exchange, 622 Market street.
Charter Oak, Frank Kelly, N E. cor Third and Howard
Razzetti & Co.'s, 527 Washington, above the Market.
Jones' Sample Rooms, S E. cor. Montgomery and Cal.
V. Squarza, 44 Leidesdorff street.
Coates & Henderson, 37 Sutter street.

SCALES.
Fairbanks & Hutchinson, Depot for Fairbanks' Scales 120 California street.

SEWING MACHINES.
Grover & Baker, R. G Brown, 116 Montgomery.
The Florence, office 111 Montgomery street,
Wheeler & Wilson, corner Montgomery and Sacramento.

STOVES AND TIN WARE.
A. Swigert, corner Fifth and Folsom.

TOYS, ETC.
Feldhush & Co., 207 Montgomery street
A. Kohler, 620 Washington street.

WATER-CURE INSTITUTE.
Dr Bourne's Pioneer, 10 Post, near Montgomery,

WOOD AND COAL YARD.
Flynn & O'Grady, 860 Howard street

MARGUERITE.

Pale golden hair,
Waving as the billowy sea,
Wreathing, like the ivy free,
Her brow so fair.

Deep, thoughtful eyes,
Seeming, through their lashes bright,
Jewels set in golden light,
Dropped from the skies.

A voice so clear—
Like the tinkling of vesper bells
Coming soft through mossy dells,
Gladdening the ear.

A smile most sweet—
Beaming like the sun's bright ray
Stealing through some cloister gray,
Has Marguerite.

THE RECENT EARTHQUAKE IN SMYRNA AND MYTILENE.—A letter from Mytileue, the ancient island of Lesbos says:—"On Wednesday, the 6th, the weather was dull and the heat disagreeable, as it is nearly always when the wind blows from the south, but no presentiments were felt of the sad events which were to follow. Although the heat was of a sufficiently pronounced volcanic character, it was attributed to the return of the spring. In the memory of man no earthquake had been felt on the island. At 6 o'clock on the morning of the 8th, a severe shock, lasting between fifteen and eighteen moments, rocked the town, and after a short interval, another followed, much longer and more violent. At this moment I arrived at the office of the Austrian Lloyd's, and a minute or two after the shock, I saw the sea inside the harbor heave and foam as if a submarine explosion was about to take place. My astonishment did not however, last very long, for in less time than it takes me to tell the fact, I saw all the surrounding buildings moving as if they were drunken men, and the solid blocks of masonry, of which the piers are constructed, tumbling like card-houses The office of the Austrian Lloyd's, and nearly all the buildings which belong to the Custom House, the lighthouse, and the large oil-mill also giving way. In all the streets houses fell, burying their inhabitants beneath their ruins. The ancient and beautiful castle, the cathedral, the goveuor's palace, the prisous, the mosques, and, I believe, all the consular residences, are more or less injured, and for the most part are no better than a mass of ruius. The very solidiiy and strength with which the houses iu the town were constructed rendered more serious the effects of this great calamity, and have multiplied a hundred-fold the number of persons who had perished or have lost their property. That part of the town which was lowest has suffered most. The earth literally opened and engulfed a number of buildings forming a street which led from the seashore to the iuterior of the town; and that which was still on Wednesday afternoon the most frequented part of Mytilene is now actually invaded by the sea, and covered by heaps of mud. In one word, more than one-half of our beautiful town; the most delightful and gayest in the whole Levant is nothing more than a desert heaped with ruins. What is still sadder to record is the number of deaths. It is calculated that from 800 to 1,000 persons have been killed, and a still more considerable number wounded and disabled Up to this day 120 bodies have been recovered from ruins to which access is safe; but how many others are buried in the mass of debris which it would be dangerous to attempt to remove! The houses which are still standing are nearly all deserted, and the surviving population scattered through the hills and gardens in the vicinity of the town. The town of Mytilene is not the only sufferer by this calamity, it has made ruins and victims in the northern part of the island. It is douthful whether a single village has been saved. Not only has property suffered, but almost everywhere there are numbers of dead and dying."

NATURE UNVEILED,
AT THE
PACIFIC MUSEUM OF ANATOMY AND SCIENCE
Eureka Theatre, Montgomery street,
Between lifornia and Pine

M. KELLER,
PROPRIETOR OF THE
RISING SUN AND LOS ANGELES VINEYARDS.
DEPOT FOR THE SALE OF HIS
NATIVE WINES AND BRANDIES,
Wine and Brandy Bitters,
BASEMENT OF MERCHANTS' EXCHANGE,
Corner of Battery and Washington Streets,
SAN FRANCISCO.

G. GROEZINGER,
DEALER IN
Native California
RED AND WHITE WINES,
Brandies, Port, Sherry, Angelica, Etc.,
N. W. CORNER OF BATTERY AND PINE STREETS,
SAN FRANCISCO.

WINE SALOON.
UNION SALOON.—C. H. Cordes is the proprietor of the Union Saloon, Market street, a few doors south of Fremont, where is to be found the choicest wines and liquors. Mr. Cordes prides himself on his Kentucky Whisky, which is very old and oily. The "Davis" brand whisky drinkers should by all means call and test this whisky. Hot lunch is set on the table from 10 till 2.

California Wines.
Vintage 1862.
THE UNDERSIGNED OFERS FOR SALE SOME very choice Wines, of the above named vintage. That connoisseurs, all interested in the development of this magnificent resource of our State, and the public generally, may be convinced that California is able to produce as good Wine (when properly treated and of sufficient age) as other parts of the Wine producing regions of the globe, attention is respectfully called to these Wines, by A. S. LOWNDES, Wine Merchant,
311 Battery Street, S. F.

"OUR OPERA."
CAPT. JOHN H. MAY,
615 WASHINGTON STREET, 615,
SAN FRANCISCO,
Opposite Maguire's Opera House.

JOHN TAYLOR,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN
WINES AND LIQUORS.
NO. 16 THIRD STREET,
Between Market and Stevenson Streets., San Francisco.

THE BEST FAMILY WINES
IN THE CITY
—Are to be found at—
HOADLEY & CO.'S,
533 Merchant street, under
Pacific Fruit Market.

☞ Call and try our Sonoma Champagne, Vega del Rio, Sonoma Port, Red and White Wines, Wine and Brandy Bitters, and all the varieties usually fuund in a California Wine Cellar.

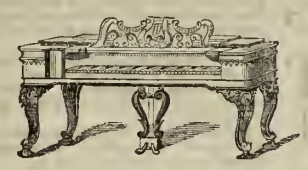
DUNBAR'S EXCHANGE,
No. 223 Bush Street,
Bet. the Occidental and Cosmopolitan Hotels.
☞ HARRY RIKER would be pleased to see his old friends at any hour of the day.
Hot Lunch every day from 11 A. M. till 2 P. M.
J. W. DUNBAR, Proprietor.

FAUST CELLAR,
Beer and Wine Saloon,
Southeast corner of Clay and Montgomery streets,
San Francisco.
A. L. THIELE, - - - - - - - Proprietor
ALWAYS ON HAND, Wholesale and Retail, Westphalia Hams, Russian CAVIAR, Sardines, Anchovies, Swiss and Limburg Cheese, and other European Delicacies. ☞ The finest brands of Liquors, Wines and Cigars; Seltzer Water.
FISHING AND HUNTING PARTIES filled out at the shortest notice.

MARTIN GROSTETTA,
LATE OF VIRGINIA CITY,
Would respectfully inform his friends and the public that he has purchased the WELL-KNOWN SALOON previously occupied by THOS. DOYLE, 535 SACRAMENTO ST., above the What Cheer House. The best kind of Wines, Liquors and Cigars always on hand. Passengers' Stores carefully put up to order.

WONDERS OF WONDERS!
TO BE SEEN ONLY AT THE
Pacific Museum of Anatomy and Science,
Eureka Theatre, Montgomery street,
between Cali'rnia a.d Pine.

J. CUTBERLET,
CUSTOM
BOOT AND SHOE STORE,
—ALSO—
FRENCH SCREWED BOOTS AND SHOES,
No. 546 Washington Street, near Montgomery Street.
The Finest quality of CUSTOM WORK neatly executed. Always on hand other fine work ready made.

THE CELEBRATED PIANOS

—OF—
J. B. DUNHAM, F. C. LIGHTE & CO.,
AND ERNEST GABLER,
Are warrantod for FIVE YEARS, and indorsed by the LEADING PIANISTS of AMERICA as SUPERIOR INSTRUMENTS.
SOLE AGENTS— C WIEDERHOLD & CO.,
685 Market street, near Third.

GREAT TRIUMPH!

STEINWAY & SONS
Were awarded the FIRST PRIZE MEDAL at the late great INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION AT LONDON, over the wo hundred and sixty-nine Pianos entered for competition from all parts of the world.
The Special Correspondent of the New York *Times* says: "Messrs. Steinway & Sons' indorsement hy the Jurors is emphatic, and stronger and more to the point than that of any European maker."
A constant supply of the above superior instruments can be found at the Agent's,
M. GRAY, 613 Clay street.
PIANO TUNING done hy a first-class Workman, from Steinway & Son's Factory, New York.

CALIFORNIA BRASS FOUNDRY,
No. 125 First street, opposite Mnna,
SAN FRANCISCO

All kinds of Brass, Composition, Zinc, and Babbitt Meta Castings, furnished at the shortest notice. Brass Ship-Work of all kinds, Spikes, Sheathing Nails, Rudder Braces, Hinges, etc., constantly on hand and made to order. Also, manufacture Ship and Steamboat Bells and Gongs of superior tone.
All kinds of Steam, Liquor, Water, Oil, and Flange Cocks and Valves made and repaired.
Hydraulic Pipes and Nozzles, and Hose Couplings and Connections of all sizes and patterns, furnished with dispatch. *PRICES MODERATE.*
V. KINGWELL. JOS. H. WEED, SAM'L WHITE.

BROOKLYN HOTEL,
1852. SAN FRANCISCO. 1866.
The Proprietor of the above-named Hotel wishes to inform his patrons and the Travelling Public that he has opened that elegant Brick Fireproof Hotel, on the
S. E. Corner of Pine and Sansome streets,
With all the modern conveuiences attached to it.
Gas and water are supplied throughout the House. The Rooms are well ventilated, and the Public will find in this Hotel all the comforts of a home. The Hotel is spacious, and well adapted for the use of Families. Suits uf Rooms can he had on reasouable terms.
A Large Reading Room is attached to the Hotel,
Jontaining 500 Volumes of Standard Works,
Which is entirely for the uso of patrons.
THE CITY COACH, with the name of the Hotel on it, will be in readiness at the Wharf, on the arrival of each steamer, to convey passengers and baggage to the Hotel, free of charge. JOHN KELLY, Jr., Proprietor.

THE CALIFORNIA
Building and Savings Bank,
CALIFORNIA ST., ONE DOOR FROM SANSOME.
Capital and Deposits, - - - - - $600,000
WHICH IS LOANED ON PROPERTY.
LOANS MADE on CITY REAL ESTATE,
HOUSES, SHIPS, FACTORIES
AND MERCHANDISE.
Deposits received at one per cent. per month.
Money transmitted from the interior, by Express or Mail, passed to interest from the day of arrival, and a Certificate returned in course of post.
Strangers may deposit Bonds, Gold Dust, Coin, or Valuable Papers in the Vault, for long or short periods, at a small rent, for which valuables the Company will be accountable. THOMAS MOONEY, President.

JOHN HAGAN,
Marble - Worker,
MARKET ST, OPPOSITE LINCOLN SCHOOL HOUSE, between Fifth and Sixth.

Marble Mantels, Grates, Monuments, Head-stones, Cemetery Copings, and all kinds of Marble Work executed on most reasonable terms. Particular attention paid to the placing of Tombstones at Lone Mountain or Calvary Cemeteries. N. B.—Country orders promptly attended to.

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SAN FRANCISCO.
BRIGNARDELLO, MACCHIAVELLO & Co.

J. R. MEAD & CO.,
Importers, Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
FINE CLOTHING,
AND
Gents' Furnishing Goods,
TRUNKS, VALISES, CARPET BAGS, ETC.,
200 & 202 MONTGOMERY STREET,
Corner of Bush,
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Asphaltum Roofing.
PAVEMENTS, ROOFING,
CELLAR FLOORS, WATER HOUSES,
And all kinds of
Asphaltum Work,
Done at shortest notice, and at moderate prices, by
M. BONNET,
Office—Express Building (up stairs),
N. E. cor. Montgomery and California sts., San Francisco

AT THE REGULAR
WHOLESALE PRICES.
C. E. COLLINS & CO.,
603 MONTGOMERY STREET,
SAN FRANCISCO.
Nos. 42 and 44 Nassau Street,
NEW YORK.
Dealers in American, Swiss and English
WATCHES,
JEWELRY AND ATERIALS
RETAILING AMERICAN WATCHES
☞ We have made arrangements to buy AMERICAN WATCHES in large quantities from the Factory, and will receive a discount on the regular Wholesale Prices. We will hereafter
Retail the American Watches
AT
The Regular Wholesale Prices.
Our only profit being the small per cent. allowed by buying in large quantities.

HOWE'S NEW STYLE
FAMILY SEWING MACHINES.
GREAT IMPROVEMENT—JUST RECEIVED.
ESPECIALLY ADAPTED FOR FINE WORK. Also, Braiding, Hemming, etc. The advantage these Machines halve is extreme simplicity, very strong and durable, not liable to get out of order—adapted equally well to all grades of work. The Howe should be examined by all contemplating purchasing. H. A. DEMING,
137 Kearny street, S. W. cor. Sutter, San Francisco, Cal

N. P. COLE & CO.,
WHOLESALE
Furniture Warehouse,

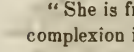
No. 314 Pine street, San Francisco.
LOWEST RATES AND MOST COMPLETE STOCK ON THE COAST.
RETAIL STORE,
Nos. 524 Market, and 21 Sutter streets—next door to the Metropolitan Market.

W. E. GOLDSMITH,
Practical Card and Seal Engraver,
AND PLATE PRINTER,
No. 505 Montgomery street, over Tucker's.

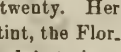
A Remarkable Character in Paris.—The *Patrie* thus speaks of a young woman who is exciting curiosity in Paris:

"She is from five to six and twenty. Her complexion is of a warm golden tint, the Florentine bronze. She is never clad but in a black dress, made high, and ending at the neck in a row of large coral beads of a blood red, and at her wrists with bracelets of the same material and hue. From beneath her cap, a sort of beret or Scotch bonnet—black also, and encircled with a row of coral beads—flow long and thick tresses, so black that they are blue. She is never seen on foot. Her 'Victoria, is drawn by a hair of ponies black as ebony, at a pace which makes the pavement smoke again. The black and red of her costume and equipage, added to her bronzed complexion, invest her with a sinister and somewhat diabolical air. She is known only by the designation of 'La Dame au Corail.' Those who have been curious enough to investigate something of her history and habits of life, report that she is immensely rich, travles with six servants—two Indian woman and four men, one of whom is a negro, the others being of the same bronzed complexion as their mistress, that she spends much of her time playing on a species of *guzla*, or else practising with a saloon pistol at a target, which target repsents a female figure of blonde complexion, about the size of the largest dolls; lastly, she is from Java, and lives exclusively on fruits and preserves. She is said to have blown out the brains of one of her slaves who entered her apartments unsummoned. But the most remarkale circumstance about her is that day and night the shutters are closed, and her apartment illuminated with candelabras. At night she sings plaintive melodies more like wailings than set tunes, and she smokes opium and sleeps on panther skins. She is said to be the widow of a great personage in the island of Sumatra, who had committed suicide after an outburst of jealousy on her part, caused by his suspected attachment to the wife of an English naval officer."

Tyler Brothers,



691 Market st., cor. Third,



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PORTFOLIOS,
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FANCY ARTICLES, Etc.

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Which we Stamp with Initials
WITHOUT EXTRA CHARGE.

WEDDING AND VISITING CARDS

Engraved, Written or Printed.

Editor of the Californian—Sir: Permit me to report to the public, through your columns, the business operations of the BUILDERS' INSURANCE COMPANY, for May:

Number of policies issued	1,070
Average amount insured under each policy	$ 862 69
Avarage rate per cent	2 11
Net amount of premiums received	19,479 82
Losses for the month	4,726 13
Balance in favor of Company	$14,753 69

All of which, I trust, will be deemed satisfactory.

THOMAS MOONEY,
President Builders' Insurance Company.

San Francisco, June 1, 1867.

CENTRAL FAY CLUB.

THE ROOMS OF THE CENTRAL FAY Club, No. 1, 5 and 6, southeast corner of Pine and Montgomery streets. Special meeting every TUESDAY EVENING. Rooms open every evening for general consultation.

HEALY'S CURATIVE OIL,

For the Extermination of Pain, is a Sovereign Remedy for Rheumatism, Headache, Toothache, Sore Throat, Cramps in the Limbs, Diarrhœa, Sprains, Bruises, Burns and Cuts, and for the Bites of Poisonous Insects, Frozen Feet, etc., stands unrivalled.

For Sale by all dealers in medicines. Price One Dolla per bottle.

ESTABLISHED IN 1851.

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THE LARGEST OPTICAL INSTRUMENT Establishment on the Pacific Coast. Import all their own goods direct from European and American manufacturers, and have a larger and more complete assortment than all other dealers combined

SPECTACLES and EYE-GLASSES warranted to suit the sight in every particular.

Double-sighted Spectacles, Tinted Spectacles and Brazilian Pebble Spectacles of the most approved form.

Those who have been disappointed at other establishments will certainly be pleased with the Spectacles they purchase from us.

N. B.—Inferior Glasses are not sold by us to the unwary for Brazilian Pebbles.

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Complete Catalogues of Optical Instruments furnished free.

Beauty!

Auburn, Golden, Flaxen and Silken Curls,

PRODUCED BY THE USE OF PROF. DE BREUX FRISER LE CHEVEUX.

One application warranted to curl the most straight and stubborn hair of either sex into wavy ringlets, or heavy massive curls. Has been used by the fashionables of Paris and London, with the most gratifying results. Does no injury to the hair. Price by mail, sealed and post paid, $1. Descriptive circulars mailed free. Address

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415 and 417 JACKSON ST., SAN FRANCISCO,

Manufacturers and Dealers in

PLAIN, SWEET, CINNAMON AND VANILLA CHOCOLATES;
PREPARED COCOA, COCOA PASTE,
CRACKED COCOA, COCOA SHELLS, etc., etc.
PURE GROUND OLD JAVA COFFEE AND COSTA RICA COFFEE;
CHARTRES AND RIO COFFEE:
GREEN COFFEE OF EVERY QUALITY.

CHOICE WINES AND LIQUORS:

N. B.—Ghirardelli's Chocolate is manufactured by steam from Cocoa of the finest quality, imported direct. In excellence and delicacy of flavor, it is superior to any imported Chocolate.

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J. F. SNOW, THE "GLOVE MAN," CLEANS Furs without removing the lining. All kinds of Dresses—including Stage and Party Dresses—WITHOUT RIPPING. Woolen Goods, Shawls, Buck and Kid Gloves, Buck Undervests, Feathers, etc., etc. He dyes Kid Gloves and Feathers.

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UNDERTAKERS,

CITY AND COUNTY SEXTON,

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Sole agents for BARSTOW'S PATENT METALLIC BURIAL CASES and CASKETS.

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Importers and Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

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The Largest Establishment on the Pacific Coast for the supply of materials for

WAGONS, TRUCKS,
CARTS, OMNIBUSSES,
CARRIAGES, COACHES,
EXPRESS WAGONS,
BUGGIES, SULKIES, Etc.

Also, Importers of

GREGG'S TENONING MACHINES,

Hub Boring Machines, Thimble Skeins for Wood Axles, Hub Bands, Axle Clips, Shaft Shackles, Malleable Iron Castings, Concord Axles and Springs.

☞ Orders from the country solicited and promptly attended to. MEEKER, JAMES & CO.

REMOVAL. REMOVAL.

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Manufacturers of every description of

CARRIAGES.

CONCORD WAGONS, Ranch Wagons and Buggies made to order. ☞ All kinds of Jobbing and Carriage Painting done at the shortest notice.

☞ New Manufactory Nos. 631 and 633 Howard street, corner of Hubbard, between Second and Third, San Francisco.

A. FOLSOM,

Carriage Manufacturer,

No. 531 California street,

Between Montgomery and Kearny streets, San Francisco.

EVERY DESCRIPTION OF CARRIAGES, EXPRESS Wagons, Buggies, etc., made to order, of the best materials and workmanship.

Repairing and General Blacksmithing done with promptness, and at prices to suit the times.

SAUL & McARRON,

Manufacturers of

STAGE AND THOROUGHBRACE WAGONS,

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Near Second Street, San Francisco.

Makes to order all kinds of Carriage and Buggy Work, Express and Thoroughbrace Wagons and Stage Work.

A general assortment of new and second hand Wagons on hand. Jobbing done with neatness and dispatch.

Pollard & Carvill,

Dealers in and Manufacturers of

LIGHT CARRIAGES AND BUGGIES,

37 and 39 Webb street,
Between Sacramento and California.

Also, Repairing, Blacksmithing, Painting and Trimming done with neatness and dispatch.

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DR. V. POPPER,

Surgeon Chiropedist

No 20 Montgomery street, between Post and Sutter, San Francisco. Office hours from 9 A. M to 5 P. M.

Offers his services to the public as an Operator on such excrescences as hard and soft corns, enlarged joints, club nails, bunions, nails penetrating the flesh, warts, etc.

Whiskers and Mustaches!

FORCED TO GROW UPON THE SMOOTHEST FACE face in from three to five weeks by using Dr. SEVIGNE'S RESTAURATEUR CAPILLAIRE, the most wonderful discovery in modern science, upon the Beard and Hair in an almost miraculous manner. It has been used by the elite of Paris and London with most flattering success. Names of all purchasers will be registered, and if entire satisfaction is not given in every instance, the money will be cheerfully refunded. Price by mail, sealed and post paid, $1. Descriptive circulars and testimonials mailed free. Address

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AT THE

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Between Ifornia and Pina

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UNION INSURANCE COMPANY
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CASH CAPITAL, - - - - - $750,000

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HAVING CONSOLIDATED WITH THE UNION INSURANCE COMPANY, JANUARY 1, 1866, THIS COMPANY ARE NOW PREPARED TO EFFECT MARINE AS WELL AS FIRE INSURANCE UPON THE MOST FAVORABLE TERMS.

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Insurance Company,

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THIS COMPANY will insure against loss by Fire on any Dwelling House, Buildings, Merchandise or other property, situated in the State of California. The largest sum they will take on any one risk is thirty thousand dollars.

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AT THE LOWEST RATES.

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R. B. SWAIN & CO., Agents,
206 Front street, San Francisco.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

TO

Purify the Blood.

NOT A FEW OF THE WORST DISORDERS THAT afflict mankind arise from the corruption that accumulates in the blood. Of all the discoveries that have been made to purge it out, none have been found which could equal in effect AYER'S COMPOUND EXTRACT OF SARSAPARILLA. It cleanses and renovates the blood, instills the vigor of health into the system and purges out the humors which make disease. It stimulates the healthy functions of the body, and expels the disorders that grow and rankle in the blood. Its extraordinary virtues are not yet widely known, but, when they are, it will no longer be a question what remedy to employ in the great variety of afflicting diseases that require an alterative remedy. Such a remedy, that could be relied on, has long been sought for, and now, for the first time, the public have one on which they can depend. Our space here does not admit certificates to show its effects. But the trial of a single bottle will show to the sick that it has virtues surpassing anything they have ever taken. Sufferers from Scrofula, Scrofulous Swellings and Sores, try it and see the rapidity with which it cures. Skin Diseases, Pimples, Pustules, Blotches, Eruptions, etc., are soon cleaned out of the system.

St. Anthony's Fire, Rose or Erysipelas, Tetter or Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Ringworm, etc., should not be borne while they can be so speedily cured by AYER'S SARSAPARILLA.

Syphilis or Venereal Disease is expelled from the system by the prolonged use of this SARSAPARILLA, and the patient is left as healthy as if he never had the disease.

Female Diseases are caused by Scrofula in the blood, and are generally soon cured by this EXTRACT OF SARSAPARILLA. Price $1 per bottle, or 6 bottles for $5.

For all the purposes of a family physic, take AYER'S CATHARTIC PILLS, which are everywhere known to be the best purgative that is offered to the American People.

Prepared by DR. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass., and sold by all Druggists and dealers in medicine everywhere.

CRANE & BRIGHAM, San Francisco,
Wholesale Agents.

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Bush Street, between Occidental and Cosmopolitan Hotels, San Francisco.

W. G. JONES - PROPRIETOR

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WARM SWIMMING BATHS!

N. E. Corner Powell and Filbert Streets,

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WARM AND COLD BATHS from 6 A. M to 9 P. M. daily, with every appliance usually connected with a well-ordered Gymnasium for the development of Health and Muscle.

The only Complete Swimming Bath on this Coast.

Another advantage connected with this establishment, not usually found in Swimming Baths, is, that the water is Continually Changing, Fresh Water running in and out Constantly.

Single Baths, including Towels and Bathing Dress..25 cts
5 Bath Tickets, " " $1

Call and Try Them. The Kearny Street and Montgomery Street Cars pass the door *every five minutes.*

The Baths are reserved for Ladies every Tuesday, from 6 A. M. to 9 P. M. Ladies to supply their own Bathing Dresses.

I will *guarantee* to impart a thorough *practical knowledge* of *Swimming* in *one month*: Terms for the Course, $10.

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612 CLAY STREET,

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Takes all kinds of Photographs in the very best style of the Art. Would especially invite attention to the superiority of the "Cabinet Photograph," or new size, taken at this establishment.

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Photographs retouched in India Ink or Water Colors, and copied from daguerreotypes or ambrotypes to any size. All work guaranteed and perfect satisfaction given. Call and see specimens before going elsewhere.

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—AND—

DEALER IN

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Gilding and Silver Plating of all kinds of metals; also, Silver or Plated Ware refurnished.

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Main street.....Austin, Nevada

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Teeth filled with fine gold, artificial bone and platina. All plate work made and repaired, of the best material, at the shortest notice and warranted. None cheaper or better on the coast. Call and examine specimens.

North Beach and South Park Cars pass the door.

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DOCTOR DEMAREST'S

Private Medical Office,

617 KEARNY STREET,

Near Commercial, San Francisco.

OFFICE HOURS: From 9 A. M., till 4 P. M.

Newly Opened.

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NEW GROCERY

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FAMILY FURNISHING

Store,

No. 31 KEARNY STREET,

Third Door South of Post Street,

NOW RECEIVING ORDERS FOR GROCERIES, PROvisions. Table Luxuries, and all Housekeeping articles of the best quality at low prices.

TRY IT!

STANDARD SOAP CO.'S

WASHING POWDER.

It saves one-half the time and labor of ordinary Soaps. Does not injure the Clothing. Get a package and give it a trial. Sold by all Grocers.

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Maker of Models for Inventors, Drawing Instruments, Small Machines, Philosophical Instruments, Scales and Weights, all kinds of Brass and Iron Work.

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Steam Navigation Company.

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" JULIA.....CAPT E. CONCKLIN

One of the above steamers leave BROADWAY WHARF, at 4 o'clock P. M., *EVERY DAY*, (Sundays excepted,) for Sacramento and one for Stockton, the Sacramento steamer connecting with light-draft steamers for Marysville, Colusa, Chico and Red Bluff.

Steamships *PACIFIC, ORIZABA, CALIFORNIA, ACTIVE*, and *SENATOR*, leave as advertised, for Portland, Oregon, New Westminster, British Columbia, Victoria, (V. I.,) Santa Barbara, San Pedro, and San Diego.

Office of the Company, northeast corner of Front and Jackson streets.

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Fashionable Milliner.

NO. 23 POST STREET,

Between Kearny and Montgomery,

SAN FRANCISCO.

All kinds of Lace Work, Head Dresses, Breakfast Caps, &c., made to order.

Particular attention paid to mending and doing up Laces.

☞Goods received by every steamer, from New York and Paris.

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Billiard

TABLE

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P. LISENFELD,

Has removed from 612 Battery street to 537 Sacramento street, a few doors below Montgomery,

Has constantly on hand a large assortment of the best BILLIARD TABLES, with all the modern improvements. Also BILLIARD TRIMMINGS of every description.

All goods sold are warranted.

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Architects,

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REFERS TO Messrs. Elam & Howes, Clay street, below Battery; Messrs. Hatch & Co., (R. W. Brangon & T. H. Hatch,) Washington street below Battery; A. J. Coghill, Esq., Front street, corner of Clay; Wm. J. Adams, Esq., (Adams, Blinn & Co.,) Piers 17 and 19, Stewart street; Joseph Rich, Esq., Bush street below Turnverein Hall; Hon. M. S. Latham, London and San Francisco Bank; Wm. B. Johnston, Esq., Insurance Building, 412 and 414 Montgomery street; James Brooks, Esq., Editor "Golden Era."

CANTY & WAGNER,

(SUCCESSORS TO J. REGAN,)

113 *Montgomery street, bet. Bush and Sutter*

N. B.—All candies sold by us are warranted to be manufactured from Stewart's double refined Sugar, and to be equal to any manufactured in the State. Country merchants solicited to examine our stock and prices. Goods delivered to any part of the city free of charge.

AMERICAN HOTEL,

Main street. . . Petaluma.

EMERSON & LAMBERTON, Proprietors.

PRO BONO PUBLICO.

LACOUR'S

SARSAPARIPHERE

BITTERS

POSSESS INVALUABLE PROPERTIES.

They give Health to the Sick,

Strength to the Weak,

Joy to the Afflicted,

☞SOLD EVERYWHERE.☜

There cometh glad tidings of joy to all,
To young and old, to great and to small;
The beauty which was once so precious and rare,
Is free for all, and all may be fair.

By the use of

CHASTELLAR'S

WHITE LIQUID ENAMEL,

FOR IMPROVING AND BEAUTIFYING THE COMplexion.

The most valuable and perfect preparation in use, for giving the skin a beautiful pearl-like tint, that is only found in youth. It quickly removes Tan, Freckles, Pimples, Blotches, Moth Patches, Sallowness, Eruptions, and all impurities of the skin, kindly healing the same, leaving the skin white and clear as alabaster. Its use cannot be detected by the closest scrutiny, and being a vegetable preparation is perfectly harmless. It is the only article of the kind used by the French, and is considered by the Parisian as indispensable to a perfect toilet. Upwards of 30,000 bottles were sold during the past year, a sufficient guarantee of its efficacy. Price only 75 cents. Sent by mail, post-paid, on receipt of order, by

BERGER, SHUTTS & CO., Chemists,
285 River street, Troy, N. Y.

Excelsior! Excelsior!!

CHASTELLAR'S

HAIR EXERMINATOR, FOR REMOVING SUPERFLUOUS HAIR.

TO THE LADIES ESPECIALLY, THIS INVALUABLE depilatory recommends itself as being an almost indispensable article to female beauty, is easily applied, does not burn or injure the skin, but acts directly on the roots. It is warranted to remove superfluous hair from low foreheads, or from any part of the body, completely, totally and radically extirpating the same, leaving the skin soft, smooth and natural. This is the only article used by the French, and is the only real effectual depilatory in existence. Price 75 cents per package, sent post-paid, to any address, on receipt of an order by

BERGER, SHUTTS & CO., Chemists,
285 River street, Troy, N. Y.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE FIFteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

EDWARD J. QUIRK, Plaintiff, vs. JAMES P. HORBACH, et als., Defendants

Action brought in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the said city and county of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to JAMES P. HORBACH, HENRY DELVENDAHL, HENRY BREMMERMAN, ERNST JANSSEN and GUSTAV HELMKE, Defendants:

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff, in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein, within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons—if served within this county; or, if served out of this county, but in this District, within twenty days, otherwise, within forty days—or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said Complaint.

The said action is brought to require you, the said defendants, to set forth the nature of your respective claims to that certain lot or parcel of land situate in said city and county of San Francisco, as particularly described in the complaint herein, being subdivision No. 5 of the 100 vara lot known on the map of the city of San Francisco as No. 276, as designated on a plat of the original subdivision thereof, recorded in the office of the County Recorder of said city and County, in Liber 1 of Certified Grants, at page 156, that all adverse claims of said defendants and each of them may be determined by a decree of this Court; that by said decree it be declared and adjudged that the said defendants, each and all of them, have no estate or interest whatever in or to said parcel of land, and that the title of plaintiff thereto is good and valid; that said defendants, and each of them, be forever debarred from asserting any claim whatever in and to said land adverse to plaintiff, and for such other and further relief as to this Hon. Court shall seem meet and agreeable to equity, with costs of suit against such of the defendants as shall defend this action.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in said complaint.

Given under my hand and seal of the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco, this 25th day of February, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-seven.

WM. LOEWY, Clerk,
[SEAL.] By OCTAVIUS BELL, Deputy Clerk.
Int. Rev. Stamp, canceled, 50 cts.
THOS. B. BISHOP, Plaintiff's Attorney. mh30-13w

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF HENRY SEAMAN, deceased. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administratrix of the above named estate, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit the same with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice, to the undersigned, at the office of D. P. Barstow, Esq., No. 6 Montgomery Block, in the city and county of San Francisco.

JANE SEAMAN,
Administratrix of the Estate of Henry Seaman, deceased.
May 10th, 1867. my11 6w

STOCKDALE HOUSE,

Corner Main and Oak streets, Petaluma

H. STOCKDALE Proprietor

PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.'S

STEAMSHIPS FOR

NEW YORK, JAPAN AND CHINA,

WILL BE DISPATCHED AS FOLLOWS:

Leave Folsom-street Wharf at 11 o'clock A. M. of the following dates, for PANAMA, connecting *via* Panama Railroad, with one of the Company's splendid steamers from ASPINWALL for NEW YORK.

On 10th, 18th, and 30th of each month that has 30 days.
On 10th, 19th, and 30th of each month that has 31 days.

When the 10th, 19th and 30th fall on Sunday, they will leave on Saturday preceding; when the 18th falls on Sunday, they will leave on Monday following.

Steamer leaving San Francisco on the 10th touches at Manzanillo. All touch at Acapulco.

Departure of 19th connects with French Transatlantic company's steamer for St. Nazaire, and English steamer for South America.

Departure of 10th connects with English steamers for Southampton and South America, and P. R. R. Co.'s steamer for Central America.

STEAMERS FOR JUNE.

June 18th—GOLDEN CITY, Capt. J. T. Watkins, connecting with ARIZONA, Capt. Harris.
June 29th—MONTANA, Capt. Jos. Sutton, connecting with OCEAN QUEEN, Capt. Maury.

Passengers will be berthed through. Baggage checked through—100 pounds allowed each adult.

Surgeon on board. Medicine and attendance free.

These steamers will positively leave at 11 o'clock. Passengers are requested to have their baggage on board before 10 o'clock.

Through tickets to Liverpool by the "Cunard," "Inman" and "National" Steamship Lines can be obtained at P. M. S. S. Co.'s office in San Francisco.

For Merchandise Freight apply to Wells, Fargo & Co.

The splendid steamship COLORADO will be dispatched on July 4th, and will be followed by the GREAT REPUBLIC, on August 24th, from wharf, corner of First and Brannon streets, for YOKOHAMA and HONGKONG; connecting at Yokohama with the steamer COSTA RICA, for SHANGHAI.

For Passage and all other information, apply at Pacific Mail Steamship company's office, corner of Sacramento and Leidesdorff streets.

OLIVER ELDRIDGE, Agent.

Great Reduction in Rates.

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THE OPPOSITION STEAMER

MOSES TAYLOR,

Will sail for SAN JUAN DEL SUR, Nicaragua, from MISSION STREET WHARF, at 11 o'clock, A. M., on

TUESDAY, - - - JUNE 25th, 1867,

Connecting at Greytown with the magnificent Steamship NEVADA, 3,000 tons, for NEW YORK.

☞The AMERICA will sail July 15th.

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TO THE SICK!

Cures Without Medicines.

Experience of 25 years [15th (1866) in San Francisco,] enables DR. BOURNE to Guarantee Cures! He performs all he promises—more, if possible. Consultations Free. Call or send for circulars.

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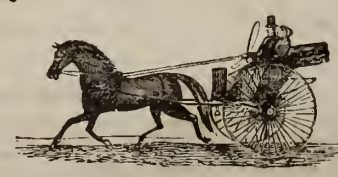

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THE FINEST STABLE KNOWN IN AMERICA.

Horses, Buggies, and all kinds of Carriages to let on reasonable terms. Particular attention paid to boarding horses. Ladies' and Gentlemen's Saddle Horses always on hand.

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Practical Card and Seal Engraver,

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THOMAS MAGUIRE,.....Sole Proprietor
CARS. TIBBETTS,.....Business Manager
C. L. GRAVES,.....Stage Manager
WM. STEVENSON,.....Treasurer

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DRAMATIC AND BALLET COMPANIES.

Last Night of the Celebrated

MARTINETTI TROUPE,

SATURDAY AFTERNOON AND EVENING..JUNE 15th,

Will be presented the Trick Pantomime of

THE NIGHT OWL.

MONDAY EVENING .....JUNE 17TH.,

EDWIN ADAMS,

Will make his FIRST APPEEARANCE IN CALIFORNIA

....IN....

SHAKSPEARE'S 'GREAT TRAGEDY OF

HAMLET!

SUPPORTED BY

A SPLENDID STOCK COMPANY.

PRICES OF ADMISSION:

Dress Circle.....$1 00 | Orchestra.....$1 00
Parquette..... 50 | Upper Circle..... 25

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THOMAS MAGUIRE.....Sole Proprietor
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SATURDAY AFTERNOON AND EVENING..JUNE 16th

Startling Performances

OF THE WONDEFUL

DeLave Family!

The World Renowned

HEROES OF NIAGARA!

Grand Ascension from Stage to Gallery!

MONS. DE LAVE. concluding with the

ROMAN GLADIATORS!

By MONS. DE LAVE, M'LLE LILA and ZOE.

Dance.....Mme. Marzetti
Grand Tambour Ariel.....M'lle Zoe.

A LEAP FOR LIFE

By M'LLE ZOE.

To conclude with the most Daring

FEMALE NIAGARA LEAP!

By M'LLES LILA AND ZOE.

Dress Circle.....$1 00 | Orchestra.....$1 00
Parquette..... 50 | Upper Circle..... 25

THE CENTRAL PARK OF THE PACIFIC.

WOODWARD'S GARDENS,

Art Gallery,

Museum, Gymnasium

.....AND.....

ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

THESE BEAUTIFUL GARDENS ARE VISITED DAILY by hundreds of the pleasure seeking public, and all agree in pronouncing them the best and only first class euhurhan resort on the Pacific coast.

The extensive grounds are covered with the rarest trees and shrubbery, making it a most desirable spot for small parties wishing to enjoy a Pic-Nic.

New attractions are being constantly added.

These Gardens are accessible by the Howard, Market and Folsom street cars. Entrances on Mission and Valencia streets, between Thirteenth and Fourteenth. OPEN EVERY DAY.

Admission 25 cents. Children under 12 years, half price.

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CUBERY & CO., No. 536 Market street, Opposite Second, Sao Francisco, are now prepared to execute all kinds of BOOK and JOB PRINTING. Having superior facilities for printing every description of work, we respectfully solicit the patronage of friends and the public generally.

BRIEFS and TRANSCRIPTS correctly printed according to legal requirements.

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F. W. VAN REYNEGOM.

Italian Restaurant!

GIOVANNI, FORMERLY AT THE Restaurant 512 Clay street, has opened business at 540 COMMERCIAL STREET, near Montgomery, where he would he pleased to see his friends and the public. GIOVANNI COCO.

WANTED AGENTS.—$250 per month THE YEAR ROUNO, OR 900 PER CENT PROFIT ON COMMISSION. We *guaranty* the above salary or commission to active industrious agents at their owu homes, to introduce an article of *indispensable utility* in every household. For full particulars call on, or address
G. W. JACKSON & CO., 11 South St., Maltimore, Md.

DRY GOODS

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Reduced Prices.

MEAGHER, TAAFFE & CO.,

WILL OFFER

On Monday.....10th Instant,

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IN PRICES:

Cotton Sheetings and Shirtings of every description;
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BLACK SILKS,

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9 MONTGOMERY STREET,

LICK HOUSE.

Mechanics' Institute

RESOURCES OF CALIFORNIA.

THE MECHANICS' INSTITUTE OF SAN FRANcisco hereby OFFER A PREMIUM OF ONE THOUSAND ($1,000) DOLLARS FOR THE BEST ESSAY ON THE "RESOURCES OF CALIFORNIA, AND BEST METHOD OF DEVELOPING THE SAME," under the following conditions:—One half of the premium in cash on the certified award of the Committee of Judges, and the balance from the first proceeds of sales of the successful work, which is to belong to, and will be published hy, the Institute.

The Essays are to be handed into the Librarian of the Institute on or before the FIRST DAY OF JUNE, 1868, and the award to be made hy the Judges at the opening of the Industrial Exhibition, which is to he held in August or September following. The Essay should be divided into three heads, viz: Mineral, Agricultural and Industral Resources, with proper subdivisions of each subject. It should he sufficient in quantity to form a duodecimo (12mo) volume of from 250 to 300 pages long primer type solid.

Writers will sign their articles in cypher, and send their names and address in sealed envelopes, which will be kept in a secure place hy the Institute, and only be opened when the award is made. The manuscripts of unsuccessful writers will ho returned to them without publicity.

The Committee of Judges have the right to reject all Essays, in case they do not consider them worthy of publication or the premium. No further instructions than are contained in this advertisement will bo given to the Committee, nor will they be subjected to any advice from the officers or members of the institute in regard to their proposed action. All manuscript submitted must be in clear, legible writing, so as to admit of easy reading.

The following named gentleman, who have been selected for their well-known ability public spirit and integrity of purpose, will compose the Committee of Judges:

Hon. FRED'K. F. LOW, | Maj. Gen. H. W. HALLECK, U. S. A..
Prof. J. D. WHITNEY, |
JAMES OTIS, | Prof. WM. B. EWER,
WM. GOUVERNEUR MORRIS, | B. N. BUGBY.

By order of the Board of Directors.

D. E. HAYES, Secretary.

San Francisco, June 12, 1867.

ANNIVERSARY

—OF OUR—

NATIONAL INDEPENDENCE!

JULY 4th, 1867.

NOTICE OF INVITATION.

The undersigned, having been entrusted with the duties of Grand Marshal of the Celebration of tho coming Anniversary of our National Independence, would hereby extend a CORDIAL INVITATION to all Bodies Institutions, Organizatioos, Trades, Schools, etc., and to all Citizens of the United States, and to all residents within our midst, to unite with the the Citizens of San Francisco, in making the coming demonstration one worthy of our glorious country and an boner to our city.

It is to he hoped there will ho a gorgeous and commendable euthusiasm manifested on this occasion and that all classes of our citizens will use their individual efforts to add to the magnitude of the display.

With a united country standing higher than ever in the estimation of the Nations of the globe, let it he proven that we ourselves appreciate the glorious boon we have inherited, and which has been maintained intact to the present day. All for our country, "undivided and undividable."

SPECIAL INVITATIONS will be issued at the earliest possible moment.

☞ Notice of the Acceptance of this Invitation is requested as soon as convenient on the part of Public Organizations.

Respectfully, etc.,

GEORGE W. SMILEY.
Grand Marshal.

J. B. BADGER, Secretary.

ZEITSKA & SHEPPARD,

Merchant Taylors,

NO. 610 CLAY STREET,

Near Montgomery,

SAN FRANCISCO.

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MONTHLY LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

JUNE, 1867.

Dante's Divine Comedy, translated by Longfellow—vol 1. Inferno.
Beatrice Boville. By "Ouida," Author of Strathmore, etc.
M'Clintock & Strong's Cyclopedia of Biblical Literature—vol. 1. A. B.
Travels in the Slavonic Province of Turkey-in Europe. By G. Muir McKenzie and A. P. Irby.
One Thousand familiar phrases in English and Japanese.
St. Twel'mo—a Travesty on St. Elmo. By C. H. Webb.
Helena's Household—a tale of Rome in the First Century.
The Life of Carl Ritter. By W. L. Gage.
Facts about Peat. By T H. Leavitt.
Man, and the conditions that surround him.
Essays. By Dora Greenwell.
The Birth of Pleasure—the Story of Cupid and Psyche.
The Romance of the Age; or, The Discovery of Gold in California. By Edw. E. Dunbar.
Beet-root Sugar and Cultivation of the Beet. By E. B. Grant.
A Trip to the Azores. By Henriques.
Thackeray's Pendennis; Diamond edition.
The Lake of the Woods. By A. I. O. E.
Who wrote "Rock me to Sleep, Mother?"
The Tourist's Map of Central Europe.
Maga Social Papers. Putnam's Railway Classics.
Shakings. Etchings from the Naval Academy.
History of Congregationalism. By Geo. Punchard—vol 3.
Ellen. A Poem for the Times.
A Sea-side Sensation. By Chas. H. Ross.
How to Preserve Fruit in One Hundred Different Ways.
Odd Fellow's Text-Book and Manual; new edition.
Odd Fellows' Pocket Text-Book; new edition.
The Independent Liquorist. By L. Mouzert.
Surgical observations with Cases. By J. Mason Warren, M. D.
May-Day and other Pieces. By Ralph Waldo Emerson.
A Song of Italy. By Algernon Charles Swinburne.
Influence of climate in North and South America. By J. Disturnell.
The Public Debt of the United States. By J. S. Gibbons.
Oliver Twist. Riverside edition.
Nicholas Nickleby. Globe edition.
Great Expectations. Author's American edition.
American Pomology—Apples. By John A. Warder, M.D.
Over-Sea. By Henry Morford.
The Pioneer Church; by Rev. M. Schuyler, D. D.
The Celebrated Jumping Frog; by Mark Train.
Tegner's Frithiof's Saga Edited by Bayard Taylor.
U. S. Tariff for 1867. Compiled by E. D. Ogden.
Homiletics, and Pastoral Theology; by Wm. G. T. Shedd, D. D.
How to make money and How to keep it; by Thos. A. Davies.
Promethens in Atlantis—a Prophecy of the Extinction of the Christian Civilization.
The Christ of the Apostles' Creed, by Rev. W. A. Scott, D. D.
Adventures of Daniel Ellis, the Union Guide.
Homespun; or, Five and Twenty Years Ago; by Thos. Lackland.
Bourne on Screw Propeller—part 1, new edition. 4to.
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PUBLIC AND PRIVATE LIBRARIES SUPPLIED ON FAVORABLE TERMS.

A. ROMAN & CO.,
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IN THE PROBATE COURT of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the Estate of SARAH P. PETERSON, deceased.

Order to show cause why order of distribution should not he made.

On reading and filing the petition of Frederick W. Peterson the Administrator of the Estate of Sarah P. Petersen deceased, setting forth that he has filed his final account of his administration of the estate of said deceased, in this Court, and that the same has been duly settled and allowed; that all the debts and expenses of administration have been duly paid; and that a portion of said estate remains to be divided amoug the heirs of said deceased, and praying among other things for an order of distribution of the residue of said estate among the persons entitled:

It is Ordered, that all persons interested in the estate of the said Sarah P. Peterson deceased, be and appear before the Probate Court of the city and county of San Francisco, at the Court Room of said Court, in the City Hall in said city and county, on MONDAY, the fifteenth day of July, A. D. 1867, at eleven o'clock, A. M., then and there to show cause why an order of distribution should not he made of the residuo of said estate to the heir of said Sarah P. Peterson deceased, according to law:

It is further Ordered, that a copy of this order he published for four successive weeks, before the said fifteenth day of July A D. 1867, in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published in the said city and county.

M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

Dated June 12th, A. D. 1867.

OFFICE OF THE COUNTY CLERK, OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO } ss.

I, Wm. Loewy, County Clerk of the City nnd County of San Francisco, and ex-officio Clerk of the Probate Court thereof, do hereby certify the foregoing to be a full, true and correct copy of an order duly made and entered upon the minutes of said Court.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court, this 14th day of June, A. D. 1867.

[Seal and Int. Rev. stamp 50 cts., canceled.]

WM LOEWY, Clerk.
By A. J. JEGHERS, Deputy Clerk.

THEODORE H. HITTELL, Att'y for Petitioner. Je15-5t

IN THE PROBATE COURT of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the estate of J. C. BEIDEMAN, deceased.

Pursuant to an order of the Judge of said Court, made this day, notice is hereby given that Tuesday, the 16th day of July, A. D. 1867, at 11 o'clock A. M. of said day, being a day of a regular term of said Court to-wit: of the July Term, A D. 1867, at the Court room of said Court, at the City Hall, in the City and County of San Francisco, has been appointed for hearing the petition, this day filed, of Ann Powers praying for a decree authorizing and directing John W. Brumagim, the Administrator with the will annexed of the estate left unadministered of J. C. Beideman, deceased, to convey to the said petitioner certain real estate situated in said city and county, and particularly described in said petition, upon the payment to said Administrator of the purchase money of said real estate; at which time and place all persons interested in said estate may appear and contest said petition hy filing their objections in writing.

Daten June 11th, A. D. 1867.

WM. LOEWY, Clerk.
By A. J. JEGHERS, Deputy Clerk.

Messrs. Drake & Hent, Attys. for Petitioner.

Jne15-5t

TO THE UNFORTUNATE

NEW REMEDIES! NEW REMEDIES!

Dr. Gibbon's Dispensary.

ESTABLISAED IN 1854,
616 Kearney street, corner of Commercial, San Francisco.

For the treatment of Sexual and Seminal Diseases, such as gonorrhœa, gleet, stricture, syphilis in all its forms, seminal weakness, impotency, &c. Skin Diseases, (of years' standing,) and Ulcerated legs, successfully treated.

HORRIBLE DISEASES.

How many thousands of persons both male and female are there who are suffering out a miserable existence from the effects of secret indulgence, or from virus absorbed into the system. Look at their pallid, emaciated and disfigured faces, and their broken constitutions, disqualifying them for the happiness of marriage or the enjoyment of life. In this horrid situation thousands suffer until death closes the scene. Let parents, guardians and friends, attend to those who are suffering with any of these horrible, life-destroying maladies—see that they are cared for and cured before it be too late. Send them to Dr. Gibbon, a physician who has made private diseases his especial study for years, and who is certain to cure the most inveterate cases without mercury or any injurious drugs. It is important to those who are afflicted, to he careful of the many pretended Doctors who infest all cities, publishing their skill in curing all diseases in a few days, imposing upon the public hy using the names of eminent physicians from Europe and other places. Be therefore careful and make strict inquiry, or you may fall into the hands of these charlatans.

Syphilis is syphilis the world over; so is small pox, consumption, and other diseases, to the contrary of what quacks may say.

SEMINAL WEAKNESS.

Seminal weakness the consequent of self abuse. This solitary vice, or depraved sexual indulgence, is practiced hy the youth of both sexes to an almost unlimited extent, producing with unerring certainty the following train of morbid symptoms, unless combatted by scientific medical measure; sallow countenances, dark spots under the eyes, pain in the head, ringing in the ears, noise like the rustling of leaves and rattling of chariots, uneasines about the loins, weakness of the limbs, confused vision, blunt intellect, loss of confidence, diffidence in approaching strangers, a dislike to form new acquaintances, a disposition to shun society, loss of memory, hectic flushes, pimples and various eruptions about the face, furred tongue, fetid breath, coughs, consumption, night sweats, monomania, and frequent insanity. If relief be not obtained, should apply immediately, either in person or by letter, and have a cure effected by his new and scientific mode of treating this complaint, which never fails of effecting a quick and radical cure. Dr. G. will give $100 to any person who will prove satisfactorily to him that he was cured by either of the San Francisco quacks.

Dr. Gibbon is responsible, and will give each patient a written instrument binding himself to effect a radical and permanent cure or make no charge.

Persons at a distance may be cured at home by addressing a letter to Dr. Gibbon, stating case, symptoms, length of time the disease has continued, and have medicine promptly forwarded, free from damage and curiosity, to any part of the country, with full and plain directions for use, for ten dollars, sent in a registered letter, or through Wells, Fargo & Co.

Address DR. J. F. GIBBON, 616 Kearney street, corner of Commercial, San Francisco, Postoffice Box 252.

CAUTION TO THE UNFORTUNATE.

Beware of the San Francisco quacks and pretenders who with bogus sworn-to certificates, dupe the unwary. Some of the self styled doctors whose names are to be found in all the daily and weekly papers of San Francisco and other places, are tradesmen, and become too lazy to work at their trade. Some are tinsmiths, shoemakers, newspaper carriers, intelligence offices keepers, etc. Look over the San Francisco City Directory and you will find their former occupation in it. Look at the Directory for 1862-63. The only way to avoid imposition is make inquiry—it will cost you nothing and may save you many regrets, for advertising physicians in eight cases out of ten are bogus, there is no safety in trusting any of them till you know who and what they are. Dr. Gibbon does not deceive people by exhibiting bogus titles, certificates, pretended patients' letters, etc. Dr. Gibbon Will satisfy persons who may call at his office of his ability to treat diseases that he proposes to cure.

☞ Persons writing to Dr. Gibbon will Please state the name of the paper they see his advertisement in.

IF there is a Florence Sewing Machine within a thousand miles of San Francisco, that is not giving entire satisfaction, if I am informed of it, it will be attended to without express charge or expense of any kind to the owner. Samuel Hill, Agent, 111 Montgomery St., San Francisco.

Adams, Dentist, 423 Montgomery

The Californian

"SURELY THERE IS A VEIN FOR THE SILVER AND A PLACE FOR GOLD WHERE THEY FINE IT."

VOLUME VII., No. 5. OFFICE, No. 532 MERCHANT STREET.

SAN FRANCISCO, JUNE 22, 1867.

TERMS, $5 A YEAR, BY MAIL, IN ADVANCE. 50 CENTS A MONTH, BY CARRIER

CONTENTS:

ORIGINAL: The Political Situation: The Logic of the Pocket-handkerchief; The Old Comedies; Literary gleanings: The Six Days of Creation; John Stuart Mill's Counsel to the Students of St. Andrews; "Lion's Mouth;" Japanese Babies Wanted; An Apology to Professor Gilliard; The Very Latest from New York; A Valuable California Product; Mrs. Cuppy in Stockton; Dramatic Affairs; New Publications, etc. SELECTED: Historical Stories—Fieschi and the Infernal Machine; The Fenian Rise in Dublin; A Race for Life,

THE LION'S MOUTH.

"The gravest beast is an ass, the gravest bird is an owl, the gravest fish is an oyster, and the gravest man is a fool." SYDNEY SMITH.

"I will roar, that I will do any man's heart good to hear me." A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

"I will aggravate my voice so, that I will roar you as gently as any sucking dove; I will roar you an 't were any nightingale." IBID.

"*Nil falsi audeat, nil veri non audeat dicere.*" CICERO.

The Very Latest News from New York.

For an enterprising go-ahead paper, one that keeps up with the times, give us the *Alta*. There is no Rip Van Winklo on thut paper. Look at that letter from "Arion," at New York, published in Wednesday's issue. The date of the letter is, April 25th, 1866—no 1867. Let us not wrong the *Alta*. "Arion" tells us that: "A fashion has lately come in vogue here, imported from Paris with other fanciful ideas of a similarly elevating nature, called the "tilting hoop," or crinoline, which, as the wearer walks through the streets, has the faculty of bouncing up and down upon wire springs, so as to display the ankle and feet, if not the lower limbs, to advantage."

Dew toll! We want to know. Wonder what sort of things those tilting hoops are, anyhow. May be in the course of a month or two we shall shall see one of them in San Francisco.

The next bit of news "Arion" gives us is, that Bateman refused to pay Augustus Daly for translating Leah. That's too bad. We are glad to learn that a jury gave a verdict in Mr. Daly's favor, for the $150 he claimed.

It appears from "Arion's" lotter, and he seems well posted, that the nitro-glycerine case which "recently produced such a sensation in San Francisco," is before the New York Courts. "Arion" concludes his letter with some interesting news concerning Miss Adah Isaacs Menken. He says she, "with all her beautiful horses, her chamber-maid, and *valets de chambre*, takes an airing this afternoon in the Central Park.

The Menken is to commence her engagement at the Broadway Theatre, in "Mazeppa," on Monday next, hence the airing of the Park to day. She is training, you know, and all that sort of thing is very necessary."

Now if the *Alta* can get as late news as the above, from New York, why can't the other papers do it? That's what we want to know? We don't care for the garbled accounts of Eastern events which come by telegraph, if the *Alta* can continue to furnish us with cleverly written, and interesting details so soon after the occurrences have taken place. Our only fear is that the *Alta* won't be able to keep up its lick. However, we have done our best in the way of giving it credit for its enterprise. It will be observed that not *one* of the other dailies in this city has this week made mention of the events recorded in "Arion's" letter.

Brother Earle and Bricks.

Bro. Earle, judging from recent events, is realizing in a very pleasant manner the truth of the passage "Cast thy bread upon the waters and thou shalt find it in many days"—in many bricks. In Virginia city Bro. Earle got a brick. In Grass Valley he got a brick. Poor local preachers don't get many bricks. Figuratively speaking they receive more kicks than bricks.

Bro. Earle is right. The apostles were commanded to take neither purse nor scrip, but there was no limitation regarding the bricks.

It is the Early bird that gathers the bricks.

The Object of Sidewalks.

Our merchants store their wares on the sidewalks, thereby interfering with the locomotion of those obliged to go on foot. A trip the length of three blocks in the business portion of the city, involves about nine turn-outs, two stumbles, three personal collisions and one or two narrow escapes from being run over. It is pleasant for the opulent merchant to sit comfortably in his door way and see the distress and inconvenience caused by his bales and barrels. It is refreshing to the soul of the Commercial street clothing dealer to see his shop-worn garments flapping in the afternoon breeze, and bewildering the passers-by entangled in empty pantaloon legs and tender coat tails. Have we a burnt-out mammoth stove which we cannot sell, store or give away? Put it on the sidewalk. Are you ripping up your store, or bar-fixtures, counters, shelves, etc? Put them on the sidewalk. There are people foolish enough to imagine that sidewalks were instituted for convenience of passage. All a mistake. They are for storage. Walk in the street. Respect the sanctity of private property.

Japanese Babies Wanted.

Hundreds of married ladies in this city whom Providence has not seen fit to bless with offspring, are gnashing their teeth with rage and envy at the good fortune of a gentleman connected with the Press of this city who has secured a Japanese baby. This happy man was, on Monday, appointed guardian of the little daughter of one of the female performers of the Great Dragon Troupe. We are told that "The little girl is about five years of age, quite as white as the majority of children of pure Caucasian parentage, and very intelligent for her age. The mother appeared in the Probate Court, in full Japanese costume, creating quite a sensation. She appears to be deeply attached to the child but freely gave her consent to the adoption of the little one, desiring to have it brought up in American style and the Christian faith.

Since this fact became generally known the rage for Japanese babies has became immense. Mrs. Snuffton, the much beloved wife of Jeremiah Snuffton, the well-known Front-street merchant, has been told never to speak to her again until he has procured her a Japanese baby. The following dialogue occurred on Mrs. Snuffton's making her demand.

SNUFFTON.—My dear Laura!

MRS. SNUFFTON.—Don't "dear" me, sir. I want a Japanese baby and I'll have one.

SNUFFTON.—But, my love, there was only one to be disposed of—

MRS. SNUFFTON.—Yes. And you've allowed a newspaper man, a fellow who lives by his brains, who hasn't a thousand dollars in the world most likely, you've allowed him to get it. You, Jeremiah Snuffton, the cheese and butter merchant, whose note is good for three hundred thousand dollars! What's the use of your money, I should like to know, if you can't get me what I want with it?

SNUFFTON—My dear, I will get you a baby—

MRS. SNUFFTON.—A Japanese baby?

SNUFFTON.—Well—no—my dear—won't another do as well?

MRS. SNUFFTON.—Mr. Snuffton I don't want any baby but a Japanese baby. Good gracious! Other babies are plentiful enough. It is only the rarity of a thing that makes it valuable. Oh! that ever you should have been fool enough to let a common newspaper man get that dear, darling, sweet, little Japanese baby, when you *knew* it was just the thing that would please me.

SNUFFTON.—(*Makes a suggestion.*) Wouldn't a little—Chi-na ba—

MRS. SNUFFTON.—Snuffton, you're a brute. A China baby! They're common as mosquitoes; anyone could get a China baby. No, I'll tell you what you must do. You must go to that newspaper man and tell him you are Jeremiah Snuffton, of Front street, and want that baby for Mrs. Snuffton.

SNUFFTON.—My dear, he wouldn't give it to me on that account.

MRS. SNUFFTON.—Wouldn't he? Doesn't he know you are worth nearly half a million, and are better able to take care of the child than he is? *Wouldn't* he give it up?

SNUFFTON.—I'm afraid not, my love.

MRS. SNUFFTON. Then pay him for it. Give him five hundred, six hundred, *eight hundred* dollars for it. There!

SNUFFTON.—You don't understand. This child has been adopted by a *gentleman*, and should I make such an offer to him he would probably kick me

MRS. SNUFFTON.—(*aghast,*) Snuffton! *kick* you. A newspaper man on a salary of some two or the hundred dollars a month—I don't suppose he gets more—kick you, a Front-street merchant! Not much.

SNUFFTON.—(*mournfully.*) I'm afraid he would, my dear. At any rate, I do not feel myself justified in running the risk.

MRS. SNUFFTON.—(*crying.*) Oh, what a poor, wretched, miserable, forsaken woman I am. What a husband I've got! The *only* thing I ever asked you for, and I'm refused. Oh! Snuffton, it was for this you took me from my home was it? You brute.

[*Here it may be as well to state, that Mrs. Snuffton's home was not a hall of dazzling light, but a very humble, three-roomed cottage, near a wood-yard on Kearny street.*]

SNUFFTON.—Don't cry, my dear. I would if I could. I'll try. (*a thought strikes him.*) Yes, I'll see what can be done.

MRS. SNUFFTON.—Oh! you darling! *Will* you get that Japanese baby?

SNUFFTON.—No; not that one but another one; as the razor-strop man says, "there's just one more left." Good bye. I must go at once.

[*Exit, with the intention of procuring a half-breed Chinese child, whom he is sure he can pass off on Mrs. Snuffton as the real article.*]

MRS. SNUFFTON.—A newspaper man, indeed!

[*Exit to her dressing room to put on her velvet dress and sable cape ("cost $1,000. not a cent less") before walking out under the broiling rays of the sun on Montgomery street.*]

The following dialogue, or one very similar to it, took place in the house of many a wealthy citizen of San Francisco. We are sorry to say that Snuffton's attempt at fraud was discovered yesterday, at 3 P. M. Snuffton was summoned from his office, and was told that "he'd better take that ere bogus brut out of the house right away, for if he didn't *she'd drown it.*" We are happy to state that the present demand will shortly be supplied as two spirited individuals intend to start immediately for Yokohama, for the purpose of bringing back a ship-load of Japanese babies.

An Apology to Professor Gilliard.

We owe the colored Professor an apology and hasten to make it. We have on several occasions accused him of writing letters from Sacramento to the *Bulletin* over the signature of "Moffat Weir." We have received the following letter from the *Bulletin's* correspondent. He denies being Gilliard, and we are bound to believe that he is not. We beg the Professor will accept our apology. We fear we may be doing wrong in, from a perhaps mistaken idea of kindness, complying with Moffat Weir's request and publishing his letter. If it causes an increase of his mental affliction, we shall never cease to reproach ourselves.

Sacramento, June 19th, 1867.

To the Editors of the Californian:

DEAR SIR: As your really excellent paper is circulated widely and read diligently here as elsewhere, it is to my own disrepute that I have not until to-day read your remarks in your issue of the 23rd of March upon my remarks upon MRS. CUPPY. Do you know that I consider you a singularly absurd old duffer! Well, I do, upon my word. You rate me for retailing the sinister young man's villainous puns about Mrs. Cuppy, indulging in saucery; but if I had suspected that there was so strange a being as yourself abroad, I would have added one of my own handiwork and called him in advance a spooney. And further, if I could have dreamed that I would be called a colored person, an accusation which I indignantly deny, I would have continued making this funny kind of crockery until I had enough to set the table—in a roar. But between you and me, and more particularly between me, this subject has been sufficiently dished. To change for a moment from the discussion of pottery to the discussion of Providence. you know that Providence gives to various creatures various gifts; you know that it has given to me large share of wit and humor, but I do not know (knowing you only at all thro' your writings) what the mischief it has given you.

Please publish this as I do love to see myself noticed even if only to be abused. I beg leave to remain, my silly old boy, your caucasianal correspondent, MOFFAT WEIR.

Everyone must confess after reading the above, that the mistake we fell into in supposing "Moffat Weir" to be Professor Gilliard the insane colored gentleman, and terming him "the *Bulletin's* insane colored correspondent," was a very natural one. We strike out the word colored and pass the title to print, as amended. Moffat Weir is still laboring under the idea that Mrs. Laura Cuppy, the lecturess, and Mrs. Ada Hoyt Foye, the spiritual manifestation "medium," are one and the same character. This is a sad hallucination, but not so terrible as that which he evinces when he says "you know that Providence gives to various creatures various gifts; you know that it has given to me large share of wit and humor." It was just this kind of thing that sent poor Professor Gilliard to Stockton. 'Tis very sad, almost as sad as Moffat Weir's violation of the rules of grammar when he says "particularly *between me.*" However we may tremble for Moffat Weir's liberty, we have discharged our conscience in apologizing to the poor, insane colored man who is still in Stockton whom we accused of writing the letter to which we referred.

A Valuable Californian Product.

There is no end to the productions of California. We supply the world with gold, our grain is exported to many parts of the earth, we shall soon rival China in the production of silk, our wines are drunk by connoisseurs in all countries—California is great. A discovery recently made in Marysville may perhaps lead to California providing materials for the manufacture of all the waterfalls and chignons in the world. The *North Californian* says that a colored lady a short time ago dropped her water-fall, and on it's being picked up and examined, it was found to be composed of tree moss. If, indeed, tree moss can be so prepared as to be a good imitation of hair, and therefore be made of use in the manufacture of chignons, what cause is there for rejoicing! How much better is a moss chignon than one composed of horrid church-yard hair! There are no gregarines in moss, no *pediculi* or other unpleasant little insects. It is not yet too late to manufacture some moss chignons for exhibition at Paris, and if the Empress Eugenie takes a fancy to one, and appears wearing it in public, some one's fortune is made. We charge nothing for this suggestion. We have applied for no caveat. We shall ask for no share in the colossal fortune which will doubtless be gained by some practical man who will carry out our idea. Let him make it and keep it. We love to make our fellow-creatures happy.

The Self-Reporting System.

The self-reporting system will not, for the present, be adopted in our public schools. The fact is the "system" must at first be developed more extensively at home. Pa and ma must first set the example. When pa comes home and makes a free and voluntary confession of his shortcomings with his neighbors, and ma comes home and acknowledges, with tears in her eyes, how many holes she has put through various reputations during her morning calls; then and not till then may there be some chance for a similar course of conduct on the part of the offspring. Nineteen hours of criminal secretiveness at home is altogether too heavy a weight in the balance against five hours of self-reporting at school.

Another Alarming Sensation.

The *Bulletin* has ceased its persecution of the milk-men who poison blessed babies with swill-milk, it is reconciled to the butchers, but declares war against the hackmen who convey small-pox patients in their carriages. Beware of riding in carriages infected with small-pox. Who knows the numbers of the carriages which were used to convey those diseased chinamen to the Small-Pox Hospital?

STORIES OF HISTORICAL EVENTS—FIESCHI AND THE INFERNAL MACHINE.

DURING the last week of the July of 1835, France was full of vague, but the deep and universal apprehensions. On the 28th of July, the fifth anniversary of the revolution of 1830, Louis Philipp, then growing rapidly more despotic and less popular, was to review the National Guard of the Seine and the troops of the garrison of Paris.

There is a heat and oppression in the air before thunder, and also before the outburst of political volcanoes: signs which alarm the thoughtful. The Duchess of Berry's friends were suspected of a wish to remove the wily king. Letters from Hamburg, Berlin, Coblentz, Aix, Chambery, Turin, spoke vaguely of mysterious murmurs of danger, Now it was an ambuscade on the road to Neuilly, then an explosive machine opposite the Ambigu-Comique theatre. Houses were searched, arrests made. The bourgeois dreaded the public anniversary of the Three Days, yet they scarcely knew why. Ministers were anxious; the mouchards (spies) were restlessly watchful; M. Thiers adjured the king to be on his guard; the queen, Amelia, besought him to face the danger. The king, cool in judgment, unimaginative, crafty, bold, brave, and self-willed, turned a deaf ear to all these random rumors, and bantered those who tried to arouse his fears.

On the 28th, the citizen king positively refused to allow any alteration in the place where the review was to be held. He was affable and chatty as usual, did not manifest the slightest apprehension, nor ordered any precaution to be taken; but it was secretly resolved to guard and surround him as if he had been going into an engagement. The only words that Louis Philipp uttered, referring to the review, were on the night before, when postponing some work which one of his librarians wished him to supervise, he said,—

"To-morrow,—at least if I am not killed."

Long impunity had given the king a belief in the futility of conspiracies. The Duke of Orleans shared deeply in the general apprehension, and said to General Baudrand, his first aide-de-camp,—

"General, they threaten to fire at us. My brother and I will keep constantly near the king, and make a rampart for him with our bodies. You and the other officers of the cortege, on your part, on the least movement, must draw close and cover his Majesty."

Even that bravo scarred old veteran, Marshal Mortier, the Duke of Treviso, was nervous. Mortier had been in the retreat from Russia, and, indeed, in all the great battles of the Revolution and the Empire, and, having passed through rains of fire and hailstorms of bullets, had forgotten what fear meant; but still the rumors aroused him. Although the old soldier's health was so bad that only five months before he had been obliged to surrender the presidency of the council, he resisted all the prayers and supplications of his family, and determined to attend the anniversary revie '.

"Yes," he said, with the old fix-bayonet look,—"yes, I shall go. I am a big man, perhaps I shall cover the king."

There is no doubt that these alarms arose from a consciousness of the feelings of the people. You heard the rumors at the marble tables of the cafes, and round the rough deal slabs in the poorest wineshops. In 1833, there had been emeutes at Grenoble, Lyons, Chalons, Marseilles, and at a dozen places. In 1834, two thousand persons were seized or chased ont of France, one hundred and sixty-four political prisoners tried, and four thousand witnesses examined. The press dreaded more chains; justice was interfered with. The prudence of the king in his foreign relations the old Napoleon party maliciously construed into neglect of the dignity and glory of France. Tolerant and wise men thought the king too indiscriminate in his efforts to defend his power from revolutionists.

He swept into his lawyer's net every sort of opponent. He treated his enemies as if they had been God's enemies. There were fears that Justice was not merely to wear the bandage, but also to have her eyes put out. The press was to be gagged and throttled off from truth; there were rumors that the king was going to raise a body-guard, and so defy the bourgeois soldiers, who had burnt powder bravely for him before Charles the Tenth turned his back on Paris. There was no true liberty, then, after all the fighting for it. King Stork had unseated King Log.

The July morning came; the sky was blue and burning, the heat was striking fiercely on the walls of the Tuileries, and the pavin-stones of the boulevards, and the leaves of the trees in the Luxembourg gardens, were languid with the heat. The quick, sharp " tam-tam " of the drums of the National Guard sounded everywhere in the soldierly city, from the Place of the Bastille to the Arc de l'Etoile. The measured tramp of the infantry was heard in the Rue St. Honoré and round the Bourse; behind the Madelaine and past the Louvre the lines of bayonets flashed and glittered; everywhere there was the barriers; children laughed and clapped their hands; grisettes and bones smiled and showed their white teeth; old soldiers drew themselves up stiffly, and assumed a critical air, now and then perhaps passing their hands across their eyes with joy and pride when a son or a nephew (decore) marched or rode past among the "Premiere Legere" or the Cuirassiers, and nodded shako or helmet to them as they passed. The men of Austerlitz, the men of Marengo were there, looking at the youths of the last revolution, and brownfaced striplings fresh from Algiers.

There were many blanks in the ranks of the National Guard, and that indicated mischief and dislike. That keen observer, M. Louis Blanc, says: "The city was alarmed and weighed down, and on every face there was a sort of half-defiant apathy. People were silent and sullen."

At half past ten the mockery of the festival to celebrate a restoration of liberty had begun. As the king passed through the gate of the Tuileries, the grenadiers threw their muskets forward, and presented arms, stiff as statues of iron. The king bowed, and bowed, and still rode on bowing, to encourage the scanty cheering. The king was followed by his three sons, the Dukes of Orleans, Nemours, and Joinville, close to, and watchful of, their father. Then came old Marshal Mortier, the Grand Chancellor of the Legion of Honor, against whom steel and lead had been powerless for sixty years. He, too, looked on the alert, and watched the populace and the blouses suspiciously, ready to throw himself before the king, on whom he wasted his devotion. There were three other marshals rode near him,—Count Loban, the Marquis Maison, Minister of the War, and the Count Molitor.

The National Guards were cold and silent. About half past twelve the cortege reached the boulevard of the Temple. An immense crowd of every age and both sexes crowded the roadways and the alleys, and filled every window. The poorer the district the more eager and numerous the crowd. Opposite the Jardin Turc, the space being large, the mob was enormous, and many well-dressed women filled the terrace.

The king was just passing a tree opposite the last of a block of buildings adjoining a two-storied cafe. There was nothing remarkable about the house; it was a small mean strip of building, three stories high, with a dirty awning over the bottom shop, which was the lowest order of cabaret. The last window but one had the usual Parisian outside shutters, and the top windows were open, with a dingy Venetian blind trailing out and held up from within half a foot of bottom.

All at once from no one knows where, comes a sound like a badly executed volley, mingled with a sort of muffled report. In a moment there is a terrible gap in the king's escort, and there arise cries of rage and terror, for the boulevard is strewn with dead and dying men and horses. Men have fallen behind and round the king, but he and his sons are unhurt. In the lane facing the house, and under the terrace of the Turkish Garden, a rain of shot had in the same way cut a path through the crowd.

The excitement was almost maddening. The spectators and the National Guards flew in all directions, as if an ambuscade battery had opened upon them and was about to fire again. A whirlwind of fear swept the boulevard. Had the earth opened, or fire fallen from heaven? No one knew what had happened. But there lay the heap of torn and bleeding men, and there was the wall of smoke still drifting from the window where the blind was lifted for air. Lenormand had been right after all; the popular terror had some foundation. This was the blow that was threatened. And what was to follow? In a moment the more resolute men, the soldiers especially, who are accustomed to any suddenness of death, threw themselves upon the door of No. 50, from whose top window the smoke still kept breaking out in thick whiffs.

The king was unhurt, all but a graze on the forehead from a bullet. The mane of his horse had also been skimmed by a shot. The horse, starting, had struck the king's arms against the head of Duc de Nemour's horse, and for a moment Louis thought that he was hit. The horses of the two princes, who rode forward eager for their father's safety were also grazed; but he relieved their anxiety by a few words. Then with one look of deep grief at the carnage around him, the king rode forward, reassuring the National Guards by his presence and his words.

When the crowd of citizens and soldiers went to raise the wounded, they found forty persons had been struck and nineteen mortally wounded. The nineteen included the following: Poor old Marshal Mortier, sixty-seven years old, struck by a ball that had penetrated his left ear; traversed the muscles of his neck, and fractured his second cervical vertebra; Marquis Lachasse de Verigny, aged sixty, struck in the head by a bullet, and his horse killed by five balls in the neck; the marquis died that night. Colonel Raffe, of the gendarmerie of the Seine, aged fifty-six; he expired in the night. Count Oscar de Villette, captain of artillery, thirty-four years old; skull fractured by two slugs. Rieusse, a lieutenant-colonel of the 8th legion of National Guards,—a great sportsman and proprietor of a horse-breeding establishment at Virolflay; killed by three bullets. Labrosse, seventy-two years old, a tax collector of the 6th arrondissement, struck in the right arm and abdomen; died two days after. Leger, mathematical instrument maker, and grenadier of the 8th legion: killed on the spot. Prudhomme, marble cutter, and sergeant of grenadiers; dead. Ricard, wine merchant and grenadier; dead. Brunot and Inglar, weavers; dead. Ardouin, a journalist; dead. Madame Ledernet; shot in the thigh. Madame Briosne, four wounds in the thighs. Madame Langoray, a workwoman, mother of four children, one of whom was in her arms when she fell dead. Rose Alison, a servant; wounded in the thigh. Louise Josephine Remy, a little girl of fourteen; dead. Leclerc, an apprentice of thirteen years old, died a month afterwards.

The twenty-three wounded consisted of five superior officers, eight National Guards, five workmen, three children and five women; there were all ages and all classes, generals and bakers, a chef d'escadron and a dyer, the son of a mayor and a street gamin; a lady fell beside her dying husband and a dead sister; there were wounds of every kind, in the breast and on the head, thighs and feet, hands and mouth. A hair-breadth of difference in the elevation of the ambuscade battery, and more than two hundred persons would have been mowed down by that storm of slugs and bullets; a second sooner, and the king must have fallen, riddled by shots.

Before the wounded and the dead could be removed to the hospital of St. Louis or the neighboring houses, No. 50 had been surrounded by a crowd of enraged and shouting men, commissaries of police, police agents, National Guards, and maddened citizens. All the doors were at once blocked up by the crowd; the ground floor and the first floor, where Mr. Durant's wine shop was ransacked and searched in every part. Mr. Jacquemin, a commissary of the police, was the first to ascend to the third floor. A kick or two of his foot, and the barricaded door fell in, and M. Jacquemin and three Municipal Guards, seven or eight National Guards, and M. Bessas Lamegie, mayor of the 10th arrondisrement, rushed in. The first two rooms were empty; in the third, which was thick with smoke, they found at the open window a rough framework, like a clumsy table with the top removed; in this had been screwed twenty-five gun-barrels; some of these were split and shattered, almost all displaced by the terrible explosion. On the right-hand side was a fireplace, in which blazed a fire of straw and wood. The police, suspecting some trap in a fire too large for a garret on a hot July day, at once scattered and put out the fagots.

As the men's eyes grew accustomed to the thick, sulphurous smoke oozing from hell itself, as it seemed to their excited minds, they saw that the room was empty, but that there were smears of fresh blood on the wall. On the floor, near the door, lay a pierced gray hat, with pieces of torn gun-barrel near it. All at once M. Jacquemin, crying " they are here," springs on a door in the wall facing the window, but it proved to be only a large cupboard containing some straw and a mattress. Returning through the two rooms, the soldiers and police found on the left hand a small kitchen, with a window looking out upon the court yard. Here also there was a hat pierced with fragments of gun-barrels and there were prints of fresh blood. There is a ladder in one corner, and a trap-door in the ceiling. This monster of evil, this last embodiment of Satan must be there. M. Jacquemin is mounting the ladder, when Corporal Dautrep of the Municipal Guard, draws him back.

" If they are there," he says, " I am armed."

He mounts with sword drawn and pistol ready. His comrades wait impatiently for his cry for help; but there is nothing there but a portmanteau that has held gun-barrels, a hammer, a flask basket, and a sealed letter. Just then, a soldier, looking out at the window, finds a rope hanging down into the court below. It is covered, in places, with blood, and the police at once feel sure that the assassins have escaped in that direction.

Whilst all this was going on, Daudin, a sharp officer, who had run into the court of the fatal Maison Travaut with some men of his brigade, hears Lefevre, one of his police agents, crying—

" I see a man dropping from a rope into the next court."

Lefevre and a comrade named Devillers instantly climbed on to the roof of the shed that looked into the next yard, while Daudin went round by another door to the door of the Café des Milles Colonnes, next door, when he was arrested by mistake, and led off to the Chateau d'Eau. In the meantime, the two agents had come upon a short stoutly built man, staggering from a dreadful gaping wound in his temple, and trying with both hands to press back the blood that was gushing down over his eyes. He could make no resistance, and was at once led to the Chateau d'Eau with bayonets held to his breast.

They found on him six francs fifty centimes, a packet of gunpowder, a knife with a horn handle, a pair of green spectacles, a watch, and a life-preserver made of cord and weighted with lead. In the confusion of numerous arrests, the man contrived unobserved to throw a poignard with a silver handle under a camp-bed.

The indignation at the hideous fanaticism, the bloodthirsty vanity, of such a patriot as Girard, and all who instigated or aided him, was deep and heartfelt. The people felt that the king represented, however imperfectly, peace, order, and prosperity, and that without him anarchy and murder must reign supreme. The National Guards, who that very morning had

been so cold and silent, were now loud and enthusiastic in their cheers, and as the king rode mournfully back to the Tuileries, shakos waved on thousands of bayonets, and the "Vive le Roi!" ran deafening from street to street. In a letter to Marshal Lobau, the king sopke ominously of the murder:

"Frenchmen," the king wrote, "the National Guard and the army are mourning; French families are sorrowing. A frightful spectacle has laecrated every heart. An old warrior, an old friend, spared by the fires of a hundred battles, has fallen by my side struck by the blows that the assassin destined for me. In their desire to reach me, they have immolated glory, honor, and patriotism, peaceful citizens, women, and children; yes, Paris has seen her best blood shed in the same spot and on the same day on which it was poured five years ago to maintain the laws of the country." The very day of the attempt the Chamber of Peers was organized as a court of justice to try the conspirators, under the presidency of Baron Pasqueir.

The prisoner was twice examined the day of the massacre, first at No. 50, then in the Conciergerie. At first faint and bleeding, he could only feebly hold up his fingers in reply to the questions. He implied that he was alone in the plot; that he had been for weeks making the infernal machine; that it was his own idea alone. He then fell back fainting; no more could at that time be got out of him.

In the evening, bandaged and slightly stronger, he confessed that he had had accomplices, but declared that he alone held the blind up and fired the train. He was a republican. The agony of his wounds then compelled the doctors to forbid the wretch being tortured by further questions. The next morning the man was better, and could speak. He said his name was Joseph Francis Girard, and his wife and child were at Lodéve, near Montpellier. He was thirty-nine years of ago. The judge representing the enormity of the crime, Girard cried, with broken words:

"I am an unfortunate man. I am miserable. I can hope for nothing. I may render a service. We shall see. I regret what I have done. I may perhaps stop something. I will name no one. I will sell no one. My crime has been too much for my reason. He confessed that the newspapers had excited him to the crime. He spoke of the émeutes in the Rue Transnanain and at Lyons.

It was still doubtful whether Girard had really had accomplices. One man declared he had seen three persons at the window, and others imagined they saw conspirators escaping over the roof toward the Rue des Fosses du Temple. The portmanteau that contained the gun-barrels was the great clew upon which the police relied. It had been brought to Girard three or four days before the crime, and Girard said it came from his wife, and contained linen and brandy. A waterman at the cabriolet stand in the Rue Vendome had carried it from the corner of the Rue Charlot to No. 50 in the Temple boulevard. It was a wooden trunk, four feet long, covered with black skin, and very heavy.

A commissioner was also found who, on the morning of the 28th of July, had brought the trunk back from No. 5 to the Place Vendome. The cabman he had ordered to drive to the Place Maubert; but on the way he changed the order to the Palace aux Veaux, near the Port aux Tuiles. A cooper's boy had helped him to put the box on his shaulder, and he walked towards the Rue Saint Victor. There the clew was lost, for Girard himself refused to say where he had taken the trunk to a marble-worker named Nolland, No. 13, Rue de Poissy. Girard, whom he had only seen once, came to him with the trunk, telling him if it was not sent for in an hour not to give up without an order from M. Morey, a harness-maker, No. 23, Rue St. Victor, who came for it.

Here was another clew. Nollahd, taken to the Rue Croulebarbe, pointed to 10, at the corner of the Rue Chant de l'Alonette. The scent got hotter, The people there remembered Nolland's friend, a Corsican, named Fieschi, a short man, with brown beard and hair, and a southern pronunciation. He had lived an infamous life with a woman named Petit, who had a young daughter with one eye, since living in the Salpetriere, He had been the terror of the place, and used to boast of an infamous condemnation before a military tribunal. The judge's eyes sparkled. This was the man. Nolland, being taken to the prison at once recognized Girard as his old neighbor of the Rue Croulebarbe. Morey's porter identified the fourth story of No. 11 in the Rue du Long Pont as the place to which he had taken the trunk. The police found there a young girl with one eye, named Nina Lassave, Fieschi's last mistress.

The trunk was found in the room; she had just written on a scrap of paper her intention of killing herself, Morey having deserted her after giving her sixty francs to go to Lyons and hide herself. The trunk had contained Fieschi's clothes and account-books, which she had pawned. The gun-barrels were identified as rejected government barrels. purchased by Mr. Bury, a gunsmith in No. 58 Rue de l'Arbre Sec, and a pupil in the Temple testified to Girard and Morey buying the trunk found at Nina Lassave's. A woman, who had been with Nina to the review, declared that she returned trembling and distracted with grief, hearing that the murderer was killed.

On the 5th of August, Nina confessed the whole. On the 26th; she went to see her hideous lover, and found him at work at some machine, as she thought, in the ordinary way of his trade. Fieschi told her not to come to Paris during the fetes, as there would be disturbances; and, if she came, he said he would not receive her. His manner seemed altered, and he looked careworn. She, however, went the next day, and the porter told her that Fieschi was then shut up with his uncle, an old gentleman (Morey), and they had given orders that they would see no one. Some minutes after she saw Morey and Fieschi sitting together drinking beer under the tent of a cafe. Fieschi, then more gloomy than ever, came up and told her he could not receive her.

The next day, feeling sure the fire had come from Fieschi's window at No. 50, she lost her head, feeling sure her only friend was dead; and, packing up her few things at the Salpetriére, returned to Paris to see the friends whom Fieschi had told her to consult on emergencies. She first called on Pepin, a grocer, No. 1, Faubourg St. Antoine. Not finding him at home, she went, all in tears, to Morey, who said to her.

"Well, what is the matter? It was Fieschi, then, who fired the thing? Is he dead?" Morey denied all knowledge of the matter. He afterwards, however, owned that he had been with Fieschi on the Monday, and then took the girl to a wine shop, outside the Barriére du Trone to talk to her more privately.

Nina said: "What a dreadful thing—so many victems! They say General Mortier was so good."

"He was canaille, like the rest."

"It was cruel to kill fifty persons to get at one. *I*, who am only a woman, if I had wished to kill Louis Philippe, should have taken two pistols, and, after having fired with one, I should have shot myself with the other."

"Hush! We sha'n't lose by waiting: and he'll give up his body-guard. Fieschi is an imbecile; he would load three of the guns himself, and it is just those that burst. I urged him to load his pistols. He ought to have blown out his brains. He is only a braggart. He went and told in several places that something was going to happen on the day of the review: that was wrong.

"But how did Fieschi, who was engineer, construct such a machine as that?"

"It was I who traced the plan. I have only just torn it up or I would show it you. The guns were placed in such a way that they could not miss; but Fieschi fired too late."

On his way to dinner outside the barrier, Morey had stopped at a paper manufacturer's to return a passport to a man named Bescher which Fieschi had borrowed. Coming back, Morey stopped at the corner of a wall to throw away a bag of bullets he had in his pocket.

Pepin, the grocer, was found in his shirt only, hidden in a concealed cupboard at Magny. He had with him two blouses for disguise, nine hundred and fifty francs, and a volume of the works of St. Just. Pepin had already been under accusation for having, in 1832, permitted the insurgents to fire from his windows in the faubourg at the troops. The police also arrested Victor Boireau, a tinman a member of the dangerous society of the Right of Man. It was he who, on one of Pepin's horses, had trotted and galloped past No. 5, in order that Fieschi and Morey might regulate the level of the gun-barrels. Bescher, a bookbinder, who had lent his passport to Fieschi, was also arrested.

The trial took place before the Peers, under the presidency of M. Pasquier, on the 30th of January. So great was the interest excited in Paris that applications were made to the grand referendary for seventeen thousand five hundred tickets.

Fieschi, now the blood was washed off, and the plaster and poultices removed, appeared a short muscular man with a high, narrow, forehead, hollow eyes, livid face, and thin, pointed nose. His Corsican face gave him a diabolical likeness to a degraded Napoleon. His black hair was cut very short, and shaved over the left temple, where the wound had exposed the brain; a second wound had gashed his left eyebrow; a third splinter had ripped the left corner of his mouth. and gave it a sardonic grinning expression. His left eye was closed and seemed lower than the other. His little eyes were quick as those of a rat, and much hidden by the brows. This monster of bloodthirsty vanity, calling itself patriotism, wore a black satin waistcoat and black cravat. He took snuff perpetually, and kept arranging a portfolio of paper with gay and smiling alacrity. He was never still a moment, constantly rising up, and sitting down, or turning his head from this side to that. He shook hands with his counsel, offered snuff to his guards, and seemed piqued at their refusal. He assumed the air of a great man, whose actions, though mistaken, had been in pursuit of a grand idea.

Morey, an old man on the point of dying from a terrible disease, had a calm fearless manner, and was treated with consistent respect by Fieschi, whose death, however, he had no doubt planned by overloading three of the barrels. Pepin, a mild, talkative, weak man, looked pale and miserably apprehensive. Bescher was careless; Boireau, a very young man, energetic, eloquent and assured.

Fieschi, in some vague hope of being received as evidence, confessed, in the course of the trial, the whole progress of the crime. It was a plan struck out by Morey as early as 1824. It was originally a mere soldier's scheme.

"I said to myself one day, 'If I was in a fortress with five hundred men, and an epidemic came and carried off half of them, could I defend the place with a few people left?' I had then a idea of mounting ninety muskets in a row. With that, thought I, I can destroy a whole regiment with a few men. Morey's wife saw me at it and told Morey, who came and asked me what it was. I replied, a machine that could demolish Charles the Tenth and all his family. It was complicated, however, being ranged in batteries, and made for flint-locks. I explained it to Morey, and he said, 'That would do very well for Louis Philippe.' He put the model in his pocket, but he did not say what he should do with do it."

It was then arranged between Pepin, Morey, and Fieshi, and the expense of the whole plot coldly and carefully estimated at five hundred francs. They met one day, after dinner, at Pepin's appointment, in the cemetery of Pere la Chaise, to make experiments as to the best way of firing trains of powder. Afraid of being seen there, they went up into the vineyards. Morey drew out his "pear" (small powder horn) and spread the powder. Pepin struck a light that went out. Fieschi then lighted the powder in the middle, and his comrades seeing the good effect, cried at once, "Ca va bien!" "And certainly no way is quicker and sharper than that," added the witness. They afterwards drank together at a restaurant at the Barriere de Montreail.

The sums advanced to Fieschi were found in Pepin's books entered as paid to "the Dauber," as Fieschi was nicknamed from his grimness at his first interview with Madame Pepin. Boireau lent tools to pierce the touch-holes of two of the barrels. Morey had regretted he had not money enough to carry out another project. He had wanted to hire a house next the Chamber of Deputies, and blow up the king and the princes the day of the opening of the Chambers. He also said (he was a celebrated leader at shooting matches) that if he once got the king at the end of his gun, he'd take good care not to miss him.

Fieschi especially insisted on his not being a mere hired assassin.

"No," he said; "I worked, I gained my bread even while I was about to make this attempt. I shall pass in the eyes of the world as a great criminal not as an assassin. I do not deserve the name of assassin. An assassin is a man who kills to get money, but I—I am a great criminal—un graud coupable. I declaro that I received nothing from anybody. They shall never say that I am a stabber. I had goods from Pepin, but I paid for them; they were only sugar and trifles."

Fieschi met the Prince de Rohan also at Pepin's, who came, as Pepin said, to discuss some new machine for decorticating vegetables, but more probably for political purposes

It was about five o'clock in the afternoon of the 27th when Morey arrived with the powder and bullets. The guns were loaded for the most part by Morey. The mounting and loading took up till after six. Morey then went out, keeping his handkerchief to his mouth. He also took off his July decoration, and turned his back to people as much as possible to prevent being recognized. The barrels that burst were found to have been loaded with intervals purposely left between the powder and the bullets, so that they might explode and Fieschi be destroyed. At eleven o'clock that night, after leaving Boireau and his experiment of riding past, Fieschi went home and tried to sleep, vexed and alarmed at Pepin's disclosures to Boirean.

The next morning very early, Fieschi went to a young Corsican, named Sorba, to ask him to be his second in a duel. It was only a pretext to obtain society; for Sorba was too young, and he dared not confide his fears to him.

At half past nine Fieschi met Boireau again on the boulevards. Boireau left the friends with whom he was, and said to Fieschi,—

"We are all ready. You go to your work: we shall be at our posts."

Fieschi then met Morey on the Rue Basse du Rempart. Morey proposed, after all was demolished, to destroy the telegraphs, to set fire to the barns in the banliere, and to attack the National Guard when they came to put out the fires.

Morey said that when the government was once free, the world would be happy, and the nation rich. Small fortunes were to be left alone; but when a man had a million, all beyond three hundred thousand francs were to be thrown into the national funds. Pepin clapped him on the back, and said, "Mon brave, you shall be recompensed." But Fieschi replied, the government was not to be shut up in a snuff-box. There would be civil wars, and all he wished was to win glory at the head of one hundred or two hundred men and chase the stranger from the Rhine, and drive off the Cossacks, who were jealous of France. Pepin then declared that the heads

of all supporters of monarchy must roll along the streets like paving-stones.

On the 15th of February, the seventeenth audience, the Court brought a verdict of guilty against all the prisoners but Bescher, who was acquitted; Fieschi, Morey, and Pepin were condemned to death; Boireau to twenty year's detention, and to be for the rest of his life under the surveillance of the police. Morey heard his sentence with calm indifference, Pepin, with assurances of his innocence, Fieschi with vain and verbose assurances of repentance.

He had become a lion of the day, and keenly relished the popularity he had acquired so dearly. Even the peers applauded some of his sallies. With distorted face and sardonic smile he watched eagerly for his moments of recrimination or self-assertion.

The antecedents of Fieschi were soon unravelled. He was a Corsican of Genoese extraction, born at Murato in 1790. His father, a condemned criminal, had died in voluntary exile. One of the assassin's brothers fell at Wagram; his only sister was blind. A second brother, born dumb, was so heart broken with grief at the news of Fieschi's crime, that he remained two whole days without taking food.

Fieschi was originally a goatherd, but, being quick and adventurous, soon left Corsica, enlisted in a regiment of light infantry at Naples, and, displaying much zeal and courage, became regimental staff-sergeant by the time he was nineteen. Entering Murrat's Guards, he distinguished himself by great courage in the campaigns of 1812 and 1814, and won the decoration of the Two Sicilies. In 1815, Fieschi deserted to the Austrians, and his information, it is said, contributed to his old master's defeat at Tolentino. When Murat was at Vescovato, Fieschi rejoined him, and was sent on important secret service to Naples. His reports encouraged Murat to his rash and fatal expedition. On landing a Pizzo, Fieschi requested leave to go first and reconoitre, and a very short time after Murat was shot down by the gendarmes of Montelcone.

Traitor or not, the man did not thrive. He returned to Corsica a beggar, to wrangle with his brother-in-law for a share of the fraternal heritage. Unable to obtain even a sou, Fieschi took the law trooper, drove off a cow belonging to his brother, and sold it openly in the market-place. Brought before a magistrate, he produced forged papers to prove his right, and was in consequence arrested and sent to Bastia. Here he escaped to the mountains by leaping from a window twenty feet from the ground.

In 1816, when only twenty-six years old, Fieschi was condemned to ten years' imprisonment at Embrun, and to police supervision for life. At Embrun he learnt the trade of a cloth-maker; and when he was released, breaking the ban, he went to Lodeve, and practised his trade. From there he went to the royal manufactory at Villelouvette, conducting himself there well, and with a pretence of religion. Coming to Paris, he obtained help from his old commander, and became porter at a newspaper office, and a spy of the police

It was at this time that he sought help of Morey, and described himself as wretched as the dog that looks for food at a street corner. Most men, he afterwards said, in such misery, must have gone mad or thrown themselves out of window. It was in this poverty and despair that men like Morey took advantage of his cunning, recklessness, and inordinate vanity. The government observing that a short of boastful gratitude was a leading point in his character, persuaded him to disclose the plot to his old benefactor, M. Ladvocat.

The king, in acknowledgment, forgave Fieschi the parricide's penalty of wearing a black veil on the scaffold, and walking to the guillotine with bare feet. While he was undergoing de toilette, he merely said,—

"Is it not heart-breaking that I should be the first executed for political causes since 1830? I would rather have remained on the field at Berisina."

Pepin was cruelly bound in the camisole. While his hair was being cut off, he said to Fieschi,—

"I am your victim."

Fieschi was going to reply, but his confessor stopped him. Fieschi then threw himself at Pepin's feet, and begged him to tell the whole truth, as he had done, that he might appear before God without fear.

Pepin heaved a sigh and replied, "No, I can say nothing. I will not compromise fathers of families."

As for Morey, he was so weak that he had to be lifted on to the scaffold; but he said calmly,—

"It is not courage I want, but legs."

The scaffold had only been erected at a quarter before seven; at a quarter past eight the execution took place in the Place de Jacques, before a vast crowd that filled every avenue. Pepin was calm and resigned, and declared his innocence to the last.

"Since I must die, I will die. I have nothing more to say," he replied to the police agent, who, while he was being strapped to the plank, still urged him to confessions. He died first.

Morey then ascended, calm and imperturble; the plank went down, the old man's neck was clipped by the lunette,—a second head rolled into the sawdust.

Fieschi told to the people that he had told the truth, and died without fear. Fieschi left his head to Nina Lassave, in order that she might benefit by the sale of plaster-casts taken from it.

The massive oak frame of the infernal machine, with its split gun-barrels may still be seen at Madame Tassand's, that indefatigable old lady having instantly pounced on the relic of a remarkable crime.

The infernal machine was not an original thought of Fieschi's for, in the year 1789, a watchmaker named Brillon, being expelled from the Arquebusier's Company at Senlis, determined on revenge. He fired a train of gun-barrels at the procession as it passed his window, shot a man who broke into his barricaded room, and then blew up the house with all who were in it. The only man who escaped was the soldier who tried to drag him out, and he had twenty wounds, an eye knocked out, and a knee-pan broken.

LITERARY GLEANINGS.

THE SIX DAYS OF CREATION.

THAT once famous book, Nott and Gliddon's "Types of Mankind," contained a criticism of the Mosaic account of the Creation, in which it was declared that the writer of said account made a sad blunder when he represented light as being created three whole days before the sun and moon were ordained to give light upon the earth. We remember astonishing the pious and pretty young lady who had charge of the infant class in the Sunday School where we received rudimentary instruction in theology a great many years ago, by making a somewhat similar criticism, suggested by the circumstance that in reading "round the class" the third and sixteenth verses of the first chapter of Genesis, fell to our "turn" in the same lesson. We also have a recollection that the decidedly unsatisfactory character of the explanation furnished on that occasion (after a whispered consultation between my youthful instructor and the gray-haired Superintendent) sowed the seeds of doubt in our mind, and finally made us in our eighth year, a precocious but avowed sceptic. Professor Chadbourne, in his recent work on "Natural Theology"* makes a more ingenious explanation of the apparent inconsistency, than the one we have alluded to, and, indeed, his comments upon the Mosaic record of the "Six Days" are so striking that we are tempted to quote them almost entire, as being likely to interest those who are curious in such matters.

After prefacing that our globe must have had a long history before any permanent records were left in the sedimentary rocks, and that it is by the light of chemistry alone, that we can thread our way back beyond the positive record of geologic formations, Professor Chadbourne proceeds to reason from the known chemical principles and from the physical forces of matter, in order to arrive at the facts in regard to this early period, just as the geologists reason from the remains of plants and animals in the various strata, in attempting to unfold the later history of the globe.

Quoting the second verse of the first chapter of Genesis, *And the earth was without form and void, and darkness was upon the face of the deep*, he says:

"It seems as though every chemist must believe that there was a time when the materials of our earth, and probably of the solar system, floated in space in a gaseous form. If so, no language could better describe the condition:

'*Emptiness and desolation*'—'*Without form and void.*'

And the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters, or fluids, which would represent all the materials of which the globe would ultimately be formed. God is represented as acting directly, because the forces are only his method of action. Now every scientific man knows, that if the materials existed in a gaseous form according to the theory of Laplace, the first force called into action would be gravitation—that force that binds planets in their orbits, and from which the invisible atom cannot escape. The rushing together of these elements under the action of this force, which gives the earth its form, might well be called the moving of the Spirit of God. If God is the Creator of the earth and the controller of all its changes, no language could be better chosen to represent movements produced by this force, which must necessarily have been the first called into action to bring the particles together. For it is gravitation alone that acts upon all matter and at all distances.

Now when this force was brought into action, we look into the nature of matter by the light of chemistry to see what results would follow. And when we have transcribed the words of Moses, we have the exact result which the latest revelations of science show must have followed.

'*And God said, Let there be light; and there was light.*'

Light is not spoken of as something created, but as a result. When the materials of which this globe is composed were brought together by gravitation, the simple condensation and chemical action both combined to produce light and heat. The rocks and waters of the globe are the result of combustion. We have seen the compound blow-pipe in which iron burns like straw, and platinum vanishes in vapor. That flame is simply the union of oxygen with hydrogen when only enough combines to form a few drops of water. Who can conceive of the heat produced when the waters that fill the ocean were formed? We have seen the light when the fine wire of iron or steel or magnesium is burned; how must the very heavens have been filled with light when the materials of which all our rocks were formed were burning! We think of the waters and rocks as incombustible, but we must constantly remember that they are the products of combustion; and all we have to do is to discompose them and bring the elements together again, to have that intense combustion on a small scale which lighted up primeval darkness, when the mighty mass of elements that compose this globe was brought into action. For ages the earth must have remained a blazing gaseous globe. It may be said this is theory; but it is a theory that rests upon a most substantial basis, the chemical nature of the water and the rocks of the earth. We only state that we believe to be the necessary result of bringing the materials of the globe together. It is what we should believe if the Bible had never been written."

If this theory of the mode in which the earth was formed is correct, Professer Chadbourne insists that "it must have been ages before any essential change occurred, or at least any change so great as to be reckoned a "*new order of things.*" And this period, whatever its duration may have been, the writer regards as "the geologic day," or the *yom* which King James' translators have rendered "day," in the first chapter of Genesis, and which same word *yom* is used in the second chapter to represent an epoch or indefinite period. This attempt to regard the Mosaic "day" as an age or geological era, is sometimes spoken of as a concession wrong from the theologians by modern science, but the fact is that this interpretation is older than the reformation' and was maintained by Christian Commentators before the English language existed. The writer's remarks on the next step in the work of creation, are equally ingenious:

"It is plain that chemistry is the only science that can possibly guide us in unravelling the first day's work of creation, the production of light; and it is by the same science mainly that we are to trace the changes still further, until we find in the sedimentary rocks evidence of the mechanical action of water. And what would be the changes which must have occurred after the mingling and union of the elements which we have described as the first epoch or day of creation?

We know well what changes must have occurred, if the laws of matter were the same then as now. As heat was radiated from the glowing earth into space, the whole mass was gradually cooled, until the materials of which the rocks are composed became simply a melted ball; the air, the waters of the earth, and all volatile substances, still forming a dense cloud around its whole surface. Still latter a crust was formed upon this globe by cooling, and waters were condensed upon it, covering the entire globe. For continents and mountains were impossible till the crust in after years became thick enough to hold its place when thrown up. For countless ages that crust must have thickened beneath the waters that grew deeper and deeper as the lower temperature of the globe allowed more and more to be condensed from the air, until the atmosphere, with a perfect ocean beneath and dense clouds above, took its place as a divider of the waters which it holds to-day. Thus by the natural change of the globe was produced the condensation and separation of the mingled elements, until the two permanent gases which were prepared to constitute the atmosphere were left mainly free, and had gained their proper place, and had commenced one of their great offices in the machinery of creation.

How now do the words of the Bible correspond with this description which we have made, guided by the known laws of nature?

'*And God said, Let there be a firmament in the midst of the waters, and let it divide the waters from the waters.*'

The word translated firmament means simply expanse, anything that is spread out. And the criticism that has been made that Moses taught that there was a solid sphere above us, has no foundation in the Holy Scriptures. That doctrine belongs to a latter day, if not to a heathen philosophy.

The great office of this firmament is to-day what it was when first separated from the condensing elements. It is the great water-bearer. From the water beneath go up the unseen streams, till in the colder upper regions they condense in clouds and pour down their treasures upon the earth. All the springs and rivers are pouring back into the ocean the mighty tide which this firmament has separated from the waters beneath, are poured down as from open windows in the heavens. Were it not for this office of the atmosphere the earth would be a desert. And all the vast accumulations of sedimentary rocks over the whole globe are evidence of the work it has done in dividing and transporting the waters, through all geologic ages. This was its first appointed work, to divide the waters from the waters, and thus to prepare the globe for man. And we have in the lowest stratified rocks evidence of its work before any life appeared upon the earth.

And when now the swift thunder-cloud pours down its deluge, or the wide-spread storm-cloud pours down, day after day, its torrents, until the swollen rivers cannot contain the abundance, it is the firmament established of old, that divides the waters beneath from the waters above.

* Lectures on Natural Theology; or, Nature and the Bible, from the same Author. By P. A. Chadbourne. New York: G. P. Putnam & Son. San Francisco: A. Roman & Co.

When ages have rolled away, the earth covered with the ocean, and far above with a thick canopy of cloud, the crust becomes thick enough to keep its place, when lifted by forces beneath, or by the contraction of the cooling mass within. Now it is possible for dry land to appear; not only possible, but the necessary result of the continued cooling of the arth."

After going through the entire six days, with the same minuteness, Professor Chadbourne sums up as follows:

"But, before the close of the sixth day, the record is: '*And God said, Let us make man in our own image after our likeness.*' The appearance of man, then, according to the Bible, was the closing scene in the great drama of creation.

Now, without entering into the disputed question of chronology as to the number of years man has been upon the earth, or of the unity of the race, we know of no scientific man who does not consider that man was the last term in the series, whether he believes in development or direct creation. Man is not only the last term that has appeared, but he is the last term possible, according to the plan of structure sketched in the first fish of the Silurian waters. We have then the six great epochs completed. If there had been in the universe some intelligent being like man, before whose eyes the whole scene of creation could have passed, the grand pictures that would have attracted his attention would have been in the order we have described.

First. The gathering of the elements by the mighty, all-prevading force of gravitation, giving a world of light.

Second. The condensation of the globe and the waters upon it, so that the atmosphere should take its place as the divider of waters.

Third. The forming of dry land and the appearance of plants, increasing in quantity till they culminated in that abundant vegetation that covered the land in the coal period, stretching, as it must have stretched, from pole to pole, wherever land appeared.

Fourth. The appearance in the heavens of the sun and moon and stars, to do their appointed work while the world should staud.

Fifth. The abundance of animal life filling the waters.

Sixth. The sudden increase of life upon the land, in animals huge in size and higher in orgauization than any that had before appeared; and finally, the appearance of man, with such powers that he was the lord and master of all.

If, now, that being had been called upon to give an account of the whole scene in the limits of a single chapter, could he have exceeded in accuracy and fullness the description given by Moses? We have seen a part of the changes produced through the operations of natural forces. Moses carries us one step further back to Him who holds the forces in His hand.

We feel justified in applying to this grand epic of the creation, the substance of the language which Humboldt applied to the hundred and fourth Psalm.

We are astonished to fiud, in a description of such limited extent, the whole geological history of the earth so accurately sketched by a few bold touches."

JOHN STUART MILL'S COUNSEL TO THE STUDENTS OF ST. ANDREWS.

Probably no address to students has ever attracted so much attention as that of John Stuart Mill on the occasion of his inauguration as Rector of the University of St. Andrews. The appeal with which it closes, exhibits a striking contrast in its almost emotional character, to Mr. Mill's ordinary restrained manner. It is well worth the attention of every student. Even in the concluding sentences, the spirit of which is stoical and that of a heathen rather than of a Christian philosopher there is a certain elevation and grandeur which even minds constitutionally antagonistic, cannot fail to appreciate. The address concludes thus:

"Now is your opportunity for gaining an insight into subjects larger and far more ennobling than the minutiæ of a business or profession, and for acquiring a facility of using your minds on all that concerns the higher interests of a man, which you will carry with you into the occupations of active life, and which will prevent even the short intervals of time which that may leave you from being altogether lost for noble purposes. Having once conquered the first difficulties, the only ones of which the irksomeness surpasses the interest; having turned the point beyond which what was once a task becomes a pleasure; in even the busiest after-life the higher powers of your mind will make progress imperceptibly, by the spontaneous exercise of your thoughts, and by the lessons you will know how to learn from daily experience. So, at least, it will be if in your early studies you have fixed your eyes upon the ultimate end from which those studies take their chief value—that of making you more effective combattants in the great fight which never ceases to rage between Good and Evil, and more equal to coping with the ever new problems which the changing course of human society present to be resolved. Aims like these commonly retain the footing they have once established in the mind, and their presence in our thoughts keeps our higher facultics in exercise, and makes us consider the acquiremeuts and powers which we store up at any time in our lives as a mental capital, to be freely expended in helping forward any mode which presents itself of making mankind in any respect wiser or better, or placing any portion of human affairs on a more sensible and rational footing than its existing one. There is not one of us who may not qualify himself so to improve the average amount of opportunities as to leave his fellow-creatures some little the better for the use he has kuown how to make of his intellect. To make this little greater, let us strive to keep ourselves acquainted with the best thonghts that are brought forth by the original minds of the age, that we may know what movements stand most in need of our aid, and that, as far as depends on us, the good seed may not fall on a rock, and perish without reaching the soil in which it might have germinated and flourished. You are to be a part of the public who are to welcome, encourage, and help forward the future intellectual benefactors of humanity; and you are, if possible, to furnish your contingent to the number of those benefactors. Nor let any one be discouraged by what may seem, in moments of despondency, the lack of time and of opportunity. Those who know how to employ opportunities will often find that they can create them; and what we achieve depends less on the amount of time we possess than on the use we make of our time. You aod your like are the hope and resource of your country in the coming generation; all great things which that generation is destined to do, have to be done by some like you; several will assuredly be done by persons for whom society has done much less, to whom it has given far less preparation than those whom I am now addressing. I do not attempt to instigate you by the prospect of direct rewards, either earthly or heavenly; the less we think about being rewarded in either way the better for us. But there is one reward which will not fail you, because it is not a consequence, but is inherent in the very fact of deserving it; the deeper and more varied interest you will feel in life; which will give it tenfold its value, and a value which will last to the end. *All merely personal objects grow less valuable as we advance in life: this not only endures, but increases.*"

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE Dickens rivalries are going forward with extraordinary activity. Ticknor & Field's Diamond edition have had an immense sale; so have Peterson's, printed in thin octavos; and now Hurd and Honghton are in the field with three different styles, called the Household, the Globe, and the Riverside. The Boston Diamond is handy for the pocket, and has some excellent original illustrations by Eytinge; Peterson's cheap editions having the advantage of large type; Hurd & Houghton's Household, is the old one, well-kuown, while the Globe is very cheap, with large, readable type, and the Riverside (beginning with "Oliver Twist") is peculiarly valuable for its union of the English and American illustrations. It is a wonderful tribute to the genuis of Dickens that a new generation of readers buy these new editions with an avidity equal to that of their seniors years ago. The early books are usually first produced in these republications and the different houses engaged in the rivalry are making money. The prices are graduated to suit all conditions of the reader's pocket.

RIVAL editions of Thackeray are in the market. Doolady, emulating Ticknor & Fields, has published a neat Diamond copy of "Pendennis"—a neat sqnare volume, printed on small type, and sold for a dollar aud a half—intending to follow with monthly republications of all the works of Thackeray. Harper & Brothers step in with a larger and still cheaper and better edition of the same book, printed on type two sizes larger than Doolady's, and handsomely bound. Thackeray's readers now have their choice of three editions—Harper's octavo and duodecimo, and Doolady's pocket copy.

THE New York *Sunday News* (Mr. Benjamin Wood's paper) announces that Charles Dickens is to write a new story for that paper, and publishes a fac-simile of part of the novelist's last letter to them ou the subject, thus:

GAD'S HILL PLACE, HINGHAMBY, ROCHESEER. KENT.
Tuesday, April 9, 1897.

DEAR SIR:—I have the pleasure of acknowledging the receipt of your letter dated the sixteenth of last month. I pledge myself, in pursuance of my memorandum of agreement already given, to write the story referred in that letter and in yours. The manuscript to be ready for you by the first of August *at latest*, and to become yonrs on the conditions mentioned in my communication.

I hope it will be ready for presentation to Brown, Shipley and Co., by the first of July.

Faithfully yours,
CHARLES DICKENS.

The HON. BENJ. WOOD, New York.

W. D. HOWELLS is said to be the principal "reviewer" of the *Atlantic Monthly*." The recent articles on "Harper's Hand-Book of Travel" and "Alger's Solitude" are from his pen. A correspondent of the Springfield *Republican* says: "Yet reckless as Mr. Howells is in the use of his critical weapons, few writers are so sensitive to censure as he, and he may count himself fortunate in that he occupies the position of judge rather than that of judged. He is a very laborious writer (his labor, however, being bestowed with the happiest results, for there are few who excel him in light, graceful, and *insouciant*, yet correct, rhetoric), writing on little bits of paper, a paragraph at a time, and putting them together, as one constructs a geographrcal puzzle."

PROF. NOAH PORTER, of Yalè College, closes a criticism on "Ecce Deus" in the Yale *Courant* with these words: "It is sufficient for us to know that both 'Ecce Homo' and 'Ecce Deus' are in their place, most eloquent and ablc defences of Christianity, and valuable contributions to Christian literature."

MR. MILL'S LAST VOLUME.—The third volume of Mr. John Stuart Mill's "Dissertations and Discussions" contains two papers of great interest to our countrymen—one on "The Contest in American," first published in "Frazer's Magazine" for February, 1862; the other entitled, "A Few Words on Non-Intervention," published in the same periodical at a latter period. The volume is also enriched by a notable article on Grotc's Plato. which originally appeared in the Edinburgh *Review* for April, 1866. In regard to these admirable essays, one of Mr. Mill's critics says that all, on their first publication, produced a deep effect on the intellect of England, while one or two had an immediate and powerful influence in disecting the political opinions of the nation.

JEAN INGELOW's new book, "My Choseu Friends," will be republished as soon as completed. She has again postponed her new volume of poems until the autumn. It has been ready for press for two years, but her fear lest it should cause disappointmeut withholds it from publication. She is devoting a great deal of her time to its revision.

MRS. MARY SOMERVILLE has nearly ready a work "Ou Molecular and Microscopic Science."

THE OLD COMEDIES.

AT the present time, when the public of San Francisco, satiated with trashy spectacle and muscular development on the stage, are crowding the Opera House to witness the performance of Edwin Adams, supported by the best stock company ever formed in this city, a few extracts from an article entitled "Plays and Players," which appears in *All The Year Round* may prove acceptable. The writer comparing the plays of the present day with those of the old school, says:

"As to plays, looking back, how infinitely superior were the pieces of older days! We have only to turn over Garrick's correspondence to see the pains with which every drama was 'blocked out,' considered by many wise heads, altered and shaped, and above all, how long a play took to write. A more curious feature was the part the manager, who had vast experience, took in the composition and alteration. They were not 'knocked off' as now; the play was written to be *read*. This was a part of the author's profits, which often brought in an additional hundred pounds to his share. But if these modern pieces, which depends so much on realistic effects, as the fire-engine, aod real horses, and real houscs, etc., be sold in book shape, or exhibited on paper, there would be little left to print.

If we turn over Bell's British Theatre, we shall be astonished at the storehonse it is of humors and characters. The comedies of the last century were great and important works, full of variety, full of buoyancy, life and vigor. Nothing need be said of the immortal Good-natured Man and She Stoops to Conquer, treasuries of wit and humor; but there are others scarcely known, save to students of that period of literature, that run those masterpieces very closely. Doctor Hoadley, a clergyman, wrote a comedy called the Suspicious Husband, which, for gaiety, bustle and liveliness of speech, is delightful. Garrick's Ranger the leading character, was long talked of by play-goers. Arthur Murphy's plays are all excellent. The Way to Keep Him, All in the Wrong, The Citizen and the Upholsterer, are broadly humorous, bold and carefully finished; full of life, with every character standing out. This, indeed, explains the secret of the line of good actors who then flonrished. They were given parts which bore study and pondering over, and which had stuff in them, and were, in fact, "characters." What a company of degage writers! The gay but *too* free-and-easy Mrs. Centlivre, the jovial General Burgoyne, aud the boisterous trio of Hibernians, Bickerstaff, O'Keefe, and Kane O'Hara, author."

After some remarks on the superiority of the burlesque of *Midas*, to the very best of those of modern days, he continues:

"Thomas Morton caught the morbid German tone of his day and discovered dramatic murders done thirty years ago by finding bloody clothes and daggers in old trunks, still such absurdities are redeemed by varied character, humor and gaiety. Speed the Plough, with Sir Abel and Bob Handy, and never dying Mrs. Grundy, and the cheerful country dance, are a most welcome night's entertainment, even in indifferent hands. Who has not roared over The Cure for the Heartache, with the two Rapids and the Nabob? Or over the no less excellent Heir-at-Law and Doctor Pangloss? Think of the Jealous Wife and Mr. and Mrs. Oakley. What firm clear color—like Hogarth's or Leslie's—what good solid character, near which our modern figures seem all thin lath and plaster! Add the Rivals and the admirable Brinsley Sheridan, and his School for Scandal. But the series is endless. Then, were there comedies to act, players to act them, and audiences to relish both. What have we now to look to?"

It would have done the writer's heart good, had he been present at the Opera House the other night, and observed how thoroughly the old comedy of *Wild Oats* was enjoyed by the audience. He would have conferred that here was an audience to enjoy a sterling play and no less would he have been forced to confess that the company was capable of doing it justice. The facts are most creditable to San Francisco and should be known by the rest of the world. The fact is that San Francisco will, when the population of California increases, support the standard drama more liberally than any other city in the world. Nothing has been made out of the spectacular pieces which have been produced of late. The *Black Crook* brought the management at both of the houses where it was produced, in debt. The great successes have been in the eugagements of Mr. aud Mrs. Kean aud Edwin Forrest. The season of tragedy and comedy now commencing with the far from sensational Edwin Adams, promises to be equally successful.

A RACE FOR LIFE.

AN INCIDENT OF THE GREAT REBELLION.

"NINE o'clock and no orders yet!" I exclaimed as I looked at the clock in the waiting-room at the shore headquarters of the commodore commanding the United States gunboats engaged in bombarding a very strong rebel position on the Mississippi river.

Then I turned again to the window to have another glance at my horse, who, looking as if he knew that he was about to engage in some important expidition, was champing his bit, and every now and then rearing up and indulging in a variety of equine amusements, much to the delight and amusement of the man-o'-war's-man who was leading him up and down in front of the building. From what I had heard drop at the mess table that evening I knew it was very important that the general commading the land forces thirty miles away should have an answer to the message which I had conveyed the previous evening by twelve o'clock that night, so I began to think that I should have no very easy task to perform if expected to ride so great a distance in so short a time through the dark woods and along the muddy roads. I had been waiting a half an hour alone, not contemplating the trip with feelings of very lively satisfaction, and wondering if I should ever manage to perform it, until at last I had become quite restless and was anxious to be off.

Another fifteen minutes passed away and my anxiety increased, when the door opened and an officer hurrying into the room placed a dispatch in my hand. "You have not a moment to lose, sir, as you will see if you look at the back of the envelope." I read, 9.15 P. M—. The bearer will ride at at full speed." Placing it carefully in my pocket I was leaving the room when the officer stopped me by saying, "Lest you should be captured, or in the event of your losing the dispatch it may be as well to tell you its contents. The gunboats will make an attempt to run the enemy's batteries as soon after twelve as possible. There are any quantity of guerrillas on the road, and you may be shot; then, of course you are not to blame; but should they by any means get the dispatch without you, why, then you can tell General P—— what is in it. Good night, sergeant, a swift journey, and a safe one to you." "Now," I thought, as I sprang on my horse—"now is the time to try your mettle, Punch— thirty miles, my boy, in three hours, with a prospect of being shot on the way." But I did not think the road a very dangerous one to travel, for up to this time I had never had a chance of facing any of the "Butternuts"—as we used to term the Confederate soldiers—in the field, and I had before me the prospect of winning the general's favor if I was only successful that night. "So here goes for death or glory," I thought; and and in a hard canter I did the first mile of the route, leaving behind me our picket, and getting into a low, marshy, but open country, with every now and then a farm house lying on either side of the road. Sometimes, as the inmates heard the tramping of my horse plashing through the mud, a window would be thrown open and a head popped out. Then again, I'd puss a farmer hanging around his outbuildings, looking with suspicion, and evidently having no kindly feeling towards me.

The night wind blew chill, the pace was good, and the excitement was something rather pleasant to feel for one who for weeks had done nothing but listen to the booming of the guns of the fleet. So at least I got weary of taking any precautions against a class of men whom I thoroughly despised and grew the more careless as a thick black line ahead told me I was nearing the woods. Once there I should be safe from the cowardly dogs, and only run the risk of being captured by the rebel cavalry. Just on the borders of the timber there was a light, too high up for a picket fire. It was another house, perhaps the headquaters of some of the "Butternuts" out on a scouting expedition. No matter what it is, it must be passed. So I swung my little horse on the green sward by the roadside that the sound of my coming should not be heard until I was close to the building. The precaution was an idle one if there was any watchful opponents in my front, for their practical ear would detect the long, heavy tread of my gallant little steed. If they were only thick-headed Missouri farmers, why, perhaps they would not hear me. "Seen, by Jove!" I muttered half aloud, and plunged the spurs into my horse's flank, who bounded away at a racing speed. A window banged down, and as I flew past the spot the door opened, and a man with a rifle in his hand, which I could distinctly see by the candle held by a woman standing behind him, rushed into the front. Then came the click of the weapon and a second after a bullet whizzed over my head. For a moment my blood was up, and I'd have given anything to have ridden up to him revolver in hand and squared accounts, but I had gained the cover of the timber, and I knew that my errand was more important than revenge. So slacking my pace again, I continued on my dreary way.

I lay close to my saddle until I knew that I had left him far in the rear, for there was no more to fear from these people than from a dozen of the enemy's cavalry. A shot in the dark, and all is over; but let the worst come to the worst with the rebels, if you could not fight them or get out of their way, why, they would take care of you and treat you tolerably as a prisoner. Jeff. Thompson was a bold dare-devil guerrilla, but neither he nor any of his men would ill-use a captive. On the other hand, we had abundant evidence of the treachery and cowardice of these sneaking, slaveholding farmers of south-eastern Missouri. When our army advanced, a telegraphic wire was laid connecting the headquarters of our corps with those of Cairo. Hardly a night passed away but it was found cut. Mounted guards patroled the whole route, and yet were unable to prevent the mischief. A cavalryman passing a certain spot would return in half an hour to find the wire cut or some posts pulled down. The general at last, determined to stop this maneuver, issued a short dispatch stating that "in case the telegraph was damaged, the nearest resident to the place where such damage was done would be taken and hung without trial." The cavalry were recalled from their duty as guards, and never after this order was issued had we the slightest cause to complain of our communication being injured. Knowing the antecedents of these gentry, I was naturally very suspicious of them, and as mile after mile was got over, house after house passed, I began to wish that I was in the timber and away from this kind of danger.

It was dark now; the great trees on either side of the road casting their shadows on my path rendered everything black, so that I could not see far before me. I had to trust entirely to my horse, who still kept up the same steady pace, though every now and then he dashed into some muddy water hole or sank deep into the slush which lay on the road. Only five miles more, and we shall be at the station midway between Cairo and our lines. A regiment of our fellows was there, and if I could arrive at that post I felt comparatively safe for the remainder of the journey. Hit, by Jove! No, it is only a flake of mud in my face; but hark! there is a noise in front.

"Now for it, Punch!" and away we go again, and I take the precaution to have my revolver ready for instant use. There is a little sparkling something by the roadside away ahead; my horse shies and springs to the opposite side; click, and I see a long bright barrel. Down goes my pistol, and almost at the same instant two shots are heard, ringing and echoing again and again through the tall trees. A rifle ball has just stuck my saber, but never mind that, for as I look round I hear my enemy's gun drop to the ground, and a cry, as of pain, tells me that my aim was the best. So I pull up again, and as I do so, Punch gives a snort of delight, as much as to say, "You and I have done it this time;" and then another long stretch of ground is covered. "But, softly, boy, softly; the beggars are about again; reserve yourself for the rush; there is more than one, my lad, and you know that I have to depend on you as much as myself." Softly it was; but still we were getting nearer and nearer, and I heard the word of command—

"Shoulder arms! steady, men! let them once come right up;" and presently came the challenge: "Who goes there?"

"Friend."

"Advance, friend, and give the countersign."

"Fort Henry!"

"Right, Harry, right!" a cheery voice exclaimed, which instantly I recognized as that of Bob Downs, of an Indiana regiment.

"Old Clifford told us to keep a sharp look-out for you, and when we heard somebody popping away I feared that they had popped you. Our lines are only a mile away; you'll be safe there, but the heathens are swarming on the other side." Very nice information for one who had been flattering himself that the worst was past. But here are our pickets; they know I am coming: so a hasty challenge and I have passed them. Now I see the white tents of the infantry, and in a moment I am off my horse and at headquarters. The colonel is up, and brings me some brandy neat, whilst my horse stands panting as one orderly rubs his legs and another operates on his body

"Another horse, sergeant?" says the colonel. "No, for I know the one I am riding; he has ever been faithful, and will remain so as long as there is life in him." So they give him some gruel and I start once more. It is 10:40 P. M.—fifteen miles in an hour and twenty-five minutes, including stoppage.

"Take care," says the colonel when I am mounted, "Jeff's men are about, and as near as I can guess six or seven miles away, and the devils will wing you if they can."

But I hardly stay to hear his last remark as I canter off again, slowly passing the thin line of tents, and then through the streets of the little town, awakening the people from their first sleep, by the clatter of my horse's hoofs and the jingling of my saber. A sentry challenges me. "All right," a kind "good night," and once I am out in the darkness. There are the advance pickets; and the officer halts me, and tells me that three or four times he has heard horses about, but for the last half hour as has been still, so he presumes that the rascals have left the main road, and made for the farming districts in search of any of our foraging parties they may pick up. A road through the woods runs parallel with mine for several miles, and at a distance of only half a mile apart. It led right away to the farms, and along this probably the rebels had one. If such was the case, I knew that from the speed I was riding, I should have to pass them; so I again took the turf by the roadside lest they should hear me. Two or three times I thought I'd have a smoke, but then their quick sight might detect the light. So I put it off until I got into camp.

Nobly did the little horse keep on; dig, dig, went his soft feet in the soft turf—on we swept by the tall trees, darkness of the night. Hark! there is something on my right—bah! it is but a rabbit, or some animal frightened at my approach.

But what is that sound in the woods? It is the murmur of voices, and they are getting nearer and nearer with every step I take, and now I know from the peculiar rumble which soldiers can soon detect, that there are cavalry about, and on my right. "They must be in the old road" I thought. "Steady, Punch! steady! They are away ahead. On the turf boy" "Easy! we shall pass them all right yet? Steady," for the little fellow pulled hard on the bit as if every moment was of consequence. Nearer comes the sound; we are almost up with it, and shall be past in a minute. "No! by jingo, they have heard me." I hear their horses in the bush coming right from the road; the leaves crackle beneath their tread.

"Now for it, my lad, as swift as chain-lightning, or we are lost."

On we go; the pace is tremendous, but still I cannot pass them. They know every inch of ground, and are taking a short cut to head me off.

"On, Punch, on," and then the spurs go to work, and the faithful creature does his best. They are close on me. Thank God I am even with them, and if pace is to win the day, why, tired and weary though you are, my boy, I don't much fear the result. "Halt!" cries an angry voice. "If you catch me," I reply; and then I lie low on my saddle, just in time to escape half a dozen balls that fly over my head, but as I lean my hand over my horse's shoulder, I feel something wet oozing out. It is blood! "They have hit you, my good fellow; poor Punch!" but Punch only gives an angry snort and dashes on like the whirlwind. Rattle and clatter, shouts and yells, I hear behind, and I know that the whole party are in pursuit. Bang! goes a carbine, and the bullet strikes a tree. "You can't do much damage, my friend," I cry, "unless you pull up, and then where shall I be?"

Another shot, and I laugh with wild delight, for I know that it has gone buzzing through the timber away at my right. "Try it again," I shout, standing up in my stirrups, and taunting them with being such bad marksmen; for in the excitement I was quite careless of life, and felt inclined to dare the whole party.

My taunts were responded to by a volley, which swept harmlessly over me. A hundred yards only separated me from the "Rebs," but I had the advantage of the night, and if I only could keep up the speed I felt safe, but not wishing to encounter such another ebullition of Confederate wrath, I laid low, and did not look around until another mile was passed Then I took a peep, and saw to my horror, close behind, an officer, (I could distinguish his rank by the bright lace around his cap) mounted on a large horse, every stride gaining on me.

"Halt!" he screamed, "or I'll fire." "Fire away—two can play at that little game;" and suiting the action to the word, I pointed the revolver right at his horse's chest, and let fly. Down went horse and rider, his pistol going off as he fell. Bang! bang! went their carbines again, and on, on, I flew, my steed now showing signs of distress, and requiring the spur to keep him up to the mark. There is an open space ahead—perhaps they will shoot me there. No, I'm past the clearing. Right once more! Three miles more, my lad, and then our pickets—and if they do their duty, as you have done yours, Punch, there will be many a saddle emptied in our rear.

Another look, Hurrah! I'm gaining on them; but still on they come. There is a splash, and then a heavy thud—one of them has fallen in the mud-hole we have just passed. Here's the opening again, I know this part well; and across the corner and away we go over the grass. A laugh behind.

"We've got him now!" What, could I be wrong? No, but a few yards ahead is a great yawning chasm. Baffled! Stuff! "To the bottom, or over." Not an inch swayed the little nag to the right or left, but straight at it, and with a long bound we were across. A hideous yell bust out, and I turned once more in my saddle, and see my pursuers hesitating on the brink. One, two, three are over; the rest ride round. Now comes the rush. They know the pickets are near. By Heavens! they are gaining! my horse is done! not a bit faster will spur or voice urge him.

But surely our boys will hear the shouts, and they then will settle with these gentry for me. Yes, they have heard, and I see an opening in the woods, and a bright barrel, which is instantly withdrawn, is flashing in the starlight between the trees. Saved, but yet no challenge. Perhaps it is another rebel, but it is too near camp for that. I gallop by and see a party of our fellows. An officer holds up his sword, and I whisper softly as I pass, "The hounds are close behind." "Then I will make sauer kraut of them," answers the German officer in command.

A minute more, and then the sharp word, "Aim, fire!" Then a shout and a yell, and tramp of horses' feet, and I know that our lads are upon them, and that many a "Butternut" has gone to his last account.

So I pull my rein, but dare not walk my horse, lest he should drop. Here is our second picket line! In front, upon yonder slope, I can just see the camp-fires. There on my right I hear the heavy tramp of a cavalry sentinel pacing up and down in front of a large farm-house, lighted with candles in nearly every room. I make right for it. The guards hail me. An officer comes to the door. It is the General himself. "The dispatch!" I alight and give it to him, and as I do reel against the door and looking round, see Punch lying on his side, panting for breath. Then comes a heavy boom through the midnight air. "What means that firing?" "That the gunboats are running the blockade, General." Then he looks at the dispatch again, and reads in the presence of several of his staff, "9:16 P. M.," and then pulls out his watch and says very coolly, "12:30; thirty miles in three hours and fifteen minutes!" Well done, my man, I shall not forget you." And he kept his word, for the next day he sent me on a more dangerous mission than the one I had just performed.

THE FENIAN RISE IN DUBLIN ON THE FIFTH OF MARCH, 1867.

I HAD been absent from Dublin on leave, during the whole month of February. When I left the city, on the 27th of February, the Fenian conspiracy would have seemed to an ordinary observer utterly collapsed. Arrests were occasionally made, but were chiefly confined to Americanised Celts. If these men had been born in Ireland, the soil and climate of America had a strange effect upon their constitution. They were tall, pale-faced, and bearded—in every respect presenting the appearance of the genuine article. My duty brought me into contact with many of these prisoners, and I found that for one who came from New York, three came from Massachusetts. They seemed to me to court arrest, for they were singularly rude and insolent, swaggering through the streets, jostling the passers-by, and walking at a rapid pace three or four abreast when the footpath was crowded during the fashionable hours for promenading or shopping. I remarked that several wore large stars of silver on their left breasts: ugly ornaments enough; for they were, in all respects, like pieces of block tin. All had hats, a compound between the "pot hat" and the "Jerry." All, too, had loose overcoats of different shades of grey.

When many were seen together, it became plain that their dress was a kind of uniform. Nothing was found upon these men when searched. Documents they would not carry; revolvers and ammunition were thrown into the river before the police could seize them at the quays. On the American Celts money was found in abundance; the street-rowdies of Dublin and the importations from the slums of manufacturing towns in England seldom had a shilling. The latter were miserable, stunted, woebegone creatures, with a mischievous cast of countenance not usual with the Americans. Now and then the police discovered pikes, swords, belts, revolvers, and rifles—never many together—hidden behind shutters, between beds and mattresses, or under the flooring. Secret information had led the detectives to their hiding-places, and it was surmised by many that the information was given by the leaders of the plot themselves. They knew that every seizure would be magnified tenfold, and made notorious through the public press. Thus the discontented and seditious would believe that the conspirators were at work, and preparing for a rise. The majority, however, believed that Fenianism was merely a gigantic swindle, intended to procure money for the leaders. Such was the state of things when I left Dublin, and it did seem strange to me that, if danger was really imminent, "leave" should have been freely given. There were Fenians, as I afterwards found, in my neighborhood, and accident taught me that the maid-servant in my lodgings was enlisted in the plot. A secluded glen some distance from my home was a favorite haunt of mine, but I found that whenever I strolled out in that direction, she placed a candle in an upper room, the window of which could be seen from the glen. I noticed the light, but did not discover that it was a signal until informed by the constabulary on the night before I left.

I was sitting at breakfast on the morning of the 5th of March, when a jaunting-car was driven up before my window, and a boy handed me a telegram. It was very brief, containing an order for my instant return to Dublin and my post. I felt that "something was up," and, telling the carman to wait, made my hurried preparations. While I was wrapping a rug about my legs, the servant-girl, looking piercingly at me, inquired: "Have they kept their word?" As I hesitated, not knowing what answer to give, she inquired again: "Are the boys up in Dublin? They said they would rise to-day." "Indeed?" said I. "You know much more than I do." As I dashed down the road leading to the station, I noticed that a loose pile of straw at the head of the glen had been fired, and now sent up into the clear air a rolling column of white smoke. In ten minutes similar smoke signals were seen on seven hillocks stretching round and past the glen, and then I believed that there really was "something up."

I traveled to town by the Great Southern and Western Railway in a third-class carriage. I wished to hear the talk of the country people. I counted nine young athletic fellows in the carriage; they were all singularly silent. We took in few additional passengers until the train reached successively Straffan, Celbridge, Lucan, and Cloudalkin. At the last two places passengers became so numerous that accomodation could not be provided for them. There was evidently an understanding between many of the young peasants and two American Celts who got in at Celbridge. The moment these men entered, every pipe was put out. They had with them a stout deal box about twenty inches long and sixteen deep, braced at the corners with iron, and evidently of great weight.

There was no confusion or crowding at the terminus. I noticed that three men stepped out from among the carriages and cabs, and adressed a very brief sentence to the two Americans who had traveled with us. The young men regularly "fell in" and marched rather than walked down the quays. Suddenly they broke up in twos and threes, and disappeared rapidly up the lanes leading to Thomas and James street. Three hours afterwards, I recognised five of them at Tallaght.

Coming down the north side of the quays, here and there scarcely seen—for the gas was peculiary dim—I saw policemen wearing swords standing in six together with their backs against shop shutters. They looked like a black wall. Further on, a group of boys, youths, and men would be formed around one person in the centre, and, after receiving brief directions from him, also broke up into twos and threes and passed rapidly down the quay.

I saw one group in process of formation. A man stood motionless in the centre of the pathway, near Arran Quay Chapel. He beat the pavement with his iron-shod heel, as if to warm his feet. Almost immediately, were heard at a distance similar triple beatings of the feet, and in an incredibly short time a group of at least thirty formed in a circle, with their faces turned towards an individual in the centre—to break up in twos or threes almost as soon as formed. I counted thirty-one of these groups from the railway terminus to Sackville street. But here there was a continuous stream of men and boys passing rapidly over Carlisle Bridge. For the most part they were the gamins of the city—horse-holders, sweepers of shop doors, ragged nondescripts, pickpockets. Palefaced, slouching men, smelling strongly of whisky and tobacco, appeared among the ruck. Now and then an American Celt could be seen to hail a cab, into which three and sometimes five persons would enter. The faces were all turned one way, and the town seemed to be disgorging all its rabble. I could compare the stampede to nothing but the rush of people to witness a fire. Not a word was spoken, and though very large numbers poured out of Dublin together, there was not the slightest disturbance or confusion. I followed the moving stream up Westmoreland street, past the college in whose vast front not a light was to be seen, through Grafton street, up Stephen's-green, and Harcourt street. There I left them, and hurried home. I expected to find explicit orders awaiting me.

Along the route taken by the multitude, the cigar-shops, oyster-stalls, and gin-palaces were open as usual. In my own street every house was lighted up, and a large ball was being given in Harcourt street. No chain was placed across my own hall door, and my servant, in answer to my inquiries, replied, as coolly as if it were a matter of no importance, than "the Fenians had riz." In the parlor all were at "high tea." A blazing fire shone out gloriously, and a joyful welcome was given me. Short space was there for rest or warmth. A long envelope was handed to me, and in five minutes I left my home *alone*, to move with the Fenians up to a certain point. They had risen, and it was believed that they intended, when collected in numbers sufficiently great, to pour down upon the wealthiest portion of the city, and plunder there.

I found that the greater portion of the mass began to move slowly in the neighborhood of Rathmines; a suburb consisting mainly of a single street of fine houses inhabited by the higher orders of the middle class. This street is three quarters of a mile long, with a very wide footpath on either side. At the extremity furthest from the city, it opens out into a spacious triangular place, at the two opposite angles of which two roads branch out: one leading to Rathgar, Roundtown, and Rathfarnham: the other, though an irregular line of buildings, to Palmerston-fields, which are skirted by the river Dodder, here exceedingly picturesque. There are some very fine old trees in the neighborhood; and in a magnificent field surrounded by wood the multitude gathered. I think, however, that from the first many of the Fenians passed on rapidly, crossed a bridge over the Dodder, and made for the rendezvous at Tallaght, a village fully four miles to the right. As far as I could judge, there were at no time more than between six and seven hundred persons assembled at Palmerston-fields, of whom four-fifths were youths not over eighteen years of age, weaklings, and with a dissipated air. There were two carts: both containing arms, as we subsequently found. For some time the mass moved about without any apparent object, and I understood they were waiting for some one to lead them. The Rathmines police-office is close to the triangular space, and from this the little garrison of eight men hovered on the skirts of the Fenians, now and then arresting individuals. Suddenly, and without a word, this mass of Fenians broke up; some proceed at a rapid pace toward Tallaght, but fully half the number, already tired of the enterprise and alarmed by discovering that they were really required to fight, poured back into the city, flinging away the arms they had received. They found that the police were searching all persons passing into Dublin whose appearance was suspicious; consequently, they determined to rid themselves of proofs of complacity with the rising. The night wore on, raw and cold, with a drizzling of sleet and rain. The romantic apprentices shuddered at a four miles' march to Tallaght over an undulating country.

By this time the alarm had spread. Cavalry from Portobello, and infantry from other barracks, were on the rear of those stepping out for Tallaght. The cavalry did not proceed very rapidly; for, I believe, it was designed by the authorities to allow the mass to meet at Tallaght. The metropolitan police, whom I have spoken of as standing in sixes by the shop shutters, had now united into a very formidable body of tall strong men, and they moved after the insurgents as rapidly as the cavalry. They marched silent as death, each man fully able to deal with half a dozen Fenians. Tired and worn out by my long travel, I stepped into a friend's house to obtain some refreshment, but after a little rest I mounted my friend's car, and arrived at Tallaght before the great event of the night occurred.

The lower order of Irish use the phrase, Tallaght-hill "talk," to express boasts and menaces without power to enforce them. From the hill you can look down upon Dublin, "the city of the black pool;" and on a summer's day or moonlight night the panorama is magnificent. St. Patrick's cathedral stands out grandly, with its lofty steeple, and spire, and buttress. A scout placed on Tallaght-hill could ascertain, without difficulty every military movement in Dublin. I do not know the plans of the Fenians, but I think they expected large reinforcements to meet them at Tallaght from the counties of Meath, Wicklow, Wexford, and Kildare, and, when all were combined, to pour down upon that part of Dublin which, from their eyrie, they saw to be least protected. Lord Strathnairn, however, was too quick for them, and while he and his strong force of infantry and cavalry were marching to cut off the approaches to the city, he had directed a portion of the 48th Regiment to move from the Curragh by the Southern and Western Railway, to leave the train at Celbridge station, and cut off the rear of the insurgents.

But, before the military had reached the Fenians, the latter were cowed and beaten.

The police barrack at Tallaght is a weak building, incapable of resisting determined assailants. On the night of the 5th of March there were fourteen constabulary in the barracks, when an excited messenger gave information that the Fenians had risen and were marching on the Tallaght road. Almost at the same moment the sound of a very large number of advancing men was heard. The inspector who commanded the constabulary ordered his men to move out and face the enemy. These could be heard and seen advancing like an irregular moving wall. It seemed as if the earth had risen five or six feet high, and were pressing forward. When the constabulary challenged the crowd, no reply was given. Some order was issued to the insurgents, and then a volley came from the rebel ranks, irregular and scattered. The constabulary had knelt down, and the insurgents, fire passed over them without wounding a man. But the light of the rifles pointed out the insurgents to the constabulary, who delivered their fire, all together, like one shot. There was silence for an instant, then terrific yells rent the air, and screams of men in agony. The insurgents recoiled and broke at once. I can compare their break up to nothing but that of a "school" of mackerel. They ran everywhere, jostling, impeding, fighting each other, in anxiety to escape. You could hear the pike-staves and revolvers falling on the ground, as they were thrown away in the panic.

The dark mass melted away, on the ground lay two dying men: one clutching at the gravel and screaming, "O men! O men!" The other was desperately wounded, and insensible. Two others were found next morning. The bullets of the constabulary did their work well; no one can tell how many were "hurt badly" by that one volley. I know there have been several clandestine burials and unhonored graves; and I believe that there are still many sorely mangled in outhouses, a terror to their friends.

During the remainder of the night, or rather in the dark morning, the insurgents, who had fled to Tallaght-hill, slipped off by ditches, hedge rows, and mountain-torrent beds. When light dawned, there were not more than three hundred men and boys together, the most timid of the lot, who had feared even to attempt escape. The military captured with ease one hundred and eighty-six of these miserable wretches, half dead with fear, and utterly worn out with hunger and fatigue. They were marched into Dublin, and "paraded" in the Castle yard. Some begged for water, others for a morsel of bread; many threw themselves down on the flags to get a moment's rest. A more dismal and disgusting spectacle was never seen. There my duty ended.

NOTICE.

The publication of "The Californian" takes place on Saturday mornings, and copies may be obtained in the City at all News stands, and of our News-agents through the country. It will also be served by carriers on the morning of publication.

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J. P. BOGARDUS,
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THE CALIFORNIAN.

SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, JUNE 22, 1867.

☞ **Two good canvassers wanted. Apply at the office of** The Californian **on Monday, between 12 and 1.**

THE POLITICAL SITUATION.

THERE is something peculiarly interesting in the present position and attitude of parties in this State, and judging from such manifestations of public opinion as have thus far been made, and may be taken to be reliable, the approaching struggle between the Republicans and their opponents gives promise of proving one of the most closely and sharply contested ones in the history of California. So far as the platforms put forth by the conventions of the two parties are concerned, it is difficult for an unbiased observer to avoid the conclusion that there are certain politic evasions and reservations in both. The Republicans have refrained from embodying in the "resolutions" upon which they propose to go into the campaign, certain doctrines in regard to suffrage, reconstruction, etc., which there is ample reason to believe are conscientiously held, not only by their principal leaders, but by the great majority of the party, and which they could only have been restrained from distinctly avowing by considerations of policy. The Democrats on the other hand, profess a cheerful acceptance of the result of the appeal to arms, as a "practical settlement of the issues involved," which no intelligent reader of their principal organs can easily persuade himself is shared in perfect good faith by the majority of the party. Undoubtedly both parties, have in framing their platforms made some concession to expediency with reference to immediate results. Such concessions are perhaps unavoidable in practical politics, however much they may be deprecated by men of unswerving loyalty to ideas and principles. At any rate, they have always been made by political parties in the United States, on the eve of popular elections. Aside from the issue joined in regard to the Congressional policy of reconstruction, and some points of minor importance, it may be maintained with a decent show of plausibility that the two parties occupy substantially the same ground upon questions of national politics. The first of the resolutions adopted by the Democratic Convention, that "the Government of the United States is the paramount Government of the country," and that the allegiance due from the citizen to such Government is a binding and perpetual obligation to be observed with fidelity and good faith, would seem to involve a frank abandonment of the doctrines of States right, and of an allegiance due to the State paramount to that due to the Federal Government. The second resolution, to the effect that all the questions involved in the late rebellion have been settled by the result of the war, and that "it is the duty of all to acquiesce in this settlement," must be construed as a surrender of all the pretensions urged on the behalf of the seceding States by democrats of the Wood and Vallandigham school, during the war. But if this new profession of the Democratic faith is made in sincerity and honesty, it would seem to require in consistency the repudiation of the old anti-war leaders as candidates for office. Those leaders, however, have not, in fact, been repudiated. The policy that dictated the platform has not been carried out in nominations. The Democratic party having clearly shown by the moderate and guarded platform which they have adopted how far they were willing to go, and what concessions they were willing to make, in the interests of expediency and for the purpose of relieving themselves of the odium attaching to the doctrines which for the last five years, and until the cause of the seceding States was proved beyond per-adventure to be a "lost cause," they have advocated; finally gave evidence by some of their nominations of the affection which they still cherish for the men who had been throughout the struggle, the most consistent and bitter enemies of the Government, and the most uncompromising and zealous champions of its assailants, The platform tells one story; the nominations that indicate the personal leanings and preferences of the Convention tell another, and it is but fair, in estimating the sincerity and good faith of the declaration of principles, to take in consideration the antecedents of the individuals who are put forward as the chosen leaders of the party.

It is related of two old Scotch ministers that the one asked the other if he were not sorely tempted at times to go fishing on the Sunday afternoons. "Oh, mon," replied his fellow-laborer, "I'm never tempted lang; I just gang."

THE LOGIC OF THE POCKET-HANDKERCHIEF.

WE have long had a vague impression, derived from such of his writings as have fallen under our observation that Mr. Theodoro Tilton of the N. Y. *Independent*, belonged to that class of spurious reformers and philanthropists, in whom egotism, vanity, and gushing sentimentality are the predominating qualities. When we read, some time since, his lachrymose lamentations over "the fall" of "his dear friend," Henry Ward Beecher, because the latter took a different view of the subject of reconstruction, from that entertained by some of his friends, we wondered much how it was, that so Tupperish an individual had come to attain so considerable an amount of celebrity, not only as a writer, but as in some sort, a political leader; but it was not until we saw his singular and pitiful article in the *Independent*, written from Auburn, in which he reviews his little tearful drama, mourning this time, over "the apostacy" of Mr. Seward, that we began to perceive clearly what an essentially small-souled creature this Theodore Tilton, with his absurd assumption, and his dishonest affectation of "pity and sadness" as one of the means of offering vulgar insult, must really be. We are very far from agreeing with Mr. Beecher's opinions on the subject of reconstruction, and we regretted very much several aberrations, as they seemed to us, in Mr. Seward's later career; but think it about time that our American custom of falling to mourning over our public men when tho express views which we have not expected from them, and do not approve, just as though they had become morally degraded, should be characterized and understood as it deserves. When Tilton puts his handkerchief to his eyes, and falls to wailing over Mr. Beecher's or Mr. Seward's "apostacy" from the "cause of freedom," etc., because either of those great men in the use of his own judgment and intellect, arrives at conclusions which Tilton considers false, his lamentation is simply a most offensive and insolent assumption of moral or intellectual superiority. This kind of tactics, by which crocodile tears are substituted for the usual weapons of controversy, has recently become quite characteristic of the *Independent*, so much so, that on almost every late occasion, where a leader of any note, in the Republican party, has ventured upon an independent expression of views distasteful to the editor, his handkerchief has been brought into requisition.

MRS. CUPPY IN STOCKTON.

DURING Mrs. Cuppy's recent visit at Stockton, she was a positive wonder to the inhabitants of that antiquated burg of a single hack. The Stocktonian conception of a lecturess was, of course, the traditional "tall, angular, bony, spectacled female, clad in outlandish garb, and speaking in graterish tones."

Stockton is at the head of the slough.

The sea of critical faces assembled at Hickman's hall, for facetious comment on the "Free Lecture" saw at length moving through their midst an elegant woman clad in white, unsupported and unattended, who seating herself upon the platform, faced them with a majestic coolness and deliberation. Then primeval Stocktonians felt that somebody was there.

They were quiet, respectful, and forgot that they lived at the head of the slough and had but one hack. Next they listened and heard some very plain truths which many of them had acknowledged to themselves for a long time, but had never dared to acknowledge to each other. They looked at each other timidly, then at the oratoress, then at each other again, and then they not only forgot that Stockton was at the head of the slough and contained but one hack, but they became oblivious of the fact of the existence in their midst of that great attraction the Insane Asylum.

Said one aged Stocktonian to another, the next morning after the lecture on "Woman," while wending their way in search of their matutinal beverage:

"Why, where were all these things said?"

"At Hickman's Hall," said the other Stocktonian who was partly prostrated by the lecture.

Then he looked long and anxious in the direction of the slough to see if it was still there.

"And how did the Stockton people take it?" said the second Stocktonian, as he tottered feebly after his companion:

"Take it!" said the first old man wiping his spectacles and looking around to see if all the churches were still in their usual places. "Why they had to take it!"

Yes, they "had to take it," and from a woman too! and worse than all many of them liked it.

Stockton, it may be added in conclusion, lies in the mud at the head of the slough and is populated by the Insane Asylum. The inhabitants are a simple, inoffensive race and are much attached to their homes, the slough and Insane Asylum. At present they are very much afraid of female speakers. In time the race will be developed into a moderate degree of intelligence.

Blake, the Poet-Artist.—Algernon Charles Swinburne will immediately follow up his "Song of Italy," which has caused some sensation on both sides of the great ocean, by "W. Blake, Poet and Artist; Essays," with colored illustrations.

American Boys.—Probably in every age, since the time of poor Adam and Eve's trouble with their wilful son, the world has been supposed to be near its end on account of the naughtiness of boys. We confess that, for ourselves, in moments of wrath at the impish perversity, or of sorrow at the precocious wickedness of noted specimens of American boyhood, we have sometimes been tempted to that supposition, and certainly we could not much wonder if Young America furnished more food for the Prophet's avenging bears than Young Israel supplied. Yet the world has continued to be, and generation after generation has risen from petticoats, to jackets and trousers, and jackets and trousers to coats and pantaloons, without any utter extinction of the line of masculine succession. That succession will probably be kept up in this hemisphere, and here, as of old, the folly of youth will, in due time, be subdued by the wisdom of age. All the more earnestly, because of our good hope for the ultimate welfare of our country, we are disposed to look carefully and seriously at the tendencies of our sons, desirous at once of discovering their peculiar temptations and advantages.

Our daughters are constitutionally more marked by sensibility, and our sons are more marked by wilfulness. The consequence is, that we are more anxious what will happen to our daughters, and what will happen from our sons—the daughters sensitiveness exposing her to receive harm, and the son's wilfulness exposing him to do harm. We are not wise to quarrel with nature, and we must expect that boys will be more noisy and mischievous than girls; nay, we may count it a good sign of a lad's force of character if there is a good share of aggressive, fun-loving pluck in his composition. Well managed, his animal spirits will give him all the more manly loyalty, and, when true to the right cause, he will be all the more true because so much living sap has gone up into the fruit of his obedience.

Humor.—Humor is not so distinct a quality as, for the purposes of criticism, it is commonly regarded, but is allied to every faculty, even the divinest. The familiar and cheerful conversation around every fireside, when analyzed, will be found to be sweetened by this principle. There is not only a never-failing, pleasant and earnest humor kept up there, embracing the domestic affairs, the dinner and the scolding, but there is also a constant run upon the neighbors, and upon Church and State; and to maintain this, in a great measure, is the dinner provided and the fire kept burning. There will be neighbors—parties to a very genuine and even romantic friendship—whose whole audible salutation and intercourse (abstaining from the usual cordial expressions, grasping of hands and affectionate farewells) consist in the mutual play and interchange of a genial and healthy humor which excepts nothing—not even themselves in its lawless range. The child plays continually if you will let it, and all its life is a sort of practical humor of a very pure kind, often of so fine and ethereal a nature that its parents, its uncles and cousins can in nowise participate in it, but stand aloof in silent admiration and reverence even. The more quiet the more profound it is. Even nature is observed to have her playful moods or aspects, of which man seems sometime to be the sport.

Pen-and-Ink Portrait of Lamartine.—"That old man sitting in a chair, sad and silent, is he. So recently as ten years since, when he walked about the streets of Paris, straight, thin and buoyant, he looked, with his threadbare clothes, like a nobleman on whom fortune had not smiled, and and who shielded himself by extreme cleanliness from the results of poverty. Now age has marked him distinctly; every feature; every sinuosity epedermis bears age's claws. If the head retains the Grecian smallness which was once admired, it is no longer in harmonious proportion with the face. The cheek bones and jaws have increased; the eyes have lost their lustre, and that eloquent mouth, which calmed storms, and pacified angry mobs, has lost some of its teeth, and undergone age's deformity. He speaks with so much difficulty, he commonly keeps silent. It is said Mr. de Lamartine's debts amount to $400,000, and his income is set down at $16,000 a year, of which $6,000 comes from the Sultan (who settled some years since this annuity on him), and $6,000 from his wife's estate. If these statements be true, Mr. de Lamartine requires $24,000 a year to keep down the interest of his debt; and it is said he cannot manage to live for less than $20,000 a year, consequently his income is just $28,000 a year below his expenses. But it must be noticed that his copyright is not included in this estimate of income."

If you have an opportunity to do a generous action, do it It's a very pleasant reflection to go to sleep with.

Louisiana Rotisserie.—The old Louisiana Rotisserie on Dupont street near the corner of Washington, has been re-opened by J. Branger, formally of Kearney street near Jackson. The well-known qualifications of Branger as a caterer to the San Francisco public for years, will resume him liberal patronage. Families living in the Northern portion of the city will find this place a great convenience for dinners, supplied at the Restaurant, or at their homes. Private entrance on Washington street, one door above Dupont. Single gentlemen can procure a breakfast or dinner at the "Rotisserie," such as can be had at no other place.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Dr. William Smith's Dictionary of the Bible.—Revised and Edited by Professor H. B Hackett, D. D., with the co-operation of Mr. Ezra Abbott, A. M., Assistant Librarian of Harvard Universty. New York. Hurd & Houghton. San Francisco, A. Roman & Co.

In undertaking to issue an American edition of this great work in snch a form as to render it generally available, Messrs. Hurd & Houghton have laid not only the theologians of the country, but all persons on this side of the Atlantic who are interested in biblical studies, under very great obligations. Among scholars in this field, the reputation of Dr. Smith's encyclopedic work is so well established as to make comment upon its character quite superfluous. Beyond that comparatively small circle, its peculiar excellence is not so well known. It may be as well, therefore, to state for the information of those who are unacquainted with the work, that in accuracy, completeness, and range of topics, its superiority to any similar Lexicon in the English language is not disputed, It is a work of vast erudition, embodying the fruit of the ripest biblical scolarship of England, and constitnting a library in itself.

The publishers propose to issue the Dictionary in numbers, of which there will be about thirty—a most excellent plan for several reasons. The second number is before us. It is of medium octavo size, aud contains one hundred and thirteen pages in double columns, embracing an alphabetical range from "Antioch" to "Badger-skins." This number is copiously illustrated, wherever the subject admits of elucidation in that way. The Dictionary is published by snbscription, at the moderate price of seveuty-five cents per number, an arrangement which will place it within the reach of thousands who would not be able to afford the expense of the English edition. The publishers have done wisely in resolving to reprint the entire work, without abridgement, and also in incorporating the two appendices in the body of the work. Those appendices embrace over one hundred pages, treating of subjects overlooked or imperfectly handled when reached in regular alphabetical conrse ; by the arrangement adopted in the American edition much is gained for the purpose of ready and conveniemt reference by the student. It is a part of the plan of the publishers to add a number of new articles, on various topics required by Dr. Smith's plan, together with additions to other which seem not fully to represent the present state of knowledge or of critical opinion on the subject discussed. In making these additions and improvements, the editor has had the assistance of a large number of American scholars, eminent in the department of diblical study, among whom are such names as those of Profcssor Woolsey, of Yale] College, Professor Peabody, of Harvard, and Professor Shedd, of Ne 7 York.

In Bonds. A novel, by Laura Preston. A. Roman & Co., Booksellers, Pnblishers and Importers, 417 and 419 Montgomery street, San Francisco ; 17 Mercer stroet, New York, 1867.

This is a very elegantly printed volume of 247 pages. It is not often, that a novelist enjoys the pleasure of seeing his or her literary production laid before the public in a shape so attractive. "Laura Preston," whoever she may be, is certainly to be congratulated upou her rare good fortune in having fouud a publisher sufficiently liberal and venturous, to be willing to bring out a first attempt at fiction, in a style suggesting that said publisher has adopted as his motto á somewhat profane expression indicativo of utter recklessness on the question of expenso. Thc present volume is in all respects a most admirable specimen of the book-making art, in its perfection. The paper is of finer quality, the type is clearer, the margin more ample, and the entire typographical appearance more agreeable, than in any novel that has recently been issued from the American press. Wo trust that the literary part of the work may be found to correspond in excellence with the mechanical part ; but of that, we do not think it fair to speak without a more careful examination than we have yet found time to bestow upon the book. As a Californian book, and a first attempt, it is entitled to more considerate treatment than we are in the habit of according to new novels of average merit. We will therefore refrain from saying more at present, than that the story seems to be highly romantic in its outline and slightly sensational in its incideuts ; that several of its characters, as Claude Leveredge, for instance, strike us as being rather overstrained ; that the dialogue is frequently too prolix, aud that the conduct attributed to the heroine, "La Gueriba," in certain critical situations, especially in voluntarily becoming a slave as an act of expiation, appears to us to be quite beyond the bounds of that kind of probability to which it is the business of the artistic writer of fiction to adhere. As if conscious of some liability to criticism in this respect, the author makes an appeal to the incredulous in three lines of Shakspeare, placed on the title page by way of a motto :

> "With caution judge of probability:
> Things thought unlikely, e'en impossible,
> Experience often shows us to be true."

But this admonition, thongh just enough when understood as referring to actual occurrences, has no application to works of art, for obvious reasons, which we shall not at present undertake to unfold. The writer of the modern novel of society, can least of all, venture to invoke such a principle as a justification for representing his characters as doing things that in actual life would be incredible without positive and overwhelming proof. As yet, however, we have done no more than "skim over." *In Bonds*, reading a few pages here and there, and gathering but a vague idea of the thread of the story, so that it is possible that adequate motives for what appears to us to be utterly improbable conduct on the part of several of the principal characters, may be developed when the missing links are supplied.

Farragut and Our Naval Commanders. By Hon. J. T. Headley, author of "Washington and his Generals," "Napoleon and his Marshals," "Sacred Mountains," etc. A companion volume to Headley's "Grant and Sherman," comprising the early life and public services of the prominent Naval Commander, who, with Grant and Sherman and their Generals, brought to a triumphant close the Great Rebellion of 1861—1865, with numerous fine steel portraits and battle scenes. Sold only by subscription. New York: E. B. Treat & Co., Publishers, 1867. E. E. Shear, No. 8 Montgomery street, General Agent for the Pacific coast.

This is a large and handsome volume, illustrated with a number of steel portraits, and a large sprinkling of battle pieces," It comprises the early life, public services and naval career of Admiral Farragut, Vice Admiral Porter, Admirals Foote, Dupont, Stringham, Davis, Goldsborough and Dahlgreen ; Commodores Walker, Winslow, Werden, Bailly, and a great number of our naval celebrities. The narrative is the work of John T. Headley, and exhibits all the characteristic merits and blandishes of his peculiar style. It is graphic, spirited, and always readable, though often somewhat diffuse, with occasionally a little too much of common-place reflection, conpled with recent passages, indicating that Mr. Headley has never quite conquered his old predilictiou for fine writing.

DRAMATIC AFFAIRS.

To write about dramatic affairs this week is a far more comfortable task than it has been for many months past. I have long hoped for some time past to be able to announce that the theatres were "on their last legs," and now, thank the gods, the legs have gone and the brain of our intelligent public is once more appealed to. Muscle has had its reign, and now the mind is to have a little wholesome exercise and amusement. A season of comedy and tragedy commenced at Maguire's Opera Honse, on Wednesday evening, when Mr. Edwin Adams, the yonng American tragedian, who promises to become better entitled to the name of "The Great American Tragedian," than the veteran who now bears it, made his first appearance as "Hamlet."

The Opera House was crowded on Monday last, by the beauty, brains and fashion of San Francisco. Mr. Adams met with a most enthusiastic reception. He has a good stage presence and is graceful in his movements. During the first scene he was evidently a little nervous, but in the ghost scene, quite recovered himself and played splendidly. He was very good in the scene with "Ophelia," where she returns his presents, and especially so in the play scene. His acting throughout was so even after the first act, on the first night, that it is hard to particularize. After the "Hamlets" which have been inflicted on the public, "Hamlets" who appeared to consider that the great object to be attained was to play the part unlike every one without regard to how much they sacrificed the sense of Shakspeare, Mr. Adams' conscientions rendition of this character, is most refreshing. He makes his original points in a quiet, nnobtrnsive manner instead of striking a circus attitude, and begging applause. Mr. Adams was well supported. John McCullough read the part of the ghost impressively, and appeared in a magnificent suit of mail. The *Alta* critic wanted a bit of green gauze over it. As the ghost of Hamlet's father did not appear enveloped in a mosqnito net (there are no mosqnitoes where he came from) we thiuk Mr. McCullough did well in dispensing with it. I am especially glad he did, as the *Alta* man was thns afforded an opportunity of writing a safe bit of "criticism." Mr. Edwards' "Laertes," was a finished piece of acting, as are all his impersonations. Mrs. Sophie Edwin played the "Queen" finely, and was very good in the scene with "Hamlet," where the "Ghost" appears in the chamber. Everyone knows how good a "Polonius" D. C. Anderson is, and W. Barry's "Grave-digger" is no less famons. Miss Sallie Hinckley deserves great credit for the manuer in which she played "Ophelia." She simulated madness very effectively. The cast was a very good one throughout and the piece was well played. affording all present a rich dramatic treat.

On Tuesday, the old three-act comedy of *Wild Oats* was produced, and Mr. Adams in "Rover," proved himself a fine comedian as well as a talented tragedian. There was a freshness and vitality about his acting which delighted everyone ; the audience were most liberal in ther applause and could not restrain their laughter for many consecutive minutes. The Opera Honse was a perfect temple of Momus. The support was very good and the play went as smoothly as if it had been played for a hundred nights previonsly. The Company at Magnire's Opera House, can probably study, rehearse and produce a play in a shorter time than any other company in the world. We have no runs of three hundred nights here, new pieces are studied daily, and as practice makes perfect, the Opera House company enjoys great advantages. Its members ought to enjoy it, of course, but I am afraid they are ungrateful for their blessings. On Thursday night, *Richard III* was produced. I have not seen a better impersonation of "Gloster," than that of Mr. Adams. I consider that in the tent scene his portrayal of the dread and horror which seizes him is incomparably superior to Edwin Forrest's. The latter rushes to the footlights, and, with a horribly distorted countenance plays directly at the audience who incontinently applaud. Mr. Adams, never appears to be conscions of the presence of an audience. In this scene, he falls near the couch from which he springs, with his face turned to the audience, and after his burst of passion does not make the usual appeal for applause. John McCullough's "Richmond," was a capital performance. I cannot say that Mr. J. A. Herne was quite as much at home in the part of "Backingham" as he is in comedy, but he is too good an actor to play any part badly. Mrs. Sophie Edwin's "Queen Elizabeth," was a good piece of acting. Miss Sallie Hinckley though suffering from a severe cold, read and acted the part of "Lady Anne," very well, the hoarseness of her voice marring her reading the less as it might be fancied that it was caused by grief instead of the San Francisco wind. Last night *Wild Oats* was played to one of the largest audiences ever assembled in the Opera House.

This afternoon, this capital comedy which has made such an immense hit, will be repeated, and in the evening *Macbeth* will be produced with a strong cast. On this occasion Mrs. Sophie Edwin will make her first appearance in the character of "Lady Macbeth." On Monday, I believe that Falconer's fine comedy of *Men of the Day* is to be produced. Mr. Adams' *repertoire* is large, and many plays will be presented during his engagement. He is happy in obtaining such efficient support as is afforded him by the stock company at the Opera Honse whichis, as at present constituted equal to anything that may be committed to it.

The wonderful De Lave male and female gymnasts concluded their engagement at the Academy of Music on Thnrsday evening. The performances of the intrepid little Zoe amazed all who witnessed them.

I must ackuowledge the receipt of an invitation to be present at the second of the series of Occidental Theatricals, at Turn Verein Hall on Thursday evening, June 27th. John Tobin's beautiful play of *The Honeymoon* will be performed. The first entertainment given by the Occidental Theatricals was a very pleasant affair.

At the Metropolitan Theater, Heller has been conjuring to rather slim houses. On the conclnsion of his engagement Frank Howson, who has leased the theater for three months, assumes the management. He is securing all the talent which is available, and will open with a strong burlesque company.

Mr. and Mrs. Bates, whose line is light comedy and general business, arrived from the East on the *Moses Taylor* on Monday last, Perhaps they might find an opening at the Metropolitan Theatre when Frank Howson enters into possession of it. We have read much of them in the Eastern papers and San Franciscans are always anxious to see new faces on the stage.

The Anniversary Ball of the Olympic Club—always one of the most fashionable given in San Francisco—will take place at Platt's Hall, on Tuesday evening, June 25th. Tickets may be obtained of the Superintendent, those for ladies may be obtained on written application.

On Wednesday, the Italian Opera Troupe, lately performing at the Academy of Music, went up to Sacramento for a short season. It is said that both *Ione* and *Sapho* are to be produced. The former may be played, but considerable preparation is needed to produce the latter. However, if the Sacramento people are to be treated to both these operas before we are, we must not grumble. We are sure to hear them in a week or two if our music-and-money-loving public will ensure the management from positive loss by making up a good subscription list.

The B'nai Berith Literary and Social Circle give their fourth entertainment at Platt's Hall, on Monday, June 24th. The farce of *A Conjugal Lesson* will be played ; the Misses Laemlin will perform on the piano, and the entertainment will conclude with a ball.

Mrs. Cuppy will lecture on "Trifles" to-morrow evening, at the Mechanics' Institute Hall. Mrs. Cuppy is sure to mix much good hard, solid sense with the trifles of which she treats.

Touchstone.

Gunsmith.—J. C. E. Klepzig, manufacturer of fire arms, makes to order every discription of "shooting irons," and has on hand an assortmeut of Guns, Rifles and Pistols of the most celebrated makers both of Europe and the Eastern States. Those who have not seen the Prussian Needle Gun should call and see this eistcuctive impliment. In connection with his legitimate business is that of gilding and silver plating of all kinds of metals, also silver or plated ware reburnished. His establishment is No. 733 Washington street, south side, first house above the Plaza.

NATURE'S ADORATION.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

The harp at Nature's advent strung
Has never ceased to play;
The song the stars of morning sung
Has never died away.

And prayer is made, and praise is given,
By all things near and far:
The ocean looketh up to heaven,
And mirrors every star.

Its waves are kneeling on the strand,
As kneels the human knee,
Their white locks bowing to the sand,
The priesthood of the sea!

They pour their glittering treasures forth,
Their gifts of pearls they bring,
And all the listening hills of earth
Take up the song they sing.

The green earth sends her incense up
From many a mountain shrine;
From folded leaf and dewy cup
She pours her sacret wine.

The mists above the morning rills
Rise white as wings of prayer;
The alter curtains of the hills
Are sunset's purple air.

The wind with hymns of praise are loud,
Or low with sobs of pain,
Thunder organ of the cloud,
The dropping tears of rain.

With drooping head and branches crossed,
The twilight forest grieves,
Or speaks with tongues of Pentecost
From all its summit leaves.

The blue sky is the temple's arch,
Its transept earth and air,
The music of its starry march
The chorus of a prayer.

So Nature keeps the reverent frame
With which her years began,
And all her signs and voices shame
The prayerless heart of man.

GERMANY CONTRASTED WITH THE UNITED STATES.

GERMAN MORALITY—INTEMPERANCE—OTHER SOCIAL EVILS—GERMANY AND AMERICA CONTRASTED—AN UNPLEASANT PRACTISE—EFFICACY OF GERMAN LAW.

LEIPSIC, APRIL 19, 1867.

I USE the word morality only in its strictly literal sense. I know there are many who are unable or unwilling to separate it from religion, who persist in judging of and criticising the former from the stand point of New England piety, and to such the word morality as applied to Germans would be a contradiction. But I deny the right of judging it from such a stand point. Because we choose to associate the word in our minds with a certain religious belief and make it amendable to certain laws having their origin chiefly in religious societies, we have come to look upon it as associated with religion, having the same origin and affected by like causes. If a man with us is religious, it is taken for granted he is moral; but is not an *irreligious* moral man an anomoly?" Do we admit that a man having no religious sentiments can be richly endowed with moral ones? We forget that their origin was widely different, the one origiuating in man's instinctive homage and reverence to a superior Being, the other, in his desire to protect himself from the license of his own species, and the discrimination of his mind between right and wrong. We hold men moral not only as they obey the law and keep order, but as they observe the Sabbath and religious ordinances. "Does Mr. A—— bear a good moral character?" "Oh yes, he is a member of —— church." "But Mr. B——." "Oh, I don't know; very likely; I have heard nothing against him, but you know he is not a professor of religion." Viewed from this last stand point, the Germans are a set of reprobates and Sabbath-breakers. From that of morality alone, they are the most sober, orderly, law abiding people whom I have ever seen. I believe one reason for this is the fact that they have (if I may use the term) no ideal platform upon which a few thousand people are perched, loudly urging the majority of the world to "come up there," and assuring them that it is a sovereign remedy for all the ill under which they are suffering. If however, the the crowd below don't choose to follow this advise, do the idealists seek to releive them where they are? No! that is the condition, they must first help themselves.

In the German Christian world all this is changed. They have no idea because a portion of society have been brought to a sense of religious respousibility and live perfect and consistent lives, that they should, in their endeavors to bring the rest of the world to their side, ignore the evil which exists among them and which it is their duty to ameliorate. They don't forget while urging people to lead better lives that a great portion of them are never destined to lead better ones, and it is their duty to correct by practical and sensible means that which they know cannot be cured. But we too often in our striving after ideal perfection, withdraw onrselves so far from the evil, or attempt to affect it by inaplicable religious rules, that it only laughs at our efforts and grows daily stronger. Take intemperance for example. As scarcely a traveler comes to America without expressing his astonishment at the extent of this vice, so does one rarely return from Germany without testifying to its rarity. I have seen scarcely a dozen intoxicated men in the land. In this city, with ninety thousand inhabitants, the arrests for intoxication during the last two months were eighty-two and ninety-four respectively, marking an average of eleven hundred a year. In Boston, with double the population, there were in the last year, fourteen thousand six hundred arrests for drunkenness. We have the farce of temperance pledges, which, with laws to back them, would be well enough, and which now save several youths yearly from destruction. In Germany I never heard of such a thing, nor knew anybody that did not drink wine or beer; yet observe the difference in the two countries. Here light wines and beer ar universal, very cheap, within the means of every family, and are *drunk openly*. Thus the charm of secret drinking and sly tippling is done away with, because no one is ashamed to drink any more than to eat. Every restaurant is under strict license, and the surveillance of the police; in the greater part of them nothing stronger than beer is sold, and the number of those which dispense whiskey and strong liquors is very small. In these latter houses, our interesting quarrels and midnight orgies are unknown. With us every little liquor dealer, restricted just now, not by moral feeling but by income taxes, deals out the vile and poisonous stock in trade to any and every wretch who chooses to invest in it. He is responsible to no one, he feeds and breeds drunkards at his leisure. And in the meanwhile what is the moral community doing? Why it is standing upon its isolated pedestal flourishing the total abstinance pledge. It is saying, "You shall not drink a drop, or you may drink what and where you please." "You must swear to total abstinence, and if you are so depraved as to continue your taste for those weapons of the destroyer "mild ale" and "claret," why you shall not only have those, but poisonous and fiery liquors shall be plentifully dealt out to you. Your vilest tates shall be pampered and ministered to, you shall have gilded saloons on purpose to get drunk in and nobody shall stir to save you from your fate." "There is no middle ground; we are opposed to drinking, violently opposed to it, so much so that we prefer to save fifty or sixty cold water recruits, than raise the condition of the fourteen thousand drunkards of last year's record. Can we save those drunkards? No, for by doing so we must license moderate drinking and that is against our principles." And so the evil exists as it always will and must exist until the millennium, in spite of total abstinence. Why not accept and make the most of it? Give the people something decent to drink, limit the number of saloons in order that a man may not get drunk within sight of his doorstep, institute rational amusements which shall call the drunkard from his stived cellar, make good and cheap malt liquors, and keep the tax on whiskey.

There is another matter in which our exclusive morality is injuring us. We have so high a regard for the chaste, that we have nearly lost our pity for the unchaste. We forget that in the contempt with which we regard prostitution the evil itself thrives. Those that descend are lost forever to those who remain, and who are so actively engaged in admiring their own virtue that they have no room for a thought of those who have lost theirs. In all continental cities the strictest regard is paid to the health and condition of these miserable creatures, their houses or dens are visited and reported by police and physicians and consequently a fearful amount of disease and crime under which our system labors is in a great part avoided. Perhaps some object to thus ministering to crime, but this vice unfortunately thrives by neglect. It is universal, no community however polished is free from it. But by contempt and abandonment it sinks infinitely below its own original level, and breeds a hundred vices vile as itself. By ignoring it we allow it to spread its disease and crime, it thrives by our apathy, and as it thrives becomes more degraded. There is no such such street-walking and bawdy saloon singing here, as with us, no such entrapping of young men, and prostitution itself is subject to the strictest rules.

As in an aristocracy the magnificence of one party is always attended by the correspondiug poverty and ignorance of the class ministers to it, so in America the exclusive and astonishing rigid moral tone of a part of society, added to its fear of licensing vice or controling it in the slightest degree, has spread through the ranks outside the pale, a double portion of the vices of which we are trying to rid ourselves. The moral and religious tone of that exclusive circle may be higher than elsewhere in the world, but that the general average is lower, certainly regarding the vices to which I have alluded. I have no doubt. There are some little minor observances of morality here which are interesting and remind one of the inconsistencies of Catholic countries. For example, dancing halls for public balls are open every Saturday evening, but the law compels them to close at midnight, as at that time the Sabbath hours begin. But on Sunday evening the same halls, as well as the theater, are open again, as the latter part of this is usually devoted in Germany to recreation, as the earlier part to church going. If, however, in a public dancing hall on Saturday night the proprietor thinks it would be profitable to keep open later than twelve o'clock, he goes to the police office, pays a small fine, gives notice of his evil intention and is allowed to dance in peace till the gray dawn of Sabbath morning. This is very like buying off one's purgatory pains in Catholic lands. And speaking of this last, did it never occur to such a dying sinner to ask if the firm was good which negotiated his exchange with the "gentleman in black," or to what particular fiend it would be best to make his draft paybable?

Moreover, Germans are really the most kind and hospitable of people; they don't give you poor coffee nor boardinghouse dinners, they stick to their bargains in that sense; they sell you good articles and go infinitely out of their way to suit your fancy or taste; but if you are a stranger you must pay for it. It is a settled article of their creed that Englishmen and Americans can afford to pay whatever they choose to demand. To sum up this, their moral behavior, I find the cities as quiet, orderly, and sober as our New England towns; I don't know to this day what the uniform of a police officer is, nor where they keep themselves; I have been at fires, in crowds, have enjoyed three days of carnival, when Leipsic was distended with people like a rubber coach, and lived three days in Dresden with a hundred thousand foreign soldiers, but I have yet to see my first German street fight, or in fact any disorderly conduct. If it is German law that renders these cities so delightful, we ought to import some of it free of taxation. If it is the people themselves naturally so sober and orderly, we should be thankful that so many of them are coming over to our side of the water.

THEATRICAL STATISTICS.—The following figures as to the capacity of some of the great theatres of Europe may be of interest. The Della Scalla, of Milan, accomodates 4,000 spectators, has six tiers of boxes (they are called boxes in Europe up to the last tier, which is the "gallery.") Its stage is 150 feet deep. The St. Carlo, of Naples, seats 3,500; the Carlo Felice, in Genoa, 3,000; the Fenive, in Venice, 2,700; Theatre Peale, in Turin, 2,000. The Imperial Opera House, of Vienna, 3,100, and is, therefore, the third largest in Europe. The older theatres have, throughout, five tiers of galleries, the more modern only four.

At St. Quentin, France, two ostriches were recently being exhibited, tho showman always warning visitors to take care of their jewelry. Recently, one of the spectators, with a gold chain hanging from his pocket, did not think it necessary to attend to the warning; but, to his dismay, one of the ostriches suddenly caught the chain, dragged it, with the watch to which it was attached, from the pocket, and swollowed both. The man clamorously demanded from the showman the value of the watch and chain; and the commissary of police decided that he should pay forty francs damages.

A Fraulien Grantzow, a famous dancer of St. Petersburg has received a present of a diadem of precious stones, and a bouquet that filled an entire carriage. Ten thousand pounds a year is the rate of her engagement. The acrobat business is looking up. Leotard gets four thousand pounds for a six months' engagement, in Paris, this year.

WHY IT IS SUPERIOR.—Mrs. Mary A. McLaughlin, 36 Lewis street, New York, states as follows:

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[*From testimony taken before the U. S. Commissioner of Patents, on the application for the extension of the patent for the Grover & Baker Sewing Machine.*]

IF the league of friendship is once broken, the cabinet of secrets is unlocked, and they fly wildly about like uncaged birds.

HUMAN glory is not always glorious. The best men have had their calumniators, the worst, their panegyrists.

THE patter of little feet and the patter of summer rain are among the sweetest music in the world of nature.

OUR sorrows are like thunder-clouds, which seem very black in the distance, but grow lighter as they approach.

PEOPLE generally think their evils less by being common, but their enjoysments greater by being exclusive.

NO one to whom it is misery to be alone has a well-regulated mind and heart.

WHO keeps company with a wolf will learn to howl.

FRIENDSHIP once injured is forever lost.

MILLINERY AND HEAD-DRESSES.—Mrs. Winship has just received, per last steamer, the latest Parisian Millinery Goods and Lacos for HEAD-DRESS, consisting in part of Breakfast Caps, Point Application, Laco Vallenciumes, and the Widow's Rooche, worn by the crown heads of Europe, and the only first imported to the Pacific Coast. Queen Emma, while here, replenished her wardrobe from the stock then and now on hand, at MRS. WINSHIP, No. 23 Post Street, under the Mechanics' Institute. Through the influence of Queen Emma, Mrs. Winship has filled quite a number of orders for the foreign population of Honolulu. The ladies of San Francisco should call and examine these beautiful Goods, by which means they will secure the Latest Fashionable Styles.

WHAT'S THE MATTER?—In passing through Third street yesterday, we saw crowds of people entering a building a few doors below Market street, and we inquired of a passer-by what's the matter? He answered that they were going to have their pictures taken in the NEW YORK PHOTOGRAPHIC GALLERY, and the cause of the rush was that this took the best and cheapest pictures in the city; the inducement must be much to draw so big a crowd from Montgomery and the other streets in the northern part of the city.

MAYER'S BAZAAR.—R. Mayer offers at his Bazaar, corner Pine and Montgomery streets, the greatest variety of jewelry, watches, silver plated ware, guitars, music boxes; concertinas, accordeons, opera glasses, etc., etc., to the public of San Francisco, and to the country trade, at prices that defy competition, and is determined to close out his present stock at greatly reduced rates. His heavy case silver watches from the American Watch Company are superior to anything ever before offered to the public. These watches are taking the place of heavy gold watches from the fact that the workmanship is superior, the casings pure silver, and the prices low. The sale of these watches is very extensive on the Pacific coast. Another proof that American manufactures can beat the world. The works are made of platina and never get out of repair. French opera glasses of great power for sale or hire, and all kinds of musical instruments, eight day family clocks, etc. This is a rare chance to invest your money to advantage, at Mayer's Bazaar, southeast corner of Montgomery and Pine streets.

N. B.—An immense assortment of Japanese curiosities for sale.

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MEDICAL.—"YOUNG MAN'S FRIEND AND PROTECTOR," an Association for beneficent objects, Young men should inform themselves in relation to it, and by applying to, the ACTUARY, Dr. Bourue, 10 Masonic Temple, Post street, they will be furnished with Prospectus.

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MEDICAL ADVICE.

DR. WM. K. DOHERTY'S Medical and Surgical Institute is becoming a *sine qua non* to the welfare of our State and health of our citizens; and his rapidly spreading reputation, although it may excite surprise, is but the signal of skill, and follows as the natural effect of such a cause. We are personally acquainted with gentlemen who had suffered for years under chronic disease, and who had taken advantage of every available means that promised relief, but without success, until they called upon Dr. Doherty, who, in an incredibly short space of time, has given them entire relief. It is gratifying to announce this fact, because the Doctor is a gentleman who seeks, not by defamation of others, to establish his reputation, or to rear the superstructure of his own upon the ruin of another's fame. The Doctor conducts his Institute in a manner that must be gratifying to all his patients. He examines, hears, advises, and recommends, without charge, and the patient, after hearing his terms for treatment, can accept or reject at pleasure. In no case does the Doctor make a charge unless he effects a cure. This he is able to do, because he feels the confidence which long experience has given, and no doubt the consolation which appertains to that confidence. Persons afflicted with either acute or chronic disease, would do well to consult the Doctor; at all events, it can do no harm, as for consultation he asks no fee; nor does he insist on obedience to his advice unless the patient places himself under his care. His offices are on Sacramento street, opposite the Pacific Mail Steamship office.—*San Francisco News.*

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BOYS! BOYS! BOYS!

NOW IS THE TIME

H. M. LOCKWOOD & CO.,

New No. 624) CLAY STREET, (Old No

Have received a Large Stock of

GENTS' AND BOYS' CLOTHING
—AND—
FURNISHING GOODS,
Which they are selling
AT VERY LOW PRICES.

Every Garment warranted. All are invited to call examine our goods.

H. M. LOCKWOOD & CO.
624 Clay street, San Francisco

SAN FRANCISCO
Foundry and Machine Works,
Northeast corner Fremont and Mission streets,
Manufacturers of
MARINE AND STATIONARY ENGINES,
Quartz Machinery, Saw, Flour and Sugar Mills, Mining Pumps, Hoisting Gear, Agricultural Implements, etc.
ALSO,
Wine, Cider, Cotton and Tobacco Presses of the latest Improved Patterns.

STEAM ENGINES AND BOILERS,
Of all sizes, constantly on hand; Quartz Mill Shoes and Dies warranted to be made of the best white iron.

Dunbar's Improved Self-Adjusting Piston-Packing, requires no springs or screws; is always steam-tight; without excessive friction, and never gets slack or leaky.

MACHINERY, OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS,
Bought, sold, or exchanged. Bolt Cutting and Castings at the lowest market rates.
DEVOE, DINSMORE & CO.

MARTIN'S RESTAURANT,
623 COMMERCIAL STREET

Above Montgomery. Meals at all hours. The best of Wines, Oysters, Game, and all the delicacies of the season always on hand. Private Saloons up stairs for Dinner and Supper Parties. LEON DINGEON, Proprietor.

CALIFORNIA
COFFEE AND DINING SALOON,

(Formerly the German Coffee Saloon,)!
NOS. 612 AND 614 MONTGOMERY STREET,
Between Clay and Merchant, San Francisco.

J. R. REAGAN.....Proprietor

This house has undergone a thorough change, both in MANAGEMENT and PRICES. A fine Ladies' Saloon has been fitted up in the rear, where private parties can receive every attention in the most comfortable quarters. We also keep lunch hot on chafing dishes at the counter, including the finest of Pastry, where customers can be served quickly and satisfactorily.

French Breakfasts and Dinners, with Wine, continued

McDOUGALL & MARQUIS,
Architects,
328 Montgomery street, San Francisco.
B. M'DOUGALL. J. MARQUIS.

REFERS TO Messrs. Elam & Howes, Clay street, below Battery; Messrs. Hatch & Co., (R. W. Brangon & T. H. Hatch,) Washington street below Battery; A. J. Coghill, Esq., Front street, corner of Clay; Wm. J. Adams, Esq., (Adams, Blinn & Co.,) Piers 17 and 19, Stewart street; Joseph Rich, Esq., Bush street below Turnverein Hall; Hon. M. S. Latham, London and San Francisco Bank; Wm. B. Johnston, Esq., Insurance Building, 412 and 414 Montgomery street; James Brooks, Esq., Editor "Golden Era."

REMOVED

To 645 Clay street, a few doors below Kearny.

DR BLAKE CAN NOW BE FOUND AT the above location. Engagements as usual can be made with all those who desire thorough and FIRST CLASS GOLD FILLINGS.

Lamott's Hat Emporium
IS THE PLACE TO GET A FASHIONABLE
HAT OR CAP,
AND AT PRICES 25 PER CENT. LESS THAN ANY OTHER HOUSE IN THIS CITY.

Do not fail to have one of
LAMOTT'S HATS!
CORNER PINE AND MONTGOMERY STREETS.

WALTER S. PIERCE,

Manufactnrer and Importer of
PIANO-FORTES.
FACTORY AND WAREROOM, NO. 536 MARKET Street, opposite Second.
☞ PIANOS TO RENT.☜

WALTER S. PIERCE'S
Piano Manufactory
Is the most complete on the Pacific Coast, having every appliance of machinery for Making or REPAIRING Pianos to be found in the largest Eastern Factories.
Old Pianos converted into new, by putting in new interior mechanism complete.

THE FAMOUS
PIANOS
OF
Chickering & Son
Have received the endorsement of all the leading Artistes of Europe and America. Testimonials to be seen at the Agents'.
Pianos to rent, from $5 to $10. Tuning free.
KOHLER, CHASE & CO.,
421 Montgomery street.

Mechanics' Institute

RESOURCES OF CALIFORNIA.

THE MECHANICS' INSTITUTE OF SAN FRANcisco hereby OFFER A PREMIUM OF ONE THOUSAND ($1,000) DOLLARS FOR THE BEST ESSAY ON THE "RESOURCES OF CALIFORNIA, AND BEST METHOD OF DEVELOPING THE SAME," under the following conditions:—One-half of the premium in cash on the certified award of the Committee of Judges, and the balance from the first proceeds of sales of the successful work, which is to belong to, and will be published by, the Institute.

The Essays are to be handed into the Librarian of the Institute on or before the FIRST DAY OF JUNE, 1868, and the award to be made by the Judges at the opening of the Industrial Exhibition, which is to be held in August or September following. The Essay should be divided into three heads, viz: Mineral, Agricultural and Industrial Resources, with proper subdivisions of each subject. It should be sufficient in quantity to form a duodecimo (12mo) volume of from 250 to 300 pages long primer type solid.

Writers will sign their articles in cypher, and send their names and address in sealed envelopes, which will be kept in a secure place by the Institute, and only be opened when the award is made. The manuscripts of unsuccessful writers will be returned to them without publicity.

The Committee of Judges have the right to reject all Essays, in case they do not consider them worthy of publication or the premium. No further instructions than are contained in this advertisement will be given to the Committee, nor will they be subjected to any advice from the officers or members of the institute in regard to their proposed action. All manuscript submitted must be in clear, legible writing, so as to admit of easy reading.

The following named gentleman, who have been selected for their well-known ability, public spirit and integrity of purpose, will compose the Committee of Judges:

Hon. FREM'K. F. LOW,	Maj. Gen. H. W. HALLECK,
Prof. J. D. WHITNEY,	U. S. A.,
JAMES OTIS,	Prof. WM. B. EWER,
WM. GOUVERNEUR MORRIS,	B. N. BUCEY.

By order of the Board of Directors.

D. E. HAYES, Secretary.

San Francisco, June 12, 1867.

ANNIVERSARY
—OF OUR—
NATIONAL INDEPENDENCE!
JULY 4th, 1867.

NOTICE OF INVITATION.

The undersigned, having been entrusted with the duties of Grand Marshal of the Celebration of the coming Anniversary of our National Independence, would hereby extend a CORDIAL INVITATION to all Bodies Institutions, Organizations, Trades, Schools, etc., and to all Citizens of the United States, and to all residents within our midst, to unite with the the Citizens of San Francisco, in making the coming demonstration one worthy of our glorious country and an honor to our city.

It is to be hoped there will be a gorgeous and commendable enthusiasm manifested on this occasion and that all classes of our citizens will use their individual efforts to add to the magnitude of the display.

With a united country standing higher than ever in the estimation of the Nations of the globe, let it be proven that we ourselves appreciate the glorious boon we have inherited, and which has been maintained intact to the present day. All for our country, "undivided and undividable."

SPECIAL INVITATIONS will be issued at the earliest possible moment.

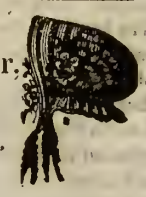
☞ Notice of the Acceptance of this Invitation is requested as soon as convenient on the part of Public Organizations.

Respectfully, etc.,

GEORGE W. SMILEY.
Grand Marshal.

J. B. BADGER, Secretary.

MRS. WINSHIP,



Fashionable Milliner,
NO. 23 POST STREET,
Between Kearny and Montgomery,
SAN FRANCISCO.

All kinds of Lace Work, Head Dresses, Breakfast Caps, &c., made to order.

Particular attention paid to mending and doing up Laces.

☞ Goods received by every steamer, from New York and Paris.

TRY IT!
STANDARD SOAP CO.'S
WASHING POWDER.
It saves one-half the time and labor of ordinary Soaps. Does not injure the Clothing. Get a package and give it a trial. Sold by all Grocers.

THE CELEBRATED PIANOS

—OF—
J. B. DUNHAM, F. C. LIGHTE & CO.,
AND ERNEST GABLER,
Are warranted for FIVE YEARS, and indorsed by the LEADING PIANISTS of AMERICA as SUPERIOR INSTRUMENTS.
SOLE AGENTS— C. WIEDERHOLD & CO.,
685 Market street, near Third.

WHIP HIM FOR HIS MOTHER.

Let me whip him for his mother,
He is such a naughty boy;
He haby tried to smother,
And he's broken Emma's toy.
Of the doll I gave to Ellen,
He has melted off her nose,
And there reality is no telling
To what length his mischief goes.

Last night he put a craker
'Neath his Aunt Jemima's chair,
And he told me such a whacker
When I asked how came it there.
Then when poor old Mrs. Toodles
Was just starting off by rail
He tied her two fat poodles
Fast together hy the tail!

It really is quite shocking
How one's nerves he daily jars,
He puts pins into one's stockings,
And Cayeune in one's cigars,
You may guess that many auother
Boysh trick he's daily at,
So I'll whip him for his mother,
As a tiresome little brat.

THE DOGS.

Few persons are aware of the value and variety of dogs, varying as they do in weight from 180 pounds to less than one pound, and in value to about $500 to less than nothing. A decription of the different varieties may not be uninteresting.

The Siberian bloodhound weighs about 160 pounds and measures 40 inches in girth, and is worth nearly 500 dollars.

The St. Bernard dog, which is of a buff or light lead color, is very large and valuable.

The Newfoundland dog, when pure, is entirely black, and its pups are worth from 10 to 20 dollars.

The shepherd dog, or Scotch colly, is wonderful for its patience, fidelity and bravery. It is worth from 50 to 100 dollars.

The English mastiff, a good watch dog, is worth from 15 to 25 dollars.

Of terries, the black and tan is most admired. It varies in weight from 1 pound to 25 pounds and increases its value as it decreases in weight, A member of the bar in this city has one which weighs less than a pound and is the smallest we have ever seen. It could not be bought for $150. The Scotch terrier is the hardiest of dogs, is very courageous, and is worth from ten to thirty dollars.

The Scotch deerhound is the rarest and most valuable of hunting dogs. They are very rare and owned principally by the nobility of England. They are worth $100 each.

The beagle is the hound kind, of superior, scent and endurance, and is the best sort of a rabbit hunter.

Engligh greyhounds, the fleetest of Dogs are worth from $25 to $100 each. The Italian greyhonnd is merely a parlor dog. The pnre breed is rare and valuable, a fine one being worth $150.

The Prince Charles is supposed to have originated in Japan, where a similar breed exists. He has a round head, short nose, long curly ears, large full eyes, black and tan color and never weighs over ten pounds. They have been sold at anction in England, at 2,600 dollars each.

The coach dog is from Denmark, and is not of much value.—*Buffalo Gazette.*

The following programme of music is advertised to be given at a forthcoming concert for the "Benefit of Lost or Strayed Dogs:" Overture—"The Dorg of Venice." Barkaroylle—"The Land! the new found Land!" Waltz—"*Quel chien de metier.*" Song—"Poor Dog Tray." Scene—"The cur-few tolls." Quadrille—"Jolly Dogs." Song—"O! am I not a cur?" Duet—"Our Native Skye." Symphony—"The Strange Bark."

Peet & Son,

IMPORTERS AND MANUFACTURERS OF

SADDLERY AND HARNESS,

No. 315 BATTERY STREET,

Nex Door to Commercial Street,

SAN FRANCISCO.

NOTICE.

J. Branger Will Open To-Day

THE LOUISIANA ROTISSERIE,

DUPONT STREET, CORNER WASHINGTON.

I BEG TO INFORM MY FRIENDS AND the public that TO-DAY, (SATURDAY), June 1st, I will re-open the above Restaurant. Everything will be dooe to satisfy those who favor me with their patronage. Large Saloons for parties. House will he open all night. All orders for the city will he promptly attended to, and with the utmost care.

Ladies' entrance on Washington street, one door above Dupont. J. BRANGER.

Petroleum Stoves.

THE ATTENTION OF HOUSEKEEPERS AND PEOPLE rooming is called to the use of

MORRILL'S

PETROLEUM STOVES,

Which can he used in any room with or without chimneys, as

IT EMITS NO SMOKE, SOOT OR ASHES.

It is a superior Cook. In fact, it does all kinds of Stove work as well as any (and better than most) stoves. It is perfectly safe. The State Assayor having thoroughly tested these Stoves, pronounced them non explosive. For sale at No. 13 Kearny street.

M. B. BULLARD, Proprietor.

M. B. B. is also agent for MORRILL'S

UNIVERSAL OIL STOVE,

Which burns COAL OIL, BENZINE, or NAPTHA, with blue flame, non-luminous, intense heat. There are seveo sizes. No. 1 is adapted to boiling water, heating glue, and Deutist's work, etc. No. 2, with Urn for hotels, saloons, boarding houses, harbers, etc. No. 3 to 8 for all kinds of cooking, which they do in a superior manner. They are as easily managed as a lamp, perfectly safe and ecouomical. They can be seen and are for sale at 13 Kearny street

LAMPS.

I have PATENT BURNERS that can he used with any lamp to hurn Coal Oil, or the lighter products of Petroleum, with PERFECT SAFETY, and GREAT ECONOMY. I have also a HAND LAMP (to carry about the house) that will burn a flame equal to a candle, with no more smoke or odor, at an expense of ONE CENT for EIGHT HOURS.

N. B.—I am also agent for Huck's celebrated Self-Generating Gas Lamps. M. B. BULLARD.

Important Notice.

ANOTHER DOCTOR IN THE CITY.

DR. H. A. BENTON has been performing many wonderful cures in this city the past two years, and as his practice is fast increasing at the office, finds it difficult to attend outside calls, concluded to invite R. H. OLMSTEAD, M. D., of Napa City, to join him. Dr. Olmstead has been 18 years successfully treating obstioate cases, with water, electricity, and the magnetic forces, (and when needed, Eclectic Remedies, of which he is a graduate of that school); also, heing the seventh son of a celebratcd Physician, and having a powerful organization, his magnetic hands, like magic, dispel pain and disease in a wonderful manner; he is also a natural Bone Setter.

DR. OLMSTEAD has this day associated with Dr. H. A. BENTON, the Medical Electrician and Homœpathist, at his office, 314 Bush street, San Francisco, who, having all the necessary facilities, such as the Patent Electro-Chemical, Sulphur, Vapor, Hot Air, and Medicated Baths, which are valuable aids in removing all curable diseases, whether acute or chronic. The combined skill, together with the aid of an excellent Lady Assistant, gives an assurance of CURE TO MANY, BENEFIT TO ALL, AND INJURY TO NONE.

N. B.—Terms within reach of all. Office hours from 9 A. M. to 8 P. M. Sundays, hy appointment.

☞ Lodging Rooms convenient for those from the country.

June 1st, 1867.

Newly Opened.

McKee's

NEW GROCERY

AND

FAMILY FURNISHING

Store,

No. 31 KEARNY STREET,

Third Door South of Post Street,

NOW RECEIVING ORDERS FOR GROCERIES, PROvisions. Table Luxuries, and all Housekeeping articles of the best quality at low prices.

D. A. MACDONALD, } J. MCGILL,
J. H. MACDONALD, } H. CHIPMAN.

D. A. MACDONALD & CO.,

SAWING AND PLANING MILLS,

AND MANUFACTURERS OF

DOORS, SASHES, BLINDS AND MOULDINGS,

Corner of Market and Beale Streets,

SAN FRANCISCO.

Finishing Work for Buildinge constantly on hand, and got up to order.

MOYNIHAN & AITKIN,

Portland Boiler Works,

311 AND 313 MISSION STREET,

Between Beale and Fremont streets, San Francisco.

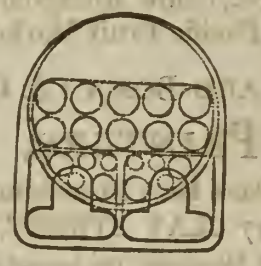
Manufacturers of Steam Boilers; high or low pressure—Cylinder, Tubular or Flue; Sucet iron Work; Steam aod Water Pipe of the best quality, and at more reasonable prices than any other establishment on the Pacific Coast.

Being Practical Boiler Makers, of long experieoce, confining our whole time and attention to our branch of business, and having enlarged our works, and also added the most improved tools in the country, we are enabled to turn out Boilers more expeditiously than any other establishmeot on the Pacific Coast—using none but the best quality and brands of Boiler and Sheet Iron and Boiler Tubes. Those in want of anything in the above line will do well to give us a call. Orders from the country will receive prompt attention.

All work warranted according to order. Particular attention paid to Repairing Steam Boilers.

T. J. MOYNIHAN, } Proprietors.
JAS. AITKEN, }

NEPTUNE IRON WORKS.



Corner Mission and Fremont streets, San Francisco.

MARINE, LOCOMOTIVE AND ALL KINDS OF

HIGH- PRESSURE STEAM BOILERS

Manufactured.

The proprietor imports his own C. H. and B. Iron across the Isthmus, and Tubes of every size. Other parties can never blockade the market. He has made arrangements with the best houses in the East to furnish him with everything in the shape of iron he wants.

All Boilers guaranteed and tested by U. S. Boiler Inspector before they are sent out of the shop, at my expense. ☞ All kinds of Sheet Iron and Water Pipe, Coal Oil Stills, Wrought Iron Worms, etc., manufactured to order. OLD BOILERS REPAIRED.

D. CAMERON.

PIONEER IRON SHUTTER WORKS.

Established 1849.

John Upstone,

MANUFACTURER OF FIRE-PROOF

Doors and Shutters,

Bank Vaults, Balconies, Gratings, Prison Cells, Awnings, Stairs, Iron Fence, etc.,

Corner of California and Drumm Streets,

SAN FRANCISCO.

Constantly on hand a large assortment of second hand Fire-Proof Doors and Shutters.

I. H. SMALL,

Machine Shop,

BUILDER OF

Steam Engines, Saw Mills, Mining Machinery,

Also, I H. Small's Patent Boot Screwing Machine

Gears of all kinds Cut at Short Notice,

And at Greatly Reduced Prices.

Repairing of all kinds done with Promptness and Dispatch.

Corner of Market and Beale Streets,

SAN FRANCISCO.

J. O. HANSCOM. } HANSCOM & CO. { T. PENDERGAST.
H. S. SMITH. { W. W. HANSCOM.

Etna Iron Works!

S. E. corner Fremont and Tehama Streets, San Francisco,

Practical Machinists and Iron Founders,

MANUFACTURE

STEAM ENGINES,

QUARTZ-MILL MACHINERY OF ALL KINDS, SAW-MILLS, FLOUR-MILLS,

Dunbar's Improved Self-Adjusting

PISTON PACKING,

Now so extensively used in the East and in this State Requires no springs or screws; is always steam-tight; without excessive friction, and never gets slack or leaky

HANSCOM'S CRUSHER,

The best of the kind now in use in this State or anywhere else. All kinds of GRINDERS and AMALGAMATORS made to order. Manufacturers of the new Prospecting Quartz-Mills, consisting of Boiler, Engine, 2-stamp Battery and Grinding and Amalgamating Pan, complete, for working from one ton per day upwards. Drawings are furnished with each of these mills, so that any competent engineer can set it up in running order in two days' time.

TYLER'S IMPROVED WATER-WHEEL,

Giving greater power at lower cost than any wheel in use. Send for one of our circulars giving full tables.

All Wheels warrauted to give the Power as set forth, or the money will be refunded.

SOLE MAKERS FOR THIS COAST OF THE "PENDERGAST WHITE IRON STAMP SHOES AND DIES."

None genuine unless obtained from us. Every one warranted.

Patented Machinery of all kinds will be furnished by us at market prices. Particular attention given to drawings and specifications of machinery, which will be made to order. The patronage of the public is respectfully solicited.

☞ Particular attention paid to HOUSE WORK and ORNAMENTAL CASTINGS.

THE CALIFORNIAN'S

SAN FRANCISCO BUSINESS DIRECTORY

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS
J. D. Arthur & Co., corner of California and Davis.

ARCHITECTS.
Townsend & Wyneken, 405 California.

AUCTIONEERS.
Cobb & Sinton, 407 California street.

BALL AND RACKET COURT.
Thomas Kelly, 846 Howard street.

BILLIARD SALOONS.
A. B. Brown, 328 Montgomery street.

BOWLING ALLEYS.
Wholers & Steil, Pine and Montgomery, (Russ House

BOOKS.
E. F. Arnold, 538 Market street near Montgomery.
A. Roman & Co., 417 and 419 Montgomery street.

BOOTS AND SHOES.
Wentworth, Hobart & Co. (wholesale manufac.) 210 Pine

CARPETS.
P. F. Loughran & Co., 407 Sansome street.

CLOTHING.
H. M. Lockwood & Co., 624 Clay street.
J. R. Mead & Co., corner Montgomary and Bush streets
William Sherman, 412 Sansome, corner Commercial.
Quincy Hall, 545, 547, and 549 Washington street

COAL OIL, LAMPS, ETC.
Dell, Cranna & Co. (wholesale) 513 Front street.
A. C. Dietz & Co., (wholesale,) 521 Front street.

DENTISTS.
Dr. Blake, removed to 645 Clay street
Dr. Wm. B. McAllister, removed 18 Third street.
N. T. Whitcomb, 205 Third, near Howard.

DANCING ACADEMY.
Coghill's, Congress Hall, Bush, above Montgomery.
Fuller & McCarthy, 727 Market, near Third.

DRY GOODS.
Meagher, Taaffe & Co., 9 Montgomery street.
Mosgrove & Blakely, 222 Third, near Howard.
Buyer & Reich, S W corner Jackson and Stockton.

DRUGGISTS.
Waters & Dillon, (Billiard Saloon,) 314 Montgomery st
G. G. Burnett, (Apothecary,) 330 Montgomery.
Shepardson & Gates, (succesaors to R. Hall & Co.,) corner Sansome and Commercial.

EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTIONS.
Pacific Business College, 751 Market street, above Third.
Prof. Williams' Commercial Academy, 869 Mission st.

FURNITURE.
Goodwin & Co., 510 and 528 Washington streets.
N. P. Cole & Co., 21 Sutter and 524 Market streets.

GROCERS.
Slosson & Ladd, southwest corner Folsom and First.
Haskell & Co., Market and Sutter sts, below the Market
W. M. Nobla & Co., cor Howard and Twelfth streets

HATTER.
Lamott (wholesale and retail) 227 Montgomery street

HAY AND ORAIN.
J. B. Holmes & Co., 110 Market street.

HOTELS.
Brooklyn, John Kelly, Jr., Sansome, corner Pine.
Chicago, E. W. Helmburg & Co., 220 Pacific street.
John Steinmann, 323 Pine.

INSURANCE.
Accidental and Casualty, R. L. & F. Ogden, Montgomery street, corner California.
Brooklyn Life, S T King, Agent, S E cor Montg'y & Pine
Equitable Life, R. L. & F. Ogden, Montgomery, corner California.
Manhattan, R. B. Swain & Co., Ag ts, 206 Front, cor Cal.
Firemens Fund Ins. Co., S.E. cor. Montg'y and Pine
Occidental Ins. Co., S. W. cor. Montgom'y and California
Pacific Ins. Co., 436 California street.

LADIES' BIJOUTERIE, CLOAKS, ETC.
Rosenblatt's, 123 and 125 Montgomery street.

LIVERY AND SALE STABLE.
Philip Morshead, removed to Howard, near Fifth.
White & Young, 211 Pine street.

LUMBER.
Armstrong, Sheldon & Co., corner Mission and Spear streets.

MILITARY GOODS AND REGALIA.
T. Rodgers Johnson, Odd Fellow's Hall, 325 Montg'ry st.

NOTARY PUBLIC,
H. S. Tibbey, 604, Montgomery street.

PHOTOGRAPHIC GALLERIES.
New York, B. F. Howland proprietor, 25 Third street, below Market.

PIANOS, MUSIC, ETC.
M. Gray, 613 Clay street.
W. S. Pierce, removed to 534 Market, opposite Second
C. Weiderhold & Co., 685 Market near Third

PHOTOGRAPHS, CUTLERY, SPECTACLES, ETC.
Lawrence & Houseworth, 317 and 319 Montgomery st

REAL ESTATE AGENTS.
Daly & Hawkins, 220 Montgomery street
Dam & Sutherland, 320 Montgomery
Geo. W. Chapin, 338 Montgomery.
John Pforr, 328 Montgomery.

RESTAURANTS.
Bivalve, Nolting & Spreen, 640 Market, near Kearny.
Ladies' Refreshment Saloon, Swain & Brown, 636 Market
Magnolia, 143 Third street.
Market, by Felix and Gustave Besson, 520 Merchant.
Helvetia, Johnjury & Bros., 524 Merchant street.
Saw'enn's, 506 Montgomery street.

SALOONS.
Russell & Holding's Exchange, 622 Market street
Charter Oak, Frank Kelly, N E. cor Third and Howard
Razzetti & Co.'s, 527 Washington, above the Market.
Jones' Sample Rooms, S E. cor. Montgomery and Cal.
V. Squarza, 44 Leidesdorff street.
Coates & Henderson, 37 Sutter street.

SCALES.
Fairbanks & Hutchinson, Depot for Fairbanks' Scales 120 California street.

SEWING MACHINES.
Grover & Baker, R. G. Brown, 116 Montgomery.
The Florence, office 111 Montgomery street.
Wheeler & Wilson, corner Montgomery and Sacramento.

STOVES AND TIN WARE.
A. Swigert, corner Fifth and Folsom.

TOYS, ETC.
Feldhush & Co., 207 Montgomery street
A. Kohler, 620 Washington street.

WATER-CURE INSTITUTE.
Dr Bourna's Pioneer, 10 Post, near Montgomery

WOODAND COAL YARD.
Flynn & O'Grady, 860 Howard street.

POP.

And there they sat a-popping corn,
John Stiles and Susan Cutter;
John Stiles as fat as any ox,
And Susan fat as butter.

And there they sat and shelled the corn,
And raked and stirred the fire,
And talked of different kinds of ears,
And hitched their chairs the nigher.

Then Susan, she the popper shook,
Then, John, he shook the popper,
Till both their faces looked as red
As saucepans made of copper.

And they shelled, and popped and ate,
All kinds of fun a-poking,
While he haw haw'd at her remarks,
And she laughed at his joking.

And stilled they popped, and still they ate—
John's mouth was like a hopper—
And stirred the fire, and sprinkled salt,
And shook and shook the popper.

The clock struck nine, the clock struck ten,
And still the corn kept popping—
It struck eleven, and then struck twelve,
And still no sign of stopping.

And John, he ate, and Sue, she thought—
The corn did pop and patter,
Till John cried out: "The corn's a-fire!
Why, Susan, what's the matter?"

Says she, "John Stiles, it's one o'clock—
You'll die of indigestion;
I'm sick of all this popping corn—
Why don't you pop the question?"

THE West has a new sensation. A young man is in the habit of visiting the large cities, and in front of some of the finest residences, usually where a couple of young ladies happen to be sitting, he is suddenly taken with hemorrhage, the blood flowing copiously from his mouth. Of course he is taken in the house where his story is that he was in the war, has a bullet in his heart, has been imprisoned and all that, which of course elicits the sympathy of the crowd and every lady comes down handsomely. The fellow recovers very rapidly and decamps'

IN the course of recent excavations at Pompeii the workmen discovered a bronze vase, hermetically closed, and enveloped in a thick crystallized crust. The interior of the vessel was found to contain a considerable quanity of water. Some persons present ventured to drink some of the liquid, and all agreed in prouncing it clear, fresh, and of remarkable softness. The water in question must have been preserved for nearly one thousand eight hundred years.

A BON-MOT IN COURT.—Two barristers were using very warm words toward each other. "Don't be afraid," said a looker-on; "they are like a pair of scissors, neither blade cuts the other, but it is dangerous work for any one that gets between."

Tyler Brothers,

691 Market st., cor. Third, SAN FRANCISCO,

Importers, Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
SCHOOL BOOKS,
STATIONERY,
PHOTOGRAPH ALBUMS,
BLANK BOOKS,
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CHILDREN'S PICTURE BOOKS,
FANCY ARTICLES, Etc.

ESPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO
LADIES' STATIONERY,
Which we Stamp with Initials
WITHOUT EXTRA CHARGE.
WEDDING AND VISITING CARDS
Engraved, Written or Printed.

CENTRAL FAY CLUB.

THE ROOMS OF THE CENTRAL FAY Clnb, No. 1, 5 and 6, southeast corner of Pine and Montgomery streets. Special meeting every TUESDAY EVENING. Rooms open every evening for general consultation.

Adams, Dentist, 423 Montgomery

M. KELLER,
PROPRIETOR OF THE
RISING SUN AND LOS ANGELES VINEYARDS.
DEPOT FOR THE SALE OF HIS
NATIVE WINES AND BRANDIES,
Wine and Brandy Bitters,
BASEMENT OF MERCHANTS' EXCHANGE,
Corner of Battery and Washington Streets,
SAN FRANCISCO.

G. GROEZINGER,
DEALER IN
Native California
RED AND WHITE WINES,
Brandies, Port, Sherry, Angelica, Etc.,
N. W. CORNER OF BATTERY AND PINE STREETS,
SAN FRANCISCO.

WINE SALOON.
UNION SALOON.—C. H. Cordes is the proprietor of the Union Saloon, Market street, a few doors south of Fremont, where is to be found the choicest wines and liquors. Mr. Cordes prides himself on his Kentucky Whisky, which is very old and oily. The "Davis" brand whisky drinkers should by all means call and test this whisky. Hot lunch is set on the table from 10 till 2.

California Wines.
Vintage 1862.
THE UNDERSIGNED OFERS FOR SALE SOME very choice Wines, of the above named vintage. That connoisseurs, all interested in the development of this magnificent resource of our State, and the public generally, may be convinced that California is able to produce as good Wine (when properly treated and of sufficient age) as other parts of the Wine producing regions of the globe, attention is respectfully called to these Wines, by A. S. LOWNDES, Wine Merchant,
311 Battery Street, S. F.

"OUR OPERA."
CAPT. JOHN H. MAY,
615 WASHINGTON STREET, 615,
SAN FRANCISCO,
Opposite Maguire's Opera House.

JOHN TAYLOR,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN
WINES AND LIQUORS.
NO. 16 THIRD STREET,
Between Market and Stevenson Streets., San Francisco.

THE BEST FAMILY WINES
IN THE CITY
—Are to be found at—
HOADLEY & CO.'S,
533 Merchant street, under
Pacific Fruit Market.
☞ Call and try our Sonoma Champagne, Vega del Rio, Sonoma Port, Red and White Wines, Wine and Brandy Bitters, and all the varieties usually found in a California Wine Cellar.

DUNBAR'S EXCHANGE,
No. 223 Bush Street,
Bet. the Occidental and Cosmopolitan Hotels.
☞ HARRY RIKER would be pleased to see his old friends at any hour of the day.
Hot Lunch every day from 11 A. M. till 2 P. M.
J. W. DUNBAR, Proprietor.

FAUST CELLAR,
Beer and Wine Saloon,
Southeast corner of Clay and Montgomery streets,
San Francisco.
A. L. THIELE, - - - - - - Proprietor
ALWAYS ON HAND, Wholesale and Retail, Westphalia Hams, Russian CAVIAR, Sardines, Auchovies, Swiss and Limburg Cheese, and other European Delicacies. ☞ The finest brands of Liquors, Wines and Cigars; Seltzer Water.
FISHING AND HUNTING PARTIES fitted out at the shortest notice.

MARTIN GROSTETTA,
LATE OF VIRGINIA CITY,
Would respectfully inform his friends and the public that he has purchased the WELL-KNOWN SALOON previously occupied by THOS. DOYLE, 535 SACRAMENTO ST., above the What Cheer House. The best kind of Wines, Liquors and Cigars always on hand. Passengers' Stores carefully put up to order.

WONDERS OF WONDERS!
TO BE SEEN ONLY AT THE
Pacific Museum of Anatomy and Science,
Eureka Theatre, Montgomery street,
between California and Pine.

J. CUTBERLET,
CUSTOM
BOOT AND SHOE STORE,
—ALSO—
FRENCH SCREWED BOOTS AND SHOES,
No. 546 Washington Street, near Montgomery Street
The Finest quality of CUSTOM WORK neatly executed. Always on hand other fine work ready made.

GREAT TRIUMPH!

STEINWAY & SONS
Were awarded the FIRST PRIZE MEDAL at the late great INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION AT LONDON, over the wo hundred and sixty-nine Pianos entered for competition from all parts of the world.
The Special Correspondent of the New York *Times* says: "Messrs. Steinway & Sons' indorsement by the Jurors is emphatic, and stronger and more to the point than that of any European maker."
A constant supply of the above superior Instruments can he found at the Agent's,
M. GRAY, 613 Clay street.
PIANO TUNING done by a first-class Workman, from Steinway & Son's Factory, New York.

CALIFORNIA BRASS FOUNDRY,
No. 125 First street, opposite Minna,
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All kinds of Brass, Composition, Zinc, and Babbitt Meta Castings, furnished at the shortest notice. Brass Ship-Work of all kinds, Spikes, Sheathing Nails, Rudder Braces, Hinges, etc., constantly on hand and made to order. Also, manufacture Ship and Steamboat Bells and Gongs of superior tone.
All kinds of Steam, Liquor, Water, Oil, and Flange Cocks and Valves made and repaired.
Hydraulic Pipes and Nozzles, and Hose Couplings and Connections of all sizes and patterns, furnished with dispatch. *PRICES MODERATE.*
V. KINGWELL. JOS. H. WEED, SAM'L WHITE.

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1852. SAN FRANCISCO. 1866.
The Proprietor of the above-named Hotel wishes to inform his patrons and the Travelling Public that he has opened that elegant Brick Fireproof Hotel, on the
S. E. Corner of Pine and Sansome streets,
With all the modern conveniences attached to it.
Gas and water are supplied throughout the House. The Rooms are well ventilated, and the Public will find in this Hotel all the comforts of a home. The Hotel is spacious, and well adapted for the use of Families. Suits of Rooms can be had on reasonable terms.
A Large Reading Room is attached to the Hotel,
Containing 500 Volumes of Standard Works,
Which is entirely for the use of patrons.
THE CITY COACH, with the name of the Hotel on it, will be in readiness at the Wharf, on the arrival of each steamer, to convey passengers and haggage to the Hotel, free of charge. JOHN KELLY, Jr., Proprietor.

THE CALIFORNIA
Building and Savings Bank,
CALIFORNIA ST., ONE DOOR FROM SANSOME.
Capital and Deposits, - - - - - $600,000
WHICH IS LOANED ON PROPERTY.
LOANS MADE on CITY REAL ESTATE, HOUSES, SHIPS, FACTORIES AND MERCHANDISE.
Deposits received at one per cent. per month.
Money transmitted from the interior, by Express or Mail, passed to interest from the day of arrival, and a Certificate returned in course of post.
Strangers may deposit Bonds, Gold Dust, Coin, or Valuable Papers in the Vault, for long or short periods, at a small rate, for which valuables the Company will be accountable. THOMAS MOONEY, President.

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Marble - Worker,
MARKET ST, OPPOSITE LINCOLN SCHOOL HOUSE, between Fifth and Sixth.

Marble Mantels, Grates, Monuments, Headstones, Cemetery Copings, and all kinds of Marble Work executed on most reasonable terms. Particular attention paid to the placing of Tombstones at Lone Mountain or Calvary Cemeteries. N. B.—Country orders promptly attended to.

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For the Extermination of Pain, is a Sovereign Remedy for Rheumatism, Headache, Toothache, Sore Throat, Cramps in the Limbs, Diarrhœa, Sprains, Bruises, Burns and Cuts, and for the Bites of Poisonous Insects, Frozen Feet, etc., stands unrivalled.
For Sale by all dealers in medicines. Price One Dollar per bottle.

WANTED AGENTS.—$250 per month THE YEAR ROUND, OR 900 PER CENT PROFIT ON COMMISSION. We *guaranty* the above salary or commission to active industrious agents at their own homes, to introduce an article of *indispensable utility* in every household. For full particulars call on, or address
G. W. JACKSON & CO., 11 South St., Baltimore, Md

AMERICAN HOTEL,
Main street. Petaluma.
EMERSON & LAMBERTON, Proprietors.

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Importers, Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
FINE CLOTHING,
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Gents' Furnishing Goods,
TRUNKS, VALISES, CARPET BAGS, ETC.,
200 & 202 MONTGOMERY STREET,
Corner of Bush,
SAN FRANCISCO

Asphaltum Roofing.
PAVEMENTS, ROOFING,
CELLAR FLOORS, WATER HOUSES,
And all kinds of
Asphaltum Work,
Done at shortest notice, and at moderate prices, by
M. BONNET,
Office—Express Building (up stairs),
N. E. cor. Montgomery and California sts., San Francisco

AT THE REGULAR
RETAILING AMERICAN WATCHES
C. E. COLLINS & CO.,
603 MONTGOMERY STREET,
SAN FRANCISCO.
Nos. 42 and 44 Nassau Street,
NEW YORK.
Dealers in American, Swiss and English WATCHES,
JEWELRY AND ATERIALS.
☞ We have made arrangements to buy AMERICAN WATCHES in large quantities from the Factory, and will receive a discount on the regular Wholesale Prices. We will hereafter
Retail the American Watches
AT
The Regular Wholesale Prices.
Our only profit being the small per cent. allowed by buying in large quantities.
WHOLESALE PRICES.

HOWE'S NEW STYLE
FAMILY SEWING MACHINES.
GREAT IMPROVEMENT—JUST RECEIVED.
ESPECIALLY ADAPTED FOR FINE WORK. Also, Braiding, Hemming, etc. The advantage these Machines have is extreme simplicity, very strong and durable, not liable to get out of order—adapted equally well to all grades of work. The Howe should be examined by all contemplating purchasing. H. A DEMING,
137 Kearny street, S. W. cor. Sutter, San Francisco, Cal

N. P. COLE & CO.,
WHOLESALE
Furniture Warehouse,

No. 314 Pine street, San Francisco.
LOWEST RATES AND MOST COMPLETE STOCK ON THE COAST.
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Nos. 524 Market, and 21 Sutter streets—next door to the Metropolitan Market.

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Practical Card and Seal Engraver,
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(SUCCESSORS TO J. REGAN,)
113 *Montgomery street, bet. Bush and Sutter*
N B.—All candies sold by us are warranted to be manufactured from Stewart's double refined Sugar, and to be equal to any manufactured in the state. Country merchants solicited to examine our stock and prices. Goods delivered to any part of the city free of charge.

WM. O. BREYFOGLE.
(Successor to WARE & MOSHER,)
NO. 26 CALIFORNIA STREET,
Manufacturer and Dealer in
SASH, DOORS, BLINDS & SHUTTERS,
From Kiln-Dried Lumber—at the Lowest Rates.
Orders from the country will receive prompt attention

BOWMAN & CO.,
Dealers in Stoves and Tin Ware,
Main street, Petaluma.

TWO LITTLE PAIRS OF BOOTS.

BY MRS. S. C. PERRY.

Two little pairs of boots, to-night,
Before the fire are drying
Two little pairs of tired feet
In a trundle-bed are lying;
The tracks they left upon the floor
Make me feel much like sighing.

Those little boots with copper toes!
They ran the livelong day!
And ofttimes I almost wish
That they were miles away!
So tired I am to hear so oft
Their heavy tramp at play

They walk about the new plowed ground,
Where mud in plenty lies,
They roll it up in marbles round,
Then bake it into pies;
And then at night upon the floor
In every shape it dries.

To day I was disposed to scold;
But when I look, to-night,
At those little boots before the fire,
With copper toes so bright,
I think how sad my heart would be
To put them out of sight.

For in a trunk, upstairs, I've laid
Two socks of white and blue;
If called to put these boots away,
O God, what should I do?
I mourn that there are not, to-night
Three pairs instead of two.

I mourn because I thought how nice
My neighbor, "cross the way,"
Could keep her carpets, all the year,
From getting worn or gray;
Yet well I know she'd smile to own
some little boots to day!

We mothers weary get and worn,
Over our load of care;
But how we speak of little ones
Let each of us beware
For what would our firesides be to-night.
If no little boots were there.

WHEELING matches have recently become very popular in some portions of Pennsylvania. All the contestants for the prize are required to be blindfolded in turn, take hold of the handles of a wheelbarrow, turn three times round, and then wheel towards a stake, the one approaching nearest being the winner. When completely blindfolded the mark is pretty difficult to hit and in many cases persons will wheel very far off, or berhaps in an entirely different direction—which is of course very amusing to the spectators, if not very profitable to the "wheelers"

Tyler Brothers,

691 Market st., cor. Third, SAN FRANCISCO,

Importers, Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
SCHOOL BOOKS,
STATIONERY,
PHOTOGRAPH ALBUMS,
BLANK BOOKS,
PORTFOLIOS,
JUVENILE BOOKS,
CHILDREN'S PICTURE BOOKS,
FANCY ARTICLES, Etc.

ESPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO
LADIES' STATIONERY,
Which we Stamp with Initials
WITHOUT EXTRA CHARGE.
WEDDING AND VISITING CARDS
Engraved, Written or Printed.

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THE ROOMS OF THE CENTRAL FAY Club, No. 1, 5 and 6, southeast corner of Pine and Montgomery streets. Special meeting every TUESDAY EVENING. Rooms open every evening for general consultation.

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For Sale by all dealers in medicines. Price One Dollar per bottle.

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Main street, . . . Petaluma.
EMERSON & LAMBERTON, Proprietors.

ESTABLISHED IN 1851.

Lawrence & Houseworth,

317 AND 319 MONTGOMERY STREET,

OPTICIANS

THE LARGEST OPTICAL INSTRUMENT Establishment on the Pacific Coast. Import all their own goods direct from European and American manufacturers, and have a larger and more complete assortment than all other dealers combined.
SPECTACLES and EYE-GLASSES warranted to suit the sight in every particular.
Double sighted Spectacles, Tinted Spectacles and Brazilian Pebble Spectacles of the most approved form.
Those who have been disappointed at other establishments will certainly be pleased with the Spectacles they purchase from us.

N. B.—Inferior Glasses are not sold by us to the unwary for Brazilian Pebbles.

LAWRENCE & HOUSEWORTH,
OPTICIANS,
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Complete Catalogues of Optical Instruments furnished free.

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Italian Manufactury,
415 and 417 JACKSON ST., SAN FRANCISCO,
Manufacturers and Dealers in
PLAIN, SWEET, CINNAMON AND VANILLA CHOCOLATES;
PREPARED COCOA, COCOA PASTE,
CRACKED COCOA, COCOA SHELLS, etc., etc.
PURE GROUND OLD JAVA COFFEE AND COSTA RICA COFFEE;
CHARTRES AND RIO COFFEE;
GREEN COFFEE OF EVERY QUALITY.
CHOICE WINES AND LIQUORS:
N. B.—Ghirardelli's Chocolate is manufactured by steam from Cocoa of the finest quality, imported direct. In excellence and delicacy of flavor, it is superior to any imported Chocolate.

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MECHANICS' INSTITUTE,
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J. F. SNOW, THE "GLOVE MAN," CLEANS Furs without removing the lining. All kinds of Dresses—including Stage and Party Dresses—WITHOUT RIPPING. Woolen Goods, Shawls, Buck and Kid Gloves, Buck Undervests, Feathers, etc., etc. He dyes Kid Gloves and Feathers.

RING'S VEGETABLE AMBROSIA FOR THE HAIR FOR SALE.

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IMPORTERS AND MANUFACTURERS OF
SADDLERY AND HARNESS,
No. 315 BATTERY STREET,
Nex Door to Commercial Street,
SAN FRANCISCO.

PHILADELPHIA BREWERY,

Corner Second and Folsom streets,
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HOELSCHER & WIELAND,
Proprietors.

WANTED AGENTS.—$250 per month THE YEAR ROUND, OR 900 PER CENT PROFIT ON COMMISSION. We *guaranty* the above salary or commission to active industrious agents at their own homes, to introduce an article of *indispensable utility* in every household. For full particulars call on, or address
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WILLIAM JAMES, Newark, N. J. | DAVID MEEKER, J. COBBLEDICK, } San Francisco.
MEEKER, JAMES & CO.,
Importers and Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
Wagon & Carriage Materials,
NOS. 12 AND 14 FINE STREET.

The Largest Establishment on the Pacific Coast for the supply of materials for

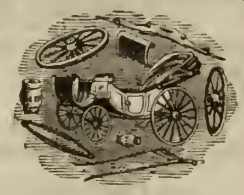
WAGONS, TRUCKS,
CARTS, OMNIBUSSES,
CARRIAGES, COACHES,
EXPRESS WAGONS,
BUGGIES, SULKIES, Etc.
Also, Importers of
GREGG'S TENONING MACHINES,
Hub Boring Machines, Thimble Skeins for Wood Axles, Hub Bands, Axle Clips, Shaft Shackles, Malleable Iron Castings, Concord Axles and Springs.

☞ Orders from the country solicited and promptly attended to. MEEKER, JAMES & Co.

REMOVAL. REMOVAL.
Larkins & Co.,

Manufacturers of every description of
CARRIAGES.
CONCORD WAGONS, Ranch Wagons and Buggies made to order. ☞ All kinds of Jobbing and Carriage Painting done at the shortest notice.
☞ New Manufactory Nos. 631 and 633 Howard street, corner of Hubbard, between Second and Third, San Francisco.

A. FOLSOM,



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EVERY DESCRIPTION OF CARRIAGES, EXPRESS Wagons, Buggies, etc., made to order, of the best materials and workmanship.
Repairing and General Blacksmithing done with promptness, and at prices to suit the times.

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STAGE AND THOROUGHBRACE WAGONS,
NO. 579 AND 581 MARKET STREET,
Near Second Street, San Francisco.

Makes to order all kinds of Carriage and Buggy Work, Express and Thoroughbrace Wagons and Stage Work.
A general assortment of new and second hand Wagons on hand. Jobbing done with neatness and dispatch.

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DR. V. POPPER,
Surgeon Chiropedist
No 20 Montgomery street, between Post and Sutter, San Francisco. Office hours from 9 A. M to 5 P. M.
Offers his services to the public as an Operator on such excrescences as hard and soft corns, enlarged joints, club nails, bunions, nails penetrating the flesh, warts, etc.

Whiskers and Mustaches!

FORCED TO GROW UPON THE SMOOTHEST FACE face in from three to five weeks by using Dr. SEVIGNE'S RESTAURATEUR CAPILLAIRE, the most wonderful discovery in modern science, upon the Beard and Hair in an almost miraculous manner. It has been used by the elite of Paris and London with most flattering success. Names of all purchasers will be registered, and if entire satisfaction is not given in every instance, the money will be cheerfully refunded. Price by mail, sealed and post paid, $1. Descriptive circulars and testimonials mailed free. Address
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641 SACRAMENTO STREET, CORNER OF WEBB
Sole agents for BARSTOW'S PATENT METALLIC BURIAL CASES and CASKETS.

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Corner Main and Oak streets, Petaluma
H. STOCKDALE Proprietor

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UNION INSURANCE COMPANY
OF SAN FRANCISCO.
Nos. 416 *and* 418 *California Street.*

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CASH CAPITAL, - - - - $750,000

The California Lloyds,

HAVING CONSOLIDATED WITH THE UNION INSURANCE COMPANY, JANUARY 1, 1866, THIS COMPANY ARE NOW PREPARED TO EFFECT MARINE AS WELL AS FIRE INSURANCE UPON THE MOST FAVORABLE TERMS.
LOSSES PROMPTLY AND EQUITABLY ADJUSTED AND PAID IN GOLD COIN.

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THIS COMPANY will insure against loss by Fire on any Dwelling House, Buildings, Merchandise or other property, situated in the State of California. The largest sum they will take on any one risk is thirty thousand dollars.

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AT THE LOWEST RATES.

Losses promptly adjusted, and paid in United States Gold Coin.
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Ayer's Sarsaparilla
TO
Purify the Blood.

NOT A FEW OF THE WORST DISORDERS THAT afflict mankind arise from the corruption that accumulates in the blood. Of all the discoveries that have been made to purge it out, none have been found which could equal in effect AYER'S COMPOUND EXTRACT OF SARSAPARILLA. It cleanses and renovates the blood, instills the vigor of health into the system and purges out the humors which make disease. It stimulates the healthy functions of the body, and expels the disorders that grow and rankle in the blood. Its extraordinary virtues are not yet widely known, but, when they are, it will no longer be a question what remedy to employ in the great variety of afflicting diseases that require an alterative remedy. Such a remedy, that could be relied on, has long been sought for, and now, for the first time, the public have one on which they can depend. Our space here does not admit certificates to show its effects. But the trial of a single bottle will show to the sick that it has virtues surpassing anything they have ever taken. Sufferers from Scrofula, Scrofulous Swellings and Sores, try it and see the rapidity with which it cures. Skin Diseases, Pimples, Pustules, Blotches, Eruptions, etc., are soon cleaned out of the system.
St. Anthony's Fire, Rose or Erysipelas, Tetter or Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Ringworm, etc., should not be borne while they can be so speedily cured by AYER'S SARSAPARILLA.
Syphilis or Venereal Disease is expelled from the system by the prolonged use of this SARSAPARILLA, and the patient is left as healthy as if he never had the disease.
Female Diseases are caused by Scrofula in the blood, and are generally soon cured by this EXTRACT OF SARSAPARILLA. Price $1 per bottle, or 6 bottles for $5.
For all the purposes of a family physic, take AYER'S CATHARTIC PILLS, which are everywhere known to be the best purgative that is offered to the American People.
Prepared by DR. J. C. AYER & Co., Lowell, Mass., and sold by all Druggists and dealers in medicine everywhere.
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OPPOSITE WASHINGTON SQUARE.

J. M. NASH.....PROPRIETOR.

WARM AND COLD BATHS from 6 A. M to 9 P. M. daily, with every appliance usually connected with a well-ordered Gymnasium for the development of Health and Muscle.

The only Complete Swimming Bath on this Coast.

Another advantage connected with this establishment, not usually found in Swimming Baths, is, that the water is Continually Changing, Fresh Water running in and out Constantly.

Single Baths, including Towels and Bathing Dress..25 cts
5 Bath Tickets, " " $1

Call and Try Them. The Kearny Street and Montgomery Street Cars pass the door *every five minutes.*

The Baths are reserved for Ladies every Tuesday, from 6 A. M. to 9 P. M. Ladies to supply their own Bathing Dresses.

I will *guarantee* to impart a thorough *practical knowledge* of *Swimming* in *one month.* Terms for the Course, $10.

J. M. NASH.

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Photographs retouched in India Ink or Water Colors, and copied from daguerreotypes or ambrotypes to any size. All work guaranteed and perfect satisfaction given. Call and see specimens before going elsewhere.

J. C. E. KLEPZIG,

MANUFACTURER

—AND—

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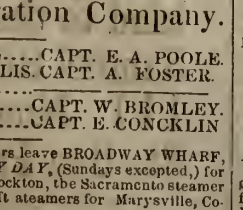

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Gilding and Silver Plating of all kinds of metals; also, Silver or Plated Ware reburnished.

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MADAME LAURUSTINUS,

The Great Prophetess and Doctress.

The Madame has astonished thousands of her visitors in Europe, England and America, by revealing the Past, Present and Future Events of Life, such as Law Suits, Travel by Sea or Land, Lost or Stolen Goods, Hidden Treasure, Absent Friends or Relatives, and all affairs of business in general.

☞The Madame has a select assortment of pure Roman Talismans, for Love, Good Luck, Success in Business, and guaranteed for Life.

Office of MADAME LAURUSTINUS, No. 816 Montgomery street, between Jackson and Pacific. Office hours, from 8 o'clock in the morning until 8 in the evening.

DR. N. T. WHITCOMB,

DENTIST,

No. 205 Third Street, San Francisco.

Teeth filled with fine gold, artificial bons and platina. All plate work made and repaired, of the best material, at the shortest notice and warranted. None cheaper or better on the coast. Call and examine specimens.

North Beach and South Park Cars pass the door.

N. T. WHITCOMB.

CALIFORNIA
Steam Navigation Company.

STEAMER CAPITAL.....CAPT. E. A. POOLE.
" CHRYSOPOLIS. CAPT. A. FOSTER.
" YOSEMITE.....
" CORNELIA....CAPT. W. BROMLEY.
" JULIA.....CAPT. E. CONCKLIN

One of the above steamers leave BROADWAY WHARF, at 4 o'clock P. M., *EVERY DAY*, (Sundays excepted,) for Sacramento and one for Stockton, the Sacramento steamer connecting with light-draft steamers for Marysville, Colusa, Chico and Red Bluff.

Steamships *PACIFIC, ORIZABA, CALIFORNIA, ACTIVE*, and *SENATOR*, leave as advertised, for Portland, Oregon, New Westminster, British Columbia, Victoria, (V. I.,) Santa Barbara, San Pedro, and San Diego.

Office of the Company, northeast corner of Front and Jackson streets.

B M. HARTSHORNE, President.

BOWMAN & CO.,
Dealers in Stoves and Tin Ware,
Main street, Petaluma.

TO THE UNFORTUNATE.

NEW REMEDIES! NEW REMEDIES!

Dr. Gibbon's Dispensary.

ESTABLISAED IN 1854,
616 Kearney street, corner of Commercial, San Francisco.

For the treatment of Sexual and Seminal Diseases, such as gonorrhœa, gleet, stricture, syphilis in all its forms, seminal weakness, impotency, &c. Skin Disenses, (of years' standing,) and Ulcerated legs, successfully treated.

HORRIBLE DISEASES.

How many thousands of persons both male and female are there who are suffering out a miserable existence from the effects of secret indulgence, or from virus absorbed into the system. Look at their pallid, emaciated and disfigured faces, and their broken constitutions, disqualifying them for the happiness of marriage or the enjoyment of life. In this horrid situation thousands suffer until death closes the scene. Let parents, guardians and friends, attend to those who are suffering with any of these horrible, life-destroying maladies—see that they are cared for and cured before it be too late. Send them to Dr. Gibbon, a physician who has made private diseases his especial study for years, and who is certain to cure the most inveterate cases without mercury or any injurious drugs. It is important to those who are afflicted, to be careful of the many pretended Doctors who infest all cities, publishing their skill in curing all diseases in a few days, imposing upon the public by using the names of eminent physicians from Europe and other places. Be therefore careful and make strict inquiry, or you may fall into the hands of these charlatans.

Syphilis is syphilis the world over; so is small pox, consumption, and other diseases, to the contrary of what quacks may say.

SEMINAL WEAKNESS.

Seminal weakness the consequent of self abuse. This solitary vice, or depraved sexual indulgence, is practiced by the youth of both sexes to an almost unlimited extent, producing with unnering certainty the following train of morbid symptoms, unless combatted by scientific medical measure; sallow countenances, dark spots under the eyes, pain in the head, ringing in the ears, noise like the rustling of leaves and rattling of chariots, uneasiness about the loins, weakness of the limbs, confused vision, blunt intellect, loss of confidence, diffidence in approaching strangers, a dislike to form new acquaintances, a disposition to shun society, loss of memory, hectic flushes, pimples and various eruptions about the face, furred tongue, fetid breath, coughs, consumption, night sweats, monomania, and frequent insanity. If relief be not obtained, should apply immediately, either in person or by letter, and have a cure effected by his new and scientific mode of treating this complaint, which never fails of effecting a quick and radical cure. Dr. G. will give $100 to any person who will prove satisfactorily to him that he was cured by either of the San Francisco quacks.

Dr. Gibbon is responsible, and will give each patient a written instrument binding himself to effect a radical and permanent cure or make no charge.

Persons at a distance may be cured at home by addressing a letter to Dr. Gibbon, stating case, symptoms, length of time the disease has continued, and have medicine promptly forwarded, free from damage and curiosity, to any part of the country, with full and plain directions for use, for ten dollars, sent in a registered letter, or through Wells, Fargo & Co.

Address DR. J. F. GIBBON, 616 Kearney street, corner of Commercial, San Francisco, Postoffice Box 252.

CAUTION TO THE UNFORTUNATE.

Beware of the San Francisco quacks and pretenders who with bogus sworn-to certificates, dupe the unwary. Some of the self styled doctors whose names are to be found in all the daily and weekly papers of San Francisco and other places, are tradesmen, and become too lazy to work at their trade. Some are tinsmiths, shoemakers, newspaper carriers, intelligence offices keepers, etc. Look over the San Francisco City Directory and you will find their former occupation in it. Look at the Directory for 1862-63. The only way to avoid imposition is make inquiry—it will cost you nothing and may save you many regrets, for advertising physicians in eight cases out of ten are bogus, there is no safety in trusting any of them till you know who and what they are. Dr. Gibbon does not deceive people by exhibiting bogus titles, certificates, pretended patients' letters, etc. Dr. Gibbon Will satisfy persons who may call at his office of his ability to treat diseases that he proposes to cure.

☞ Persons writing to Dr. Gibbon will Please state the name of the paper they see his advertisement in.

Excelsior! Excelsior!!

CHASTELLAR'S

HAIR EXERMINATOR, FOR REMOVING

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR.

TO THE LADIES ESPECIALLY, THIS INVALUABLE depilatory recommends itself as being an almost indispensable article to female beauty, is easily applied, does not burn or injure the skin, but acts directly on the roots. It is warranted to remove superfluous hair from low foreheads, or from any part of the body, completely, totally and radically extirpating the same, leaving the skin soft, smooth and natural. This is the only article used by the French, and is the only real effectual depilatory in existence. Price 75 cents per package, sent post-paid, to any address, on receipt of an order by

BERGER, SHUTTS & CO., Chemists,
285 River street, Troy, N. Y.

There cometh glad tidings of joy to all,
To young and old, to great and to small;
The beauty which was once so precious and rare,
Is free for all, and all may be fair.

By the use of

CHASTELLAR'S

WHITE LIQUID ENAMEL,

FOR IMPROVING AND BEAUTIFYING THE COMplexion.

The most valuable and perfect preparation in use, for giving the skin a beautiful pearl-like tint, that is only found in youth. It quickly removes Tan, Freckles, Pimples, Blotches, Moth Patches, Sallowness, Eruptions, and all impurities of the skin, kindly healing the same, leaving the skin white and clear as alabaster. It is the cannot be detected by the closest crutiny, and being a vegetable preparation is perfectly harmless. It is the only article of the kind used by the French, and is considered by the Parisian as indispensable to a perfect toilet. Upwards of 30,000 bottles were sold during the past year, a sufficient guarantee of its efficacy. Price only 75 cents. Sent by mail, post-paid, on receipt of order, by

BERGER, SHUTTS & CO., Chemists,
285 River street, Troy, N. Y.

PRO BONO PUBLICO.

LACOUR'S

SARSAPARIPHERE

BITTERS

POSSESS INVALUABLE PROPERTIES.

They give Health to the Sick,

Strength to the Weak,

Joy to the Afflicted,

☞SOLD EVERYWHERE.☜

IN THE PROBATE COURT of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the Estate of SARAH P. PETERSON, deceased.

Order to show cause why order of distribution should not be made.

On reading and filing the petition of Frederick W. Peterson the Administrator of the Estate of Sarah P. Peterson deceased, setting forth that he has filed his final account of his administration of the estate of said deceased, in this Court, and that the same has been duly settled and allowed; that all the debts and expenses of administration have been duly paid; and that a portion of said estate remains to be divided among the heirs of said deceased, and praying among other things for an order of distribution of the residue of said estate among the persons entitled:

It is Ordered, that all persons interested in the estate of the said Sarah P. Peterson deceased, be and appear before the Probate Court of the city and county of San Francisco, at the Court Room of said Court, in the City Hall in said city and county, on MONDAY, the fifteenth day of July, A. D. 1867, at eleven o'clock, A. M., then and there to show cause why an order of distribution should not be made of the residue of said estate to the heir of said Sarah P. Peterson deceased, according to law:

It is further Ordered, that a copy of this order be published for four successive weeks, before the said fifteenth day of July, A D. 1867, in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published in the said city and county.

M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

Dated June 12th, A. D. 1867.

OFFICE OF THE COUNTY CLERK, } ss.
OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO.

I, Wm. Loewy, County Clerk of the City and County of San Francisco, and ex-officio Clerk of the Probate Court thereof, do hereby certify the foregoing to be a full, true and correct copy of an order duly made and entered upon the minutes of said Court.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court, this 14th day of June, A. D. 1867.

[Seal and Int. Rev. stamp 50 cts., canceled.]

WM. LOEWY, Clerk.
By A. J. JEGHERS, Deputy Clerk.

THEODORE H. HITTELL, Att'y for Petitioner. Je15-5t

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

EDWARD J. QUIRK, Plaintiff, vs. JAMES P. HORBACH, et als., Defendants

Action brought in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the said city and county of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to JAMES P. HORBACH, HENRY DELVENDAHL, HENRY BREMMERMAN, ERNST JANSSEN and GUSTAV HELMKE, Defendants!

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff, in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein, within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons—if served within this county; or, if served out of this county, but in this District, within twenty days, otherwise, within forty days—or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said Complaint.

The said action is brought to require you, the said defendants, to set forth the nature of your respective claims to that certain lot or parcel of land situate in said city and county of San Francisco, as particularly described in the complaint herein, being subdivision No. 5 of the 100 vara lot known on the map of the city of San Francisco as No. 276, as designated on a plat of the original subdivision thereof, recorded in the office of the County Recorder of said city and County, in Liber 1 of Certified Grants, at page 156, that all adverse claims of said defendants and each of them may be determined by a decree of this Court; that by said decree it be declared and adjudged that the said defendants, each and all of them, have no estate or interest whatever in or to said parcel of land, and that the title of plaintiff thereto is good and valid; that said defendants, and each of them, be forever debarred from asserting any claim whatever in and to said land adverse to plaintiff, and for such other and further relief as to this Hon. Court shall seem meet and agreeable to equity, with costs of suit against such of the defendants as shall defend this action.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in said complaint.

Given under my hand and seal of the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco, this 25th day of February, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-seven.

WM. LOEWY, Clerk,
[SEAL.] By OCTAVIUS BELL, Deputy Clerk.
Int. Rev. Stamp, canceled. 50 cts.
THOS. B. BISHOP, Plaintiff's Attorney. mh30-13w

IN THE PROBATE COURT of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the estate of J. C. BEIDEMAN, deceased.

Pursuant to an order of the Judge of said Court, made this day, notice is hereby given that Tuesday, the 16th day of July, A. D. 1867, at 11 o'clock A. M. of said day, being a day of a regular term of said Court, to-wit: of the July Term, A D. 1867, at the Court room of said Court, at the City Hall, in the City and County of San Francisco, has been appointed for hearing the petition, this day filed, of Ann Powers praying for a decree authorizing and directing John W. Brumagim, the Administrator with the will annexed of the estate left unadministered of J. C. Beideman, deceased, to convey to the said petitioner certain real estate situated in said city and county, and particularly described in said petition, upon the payment to said Administrator of the purchase money of said real estate; at which time and place all persons interested in said estate may appear and contest said petition by filing their objections in writing.

Dated June 11th, A. D. 1867.

WM. LOEWY, Clerk.
By A. J. JEGHERS, Deputy Clerk.
Messrs. Drake & Hent, Attys. for Petitioner.
Jne15-5t

PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.'S

STEAMSHIPS FOR

NEW YORK, JAPAN AND CHINA,

WILL BE DISPATCHED AS FOLLOWS:

Leave Folsom-street Wharf at 11 o'clock A. M. of the following dates, for PANAMA, connecting *via* Panama Railroad, with one of the Company's splendid steamers from ASPINWALL for NEW YORK.

On 10th, 18th, and 30th of each month that has 30 days.
On 10th, 19th, and 30th of each month that has 31 days.
When the 10th, 19th and 30th fall on Sunday, they will leave on Saturday preceding; when the 18th falls on Sunday, they will leave on Monday following.

Steamer leaving San Francisco on the 10th touches at Manzanillo. All touch at Acapulco.

Departure of 19th connects with French Transatlantic company's steamer for St. Nazaire, and English steamer for South America.

Departure of 10th connects with English steamers for Southampton and South America, and P. R. R. Co.'s steamer for Ccutral America.

STEAMERS FOR JUNE.

June 18th—GOLDEN CITY, Capt. J. T. Watkins, connecting with ARIZONA, Capt. Harris.

June 29th—MONTANA, Capt. Jos. Sutton, connecting with OCEAN QUEEN, Capt. Maury.

Passengers will be berthed through. Baggage checked through—100 pounds allowed each adult.

Surgeon on board. Medicine and attendance free.

These steamers will positively leave at 11 o'clock. Passengers are requested to have their baggage on board before 10 o'clock.

Through tickets to Liverpool by the "Cunard," "Inman" and "National" Steamship Lines can be obtained P. M. S. S. Co.'s office in San Francisco.

For Merchandise Freight apply to Wells, Fargo & Co.

The splendid steamship COLORADO will be dispatched on July 4th, and will be followed by the GREAT REPUBLIC, on August 24th, from wharf, corner of First and Brannon streets, for YOKOHAMA and HONGKONG; connecting at Yokohama with the steamer COSTA RICA, for SHANGHAI.

For Passage and all other information, apply at Pacific Mail Steamship company's office, corner of Sacramento and Leidesdorff streets.

OLIVER ELDRIDGE, Agent.

Great Reduction in Rates.

OPPOSITION TO NEW YORK

EVERY TWENTY DAYS!

Carrying the United States Mail via Nicaragua!

THE OPPOSITION STEAMER

MOSES TAYLOR,

Will sail for SAN JUAN DEL SUR, Nicaragua, from MISSION STREET WHARF, at 11 o'clock, A. M., on

TUESDAY, - - - JUNE 25th, 1867,

Connecting at Greytown with the magnificent Steamship NEVADA, 3,000 tons, for NEW YORK.

☞The AMERICA will sail July 10th.

For further information, apply to

I. W. RAYMOND, Agent,
Northwest corner Battery and Pine streets, up stairs.

MASONIC TEMPLE,

Montgomery and Post streets, San Francisco.

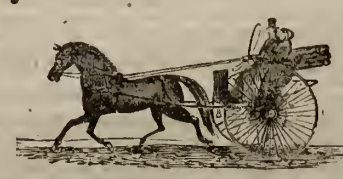
TO THE SICK!

Cures Without Medicines.

Experience of 25 years [15th (1866) in San Francisco,] enables DR. BOURNE to Guarantee Cures! He performs all he promises—more, if possible. Consultations Free. Call or send for circulars.

10 MASONIC TEMPLE, POST STREET.

P. A. FINIGAN'S



NORFOLK STABLES,

ELLIS STREET, BETWEEN POWELL AND MASON,

SAN FRANCISCO.

THE FINEST STABLE KNOWN IN AMERICA.

Horses, Buggies, and all kinds of Carriages to let on reasonable terms. Particular attention paid to boarding horses. Ladies' and Gentlemen's Saddle Horses always on hand. P. A. FINIGAN, Proprietor.

THEODORE KALLENBERG,

No. 416 Market street, - - - San Francisco,

Machinist,

Maker of Models for Inventors, Drawing Instruments, Small Machines, Philosophical Instruments, Scales and Weights, all kinds of Brass and Iron Work.

REPAIRING PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

MAGUIRE'S OPERA HOUSE.

THOMAS MAGUIRE,.....Sole Proprietor
CARR. TIBBETTS,.....Business Manager
C. L. GRAVES,.....Stage Manager
WM. STEVENSON,.....Treasurer

GRAND SEASON
....OF....
TRAGEDY AND COMEDY.

Engagement of
EDWIN ADAMS!

SUPPORTED BY

Mrs. Sophie Edwin,
Miss Sallie Hinckley,
Mrs. Judah,
John McCullough,
Mr. J. A. Herne,
Henry Edwards,
AND THE STAR DRAMATIC COMPANY.

Matinee to day.
The fine old comedy, entitled,
WILD OATS!

This Evening, June 22nd,
MACBETH!

Macbeth.....EDWIN ADAMS
Lady Macbeth.....MRS. SOPHIE EDWIN

In Rehearsal——MEN OF THE DAY.

PRICES OF ADMISSION:

Dress Circle	$1 00	Orchestra	$1 00
Parquette	50	Upper Circle	25

THE CENTRAL PARK OF THE PACIFIC.

WOODWARD'S GARDENS,

Art Gallery,

Museum, Gymnasium
.....AND.....
ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

THESE BEAUTIFUL GARDENS ARE VISITED DAILY by hundreds of the pleasure seeking public, and all agree in pronouncing them the best and only first class suburban resort on the Pacific coast.

The extensive grounds are covered with the rarest trees and shrubbery, making it a most desirable spot for small parties wishing to enjoy a Pic-Nic.

New attractions are being constantly added.

These Gardens are accessible by the Howard, Market and Folsom street care. Entrances on Mission and Valencia streets, between Thirteenth and Fourteenth. OPEN EVERY DAY.

Admission 25 cents. Children under 12 years, half price.

JOSEPH FREDERICKS

CARPET AND UPHOLSTERY STORE,

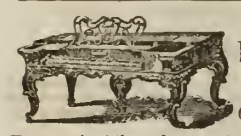
PAPER HANGINGS, ETC.,

123 Kearny St., between Sutter and Post, San Francisco

FAMILIES ARE INVITED TO EXAMINE

OUR VARIED ASSORTMENT

Of the Finest Carpeting in the State. The best of taste displayed in Decoration and the unique Upholstering of Rooms, Halls and Public Buildings, and at prices conforming to the times. Call and examine goods.



THE FAMOUS
PIANOS
OF
Chickering & Son

Have received the endorsement of all the leading Artistes of Europe and America. Testimonials to be seen at the Agents'.

Pianos to rent, from $5 to $10. Tuning free.

KOHLER, CHASE & CO.,
421 Montgomery street.

IN THE PROBATE COURT of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the estate of BENJAMIN T. CHACE, deceased.

Order to show cause why order of distribution should not be made.

On reading and filing the petition of William H Hooke and William H. Gawley the Executors of the last will and testament of Benjamin T. Chace, deceased, setting forth that they have filed their final account of their administration of the estate of said deceased, in this Court, and that the same has been duly settled and allowed; that all the debts and expense of administration have been duly paid; and that a portion of said estate remains to be divided among the heirs and devisees of said deceased, and praying among other things for an order of distribution of the residue of said estate among the persons entitled:

It is ordered, that all persons interested in the Estate of the said Benjamin T. Chace deceased, be and appear before the Probate Court of the City and County of San Francisco, at the Court-room of said Court, in the City Hall in said city and county, on MONDAY, the 22d day of July, 1867, at eleven o'clock, A. M., then and there to show cause why an order of distribution should not be made of the residue of said Estate among the heirs and devisees of said Benjamin T. Chace, deceased, according to law.

It is further ordered, That a copy of this order be published for four successive weeks before the said 22d day of July A. D. 1857, in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper published in the said city and county.

M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

Dated June 18th, 1867. je22-5w

E. B MASTICK & T. B. BISHOP, Attorneys for said Executors.

REDUCTION IN PRICES.

MEAGHER, TAAFFE & CO.,

ARE OFFERING

At Greatly Reduced Prices,

Black and Colored Dress Silks,
French and English Prints,
Ginghams and Lawns,
Organdies and Grenadines,
Delaines and Alpacas,
Mohairs and Poplins,
Poil de Chevre, etc.
Cotton Shirtings and Sheetings,
Linen Shirtings and Sheetings,
Towels and Towelings,
Blankets and Quilts,
Flannels and Lace Curtains,
Clothes, Cassimeres, etc.,
Cloaks, Basquines,
Mantillas and Sacques,
Shawls, Talmas, etc.
100 dozen Juvan's Celebrated Paris made Kid Gloves.
Laces, Embroideries, Handkerchiefs, Hosiery, etc.

9 MONTGOMERY STREET,
UNDER LICK HOUSE.

THE AVITOR "HERMES."

The following Report has been addressed to the Pattentee of the Avitor, by G. K. Gluyas, Esq., President of the Mechanic's Institue, and Superintending Engineer of the California S. N. Company.

Report of the Construction and Prospects of the

"AVITOR:"

SAN FRANCISCO, June 7, 1867

F. MARRIOTT, ESQ—Dear Sir:—Having visited on Wednesday last, the Avitor building, at Shell Mound Park, and inspected the machine, I take the pleasure in recording my impressions in favor of this invention. I was careful to learn details, and to study the Avitor, in order to speak, so far as I might be, with knowledge; and I am satisfied that the principle here followed is the right one.

The machine is light, solid and well finished. I think there is needed greater capacity for holding of gas, and a modification of the machine to enable it to be compressed, that the gas-holder may the more readily be filled with pure gas. The arrangements for controlling and managing the different portions of the machinery could not be better; the engine I think adequate to perform all the services required of it. As regards the probable velocity of the Avitor, I would say nothing. Once afloat, and I see nothing to hinder its floating; it is merely a question of resistance. For an invention so novel, the Avitor has met with comparatively few practical obstacles; and when it is remembered that the difficulties in the way of Fulton's experiment were much greater than those that have kept back the Avitor, and that the principal is in both cases equally sound it will be seen that there are good reasons for the belief that the machine, with the modifications referred to, will yet successfully navigate the air.

The experiments with petroleum as a steam generator, which, no doubt, will be successful, will furnish a compact and light fuel for generating steam. After the Avitor has been floated, there may be some slight changes of the propelling machinery suggested, but, ultimately, it must be a success. The expense to make the contemplated changes, or rather enlargement, of the machine, I think, will be under three thousand dollars.

Hoping and firmly believing in the success of your enterprise, I remain your obedient servant,

GEO. K. GLUYAS.

OPINION OF PETER DONAHUE ESQ.

I have followed with great interest, and have personally observed the construction of the Avitor. I am so thoroughly convinced of the practicability of the enterprise, and so entirely concur in the foregoing observations of Geo. K. Gluyas, Esq., respecting the two modifications to be adopted, that I have no hesitation in saying that, when these changes are made, the Avitor will answer all the purposes of its inventor, and fully realize the expectations of the public. As soon as the elevating power shall, in this way, have been perfected, the work will be completed because the propelling force is ample, the machinery for elevating and depressing sufficient, and steering apparatus in fine working order, and, in short, the whole of the Avitor is fully under the control of the operation. PETER DONAHUE ESQ.

ITALIAN RESTAURANT,

A. BONZI & CO.

Successors to L. Gamba,

512 Sacramento Street,

Between Montgomery and Sansome.

MEALS 50 CENTS, or to order. Good Cooks and Polite Waiters. Choice Italian and French dishes. Best Wines, Liquors and Cigars on hand. Private Rooms up stairs.

ZEITSKA & SHEPPARD,

Merchant Taylors,

NO. 610 CLAY STREET,

Near Montgomery,

SAN FRANCISCO.

GRAND TRIAL

....OF....

SEWING MACHINES.

CONTEST BETWEEN THE

FLORENCE AND WILLCOX & GIBBS.

THE

WILLCOX & GIBBS

TRIUMPHANT!

At the Great UNION FAIR, held at Island Park, between Albany and Troy, in September, two Premiums were offered on Sewing Machines, one for the BEST and the other for the "Second Best"—competition being open to the State.

On the first day of the Fair, the Troy Agent of Florence Sewing Machine Company, having, jointly with the Albany Agent of the same Machine, entered it for competition, published in the Troy Daily Times a challenge to Agents of other Sewing Machines, to meet them at said Fair and compete with them for the Premium.

The challenge was accepted by the Troy and Albany Agents of the Willcox and Gibbs Machine.

Each party was to prepare and subject to the judges a "list" of the several "points of merit" on account of which "superiority" was claimed. These "points" were to be separately considered, thoroughly investigated and practically tested, by work done then and there, upon each of the machines; and then decided in favor of the machine which was adjudged to excel on that "point."

Finally it was agreed that the machine which, at the conclusion of the trial, should be found to have the greatest number of those "points" decided in its favor should be decided the "BEST SEWING MACHINE," and awarded the FIRST PREMIUM.

The result of the trial was, that the

WILLCOX & GIBBS WON THE VICTORY

and the prize, by the extraordinary superiority of thirty-five points, decided in its favor, against two points in favor of the Florence.

Full notes were taken of the trial.

It is a fact worthy of remark, that during the entire trial—which continued without intermission for nearly seven hours—not a stitch was missed, nor the thread once broken, nor a needle broken or bent, by the Willcox and Gibbs machine. No kind of work was attempted to be done on it that was not accomplished, and done in a perfect and workmanlike manner; and no effort was made on it that was not entirely successful; while neither of these statements can be truly made in favor of the Florence.

This remarkable trial can not fail, through the facts developed by it, to be productive of important results. It has raised the veil and exposed to public view the true character of the opposition, who will no longer be able to deceive the public by misrepresenting the character and merits of the Willcox and Gibbs machine.

It is an improvement on double thread machines; and its "stitch," which was severely tested by the Judges, was decided to be much stronger and less liable to rip in use or wear than the "Lock Stitch."

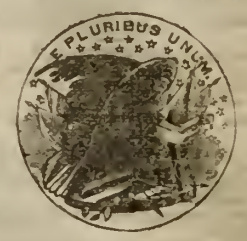
It is the simplest in construction—does the greatest variety of work—makes no noise—is not liable to get out of order—costs the least money, and gives the best satisfaction.

☞ Full reports of this trial sent free to any address.

☞ **Country Agents solicited.**

SAMUEL SWIFT,
General Agent for the Pacific Coast,
203 Kearny Street,
San Francisco.

GRAND
Union Demonstration!



Rally to Meet the Enemy!

THE UNION PARTY OF SAN FRANCISCO

WILL HOLD A

GRAND RATIFICATION

MASS MEETING,

AT UNION HALL,

ON HOWARD STREET,

BETWEEN THIRD AND FOURTH STS.,

....ON....

Tuesday Evening June 25,

AT 8 O'CLOCK.

On which occasion the following distinguished speakers have been invited to address the people:

Hon. John Conness,
Gov. F. F. Low,
Gov. Leland Stanford,
Hon. A. A. Sargent,
Hon. F. M. Pixley,
Hon. John Bidwell,
Hon. E. L. Pratt,
Hon. David Belden,
Hon. H. S. Brown,
Hon. Oliver Wolcott,
Hon. Geo. W. Tyler,
Hon. Newton Booth,
Hon. Judge S. W. Brockway,
Hon. Thomas Shannon,
Rev. Dr. Stone,
Rev. Horatio Stebbins,
Rev. M. C. Briggs,
Rev. Dr. Cox,
Rev. Dr. Eells,
Gen. John F. Miller,
Gen. H. W. Halleck,
Gen. Irwin McDowell,
Gen. Rosecrans,
Judge J. B. Southard,
Judge Alex. Campbell,
C. B. Denio,
W. H. L. Barnes.

By order of the Union State Central Committee.

H. J. TILDEN, Chairman

E. W. CASEY, Secretary.

If there is a Florence Sewing Machine within a thousand miles of San Francisco, that is not giving entire satisfaction, if I am informed of it, it will be attended to without express charge or expense of any kind to the owner. Samuel Hill, Agent, 111 Montgomery St., San Francisco.

W. N. MILLER.....J. F. HALEY

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San Francisco.

SASH, BLIND, DOOR AND MOULDING FACTORY

The California.

"SURELY THERE IS A VEIN FOR THE SILVER AND A PLACE FOR GOLD WHERE THEY FINE IT."

VOLUME VII., No. 5. OFFICE, No. 532 MERCHANT STREET. | SAN FRANCISCO, JUNE 29, 1867. | TERMS, $5 A YEAR, BY MAIL, IN ADVANCE, 50 CENTS A MONTH, BY CARRIER.

CONTENTS:

ORIGINAL: California Literature; The "Genial Critic;" A Discursive View of the Recent Ratification Meeting, by "Dogberry;" Literary gleanings: The Japanese, their Characteristics, Progress in Civilization, etc.; "Liber Librorum; "Lion's Mouth;" A Russian Bear; Ghostly Criticism; An injured Dutchman; Our Police Court; The *Alta's* Satirical Editor; Dramatic Affairs; New Publications, Paragraphs, etc. SELECTED: Historical Stories—The Battle of Vinegar Hill; A Railway Adventure. Smuggling Devices; The Theater and the Opera in Germany; The Story of Bill Tell, by John Quill, etc.

THE LION'S MOUTH.

"THE gravest beast is an ass, the gravest bird is an owl, the gravest fish is an oyster, and the gravest man is a fool." SYDNEY SMITH.

"I WILL roar, that I will do any man's heart good to hear me" A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

"I WILL aggravate my voice so, that I will roar you as gently as any sucking dove; I will roar you an 't were any nightingale" IBID.

"*Nil falsi audeat, nil veri non audeat dicere.*" CICERO

An Injured Dutchman.

The other Sunday a party of gentlemen while sailing on the Bay in the yacht Queen of the Bay, observed a dark object bobbing up and down in the water at some distance from them. They thought at first it was a porpoise, but on one of the party suggesting that it *might* be a man they bore down towards the floating object. They soon came close enough to perceive that it was actually a man who was throwing his arms in the air, sinking and then rising again to the surface. They rescued him in an almost exhausted condition. They found he was a Dutchman who had been out for a pull in his boat which had upset and cast him into the sea. Every attention was paid to him after he was taken into the boat, the gentlemen stripped themselves of their coats to cover him as he lay almost insensible and benumbed with the cold. In order to revive him, large quantities of prime old Bourbon were administered to him from time to time. He was landed in San Francisco and escorted to his house by one of the party, who left him feeling warm and comfortable. Two days afterwards this gentleman went to see how the man he had rescued from a dreadful death was. Slapping him on the shoulder, he said: "Well, my friend, how are you now?" The Dutchman staring at him stolidly, answered, "I pees very well. How you pees?" "Yes," said the gentleman, "but you wouldn't be very well if we hadn't made pretty good sailing." "Oh," said the Dutchman "you pees one of dem fellers das was find me in der vasser. I know you now. You vas pulled me out of der vasser, and you vas give me de most Got tum pad whiskey as I never have drunk, my head ache all der night and all der next day, Got tam!"

Ten Tons of School Books.

A dispatch dated New York, June 26th, announces that Putnam & Son, booksellers, have shipped 10 tons of school books for Japan. The question is: when the Japanese Government receives them what will it do with them? These school-books cannot be copies of "Japanese without a master" because no such book has been published as yet. Will the Government be able to find 10 teachers—one to each ton of school-books—capable of instructing the Japs in translating the First Reader? Would it not be well for the Board of Education of San Francisco who have so many more applications for positions as teachers in our public schools than they can grant, to do the civil thing towards the Japanese Government and send it a few hundred teachers well up in the First Reader? (The shipment includes 13,000 elemen tary books.) They would learn Japanese in the course of time. Send them to Japan. If we have not any grown up Japs here to instruct us in their language, we have a Japanese baby—that's something to begin with. It will be able to talk soon, and arrangements might possibly be made by the Board of Education with its happy guardian to allow it to give lessons in Japanese to the teachers. We fear exceedingly that the 10 tons of school-books will be of little use unless some such action is taken.

Prayers for the Press.

The *Bulletin's* New York correspondent says:

"The Presbyterians in session at Rochester have been discussing a proposition that the Assembly should institute special prayers for persons connected with the Press in the United States One of the speakers made eloquent reference to the hardships of the daily reporter, and another expressed an earnest desire that he (the reporter) should hereafter be more frequently the subject of special prayer. This is all very well, for as everybody knows, the reporting fraternity are a graceless set. But are there not other classes who equally deserve a like special attention? There are the lawyer and pastor, the grocer, the butcher, and, above all, the landlord. Why should they be neglected and only the newspaper reporter specially remembered?"

We think this correspondent is very ungrateful for this special mercy. For ourselves we are thankful and hope that the Presbyterians will pray for all connected with the Press, from the editor down to the devil. We are a little afraid, however, that some clergymen will take to praying *at* the Press instead of for them.

A Russian "Bear."

A gentleman residing in Oakland, signing his initials J. J.W., makes an effort to bear Russian Territory stock by writing a letter to one of the morning papers in which he calls it "an isolated, God forsaken country." We don't believe a word of it. We are up to J. J. W.'s little game. He's afraid that all the inhabitants of Oakland will emigrate to this glorious land. He says:

"The resources of the country are entirely unknown, even to the Russians themselves, inasmuch as they live in constant dread of the Indians, and consequently, are not disposed to risk their lives among such furious neighbors. Some of the tribes are thieving murderers and pirates; in fact, it would not be safe to start anywhere on a prospecting tour except in parties numbering from eighty to one hundred well armed men."

We know better than that, haven't we been told that turnips and carrots grow there? Aren't the Indians in the far North proverbially good-natured, the ice keeping them always cool? The heat of anger is unknown there. They never let their angry passions rise. J. J. W. owns that "the female Indians are remarkably handsome, with small hands and feet," and that 'the Indians inhabiting the Aluntien Islands are civilized, courteous, with habits of industry, and are of very great service to the Russians, who treat them with great consideration and kindness." One of the grave accusations which J. J. W. makes against this territory, is the fact that the supply of furs has become so great as to cease to be profitable to the Russian-American Fur Company, which consequently relinquished the trade. Yet at this day there are thousands of unhappy women in San Francisco who are unable, in consequence of their poverty, to purchase sable capes. It won't do, J. J. W. Thieves, murderers, and pirates won't frighten Californians. Bears won't scare them. A large immigration will take place to this favored land, and thousands of unfortunate, free-born American citizens who, oppressed by our heartless capitalists, are working eight hours a day for two dollars a day, will go to Uncle Sam's new territory, live in comfort, luxuriate on turnips, and acquire immense fortunes by shooting wild animals and skinning them.

Ghostly Criticism.

There is a large class of people for whom some things may be done too well. If somebody has an engrossing taste for circus performances you must not be disappointed if he takes coldly to Hamlet. Such a man might criticise Hamlet and carve him in giblets because he did not perform on horseback. Judgment in such matters depends much on taste, education and early surroundings. The thinking public would probably give to the horseback Hamlet's opinion all due respect and attention, taking as much of it as conformed to their ideas of propriety relative to the matter. Probably they would leave the horse out.

A few mornings since the individual of dramatic proclivities who serves up amusement notices, dignified by the title of criticisms for the *Alta*, objected to Mr. Henry Edwards' dress in the character of Banquo. Now the probabilities are largely in favor of the fact that Mr. Edwards was the only correctly dressed character in the cast. He has occupied a position as manager for many years, is a gentleman of refined and scholarly tastes, and is thoroughly devoted to his profession. True, considerable latitude of opinion should be allowed with regard to the proper dressing of ghosts. They are not common. Perhaps the human being who wants to criticise, will criticise, and cannot be withheld from dramatic criticism, has seen more ghosts than Mr. Edwards, and therefore his opinion on ghostly fashions is entitled to respect.

An Unscrupulous Assertion.

In these times of political excitement, newspapers are too apt to become utterly demoralized, and make statements in the most reckless manner—statements which often bear upon their face the proof of their falsity. The *Evening Dispatch* has, perhaps, made fewer reckless assertions regarding the candidates for office on the opposing sides than any other paper published in this city. Under these circumstances we were shocked at reading in last Monday's issue the following:

"An Italian troubadour, while standing on the string of Pacific wharf, yesterday morning, enchanting a small crowd with the exquisite strains of his instrument, became so absorbed in his own melodious creations, that he forgot his precarious position and toppled over into the bay. He was rescued by the bystanders, with no other injury than a wholesome drink of saltwater."

Does the *Dispatch* intend seriously to assert that the Bay in the vicinity of Pacific street wharf affords a wholesome drink of saltwater? Did or did not the local of the aforesaid paper observe three feline, two canine corpses and one equine corpse floating on the surface of the Bay on that Sabbath morn in close proximity to the place where the Italian plunged into the sewerage of San Francisco? A "*wholesome* drink of saltwater" forsooth! We have lost confidence in the *Dispatch*, the pool of politics is not more foul than the water of the Bay at the foot of Pacific street, and the editors will not be afraid to plunge in for the purpose of obtaining "a wholesome drink" after making such a statement as above recorded. We are not acquainted with the local of the *Dispatch*, and are constrained to ask: "Has he a nose?"

The "Alta's" Satirical Editor.

One of the editors of the *Alta*, M. G. Upton, is at present enlarging his mind by foreign travel, and writing letters from Paris about the Exposition. We are afraid he will offend many readers by the cruelly satirical manner in which he criticises the American display. California it appears, is miserably represented. He says:

"In the centre of that apartment is a show case of very moderate dimensions—something larger than the cases in which fancy boots and shoes are displayed; and of a funeral aspect withal. This is devoted to two States known by the names of California and Nevada. For even this poor chance to air our products in the light of the civilized world, we are indebted, I believe, to the patriotism of one of our private citizens. The specimens displayed are not by any means as numerous, as valuable, or as rare as those contained in the mineral cabinet of the counting-room of the ALTA CALIFORNIA"

We think Mr. Upton might have been thoughtful enough for the credit of the State to have borrowed the *Alta California's* mineral cabinet from the counting-room and taken it with him. He then proceeds to sneer at ladies' boots and shoes from New York, says French boots are better and—oh! the wretch—libels his fair country women thus:

"The idea conveyed by the case, or rather its contents, is that the ladies of the New World are all of Colossal stature. There must be ladies of Herculean proportions to suit such enormous feet."

The air of Paris has not proved healthy to Mr. Upton. About the only words of praise he bestows on anything American, are the following:

"I now look with pride on the shelves of false teeth and the dentist's chair from New York, which I see on my right, and also on the false arms and legs which I see in the adjoining case. Here we are in our glory We have lost more teeth and more arms and legs than any people in the world, and we are able to supply them better when they are gone."

This sort of thing will never do for the *Alta*. It will lose advertisements by scores if it runs down American manufactures in this manner. We believe Mr. Upton is prejudiced. In the same issue of the *Alta* in which this letter appears, is published the report of the Paris Exposition, from which it appears that $1,145 were collected to pay for freight of articles to Paris, and that of this sum only $139 50 had been expended, leaving a balance on hand of $1,005 50. Professor Blake wrote, asking for $800, which was directed to be forwarded to him, and the Grand Exposition Committee finished their highly satisfactory labors. We understand that so little interest was taken by any person concerned in this affair that there is not in the Exposition one pint of California peanuts. Mr. Upton is a little rough, but we fear that the display is indeed very rough as regards quantity. It is comforting, after reading this letter, to turn to the telegraphic dispatch in another column of the *Alta*, which goes to prove that Americans made up in the quality of their display, for what it lacked in grandeur as a whole. We are told that of 524 United States exhibitors there have been awards in favor of 262 including 4 grand prizes, 17 gold medals, 62 silver medals and 103 bronze medals. Seventy-nine exhibitors received honorable mention.

Our Police Court.

Visiting the San Francisco Police Court, a few days since, after a long absence, we found things criminally, legally and locally exactly in *statu quo*. Judge Rix still preponderated on the bench. He has outlived, sat down upon and squelched the outcry made against him about the period of his entry into office, months ago. Lounderback still prosecutes, looking interesting and scholarly. Samuel Platt, Esq., was there The task of his biography including all his smart sayings, belongs to the *Call*. Zabriskie was there, still preserving his reputation as a well-dressed man. Officer Hess still tends door and has arrived at a great degree of skill and perfection in opening and shutting that door. Officer Welch still lives, crying out from time to time mechanically "Drunk, your Honor," and "Silence in the Court." Of course his Honor mechanically said occasionally "Five dollars or twenty-four hours." The average drunks were on hand, enveloped in a stifling atmosphere of dirt, seediness, headache and shame. The assaults and batteries with their accompanying black eyes and bandaged heads, and testimony of wide contradiction were there. The China chicken thief from his seat in the criminals' box, looked like a wrecked Confucius, a deeply wronged individual of a despised and persecuted race; looked as if the surreptitious seizure of a hen was, in the Flowery Kingdom, an act of devotion. The man who stole an overcoat hanging in front of a cheap clothing store, pleaded drunk, as usual, "didn't know what he was about," of course, and was promptly sent to prison, there to reflect that a part and parcel of the chief aim of existence, is letting overcoats in front of clothing stores alone until they be bought and paid for.

A Proper Spirit.

The *Black Crook* is about to be produced in Richmond. The *Examiner* solemnly warns managers that Richmond will put up with no such nonsense as "chaste dresses." These little improvements will do for the provinces; but the capital will be satisfied with nothing less than the original nudities. The *Black Crook* was performed in San Francisco with the characters dressed in a manner that no one but Judge Deady could deem unchaste. The consequence was that the public stayed away in disgust, and the management lost many thousands of dollars. The San Francisco public felt themselves insulted by the change made in the costumes for their special benefit. Our local Mr. Grundy said: "Well, I'm sure! I hope that my morals ain't no worse than New York, and what don't hurt them won't hurt me."

STORIES OF HISTORICAL EVENTS.

THE BATTLE OF VINEGAR HILL.

IN April, 1798, there was scarcely a farmer's house where pretty Irish girls, with frightened glances at the windows, were not cutting up rolls of innocent green ribbon into rebel cockades for the hats of fathers, brothers, and lovers. There was scarcely a lonely moonlit bawn, or old Danish encampment, where wild striplings, armed with pikes, were not practicing the right and left wheel, the rallying square, or the charge. Down many a rough country lane, between the desolate stone walls, cars were jolting with clattering loads of pike-handles. On many a mountain, from Benabola to the Scalp of Witklow, bon-fires were heaping, and stern-laced men muttering threats against the Protestants. In many a roadside chapel, behind bolted doors, grim-looking priests, with faces steeled to the work, were blessing half-naked, ragged, headstrong pikemen who were to begin the holy work and face the swinging yeomanry sabres twenty-four hours after. In dismal cabins, mere holes in the bank roofed with turf, or in hidden places between the deep chocolate-colored trenches in the bogs, where the snipe whistled, and the wild cotton, ruffled white, many a rebel forced the pike-head, kissed the green ribbons, adjusted his tailsman against bullets, or said his Aves in supplication to the Virgin that he might be guarded from the yeomanry bayonets on the morrow. The Curragh of Kildare was dark with savage pikemen; on the Wicklow mountains they were gathering in force; Limerick was alight; even in Ulster and Down there was danger; but the central crater was Wexford, for there every third man was in arms against the red-coats. From the month of the Shanley to Enniscorthy, from Hook Head to Dunbrody, the pikes were assembling, and the green ashes waiting for the fiery signals.

There is no donbt that, from 1796, the fears of a French invasion had driven the government to dangerous and oppressive severities. Repression, and not reform, was Lord Camden's primary principle. The Insurrection Act gave powers to any seven alarmed and tyrannical magistrates to assume, after requisition, the power of seizing, imprisoning, and sending to the fleet, almost without trial, any persons found an unlawful assemblies. The yeomaury were savage, thievish, and insolent; beasts of bnrden were impressed for baggage transport, without regard to private rights; the billetiug was shamefully abused; Habeas Corpus was suspended; arrests on secret information of spies were incessaut; and the seizure of arms were made a pretext for every variety of arrogant oppression. It is the last straw breaks the camel's back, the Arab says, and here was a whole truss-full.

In 1795, the year the first Orange lodge was formed, and the year before the yeomanry was organized, Napper Tandy had fled to avoid trial. Wolf Tone, a coachmaker's son, and a mischievons adventurer, had escaped to Ameriea. Dr. Jackson, an envoy from the French government, had been tried for high treason, and poisoned himself in the dock. In 1796 the government was moved to fresh severities by the nnsuccessful attempt of General Hoche, with fifteen sail-of-the-line, ten frigates, twenty-seven transports, and fifteen thousand men, to land in Bantry Bay. In 1798, Lord Camden's vigilance was unremitting, and it was by his seizure of the chief conspirators in Dublin before the day fixed for the ontbreak that the subsequent failure of the unfortunate rebellion must be mainly attributed. Mr. Reynolds, of Kilkea Castle, a retired silk-manufacturer, betrayed the Leinster delegates, who, fifteen in number, were seized at the house of Oliver Bond, a woolendraper in Bridge-street, Dublin. Robert Emmet, the son of a surgeon, afterwards hung, was among the number. The leader of the United Irishmen, Lord Edward Fitzgerald, was also arrested on the 8th of May, at the house of Murphy, a featherman, in Thomas-street. He fought desperately with a dagger, inflicting mortal wounds on a Captain Ryan, and disembowelling another officer. Lord Edward was shot in the struggle by Major Sirr, and died a month after, of his wound and mental irritation. These arrests, and those of the two Sheares, barristers, utterly disconcerted the rebels and disarranged all their plans. The police pursued the conspirators, and drove them to a hurried and permature insurrection, which was trodden out in most places bit by bit. An attempt on the night of the 23d of May, was nusuccessful, Neilson, the leader, being captured by a jailor while reconnoitring. General Lake's measures were prompt and firm. Strong pickets were placed on all the canal bridges, and militia regiments drawn up on St. Stephen's Green, the garrison and yeomanry drums beat to arms, and all the alarm-posts were instantly occupied. The country roads, alleys, gateways, stable-lanes, and byways of the Liberty, were already swarming with pikemen, lurking there ready at beat of a rebel drum to rush out and intercept the yeomanry as they hurried to their rendezvons. The mail coaches were all to be stopped and destroyed at a signal, the water supply of Dublin was to be cut off, the Custom House to be seized, the Castle to be stormed by men with cutlasses and pistols, who were to murder the lord-lieutenant, Lord Castlereagh, and his staff. There was no time to be lost. Every dingy yard and city garden was full of hidden arms. The yeomanry were half of them United Irishmen; the domestic servants, two-thirds spies, were preparing to murder their masters. The very lamplighters refused to light the lamps till forced at the point of the bayonet. The mountains from the Scalp in Wicklow to Mount Leinster in Wexford were bright with signal-fires, the increase or diminution of which were understood by the expectant rebels.

General Lake issued a proclamation early on the 24th, requiring all the inhabitants of Dublin except certain privileged persons to remain in their houses from nine o'clock at night till five in the morning, under pain of punishment. All persons who had registered arms were to give in an inventory, to be filed at the town clerk's office, and all persons who had not registered their arms were required to instantly deliver them up to the lord mayor or some magistrate, on pain of being sent on board the fleet without trial. Housekeepers were also required to place outside their doors a list of all tenants of the house, especially specifying strangers.

On the night of the 23d there were several partial risings. The Belfast mail was burned at Bantry, the Limerick mail was stopped on the Curragh, and the guard and coachman murdered; the Athlone coach was broken up at Lucan, and the Cork mail destroyed at Naas. At Rathfarnham, Lucan, Lusk, Collon, and Baltinglas, the rebels and yeomanry met, and in all cases the green cockades were repulsed. On the following day, Clane, Naas, Ballymore-Eustace, and Kilcullen were attacked. At Prosperous, a town seventeen miles from Dublin, forty men of the North Cork Militia and twenty British cavalry were surprised in their quarters, which were easily set on fire, the cellars being full of straw. The screaming victims who leaped out of the windows were received on the pikes of the shouting rebels.

Some headlong but undisciplined attacks on troops at Naas Carlow were unsuccessful. On Saturday, the 26th of May, the flames broke out in Wexford. A bonfire lighted on the hill of Corrigrua was answered by another on Boulavogue. In the latter place the rebel leader was Father Murphy, a priest who had graduated at Seville. He was the son of a small farmer, and had been educated at the hedge school at Ferns. This man, of a savage determined disposition, began by burning every Protestant house in Kilcormick, and piking all the Protestants he could seize. It was said that the soldiers had burned the house and chapel of this man, and that he had vowed vengeance.

The royalists, having dispersed a rebel camp with about three thousand men on a ridge of the Slieve Bridge Mountains, and afterwards burned two chapels and one hundred cabins, an attempt was next made to attack the rebel position on the hill of Ontart, two miles from Gorey. Colonel Foote pursuing an advantage too quickly, the rebels turned, and, incited by Father John, piked and shot the whole detachment (one hundred and five men), all but the lieutenant-colouel, a sergeant, and three privates. The garrison of Gorey at once retreating to Arklow, followed by a crowd of terrified loyalists. Father John attacked the town of Enniscorthy on the 28th.

This town is bisected by the river Slaney. The market-house, court, and the suburbs of Templeshannon and Drumgoold, are on the north side, at the foot of Vinegar Hill. It is a place of about five thousand inhabitants, and lies about twelve miles from Wexford, which is ninety-two miles from Dublin. The garrison consisted of about three hundred militia and yeomanry, and they formed on the bridge, and on Duffry-gate hill, upon the Carlow road, placing sergeants' guards in the market-house and the old castle. The rebels advanced, driving horses and cattle before them to break and distract the enemy's fire, and at the same time firing from behind the walls and hedges with steadiness and celerity. The insurgents being many of them good shots, (Wexford abounding in water-fowl), the fire was as heavy as it was well directed. Falling back on the town under shelter of a charge of cavalry, the yeomanry were now beset on every side, and were fired at from the windows. The rebels, repulsed at the bridge, forded the river, out of reach of the musketry. The inhabitants setting fire to the houses in the neighborhood of the troops, the streets were so full of smoke that they could not discern their opponents until they saw the charging pikes. The flames from either side of the street met in an arch over the yeoman's heads, singeing their hair, and burning the red plumes from their helmets and the tufts from their shakos. Making a great stand in the Market-house square, the garrison was at last compelled to retreat to Wexford. The troopers carried before them, on their horses, the old people, the sick, the wounded, the women, and the children. Many ladies, wild with horror, waded in the river Slaney with their children on their backs, and flew to the woods, where they were hunted for days after, as if they had been wolves. The Catholics of Enniscorthy, who had plied the rebels with whisky during the night, now welcomed them with screams of joy. They set fire to all the chief Protestant houses, dragging out the men and murdering them in the street before the eyes of their wives and children. By midnight, four hundred and seventy-eight houses, taverns, store-sheds, and malt-houses had been reduced to ashes. Cellars were broken open by fanatics who drank themselves mad, shouting that no heretic should be left alive in old Ireland. More than a hundred of the infantry, militia, cavalry, not reckoning the Protestant volunteers, fell in that day of street fighting; while upwards of five hundred dead rebels strewed the fords, island, and banks of the Slaney and the entrances of the town.

The next morning the Irish destroyed the church of Enniscorthy with ferocious delight. They made bonfires of the organ, the pews, the communion-table and pulpit, before the church door, and flung the Bibles and Prayers into the flames. They carried off the church bell on beams to Vinegar Hill, as an alarm-bell for the camp they were making there, and to beat the hours.

Vinegar Hill, which rises beyond the last huts of Enniscorthy, is conical, with a gradual ascent from cultivated fields, strips of pasture and potato-land, divided by deep clay ditches, hedges and loose stone walls. On the top of this crater-like cone stood the enclosed ruins of a windmill, which was used as a prison for Protestants, and as a shamble for the executioners. Good roads wound round the base of the hill, and it commanded the river Slaney. It was well chosen for guerilla troops, who could fight from wall to wall, and the fosses and trenches would be troublesome to cavalry and artillery. Father John intrenched it above and below, and on the top he placed batteries. Ten thousand peasants soon flocked to the rendezvous. A large garrison was placed in the town with an officer's guard, relieved every day from the hill. The glebe offices were used as storehouses for provisions and arms. Strong pickets, sentinels, and videttes were placed at the avenues leading to the town, and parties were sent out to bring in Protestant prisoners to be piked and shot during the daily parades in the camp.

From ten to twenty priests attended the insurgents, each of whom daily said mass at the head of his own column, and read the roll call of his own parishioners, exhorting them to extirpate heresy. Commissaries, each with his retinue of pikemen, levied provisions for the rebels. The farmers and neighboring gentry sent cattle, beer and wine to propitiate Father John and the other chiefs. The hill was covered with rough tents of blankets, chintz bed-curtains, tablecloths and window-curtains, part of the plunder of the town, thrown over poles bent into arches. The men slept on blankets round the fires, and, afraid of being robbed, lay on their stomachs, with their hats and shoes tied under their breasts. The camp was a scene of drunken uproar, debauchery and cruelty. While the stolen cattle were being killed and broiled in stewing-pans, some of the pikemen roasted on bayonets large pieces of meat with the hide still on, leaving the carcases to rot outside the tents. The bagpipes, fiddles and fifes played night and day; the drunken men danced while the half-starved prisoners were being shot against the windmill walls, and Father John and his brother field-officers were feasting outside their tents, under the green flag that waved on the top of the mill.

The atrocities of the rebel executions (not that yeomanry were less bloodthirsty) equalled those of the French Revolution. From thirteen to fifteen Protestants were put to death every morning, the executioners crossing themselves, and praying before they discharged their muskets. They tortured many prisoners—putting out their eyes and then starving them. They compelled Protestants to shoot each other. If a man was able to "prove himself a Christian" by saying Catholic prayers, they sometimes liberated him. Some men were buried half alive, and in one or two cases even then escaped and recovered.

About five hundred persons, men of fortune, justices, clergymen, merchants, farmers, laborers, and mechanics, perished in these massacres. Several scenes of great pathos occurred during these cruel trials in camp. On the 30th of May, William Neil, a farmer of Ballybrennen, and his two sons, Henry and Bryan, were taken to Vinegar Hill. Joseph Murphy, the leader of the pikemen, swore he would bring in no more Orangemen unless they were put to death quicker. A conference was held, and the father and two sons were of course, instantly condemned. They first led out Bryan, who begged them to shoot him, and not torture him with pikes. One of the men said he should not die so easily, and struck him on the head with an adze; as he reeled back, two others struck him with spears, and a third then shoved the rest aside and shot the man. The father was then brought forward, and, soliciting to be shot, was thrust on his knees and fired at by the executioner three times. Father Roche, who attended the execution, then ordered the man who fired to try if his piece would go off in the air. On its doing so, Father Roche liberated the farmer, imputing his escape to Divine Providence. Another of Neil's sons was burnt by the rebels in a barn, with two or three hundred other Protestant prisoners, at Scullabogue.

Another day, John Mooney, a doctor's servant, was dragged out of the mill and placed between a row of sixteen dead men. Brien, the executioner, according to custom, desired him to turn his back. Mooney refused, [illegible] he was not

afraid to face a bullet; and seeing the executioner was ragged, took off his coat, his waistcoat and hat, gave them to him for his trouble, telling him to come nearer and do the business properly. The ruffian, struck with his courage, swore it was a proof of his innocence, and he would have nothing to do with him. On this, Murtagh Brien, alias Kane, a savage wretch, rose from his knees (for he was praying), and presenting his blunderbuss, insisted on shooting the heretic; but Brien interfered, threatened to blow out the brains of any man who even attempted to injure Mooney, and dismissed the prisoner.

The men in the camp used to cry out to the prisoners, "There will be soon but one religion on the face of the earth. This is the handiwork of God, for father John Murphy catches red-hot bullets in his hand. We tell you a priest can bring a lighted candle out of a pail of water." The priests also reviled them, "You sons of Belial," they said, "that withstood our holy religion, which existed eight hundred years before yours began, you will see how these pikemen will treat you unless there is a great reformation in you."

On the 14th of June, a poor woman named Hall, went to the Vinegar Hill prison to see her husband, who was shut up there. She forced her way through the rebels, and found them dragging her husband by the heels, a man with a green sash on superintending the execution. As she knelt and took the body in her arms the clouds thundered and lightened, on which the rebels fell on their knees and blessed themselves. She said, "God is angry at your act."

"No," they replied with an oath, "God is sounding the horn of joy because an Orangeman is killed." Upon this her husband, whom she had thought dead, stretched out his feet, turned to her, said faintly, "Molly, my dear, take me from these people," and expired. The body was black as if with lashes, and was pierced at the breast with a bullet. The rebels refused to let her take the body, and said, if she was fond of a dead husband, they would cut his body in pieces and fasten them to her. There was an old man with a scythe, who used to go round the bodies after an execution and strike on the head those who still breathed. Many were buried while still gasping. The rebels frequently pierced the bodies with swords, or dragged them with shouts round the hill. Many of the prisoners were shaved and pitch caps were placed on their heads. Some were lashed with brass wire (this mode of torture was fashionable recently in Jamaica, but it was not the negroes who used it). As the Protestants grew scarcer, the rebels used slower tortures. A favorite cruelty of theirs was to put a wedge-shaped stone in a Protestant's mouth, and then to stamp on the broader end.

Father John Murphy was a bold, light-complexioned man of about forty five. He was not very tall, but well made, strong, and agile. He was very passionate, and when in a rage was savage as a mad tiger. He wore pistols in a cross-belt over his vestment, and carried a pix, oil for extreme unction, and a crucifix in his pocket. Thomas Dixon, another Wexford chieftain, was the son of a publican, who had first been a tanner and then the master of a merchant vessel. His wife was even more savage and relentless than himself. There were also gentlemen among the rebel generals. John Colclough was an amiable and excellent man, who protested against all excesses. Mr. Grogan, of Johnstown Castle, another chief, was an old infirm man, who had been three times high sheriff. The rebel governor of Wexford, Keogh, was a half-pay captain, who had served with credit in America. Another leader, who bitterly repented having joined so bloodthirsty a set of patriots, was Beauchamp Bagnal Harvey, of Bargay Castle, an eccentric and good-natured barrister—thin, shambling, short, with features cramped with the small pox, and a gay tremulous voice. Father Clinch, another of the priests most active in urging on the troops and in selling them scapulars to protect from lead and steel, was a burly man, of huge stature, who rode a large white horse, and wore a scimetar, with a broad cross-belt, and a pair of long horse-pistols.

While the camp was being organized, and Vinegar Hill was being soaked with Protestant blood, Wexford had been seized by the insurgents, and a provincial government established. The rebels had already shown a desire to imitate the French Jacobins by dancing round a tree of liberty at Enniscorthy, by openly comparing two of their leaders to Santerre and Marat, and by singing semi-French songs with the chorus of "Viva-la." The chief Wexford Protestants were seized, and thrust into a sloop in the harbor, the town jail, and the market-house, Murder soon commenced.

On the morning of the 19th of June, Thomas Dixon, the rebel captain, rode to the jail door, and swore loudly that by sunset not a prisoner should be left alive, nor a soul left to tell the tale. Soon after the town bell rang, and the drums beat to arms to assemble the pikemen who were to march to the Three Rocks against General Morris' brigade. That same evening Dixon assembled his men, and hoisting a black flag, which had on one side a large blood-red cross, and on the other the initials M. W. S. ("Murder Without Sin"), signifying it was no sin to murder a Protestant, led the prisoners to the bridge where they were to be executed. Each batch was preceded by a black flag, some drummers and fifers, and was escorted by a strong guard of pikemen. The mob consisted of more women than men, and they shouted at the death of each victim. The usual manner of putting them to death was this: Two rebels pushed their pikes into the prisoner's breast, and two into his back. They then lifted him up writhing with torture, held him suspended till he died, and then threw him over the parapet into the water. Some Protestants, however, saved themselves by going through Roman Catholic ceremonies or repeating the Ave Maria.

While the massacre was proceeding, a rebel captain besought the popish bishop, who was calmly sipping his wine after dinner, to save the prisoners. The bishop replied that it was no affair of his—the people must be gratified, and requested the captain to sit down and take a glass of wine. The captain, however, indignantly refused, and took his leave. When about ninety-seven victim had already suffered, Roche came galloping into town and ordered the drums to beat to arms, as Vinegar Hill was nearly surrounded by the king's troops, and every man was wanted in the camp. At this very moment the bridge was drenched with blood, and blood was streaming down the pikes of the four executioners, who had a man aloft struggling on their spears. When the ill news arrived, the assassins hurried off, leaving three prisoners to be led back to the jail. Dixon, returning, ordered more Protestants from the jail, prison-ship and market-house to be murdered in batches from ten to twenty. Six Protestants out of ten had been impaled, when Father Corrin came running up to save the residue. Finding all his arguments useless, the priest at length took off his hat, and desired the murderers to kneel down with him and pray for the souls of the poor prisoners before they put them to death. Having got them in this attitude, he said:

"Now pray to God to have mercy on your own souls, and teach you to show that kindness toward these men which you expect from Him in the hour of death and in the day of judgment."

He then rose and led the Protestants back to prison unopposed. The massacre ceased about eight in the evening; out of forty-eight in the market-house, only nineteen had escaped.

In the meantime, the camp on Vinegar Hill was gradually being surrounded by General lake with infantry, militia and cavalry. The mob of Shanavests, Caravats, United Irishmen, White Boys, and Peep o' Day Boys, were occupied in murdering prisoners, dancing, drilling, feasting, and praying, within sound of the big bell stolen from Enniscorthy. Father Murphy, the tigerish priest, was there in his vestments and cross-belt, and Father Clinch, the giant, on the bony white horse. There were thirteen guns, the largest a six-pounder, on the hill, and many carts full of shot. The rebels also used round stones and hard clay balls instead of iron or lead, and manufactured a rough kind of gun-powder that lost its force after a few days. Their pieces they fired with lighted sods of turf and wisps of straw.

Even at the moment that Vinegar Hill was surrounded, the rebels continued their cruelties. Flying parties were continually bringing in fresh victims to be shot, piked, or slashed with scythes outside the windmill wall; men still alive were thrown into marl pits or hurled into burning houses. Catholics shot their oldest neighbors and friends who had sought shelter in their lofts or pigsties. The houses of two gentry were attacked by night by men who, covered with feather-bed shields, drove in the doors and windows with sledge-hammers. Often the rebels were repulsed by the desperate fire kept up by Protestants driven to despair, and fighting for their wives and children. In one horrible instance a beautiful girl was shot in mere wantonness and thrown into a shallow grave, her golden hair remaining outside the earth and blowing to and fro for days, till some rebels in pity gave the mangled body a more complete interment.

The war had become a religious war. There was fear on the one side, and hatred on the other. The Protestant yeomanry plundered and burnt houses with and without reason. They flogged and shot any one they met, and often on the most unreasonable suspicions. They hung and burnt the rebels by scores whenever they had an opportunity. The Hessians in particular were as cruel as mercenaries generally are. They repeated in Ireland the atrocities which had before rendered their name detestable in Scotland and in America. The volunteers were brutal, and hardly less ferocious in their cruel retaliations.

The rebels under the green flag on the windmill, little conscious how soon and with what terrible certainty defeat was about to come down upon them, still entertained the most extravagant hopes. The leaders urged them to sweep Ireland free of heretics, and sold them Gospels to preserve them from sword and bullet, kept them blind to all sense of danger, assured them that three hundred thousand pikemen would soon beleaguer Dublin, and that twenty thousand French blue coats were on the point of landing at Bantry to drive out the English, and plant the green flag on Dublin Castle. Father Murphy was to lere them to glory; Father Roche was to shout "Erin-go-bragh" at the lord-lieutenant's table; Garret Byrne and his men were to camp in the Phœnix Park and swing General Lake on the highest gibbet. Father Clinch would catch the Protestant bullets in his hand, and give them to the boys to pepper the red-coats with. Viva-la! No more singing "Croppies lie down" in heretic barracks; no more roaring "Boyne Water" at fox-hunting dinners. It was death or liberty now; Ireland for the Irish, and the heretics to their own hot quarters. Not a soul with the "black drop" in him should remain alive. So yelled the half-naked thousands in the windmill camp outside Enniscorthy.

Meanwhile, and with terrible precision, the Ninth Dragoons and Hompesch's Aussays closed round the swarming ant-hill. On the one side were half-naked, hairy-chested, yelling peasants, with scythes, hay-knives, scrapers, currying knives, adzes, old rusty bayonets fixed on poles, or spears sharpened into swords, and armed with hook; on the other, the stiff, firm Fencibles, the militia, and the stout, clumsy yeomanry cavalry, moving like automatons with mathematical accuracy, sabres in a line, pig-tails in a row, cartouche-boxes level as a die. The rebels had muskets, and could skirmish, and détour, and extend, and contract their lines; but they could not fire volleys, and, being ignorant of artillery practice, they could neither point their light guns with accuracy, nor keep up a steady, continuous fusillade. Their artillery-men were generally prisoners not to be depended upon, and they had taken no care to drill themselves or to preserve discipline. They were furious in the attack, and, like most of the Celtic races, despondiug after repulse. At bay, behind stone walls and hedges, in defiles, or on the mountain-side, they were dangerous; but even against a single brigade of a regular army they were no more to be dreaded than a mob of mischievous boys. Crowded in masses of thousands, with no great mind to direct them or to inspire them with confidence, with no real leader, and scattered into separate detachments, they could neither attack with success nor rally when broken. Not the horsewhip of Father Murphy nor the pistol-shots of Father Clinch could reduce to order those once-routed masses in the huge frieze great-coats.

On the 16th of June, General Lake resolved to relieve Wexford and Enniscorthy, and rescue the royalist prisoners. Preparations were duly made, and the columns of attack reported themselves on the evening of the 20th as in readiness for the advance at daybreak. Two brigades were, however, missing—General Moore's (subsequently the hero of Corunna) and General Needham's. On his march to Taghena, Moore had been attacked near Foulkes' Mill, had driven back the rebels who assailed his cannon at a bridge, and followed them into Wexford. As for Needham, fearful of surprise in the deep covered ways, and embarrassed with four hundred carts full of military supplies, he arrived too late to join in the attack on the hill; which could not be delayed, as the rebels threatened to send reinforcements to Enniscorthy, which was being stormed by Johnson's brigade.

About seven o'clock on the 21st of June the great bell of the windmill beat out its alarm. Sir James Duff and the red-coats were advancing by the Ferns road, General Johnson having reported his arrival on the opposite side of the Slaney near Enniscorthy. General Loftus and his light infantry supported either flank of Duff's brigade as he advanced up the hill under a shower of howitzers. The men in the frieze coats grasped their pikes and muskets, and waited grimly behind their brass guns and the high clay banks round the windmill; along the southeast ridge of the hill the rebels yelled and beat their drums. Many of them wore the brass-plated and red-tufted shakos and the hemlets of murdered yeomanry and militia. General Loftus then took a narrow road to the left, diverging from the main one, and occupied a green knoll in a small field enclosed with stone walls. He rapidly broke gaps in the wall, the artillerymen, unlimbering the guns from the horses, lifted them over one by one, and opened fire on the lower ranks of the enemy—a double forest of pikes—mowing down nearly a hundred with the first shower of grape-shot. At the same time, with colors flying and drums beating, Generals Lake, Dundas, and Wilford, flanked by Colonel Campbell's light infantry, charged up the hill on the southeast side, while Jonhson's brigade mounted from Enniscorthy, bayonets gleaming and plumes in a line.

In vain Father Murphy's horsewhip and Father Clinch's brandished scimitar; in vain priestly hands waving to heaven with crucifix and breviary; in vain consecrated scapular and endless benedictions. The cannon flashed out fitfully, but could not stop the swarming redcoats. Pikemen lined the hedges and walls one after the other with the true Irish courage, and fought from dyke to dyke. The fire was hot and fast, and the rebels fought with despair till they fell dead in the trenches, or were thrust back with bayonets over the broken walls. The agile barefooted striplings leaped and ran faster than the cavalry horses, and were so tenacious of life that the soldiers swore they withstood bullets through the lungs, and cutting their heads off only half killed them.

The night before General Johnson had been attacked by the rebels, who had advanced in close columns from Enniscorthy

covered by swarms of sharpshooters, and had driven them back to the supporting columns which had halted on an eminence where the general commanded them. The peasants were astonished at the shells, and much terrified at the scattering fragments and the carnage they had occasioned. "They spit fire on us," they cried. "We can stand anything but those guns that fire twice" Whenever the round-shot plunged into the face of the hill, the rebels scrambled for them, shouting and laughing. At last a shell from a howitzer dropped, and fifty of these frieze coats were fighting for it, when it burst and scattered death among them.

This was the night before the general attack. At daybreak, Johnson forced the rebels from the height, hedge by hedge, back into Enniscorthy. After halting an hour, to allow the attack on the hill to employ the main body of the enemy, the general pushed his columns into the town. The rebels made a stubborn resistance, the pikemen fighting for every street, and the fire being hot from every window; every yard and alley was contended for. One rush of pikemen captured a six-pounder in the square before the court house, but it was instantly retaken, and the bridge swept of the rebels. The light infantry hesitating to scale the hill, Johnson called on the County of Dublin regiment to do the work, on which they gave three cheers, and, led on by Colonel Vesey and Lord Blaney, pressed up the steep hill-side, reaching it as the other columns crowned it, and pushed the great scattered host of grey-coats back headlong over the brow.

The day was lost to Father Murphy's Army. The men with the talisman scapulars were falling by twenties under the sabre and the bayonet; wigs, pikes, swords, muskets, battered hats, and torn great-coats strewed the hill. The great host had melted in a thaw of terror. The rebels were in full retreat down the section of the hill left open by Needham's absence. Pistols were flashing at fugitives, along miles of country road, bleeding men were crawling over bog and fen to die in lone corners, under stone walls, and in bramble coverts. The green flag was down at last from the windmill. The great bell was dinted with cannon-balls.

As for Father Clinch, on the big white horse, the Earl of Roden chased him for a mile, received his fire, and then shot him in the neck. An officer riding up, gave the giant priest the *coup de grace*. He had his vestments in his pocket, besides forty guineas, a gold watch, and a snuff-box.

Soon after this rout, Bagnal Harvey and many other rebel leaders were hung, and Father John Murphy was taken prisoner at an alehouse. When he was brought before the general's aide-de-camp, he struck a fierce blow with his fist at Major Hall, who had irritated him by some question. In his pocket was found some letters from Wexford ladies, begging him to save the lives of their husbands and relations. He was hanged the same day, his head fixed on the market-house at Tullow, and his body burned.

Three of the chief leaders were gibbeted on Vinegar Hill, near the windmill. Their bodies were, from feelings of compassion, hidden in large pitched sacks. The rebellion was now all but stamped out. In August, General Humbert and twelve hundred French landed at Castlebar, but they were driven to surrender at Ballinamuck. From that time the rebels became mere wandering thieves, hunted down, and burnt out wherever they could be met in arms.

So ended the unhappy and useless rebellion, which cost several thousand lives, and left the Irish less free than it had found them.

Persons who had opportunities of watching this disastrous outbreak have left on record one or two deductions which are not uninteresting. It was found that the village bullies, famous for their prowess with the shillelagh, were by no means in the front ranks in the various engagements, while the quiet, steady men distinguished themselves by great bravery. It was also noticed that while the fanatic and stricter Catholics were often cruel, treacherous, and unrelenting, the rakes and drunken scapegraces were frequently generous and merciful. Of the two thousand Irish priests, it should in justice be mentioned that less than twenty figured as leaders in the rebel camps, and that, in spite of all the cruelties and atrocities, outrages on women were very rare during the whole rebellion. —*All The Year Round.*

Geo. P. Kimball & Co.—This old established firm, so celebrated for the excellence of their Carriages, Buggies, Stage and Thoroughbrace Wagons, have recently introduced a new style of "Woodspring Buggies" in connection with steel center axles which are great improvements. Capt. Ogdon, one of the firm, took it on to New York and Brewster, on seeing it, pronounced it superior to anything ever made. Kimball & Co. are turning out an unusual amount of work, and their extensive establishment on Market street they have [illegible] large workshop on Howard street near Fifth, from which they have just shipped for the interior, [illegible] express wagons contracted for Wells, Fargo & Co.

Hose Carts for Sale.—Abbot Folsom has at his Carriage and Wagon manufacturing establishment, 521 California street, two new two wheel Hose carts, capable of carrying from five to six hundred feet of hose, for sale at most reasonable figures. These carts were contracted by the old Fire Department previous to the change to the present, and by the introduction of Hose, Hose carts, [illegible] Folsom would suggest to those of the interior towns need one or two light, strong-built Hose carts?

LITERARY GLEANINGS.

JAPANESE CIVILIZATION.

A WRITER in a recent number of "Blackwood's Magazine," presents some of the facts in regard to the social, industrial, and moral progress of the Japanese, together with certain comments upon and inferences from said facts, which are well calculated to startle the ordinary reader. Tried by the practical tests which most readily suggest themselves, when the question of the excellence of the institutions of a nation, or of a particular phase of civilization arises, Japan is to-day, in the opinion of the writer in "Blackwood," in advance of England or the United States. The general prosperity and contentment of the people, and the enjoyment by the masses of the necessaries and most of the comforts of life, notwithstanding the dense population of the island are certainly phenomena well worthy the attention of political economists, though we are inclined to doubt whether they are to be explained by the Japanese system of government, or the code of ethics which prevails amongst the people. We subjoin a few excerpts from the article:

JAPANESE DREAD OF FOREIGNERS.

"The consternation excited through the length and breadth of Japan by the visit of Commodore Perry in 1853, may be likened to that which occurs when the unwary traveler brushes over an ant's nest with his foot. The instantaneous impulse was to resist the intruders. Deeply rooted in the mind of every Japanese was the well-founded apprehension that the introduction of the foreigner was synonymous with the introduction of a train of ills from which Japan was free, and was, in fact, the inauguration of a reign of confusion, anarchy, and ruin. It is needless now to revert to the bitter experience of the latter part of the sixteenth century, when the most fearful affliction which ever befell a country was suffered by Japan, and the extermination of hundreds of thousands of the inhabitants under every species of torture was the consequence of listening with a too confiding ear to the blandishments of those early Jesuit fathers, whose success has been chronicled in triumphant tones by the ecclesiastical writers of the day—a success but transient, and purchased at the expense of the lives of all their converts, without a single exception. No wonder that three centuries had failed to heal the scar or to blot out the remembrance of this fearful tragedy from the minds of a race which had been its victims. Every man was familiar with the law which had been passed to prevent its recurrence, and which prohibited, in the most solemn and precise terms, the foreigner from ever again setting foot in the country. Time had, moreover, served to invest the idea of foreigner with all that was degraded, intriguing and superstitious. All that was known of him was, that he believed in a religion which stimulated him to the pursuit of wealth by means the most unscrupulous; and those who were not open traders and hucksters were regarded as political intriguers under the garb of ecclesiastics. Japanese experience of the foreigner, either in commerce or in religion, was that he cheated in the one and lied in the other: and they considered that any means were permissible by which so immoral an individual could be kept from entering the country and degrading the community. In order thoroughly to understand the motives which have prompted the Japanese to the acts of violence we are about to record, it is necessary to remember the great cause they had for distrusting the foreigner; and to bear in mind that they regarded him as we should regard a snake, or any other noxious reptile which mankind has good cause to dread, and is consequently justified in destroying. The news, therefore, that Commodore Perry and his squadron had been communicated with, that their proposals had been listened to, and that he was to return and make arrangements for providing a harbor of refuge for shipwrecked whalers, was followed almost immediately by the death of the Tycoon who had been guilty of the weakness of such a concession."

THE ANTICIPATED CONSEQUENCES OF FOREIGN INTERFERENCE.

"Already many Japanese, who have examined the consequences of European interference, foresee with dismay that the inevitable result of this wholesale introduction of the foreign element into their domestic affairs will lead to the most fatal disasters; and those who knew Japan as it was, must sympathise in the horror with which all patriotic Japanese contemplate the prospect of their once happy and contented land, being first desolated by internal wars, and at last reduced to the demoralised condition of a so-called civilised nation. Here is a country which crushed out Catholicism three centuries ago, and has managed to keep itself tolerably free from the contaminating influences of Western civilisation ever since. With the exception of the Portuguese Jesuits, who tried to fillibuster the country, and a few Dutchmen who purchased their right to trade by trampling on the Cross, the Japanese have not seen any Christians till lately. Hence the lust of gain and of power is inseparably connected with Christianity, in the mind of a Japanese; they conceive it to be a religious system devoted to the worship of gold and of territory, one which justifies the bombarding of towns for gold, and which teaches that the most successful trader is the most devout worshipper of this god. One of the fundamental principles of the Confucianism which they study, and strive literally to act upon, is almost identical with the saying, 'that the love of money is the root of all evil'—apparently disbelieved in by civilised nations, but considered absolutely true by them. 'Hence no matter how great the revenues of any principality may be, they are never spent by the prince upon himself. His diet consists simply of rice and fish; gluttony god his belly is indeed despised. Let us hope that through is considered a contemptible sin, and the man who makes his the French Treaty they will be cured of this notion, and perceive that it is a mark of civilisation to bestow much thought on food, and to relish especially what no Japanese would at present touch—the livers of diseased geese, and birds bordering on putrefaction. When the ladies of Japan know a little more of their Parisian sisters, they will learn to show more of the shoulders they now so carefully conceal, and consider more lightly the virtue of chastity, to which, in their pagan ignorance, they at present attach a very high importance; for the moral condition of the classes of society in Japan is not what those who have only visited certain quarters in their big cities have reported it to be."

GETTING CIVILISED.

Horse racing, betting, etc., have already been introduced, and other features of European civilisation will doubtless follow in due time. The writer says:

"With the introduction of railways we shall introduce 'boards' and 'directions.' The mysteries of finance companies, and the advantages of a stock exchange, will be duly appreciated by so quick a race, and it is not impossible that we may so far enlighten the mind of Prince Satsuma, as to induce him to become the chairman of a hotel company, or the part proprietor of a music-hall. It is a hopeful symptom of the readiness with which this skillful people adopt the appliances of modern civilisation, that in Nagrasaki and Yokohama the manufacture of Western false weights and measures is said to be progressing satisfactorily; while modes of adulterating food, formerly unsuspected by them, are being rapidly and extensively introduce by some of our most experienced adulterators. It is only to be expected that, with the spread of our commercial relations, they will acquire from us new and more scientific methods of fraud, and before long we may anticipate with pleasure the first Japanese bankruptcy. This is a commercial novelty which cannot fail deeply to impress a people who have been limited all their lives to the narrow teachings of Confucian morality. Although Yedo is a city nearly as large as London, except a few religious mendicants, there is scarcely a beggar to be seen. It is anticipated that the complete financial revolution which the introduction of the Western commercial system will produce, may largely increase this portion of the population, and enable the Japanese Government to adopt our admirable workhouse system, with all the incidental advantages of 'guardians,' a 'poor-law board,' etc., at present unknown to them; and the Prince of Satsuma, when he understands political economy, will never again be so absurd as to have the whole infant population of his principality vaccinated at his own private expense, as he did the other day. He will also see that in highly civilised communities, a free system of national education is not considered necessary, one of the benighted delusions under which he is now laboring; and he will probably abolish the free schools devoted to the inculcation of the moral precepts of Confucius. In fact, Confucius himself will, before long, be found out to be an impostor, and the great principle of self-sacrifice, which lies at the root of Japanese public and private morality, will be perceived to be a delusion and a snare. The Japanese will no longer put his duty to the race of defunct Likados first, and his country second, and his Prince third, and himself last, as at present; for he will hear from the professing Christians with whom he associates, the only principle they know of is, 'to look after number one;' and so, what with contact with the flippant Frenchman, and the vulgar Englishman, and the smart Yankee, the Japanese will be cured of those sentiments of patriotic fanaticism which find their development in an exaggerated form in self-immolation, and even justify political assassinations; but he will also be cured of all those heroic qualities which contrast so favorably with any possessed by those with whom he has recently come in contact. He will lose that simplicity which enables him to believe profoundly in great principles, which knows not the meaning of compromise, and which prompts him to throw away his life without a thought in the discharge of what he believes to be his duty."

JAPANESE ESTIMATE OF CHRISTIANITY.

"And seeing that our own political and social system can only be regarded as a gigantic failure, as compared with the Japanese, if, in the words of the American constitution, 'the pursuit of happiness' be the test of success, it would be as well for our national vanity if we estimated our civilisation at its true value, and admitted that it is ten times more powerful, for evil than it is for good, and that perhaps the most fatal defect in it is, that it seeks to varnish over its inherent rottenness with a religious gloss which it calls Christianity, but which, as practised by those professing it, bears no resemblance to that religion, so that Japanese who are instructed for the first time in the actual moral code laid down by Christ, are penetrated with amazement. 'Why,' they exclaim, 'His teaching is actually superior to that of Confucius. We had no conception Christianity was a religion like this, but believed it to be a superstition only fit for the common people and shopkeepers, like Buddhism. Why do the people who come here not live like Christians? Is it because they are ignorant merchants who only understand superstition?' 'No,' we are compelled to reply, 'they are all the same at home.' 'Then,' they say, astonished, 'why do not your learned men follow purely the teaching of Christ as our learned men follow purely the teaching of Confucius?' Such are the questions with which the intelligent Japanese Confucian plies the Western Christian, and it is long before he is enabled so completely to overcome the prejudice which the practise of Christians excites in his mind, as thoroughly to realise that it has scarcely any relation whatever to the sublime precepts of the

Divine Founder of the religion he professes. For the Japanese, as we have already said, is a man who does not know what compromise means, and it is to him astonishing that a man should say he believes one thing and practise in his daily life another. In a word, he is capable of a sublime appreciation of Christianity, if it were not for an inveterate horror which he entertains of contact with the Christian. It is doubtless owing to the purely ethical character of his own religion, that the educated Japanese has no religious bigotry as applied to dogma. He hates bad practice, but he listens with respect and toleration to any new theological opinions, and imbibes with delight the elevated principles of pure Christianity. All good Japanese are in the constant habit of prayer, and only the lower class practise ceremonial. Men are great there according to their lives, not their intellect. Thus the most eminent scholar is discredited because he gave one doubtful opinion on a point of morality."

LIBER LIBRORUM.*

This is the title of a new book which will be read with interest by all those who are interested in the religious controversies of the day. It's aim is, to establish a rational and philosophical theory of the inspiration of Scripture, in opposition to the hard and literal theory of Gaussen, and the Protestant Bibliolatrists generally. The Preface to the American edition furnishes the key note to the volume. It is as follows:

"The author of 'Liber Librorum' firmly believes and earnestly defends the Historic Reality and the Supernatural Origin of the Mosaic and Christian systems He also accepts the Incarnation, the Resurrection, and the Redemptive work of Christ, and the other important truths which these involve. In respect to all these points, his position is decisive, and strongly taken against the scepticism which is so fearfully prevalent in both England and America, in the form of an avowed rejection of these facts and truths, and of a secret misgiving that they may perhaps be outgrown, or set aside by the progress of modern thinking.

He insists also upon the supreme authority of the Scriptures in respect to all questions of religious faith, and upon their permanent and indispensible superiorty above all other books, as composed by men divinely aided and inspired. But he contends, that to assert for them any higher authority or inspiration, is to claim for them more than they claim for themselves, as well as to take a position that is both untenable and damaging to the interests of Christianity. To explain and vindicate what the author believes to be the correct view of inspiration, is one of the principal objects of this treatise. He has had the sagacity to discern, and the courage to avow, that the question of inspiration must be fairly met, and can no longer be either safely or honestly thrust aside. Dr. Arnold, of Rugby, wrote in 1835, of 'the approaches to that momentous question, which involves in it so great a shock to existing notions; the greatest, probably, that has ever been given since the discovery of the falsehood of the doctrine of the Pope's infallibility. Yet it must come, and will end, in spite of the fears and clamors of the weak and bigoted, in the higher exalting and more sure establishing of Christian truth.' The author of 'Liber Librorum' believes that the time for discussing this question has fully come, and he discusses it like a brave and honest man, by looking squarely in the face the difficulties which attend the traditional theories. He does not, however, write for those whose hereditary faith is as yet undisturbed, but for the 'reluctant sceptics' who find insuperable difficulties in accepting what they conceive to be the current views of Christianity and the Scriptures.

His leading positions may be briefly characterised by those which he opposes and rejects.

1. He opposes the 'bibliolatry' which idolizes the letter of the Scriptures as against the claims of the Scriptures themselves, and the spirit of their contents.

2. He opposes the pretensions of High Church arrogance, and the pharisaism of sensuous ritualism.

3. He rejects also the narrowness of that theological dogmatism which reads every term and phrase of its creeds and catechism between the lines of the Scriptures, and refuses to revise the traditions of schools of theology by the aid of better methods of interpretation.

It would be idle to expect that all the opinions expressed in a volume written in such a spirit, and with such aims, will or ought to satisfy every reader. Some of these opinions are given as conjectures; others are manifestly not well considered Some of the views of the writer, in respect to future retribution, will be generally set aside, as unsupported by the testimony of the Scriptures. In respect to some points the work betrays marks of haste, both in thought and composition. But its spirit is earnest, honest, and Christian. It is believed that, as a whole, it is eminently adapted to relieve the difficulties of the 'reluctant sceptic' and that it will be welcomed by all those Christian believers who, in these times of trial to their common faith, have full confidence that a frank recognition of the difficulties of their argument is the only wise method of securing for it a triumph. While the book is not, and does not claim to be, an exhaustive argument for the truth of Christianity, it has at least this merit, that it successfully defends it against the ignornance and weakness of many of its defenders.

*"Liber Librorum." Its Structure, Limitations, and Purpose. A Friendly Communication to a Reluctant Sceptic. New York: Charles Scribner & Co. San Francisco, H. H. Bancroft & Co.

MR. JOHN RUSKIN is Rodis lecturer at Cambridge for the ensuing year.

Vows made in storms are forgotten in calms.

THE STORY OF BILL TELL.

BY JOHN QUILL.

"DID you ever hear the story of William Tell?" asked Charade the Fair, looking inquiringly at the commander of the Faithful.

"*Told*, my life," said the Caliph, "the story of William *told*. It is an active verb in the past tense. But who was William?"

"Tell was his name, Oh, Prince of the Faithful, William Tell."

"Oh, pardon me," said Abou; "I thought you were going back on your grammar."

"Well, my lord," said the fair Charade, "once upon a time there was a man in Switzerland whose name was William Tell, although his friends called him Bill for short. Now Bill he lived out on the mountains in a small cottage which has no gas, nor water, nor any of the modern conveniences. And Bill's principal occupation was going a gunning with a bow and arrow. He would pursue the deer to his lair, and go it after the goat. And Bill's style, like that of the animals, was eminently chased. Now William dearly loved his country. Why, you know, he was passionately fond of it. For there was no income tax whatsomever, and no old assistant assessors were loafing around robbing him of his daily bread. So William, you see, was happy and contented, and, often stood upon the mountain brow, and bathed his forehead in the translucent sunlight, and said he didn't care a cent for any foreign land, and he wasn't going to emigrate. And William was a fine old sport, and he could shoot first rate. It was said that he could hit a bull's eye every time, and if there was any one thing that he was strong on, it was pigeon matches. Why he would beat any fellow almost at that. Yes, Bill was a man of mark, he had a wife and a boy, and the boy was his father's only pride, valued more than all the world beside; he would willingly have died sooner than have any ill betide this fair child, and so he often said, and every now and then he would bless him, and lay him down, and cry over him, as his paternal feelings became agitated, and perturbed. But it came to pass that a ruffian horde invaded the land in which William dwelt, and as he was religiously down on ruffian hordes, his soul was in arms, and eager for the fray, and so he embraced his wife, and she bid a fond good bye to her own sweet William, and he went out with misty tears blinding his manly eyes, and walked down the mountain until he came to the village where the ruffian horde had located. As he came along in front of the Baptist meeting house, he observed upon the telegraph pole a Scotch cap, and all the fellows bowing down to it just as if it was the first old wooden headed idol you might pick up in a pagan land. So Bill, with all his lofty pride in him, walked up and asked what all that tomfoolery meant. And the tavern keeper he said it was all right, that the leader of the ruffian horde was named Gessler, and as he to had meet a man just out of town, he had put his cap up on this pole so that people could bow to it instead of him. And the old rum mill man said he thought it was a cap-ital arrangement, for he was one of those fellows who will enjoy their joke even under severe pressure. But Bill, you know, he just curled his fiery lip in unutterable scorn, and burst forth into the following fine frenzy:

"Ha-a-ah!—and dust the miscreaut think *I* will bow to yonder emblem of tyranny? Can I so debase my nobler nature? Can I, I say? Well, I guess not. Not if I am familiar with myself, and I have an indistinct impression that I am! Ha! ha!" and he laughed a wild and bitter laugh, and passed on. No sooner had he done so than two soldiers rushed up and pointed their spears at his heart.

"Oh, go away from here," said he; "don't be a fooling around with those things, or somebody'll get hurt. Go away, I tell you, or I'll call the police. Oh, yes I will."

But the soldiers were emissaries of the tyrant Gessler, and they arrested him and put manacles upon him and gagged him, so that the free mountain eagle no looger could soar, and he said he didn't want to, either, for he was sore enough already where the chains rubbed him (for his lofty spirit never would break, and he just worked off gags and witicisms to let them see that he didn't care.)

So the next day Gessler came into town, and Tell was dragged before him, with his fetters clanking at his heels.

"Whence comest thou, base minion," said the tyrant.

"I am not minion," said the undaunted Bill, with a severe air. I'm nonpareil, for I can't be beat."

For you see, my lord, that William had been a printer, and knew all about type, and so on.

"But let that pass," said Tell, "I come from where the night-hawk swoops upon his prey, and the mountain eagle soars in the empyrean amid the eternal snows."

"Aw, shut up!" said Gessler, "you've been reading dime novels. I guess you're blowin', ain't you?"

"No, tyrant!" ejaculated Bill. "No; and however good you may be a Gessler, as a guesser, why you're a complete failure, let me remark, and I say it to your teeth."

"You cannot say it to my teeth," said the tyrant, for I haven't any. I've had them extracted with the use of gas," and he grinned a savage grin to show his toothless gums. "But what's your name, slave?"

"Slave?" said Bill, "slave! why I guess you haven't read the emancipation proclamation and Constitutional amendments, have you? Slave? Slave? Why, slavery was abolished long ago. But my name is—Tell."

"Well, why don't you?" said Gessler.

"Don't I what?" said Bill.

"Why tell," said Gessler. "I want your name."

"Pshaw!" said Bill, "my name is William Tell, tyrant,"

"Oh—ah, excuse me," said Gessler, and he thought a minute. "Tell, Tell, let me see. Bring me a dictionary." A dictionary was brought, and after passiug over all the Smiths and Robinsons, he came to the T.'s. "Tell, yes, Tell sportsman, No. 89 Mountain row. I know you, you're a good shot, ain't you?"

"I'll just bet I am," said William; "you can go all the stamps you've got on that."

"And you have an offspring, have you not?" asked the cruel Gessler.

"I have, tyrant," said Tell. "O, me child, me darling, angel boy," and Tell bent his head down and burst completely into tears."

"Bring in a tub," said the heartless tyrant. "I don't wan't the floor wet all over. I'll be too damp," and he laughed a sarcastic laugh. Then turning to William, he said: "Look here, you ought to die, without benefit of clergy, but I am a merciful man, and I'll give you a chance. If you can hit a watermelon on top your boy's head at thirty paces, you'll be released, if you can't, I will mangle you up so that your most intimate friend won't be able to recoguize your corpse."

Bill clasped his hands to his brow in anguish for a moment, and heaved his bosom with pent up emotions. Then he said, "fetch him along; I'll try it anyhow." So the boy was brought in, and would have instantly rushed into his father's arms, only he had his good clothes on and was afraid of getting them mussed. And his name was Albert, and his father asked him if he was willing to stand up and be shot at. So Al. reflected for a moment, and then he said he thought he wouldn't go in. "For," said he, "I'd pretty near as leave the old man would die anyhow, for then I can handle his lucre."

But at last he was persuaded to try it, and so the whole crowd went out into a vacant lot, and Al. stood up with an old half a dollar watermelon onto his head, and his father walked back, and loaded up with a fresh arrow, and drawed off, and took aim. Then he just let her rip, and the old arrow fizzed aloug and stuck exactly in the heart of the watermelon.

"Three cheers for Tell. Hip! hip!" cried the crowd, but Tell rushed up and embraced his boy, and cried all over his shirt front. But Al. was calm, and he said, "do you know why you came very near hitting me?"

"I give it up," said Bill.

"Well, it's because I had an—arrow escape," said his only boy. At this unexpected jocularity, William fell over in a fit, and in unbuttoning his waistcoat, three arrows, a revolver, and a butcher knife fell out.

"Wherefore hadest thou these?" asked Gessler.

"To slay thee, tyrant, had I slain me child," said William, with a wild, excited air.

"Hum-m, then there would have been two funerals, wouldn't there?" said Gessler; "which would have been cheerful for the undertakers." But Bill disdained a reply, and merely walked off with his boy; but when he got home his wife was surprised, for she thought he was dead, and she had already dressed herself in black, and began to spot another man for a husband, and Bill was so mad that he slew her, and then he went down and slew Gessler, and then he got slewed himself, while Al. he browsed around and lived a gay and eccentric life, and finally died for his country on the gallows, so everything was serene and lovely and all right, and that's all.

ANATOMICAL MUSEUM.—All who visit this instructive institution are surprised at the wouders which they behold there, and depart far wiser men than they were before t entered.

A VALUABLE MACHINE.—Among all the numerous varieties of sewing machines there is not one more popular with the ladies than the Wheeler and Wilson. Wm. M. Stoddard, at the corner of Montgomery and Sacramento streets, has purchased the Agency for this machine, and carries on the business on the most liberal terms. One of the most valuable improvements lately made in this machine is Stoddard's patent tuck marker which, while sewing one tuck, marks the line for the next, thus expediting the work. Parties having the old style Wheeler and Wilson Machines can have this improvement fitted to them at a small expense.

HORN OF PLENTY.—This is the brand of a lot of one thousand boxes of Tobacco received, and for sale, by B. C. Horn, corner Front and Clay streets. This Tobacco is superior to any heretofore offered in this market. This old established house is determined to procure the agency of the newest and most celebrated brands of Tobacco fro Old Virginia, and makes advances on favorite brands in the East. The well known facilities of this house enables it to sell its customers and the trade at lower prices than can be purchased elsewhere.

A RAILWAY ADVENTURE.

IT was five minutes past seven, P. M., by the station clock, and, consequently, within five minutes of the time at which the Dillmouth train was advertised to start. Most of the passengers had taken their seats, but some two or three were standing on the platform near the carriages, bent on having a last word with those they were about to leave behind them.

There was the usual hustle and excitement incident to the starting of a train. Reckless porters rushing about with those abominable little trucks, accompanied by a "By your leave" from the heartless porter. A distressed lady in the midst of a chaos of boxes and parcels, waiting for some one to put her and her precious accompaniments safely into the train. Lost passengers looking vainly about for the train, which is all the time staring them out of countenance. A newsboy with a villainous cracked voice. These, with the usual lot of idlers, came to see the train off, and the ticket examiners and other busy satellites of the train itself, made up a scene of unparalleled life and activity.

It was Wednesday night, and Wednesday was market-day at Middlesham. The train was therefore a heavy one, and nearly every compartment was full of passengers. It was usually five or ten minutes late in starting on the Wednesday night, owing to the extra traffic; so that I and the other occupants of the compartment in which I had taken my seat were rather astonished when, the pointer having barely marked nine minutes past on the dial, the train, without any preparatory whistle, moved off. I was under the impression that we were shunting for another carriage, for such a thing as starting *before* time was never known to have happened at Middlesham; but when we moved past the long platform, past the entrance-signal, and through the bridge beyond, it became apparent to us all that we really were "off."

There was a simultaneous pulling out of watches, and surprised looks passed from one to the other, and to the still open door of the carriage, as the conviction was gradually forced upon us.

"Well, if this isn't a queer move, I should like somebody to tell me what is," was the exclamation of a stout cattle-jobber, who sat in the corner opposite to me. As we were all pretty much of his opinion as to the queerness of the "move," nobody offered to tell him what was; so he sat there staring, as if he were really quite overawed by the circumstance.

Once convinced by the increasing speed of the train that we were fairly on our journey, I rose from my seat, drew in the door, which was flying back against the side of the carriage, and closed it firmly. In doing so I put my head out of the window, and looking down the train, saw the light streaming through three or four other doors which had, like my own, been left open. There had evidently been some mismanagement about the starting of the train, but as I saw two arms put to catch as many of the doors, and the others would take no harm before we came to Ackridge, which was the name of the first station we would come to, I sat down again in my corner, made myself as comfortable as possible, and prepared myself, as was my habit, to listen to the remarks of my fellow-travelers. These were four in number. The cattle-jobber I have already mentioned, his partner, and two Middlesham merchants, who lived some twelve miles, or thereabouts, down the line.

The merchants soon commenced a brisk conversation, the part of which that most interested me being the following:

First Merchant.—"Awkward thing, this strike among the engine-drivers?"

Second M.—"Well, yes. But I must confess to knowing very little about it. I merely saw the short paragraph alluding to it in this morning's news. Have you heard anything fresh about it?"

First M.—"The last I have heard of it is that the men have sent in their month's notice. They demand a considerable advance in the rate of wages, and an alteration in the system on which their earnings are calculated. A deputation of them waited upon old Rasper, the superintendent, yesterday. They stated their grievances, and the terms on which they would continue to work, and said if those terms were not acceded to by the company, they would strike. At this old Rasper jumped up from his chair, and told them that they were a lot of ungrateful dogs; that they were better paid than the drivers of almost any other line in the kingdom; that if he could possibly do without them he would discharge every mother' son of them at once; that he would settle with them when the time came, and that they might be off and get on with their work in the shops at once; and he forthwith turned every one out of his office. He'll settle with them. Ha! ha! Rasper by name, and Rasper by nature, ha! ha!

Second M.—"But this is a very alarming state of things. Is it not dreadful to think that we poor passengers are at the mercy of these malecontents, and that they have it in their power to do something horrible with us, merely to spite their employers?"

First M.—"No; I don't think there is any fear of that, for the passenger men have taken no part in the strike whatever. It is only the drivers of goods-engines who have become disaffected. The others have given the movement the cold shoulder from the first."

Second M.—"Still, these goods drivers, with their intimate knowledge of the line, must have it in their power to do an incalculable injury to their employers, and the public as well. Why, the mere placing of a sleeper, or a chair, or a piece of old iron, on the rails, would be enough to send us all off to the other world express, and without any return tickets!"

They were both laughing over this dreamy old joke of No. 2, when my attention was distracted to the cattle-jobber. He was leaning half out of the window, and shouting "Stop! stop!" at the very tip-top of his very loud voice. On our inquiring what was the matter, he replied, "Why, dang it! if we haint been and passed Yeckridge station, and me and my mate had to get out there. Here, hi! stop here, hi!" The last exclamation was in a sort of prolonged shriek, which woke the echoes as we shot into and roared through a tunnel.

"My good man," I ventured to remark, "you must be mistaken. They would never think of passing a station like Ackridge without stopping, and certainly not when they have passengers booked for it."

"Whether they sud or they sudn't, they hev dun it; why, look! there's Bowlt's smelt works, and we must be two miles on th' wrong side o' Yeckridge!" and here he relapsed into another indefinite "hi!" at the open window.

The matter all at once became very serious indeed. We were bowling along at a terrible rate, much quicker than any of us had ever experienced on any previous occasion on that line of curves and ugly gradients, and a dreadful fear began to show itself in our faces—a fear which first found expression from the gentleman I have hitherto designated the second merchant.

"It is my belief," he said, "that we are run away with."

As he said the words there was a horrible, breath-taking jumble of lamps, and walls, and clocks, and handbills, and white faces, as we dashed into and through another station, and then away—away into the black, black night beyond. After that none of us doubted that our train was a runawny, and also that it was running away to our certain destruction, and to the certain destruction of nearly every passenger in it, unless something could be done to arrest its headlong career, and that very speedily.

When the keen edge of the shock had somewhat worn off, we began to think of what chances and means there were of deliverance, and naturally, the first to suggest itself was "the guard." Yes, doubtless the guard would see the danger as we had seen it, and would endeavor to avert the awful fate which seemed now hanging over us. There was comfort in the thought; but, alas! it was very short-lived, for a glance down the train sufficed to show us that the door of the van was one of those which were still standing open. The conviction was therefore forced upon us that the guard had been left behind. He was not on the engine, or he would have stopped the train; he was not on his way to it, or we should have been able to see him by the light of the side lamps of the train; and he was not in his van, or his door would have been shut, and his brake vigorously applied long ere this, and of that there was not the slightest indication.

Ours was truly an awful position. Passanger in a runaway train, on a black and moonless night, and with neither engine-driver or guard to help us!

The Middlesham and Dillmouth railway was about twenty-two miles long, and there were four intermediate stations—Ackridge, Durton, Felton, and Ifcombe, between the two termini. Two of these stations were passed, and we had therefore run about half the distance. We had been fifteen minutes in doing one-half, and would most probably do the rest of the journey in less time than that. A miserably short time to save so many lives; but something must be done. I had already made up my mind that *I* would do it, and was preparing by divesting myself of whatever would impede my motions, and prevent the free use of my limbs, when the first merchant looked wonderingly at me, and asked me what I was going to do.

"I am going to try to stop the train, to save my life and all our lives." I have to confess that until that moment I had been thinking only of my own life, and had scarcely given a thought to the numerous passengers in that heavily-freighted train; but when I saw the merchant look shudderingly out into the darkness through which we were flying, and the hopeless look with which he fell back, almost sobbing, into his corner, I began to have an idea of the duty that was before me; and I nerved myself to the utmost to do it.

Hitherto I have intentionally said very little about myself, but it is now necessary to state that I was an *employé* of the immense railway concern, of which the Middlesham and Dillmouth was but a branch. I have used the sounding word *employé*, but the simple fact was that I was a relief clerk, and that I was at that very time on my way to Ifcombe to take the place of the station-master, who was then seriously ill and unable to attend to his duties. I was very often called to this particular kind of duty, and had, in consequence, acquired a very thorough and practical acquaintance with the outside work of a railway. I had had a great deal of knocking about from one place to another, and had been involved in some four or five different accidents of a more or less serious character. I had luckily escaped from them all without injury, unless I dignify with the name of injury the slight bruise which I got by being jammed in the doorway of an overturning carriage, by a gentleman who was just as anxious to be out of it as I was.

Nothing so much tends to give a man presence of mind as the being concerned in a few railway accidents. The first time he is, as it were, knocked stupid; the second time he begins to reason; but the third time he decidedly objects, and the first chance he has he is out of the train and doing his best to assist his fellow-passengers. I had exceeded this stage by, as I have said, two or three accidents, and had gained a considerable stock of presence of mind, which I was prepared to use in the present emergency.

I would try to reach the engine by walking along the platforms of the carriages. My mind had been made up to that long ago, for through my unenviable experiences of railway accidents, I had got into the unconscious habit of forming a course of action for myself for almost any eventuality which could turn up. I had besides, known of two cases of runaway trains. In both cases the steps of the carriages were used as a means of communication with the engine. In the first case successfully, but in the second, the guard was smashed against the signal-post in swinging from one door-handle to the next, and the train itself went tearing on until it came to the terminus, where it tore up the buffers, and was finally deposited in fragments about the platform and the first-class refreshment room. Fortunately, it was an empty train and late at night, so that no one was injured except the engine driver, who broke his leg in jumping from the engine, when he found he could not stop it; and the guard, who was killed. The other case was that of a train which seemed certain to come in collision with another at a level crossing. The drivers put on the engine at full speed and jumped off. Almost by a miracle there was no collision, and the train went on without any one to check it. As it happened, the guard had seen the danger, and had also seen the two men jump off the engine, so that when the crossing was safely passed, he made the best of his way along the steps of the carriages to the engine, which he reached in safety, and was able to draw up before they arrived at the next station.

This was the plan I intended to put into practice, but on looking out of the right-hand window, I was staggered to find some of the doors still flying open, and as it would be extremely difficult, if not impossible, to pass them at the rate we were going, it was much too hazardous to think of going that way; and the other side was equally out of the question, for, with there remembrance before me of the ill-fated guard I have mentioned, I could not have gone. There remained, therefore, nothing but the roof of the carriages. And now that I had thought of that way, I could not help wondering that I had not thought of it before. It seemed so much easier and safer to walk along the roofs, and leap from one carriage to another, than to scramble like a cat from door-handle to door-handle, and from one platform to the next. To decide, was the work of one moment—the next, I was in action. I threw the door open, and stepping, from the floor of the carriage, upon the window frame, used it as a kind of ladder, and mounted to the top. As I did so, I heard the merchant, from the corner, give me a parting "God bless you!" in a voice weak and trembling, but with an accent so sincere that I felt considerably encouraged and strengthened in my purpose. God knows I needed it, for although it was a matter of comparative ease to reach the roof, yet once there, on my first attempt to assume an upright position, I was thrown violently back, and had I not caught the end of a strap which was flying loose, I should most certainly have rolled off, and have been killed on the rails below. In my eagerness I had quite overlooked the tremendous speed at which we were traveling, and the consequent immense resistance offered by the atmosphere. The accident, however, rendered me more careful and particular in my every movement, and I immediately set myself at work, with all my faculties of mind and body in their fullest exercise, to transport myself to the fore-end of the train. I was on the fourth carriage from the engine, and there were, therefore, four horrid gaps for me to cross before I should find myself safely on its tender.

It was terrible work; and I could only get on at all by crawling along on my hands and knees, and holding on to such straps and rods as came in my way. There was an old-fashioned guard's seat on the front of each of the carriages, so that, by stepping down upon this, leaning forward, and placing my hands on the next carriage, and springing up, and so on, crawling and jumping, I at last reached the guard's seat on the first carriage, where I naturally expected I should have nothing to do but spring on to the cinders of the engine tender. In this I was, however, cruelly disappointed, for, as if to complete the chapter of accidents, I found the engine was turned the wrong way about, so that nearest me was the black and ugly chimney heaving out its rapid clouds of luminous steam

and smoke. I almost gave it up then, my case looked so very hopeless; for do what I would, and stretch myself and reach out as I might, I could not touch any part of the engine with my feet. I was almost at my wit's end. The unaccustomed exertion was beginning to tell upon me severely, and I was trembling with excitement and cold. I sank despairingly into the seat. I never thought of clambering down and crossing over by the buffers, for I had so made up my mind to the one course, that, when it was interrupted, I was for a time staggered, and rendered incapable of further action. I was so sitting, with my elbows on my knees and my face buried in my hands, stupidly brooding over and cursing my adverse fate. when a blaze of light showed me the platform of Felton station. There were not many people waiting, for the train was not due for several minutes; but the scared look which I distinctly saw on the faces of those few, as we tore past, I can never forget. It may be thought impossible that, at the high rate at which we were running, I should be able to see those faces so distinctly, but it is nevertheless, quite true; and, what is more, I seemed to take in all—the people, the clock-face, the name of the station, and all the minutest etceteras—without trying to do so, or moving my head in the least, and in the smallest fraction of time, for we were in and out of the station in a flash.

What the people thought of me—if they saw me at all, on my perch—I do not know; but the sight of them on me was electrical. Intuitively I saw that no time was to be lost. In the same moment I had resolved—and done. I had sprung, and was clinging round the neck of the unconscious monster in front, and sliding rapidly down its smooth and heated surface on to the truck of the engine. Once there, all was well. I walked along the side, over the wheels, always holding on to the brass rod, and, in another moment, was moving the handle to shut off the steam previous to applying the brake. I knew enough of locomotives to prevent my doing this too quickly, and I did not draw up until we reached Ifcombe Station. Arrived there, I resigned my charge to the station-master, and, after securing the few things I had left behind me in the compartment, made my escape to the booking-office as fast as I could; for the handshaking, "God bless you's!" and other expressions of thanks from the people whom I had been instrumental in saving from a terrible catastrophe, were proving too much for me, and I was glad to get away from it. There was something so terribly earnest and sincere about it, that I was more frightened by it than I had been by any part of my perilous adventure.

Very little more need be said. A message was immediately sent to the authorities at Middlesham, apprising them of our safe arrival at Ifcombe, and requesting that an engine might be sent on with fresh drivers and our guard. The telegram reached them just as they were about to send off a special engine and carriage containing all the medical men they could collect in so short a space of time, for their impression was that we would all be found buried in the ruins of our train somewhere between Middlesham and Dillmouth. Of course, when they heard we were all right; the doctors were set at liberty, and the engine came on by itself with our guard and drivers. We then heard for the first time how the thing happened. The engine-driver, it appeared, had gone across the line to get his usual glass of whisky before starting, leaving his fireman in charge. While he was gone the fireman had to get off to do some oiling work to the engine, and some one, supposed to be one of the goods drivers, had seized the opportunity and got on. This man had called out to the fireman to stand by and hold a swich while he took on a horsebox. The fireman, thinking all was right, and that it was the proper driver returned, without looking up, did as he was told. Everything then followed as we had suspected. The train moved off without the guard, and with the carriage doors open. The engine-driver rushed up just in time to see the tail-lights of the train disappearing under the bridge, and very much surprised his fireman by asking for an explanation of such an extraordinary proceeding. The fireman, poor man, could only protest in strong language that he had received his orders from the engine, and as he supposed, from the engine-driver himself. There was, as might be expected, great consternation amongst the officials, when it became known that some one had run off with the train, and as such a thing could not have been done with any harmless intention, and the consequences would in all probability be serious, immediate steps were, as we have seen, taken to provide that assistance which, it was feared, would be needed by us. Happily, as I have shown, it was not needed, and the whole of the passengers were forwarded to their various destinations, safe, at all events, in body, if terribly disturbed in mind.

A word or two as to the man who devised and perpetrated this horrible attempt. He was supposed to have jumped off the train a little way down the line; and to have got clear away.

For the share which I had the good fortune to have in the matter, and for saving them so much valuable property, and so many thousands of pounds in claims for compensation, I received a handsome acknowledgment from the directors, and have risen rapidly from one position to another; so that, although it was long before I quite recovered from the nervous state into which I sank after the occurrence, *I* have had no reason to regret that I was in that runaway train, and I did my duty to the passengers, and to the company whose servant I was. I am thankful that I had sufficient courage and strength of purpose to do that duty satisfactorily.

GOOD-NIGHT!

"Good-night! a sweet voice laughing said.
And by the hope within me born,
I knew we only said good-night
To meet again at morn.

"Good-night! one time it softly said;
And by the heavy heart I bore,
I knew full well we said good-night—
Good-night for evermore.

"Ah, sweet it was to say good-night,
When morning could our joy restore;
What grief to part beneath the stars,
And meet on earth no more."

SMUGGLING DEVICES.

IN the days when high-heeled French boots were the pride of fashion, there was a shoemaker in London who made a fortune by the sale of the best Paris boots at a price which all his fellow-tradesmen declared ruinous. He undersold the trade, and obtained troops of customers. These boots must be stolen, said his rivals; but there was no evidence that they were; certainly they were not smuggled boots, for any one could satisfy himself that the full duty was paid upon them at the custom house. The shoemaker retired from business with a fortune. Afterwards his secret was accidentally discovered—although he had paid duty for the boots, he had not paid for everything that was in them. There was a heavy duty payable on foreign watches; and every boot consigned to him from Paris had contained in its high heel a cavity exactly large enough to hold a watch. The great profits obtained by the trade in smuggled watches, made it possible for this tradesman, when he had filled up their heels, to sell his boots under prime cost. This was worth while, again, because of course, by the extension of his boot-trade, he increased his power of importing watches duty-free.

Some years later, an elderly lady and a lap-dog traveled a good deal between Dover and Ostend. It came to be generally considered at the custom-house that her travels were for the sole purpose of smuggling Brussels lace, then subject to exceedingly high duty; but neither the examiners of her luggage, nor the female searchers at the custom-house who took charge of her person, could by the narrowest scrutiny find matter for a single accusation. At last, when she was about to decline the smuggling business, this lady accepted a bribe from a custom-house officer to make him master of her secret. Calling to her side the lap-dog, who was to all strangers a very snappish little cur, she asked the officer to fetch a knife and rip the little creature open. Like a few of the dogs (which have sometimes even proved to be rats) sold in the streets of London, it gloried outwardly in a false skin; and between the false skin and the true skin was space enough to provide a thin cur with the comfortable fatness proper to a lady's pet, by means of a warm padding of the finest lace. In the reign of Louis the Eighteenth—it may be noted, by the way—very fierce dogs were trained to carry valuable watches and small articles under false skins across the frontier. They were taught to know and avoid the uniform of a custom-house officer. Swift, cunning, and fierce, they were never to be taken alive, although they were sometimes pursued and shot.

Not very long ago, a great number of false bank-notes was put into circulation within the dominions of the Czar. They could only have been imported; but although the strictest search was made habitually over every vessel entering a Russian port, no smuggling of false notes was discovered. So strict is meant to be the scrutiny at Russian custom-houses, that the ship-captain, who is bound to give an inventory of every article on board, may fall into unheard of trouble if he forget so much as his own private Canary-bird. There was an English captain once at Cronstadt, who by accident, forgot to enter a fine turtle upon his list. He told the leading custom house official plainly and honestly of his unfortunate omission, and the functionary, who was a good-natured man, saw no plain way out of the difficulty. He recommended that the matter should be glossed over by assuming that the turtle was intended for the emperor. The captain did, therefore, declare that, if he had not entered the turtle, it was because it had been brought expressly as an Englishmen's gift to the Czar, and to the Czar the turtle was dispatched accordingly. Soon afterwards there arrived a government messenger inquiring for this most courteous of captains, who brought the gracious thanks of the Czar Nicholas, together with the gift of a gold snuff-box, embellished with the autocratic cipher set in diamons. Instead of fine and persecution there were gifts and honors for this lucky sailor. But when, afterwards, some other trading captains, acting, as they imagined, cunningly upon the hint, brought turtles to exchange for snuff-boxes, his astue majesty quietly made the turtles into soup, but declined by any act of exchange to add snuff-boxes to the articles of Russian trade shipped at the port of Cronstadt.

Now to go back to the forged notes. Accident brought also that mystery to light. Several cases of lead-pencils arrived one day from England, and were being examined, when one of them fell out from a package, and the custom-house officer picked it up, cut it to a point, and used it to sign the order which delivered up the cases to the consignee. He kept the one loose pencil for his own use; and a few days afterwards, because it needed a fresh point, cut it again, and found that there was no more lead. Another chip into the cedar brought him to a roll of paper nested in a hollow place. This paper was one of the false notes, engraved in London, and thus passed into the dominions of the Muscovite.

During the last epidemic fever which displayed itself in this country as a rage for antique furniture, much of this was imported from the Netherlands. A shrewd Dutch tradesman very much preferred an order for sofas and chairs to an order for sideboards or tables. Horsehair, he knew, was plentiful enough in England; the duty upon tea, however, was excessive; and by an arrangement entered into with his English agent, it was understood that tea should be used, instead of hay or horsehair, as the stuffing of all cushions attached to furniture transmitted by his house. In this way there was a fortune made.

NETTLES FROM DEAN SWIFT.

IF a man will observe as he walks the streets, I believe he will find the merriest faces in mourning coaches.

The reason why so few marriages are happy, is because young ladies spend their time in making nets, not in making cages.

We have just enough religion to make us hate, and not enough to made us love one another.

The power of fortune is confessed only by the miserable; for the happy impute all their success to prudence and merit.

Ambition often puts men upon doing the meanest offices; so climbing is performed in the same posture with creeping.

Small causes are sufficent to make a man uneasy, when great ones are not in the way; for want of a block he will stumble at a straw.

Every man desires to live long; but no man would be old.

Love of flattery, in most men, proceeds from the mean opinion they have of themselves; in woman, from the contrary.

Apollo was held the god of physic and sender of disease. Both were originally the same trade, and still continue.

If a man makes me keep my distance, the comfort is, he keeps his at the same time.

Men are content to be laughed at for their wit, but not for their folly.

A man would have but few spectators if he should offer to show for three pence how he could thrust a red hot poker into a barrel of gunpowder, and it should not take fire.

How is it possible to expect that mankind will take advice, when they will not so much as take warning.

The latter part of a wise man's life is taken up in curing the follies, prejudices, and false opinions he had contracted in the former.

The chamelion, who is said to feed on nothing but air, has of all animals the nimblest tongue.

I have known some men who were possessed of good qualities which were very servicable to others, but useless to themselves; like a sun dial in the front of a house, to inform the neighbors and passengers, but not the owner within.

It is a miserable thing to live in suspense, it is the life of a spider.

THE triumph of a woman lies not in the admiration of her lover, but in the respect of her husband, and that can only be gained by a constant cultivation of those qualities which she knows he most values.

WE cannot behold the proportions of the great ship of the universe, for we are shut up in the hold.

To all men, the best friend is virtue; the best companions are high endeavors and honorable sentiments

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THERE is frozen music in many a heart that the beams of encouragement would melt into glorious song.

MUCH adversity is requisite to make us hate life; beckon from prosperity will recall this hatred instantly.

THEY err widely who propose to turn men to the thoughts of a better world by making them think very meanly of this.

IN reading the puffs on gravestones, we can only hope that the dead are not spoiled by gross flattery.

A MAN loves when his judgment approves; a woman's judgment approves when she loves.

CONSTANT motion is the first law of nature, nothing being stationery except pen, ink, and paper.

MOST persons know what they hate, few what they love.

TEMPER is so good a thing that we should never lose it.

NOTICE.

The publication of "THE CALIFORNIAN" *takes place on Saturday mornings, and copies may be obtained in the City at all News stands, and of our News-agents through the country. It will also be served by carriers on the morning of publication.*

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J. P. BOGARDUS,
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THE CALIFORNIAN.

SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, JUNE 29, 1867.

☞ **Two good canvassers wanted. Apply at the office** of THE CALIFORNIAN on Monday, between 12 and 1.

"THE GENIAL CRITIC."

THE New York *Nation* recently published an article with the above title, which was designed as a reply to the remonstrances that had been urged in certain quarters against the severity of the book reviews of that journal and the austerity of its literary judgments in general. If "genial criticism" is, as the *Nation* characterizes it, "praise, with just enough faint censure in it to make it *seem* that the writer is really balancing defects against excellencies," then, indeed, it is not a kind of criticism to be defended, but we are inclined to believe that the element in the *Nation* that has caused complaint, is not so much the severe standard by which it measures literary performances, as the cold, and sometimes unfeeling, manner in which its verdicts have occasionally been rendered. Take the case of poor George Arnold, for instance. The *Nation* might have expressed substantially the same opinion that it did express in regard to the merits of his poems, without giving offence, had it been content to pronounce judgment in a judicial tone, and without the use of language that not only implied contempt of the recently deceased writer's powers, but that sounded like a sneer at his literary aspirations. It will not be claimed that the *Saturday Review* is much addicted to "genial criticism" in the sense of easy indulgence to pretenders in letters, and yet that exacting journal found something for cordial praise in the volume which the *Nation* appeared to think it astonishing that the author's friends should have dreamed of publishing. When we first saw that unnecessarily cruel notice, we attributed it, not to anything like malice, or to any discreditable motive, but to the natural reaction against the spirit of puffery, in a journal aiming to be critical, and rather overdoing it.

What the *Nation* says in regard to the position of the critic with reference to the bookseller on the one hand, and the public on the other, shows clearly the necessity of strict honesty and fearlessness in the opinions pronounced upon new books by literary journals, but it does not show the necessity for that supercilious and offensive manner in pronouncing unfavorable verdicts to which the higher class of our critical periodicals are too much addicted. It seems sometimes, as though they assumed a harshly authoritative air, as a proof of superiority, or to conceal some half unconscious doubt of the soundness of their own conclusions. The fear of seeming weakly indulgent, at times makes them cruel; the fear of seeming provincial drives them into an exaggerated affectation of metropolitanism. We can see no reason, why the keenest and most analytical criticism should not be kindly in its spirit, when dealing with questions of mere literary excellence, not involving moral considerations. Perhaps the best conception of the really useful critic is, as a loving and intelligent interpreter of genius; his most important function is not to correct the writer, but to assist and enlighten the taste of the reader; to draw the attention to beauties rather than to point out defects; to awaken an intelligent admiration for what is truly admirable, rather than to teach men how to sneer at unsuccessful performances. To call the mere fault finder, who goes mousing through a literary work on the scent for blemishes, counting syllables and exulting over defective rhymes, broken metaphors, or bad syntax "a critic" seems to us a sheer profanation of a useful and dignified office. To teach men to seek and appreciate what is wholesome in literature is the most important part of his duty; subordinate and incidential to this, is the duty of exposing literary pretenders when there is danger of their depraving the popular taste, or exerting a mischievous influence. If one who judges and writes in accordance with these principles falls under the classification of the "genial critic," it is to be wished that the number of such were greater than it is.

FENIAN PICNIC.—The last Fenian Picnic was thoroughly enjoyed by the thousands who participated in it. The Second Grand Annual Picnic of the Brotherhood will take place at Bay View, Marin County, opposite Angel Island, to-morrow. Three steamers, the *Petaluma*, *Contra Costa* and *Goliah* have been engaged. The first boat, on which the Irish Battalion will go, starts at 9 o'clock: the McMahon Guards will leave on the 10 o'clock boat. Two large covered dancing platforms have been erected. Kidd's fine band of thirty pieces have been engaged, and everything done which can conduce to the comfort of visitors. The steamers will make four trips to and from the grounds. The hours of departure and return can be found in their advertisement.

CALIFORNIA LITERATURE.

THE amount of disquisition, criticism, boasting, and squabbling that we have had on the subject of "California Literature," is such as to impart a ludicrous significance to that ambitious phrase, when we come seriously to consider the productions to which it is applied. A very small number of volumes of moderate physical dimensions would easily contain in the largest type employed in book-making and with the most elegant amplitude of margin, all those productions that rise above the standard of the average contributions to the literary journals, or that could find a plausible apology for appearing in a book form. Of what does this "literature" consist? If called upon to reply to this question, we could name but one good novel—Mrs. Hosmer's "Morrisons"—and that, in no just sense, Californian; a score or so of poems, not more than half a dozen of which are sufficiently striking or characteristic to prompt an inquiry as to their authorship were they found in one of the magazines of the day; the sketches of Phœnix, Harte, "Mark Twain," Mulford, and Webb—if, indeed, the last named gentleman can be properly reckoned for any purpose, among Californian writers—these, with Mr. Tuttle's "History" and Mr. Hittell's "Resources," would pretty nearly exhaust the catalogue.

So far as the "Poetry of California," about which literary persons of the "Gifted Hopkins" calibre have made such a pother, is concerned, it really posseses, as a whole, very little intrinsic or positive value. It is not distinctive, it possesses no strongly marked character, and with a very few exceptions is characterized by a disheartening absence of originality or creative power. The three or four most accomplished of our living minstrels have thus far done little else than pipe variations upon familiar tunes, their best productions being in the imitative strain into which men and women of culture, taste and poetic feeling, but without poetic power are sure to fall when they take to writing verses. With almost all of them, the keen appreciation of some admired master or model has been the source of their inspiration, and it is generally an easy task to discern in each case to what master the pupil pays his or her reverent homage. These remarks, however, are not limited in their application to Californian verse-writers; they are true of American poets generally, who, with three or four exceptions are merely graceful imitators, their best pieces being echoes of Tennyson, as he seems to hint (though without special reference to American writers) when he says:

"Most can raise the flowers now,
For all have got the seed;
And some are pretty enough,
And some are poor indeed."

This incessant reproduction of "variations" of the same tune, inevitably becomes wearysome at last, a fact which was in the consciousness of the English laureate when he added to the lines just quoted:

"And now again the people
Call it but a weed."

Altogether the most valuable, as well as the most distinctive and truly "Californian" part of our literature thus far, consists of the humorous sketches of the writers we have named. Of these, Harte's are much the finest as literary performances, though less strongly marked by individuality than those of Pœnix, "Mark Twain," and others. We cannot now recall anything of his—we refer to his prose—that bears any intrinsic evidence, beyond some merely unessential local allusion, that it was written in San Francisco rather than in New York or Boston, while such sketches as the "Jumping Frog," and Mulford's "Barney McBriar, the Shootist" are thoroughly and unmistakably Californian.

The literary task, however, by which a wider and more durable reputation than has yet been achieved by any of our writers is to be won, is the production of a genuine Californian novel, a novel that shall adequately paurtray all that is distructive and significant in a social condition that is rapidly passing away and will soon become unintelligible, unless it shall find a chronicler more competent than any who have yet entered the field.

DEATH OF HENRY C. WATSON.—While the ear is thrilled and the senses enraptured with melody, the personality of the performer is perhaps entirely ignored. After the strain has ceased there comes a sense of loss. A few may bestow a passing thought upon the mind which has embodied this conception, but the many with souls enriched, turn away without a feeling of gratitude or remembrance for the giver. So with many a writer whose masterly and skillful manipulation attunes in unison the chords of the great heart of humanity. The personality, or any feeling of curiosity regarding it is often ignored or neglected in the strength of the emotions given to the world, and although appreciation, which, when fairly won, is always welcome, may be felt, it is often too little expressed.

To a certain extent, these facts apply to Henry C. Watson, editor of the *Sacramento Union*, whose death occurred during the last week. Combining in himself, originality and ability as a writer, with the executive power necessary to successful editorial management, Mr. Watson made the *Union* one of the most influential journals, not only on this coast, but of the United States. He has perished while gallantly fighting on that comparatively unknown and unappreciated field where the conflict is so arduous and exhausting to body and soul. But his works, though not all known of men, still remain, and now to his soul as he surveys them, afford a prospect grand and beautiful in that better land, where cheered, strengthened and encouraged by appreciation and sympathy, he will bring forth more and more beautiful treasures of intellect. M.

[For the Californian.]

PHILOSOPHICAL AND DISCURSIVE VIEW OF THE RECENT RATIFICATION MEETING.

BY DOGBERRY.

THESE reflections concerning the recent ratification meeting at Union Hall, must be read in an unpartisan and unprejudiced light. The reader will endeavor to be cosmopolitan and just. If he never happened to be either, he had better try; it's good practice.

While I sat and looked over the vast array of human beings gathered together last Tuesday evening, I thought thus: "These people have come together to hear somebody who has something to say, say it. They are willing to be uncomfortable for several hours, to endure the closeness of the hall, the weariness of enforced sedentary position, the proximity of disagreable neighbors, the thought, perhaps, of families and infants left with uncertain protection, and all for what? Why, to learn how the country must be saved, to have the glorious stars and stripes apostrophized, traitors and copperheads denounced, and to hear another short history of the Great Rebellion from speakers who, on arising, will declare 'that the other distinguished orators preceding, having completely exhausted the subject, they have nothing to say,' and then proceed to give a practical lie to the declaration by talking for an hour."

Being a reporter, I had the privilege of a position which enabled me to gaze with that sublime, philosophical and condescending calmness over the audience becoming to a "member of the press."

You see, we take all these "immense demonstrations," "intense excitements," "enthusiasms," and "electrifications" very quietly. It is to us an every day affair. We are about as liable to become enthusiastic or excited as the chairs we set on. Some half hour before the meeting commences, while people are dropping in like the preparatory drops of an April shower, we spread our paper, sharpen our pencils and travel over a well worn road of imagination, thus: "The meeting at — Hall last evening, was attended by an immense concourse of intelligent ladies and gentlemen, and was the most enthusiastic demonstration which has ever before occurred in this city." Then we shove in a line or so about the 'fair sex," "fair women and brave men," "faces beaming with hope and patriotism," and the reportorial gun is primed and all ready to go off when the speakers do.

The audience at Union Hall last Tuesday evening was not arranged at all to my liking. There is in every assemblage a proportion of majestic, portly, imposing men with leonine features and canes. There are also the venerable, gray-haired men with canes. These should always be distributed in equal proportions among the crowd to whom nature has not been so liberal in prepossessing and imposing exteriors. Such an arrangement confers dignity on the meeting and is encouraging to the orators. There should also be a similar disposition of the apparently philosophical, thinking men. Nature, you know, has compensated some people for the entire lack of such qualities by plastering their faces with an enamel of wisdom an inch deep, although the interior may be devoid of the tail of an idea. As I was saying, these people whose mission it is to "touch up" audiences were all daubed and jumbled together.

Directly in front of me sat three of the majestic, imposing men with canes. I desired greatly to distribute them properly; to rush up to them saying, "Here! get out of this. Go where your mission calls you. You sit over in that corner yonder. There ain't an ounce of dignity there. You go over there. We want some majesty in that part of the hall. I s'pose you sat together that you might grab all the praise and pocket it when the speakers adverted to this intelligent and imposing assemblage. Do you chaps think you're going to huddle together and bury your talents in this manner?"

Owing to the great want of harmony in the world I was unable to do this. I was obliged to sit and endure the botched up picture.

The first symptoms of vitality evinced by the ratification meeting was the sight of a number of horns, trombones and other brass instruments, with the necessary individuals attached to them; and next the sound of the same harmonized into a patriotic air as the human fixtures to the instruments blew through them. It has long been a doubtful question with me whether in the execution of an air the greater credit should be given to the lips and lungs disciplined to harmony or to the instrument. I regarded with curiosity one of the band as he tooted through several pounds of brass so twisted up as to remind one of a fit of colic. That cold blooded and mercenary child of Orphens plays Yankee Doodle and the Star Spangled Banner alike for Democrat, or Republican. He has no heart in the matter. His heart is in the instrument, and the instrument is brass.

Next the human ornamentations of the platform made their appearance. It was interesting to watch the different styles of gait and facial expressions of these gentlemen as they made their appearance. It is not such a pleasant matter to

walk easily, graceful and indifferently across an elevated platform in full view of an immense, waiting, idle and therefore critically inclined assemblage. Some immediately on facing the music were seized with a sort of pedal weakness and tottered uneasily to their seats. Some could not control their facial muscles and smiled vacantly at each other and the audience. Others assuming a bold and daring port, strode majestically to their seats with the air of a tragedy king.

Mr. Conness was the first speaker, Mr. Conuess is in appearance decidedly senatorial. His figure is senatorial, his head is senatorial, so is his voice, and more than all the dress-coat he wore, of that peculiar style which has caused it in common parlance to be termed "swallow-tailed," enhanced to a remarkable degree his senatorial appearance. Mr. Conness objected decidedly to personal abuse bestowed on public men. He objected to the abuse which had been so liberally bestowed on himself.

It is hard to be abused until one travels into that country which lies beyond the reach of abuse. Roses have thorns, Cabbages do not. A United States senatorhip is a whole bouquet of roses, John, with, of course, the accompanying thorns. Yet you would rather have the bunch of roses than the bunch of cabbages with which we common people must be content, wouldn't you now, John?

Gov. Low spoke. He remarked on commencing that dis appointment would inevitably result in the expectation of hearing a speech from him. Some individual in the crowd showed a full commnnionship of opinion in this regard with the Governor by calling out "That's so." Perfect happiness on the confession of our shortcomings does not always result from immediate coincidence by sympathizing friends. The Governor remarked that "any head with brains was better than a Copperhead." I presume he meant any human head. I have some Copperhead acquaintances who, despite their abominable tenets, can be made of more use in the practical affairs of life than most animals. They might be induced to vote for a Union nominee.

Mr. Pixley spoke. Mr. Pixley's speech was the feature of the evening. It must have been efficacious in cementing the party. But I shall not speak of it in this respect. I have another axe to grind.

"Mr. Gorham," said he "has been abused for the course he had pursued in excluding the San Francisco delegates opposed to him. Why, he had done no more than I would against his members if I could. If he can control and manipulate the Legislature of the State as he managed the State Convention he will make the best Governor California ever had."

Some may think this a terrible thing to say. Mr. Gorham, in their estimatian, should have been termed the most honest, the purest, and the best of men; and one who would on no account pull a political wire. Such, too long, has been the stump orator style in the delineation of the character of public men. We are tired of it. Everybody knows better. Everybody knows they will take things sometimes when these things are jolted out of the legitimate political cart, and are found and picked up in the legitimate political road. Mr. Pixley's commendation of his friend, and declaration of what he would do were he similarly situated, is a healthy sign, and ten thousand times more creditable than if he had deluged his hearers in the counterfeit torrent of fulsome praise with which the poor, political public have been washed from time immemorial.

I shall always withhold my vote from your perfectly upright and honest men so cried from the housetops unto the people. Political honesty will mount the first step of the ladder when candidates openly come out and say—"Fellow citizens and patriots! I want office. I think I can efficiently serve you as your standard bearer. I am willing to take all the emoluments, the perquisites and the pickings of the office, and as much more as will be justified by my elastic conscience. God bless you! my fellow countrymen, God bless you!!"

The Rev. Dr. Cox spoke forcibly and with much emotion. He has much action, some very good, although the singular trot with which he moved around the platform, requires some little time before one can see the grace and dignity hidden in it. Some people do not like to see clergymen taking an active part in politics. This is all wrong. Moses was a priest and a lawgiver. We are commanded not to bury our talents. If a clergyman has a talent for stump oratory, why should he bury it? Don't bury any of your talents. There are people so narrow-minded that they would object should their minister play billiards, ride races, or go to the theater. And yet the poor minister might possess immense talent for all these things, the repression of which by public opinion, nearly makes him burst. Many a clergyman has been sent to a premature grave because he was condemned by public opinion to dress in black, wear a white neck-tie, move gravely, soberly and sanctimoniously about, poor man, knowing all the time that he operated like an iceberg on every circle of young folks with which he was brought in contact; and that, too, when he wanted to kick up his heels as high as any of them. I tell you the lives of the martyrs of the church have not all been written yet. Public opinion must murder no more ministers. Let 'em talk in political meetings. It will save their lives.

So now that I have convinced you of the propriety of politico theologico stump oratory, allow me to introduce the next speaker, the Rev. M. C. Briggs, whose life we must also spare. The character of Mr. Briggs' profession must have been evident, even to a casual observer, from the frequency with which he used expressions more peculiar to the pulpit than the stump. I think he in substance remarked, that piety with him had but little weight when the pious man was disposed to vote for Haight. This is rather alarming for the few thousand Democratic voters in this State, who have previously imagined themselves in good theological standing. He also remarked that not to vote at all was, in point of criminality next to venal voting. This touched me. I had previously imagined myself invulnerable to everything that could be said. I have not voted for two years. I have neglected undergoing the process of registration. I have constituted myself an American foreigner, a political pariah. But I never deemed this a crime. I thought I had a natural right to suspend the privilege of voting, and let others govern the country just as they pleased. But the Rev. Mr. Briggs has knocked my platform clear from under me, and leaves me not even a straw to grasp at. He tells me I am a political suicide. It is wicked thus to make way with one's political being. It would seem by this that one's future welfare must be materially enhanced by voting for Gorham. Because, if you vote for Haight, you must go into political outer darkness. If you don't vote at all, you must travel where there is political weeping, political wailing, and political convulsive motions of the jaws indirectly profitable to dentists. There is left but one alternative, to vote for Gorham.

DRAMATIC AFFAIRS.

THE engagement of Mr. Edwin Adams at Maguires Opera House has proved uninteruptedly successful; the house being crowded nightly. The comedy of *Men of the Day* was produced on Monday, and was capitally played throughout. Mr. Adams, unlike some stars, does not exclude from his repertory of plays all save those in which his part is the center of interest. His impersonation of "Frank Hawthorne" was very fine, and he evinced his thorough training in his profession by the easy manner in which he bore himself on the stage during the long intervals which occur between his speeches. To remain on the stage unoccupied, saying nothing, in a character which affords but little opportunity for by play, tests an actor severely. Mrs. Sophie Edwin played "Lucy Vavasour" remarkably well. Mrs. Judah's impersonation the old Lancashire dame, "Mrs. Wildbriar" was a splendid bit of character acting, and the "Robin Wildbriar" of Mr. Edwards, was perfect. While these two were on the stage the audience were kept in a continual roar of laughter. Willie Edouin did some good cockney acting in the part of "James the h'upper servant."

On Wednesday evening *The Lady of Lyons* was presented with Edwin Adams as "Claude Melnotte," Mrs. Sophie Edwin as "Pauline," H. Edwards as "Dumas," J. A. Herne as "Glavis," Mrs. Saunders as "Mme. Deschapelles," and Mrs. Judah as the "widow." There are few theatres in the United States capable of producing this play with so perfect a cast. Everyone enjoyed a great treat in listening to Mr. Adams' fine reading of the beautiful passages which occur in his part. The description of the palace near the lake has never been so finely read on the San Francisco stage, and Mrs. Sophie Edwin afforded most efficient support by the manner in which she played "Pauline." Mr. Edwards' rendition of the part of "Col. Damas" was extremely natural, and Mr. Herne caused much fun by his impersonation of 'Glavis."

On Thursday evening, *Romeo and Jutiet* was presented with Edwin Adams as "Romeo," and Mrs Sophie Edwin as "Juliet." This performance was most excellent throughout. Mr. Adams is a delightful reader, and gave new force to many fine passages. The "balcony" scene was especially well rendered. Mrs. Sophie Edwin read and acted the part of "Juliet" with with very good taste, and her acting in the concluding scene was most effective. Mr. McCullough's "Mercutio" was a capital piece of acting. Mrs. Judah's "Nurse" is a very fine impersonation, as everyone is aware, and in my opinion, is superior in many points to that given by Mrs. Charles Kean during her engagement here. Mrs. Kean was altogether too funny, and broadened the character into farce; Mrs. Judah, though of course she causes much laughter, plays the character more "finely" and makes neater points. Mr. Edwards played "Friar Lawrence" in his usual good style. Mr. Herne was good as "Tybalt," and in fact all engaged performed well. Last night, *The King of the Commons* was played with Edwin Adams as "King James." THE CALIFORNIAN not allowing criticisms to come in late on Friday night, I can say nothing about it except register my sure and steadfast conviction that the house was crowded, and the play performed well. This afternoon, *Toodles* and *The Rustic Prima Donna* will be performed. In the evening, the grand tragedy of the *Robbers* will be presented. Everyone will be glad to hear that the capital comedy of *Wild Oats* is, in compliance with the demand of the general public, to be repeated on Monday There will be a jam that night. Everyone wishes to see Edwin Adams as "Jack Rover."

Sacred concerts are very fashionable in Paris, and every Sunday the elite of Parisian society assemble to hear the finest artists of the day perform the glorious compositions of the sacred composers. The last sacret concert given in this city was a great success both as a performance and in a pecuniary sense. To-morrow evening one of these beautiful entertainments will be given at Magnire's Opera House by the members of the Italian Opera Troupe. Many of the grandest compositions of the fine old masters whose life was one long hymn will be performed. Such music as that of Beethoven, Handel and Haydn may surely be listened to on Sunday without sin.

Last night Robert Heller the necromancer closed his engagement at the Metropolitan Theatre. The last ten nights were not successful, bnt before he went to Virginia City he made piles of money. It is gratifying to learn that Mr. Heller will not, like many professionals, take a large sum of money from this coast, as he made an extensive investment of his earuings in Virginia City where he also played a most successful engagement. We understand that Mr. Heller occasionally failed in his card tricks performed with "the little box," but the Virginia People took everything very good-naturedly, and would doubless be glad to see Heller again.

On Monday the Metropolitan opens under new management, with Miss Emma Howson as Directress, and Mr. Frank Howson, who has had an experience of twenty eight years, and is as young and energetic as ever as Manager. A very attractive series of performances has been arranged. Opera, Farce, Comedy, Burlesque and Vandeville will be preseuted in rapid succession. A capital company has been formed. First, we have the Howsons themselves, comprising Miss Emma Howson, Miss Clelia, Frank A. and John—a host in themselves. Then Henri Herberte, Miss Jennie Parker, H. D. Thompson, S. W. Leach, Miss Julia Gould, Mrs. Hall, Mr. Swift and a chorus. Never was a company better adapted for the production of burlesque than this is in this city. The performance on Monday will commence with the operetta of *Mephistopheles Jr; or An Ambassador from Below*, the whole of the music for which, has been composed and arranged by F. A. Howson. Miss Clelia Howson will play "Mephistopheles," and is sure to play it well. Henri Herberte will, on the conclusion of this piece, sing Sims Reeves' famous ballallad, "My Pretty Jane," and the performance will conclude with one of the best burlesques of the day, entitled *Atalanta: or, the Three Golden Apples*, which will be produced with new and splendid scenery by Mr. Lehman, magnificent dresses and other accessories Friday night of each week will be devoted to opera, and either an English Opera, or an adaptatiou of an Italian Opera will be performed. *The Bohemiau Girl* will be produced on Friday next.

On Monday week the Italian Opera Company will reopen at the Academy of Music. It is probable that the first opera produced during the new season will be *L'Africaine*

This famous opera has been already produced in cities far beneath San Francisco in wealth and population. If our citizens do not soon enjoy this treat it will be simply for the reason that they are unwilling to pay for it.

The fourth entertainment of the B nai B'rith Literary and Social Circle took place at Platt's Music Hall on Monday, June 24th. A large audience was present. The entertainment was a very good one, the farce of *A Conjugal Lesson* was well played by Mr. H. Weiner and Miss Lizzie Ezekiels, instrumental performances and recitations followed, the entertainment concluding with a gymnastic act by Mr. Philo Jacoby.

Mrs. Laura Cuppy will deliver her Sunday evening lecture as usual at Mechanics' Institute Hall. These lectures have taken a firm hold on public favor. TOCHSTONE.

WOODWARD'S GARDENS.—Crowds of persons comprising numbers of ladies and children resort to these delightful pleasure-grownds daily, to stroll through the conservatories, see the wonders of the museum, and admire the wild animals. This is a most pleasant place for a picnic.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

FIRST HISTORICAL TRANSFORMATIONS OF CHRISTIANITY. From the French of Athanase Bocquerel, the younger. By E. P. Evans, P. H. D., Professor of Modern Languages and Literature in the University of Michigan. Boston: William V. Spencer, 203 Washington street. San Francisco: A. Roman & Co.

LIBER LIBRORUM; Its Structure, Limitations, and Purpose. A Friendly Communication to a Reluctant Sceptic. New York: Charles Scribner & Co. San Francisco: A Roman & Co.

E PLURIBUS UNUM. The Articles of Confederation *vs.* The Constitution. The Progress of Nationality Among the People and In the Government. By L. Bradford Prince, L. L. B. New York: G. P. Putnam & Son. San Francisco: A. Roman & Co.

OLD ENGLAND: ITS SCENERY, ART, AND PEOPLE. By James M. Hoppin, Prosessor in Yale College. New York: Published by Hurd & Houghton, 459 Broome street. San Francisco, H. H. Bancroft & Co.

SOWING THE WIND. A Novel. By D. Lynn Linton, Author of "Lizzie Lawton of Greyrigg," etc. New York: Harper & Brothers. San Francisco: A. Roman & Co.

THE BIRTH OF PLEASURE. The story of Cupid and Psyche. From Apuleus. New York: Publication office, Bible House. James Portcus General Agent. San Francisco: A. Roman & Co.

DE PROFUNDIS.

Through the vague rifts in pearly clouds that lie
Along the horizon, 'twixt the sky and sea,
A planet's trembling radiance gleams on high,
Far, far from me.

The gentle breeze of evening loiters on,
Faint with the breath of many a tropic tree,
But groves of sandal, spice and cinnamon
Are, far from me.

O Love! I see thee glittering from afar:
Sweet airs and silvery lights encompass thee,
But—like the spice groves and the evening star—
Far, far from me!

—Geo. Arnold.

THE SMATTERER.

THE race of smatterers by the great dons of knowledge, are often looked upon in the light of social donkeys, who can find pasture on the feeble nutriment of a thistle. Pope's dictum of a little learning being a dangerous thing has greatly helped to foster a disposition among the literati to fling the mud of opprobrium or shoot the pellets of sarcasm at the heads of those whose pretences to knowledge rest on slender foundations. A full man—full, that is, in the Baconian sense—is often intolerant of the partially empty man, and feels out of patience at his shortcomings. When he imagines the mental cask to be empty, it interests him but little to know that it retains the flavor with which it had been once imbued—an Horatian idea of which Moore made good use—for in his sight it is but a hollow vessel without fragrance. a vase in which there never have been stored roses wherewith to scent it. Yet, surely, the smatterer is the superior of the ignorant. Since, according to Euclid's axiom, the whole is greater than its part, it consequently follows that the part must have more capacity than nothing; and so the possession of a modicum of knowledge is a preferable state to that which would deprive us of culture, just as a glimmering of eyesight, although far below the gift of full vision, is yet deemed a greater blessing than the "total eclipse" of Cimmerian darkness.

We would all, probably, be as clever as we could; but while it is not in mortals to command success, it certainly is, also, not in mortals to be wise at all honrs, or, perhaps, to be wise at all. Not that such would think it folly to be wise, or suppose that bliss is only to be found in ignorance; for they would be altogether incapable of recognizing their own lack of wisdom, and, in the stupendous serenity of witlessness, might even look upon themselves to be as astute as King Henry IV., of whom it was said, "his wisdom was a mirror to the wisest." In the economy of human existence there are born-fools as well as born-idiots; and although every man, according to Young, suspects himself to be a fool at thirty, and knows himself to be so at forty, and then "reforms his plan," there are some who seem never to attain to that critical age which is to bring to them knowledge and information. Like certain maiden ladies, they stop short at forty, and do not advance sufficiently near to the Delphian temple to read the golden "Know thyself" precept inscribed upon its portals. There are those to whom ignorance comes as naturally as eating, drinking, or sleeping, and who could not be otherwise than dull and stupid even under the most propitious circumstances. "It is there nature to;" and although they may seek to expel nature with a fork, even with a fork of silver, yet nature refuses to budge in the direction wished for, and obstinately continues to assert her supremacy. The horse may be taken to the water, but compulsion may fail to make him drink. The young lady who goes to a "finishing" school may be finished in the most expensive way and after the most approved style, and may yet be powerless to play a pianoforte "piece" away from her music-master, or to paint a "landscape from nature" in the abscence of her drawing-master. It is not in her; and to expect the achievement of the performance is as vain as to expect a sprat to disport itself as a salmon. Yet the little she has been able to achieve will have been of service to her. If by force of nature or circumstances we are unable to advance beyond a mere smattering of various departments of knowledge, yet even that is better than to rest in profound ignorance.

To be on the first rung of the ladder of knowledge, to have placed one's foot on the lowest step to the temple of the arts and sciences, is a secured advance, and undoubedly makes us a head taller than we were, and by so much has lifted us above those who remain on the ground level. The progress may be gradual and slow, but none the less sure and certain. Though every chemist cannot be a Faraday, yet a smattering of the science may open out fresh fields of wonder and interest to our mental view. Without being skilled botanists or geologists, we may yet master the A B C of their alphabets and abracadabra, so as to enable us to be intelligently conversant with the written records of rock and stone, and the constructive beauties of plant and flower. Shakspeare, on his friend Ben Johnson's testimony, had "small Latin and less Greek;" and yet his smattering of classical knowledge has done more to familiarize to the world the scenes and heroes of ancient Athens, Troy and Rome than if he had edited the whole cycle of Greek plays, with Latin notes, voluminous, if not luminous. The learned pedant and the lettered pundit may scorn the feeble attempts of the smatterer to achieve the full language of the arts in which they themselves have become masters; but the smatterer himself can afford to smile at their sneers, and, if he has only common sense and tact, can contrive to make his little learning go a great way. Gold is still gold, however finely it may be spread or to whatever lengths it may be drawn out.

It certainly must be confessed that smatterers are sometimes rather too prone to talk beyond their depth, and attempt to dogmatize *ex cathedra* and *ore rotundo* when they should only roar as gently as any sucking-dove, and behave themselves as lisping babes in the presence of their elders and superiors. This, however, is a failure in tact and defect in common sense. In Leech's sketch, where the precocious boy in buttons is composing a valentine, and asks the pretty housemaid what is a rhyme for Cupid, she promptly suggests "stupid" as an appropriate word; and "chatterer" might suggestively be adduced as a rhyme, if not a synonym, for smatterer.

THE THEATER AND THE OPERA IN GERMANY.

FROM THE LEIPSIC CORRESPONDENCE OF THE BOSTON GAZETTE.

IF a person would see the drama in its best dress, and learn to what a state of perfection the theater can be brought by wise management and a correct appreciation by the people whom it should instruct and amuse, he must come to Germany. With us there is such a general horror of the stage and its connections, that the theater rarely attempts to suit the tastes of the classes, but contents itself with accepting the situation in which New England straight-jacket-morality would place it in dealing out third class comedies and pantomime spectacles. There are a few noble exceptions, but I think I have not exaggerated the general standard of our American playhouses. In England it is much the same, though there are very many better play-writers in England than with us, and two theaters at least in London, the Haymarket and St. James, whose managers have succeeded in keeping the stage clear of the trash at which full fifty thousand Londoners in other theaters nightly shake their sides with laughter. That there is a great deal of licentiousness connected with the French stage, I do not deny, but it is of the licentiousness that Americans chiefly hear. It is easier for a correspondent to exercise his wit in a description of Cora Pearl than in criticising a good comedy. France thinks as a rule, more of her literary men, and honors them more than any other country, and while the plays of Scribe, Girardin and Sardou are extant, good comedy will not go begging in the chief theaters. Moreover, the immorality of which we hear so much springs from the people, not from the stage. The stage is not a leader, but a mirror which faithfully reflects the society of the day. If it is supported by lovers of sensation and pantomime, why it must alternate Mlles. Zoe and Western with "The Black Crook" and "Naiad Queen."

As soon as one enters Germany he perceives a change. He is surprised at finding an opera company in every town which boasts of fifteen thousand people. He will find great actors very rare, but the stock companies most excellent. Throughout the year the drama and opera alternate, both companies occupying the same stage, each playing three or four times a week. Let us commence with the opera. In Berlin and Vienna one can hear one hundred and thirty or forty operas a year, by the finest singers in the world and unequalled orchestras; operas never sung and rarely heard of in America, are found in the repertory, and the companies are so immense that an opera is rarely repeated so often as in our little representations of two weeks or a month's duration. The two finest tenors in the world are now engaged in Berlin, Nachtel and Niemann, and for Germany, receive tremendous salaries. Niemann is bound by contract to sing four months during each year, for which he receives six thousand dollars (this is in Deutschland please remember), and is allowed to pass the remaining eight months in singing as "gastspieler," or as we term it, in "starring."

A most admirable system prevails in Germany of pensioning aged actors and opera singers, provided they keep their contracts and remain supporters of single theatres. For example Niemann, when no longer fit for singing, will receive a pension varying with his length of service, but amply sufficient to support him and enable him to end his life in comfort. Nearly every theatre throughout Germany has this provision, and it obviates in a great measure the necessity of paying enormous salaries, as an actor, if faithful, will never be left a beggar when the public is satiated with him. The condition of their remaining by one theatre is of course necessary, but the tediousness of such an arrangement is relived by the months (three or more each year) when the actor or singer travels about as "gastspieler." Thus some of the principal singers in London, during the season there, are members of German companies, who, nevertheless, are very willing to pocket two or three hundred English sovereigns an evening during their vacation.

It would at first seem impossible that enough first class singers could be found to supply the theaters of Germany, so numerous are they, but music is so extensively cultivated and the twelve musical conservatories so rich in pupils of talent that the demand is supplied, and in no meagre way. The orchestra, chorous and ballet are almost certain to be well trained and efficient in any German opera, and this is something to be proud of when a repertory of thirty different operas is given in five months, as is the case in this city. Also, if you are in some insignificant city where permanent singers cannot be obtained, you will be sure of hearing some of the finest talent in the country once at least during the year, by means of this propensity to "star" it, and such towns are always on the look out for singers of promise from the conservatories, whom they can keep to themselves a little while, until their fame spreads and they leave for glory and a large salary.

There is the same variety in the theatrical department as in that of the opera. A great part of German play-houses are taken by subscribers, and the plays therefore must be constantly changed. These subscriptions are in the highest degree convenient, as one can play for one, two or four representations a week as he pleases, and obtain his ticket at the same rate as if he subscribed for each night of the year. For example, I bought a ticket last fall which entitles me to a seat every *third* representation, whatever it may be. I have gone very regularly for five months for the sake of learning the language quickly as well as for amusement, and during five months have heard only *two* operas and *three* theatrical representations a second time. I admit that in remaining another year I should notice a great deal of repetition; but if the pieces are good, which is the case here, this is to be desired. As I said before, there are few actors who can compare with Booth or Wallack or Davenport, but usually one of these actors is supported at home with a company so miserable that it requires all their genius to prevent the play from falling lifeless upon the stage. Here, when "Hamlet" is acted, the hero is not first class, but his supporters, even *Rosencrantz* and the second grave digger, are perfect, and there is consequently a consistency and solidity about the play which more than makes up for the defiency of *Hamlet* himself. The Germans require this; the journalist thinks it is duty to correct in his daily critique the humblest members no less than the chief performers.

The plays themselves are remarkably good, most of them native; but once a week one hears a translation from the English or French. I have only seen four broad farces during my stay in this city or in Dresden, and the only thing approaching a spectacle was a magic fountain upon the stage, upon which parti-colored light was thrown from an electric lamp. The prices are very low and the accommodations excellent. The audiences as a rule are dressed as with us, neither more or less, and seated as in our theaters, with but few private boxes. A stranger would doubtless think them very stingy of their applause, and indeed that enthusiasm which takes our theaters by storm is hardly ever seen here. No singer when encored repeats the aria as with us, but bows merely, and often when an actor receives an encore after fainting or killing himself, the curtain on rising discovers him in the same position in which he was last seen, and the audience is relieved from seeing a dead hero jump up and bow.

This observance of common sense rules, the excellence of the plays and actors in Germany, is owing to the interest taken in such matters by the people. The theater is either the property of the city or partly endowed by the Duke or King in whose dominions it is. As the actors are paid from the State or city, it behooves the people to see that they are good, and that the theaters themselves are as perfect as possible. As they support them they deserve to find therein good entertainment, and gentlemen of talent and experience are always appointed to the management; those having direction of the Dresden and Leipsic theaters are noblemen. Though of course there are exceptions to this, yet, as a rule, Germans go to the opera and theater, as to a musical concert, or gallery of paintings, to gratify a refined and educated taste.

Speculative Literature.—Among the announcements of Mr. Nimmo, a Scotch publisher, is a volume, by Henry Broughton, entitled "The Spirit Disembodied; when we Die we do not fall Asleep; we only Change our Place."

He that has tasted the bitterness of sin will fear to commit it; and he that has tested the sweetness of mercy will fear to offend it.

We should not forget that life is but a flower, which is no sooner fully blown than it begins to wither.

He who labors with the mind governs others; he who labors with the body is governed by others.

It is very unskillful flattery to tell a man that he isn't half so big fool as the world thinks him.

MILLINERY AND HEAD-DRESSES.—Mrs. Winship has just received, per last steamer, the latest Parisian Millinery Goods and Laces for HEAD-DRESS, consisting in part of Breakfast Caps, Point Application, Lace Valenciumes, and the Widow's Rooche, worn by the crown heads of Europe, and the only first imported to the Pacific Coast. Queen Emma, while here, replenished her wardrobe from the stock then and now on hand, at MRS. WINSHIP, No. 23 Post Street, under the Mechanics' Institute. Through the influence of Queen Emma, Mrs Winship has filled quite a number of orders for the foreign population of Honolulu. The ladies of San Francisco should call and examine these beautiful Goods, by which means they will secure the Latest Fashionable Styles.

WHAT'S THE MATTER?—In passing through Third street yesterday, we saw crowds of people entering a building a few doors below Market street, and we inquired of a passer-by what's the matter? He answered that they were going to have their pictures taken in the NEW YORK PHOTOGRAPHIC GALLERY, and the cause of the rush was that this took the best and cheapest pictures in the city; the inducement must be much to draw so big a crowd from Montgomery and the other streets in the northern part of the city.

MAYER'S BAZAAR.—R. Mayer offers at his Bazaar, corner Pine and Montgomery streets, the greatest variety of jewelry, watches, silver plated ware, guitars, music boxes; concertinas, accordeons, opera glasses, etc., etc., to the public of San Francisco, and to the country trade, at prices that defy competition, and is determined to close out his present stock at greatly reduced rates. His heavy case silver watches from the American Watch Company are superior to anything ever before offered to the public. These watches are taking the place of heavy gold watches from the fact that the workmanship is superior, the castings pure silver, and the prices low. The sale of these watches is very extensive on the Pacific coast. Another proof that American manufactures can beat the world. The works are made of platina and never get out of repair. French opera glasses of great power for sale or hire, and all kinds of musical instruments, eight day family clocks, etc. This is a rare chance to invest your money to advantage, at Mayer's Bazaar, southeast corner of Montgomery and Pine streets.

N. B.—An immense assortment of Japanese curiosities for sale.

WAGONS.

MILLS & EVANS, IMPORTERS OF THOROUGH-BRACE Wagons, light express, two and three spring Wagons, suitable for milk-men and furniture dealers, and others wishing light and durable Wagons. Their Wagons are made expressly for the California market, and Mills & Evans' is the only firm which receives Wagons from the celebrated manufactory of A. W. Sanborn & Co., Manchester, N. H. This latter firm stands A No. 1 in the east, and their wagons have stood the test of our California climate, and are sold by Mills & Evans fifty per cent. lower than any other establishment on the Pacific coast. Call and examine their Wagons, at No. 587 Market street, opposite the Metropolitan market. *

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Address in confidence, MADAME GLETRUDE REMINGTON, P. O. Box 297, West Troy, N. Y.

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DR. WM. K. DOHERTY'S Medical and Surgical Institute is becoming a *sine qua non* to the welfare of our State and health of our citizens; and his rapidly spreading reputation, although it may excite surprise, is but the signal of skill, and follows as the natural effect of such a cause. We are personally acquainted with gentlemen who had suffered for years under chronic disease, and who had taken advantage of every available means that promised relief, but without success, until they called upon Dr. Doherty, who, in an incredibly short space of time, has given them entire relief. It is gratifying to announce this fact, because the Doctor is a gentleman who seeks, not by defamation of others, to establish his reputation, or to rear the superstructure of his own upon the ruin of another's fame. The Doctor conducts his Institute in a manner that must be gratifying to all his patients. He examines, hears, advises, and recommends, without charge, and the patient, after hearing his terms for treatment, can accept or reject at pleasure. In no case does the Doctor make a charge unless he effects a cure. This he is able to do, because he feels the confidence which long experience has given, and no doubt the consolation which appertains to that confidence. Persons afflicted with either acute or chronic disease, would do well to consult the Doctor; at all events, it can do no harm, as for consultation he asks no fee; nor does he insist on obedience to his advice unless the patient places himself under his care. His offices are on Sacramento street, opposite the Pacific Mail Steamship office.—*San Francisco News.*

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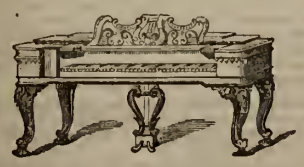

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MEALS 50 CENTS, or to order. Good Cooks and Polite Waiters. Choice Italian and French dishes. Best Wines, Liquors and Cigars on hand. Private Rooms up stairs.

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J. Branger Will Open To-Day

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DUPONT STREET, CORNER WASHINGTON.

I BEG TO INFORM MY FRIENDS AND the public that TO-DAY, (SATURDAY), June 1st, I will re-open the above Restaurant. Everything will be done to satisfy those who favor me with their patronage. Large Saloons for parties. House will be open all night. All orders for the city will be promptly attended to, and with the utmost care.

Ladies' entrance on Washington street, one door above Dupont J. BRANGER.

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REFERS TO Messrs. Elam & Howes, Clay street, below Battery; Messrs. Hatch & Co., (R. W. Brangon & T. H. Hatch,) Washington street below Battery; A. J. Coghill, Esq., Front street, corner of Clay; Wm. J. Adams, Esq., (Adams, Blinn & Co.,) Piers 17 and 19, Stewart street; Joseph Rich, Esq., Bush street below Turnverein Hall; Hon. M. S. Latham, London and San Francisco Bank; Wm. B. Johnston, Esq., Insurance Building, 412 and 414 Montgomery street; James Brooks, Esq., Editor "Golden Era."

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☞ We have made arrangements to buy AMERICAN WATCHES in large quantities from the Factory, and will receive a discount on the regular Wholesale Prices. We will hereafter

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Our only profit being the small per cent. allowed by buying in large quantities.

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BROOKLYN HOTEL,

1852. SAN FRANCISCO. 1866.

The Proprietor of the above-named Hotel wishes to inform his patrons and the Travelling Public that he has opened that elegant Brick Fireproof Hotel, on the

S. E. Corner of Pine and Sansome streets,

With all the modern conveniences attached to it.

Gas and water are supplied throughout the House. The Rooms are well ventilated, and the Public will find in this Hotel all the comforts of a home. The Hotel is spacious, and well adapted for the use of Families. Suits of Rooms can be had on reasonable terms.

A Large Reading Room is attached to the Hotel,

Containing 500 Volumes of Standard Works,

Which is entirely for the use of patrons.

THE CITY COACH, with the name of the Hotel on it, will be in readiness at the Wharf, on the arrival of each steamer, to convey passengers and baggage to the Hotel, free of charge. JOHN KELLY, Jr., Proprietor.

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All kinds of Brass, Composition, Zinc, and Babbitt Metal Castings, furnished at the shortest notice. Brass Ship-Work of all kinds, Spikes, Sheathing Nails, Rudder Braces, Hinges, etc., constantly on hand and made to order. Also, manufacture Ship and Steamboat Bells and Gongs of superior tone.

All kinds of Steam, Liquor, Water, Oil, and Flange Cocks and Valves made and repaired.

Hydraulic Pipes and Nozzles, and Hose Couplings and Connections of all sizes and patterns, furnished with dispatch. *PRICES MODERATE.*

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NATURE UNVEILED,

AT THE

PACIFIC MUSEUM OF ANATOMY AND SCIENCE

Eureka Theat Montgomery street,
Between lifornia and Pine

SAGACITY OF CHICAGO CANINES.—Since the dog slaughter in Chicago has been so mercilessly prosecuted, the canines of that city have become amazing knowing. The *Times* tells of one seen crouching in a corner of an alley on State street, and uttering a chuckling howl of delight as he watched the last dying agonies of a pig. The pig had eaten the dainty morsel laid down for the dog, and was the property of the officer who had laid it down. The dog evidently knew the fact, and he laughed. Another was observed to examine curiously a pailfull of slops which stood by a door-step on West Madison street. He smelled it and eyed it for full five minutes, and at last, taking it in his teeth, he carried it into an adjoining yard and turned it over, and with an exultant bark ran off. Two hundred hungry looking curs came prowling around a small shanty on the North side, evidently in search of something wherewithal to appease their hunger. Looking up at the door curiously, they read the ominous word "sausages," and with a howl of terror they ran off, and have never been seen since. They went in the direction of the lake, and who can tell what they may have done with themselves?

THE latest novelty in naval architecture is a gunboat designed by Mr. John Ericsson for the protection of the Swedish coast. It is iron-clad, and smaller than gun boats usually are. The deck is entirely below the level of the water, and is strongly protected with plating. From the deck rises a kind of sheath, oval and open at one end, above the water, and in this is worked a fifteen inch gun, which points always in the direction of the bow. The motive power is applied, not by steam, but by the arms of thirty-two men, who act by a simple and effective mechanism on a screw with four flanges. This gunboat, which is already constructed, is said to be admirably adapted to the defence of the islands, and bays and inlets, and the lakes of Sweden. The power obtained is sufficient for the reqnired purpose, and the total cost of the boat is but little over $20 000.

WAR.—The torrent and the blast can mar the lovilest scenes in natnre. War, with his ruthless hand, may rival the elements in their work of destruction; bnt it is passion alone that can lay waste the human heart. The whirlwind and the flood have duration in their existence, and have bounds for their fury, the earth recovers from the devastation of the conflict, with a fertility that seems enriched by the blood of its victims; but there are feelings that no human agency can limit, and mental wounds which are beyond the art of man to heal.

Two little boys ran away from their home in an Ohio town, one day last week, and left a note stating that they were going to the Rocky Mountains to hunt buffalo. They were captured about six miles from home, in the act of shooting at some claves with a bow and arrow taken home and put to bed without their supper.

SOME of the Nashville milliners have introdnced a paper bonnet. The precious head ornament only costs a dollar. It is calculated to keep the dear creatures in-doors in damp weather.

THE fashionables of the United States pay one million dollars annually for cut flowers. New York pays $400,000 of this sum. Boston $200.000, and the balance is estimated for the rest of the Union.

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THE ATTENTION OF HOUSEKEEPERS AND PEOPLE looming is called to the use of

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PETROLEUM STOVES,

Which can be used in any room with or without chimneys, as

IT EMITS NO SMOKE, SOOT OR ASHES,

It is a superior Cook. In fact, it does all kinds of Stove work as well as any (and better than most) stoves. It is perfectly safe. The State Assayor having thoroughly tested these Stoves, pronounced them non explosive. For sale at No. 13 Kearny street.

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UNIVERSAL OIL STOVE

Which burns COAL OIL, BENZINE, or NAPTHA, with blue flame, non luminous, intense heat. There are seven sizes No. 1 is adapted to boiling water, heating glue, and Dentist's work, etc. No. 2, with Urn for hotels, saloons, boarding houses, barbers, etc. No 3 to 8 for all kinds of cooking, which they do in a superior manner. They are as easily managed as a lamp, perfectly safe and economical. They can be seen and are for sale at 13 Kearny street

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I have PATENT BURNERS that can be used with any lamp to burn Coal Oil, or the lighter products of Petroleum, with PERFECT SAFETY, and GREAT ECONOMY. I have also a HAND LAMP (to carry about the house) that will burn a flame equal to a candle, with no more smoke or odor, at an expense of ONE CENT for EIGHT HOURS.

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DR. H. A. BENTON has been performing many wonderful cures in this city the past two years, and as his practice is fast increasing at the office, finds it difficult to attend outside calls, concluded to invite R. H. OLMSTEAD, M. D., of Napa City, to join him. Dr. Olmstead has been 18 years successfully treating obstinate cases, with water, electricity, and the magnetic forces, (and when needed, Eclectic Remedies, of which he is a graduate of that school); also, being the seventh son of a celebrated Physician, and having a powerful organization, his magnetic hands, like magic, dispel pain and disease in a wonderful manner; he is also a natural BONE SETTER.

DR. OLMSTEAD has this day associated with DR. H. A. BENTON, the Medical Electrician and Homœpathist, at his office, 314 Bush street, S n Francisco, who, having all the necessary facilities, such as the Patent Electro-Chemical, Sulphur, Vapor, Hot Air, and Medicated Baths, which are valuable aids in removing all curable diseases, whether acute or chronic. The combined skill, together with the aid of an excellent Lady Assistant, gives an assurance of CURE TO MANY, BENEFIT TO ALL, AND INJURY TO NONE

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Being Practical Boiler Makers, of long experience, confining our whole time and attention to our branch of business, and having enlarged our works, and also added the most improved tools in the country, we are enabled to turn out Boilers more expeditiously than any other establishment on the Pacific Coast—using none but the best quality and brands of Boiler and Sheet Iron and Boiler Tubes. Those in want of anything in the above line will do well to give us a call. Orders from the country will receive prompt attention.

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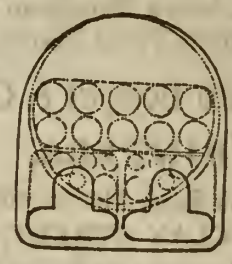

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All Boilers guaranteed and tested by U. S. Boiler Inspector before they are sent out of the shop, at my expense. ☞ All kinds of Sheet Iron and Water Pipe, Coal Oil Stills, Wrought Iron Worms, etc., manufactured to order. OLD BOILERS REPAIRED.

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Doors and Shutters,

Bank Vaults Balconies, Orations, Prison Cells, Awnings, Stairs, Iron Fence, etc,

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BUILDER OF

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Also, I H. Small's Patent Boot Screwing Machine

Gears of all kinds Cut at Short Notice,

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Practical Machinists and Iron Founders,

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STEAM ENGINES,

QUARTZ-MILL MACHINERY OF ALL KINDS, SAW-MILLS, FLOUR-MILLS,

Dunbar's Improved Self-Adjusting

PISTON PACKING,

Now so extensively used in the East and in this State Requires no springs or screws; is always steam-tight; without excessive friction, and never gets slack or leaky

HANSCOM'S CRUSHER,

The best of the kind now in use in this State or anywhere else. All kinds of GRINDERS and AMALGAMATORS made to order. Manufacturers of the new Prospecting Quartz-Mills, consisting of Boiler, Engine, 2-stamp Battery and Grinding and Amalgamating Pan, complete, for working from one ton per day upwards. Drawings are furnished with each of these mills, so that any competent engineer can set it up in running order in two days' time.

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Giving greater power at lower cost than any wheel in use. Send for one of our circulars giving full tables.

All Wheels warranted to give the Power as set forth, or the money will be refunded.

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None genuine unless obtained from us. Every one warranted.

Patented Machinery of all kinds will be furnished by us at market prices. Particular attention given to drawings and specifications of machinery, which will be made to order. The patronage of the public is respectfully solicited.

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Shepardson & Gates, (successors to R. Hall & Co.,) corner Sansome and Commercial.

EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTIONS.

Pacific Business College, 751 Market street, above Third.
Prof. Williams' Commercial Academy, 869 Mission st.

FURNITURE.

Goodwin & Co., 510 and 528 Washington streets.
N. P. Cole & Co., 21 Sutter and 524 Market streets.

GROCERS.

McKoe's Family store, 31 Kearny, near Post
Haskell & Co., Market and Sutter sts, below the Market
W. M. Noble & Co., cor Howard and Twelfth streets

HATTER.

Lamott (wholesale and retail) 227 Montgomery street

HAY AND GRAIN.

J. B. Holmes & Co., 110 Market street.

HOTELS.

Brooklyn, John Kelly, Jr., Sansome, corner Pine.
Chicago, E. W. Heimburg & Co., 220 Pacific street.
John Steinmann, 323 Pine.

INSURANCE.

Accidental and Casualty, R. L. & F. Ogden, Montgomery street, corner California.
Brooklyn Life, S T King, Agent, S E cor Montg'y & Pine
Equitable Life, R. L. & F. Ogden, Montgomery, corner California.
Manhattan, R. B. Swain & Co., Agents, 206 Front, cor Cal
Firemens Fund Ins. Co., S E cor. Montg'y and Pine
Occidental Ins Co., S. W. cor. Montgom'y and California
Pacific Ins. Co., 436 California street.

LADIES' BIJOUTERIE, CLOAKS, ETC.

Roseublatt's, 123 and 125 Montgomery street.

LIVERY AND SALE STABLE.

Philip Morshead, removed to Howard, near Fifth.
White & Young, 211 Pine street.

LUMBER.

Armstrong, Sheldon & Co., corner Mission and Spear streets.

MILITARY GOODS AND REGALIA.

T. Rodgers Johnson, Odd Fellow's Hall, 325 Montg'ry st.

NOTARY PUBLIC,

H. S. Tibbey, 604, Montgomery street.

PHOTOGRAPHIC GALLERIES.

New York, B. F. Howland proprietor, 15 Third street, below Market.

PIANOS, MUSIC, ETC.

M. Gray, 613 Clay street.
W S. Pierce, removed to 594 Market, opposite Second
C. Wellerhold & Co, 685 Market near Third.

PHOTOGRAPHS, CUTLERY, SPECTACLES, ETC.

Lawrence & Houseworth, 317 and 319 Montgomery st

REAL ESTATE AGENTS.

Daly & Hawkins, 120 Montgomery street.
Dam & Sutherland, 320 Montgomery.
Geo. W. Chapin, 338 Montgomery.
John Pforr, 328 Montgomery.

RESTAURANTS.

Bivalve, Nolting & Speer, 640 Market, near Kearny.
Ladies' Refreshment Saloon, Swain & Brown, 636 Market
Magnolia, 143 Third street.
Market, by Felix and Gustave Besson, 520 Merchant.
Helvetia, Johnjury & Bros., 524 Merchant street.
Savmann's, 506 Montgomery street.

SALOONS.

Russell & Holding's Exchange, 622 Market street.
Charter Oak, Frank Kelly, N E cor Third and Howard
Razzetti & Co.'s, 527 Washington, above the Market.
Jones' Sample Rooms, S.E. cor. Montgomery and Cal.
V. Squarza, 44 Leidesdorff street.
Coates & Henderson, 37 Sutter street.

SCALES.

Fairbanks & Hutchinson, Depot for Fairbanks' Scales 120 California street.

SEWING MACHINES.

Grover & Baker, R G. Brown, 116 Montgomery.
The Florence, office 111 Montgomery street.
Wheeler & Wilson, corner Montgomery and Sacramento

STOVES AND TIN WARE.

A. Swigert, corner Fifth and Folsom.

TOYS, ETC.

Feldbush & Co., 207 Montgomery street
A. Kohler, 620 Washington street.

WATER CURE INSTITUTE.

Dr Bourne's Pioneer, 10 Post, near Montgomery.

THE LOVER TO HIS SWEETHEART.

Into my heart a silent look
Flashed from thy careless eyes:
And what before were shadows, took
The light of summer skies.
A first-born love was in that look;
And Venus rose from out the deeps
Of those inspiring eyes.

My life, like some sad, lonely spot
A spirit passes o'er,
Grew instinct with a glory not
In earth or heaven before.
Sweet trouble stirred the haunted spot,
And shook the leaves of every thought
Thy spirit wandered o'er.

My being yearned and crept to thine,
As though in time of yore
My heart had been a part of thine,
And claimed it back once more.
Thy very self, no longer thine,
Was merged in that delicious life
That made us one before.

There bloom around thee forms as fair,
There murmured tones as sweet;
But o'er thee breathed the enchanted air—
'Twas life, 'twas death to meet;
And henceforth thou alone wert fair,
And though the stars had sung for joy,
They whisper only sweet.

A GENTLEMAN, who does his own marketing, purchased, among other things, on Saturday last, a pair of live lobsters. The servant being out on an errand when he returned, he personally placed the lobsters on the cement floor of the cellar. While dining, his wife heard a voice beneath, as if some combat was in progress in the cellar. A moment afterward the servant, who had been about three weeks in the country, came panting into the dining-room.

"Faith, ma'am, an' I've killed 'em both!" was her eager exclamation.

"Killed what, Catharine?"

"Faith, ma'am, two big bull cockroaches—the biggest you ever heered on."

Husband and wife looked on each other, and informed Catharine that at the table such topics must never again be touched, and resumed exercise with knife and fork.

Catharine went out, saying, in an under tone, as she descended:

"Well, this is a quare counthry, whin ye have to take hatchets to kill roaches wid, an' nothin' sthrange though of it!"

The mystery was solved after dinner. The exile of Erin had chopped the living lobsters into pieces with a hatchet, supposing them to be some variety of household vermin. There was not any lobster salad for supper that night in that domicil.

LORD ELDON AND HIS CLIENT.—Lord Eldon used to tell the following story of himself: "I was counsel for a highwayman at Durdam, who was certainly guilty, but against whom no sufficient case was made out by legal evidence. I would not aid the prosecution by cross-examination, and, remaining quiet, my client was acquitted and discharged. Sitting in my lodgings in the evening, a very ill-looking fellow, whose face I had seen before, but could not at first recollect where—for he had changed his dress—burst in, and my clerk being absent, and said, 'Lawyer Scott, you owe me two guineas. You were my counsellor to-day, and you did nothing for me. I am, therefore, come to have my fee back again; my fee I will have.' I seized the poker, and said, 'Sirrah, although you escaped to-day when you deserved to be hanged, you shall be hanged to-morrow for attempting to rob me, unless you instantly depart.' At that moment my clerk luckily came in, and the highwayman slunk off, or I am not sure that he would not have carried away with him not only his own fee, but all the fees I had received on the circuit."

SHOULD a moslem, when praying, feel himself disposed to gape, he is ordered to suppress the sensation as the work of the devil, and to close his mouth lest the father of iniquity should enter and take possession of his person. It is curious that the opinion prevails also among the Hindoos, who twirl their fingers close before their mouths before gaping, to prevent the evil one from getting in that way.

Market-street Homestead Association, Office, 306 Montgomery street, corner of Pine.

Great Reduction in Rates.

OPPOSITION TO NEW YORK
VIA NICARAGUA,
Carrying the United States Mail!

THE NORTH AMERICAN S. S. CO.'S STEAMER
A M E R I C A,

Will sail for SAN JUAN DEL SUR, Nicaragua, from MISSION STREET WHARF, at 11 o'clock, A. M., on
MONDAY, - - - JULY 15th, 1867.

Connecting at Greytown with the magnificent Steamship SANTIAGO 3,000 tons, for NEW YORK.
No expense on the Isthmus—100 lbs. baggage free.
An experienced surgeon on board; medicine and attendance free.
The public are assured that there is no sickness of any kind on the Nicaragua Transit.
For further information, apply to
I. W. RAYMOND, Agent,
Northwest corner Battery and Pine streets, up stairs.

PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.'S
STEAMSHIPS FOR
NEW YORK, JAPAN AND CHINA,
WILL BE DISPATCHED AS FOLLOWS:

Leave Folsom-street Wharf at 11 o'clock A. M. of the following dates, for PANAMA, connecting *via* Panama Railroad, with one of the Company's splendid steamers from ASPINWALL for NEW YORK.
On 10th, 18th, and 30th of each month that has 30 days.
On 10th, 19th, and 30th of each month that has 31 days.
When the 10th, 19th and 30th fall on Sunday, they will leave on Saturday preceding; when the 18th falls on Sunday, they will leave on Monday following.
Steamer leaving San Francisco on the 10th touches at Manzanillo. All touch at Acapulco.
Departure of 19th connects with French Transatlantic company's steamer for St. Nazaire, and English steamer for South America.
Departure of 10th connects with English steamers or Southamptoa and South America, and P. R. R. Co.'s steamer for Central America.

STEAMERS FOR JUNE

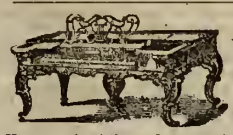
June 18th—GOLDEN CITY, Capt. J. T. Watkins, connecting with ARIZONA, Capt. Harris.
June 29th—MONTANA, Capt. Jos. Sutton, connecting with OCEAN QUEEN, Capt. Maury.

Passengers will be berthed through. Baggage checked through—100 pounds allowed each adult.
Surgeon on board. Medicine and attendance free.
These steamers will positively leave at 11 o'clock. Passengers are requested to have their baggage on board before 10 o'clock.
Through tickets to Liverpool by the "Cunard," "Inman" and "National" Steamship Lines can be obtained P. M. S. S. Co.'s office in San Francisco.
For Merchandise Freight apply to Wells, Fargo & Co.
The splendid steamship COLORADO will be dispatched on July 4th, and will be followed by the GREAT REPUBLIC, on August 24th, from wharf, corner of First and Brannon streets, for YOKOHAMA and HONGKONG; connecting at Yokohama with the steamer COSTA RICA, for SHANGHAI.
For Passage and all other information, apply at Pacific Mail Steamship company's office, corner of Sacramento and Leidesdorff streets.

OLIVER ELDRIDGE, Agent.

JOSEPH FREDERICKS
CARPET AND UPHOLSTERY STORE,
PAPER HANGINGS, ETC.,
123 Kearny St., between Sutter and Post, San Francisco

FAMILIES ARE INVITED TO EXAMINE
OUR VARIED ASSORTMENT
Of the Finest Carpeting in the State. The best of taste displayed in Decoration and the unique Upholstering of Rooms, Halls and Public Buildings, and at prices conforming to the times. Call and examine goods.



THE FAMOUS
PIANOS
OF
Chickering & Son
Have received the endorsement of all the leading Artistes of Europe and America. Testimonials to be seen at the Agent's.
Pianos to rent, from $5 to $10. Tuning free.
KOHLER, CHASE & CO.,
421 Montgomery street.

W. N MILLER.....J. F. HALEY.
MILLER & HALEY,
EMPIRE STEAM MILLS,
NO. 29 FREMONT STREET,
San Francisco.
SASH, BLIND, DOOR AND MOULDING FACTORY.

DR. N. T. WHITCOMB,
DENTIST,
No. 205 Third Street, San Francisco.
Teeth filled with fine gold, artificial bone and platina. All plate work made and repaired, of the best material, at the shortest notice and warranted. None cheaper or better on the coast. Call and examine specimens.
North Beach and South Park Cars pass the door.
N. T. WHITCOMB.

WM O. BREYFOGLE.
(Successor to WARE & MOSHER,)
NO. 26 CALIFORNIA STREET,
Manufacturer and Dealer in
SASH, DOORS, BLINDS & SHUTTERS,
From Kiln-Dried Lumber—at the Lowest Rates.
Orders from the country will receive prompt attention

REMOVED
To 645 Clay street, a few doors below Kearny.
DR. BLAKE CAN NOW BE FOUND AT the above location. Engagements as usual can be made with all those who desire thorough and FIRST CLASS GOLD FILLINGS.

M. KELLER,
PROPRIETOR OF THE
RISING SUN AND LOS ANGELES VINEYARDS.
DEPOT FOR THE SALE OF HIS
NATIVE WINES AND BRANDIES,
Wine and Brandy Bitters.
BASEMENT OF MERCHANTS' EXCHANGE,
Corner of Battery and Washington Streets,
SAN FRANCISCO.

G. GROEZINGER,
DEALER IN
Native California
RED AND WHITE WINES,
Brandies, Port, Sherry, Angelica, Etc.,
N. W. CORNER OF BATTERY AND PINE STREETS,
SAN FRANCISCO.

WINE SALOON.
UNION SALOON.—C. H. Cordes is the proprietor of the Union Saloon, Market street, a few doors south of Fremont, where is to be found the choicest wines and liquors. Mr. Cordes prides himself on his Kentucky Whisky, which is very old and oily. The "Davis" brand whisky drinkers should by all means call and test this whisky. Hot lunch is set on the table from 10 till 2.

California Wines.
Vintage 1862.
THE UNDERSIGNED OFFRS FOR SALE SOME very choice Wines, of the above named vintage. That connoisseurs, all interested in the development of this magnificent resource of our State, and the public generally, may be convinced that California is able to produce as good Wine (when properly treated and of sufficient age) as other parts of the Wine producing regions of the globe, attention is respectfully called to these Wines, by A. S. LOWNDES, Wine Merchant,
311 Battery Street, S. F.

"OUR OPERA."
CAPT. JOHN H. MAY,
615 WASHINGTON STREET, 615,
SAN FRANCISCO,
Opposite Maguire's Opera House.

JOHN TAYLOR,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN
WINES AND LIQUORS.
NO. 16 THIRD STREET,
Between Market and Stevenson Streets, San Francisco.

THE BEST FAMILY WINES
IN THE CITY
—Are to be found at—
HOADLEY & CO.'S
533 Merchant street, under Pacific Fruit Market.

☞ Call and try our Sonoma Champagne, Vega del Rio, Sonoma Port, Red and White Wines, Wine and Brandy Bitters, and all the varieties usually found in a California Wine Cellar.

DUNBAR'S EXCHANGE,
No. 223 Bush Street,
Bet. the Occidental and Cosmopolitan Hotels.
☞ HARRY RIKER would be pleased to see his old friends at any hour of the day.
Hot Lunch every day from 11 A. M. till 2 P. M
J. W. DUNBAR, Proprietor.

FAUST CELLAR,
Beer and Wine Saloon,
Southeast corner of Clay and Montgomery streets,
San Francisco.
A. L. THIELE, - - - - - - Proprietor
ALWAYS ON HAND, Wholesale and Retail, Westphalia Hams, Russian CAVIAR, Sardines, Anchovies, Swiss and Limburg Cheese, and other European Delicacies. ☞ The finest brands of Liquors, Wines and Cigars; Seltzer Water.
FISHING AND HUNTING PARTIES fitted out at the shortest notice.

MARTIN GROSTETTA,
LATE OF VIRGINIA CITY,
Would respectfully inform his friends and the public that he has purchased the WELL-KNOWN SALOON previously occupied by THOS. DOYLE, 535 SACRAMENTO ST., above the What Cheer House. The best kind of Wines, Liquors and Cigars always on hand. Passengers' Stores carefully put up to order.

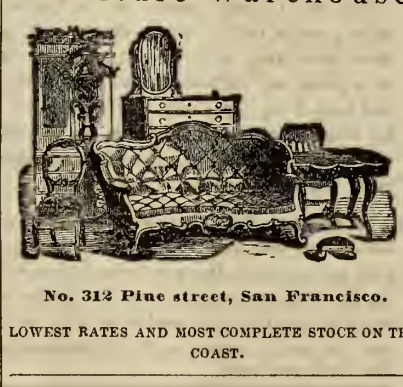
WONDERS OF WONDERS!
TO BE SEEN ONLY AT THE
Pacific Museum of Anatomy and Science,
Eureka Theatre, Montgomery street, between California and Pine.

J. CUTBERLET,
CUSTOM
BOOT AND SHOE STORE,
—ALSO—
FRENCH SCREWED BOOTS AND SHOES,
No. 546 Washington Street, near Montgomery Street
The Finest quality of CUSTOM WORK neatly executed. Always on hand other fine work ready made.

JOHN HAGAN,
Marble - Worker,
MARKET ST, OPPOSITE LINCOLN SCHOOL HOUSE, between Fifth and Sixth.

Marble Mantels, Grates, Monuments, Headstones, Cemetery Copings, and all kinds of Marble Work executed on most reasonable terms. Particular attention paid to the placing of Tombstones at Lone Mountain or Calvary Cemeteries. N. B.—Country orders promptly attended to.

N. P. COLE & CO.,
WHOLESALE
Furniture Warehouse,



No. 312 Pine street, San Francisco.
LOWEST RATES AND MOST COMPLETE STOCK ON THE COAST.

Tyler Brothers,
691 Market st., cor. Third, SAN FRANCISCO,
Importers, Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
SCHOOL BOOKS,
STATIONERY,
PHOTOGRAPH ALBUMS,
BLANK BOOKS,
PORTFOLIOS,
JUVENILE BOOKS,
CHILDREN'S PICTURE BOOKS,
FANCY ARTICLES, Etc.
ESPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO
LADIES' STATIONERY,
Which we Stamp with Initials
WITHOUT EXTRA CHARGE.
WEDDING AND VISITING CARDS
Engraved, Written or Printed.

Powell Street
WARM SWIMMING BATHS!
N. E. Corner Powell and Filbert Streets,
OPPOSITE WASHINGTON SQUARE.
J. M. NASH.....PROPRIETOR.
WARM AND COLD BATHS from 6 A. M to 9 P. M. daily, with every appliance usually connected with a well-ordered Gymnasium for the development of Health and Muscle.
The only Complete Swimming Bath on this Coast.
Another advantage connected with this establishment, not usually found in Swimming Baths, is, that the water is Continually Changing, Fresh Water running in and out Constantly.
Single Baths, including Towels and Bathing Dress.25 cts
5 Bath Tickets, " " $1
Call and Try Them. The Kearny Street and Montgomery Street Cars pass the door *every five minutes.*
The Baths are reserved for Ladies every Tuesday, from 6 A. M. to 9 P. M. Ladies to supply their own Bathing Dresses.
I will *guarantee* to impart a thorough *practical knowledge* of *Swimming* in *one month.* Terms for the Course, $10.
J. M. NASH.

W. E. GOLDSMITH,
Practical Card and Seal Engraver,
AND PLATE PRINTER,
No. 505 Montgomery street, over Tucker's.

CANTY & WAGNER,
(SUCCESSORS TO J. REGAN,)
113 *Montgomery street, bet. Bush and Sutter*
N B—All candles sold by us are warranted to be manufactured from Stewart's double refined Sugar, and to be equal to any candles made in the State. Country merchants solicited to examine our stock and prices. Goods delivered to any part of the city free of charge.

"I TELL you, my fat friend, you have no business in that boat," said Theodore Hook one day to a fat man in a dingy on the Thames. "No business in this boat, sir? What d'ye mean?" "I mean what I say;" cooly responded Hook. "You have no business in it, and I will prove it." "I think, sir, you will prove no such thing," said the navigator. "Perhaps you don't know, sir, that this is my own pleasure boat?" "That's it," said Hook, "now you have it. No man can have any business in a pleasure boat. Good day, sir."

EFFECT OF MUSIC.—A hand organist was in Germantown the other day, and the magical influence of the music was so extraordinary that when he played "Old Dog Tray," we noticed eleven pups sitting in front of the machine on their haunches, brushing away the tears from their eyes with their fore paws.

As a schoolmaster was employed the other day, in Scotland, in his delightful task of teaching a chary urchin to cipher on the slate, the precocious pupil put the following question to his instructor: "Whaur did the figures gang till when they're rubbit out?"

THE way to make money on the turf is to take a spade, put it into a donkey-cart, and drive the donkey to the nearest common. Dig up a patch, say ten feet square: take it home and hang it up topsy-tury. When dry sell it for what it will fetch. This is an infallible way of making money on the turf, and, what's more, it's something out of the common.

A MOBILE citizen having a ticket in a gift lottery was delighted to hear from the agent that he had drawn thirty articles, but on writing for them recovered from his elation on learning that they consisted or a pint of bitters containing twenty-eight ingredients, and the bottle and cork.

THE CALIFORNIA

Building and Savings Bank,

CALIFORNIA ST., ONE DOOR FROM SANSOME.

Capital and Deposits, - - - - - $600,000

WHICH IS LOANED ON PROPERTY.

LOANS MADE on CITY REAL ESTATE,

HOUSES, SHIPS, FACTORIES

AND MERCHANDISE.

Deposits received at one per cent. per month.
Money transmitted from the interior, by Express or Mail, passed to interest from the day of arrival, and a Certificate returned in course of post.
Strangers may deposit Bonds, Gold Dust, Coin, or Valuable Papers in the Vault, for long or short periods, at a small rent, for which valuables the Company will be accountable. THOMAS MOONEY, President.

J. R. MEAD & CO.,

Importers, Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

FINE CLOTHING,

AND

Gents' Furnishing Goods.

TRUNKS, VALISES, CARPET BAGS, ETC.,

200 & 202 MONTGOMERY STREET,

Corner of Bush,

SAN FRANCISCO

Asphaltum Roofing.

PAVEMENTS, ROOFING,
CELLAR FLOORS, WATER HOUSES,
And all kinds of

Asphaltum Work,

Done at shortest notice, and at moderate prices, by
M. BONNET,
Office—Express Building (up stairs),
N. E. cor. Montgomery and California sts., San Francisco

HOWE'S NEW STYLE

FAMILY SEWING MACHINES.

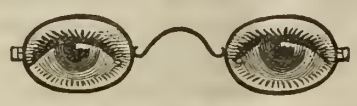
GREAT IMPROVEMENT—JUST RECEIVED.

ESPECIALLY ADAPTED FOR FINE WORK. Also, Braiding, Hemming, etc. The advantage these Machines have is extreme simplicity, very strong and durable, not liable to get out of order—adapted equally well to all grades of work. The Howe should be examined by all contemplating purchasing. H. A. DEMING,
137 Kearny street, S. W. cor. Sutter, San Francisco, Cal

STOCKDALE HOUSE,
Corner Main and Oak streets, Petaluma
H. STOCKDALE Proprietor

ESTABLISHED IN 1851.

Lawrence & Houseworth,



317 AND 319 MONTGOMERY STREET,

OPTICIANS

THE LARGEST OPTICAL INSTRUMENT Establishment on the Pacific Coast. Import all their own goods direct from European and American manufacturers, and have a larger and more complete assortment than all other dealers combined.
SPECTACLES and EYE-GLASSES warranted to suit the sight in every particular.
Double sighted Spectacles, Tinted Spectacles and Brazilian Pebble Spectacles of the most approved form.
Those who have been disappointed at other establishments will certainly be pleased with the Spectacles they purchase from us.

N. B.—Inferior Glasses are not sold by us to the unwary for Brazilian Pebbles.

LAWRENCE & HOUSEWORTH,

OPTICIANS,

317 *and* 319 *Montgomery Street,*

SAN FRANCISCO.

Complete Catalogues of Optical Instruments furnished free.

D. GHIRARDELLI & CO.'S

Italian Manufactury,

415 and 417 JACKSON ST., SAN FRANCISCO,

Manufacturers and Dealers in

PLAIN, SWEET, CINNAMON AND VANILLA CHOCOLATES;
PREPARED COCOA, COCOA PASTE, CRACKED COCOA, COCOA SHELLS, etc., etc.
PURE GROUND OLD JAVA COFFEE AND COSTA RICA COFFEE;
CHARTRES AND RIO COFFEE;
GREEN COFFEE OF EVERY QUALITY.
CHOICE WINES AND LIQUORS:

N. B.—Ghirardelli's Chocolate is manufactured by steam from Cocoa of the finest quality, imported direct. In excellence and delicacy of flavor, it is superior to any imported Chocolate.

ITALIAN MANUFACTORY

FIRST PREMIUM 1857 — 1858 — 1864 — 1865

OF

MACCARONI, VERMICELLI,

PASTE & FARINA.

(706 SANSOME ST. 706)

SAN FRANCISCO.

BRIGNARDELLO, MACCHIAVELLO & Co

P. A. FINIGAN'S

NORFOLK STABLES,

ELLIS STREET, BETWEEN POWELL AND MASON,
SAN FRANCISCO.
THE FINEST STABLE KNOWN IN AMERICA.

Horses, Buggies, and all kinds of Carriages to let on reasonable terms. Particular attention paid to boarding horses. Ladies' and Gentlemen's Saddle Horses always on hand. P. A. FINIGAN, Proprietor.

NATHANIEL GRAY & CO.,
UNDERTAKERS,
CITY AND COUNTY SEXTON,
641 SACRAMENTO STREET, CORNER OF WEBB

Sole agents for BARSTOW'S PATENT METALLIC BURIAL CASES and CASKETS.

DEXTER STABLES,
Bush Street, between Occidental and Cosmopolitan Hotels, San Francisco.

W. G. JONES. PROPRIETOR.

REMOVAL. REMOVAL.

Larkins & Co.,

Manufacturers of every description of

CARRIAGES.

CONCORD WAGONS, Ranch Wagons and Buggies made to order. All kinds of Jobbing and Carriage Painting done at the shortest notice.
New Manufactory Nos. 631 and 633 Howard street, corner of Hubbard, between Second and Third, San Francisco.

A. FOLSOM,

Carriage Manufacturer,

No. 531 CALIFORNIA STREET,
Between Montgomery and Kearny streets, San Francisco

EVERY DESCRIPTION OF CARRIAGES, EXPRESS Wagons, Buggies, etc., made to order, of the best materials and workmanship.
Repairing and General Blacksmithing done with promptness, and at prices to suit the times.

SAUL & McARRON,

Manufacturers of

STAGE AND THOROUGHBRACE WAGONS,

NO. 579 AND 581 MARKET STREET,

Near Second Street, San Francisco.

Makes to order all kinds of Carriage and Buggy Work, Express and Thoroughbrace Wagons and Stage Work.
A general assortment of new and second hand Wagons on hand. Jobbing done with neatness and dispatch.

THE AVITOR "HERMES."

The following Report has been addressed to the Pattentee of the Avitor, by G. K. Gluyas, Esq., President of the Mechanic's Institue, and Superintending Engineer of the California S. N. Company.

Report of the Construction and Prospects of the

"AVITOR."

SAN FRANCISCO, June 7, 1867

F. MARRIOTT, ESQ—Dear Sir:—Having visited on Wednesday last, the Avitor building, at Sboll Mound Park, and inspected the machine, I take the pleasure in recording my impressions in favor of this invention. I was careful to learn details, and to study the Avitor, in order to speak, so far as I might be, with knowledge; and I am satisfied that the principle here followed is the right one.

The machine is light, solid and well finished. I think there is needed greater capacity for holding of gas, and a modification of the machine to enable it to be compressed, that the gas-holder may the more readily be filled with pure gas. The arrangements for controlling and managing the different portions of the machinery could not be better; the engine I think adequate to perform all the services required of it. As regards the probable velocity of the Avitor, I would say nothing. Once afloat, and I see nothing to hinder its floating; it is merely a question of resistance. For an invention so novel, the Avitor has met with comparatively few practical obstacles; and when it is remembered that the difficulties in the way of Fulton's experiment were much greater than those that have kept back the Avitor, and that the principal is in both cases equally sound it will be seen that there are good reasons for the belief that the machine, with the modifications referred to, will yet successfully navigate the air.

The experiments with petroleum as a steam generator, which, no doubt, will be successful, will furnish a compact and light fuel for generating steam. After the Avitor has been floated, there may be some slight changes of the propelling machinery suggested, but, ultimately, it must be a success. The expense to make the contemplated changes, or rather enlargement, of the machine, I think, will be under three thousand dollars.

Hoping and firmly believing in the success of your enterprise, I remain your obedient servant,

GEO. K. GLUYAS.

OPINION OF PETER DONAHUE ESQ.

I have followed with great interest, and have personally observed the construction of the Avitor. I am so thoroughly convinced of the practicability of the enterprise, and so entirely concur in the foregoing observations of Geo. K. Gluyas, Esq., respecting the two modifications to be adopted, that I have no hesitation in saying that, when these changes are made, the Avitor will answer all the purposes of its inventor, and fully realize the expectations of the public. As soon as the elevating power shall, in this way, have been perfected, the work will be completed because the propelling force is ample, the machinery for elevating and depressing sufficient, and steering apparatus in fine working order, and, in short, the whole of the Avitor is fully under the control of the operation PETER DONAHUE ESQ.

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J. F. SNOW, THE "GLOVE MAN," CLEANS Furs without removing the lining. All kinds of Dresses—including Stage and Party Dresses—WITHOUT RIPPING. Woolen Goods, Shawls, Buck and Kid Gloves, Buck Undervests, Feathers, etc., etc. He dyes Kid Gloves and Feathers.

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Jacob Scholle,	Michael Castle,
James Lows,	Nicholas Larco,
Joseph Seller,	N. G. Kittle,
L. H. Allen,	Wm. C. Talbot,
Wm. Hooper,	Patrick McAran,
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THIS COMPANY will insure against loss by Fire on any Dwelling House, Buildings, Merchandise or other property, situated in the State of California. The largest sum they will take on any one risk is thirty thousand dollars.

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Purify the Blood.

NOT A FEW OF THE WORST DISORDERS THAT afflict mankind arise from the corruption that accumulates in the blood. Of all the discoveries that have been made to purge it out, none have been found which could equal in effect AYER'S COMPOUND EXTRACT OF SARSAPARILLA. It cleanses and renovates the blood, instills the vigor of health into the system and purges out the humors which make disease. It stimulates the healthy functions of the body, and expels the disorders that grow and rankle in the blood. Its extraordinary virtues are not yet widely known, but, when they are, it will no longer be a question what remedy to employ in the great variety of afflicting diseases that require an alterative remedy. Such a remedy, that could be relied on, has long been sought for, and now, for the first time, the public have one on which they can depend. Our space here does not admit certificates to show its effects. But the trial of a single bottle will show to the sick that it has virtues surpassing anything they have ever taken. Sufferers from Scrofula, Scrofulous Swellings and Sores, try it and see the rapidity with which it cures. Skin Diseases, Pimples, Pustules, Blotches, Erysipelas, etc., are soon cleaned out of the system.

St. Anthony's Fire, Rose or Erysipelas, Tetter or Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Ringworm, etc., should not be borne while they can be so speedily cured by AYER'S SARSAPARILLA.

Syphilis or Venereal Disease is expelled from the system by the prolonged use of this SARSAPARILLA, and the patient is left as healthy as if he never had the disease.

Female Diseases are caused by Scrofula in the blood, and are generally soon cured by this EXTRACT OF SARSAPARILLA. Price $1 per bottle, or 6 bottles for $5.

For all the purposes of a family physic, take AYER'S CATHARTIC PILLS, which are everywhere known to be the best purgative that is offered to the American People.

Prepared by DR. J. C. AYER & Co., Lowell, Mass., and sold by all Druggists and dealers in medicine everywhere.
CRANE & BRIGHAM, San Francisco,
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DR. V. POPPER,

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No 20 Montgomery street, between Post and Sutter, San Francisco. Office hours from 9 A. M to 5 P. M.

Offers his services to the public as an Operator on such excrescences as hard and soft corns, enlarged joints, club nails, bunions, nails penetrating the flesh, warts, etc.

Whiskers and Mustaches!

FORCED TO GROW UPON THE SMOOTHEST FACE face in from three to five weeks by using Dr. SEVIGNE'S RESTAURATEUR CAPILLAIRE, the most wonderful discovery in modern science, upon the Beard and Hair in an almost miraculous manner. It has been used by the elite of Paris and London with most flattering success. Names of all purchasers will be registered, and if entire satisfaction is not given in every instance, the money will be cheerfully refunded. Price by mail, sealed and post paid, $1. Descriptive circulars and testimonials mailed free. Address
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The Madame has astonished thousands of her visitors in Europe, England and America, by revealing the Past, Present and Future Events of Life, such as Law Suits, Travel by Sea or Land, Lost or Stolen Goods, Hidden Treasure, Absent Friends or Relatives, and all affairs of business in general.

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Office of MADAME LAURUSTINUS, No. 816 Montgomery street, between Jackson and Pacific. Office hours, from 8 o'clock in the morning until 8 in the evening.

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One of the above steamers leave BROADWAY WHARF, at 4 o'clock P. M., *EVERY DAY*, (Sundays excepted,) for Sacramento and one for Stockton, the Sacramento steamer connecting with light draft steamers for Marysville, Colusa, Chico and Red Bluff.

Office of the Company, northeast corner of Front and Jackson streets.

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STEINWAY & SONS

Were awarded the FIRST PRIZE MEDAL at the late great INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION AT LONDON, over the two hundred and sixty-nine Pianos entered for competition from all parts of the world.

The Special Correspondent of the New York *Times* says: "Messrs. Steinway & Sons' indorsement by the Jurors is emphatic, and stronger and more to the point than that of any European maker."

A constant supply of the above superior instruments can be found at the Agent's,

M. GRAY, 613 Clay street.

PIANO TUNING done by a first-class Workman, from Steinway & Son's Factory, New York.

IN THE PROBATE COURT of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the estate of BENJAMIN T. CHACE, deceased.

Order to show cause why order of distribution should not be made.

On reading and filing the petition of William H. Hooke and William H. Gawley the Executors of the last will and testament of Benjamin T. Chace, deceased, setting forth that they have filed their final account of their administration of the estate of said deceased, in this Court, and that the same has been duly settled and allowed; that all the debts and expense of administration have been duly paid; and that a portion of said estate remains to be divided among the heirs and devisees of said deceased, and praying among other things for an order of distribution of the residue of said estate among the persons entitled:

It is ordered, that all persons interested in the Estate of the said Benjamin T. Chace deceased, be and appear before the Probate Court of the City and County of San Francisco, at the Court-room of said Court, in the City Hall in said city and county, on MONDAY, the 22d day of July, 1867, at eleven o'clock, A. M., then and there to show cause why an order of distribution should not be made of the residue of said Estate among the heirs and devisees of said Benjamin T. Chace, deceased, according to law.

It is further ordered, That a copy of this order be published for four successive weeks before the said 22d day of July A. D. 1857, in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper published in the said city and county.

M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

Dated June 18th, 1867. je22-5w

E. B MASTICK & T. B. BISHOP, Attorneys for said Executors.

TO THE UNFORTUNATE.

NEW REMEDIES! NEW REMEDIES!

Dr. Gibbon's Dispensary.

ESTABLISHED IN 1854,
616 Kearney street, corner of Commercial, San Francisco.

For the treatment of Sexual and Seminal Diseases, such as gonorrhœa, gleet, stricture, syphilis in all its forms, seminal weakness, impotency, &c. Skin Diseases, (of years' standing,) and Ulcerated legs, successfully treated.

HORRIBLE DISEASES.

How many thousands of persons both male and female are there who are suffering out a miserable existence from the effects of secret indulgence, or from virus absorbed into the system. Look at their pallid, emaciated and disfigured faces, and their broken constitutions, disqualifying them for the happiness of marriage or the enjoyment of life. In this horrid situation thousands suffer until death closes the scene. Let parents, guardians and friends, attend to those who are suffering with any of these horrible, life-destroying maladies—see that they are cared for and cured before it be too late. Send them to Dr. Gibbon, a physician who has made private diseases his especial study for years, and who is certain to cure the most inveterate cases without mercury or any injurious drugs. It is important to those who are afflicted, to be careful of the many pretended Doctors who infest all cities, publishing their skill in curing all diseases in a few days, imposing upon the public by using the names of eminent physicians from Europe and other places. Be therefore careful and make strict inquiry, or you may fall into the hands of these charlatans.

Syphilis is syphilis the world over; so is small pox, consumption, and other diseases, to the contrary of what quacks may say.

SEMINAL WEAKNESS.

Seminal weakness the consequent of self abuse. This solitary vice, or depraved sexual indulgence, is practiced by the youth of both sexes to an almost unlimited extent, producing with unerring certainty the following train of morbid symptoms, unless combatted by scientific medical measure; sallow countenances, dark spots under the eyes, pain in the head, ringing in the ears, noise like the rustling of leaves and rattling of chariots, uneasiness about the loins, weakness of the limbs, confused vision, blunt intellect, loss of confidence, diffidence in approaching strangers, a dislike to form new acquaintances, a disposition to shun society, loss of memory, hectic flushes, pimples and various eruptions about the face, furred tongue, fetid breath, coughs, consumption, night sweats, monomania, and frequent insanity. If relief be not obtained, should apply immediately, either in person or by letter, and have a cure effected by his new and scientific mode of treating this complaint, which never fails of effecting a quick and radical cure. Dr. G. will give $100 to any person who will prove satisfactorily to him that he was cured by either of the San Francisco quacks.

Dr. Gibbon is responsible, and will give each patient a written instrument binding himself to effect a radical and permanent cure or make no charge.

Persons at a distance may be cured at home by addressing a letter to Dr. Gibbon, stating case, symptoms, length of time the disease has continued, and have medicine promptly forwarded, free from damage and curiosity, to any part of the country, with full and plain directions for use, for ten dollars, sent in a registered letter, or through Wells, Fargo & Co.

Address DR. J. F. GIBBON, 616 Kearney street, corner of Commercial, San Francisco, Postoffice Box 252.

CAUTION TO THE UNFORTUNATE.

Beware of the San Francisco quacks and pretenders who with bogus sworn-to certificates, dupe the unwary. Some of the self styled doctors whose names are to be found in all the daily and weekly papers of San Francisco and other places, are tradesmen, and become too lazy to work at their trade. Some are tinsmiths, shoemakers, newspaper carriers, intelligence offices keepers, etc. Look over the San Francisco City Directory and you will find their former occupation in it. Look at the Directory for 1862-63. The only way to avoid imposition is make inquiry—it will cost you nothing and may save you many regrets, for advertising physicians in eight cases out of ten are bogus, there is no safety in trusting any of them till you know who and what they are. Dr. Gibbon does not deceive people by exhibiting bogus titles, certificates, pretended patients' letters, etc. Dr. Gibbon will satisfy persons who may call at his office of his ability to treat diseases that he proposes to cure.

☞ Persons writing to Dr. Gibbon will Please state the name of the paper they see his advertisement in.

Excelsior! Excelsior!!

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SUPERFLUOUS HAIR.

TO THE LADIES ESPECIALLY, THIS INVALUABLE depilatory recommends itself as being an almost indispensable article to female beauty, is easily applied, does not burn or injure the skin, but acts directly on the roots. It is warranted to remove superfluous hair from low foreheads, or from any part of the body, completely, totally and radically extirpating the same, leaving the skin soft, smooth and natural. This is the only article used by the French, and is the only real effectual depilatory in existence. Price 75 cents per package, sent post-paid, to any address, on receipt of an order by

BERGER, SHUTTS & CO., Chemists,
285 River street, Troy, N. Y.

There cometh glad tidings of joy to all,
To young and old, to great and to small;
The beauty which was once so precious and rare,
Is free for all, and all may be fair.

By the use of

CHASTELLAR'S

WHITE LIQUID ENAMEL,

FOR IMPROVING AND BEAUTIFYING THE COMPLEXION.

The most valuable and perfect preparation in use, for giving the skin a beautiful pearl-like tint, that is only found in youth. It quickly removes Tan, Freckles, Pimplee, Blotches, Moth Patchea, Sallowness, Eruptions, and all impurities of the skin, kindly healing the same, leaving the skin white and clear as alabaster. Its use cannot be detected by the closest crutiny, and being a vegetable preparation is perfectly harmless. It is the only article of the kind used by the French, and is considered by the Parisian as indispensable to a perfect toilet. Upwards of 30,000 bottles were sold during the past year, a sufficient guarantee of its efficacy. Price only 75 cents. Sent by mail, post-paid, on receipt of order, by

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SARSAPARIPHERE

BITTERS

POSSESS INVALUABLE PROPERTIES.

They give Health to the Sick,

Strength to the Weak,

Joy to the Afflicted.

☞SOLD EVERYWHERE.☜

IN THE PROBATE COURT of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the Estate of SARAH P. PETERSON, deceased.

Order to show cause why order of distribution should not be made.

On reading and filing the petition of Frederick W. Peterson the Administrator of the Estate of Sarah P. Peterson deceased, setting forth that he has filed his final account of his administration of the estate of said deceased, in this Court, and that the same has been duly settled and allowed; that all the debts and expenses of administration have been duly paid; and that a portion of said estate remains to be divided among the heirs of said deceased, and praying among other things for an order of distribution of the residue of said estate among the persons entitled:

It is Ordered, that all persons interested in the estate of the said Sarah P. Peterson deceased, be and appear before the Probate Court of the city and county of San Francisco, at the Court Room of said Court, in the City Hall in said city and county, on MONDAY, the fifteenth day of July, A. D. 1867, at eleven o'clock, A. M., then and there to show cause why an order of distribution should not be made of the residue of said estate to the heir of said Sarah P. Peterson deceased, according to law:

It is further Ordered, that a copy of this order be published for four successive weeks, before the said fifteenth day of July A D. 1867, in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published in the said city and county.

M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

Dated June 12th, A. D. 1867.

OFFICE OF THE COUNTY CLERK, OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO } ss.

I, Wm. Loewy, County Clerk of the City and County of San Francisco, and ex-officio Clerk of the Probate Court thereof, do hereby certify the foregoing to be a full, true and correct copy of an order duly made and entered upon the minutes of said Court.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court, this 14th day of June, A. D. 1867.

[Seal and Int. Rev. stamp 50 cts., canceled.]

WM LOEWY, Clerk.
By A. J. JEGHERS, Deputy Clerk.

THEODORE H. HITTELL, Att'y for Petitioner. Je15-5t

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

EDWARD J. QUIRK, Plaintiff, vs. JAMES P. HORBACH, et als., Defendants

Action brought in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the said city and county of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to JAMES P. HORBACH, HENRY DELVENDAHL, HENRY BREMMERMAN, ERNST JANSSEN and GUSTAV HELMKE, Defendants:

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff, in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein, within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons—if served within this county; or, if served out of this county, but in this District, within twenty days otherwise, within forty days—or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said Complaint.

The said action is brought to require you, the said defendants, to set forth the nature of your respective claims to that certain lot or parcel of land situate in said city and county of San Francisco, as particularly described in the complaint herein, being subdivision No 5 of the 100 vara lot known on the map of the city of San Francisco as No. 276, as designated on a plat of the original subdivision thereof, recorded in the office of the County Recorder of said city and County, in Liber 1 of Certified Grants, at page 156, that all adverse claims of said defendants and each of them may be determined by a decree of this Court; that by said decree it be declared and adjudged that the said defendants, each and all of them, have no estate or interest whatever in or to said parcel of land, and that the title of plaintiff thereto is good and valid; that said defendants, and each of them, be forever debarred from asserting any claim whatever in and to said land adverse to plaintiff, and for such other and further relief as to this Hon. Court shall seem meet and agreeable to equity, with costs of suit against such of the defendants as shall defend this action.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in said complaint.

Given under my hand and seal of the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco, this 25th day of February, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-seven.

WM. LOEWY, Clerk,
[SEAL.] By OCTAVIUS BELL, Deputy Clerk.
Int. Rev. Stamp, canceled. 50 cts.
THOS. B. BISHOP, Plaintiff's Attorney. mh30-13w

IN THE PROBATE COURT of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the estate of J. C. BEIDEMAN, deceased.

Pursuant to an order of the Judge of said Court, made this day, notice is hereby given that Tuesday, the 16th day of July, A. D. 1867, at 11 o'clock A. M. of said day, being a day of a regular term of said Court, to-wit: of the July Term, A D. 1867, at the Court room of said Court, at the City Hall, in the City and County of San Francisco, has been appointed for hearing the petition, this day filed, of Ann Powers praying for a decree authorizing and directing John W. Brumagim, the Administrator with the will annexed of the estate left unadministered of J. C. Beideman, deceased, to convey to the said petitioner certain real estate situated in said city and county, and particularly described in said petition, upon the payment to said Administrator of the purchase money of said real estate; at which time and place all persons interested in said estate may appear and contest said petition by filing their objections in writing.

Dated June 11th, A. D. 1867.

WM. LOEWY, Clerk.
By A. J. JEGHERS, Deputy Clerk.
Messrs. Drake & Hent, Attys. for Petitioner. Jne15-5t

GRAND TRIAL

....OF....

SEWING MACHINES.

CONTEST BETWEEN THE

FLORENCE AND WILLCOX & GIBBS.

THE

WILLCOX & GIBBS

TRIUMPHANT!

At the Great UNION FAIR, held at Island Park, between Albany and Troy, in September, two Premiums were offered on Sewing Machines, one for the BEST and the other for the "Second Best"—competition being open to the State.

On the first day of the Fair, the Troy Agent of Florence Sewing Machine Company, having, jointly with the Albany Agent of the same Machine, entered it for competition, published in the Troy Daily Times a challenge to Agents of other Sewing Machines, to meet them at said Fair and compete with them for the Premium.

The challenge was accepted by the Troy and Albany Agents of the Willcox and Gibbs Machine.

Each party was to prepare and subject to the judges a "list" of the several "points of merit" on account of which "superiority" was claimed. These "points" were to be separately considered, thoroughly investigated and practically tested, by work done then and there, upon each of the machines; and then decided in favor of the machine which was adjudged to excel on that "point."

Finally it was agreed that the machine which, at the conclusion of the trial, should be found to have the greatest number of those "points" decided in its favor should be decided the "BEST SEWING MACHINE," and awarded the FIRST PREMIUM.

The result of the trial was, that the

WILLCOX & GIBBS WON THE VICTORY

and the prize, by the extraordinary superiority of thirty-five points, decided in its favor, against two points in favor of the Florence.

Full notes were taken of the trial.

It is a fact worthy of remark, that during the entire trial—which continued without intermission for nearly seven hours—not a stitch was missed, nor the thread once broken, nor a needle broken or bent, by the Willcox and Gibbs machine. No kind of work was attempted to be done on it that was not accomplished, and done in a perfect and workmanlike manner; and no effort was made on it that was not entirely successful; while neither of these statements can be truly made in favor of the Florence.

This remarkable trial can not fail, through the facts developed by it, to be productive of important results. It has raised the veil and exposed to public view the true character of the opposition, who will no longer be able to deceive the public by misrepresenting the character and merits of the Willcox and Gibbs machine.

It is an improvement on double thread machines; and its "stitch," which was severely tested by the Judges, was decided to be much stronger and less liable to rip in use or wear than the "Lock Stitch."

It is the simplest in construction—does the greatest variety of work—makes no noise—is not liable to get out of order—costs the least money, and gives the best satisfaction.

☞ Full reports of this trial sent free to any address.

☞ Country Agents solicited.

SAMUEL SWIFT,
General Agent for the Pacific Coast,
203 Kearny Street,
San Francisco.

MAGUIRE'S OPERA HOUSE.

THOMAS MAGUIRE,.....Sole Proprietor
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WM. STEVENSON,.....Treasurer

GRAND SEASON

....OF....

TRAGEDY AND COMEDY.

Engagement of

EDWIN ADAMS!

SUPPORTED BY

Mrs. Sophie Edwin,
Mrs. Judah,
John McCullough,
Mr. J. A. Herne,
Henry Edwards,

AND THE STAR DRAMATIC COMPANY.

Matinee to day.

Toodles, and the Rustic Prima Donna.

This Evening, June 29th,

THE ROBBERS.

Sunday Evening,

GRAND SACRED CONCERT by the ITALIAN OPERA TROUPE.

PRICES OF ADMISSION:

Dress Circle.....$1 00 | Orchestra $1 00
Parquette..... 50 | Upper Circle..... 25

METROPOLITAN THEATER OF VARIETIES.

NEW SEASON!

OPENING NIGHT, MONDAY, JULY 1.

Directress.....MISS EMMA HOWSON
Lessee and Manager.....MR. FRANK HOWSON
Treasurer.....MR. A. BIRRELL

Opera, Farce, Comedy, Burlesque and Vaudeville.

OPERA NIGHT, FRIDAY OF EACH WEEK.

The evening's entertainment will commence with (for the first time here) the celebrated Operatta in one act, entitled

MEPHISTOPHELES, JR.,

OR, AN AMBASSADOR FROM BELOW.

The whole of the Music composed and arranged expressly for the occasion, by

MR. F. A HOWSON.....Conductor

The Marquis de Brancador, Mr. Frank Howson Fiametta, Miss Emma Howson; Mephistopheles, Miss Celia Howson; Pepite, Miss Clelia Howson; Honesta (Marchioness de Brancador), Miss Clelia Howson. Chorus of Servants, etc.

Prize Ballad—"My pretty Jane, my dearest Jane," Mr. Henry Herbertc.

To conclude with the Original, Classical, Burlesque Extravaganza of

ATALANTA,

OR, THE THREE GOLDEN APPLES.

In which Miss Emma Howson, Miss Jennie Parker, Miss Celia Howson, Mrs. Hall, etc., etc., and Mr. S. W. Leach, Mr. Frank Howson, Mr. H. Thompson, Mr. John Howson Mr. Swift, etc., etc., will appear.

New and magnificent Scenery by Mr. Lehman, Sen

THE CENTRAL PARK OF THE PACIFIC.

WOODWARD'S GARDENS.

Art Gallery,

Museum, Gymnasium

.....AND.....

ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

THESE BEAUTIFUL GARDENS ARE VISITED DAILY by hundreds of the pleasure seeking public, and all agree in pronouncing them the best and only first class suburban resort on the Pacific coast.

The extensive grounds are covered with the rarest trees and shrubbery, making it a most desirable spot for small parties wishing to enjoy a Pic-Nic.

New attractions are being constantly added.

These Gardens are accessible by the Howard, Market and Folsom street cars. Entrances on Mission and Valencia streets, between Thirteenth and Fourteenth. OPEN EVERY DAY.

Admission 25 cents. Children under 12 years, half price

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House and Sign Painter,

Dealer in

PAINTS, OILS, GLASS, &C., &C.,

735 Market Street.

Between Third and Fourth streets. San Francisco.

Asphaltum Roofing.

PAVEMENTS, ROOFING,
CELLAR FLOORS, WATER HOUSES,

And all kinds of

Asphaltum Work,

Done at shortest notice, and at moderate prices, by

M. BONNET,

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STOCKDALE HOUSE,
Corner Main and Oak streets, Petaluma
H. STOCKDALE Proprietor

Second Grand Annual Picnic

....OF THE....

FENIAN BROTHERHOOD.

....TO....

BAY VIEW, MARIN COUNTY,

OPPOSITE ANGEL ISLAND,

SUNDAY, JUNE 30, 1867.

In aid of the Families of Prisoners now suffering the penalties of their love of Fatherland.

STEAMERS WILL LEAVE THE WHARF at 9, 10, 11 and 12 o'clock, A. M. Returning at 3, 4, 5 and 6 o'clock, P. M.

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☞ The above Excursion is the only advertised one with which the Fenian Brotherhood is connected.

This Excursion is held under the auspices of the following named Circles:

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Wolfe Tone Circle—Captain Wilkinson, A. J. Dunleavy, T. J. Dickson, James O'Neil, Patrick Breen, Hugh Gallagher.

Clontarf Circle—J Harrold, M. Lyons, James Sullivan, M. Ford, Edward Shane.

Point San Jose Circle—Owen Shea, M. Cahill, Thos. Howard, Patrick Dooly, William H. Gilmore, M. Griffin.

With the approval of State Central Council F. B.

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TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.—NOTICE IS hereby given that the undersigned, CHARLOTTE A GILDERSLEEVE, is a married woman; that she is the wife of Geo. W. Gildersleeve; that she and her said husband are citizens of and residing within the City and County of San Francisco, State of California; that she is desirous to avail herself of the benefit of the Act of the Legislature of this State, entitled "An Act to authorize married women to transact business in their own names as sole traders," passed April 12th, 1852, and the Act passed by said Legislature, April 8th, 1862, "Amendatory of and supplemental to" the Act aforementioned; that it is her intention to make application to the District Court of the Fourth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, on the 5th day of August, A. D. 1867, at 10 o'clock, A. M. of that day, for an order of said Court permitting her to carry on and transact business in her own name and on her own account, in accordance with the provisions of said Acts, as a sole trader; that the business she intends to carry on is dealing in real estate, farming—including keeping cows, pigs, poultry, rabbits, etc.

Dated San Francisco, June 27th, A. D. 1867.

CHARLOTTE A GILDERSLEEVE.

James McCabe, Attorney for petitioner.

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OFFICE, No. 532 MERCHANT STREET.

SAN FRANCISCO, JULY 6, 1867.

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ORIGINAL: Pedagogical Roasting, by "Dogberry;" A Trip to Pescadero, by J. H. Jr.: The Presideutial Election—A Political Peril; "Carnality" in Fiction; Literary Gleanings; Transformation of Cbristianity; Continual Developement of Christianity; Differences Among the Apostles; Paul and Calvin; The London Pulpit—Spurgeon—Melville—F. B. Maurice. "Lion's Mouth;" The *Bulletin's* Lady Correspondent; The Eighth Wonder of the World; Our Maps. Dramatic Affairs; Paragraphs. etc. SELECTED: A String of Highwaymen—Dick Turpin and Others; Fenian James Fitzpatriek; A Mystery Still; The Enterprising Impresario, etc.

THE LION'S MOUTH.

"The gravest beast is an ass, the gravest bird is an owl, the gravest fish is an oyster, and the gravest man is a fool." SYDNEY SMITH.

"I will roar, that I will do any man's heart good to hear me." A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

"I will aggravate my voice so, that I will roar you as gently as any sucking dove; I will roar you an 't were any nightingale." IBID.

"*Nil falsi audeat, nil veri non audeat dicere.*" CICERO

The Bulletin's Lady Correspondent.

It is gratifying to learn that the female individual, whoever it may be, who does up letters from Paris for the *Bulletin*, has altered her opinion about the Prince of Wales since she has seen him. In one letter she said he had "developed into a graceless man," but in that published in the *Bulletin* of last Monday, she expresses a very different opinion She says that she went to the Prince's reception at Lord Cowley's and there she saw him. He is a "pleasant looking gentleman," "his air is frank and manly, and his laugh is hearty and pleasing," "There is a great deal of cordiality expressed in his shake of the hand and of self possession and amiability in his address." He seems to be now, instead of a "graceless man," "a perfect love of a Prince," in the estimation of the "lady" who writes letters for the *Bulletin*. In the letter which appeared in the issue of the following day, this extraordinary female says that she went to a ball given by Lady Cowley, in honor of the Prince, and describes the manner in which she behaved herself while there. Observing the Queen of the Belgians convers ing with Louis Napoleon during supper, she got as close as possible to them for the purpose of overhearing what was said.

"Your correspondent secured a seat immediately behind the Queen of the Belgians, so that it is not on hearsay she reports the brief answers of that exalted lady to Napoleon's observations."

The "lady correspondent" previously stated that she stood at the door, so we are a little doubtful as to the truth of the above statement. When she says:

"I remember having once visited during dinner, the servants' hall, at an English nobleman's, and being struck with the gusto and strong sense of enjoyment with which the score or so of meniuls there ulied their knives and forks."

We may believe her, and also suppose that she dined at the same time. She pretends to be surprised at the manner in which the sovereigns ate. She describes them at supper, thus:

"Their Majesties and Highnesses proved themselves first-rate trencbermen. They ate with appetite, every chick of 'em and drank with unconcealed relish their wines; and they prolonged their enjoyment so late as 3 o'clock in the morning. Chins wagged all the while, and dishes of which many were hot ones, were rapidly emptied."

Then she tells us that Donald, the Duke of Edinburgh's piper, was next introduced, and "first was put to play in the group at the door where I stood. But we made by pantomime, such an energetic protest, that Lord Cowley sent bim to walk up and down, when playing, behind the Empress. Our protests greatly amused the Prince of Wales, who pointed out to his next neigbbor a lady who had stopped her ears with her fingers. Her Imperial Majesty, as Donald blew his execrable blasts, jogged up and down in her chair and flourished her arms about her head." Now we ask the *Bulletin* if this is not pitching it just a little too strong. If it must have an account of the doings of the assembled sovereigns in Paris, under the heading of "From Our Lady Correspondent," let it get a *lady* to compile it from French papers. Let it get a lady who, even if she KNOWS less about the servants' halls of English noblemen, has a little more idea of bow ladies and gentlemen—for kings and queens are generally ladies and gentlemen—conduct themselves. The idea of the protests of "the lady correspondent of the *Bulletin*" having sufficient weight with Lord Cowley to induce him to send the piper to annoy the Empress rather than the aforesaid individual, is a little too rich. This party knows too many great people entirely, she has quiet chats with the sister of the Queen of Portugal, and is, in fact, hand and glove with "every chick of 'em." It is just a little too much for the money, and the *Bulletin* should stop it.

The Eighth Wonder of the World.

San Francisco is highly blessed in possessing fine buildings, and fine writers to make the world aware of the fact. The editor of the *Flag* speaking of the new Bank of California, which is really a very handsome building, says:

"The falterings of local reporters convey no sort of idea of its classic magnificence and judicious lavishment of wealth."

Then he sails in. There is no faltering about him:

"In talking with a great many enlightened and well traveled foreigners, we have not yet found one who would say that he had ever seen any building, of like dimensions, which, as a work of designers' and builders' art, was actually more beautiful. It is not quite natural to think that right here, under our sight, we *can* have a building equal to anything of the kind in the world; we want to go abroad to see wonderful things, as the Italian peasant might look beyond the dome of St. Peter's for something loftier and grander.

Let us not look beyond the Bank of California for something loftier and grander. Let us rest and be thankful. The editor of the *Flag* says:

"If there be any more artistic and beautiful edifice, anywhere, than the new Bank of California, in the new city of San Francisco, we want to find out its location?"

There isn't. Westminster Abbey is a hovel compared to it, and there isn't one of the new buildings in Paris half so artistic and beautiful. That it is a miracle of art and justly entitled to be termed "The Eighth Wonder of the World" is conclusively proved by the following:

"The writer of this went thirty-odd times to see the play of "Arrah-Na Pogue," and as often as "Richelieu" has been performed in his neighboorhood; and in like manner, he has never passed the edifice in question, without instinctively pausing to look at and admire what he had seen a hundred times. This we conceive to be the highest tribute to genius—that which has the power to arrest and transfix the indifferent; and we must therefore render to the architects and constructors of that rich and splendid affair our fullest and unqualified admiration. We do not think that anything more appropriate to the purpose, and transcendently beautiful, will be fashioned, in this age, from wood and stone."

The editor of the *Flag* is evidently an intelligent man. A man who went thirty-odd times to see the play of *Arrah-na-Pogue (Ye Gods! !)* may be said, by that constant attendance merely, to have acquired a liberal education. He is right when he says that his instinctive pause and look, constitute the highest tribute to genius. Ah! indeed. Many an age will pass away, thrones will tremble, and empires decay, before another building like the Bank of Califorula is reared on this globe. The writer of that article has genius. We are grieved when, toward the close, he allows himself to be so overpowered by his genius as to become incoherent. He glorifies the blue stone of Angel Island as far above any marble, and implies that any one can dwell in marble halls, but blue stone balls are indeed rich and rare. He describes it:

"That fine-grained stone, chiseled with the finish and delecacy of a parlor mantle-peice, is what makes that structure a literal temple which the divinest goods of mythology would have delighted to dwel in."

It is a sad reflection that the divinest goods of mythology cannot dwell—or be stored—in the Bank of California. They hadn't such buildings in the old heathen times, they had a Colosseum, it is true, but the Bank of Califorula entirely "lays over" that. The publication in the *Flag*, of even one article, so brilliant as that from which we have made the above extracts, should be sufficient of itself, to entitle the proprietor, Mr. D. O. McCarthy, to the support of every man in San Francisco, and secure his election to the office of State Printer. What a head!

On Maps.

An individual came into our editorial den, the other day, and displayed a colored map of North America. He wanted us to buy it. Told the man we wanted no map of North America—had no interest in North America—did not own a foot of ground on the continent, save and except two or three dry ranches up country, which we couldn't sell, give away, or hypothecate for us much as a car ticket. The man with the parti-colored map of North America, looked at us, at first, indignantly, then wonderingly, and at last, sorrowfully, as a man without a country, without a home, without patriotism. "Tell me, said he:

"Is this the man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land?"

"Right, my man," said we, "North America has never more than half supported us, and we disown her."

"Why don't you try the recent Russian purchase?" returned he.

"We've had enough of a cold, cold world, without emigrating to the polar regions," said we. Then the man sorrowfully folded up his picture of the continent, and went away. We felt sorry for him, sorry for ourself; but what's the use of a map to a man, who, in a geographical point of view, is without any valuable landed interest in the country, and who never expects to travel or have any friends who will travel.

Ode to the Fourth of July Night.

O, sulphurous, noisy eve,
Resonant with the cracker's din and pistol pop.
Sleep from nine thousand pillows, pressed
By patriotic, but uneasy heads, is scared,
And as the sons of glorious sires,
Who fit and bled in "'76,"
Twist, turn and thrash about in bed,
I hear them growl
That ever Independence was declared.
Hark to that drunkard's bowl,
As filled with liquid diabolical,
He surges heavily through the smoky streets.
Ere morn he'll fall,
And in the gutter lie, as patriotic ruin.
The hall bell sounds alarm of fire!
O, lucky man, whose house now burns,
For he has something now to do,
In snatching from devouring flames,
His goods and chattels,
And need not toss upon his couch
And curse Columbus
For discovering America!

A Spiritualistic Revelation.

The unfortunate "M." of the Todd-spirit organ, in this city, copies the ungrammatical theatrical puffs of the *Dramatic Chronicle* and charges them to THE CALIFORNIAN; thus.

A DRAMATIC CRITIC CRITICIZED.—

"Mrs Sophie Edwin *done* well as 'Madeline,' and so *did* Mrs. Judah as 'Widow Barton.'

"The same the same:

"William Hayward, the balladist, and a couple of educated dogs, were at Sandy Hill, N. Y.

"Would it not have been well to have stated whether the said dogs are 'thoroughly' educated! The editor of the CALIFORNIAN might wish to know. In case they are only 'half' educated dogs, he of the CALIFORNIAN cannot receive them into his family. M."

We have long feared that Todd Spiritism (quite a new variety) would entirely destroy "M.'s" brain. He may, perhaps, not be aware that the "dramatic criticisms" of the small paper which said "Mrs. Sophie Edwin *done* well," are not written by the editor of THE CALIFORNIAN.

A Bloated Aristocrat.

An exchange says:

"President Johnson dresses for his afternoon walk with a scrupulous nicety, in itself sufficient to attract attention He wears gloves, carries a cane and his iron-gray hair is smoothly rolled under."

Good gracious! How thankful we should be that this bloated aristocrat will not much longer occupy the Presidential chair. Wears gloves! No doubt in imitation of the monarchs of Europe who wear gloves. Carries a cane! This is shocking. We could excuse President Johnson's wearing neatly-fitting clothes in consideration of the fact that he was once famous for giving good fits to his customers, but when he wears gloves, carries a cane, and wears his iron-gray hair smoothly rolled under, no wonder the loyal and outspoken press of the country call attention to the lamentable fact. Those gloves have been the ruin of him. The people have for a long time been begging him to handle unrepentant rebels *without* gloves.

Natural, but not cheerful.

It is well-known that undertakers are, as a rule, the most jovial fellows, always ready for a bit of fun, and ever careful to refrain from indulging in conversation which might lead to a suspicion that they had an eye to business, in forming social relations. When we saw the name of Atkins Massey, the well-known undertaker, as assistant marshal in the third division of the Fourth of July procession, we said, "That's all right; he'll engineer his part of the procession as neatly as if it were a thousand dollar funeral." But we were a little shocked when we saw that Mr. Massey had a Coffin with him. There it stands:

"Atkins Massey and Zenas Coffin, Assistant Marshals."

It was, perhaps, natural for Mr. Massey to have a coffin handy, but if we had been in his place, we should, under the circumstances, have begged that Mr. Zenas Coffin be assigned a position a little further off

Buried Alive.

Are there any children missing from the homes of their distracted parents? If so, we can tell them where to look for them. The loose sand descended in huge avalanches as people scrambled up the bills surrounding the place where the squibs and crackers were let off, at an expense of $3,000, on the Fourth of July. *No doubt* scores of children were buried alive, and many may be even now vainly attempting to struggle to the surface. We implore the Board of Supervisors to send the steam-paddy to scoop out those unfortunate infants. The display of fire-works was melancholy enough without the additional sadness which would be caused by such a fearful loss of life.

A STRING OF HIGHWAYMEN. I. DICK TURPIN.

MR. RICHARD TURPIN rode many miles from the time he left the cradle till he reached the gibbet, but he never rode from London to York, nor, in fact, did any one ever accomplish that extraordinary ride. The myth is, however, founded on a real incident. In 1676, one Nicks, a robber hanuting the road between Chutham and London to rob sailors returning to town with their pay, and Kentish traders on their way to London, plundered a traveler at four o'clock in the morning on the slope of Gadshill, the spot immortalised by Shakespeare, and for ever associated with Falstaff's delightful poltroonery. Being on a blood mare, a splendid buy, Nicks determined to prove an alibi in case of danger. He rode off straight to Gravesend; there detained an hour for a boat, he prudently baited his horse; then crossing the water, he dashed across Essex, full tilt to Chelmsford, rested half an hour, and gave his horse some balls. Then he mounted and flashed on to Bramborough, Bocking and Wetherfield, fast across the downs to Cambridge; quick by by-roads and across country, he slipped past Godmanchester and Huntingdon to Fenny Stratford, where he haited the good mare and took a quick half-hour's sleep. Then once more along the north road till the cathedral grew up over the horizon larger—larger, and whiz—he darted through York gate. In a moment he had led the jaded mare into an inn stable, snapped up some food, tossed off some generous life-giving wine, nnd in a fresh dress—say green velvet and gold lace—strolled out, gay and calm, to the Bowling-green, then full of company. The lord mayor of the city happening to be there, Nicks sauntered up to him, and asked him the hour. "A quarter to eight." "Your most obedient." When Nicks was apprehended and tried for the Gadshill robbery, the prosecutor swore to the man, the place, and the hour; but Nicks brought the lord mayor of York to prove an alibi, and the jury disbelieving in Sir Boyle Roach's bird anywhere out of Ireland, acquitted the resolute and sagacious thief.

Nevertheless, Richard Turpin's career is not uninteresting, as he was a tolerably fair type of the highwaymen of George the Second's time, although there was nothing especially gallant or chivalrous about the rascal. His career shows the sort of people from whom the highwaymen obtained their recruits, the light in which society regarded them, and the inevitable ride up Holborn-hill to Tyburn-tree, to which two-thirds of them came after a short career of alternate beggary and riot.

Richard Turpin was the son of the landlord of the Bell at Hempstead, in Essex, who bound him apprentice to a Whitechapel butcher. Having served his time, Turpin set up as a butcher in Essex, on the economical principle of stealing all the cattle he sold. Being at last detected, he joined some smugglers in the hundreds of Essex; but finding this mode of life too precarious, the ex-butcher headed a gang of deer-stealers which infested Epping Forest. Deerstealing growing dangerous, Turpin and his men took to hur-glary, beginning by getting four hundred pounds from an old woman at Laughton, under threat of roasting her on the grate. At Ripple-side, also, they broke into a house, blindfolded the farmer and his family, and secured eighty pounds each. "That'll do," said Turpin; and getting bolder now, the gang (in Turpin's absence) resolved to attack various persons who had attempted to betray them. Four of them broke into the house of Mason, a forest-keeper, killed Mason, threw him under a dresser, drove the women naked into the farm-yard, broke everything in the house, and were lucky enough to see a hundred and twenty guineas stream from an old punch-bowl that they wantonly smashed. Six of them next broke into the house of Mr. Saunders, a rich farmer at Charleston, in Kent. They bound the farmer's friends, who were at cards, and then forced Saunders to go with them and open all his boxes, closets, and escritoires, till they had obtained a hundred pounds in money and all the plate. They drank a bottle of wine, ate some mince-pies, and forced the fettered prisoners to take some brandy. They then packed up the booty, and made off, threatening to return and murder all the family if they dared to move outside the house for two hours, or if they ventured to advertise the marks on the plate. This robbery was planned at Woolwich. After effecting it, the robbers crossed the water to an empty house in Ratcliff-highway, and there quietly divided their spoil. They now got so daring and reckless that, as early as seven o'clock one January evening in 1738, they forced their way into the house of a Mr. Lawrence, at Edgeware. They only obtained about thirty pounds, but threatened to burn the farmer alive if he did not discover where his money was hid. A reward of fifty pounds for their apprehension had no effect in alarming Turpin's gang; for the next month they broke into the house of Mr. Francis, a farmer, near Marylebone, and stole thirty-seven pounds, some rings, diamonds, and a silver tankard. The women were bound and guarded by one of the band, while Turpin and another, with loaded pistols, stood over the men, who were tied up in the stable.

Kent, Essex, and Middlesex were now in arms; for no one seemed safe, and the pottering old constables, and the fussy and still more imbecile county magistrates, were powerless. Mr. Thompson, one of the king's park-keepers, having, however, got a promise from the Duke of Newcastle for payment of one hundred pounds for the apprehension of Turpin or any of his colleagues, the thieves began to grow more wary. One night, as Turpin and three others were carousing in an ale-house in an alley at Westminster, the constables burst in and seized three of the robbers, but Turpin leaped through a window and escaped. These three men were eventually hung in chains very soon after.

Turpin, finding that nearly all his old friends were given to the crows, now set off for Cambridgeshire. On his way, he stopped a well dressed man and threatened to blow out his brains because he bantered him, and was not quick enough in handing out his purse.

"What! dog eat dog?" said the man. "If you don't know me better, Mr. Turpin, I know you, and shall be glad of your company."

It proved to be King, a notorious highwayman, who at once entered into partnership with Turpin in all his robberies. As no landlord, however rascally, would now entertain these rough-riders, the two men dug a cave, hidden by brambles, hazels and thorns, near the high road between King's oak and Loughton road. The cave, large enough to hold both them and their horses, was well situated for reconnoitring. Turpin's wife supplied them with food.

They one night stopped a Mr. Bradele, and their treatment of him is characteristic of highwaymen's etiquette. Mr Bradele gave up his money readily, but was loth to part with his watch, till his little girl cried, and begged him to surrender it. King then insisted on having an old valueless mourning-ring, but seeing Mr. Bradele prized it, he said he and his pal were too much of gentlemen to deprive him of anything he valued so much. Mr. Bradele then offered to leave six guineas at the bar of the Dial in Birchin-lane, and to ask no questions if he might keep his watch and his ring. King accepted the offer.

Soon after this a servant of Mr. Thompson, the park-keeper, and a daring higgler set out to trap Turpin in his cave. Turpin took them for poachers, till the servant presented his gun, and called on the highwayman to surrender. Turpin gradually retreated to his cave, took up his loaded carbine, and shot the too-venturous servant dead. The other then ran off. Turpin soon after was nearly surprised at an inn at Hertford, and then made for London, through the forest. Finding his horse tire, he stopped Mr. Major, owner of the famous racer, *White Stockings*, changed horses, and dashed off to London. Mr. Major confiding his loss to Mr. Boys, landlord of the Green Man at Epping, Mr. Boys took it very much to heart, and devoted his time to discovering Turpin's lair. He at last found Mr. Major's horse at the Red Lion Inn, in White chapel. He seized the man who came to fetch it, who proved to be King's brother, and who confessed that a tall lusty man in a white duffel coat was then waiting for it in Red Lion street. Mr. Boys going out, and seeing it was King, the highwayman, instantly attacked him. King drew a pistol and flashed it at Boys' breast, but it missed fire, and his second pistol got entangled in his pocket. Just then Turpin dashed up, and King shouted:

"Dick, shoot him, or we are taken, by ——"

Turpin instantly fired, missed Mr. Boys and shot his friend, who died a few days afterwards. King taxed Turpin with cowardice and treachery, and betrayed his haunt in Hackney-marsh to Mr. Boys; but advised him to be cautious, as Turpin usually carried three brace of pistols, and had a carbine slung at his back.

Turpin's haunts being now known, the not very chivalrous scoundrel stole off to Lincolnshire, where he lived by sheep and horse stealing, and by raids into Yorkshire, hiding at Machet Cave, North Cave and Welton, and often riding back to Long Sutton, Lincolnshire, with a string of stolen horses, which he sold, without exciting much suspicion. Our most romantic render will have observed the utter want of true courage and gallantry in this man's whole career. Never fighting against odds or in fair combat, always intent upon the guineas, and taking care to be superior in force to the traveler he stopped, cruel to unarmed farmers, he was a mere mounted thief, and nothing else. In the first real dangerous scuffle, he loses his head, and shoots his old companion, either by treachery or mistake. Burglar, sheep-stealer, horse-stealer, smuggler, his hands were now red with murder, and the whole country was up against him. No more revels in Westminster lanes, Blood Bowl-alley, or Thieving lane; no more selling plate to Jew receivers. The thief-takers were on his heels.

Turpin's blustering insolence and cruelty led at last to his betrayal. Returning one day from shooting at Long Sutton, he wantonly and in cold blood shot one of his neighbor's fowls, and threatened to blow out the brains of a friend who remonstrated. He was instantly apprehended, at once discovered to be the famous horse-stealer and highwayman, and was sent off in chains to York Castle. The farmers crowded to prison to identify their ruthless spoiler, and he became one of the shows of the ancient city. Nothing, however, daunted him; he spent his time joking, drinking, and telling stories, and was "as jovial, merry, and frolicsome, as if he was quite at liberty and insured for a good hundred years of life." He scoffed at the chaplain, and expressed no remorse for any of his thousand and one villanies.

His vanity was chiefly busy in preparing for the last scene, and he bought a new fustian frock and a pair of pumps to take his leave of the world respectably. The morning before his execution he gave three pounds ten shillings among five men, who were to follow the cart as mourners, and to purchase black hatbands and gloves for several more. He also left a gold ring and two pairs of shoes to one of his mistresses who lived at Brough. John Stead, a horse-stealer, was his companion in the cart; but all eyes were turned on Turpin as he bowed to the ladies and waved his cocked-hat with the cotrage and effrontery of his class. After he mounted the ladder, he talked half an hour with the hangman, then threw himself resolutely off, and died in a moment.

He was only thirty-three, but in that time he had performed as much mischief as a man well could. His body lay in state all that day at the Blue Boar at Castle-gate and the next morning was buried in St. George's churchyard within Fishergate postern. The next evening the surgeon dug up the body for dissection, and removed it to a garden. The mob, with a sympathy so often misplaced, was furious, and carried the corpse on a board covered with straw in triumph through the streets of York; they then strewed the coffin with lime, replaced the body, and interred it in the old place.

II. HALF-HANGED SMITH.

Naval officers, who have been saved from drowning at the last moment, have recorded their impressions of their feelings, as they sank down fathoms deep into a liquid grave; at that moment, we are told, the pressure on the brain sometimes seems to wake the memory into supernatural activity, and every small detail of past life defiles in one instant before the eyes. Men, after weeks of cannibalism, have described the miseries that drove them to that horrible extremity, and the remorse that followed the act. After the Black Hole business at Calcutta, there was one reflective man who survived to set down in writing the horrible phenomena of excessive and prolonged thirst. Not many philosophers, however, have escaped from the gallows to tell us feelings that follow hanging; of the few that have, Half-Hanged Smith's experiences are the most curious.

Smith was the misguided son of a farmer at Malton, Yorkshire. He was bound apprentice to a packer in London, and afterwards went on board of a man of war, and distinguished himself in Sir George Rook's gallant attack on the French, and Spanish galleons at Vigo in 1702. He then enlisted in the Guards, became thievish and dissolute, and turned house-breaker and highwayman. On the 5th of December, 1705, he was arraigned on four different indictments, convicted on two, and sentenced to death.

On the 24th, he rode to Tyburn, performed his devotions, and was hung in the usual way. When he had been suspended fully fifteen minutes, there was a murmer in the distant crowd, that gradually grew into an excited shout of "Reprieve, reprieve!" The mob divided into two parts, a horseman, waving a broad paper, dashed up to the gibbet: Smith was reprieved. The mob instantly cut the rope, caught the man in their arms, bore him into the nearest house, and bled him till he slowly recovered.

When he perfectly regained his senses, he was asked what were his feelings at the time of execution, to which he replied: "That when he was turned off, he, for some time, was sensible of very great pain, occasioned by the weight of his body, and felt his spirits in a strange commotion, violently pressing upwards; that having forced their way to his head, he, as it were, saw a great blaze, or glaring light, which seemed to go out at his eyes with a flash, and then he lost all sense of pain. That after he was cut down, and began to come to himself, the blood and spirits, forcing themselves into their former channels, put him, by a sort of pricking or shooting, to such intolerable pain that he could have wished those hanged who had cut him down."

After this narrow escape, Smith pleaded for pardon and was discharged. He was always after known among the London thieves and constables as "Half-Hanged Smith."

The old ties were, however, too strong; again he got on the road, and was found tampering with other people's doors. He was soon after again tried at the Old Bailey for house-breaking, but the jury being uncertain, and leaving it to the twelve judges. Smith was eventually acquitted. Fortune was never tired of rescuing this rogue, surely born under a lucky star, for, at a third trial, he obtained his liberty by the sudden death of the prosecutor.

Such escapes were not very uncommon before the new drop rendered death inevitable when the bolt was once drawn. In 1740, a man named Dewell, who had been hung, came to life on the dissecting-table at Surgeon's Hall, and in consideration of this was, on his recovery, only transported. There is an Edinburgh story of an old woman who recovered, after hanging, from the jolting of the cart that was taking her to

the churchyard. There was a thief at Dublin, too, who was recovered after being hung, and who had the boundless audacity to appear in the Ormand Quay Theater the same night, and hoarsely, but boastingly, report the fact to the delighted "boys" in the gallery.

III. THE PRESS-ROOM AT NEWGATE.

On the 1st of November, 1720, two highwaymen, named Spiggott and Phillipps, with three companions, all in masks, stopped the Wendover waggon, near Tyburn. The thieves tumbled the boxes out of the waggon, carried off the portmanteau of a Buckinghamshire gentleman, knocked the waggoner down, and one of them, who came on foot, rode off with a pack-horse. The portmanteau contained a gold watch, twelve Holland shirts, two pairs of laced ruffles, four turnovers, two cambric bossoms, two pair of stockings, a hat, a periwig, and twelve guineas. A Mr. Merrit and some officers instantly assisted the disconsolate carrier, and hid themselves in an inn in the Broadway, Westminster, where the highwaymen were in the habit of coming to hire horses. Spiggott, Phillipps, and a third man came into the stable for horses about ten o'clock in the morning. Merrit and his men instantly closed on them. A man named Rowlet fell on Spiggott, tripped up his heels, and scuffled with him for nearly half an hour. The highwaymen fired two pistols, and shot Rowlet through the shoulder. Spiggott was trying to draw his sword, and had got it half out. A constable, named Bryan, snatched the sword and thrust at Spiggott, but missed him, and ran a butcher through the leg. Spiggott swore he would kill a thousand of them before he would be taken; but eventually more men tumbled on him, and he gave up his sword and cried, "I've done." Phillips presented a musketoon at Hill, the constable, but fortunately it only flashed in the pan.

The men were instantly identified by John Watkins, a Monmouth carrier. They had stopped his pack horses on the 12th of November, at Bishop's Grove, on Hounslow-heath. Spiggott had clapped a pistol to his breast, bade him stand, and swore if Watkins did not tell which horse the money was on, he would kill them all. Phillips, in the mean time, drove off a pack-horse with goods valued at two hundred and fifty pounds. A gentleman named Sybbald also deposed to Spiggott and two other men having stolen fifteen guineas from him on the 25th of August, on Finchley common. One of them had the cape of his coat buttoned up over his chin, and the other kept the ends of his long wig in his mouth, for disguise. One of them secured his servant; the others held pistols on either side of him, made him dismount, and turned his horse loose on the common.

At the bar, Spiggott and Phillips declared they would not plead till their horses, furniture, and money were returned to them. As they continued to obstinately "stand mute," and refuse to plead to their indictment, they were at once ordered to be pressed to death—a cruel and inhuman punishment, worthy only of the Inquisition, and long since abolished. The executioner tied their thumbs together. In the press-room, Phillips consented to plead; but Spiggott was determined to save his effects for his family, and to escape the ignominy of the gallows. The ordinary of Newgate earnestly endeavored to dissuade the highwayman from thus hastening his own death and shortening the little time left for repentance, but Spiggott only replied:

"If you come to take care of my soul, good; but if you come about my body, I must be excused, for I won't hear one word."

Spiggott was then stretched on the stone floor of the dim room of torture, his feet bare, his face covered with a light cloth. His arms and legs were widened out, and fastened by cords to either side of the wall. The doctor was summoned, and while the turnkeys were clanking the weights into a heap, ready for use, the miserable wretch was legally informed that as much stone or iron as he could bear, "and more," would be placed upon him till he consented to plead. The first day he would be given three morsels of barley bread, but no drink; the second day three gulps of any water (not running water;) and this would be his diet till he died, after which his goods would be all forfeited to the king.

But he would not plead; so they began to pile him with masses of iron, till three hundred and fifty pounds weight rose in a ponderous pyramid upon his chest. The poor wretch lay sometimes silent, as if insensible of pain; then again he would fight for life, and fetch his breath quick and short. The chaplain, more merciful than the jailer, knelt and prayed by his side, and several times asked him why he would hazard his soul by such obstinate self-murder. The only answer Spiggott ever made was to murmer faintly:

"Pray for me! pray for me!"

There was something touching in the fact that the unhappy creature frequently complained of the podigious weight laid upon his face, though there was really only a light cloth, purposely left hollow. It was supposed that the blood forced into the brain and veins of the face caused this horrible sensation. After half an hour of this agony, the jailers increased the weight fifty pounds more, so that there was now four hundred-weight on his chest. Then, with the life slowly pressing from him, Spiggott at last groaned to take it off, and he would plead. Instantly the cords were cut, and the weights removed; the man was raised by two turnkeys, some brandy was put to his mouth, and he was carried, pale and almost insensible, to the court to take his trial. He remained for two days faint and almost speechless. Then he recovered a little strength, but relapsed, and expressed a wish to receive the sacrament, thinking he should not live till execution-day. He afterwards rallied somewhat, and attended prayers in the chapel twice a day.

This intrepid man had no reasons for bearing this torture except a wish to prevent his goods from being forfeited. He did not wish his children to be reproached with his death, and he desired, above all things, that the informer Lindsey might not boast of having sent him to Tyburn. He was especially incensed against Lindsey, whom he had once rescued from death at the peril of his own life, and got wounded in the struggle.

Spiggott would sometimes wish he had died in the press; for just before he was taken out, he had fallen into a stupor of benumbed sleep, and had hardly any sense of pain left. At other times he rejoiced that he had still time left for repentance. He was the son of an ostler at Hereford, he was twenty-nine years old, a cabinet maker by profession, and had three children living. He said he could not remember ever shedding tears but once in his life, and that was when he parted from his little boy in Newgate.

Phillips, his companion, was a Bristol sailor, and some years older. He had served in the Dover man-of-war, under Admiral Byng (not the unfortunate scapegoat of a blundering government), and had fought in several actions against the Spaniards. He was a wicked, audacious, obdurate villain, took a pride in recounting his villanies, and used to boast how he and Spiggott had robbed a hundred passengers from different waggons in one night, and left them bound in a row upon the road.

He derided the ordinary, swore and cursed when the other men were at prayers, and shouted ribald ballads when they sang Sternhold and Hopkins' psalms. He would not suffer any one to read or pray, or even look serious, and especially tormented poor Spiggott, his friend, by beating out his candles and rattling his irons when he went to prayers. The more devout the others got, the worse he became, beating and kicking them up and down the condemned cell. The prisoners at last entreated that he might be removed from them. He remained obstinate to the last, saying under the very gallows "that he did not fear to die, for he was in no doubt of going to heaven."

Spiggott owned to about a hundred highway robberies, chiefly on Hounslow-hearth and the Kingston and Ware roads. He said he did not desire to live; for since his punishment he could hardly breathe, and he should only drag through life a weak and unhealthy man. Both men were executed at Tyburn on the 8th of February, 1723.

IV. GALLOPING DICK.

The chief interest about this man is, that his career exemplifies the system of confederation between highwaymen and postboys that led to so many of the robberies on the road. Richard Ferguson, alias Galloping Dick, was the son of a gentleman's servant in Hertfordshire, and was brought up as as stable-boy, and subsequently as postilion at an inn in Piccadilly. There he become drunken, dissolute, and abandoned. Getting acquainted with highwaymen, they soon began to bribe him to give information at Abershaw's rendezvous of the times of chaises' starting, and when travelers with money were likely to pass. When driving post chaise between Hounslow and London, he had afterwards daily to drive past the gibbet where his old companion, Abershaw, hung jingling in chains. He seems to have lived for some years partly as a driver and spy, and partly as a highwaymen. One of his greatest robberies was the stopping the East Grinstead waggon at Brixton-causeway—he and six others. Dick's skill in managing horses led him always to choose a nag fit for a quick retreat; for Dick was prudent as well as brave. On one occasion, he and two others stopped and robbed two gentleman on the Edgeware road, but three other gentlemen riding up soon after, the five together gave hot pursuit, and Dick's two companions were run down, and soon afterwards tried and executed. When his associates complimented Dick on his rapid retrograde movement, he boasted that he could gallop a horse with any man in the kingdom. Henceforward he acquired the nickname of "Galloping Dick." He was repeatedly at Bow-street, but always succeeded in getting clear; at last some Bow-street patrols caught him in 1800, and sent him to Aylesbury for trial.

When left for execution, Dick decorously prepared himself for death, and made his ending with considerable resolution and penitence.

We have already shown that there was little romance and less chivalry about these vermin of the roads. They were not at all like that gallant gentleman in square-cut scarlet coat, gold-lace hat cocked awry, high black boots, and little light fetters that tinkle playfully like watch-chains all over him, who sits on the edge of a table in the Beggar's Opera, and sings about the "heart of a man" in that aunty devil-may care way that only stage tenors can assumo. They were much more like that grim, broken-down old rogue in Hogarth's picture of the gambling-house, who mopes over his losses by the fire, unconscious even of the glass of strong waters proffered him by the blackguard boy of the house. You see the brass butt of a horse pistol peeping out of his pocket. Well, its owner, before midnight, will be stopping a coach at Hounslow or Finchley, and perhaps in a week more will be swinging on a gibbet somewhere down the great north road.

The fact is, the life was a degraded, hopeless, bad, and scurvy one. There was no room for brave men in it. A coach was seldom stopped unless the assailants preponderated in force. They stripped the poor carrier and frightened countrywomen as soon as the rich grazier or the portly country squire. Half the bag of guineas they got was spent on Jew dealers, who charged three hundred per cent for bartering stolen plate, which the highwaymen could not otherwise turn into money. The thief taker always knew where to have these poor rascals when they refused to pay their black mail, or became worth a good reward. Not one man among them, *not one*, from 1660 to 1800, ever earned a name for remarkable courage.

—*Charles Dickens' Magazine.*

THE TOWER OF BABEL.—A writer in *Blackwood's Magazine* thus describes the present appearance of the place where languages got mixed: "After a ride of nine miles, we were at the foot of the Bier's Nimrood. Our horses' feet were trampling upon the remains of brick, which showed here and there through the accumulated dust and rubbish of ages. Before our eyes uprose a great mound of earth, barren and bare. This was Bier-Nimrood, the ruins of the Tower of Babel, by which the first builders of the earth had vainly hoped to scale high heaven. Here, also, it was, that Nebuchadnezzar built, for bricks, bearing his name, have been found in the ruins. At the top of the mound a great mass of brickwork pierces the accumulated soil. With your finger you touch the very bricks—large, square-shaped, and massive—that were "thoroughly" burned; the very mortar, the "slime," now hard as granite, handled more than four thousand years ago by earth's impious people. From the summit of the mound, far away over the plain, we could see glistening, brilliant as a star, the gilded dome of a mosque, that caught and reflected the bright rays of the morning sun' This glittering speck was the tomb of the holy Ali. To pray before this at some period of his life; to kiss the sacred dust of the earth around there, at some time or other; to bend his body and count his beads—is the daily desire of every devout Mahommedan."

THE SWEET USES OF ADVERSITY.—You wear out your old clothes. You are not troubled with many visitors. You are exonerated from making calls. Bores do not bore you. Spongers do not hurt your table Tax gatherers hurry past your door. Itinerant bands do not play opposite your door. You avoid the nuisance of serving on juries. You are not persecuted to stand as god-father. No one thinks of presentfng you with a testimonial. No clerk irritates you by asking, "Is there any one elso, to-pay sir?" Begging letter-writers leave you alone. Imposters know it is useless to bleed you. You practice temperance. You swallow infinitely less poison than others. Flatterers do not shoot their rubbish into your ear. You are saved many a debt, many a deception, many a headache. You are afforded the chance of consulting the biography of great men and struggles, and drawing from, them vauable lessons. Aud lastly, if you have a true friend in the world, you are sure, in a very short space of time, to learn it.

THE RAINING TREE.—The island of Fierro, (Iron,) is one of the largest in the Canary Group, and it has received its name on account of its iron-bound soil, through which no river or streams flow. It has also but very few wells, and these not very good. But the great Preserver and Sustainer of all remedies this inconvenience in a way so extraordinary that man will be forced to acknowledge that he gives in this an undeniable demonstration of his wonderful goodness. In the midst of the island there grows a tree, the leaves of which are long and narrow, and continue in constant verdure winter and summer, and the branches are covered with a cloud which is never dispelled, bnt resolving itself into a moisture, causes to fall from its leaves a very clear water, in such abundance that cisterns placed at its foot to receive it are never empty.

ITS MERITS.—Mrs. Charlotte D. Watts, wife of Dr. Robert Watts, of the city of New York, gives the following as her experience with Sewing Machines, "I have had several years experience with a Grover & Baker Machine, which has given me great satisfaction. Its chief merit is that it makes a strong elastic stitch; it is very easily kept in order, and worked without much fatigue, which I think is a very great recommendation. I am not very familiar with any other machine, except a Wheeler & Wilson, which I have had. I think the Grover & Baker Machine is more easily managed, and less liable to get out of order. I prefer the Grover & Baker decidedly."

[*From testimony taken before the U. S. Commissioner of Patents, on the application for the extension of the patent for the Grover & Baker Sewing Machine.*]

LITERARY GLEANINGS.

TRANSFORMATIONS OF CHRISTIANITY.

In last week's CALIFORNIAN, we made mention at some length, of a rather remarkable book, entitled "Liber Librorum, in which an attempt is made to establish a rational and philosophical theory of the inspiration of the Scriptures, which shall not involve the theory of a literal or verbal inspiration. The "First Historical Transformations of Christianity," by Athanase Coquerel the younger, translated from the French by Professor Evans of the University of Michigan, is another theological work which may be classed, so far as its independent and progressive spirit is concerned, with such books as "Ecce Homo," and "Ecce Deus," though differing from them in its special subject. Coquerel the younger, belongs to the liberal school of French Protestants, and shares many of the doctrines of that section of the American Unitarians that is in closest sympathy with the so-called evangelical sects, besides rejecting the dogma of eternal punishment.

CHRISTIANITY CONTINUALLY DEVELOPING.

The writer also maintains that theology is progressive instead of being fixed and unchangeable. On this point he says:

"In short, it is impossible to deny that Christianity, even in its most authoritative form, developes unceasingly, and, like everything else, either progresses or retrogrades. History asserts this fact beyond all dispute; and to the question whether Christianity is capable of transformation, it is enough to reply that it has been transformed in every age, and is being transformed in our very presence.

Even the idea of revelation contains nothing contrary to that which we here set forth. All truth, however divine it may be, is developed in two ways, which are essentially one—by purifying constantly the human element which it necessarily contains, and freeing itself from them: by bearing its own fruits, by bringing to light its ligitimate consequences, and giving itself up to them more completely. No truth is sterile.

It may be asked what was Jesus' thought on this point; but the answer cannot be doubtful. No one ever made a bolder appeal to free conscience than he. No one ever said to the human mind with a more intrepid trust in the truth, "*Seek and ye shall find.*" This intermingling of extreme boldness with infinite tenderness for troubled souls, is a distinctive characteristic of Jesus. He opens to investigation the realm of the infinite, and shows high respect for the illimitable rights of thought in the pursuit of the true; but at the same time that he displays a sublime confidence in the power of truth and in the aptitude of the human soul for knowing and loving it, he appreciates with infinite delicacy the anguish, the misery, the modesty, the holy ambition of the human heart. He sows in the minds of men, and then leaves them to nourish the grain in its deep furrow. All individualities have their legitimate career. No uniform yoke, no dry and rigid rule, is imposed upon them. Thus never did burning wax receive its impress so easily and faithfully as Christian truth has assimilated to all characters, all races, all epochs.

Not only is it a fact that there are as many Christianities as Christians, but Jesus has taken great care and pains that it should be so. See him, with a tender and watchful solicitude, defending every spontaneous expression of love and of faith, against the orthodox rigidity of the Jews, and the narrowness of his own disciples. He made others feel at ease with him; and while many times a great character has levelled all who surrounded him, and imparted to them his own tint, the two Johns, Peter, Martha, and Mary, preserved the full originality of their natures, the free diversity of their characters.

Did he ever speak of his religion as of a finished doctrine, of his gospel as of what is called a closed protocol? Never. The figures by which he constantly represents the Christian life, the reign of God in us, and the destinies of his church, are borrowed from living nature; the germination of vegetation; the good grain which grow mingled with tares; the little seed which becomes a great tree; the fruit ripening on the branch; the leaven which ferments and expands the whole lump; the living water becoming a fountain, and springing up into eternal life; the fire which diffuses itself; the money well invested, which increases by accumulated interest and by labor.

In the Gospel according to St. John he announces, several times and in various ways, the future developments of his doctrine. He declares to his disciples, on the eve of his death, that *he has yet many things to say unto them, but that they cannot bear them now;* he repeats to them that the Spirit, *the Comforter* (Paraclete), will teach them things which, as yet, they are ignorant of. He astonishes the Twelve by these solemn and profound words: "*Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that believeth on me, the works that I do he shall do also, and greater works than these shall he do; because I go unto my Father,*" It seems to us impossible to express more boldly than in these formal and frequent declarations the eminently progressive character of Christianity.

The contrast is striking between so many religions which pretend from the first day to have said all, and the Christian religion, which never ceases to impel souls onward and upward in the knowledge of the truth.

This is why Jesus, comprehending in its height and totality the future of the reign of God, did not bind it to any form, or code, or creed, which, in order to be intelligible and admissible, would have to bear the transient and local impress of circumstances. He reserved, with a constant solicitude, all the progress and freedom of the future. Consequently, whoever pretends to freeze and fix under a given form the inexhaustible current of Christian life and truth, is in direct opposition to the will of the Master and to that improvement, without other limit than the divine perfection, which is the very essence of Christianity."

DIFFERENCES AMONG THE APOSTLES.

"It is incontestible that, during the life of the apostles, the church was divided, not in respect to secondary questions, but on the vital question of the age: it is incontestible that James was disturbed and hurt by the liberalism of Paul, that he sent emissaries to do over again his work in the churches, and that he expressly refuted his positions in a letter addressed to all Christians.

What was St. Peter doing all this while? the Catholics will ask. Was it not for him, prince of the apostles and pope, to re-establish order among the chiefs of the church? Here are the facts: Peter was in no respect superior to his colleagues, and had no kind of jurisdiction over them. In the question under consideration his reason was in favor of Paul, while his feebleness of character leaned toward James. He allowed Mosaic obligations to be imposed upon his own disciples, and through complacency submitted to them himself. Paul was then at Antioch, where Peter soon arrived; Paul was a witness of what was taking place, and became indignant; he did not treat his colleague very gently; he accused him openly of dissimulation, and of not walking uprightly. It is he himself who relates it. "*But when Peter was come to Antioch, I withstood him to the face, because he was to be blamed. For before that certain came from James, he did eat with the Gentiles; but when they were come, he withdrew and separated himself, fearing them which were of the circumcision* [the Judaizing Christians]. *And the other Jews dissembled likewise with him; insomuch that Barnabas also was carried away with their dissimulation. But when I saw that they walked not uprightly according to the truths of the gospel, I said unto Peter before them all, If thou, being a Jew, livest after the manner of the Gentiles, and not as do the Jews, why compellest thou the Gentiles to live as do the Jews?*"

On this memorable occasion Peter is the representative of those men of compromise, who, for the sake of peace, make concessions contrary to the truth and to their consciences, and who deserve to be energetically rebuked by men of principle."

PAUL AND CALVIN.

M. Coquerel does not hesitate to criticise the various apostles in much the same style in which he would speak of modern theological writers. He tells us that certain mental idiosyncrasies of Paul, together with the character of the polemics of his time, "led him to adopt the doctrine of election and predestination—a cruel doctrine, which Calvin has rendered yet more cruel." But he adds by way of apology for the apostle of the Gentiles:

"Let us not be scandalized beyond measure at an opinion so shocking to our conscience; this opinion itself was then a considerable progress. A Pharisee was persuaded, from his childhood, that of all the human race, only Israelites faithful to the law could be saved, that, admitted by God to the banquet of honor eternally presided over by Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. This same Pharisee had a great step to make in advance, in the sense of charity and spirituality, in order to allow that God would remain free to admit to this supreme glory impure Gentiles, despised and abhorred Samaritans. This same dogma which galls us as stained with a revolting partiality, seemed to half-emancipated Jews an excess of impartiality hard to be accepted.

Paul, proclaiming the divine arbitrariness on the ruins of the Israelitic monopoly, reminds us of the communes of the middle ages, which thought to have gained everything when they were able to substitute for the burdensome privileges of their feudal lords the absolute power of one remote king. It became evident, with time, that arbitrariness is neither good nor just anywhere; in politics, because it is contrary to the rights of all; in religion, because it wounds at once the conscience of man and the holiness of God."

The book may be obtained at H. H. Bancroft & Co.'s, or at A. Roman & Co.'s.

CERTAIN LONDON CELEBRITIES.

Professor Hopkins' "Old England, Its Scenery, Art and People," recently published, contains among other things, a variety of highly interesting popular sketches of distinguished men, including Gladstone, Disraeli, John Bright, Spurgeon, F. D. Maurice, the friend of Tennyson, Henry Melville and others. Some of these sketches are slight and off-hand, while others are full and elaborate. Of Lord Palmerston, the writer says: "He carried a bold air, and in the broad and racy expression of his face looked like the born Irishman. He seemed to have the elasticity of immortal youth. It was highly interesting to hear this inimitable veteran debater roll off his easy and stereotyped phrases of defence, now rising into stately rhetoric, now getting up in immense indignation, now casting himself back on his official dignity, and now darting mingled ridicule and power into the weak place of his opponent's armor." Lord John Russell is described as having "a pompous way of speaking for a small man," but ingenious in "gliding oilily around a difficulty, and an imperious way of trampling it down when he cannot answer it." Of Disraeli, he says:

"His head, from the distance where I sat, appeared not unlike Webster's though of far less massive mould; perhaps it was his saturnine complexion and imperturbable countenance, that gave me this impression. His dark features and black hair, contemplative and even sombre expression, single him out among all. He is a stranger there. Although his spirit may not be wholesome, and his eloquence is often more brilliant than sound, he has dared to raise above the dead level practical standard of English debate into a new world of ideas and principles, and to discuss subjects in a more comprehensive and philosophical way."

The personal appearance of John Bright, and his style of speaking, are thus described:

"He has a round, full forehead, and a large, resolute mouth, but the expression seemed to me gentler and more refined than I had imagined of this strong popular tribune. He looks like a good man—a man whose heart, whose moral nature predominates over and subordinates his intellect. You get just the reverse of this idea, I think, from the face of Gladstone, who is pure intellect, though he has shown that he possesses a noble heart."

"Bright's speech was characterized by straightforward plainness, and also by singular force of condensed scholarly expression. There was none of the drawing mannerism of the other speakers, but a marching right on in a free, fresh, direct current of remark. There seemed to me a consciousness that he was the leader of a growing power in the State, and was bound to say something 'telling' and strong."

THE LONDON PULPIT—SPUROEON—MELVILLE—F. D. MAURICE.

Professor Hopkins' description of Spurgeon, the famous dissenting pulpit orator, will surprise those who have considered him to belong to the coarser type of the impassioned and fervid evangelical pulpit declaimer. Here it is:

"Mr. Spurgeon's personal appearance is too well known to need description. He has a blacksmith's frame, and a ruddy face, glowing with health and good nature. It is a *good* face, with great purity of expression, and at times it shines with a kind of celestial radiance.

"The first element of his power in his preaching (not to mention those higher and secret helps which God gives the true preacher of his Word) is undoubtedly his *earnestness.* No one can doubt that his one great purpose is to serve his Master and bring men into his kingdom. He shoots every shaft in his quiver with a well aimed, inflexible intent to transfix the conscience. There was nothing in his Paris visit to show that he was displaying himself, but he evidently bent himself to the work of awakening Christians to a higher life, and pleasure-seekers to thought and repentance. Then his *fluency.* This quality may be said to be unrivalled in his case. It seems as easy for him to speak as to breathe. He preaches without notes, with never a stop or break, or ill-made sentence. In the easy, continuous flow of his speech, the hearer's mind floats along upon it with hardly a consciousness of the speaker, which is always a delight. Then again his *voice.* He has a regal voice, with youthful tones still in it. It is an "*organe très agréable*" as a French gentleman sitting before me remarked. It is loud without ever losing its roundness and sweetness. Also his *practicalness* We have said that his style of preaching was exceeding simple and objective. It would not be considered sufficiently logical or philosophical (in a true sense) for an American congregation. He does not reason profoundly and avoids the speculative side of the truth. Yet there is substance and soul travail in his sermons. They are not devoid of a certain kind of logic. He does not leave his hearers with a mass of crude matter, but is careful as to the orderly development of truth. Yet every thing he says is for immediate effect. It is pointed to the present instant. His preaching abounds in well-told facts—in close, apt ringing bits of human experience that clench the important and perhaps unwelcome truth He has the Luther temperament, that delights in pithy sayings, and stories that penetrate into the springs of action, let them be even odd and laughable. And his *dramatic talent.* This we have spoken of. He is a native orator, knowing how to handle his arms, his feet, his head, his eyes; and the subtle faculty all men perceive, if they cannot comprehend and describe it. Above all his *goodness.* This shines out from him. He looks kind, friendly, frank and sympathetic. Let him say what he will, he wins esteem, confidence, love. He has no cant and long facedness, though he shows himself tremulously in earnest. He has a big, warm heart, a sunny conscience, and a pure, simple Christ like spirit.

Of Henry Melville, our author says he had conceived as "Thin, worn with thought, but with classic features and spiritual brow, and with the voice of a silver trumpet. He was calm and peaceful, like a deep river, but rolling along rich burdens of thought." But instead of this ideal, he found him "a grizzle haired athlete," a "brusque old gentleman, with sanguine manners, and a voice like a November storm." In the Rev. F. D. Maurice, he met with a similar disappointment. "He is a short man, with piercing black eyes, very pleasant face, but worn and scholar-like, and with a thoughtful pensiveness of expression. The loved brother in law of Sterling, the friend of Arch-Deacon Hare, of Kingsley and Tennyson, he must have an attaching and stimulating power; but he does not show it in the pulpit. His delivery was artificial, almost sing-song in tone, and by no means distinct: and his style was altogether too high pitched and essayish to reach a common audience." Still, the writer declares, that Maurice wields in England an indefinable influence, and is liked for "his manliness, his progressive capacity, and his whole sympathy with the religious doubts and difficulties of men."

Though many of Professor Hopkins' incidental criticisms and off-hand opinions of artists, literary men, and their productions, seem a little old fashioned, it cannot be denied that he has given us a pleasant and thoroughly enjoyable book. Few tourists have succeeded in giving us so faithful a picture of England from Land's End to Tweedmouth. Nearly every county was visited, and the reader may be tolerably sure to find some appreciative notice of what is most noticeable in each. The writer seems to have an especial taste for architecture, and he has bestowed a great deal of attention on the old cathedrals, which constitute the architectural glory of England.

The volume is published by Hurd & Houghton, and is for sale in this city by H. H. Bancroft & Co.

[For the Californian.]

A TRIP TO PESCADERO.

SEATED in the San Jose cars, on a beautiful morning three weeks since, we listened with quiet satisfaction to the rush and whirl of the car wheels as they left the city in the dim distance, and gazed with a feeling of relief upon the moving panorama of hills, valleys and trees. One hour's travel brought us to San Mateo.

Impelled by that spirit of ambition which is the traveling characteristic of the American people, the cars had scarcely stopped before we started for an outside seat on the Pescadero stage; unfortunately, however, we learned the sad lesson of itinerancy, that stage drivers are magnates, a seat by whom is an honor for which every traveler is an eager aspirant, for having lost a second of time in casting a prudential glance at our baggage, we discovered three energetic individuals perching themselves upon the desired locality.

The road to Pescadero is interesting, attractive and picturesque. Leaving San Mateo it winds around People's Park, and then running to Crystal Springs, leads you under rustic arches, down into glens where tiny streams of water, whose ripples, full of sympathy, pursue their sinuous course sparkling through the brush, now coursing swiftly along over rocks and pebbles, beneath the shade of overhanging foliage, then rushing into the sunshine till every drop seemed a particle of molten silver.

Beyond Crystal Springs, we traveled over a level country, through avenues formed on the one side of brush, on the other of buckeyes, whose sweet-smelling blossoms diffuse an aroma like the honeysuckle, the road, leading gradually up a mountain, from the summit of which the view is grand in the extreme. Below was the valley, whose fertility and beauty might rival the Hesperides; beyond, in rigid grandeur, that strongly contrasted with the cultivated fields beneath, loomed the Mountains of the Coast Range, and, further on, the ocean, covered with a mantle of mist. Lingering a moment on the summit, the descent commences with the cool air of the mountain blowing freshly in your face, you dash along on a newly graded road, over green sward, through brooks, under trees, across rustic bridges, sweeping grandly around curves that seem to lead over the precipitous bank, sensibly impressing you by their abruptness with the consequences that would follow an error of your driver, and yet adventurously confident in his skill, you go riding down the grand old mountain, and almost feel a pang of sorrow when at its feet you reach the level road leading to Half Moon Bay. At this place, reached about 11½ o'clock, the passengers dine, the repast, ordinarily occupying about twenty minutes, a time sufficiently long to stay in Half Moon Bay. Two hours ride, next brings you to the San Gregario creek, a locality, which we can testify from ocular evidence, to be an excellent place for fishing. Upon the banks of this creek, the disciples of Walton delight to ambush themselves, and fishing rods having their inception in brush, and their terminus in a fly of variegated plumage, may be seen all along the creek. The scenery here at once stamps it a piscatorial paradise; the water runs swiftly along channels, now rippling around the branches of a fallen tree now coursing beneath the shadow of an overhanging rock, dashing over the pebbles, now sparkling for a moment where a narrow streak of sunshine pierces the foliage; again dark as the Styx where it settles in some rocky hole or basin of the stream. There, the metropolitan finds himself emancipated, indeed, as he stands on the banks of the creek, beneath the shadow of its trees and foliage, with naught to disturb the silence save the murmurs and ripple of the stream.

Leaving the San Gregario, an hour's ride over a dusty road, brought us to our destination. Pescadero, or to use a tourist's expressive abbreviation, Pesky, is decidedly a country place; it is situated in a valley about one mile from the coast, with a climate somewhat similar to that of San Francisco, save that it is better protected by its mountains and hills. When you reach the summit of the hill which overlooks "Pesky," a close scrutiny and observation reveals to you the following objects: first, a flag pole, next a roof, then a two-story frame house, which you are assured is the hotel, whereof you are at first skeptical; then another house looms up, likewise a hotel, and then six more edifices which you rashly infer to be hotels also.

Immediately after our arrival at Scranton's, about 2 P. M., not discovering any object of particular interest, we started for the Pescadero Creek, which we were informed was about three hundred yards distant; now, had we reflected for a moment, we might have properly realized the unsatisfactory character of the above information, but considering that the house was the initial point from which the distance was computed, we trudged along quite contentedly for the first 200 yards, when discovering nothing ahead save a long, well-defined expanse of road, we pushed forward anxiously for 150 yards further, but observing no material change in the prospect, we settled down into a spirit of dejected resolve, and after having traversed a mile and a half, we were rewarded by reaching the creek. This stream empties into the ocean, and affords excellent opportunities for colliding with fences and running upon mud banks. But notwithstanding these little drawbacks, we enjoyed many a pleasant hour during our stay, boating on Pescadero Creek. While the appearance of Pescadero is calculated to convey to the traveler a vivid impression of Sleepy Hollow, the facilities it affords for picnics, excursions and social intercourse, unite to make it one of best places for pleasure, freedom and jolity that a party of tourists can desire. All visitors here seem naturally to throw off the restraints and formalities of city life, and devote themselves entirely to vigorous and sanitary modes of enjoyment. Horse-back riding is a favorite exercise, while we have frequently seen ladies of the highest social culture and refinement, industriously rowing up and down the creek, and although on these occasions the boat pursued a somewhat devious course, shooting obliquely upon a mud bank, or running with misdirected accuracy into the centre of a pile, we could not but admire the spirit exhibited.

Among one of the many pleasant places we visited while in Pescadero, was Redwood Glen. The road to this place leads for some distance along the coast. and is grand indeed, running close to cliffs, from whose majestic heights we look down upon the ocean and its foam-capped waves, dashing high upon the beach and covering the rocks with clouds of spray. At the Glen, we behold redwood trees of magnificent proportions, so thick as to leave only a small clearing, where a mill has been erected. In the Glen we passed several hours, traversing under its splendid arches, or climbing over the fallen trees. till at length we seemed to have invaded the very depths of the forest, and it needed no vivid imagination to conjure up in the dark circles of this splendid cathedral of nature, some old Druid worshiping by his altar of stones, or fair Dryad decking her tresses with forest leaves. J. H. Jr.

San Francisco, June 24th, 1867.

DRAMATIC AFFAIRS.

SOME of our regular theater-goers profess to be astonished at the fact that Edwin Adams, an actor who came here comparatively unheralded, who arrived at the commencement of the dullest season of the year, when all our fashionable people are at watering places, should succeed in crowding Maguire's Opera House nightly for the last three weeks, and at present have a fair prospect of playing to crowded houses for three months at least. There is nothing so very strange in this fact, if the people will only reflect a little. Many a star who has visited this city has very soon lead out his trump card with the expectation that it would be sufficiently strong to win him the game. Bandman played "Narcisse" very well, but it could not run more than two or three consecutive nights in San Francisco. Vestvali played "Gamea," and exhibited genius in her impersonation of that character. Edwin Adams has played a most even game, if he has a bad card in his hand he has not as yet shown it. and he appears to be cautiously reserving his strongest trumps. That *all* our fashionable people have not left town, was abundantly proved on Monday, by the splendid audience which assembled to witness Edwin Adams' impersonation of "Jack Rover." A change was made in the cast on this occasion: Harry Edwards assumed the character of "Sir George Thunder," and played it in a manner which charmed every one. On Tuesday the house was thronged by persons wishing to witness the young tragedian's fine impersonation of "Hamlet," which has been pronounced by the Press generally, to be the most even performance of the part ever given in this city. Mr. Adams is not an actor by fits and starts, he never for an instant loses his identification with the character he is playing. and in this especially. lies the great charm of his acting. On Wednesday, *Richard III* was performed to an immense house. On Thursday night, the long promised drama of *The Dead Heart*, (Edwin Adams' original version) was produced. In spite of the attractions of the fire-works and numerous social gatherings the house presented its usual appearance—crowded from pit to dome. *The Dead Heart* has been reserved by Mr. Adams as a treat for his appreciative audiences. It was in this he made his first grand success. and no character could be better suited than is that of "Robert Landry" to show his talent to advantage. The plot of this piece is familiar to the public, it being the same as that of the piece played under the same name some years ago. Mr. Adams' play is one of the most thrilling dramas ever produced on the stage; it is full of dramatic situations; the dialogue is crisp and sparkling, and considerable opportunity is afforded for scenic effects. It was capitally put on the stage, and the correct manner in which even those who had not a line to speak acted their parts, evinced the fruits of frequent and careful rehearsals. I almost feel inclined to say, that in the character of "Robert Landry," Edwin Adams is seen at his best, but he may have something better still in reserve. The scene in which he is released from an imprisonment of seventeen years in the Bastile, is worked up in the most thrilling manner; the attempts of the freed captive to recover his memory and realize his position are admirably portrayed. Mr. Adams is famous for his combats, and worked his audience up to a pitch of painful excitement by his combat with "Abbé la Tour" in the fourth act. Mr. McCullough played the cool villain, "Abbé la Tour" extremely well, carefully avoiding exaggeration and preserving the *sang froid* which distinguishes the character, with great skill. The death scene was especially well managed. Mrs. Sophie Edwin was quite at home in the character of "Catherine Duval," and played it in such a manner that she gained the sympathies of the audience at the beginning, and retained them throughout the play. She read the many fine passages which fell to her with much force, and gained great applause. J. A. Herne was very good as "Count St. Valarie," and "St. Valarie, Jr." Miss Sallie Hinckley played the part of "Ciresette," with immense spirit, and did not miss making a single point. Harry Edwards was a very fine characterization of the bearish but soft-hearted patriot. Altogether *The Dead Heart* was admirably well performed, and should enjoy a long run. This fine play was presented yesterday evening and will be repeated to-night. To resume the metaphor which I adopted at the commencement, Mr. Adams appears to consider that he holds a good hand in hearts, and will play another of this suit for his benefit on Monday night. He will appear in the favorite drama of *The Marble Heart*. That the young tragedian will have a bumper benefit is certain; the number of his admirers is very large, he is supported by no nationality, by no clique, but by the general public who acknowledge his genius.

At the Metropolitan Theater, a season of comedy, burlesque, opera, and farce commenced on Monday, under the direction of Miss Emma Howson with Frank Howson as Manager. The performance opened with an operetta entitled *Mephistopheles Jr; or an Ambassador from Below*. The whole of the music introduced in this piece was original, having been composed by F. A. Howson. The duet "Two Little Hands, Two Little Hearts" was very pretty; the duet between "Brancador" and "Fiametta," "Here's my Wife, so you must Leave Me," was a really fine composition, and the finale "Good Night, Signor Mephistopheles," evinced considerable talent. Why does not Frank write an English opera? The chief parts in the play, "Pepito," "Honesta" and "Mephistopheles" fell to Miss Clelia Howson, who performed them admirably. At the commencement of the play her impersonation of the good young "Pepito," the gardener, was capital, and the change which took place in his feelings when Mephistopheles entered into him was most artistically represented. Her impersonation of "Honesta" was equally good, and the transformation of the timid, blushing bride into the virago was a very fine piece of acting. As "Mephistopheles," in the concluding scene, Miss Clelia Howson was, indeed, a very jolly little devil, and quite won the hearts of her audience. The entertainment concluded with the clever burlesque of *Atalanta*, in which Miss Emma Howson appeared to great advantage in the title role, acting and singing in the most charming manner. John Howson was wonderfully funny as "Missisarris," as indeed he is in all burlesque old-women parts. Mis Jennie Parker made a handsome "Hippomenes," and the cast was altogether a good one. This famous burlesque will be played for the last time this afternoon. This evening, the performance will commence with Charles Mathew's favorite comedietta *Who Speaks First?* and conclude with the ever-popular extravaganza of *Aladdin; or, The Wonderful Scamp*, in which Miss Clelia Howson made such an immense hit some months ago. This is one of the most attractive extravaganzas ever written, and the capital company at present at the Metropolitan Theater are fully capable to do it justice. John Howson's "Widow Twankey" is one of the most laughable impersonations ever presented on the stage.

Last night the beautiful opera of *The Bohemian Girl* was performed. I regret being unable to furnish an account of it in time for The Californian.

Every evening during the week, Henri Herberte has delighted the audience assembled in the Metropolitan Theatre, by singing "My Pretty Jane."

On Monday, Mrs. C. R. Saunders, the talented and popular comedienne, commences an engagement at this house, and the comedy of *The Serious Family* will be performed. The company, at the Metropolitan Theatre, is a strong one, comprising such comedy talent as Mrs. Saunders, Mr. Sinclair, Mr. Thompson, Mr. Leach, and the Howsons. The next opera to be produced is *Der Freischutz*, which will be presented on Friday.

The people of San Francisco are to have their second season of Italian Opera, in spite of their misbehavior in not rallying to the support of the Impresario. I commend to the perusal of those who fancy an Impresario has an easy task in providing operatic entertainments for their amusement, the article entitled "The Enterprising Impresario," on the tenth page of the present issue of the Californian. The subscription list of the new season, will be open on Monday morning, and on Wednesday next, the opera of *Ione* will be produced at the Academy of Music. As opera is provided for our citizens at a lower rate than in almost any other country in the world, it is absolutely necessary to secure the Impresario from heavy loss, that the house should be full every night. The new season offers so many attractions that we have but little fear as to the result. Touchstone.

Anitomical Museum. Science is popularized now-a-days. A lair insight into the mysteries of the science of anatomy may be gained by spending a few hours among the beautiful models to be seen at this museum.

FENIAN JAMES FITZPATRICK.

THE day's partial thaw is succeeded by a clear sharp frost to-night. A solemn stillness reigns over field and fell The very air is sleeping, and not a cloud flecks the great dome of heaven. All the expance is flooded with pale moonlight. The fir-trees, still bearing fleeces of snow in tiers upon their fan-like arms, cast grotesque shadows on the lawn. Three bright lines of light blaze in the barracks yonder on the hill. They keep the lights burning all the night through now, for there are few men within, and they are watching. A dog disturbed, barks sharply far away down in the valley, others of his kind take up and repeat his warning; for a moment there is a chorus of sharp terriers and deep-toned mastiffs, then all is till again. The silence saddens and oppresses one. All are asleep within, and I long for some sign of active life to break the grave stillness of the hour.

Yes, there is life. A mile away behind the house they are burning furze upon Knockrea. Yet these are not furze-burners, now that I look again. The light is too steady and too red. It must be just above the edge on which the police-station can be discerned, white above its own dark shadow. It is extinguished, and flashes out again. Once more I try to fix the spot where it appeared, once more it blazes out, and stronger than before. Is that an electric flash, marking out a bath of light among the trees, and glancing off the red-barked pine? Signal answers signal, as I live! They speak to each other across the gorge. those men upon the hill and some round my own homestead. All is still as death. but near me there are others awake, and watching like myself.

The stealthy drawing of a bolt, the rattling of a chain, the creak of a hinge upon the gate, and suddenly the clank of hoofs on the hard roadway. My horses are away! Have they broken loose, or are they ridden? I shout, and in reply hear from the skirt of the wood, horrible in the night's quiet, that demoniac war-hoop which James Fitzpatrick learned of the Indians. It is Fitzpatrick; he has thrown off the mask at last! Distant, ever more distant, is the clatter of the hoofs, now ringing more clearly as they mount hills, now dying away in the hollows. At last it is heard only at distant intervals, and then no more.

According to his own story, James Fitzpatrick had left Ireland three years before "the war." Wandering through "the States," doing a turn of work, now here, now there, he became a sort of slave-driver on a cotton-plantation in South Carolina. When the war between North and South broke out, he bore arms in the Confederate ranks, and fought at Beaufort and New Orleans under the Palmetto flag. Either as a deserter or a prisoner, he changed sides, and served with Sherman during his famous march from Atlanta to Charleston, and fearful were the tales he told to our frightened but eagerly listening children of blood, and death, and plunder he had seen. Leaving this service, too, he never told us how or why, he became "lifter" to a corn-merchant at Chicago—an employment for which his powerful and active frame well fitted him. He offered his services to me a few weeks after his return to Ireland "for any wages I pleased to give." I had just obtained a life interest in a small farm of twenty acres of ornamental wood. The place had been shamefully neglected, and my ignorance of farming was supreme. Fitzpatrick was recommended to me as a "handy man," ready to "put his strength" to any kind of labor, and such I found him.

His experience in "the territories" of America had taught him much. He was equal to three ordinary men in capacity for work and facility in expedients. He kneaded and baked our bread, cared and milked our cows, made our butter, did a trifle of blacksmith's work, repaired our gates and fences, and executed rough jobs of carpentry. We found out that he washed, clear-starched, and "did up fine things" as well as any laundry-maid. There was nothing he was not willing to attempt and could not manage to do in some way, so as to answer the purpose for a time. He soon brought our small farm "to rights" working himself energetically but noisily, and making others work. With our children he was all in all; their great authority and lawgiver in the art of constructing rabbit-hutches, setting snares for hares or birds, and building toy ships to sail upon the pond. He knew where the hawk had her young, and the woodquest built her nest. Great was the store of wild birds' eggs the boys gathered on the moor and "blew" under his direction. As a help he was invaluable to us, but there was a restlessness and wildness, sometimes a degree of violence, in his character which caused uneasiness. He spoke of our farm as his own, and openly said what he would have done next year; but the Irish steward identified himself so far with his master, that this occasioned no surprise. We knew not then that he had purchased an "Irish bond" on our small estate. He boasted more than once to other that "he could buy and sell us" if he pleased. One part of his character did give me real uneasiness. He hated, or professed to hate, the priests of his own communion. He forsook his "duty," seldom going to chapel never to confession. The language he ventured to use towards his own priest was unmeasured in abuse; yet the parish priest was a gentle aged man, kindly and charitable, never interfering in politics save to condemn the Fenians.

Early in the month of October, Fitzpatrick requested me to sign, in evidence of his identity, an American draft for one hundred and eighty dollars, drawn in his favor at New York This, he said, was the amount of his savings at Chicago, which he had left in bank until "gold got cheap." His account was not improbable, for I knew him to be hard working and thrifty. On the third Sunday of December he brought another note, but this time for two hundred and fifty dollars. I refused, but in quiet terms, to sign such a document on Sunday. A sudden fear flashed across my mind, for these American bills were objects of suspicion. I determined on the moment, come what would, to dismiss Fitzpatrick. On my refusal to sign the note his face grew purple, and he dashed from the room, more resembling a maniac than a sane man. On that night he fled.

There was no rest for the remainder of the night. We closed the yard-gates, bolted and barred the rooms below, and waited for winter's dawn. To send for the constabulary, I should leave the house to females and children. I should have to pass through the wood to reach the lodge; and who could tell whether the keeper was not in the plot? An hour passed away, and then came the tramp of men upon the gravel. They paused before the house. and the sound of grounded arms was plain. A short rapid glance from the window showed us the police. There were twelve in the patrol. Three and the sergeant a little in advance, faced the hall door full in the moonlight; two were dimly seen in the dark shadow of the trees on either side; the rest had mounted the yard gate, for we heard them moving on the pavement.

"Very sorry to disturb you, sir, but we have orders."

"Wait one moment, sergeant, I will let you in."

"We have a warrant, sir, against Fitzpatrick, which is his room?"

A few words sufficed to show that Fitzpatrick had known the warrant was issued almost as soon as the police themselves. The accurate and timely information possessed by the leading Fenians was sometimes a complete puzzle to the authorities. They seemed to know beforehand when and where, and in what force, a search would be made. The escape of Stephens from Richmond Bridewell was only one of a series of proofs that the conspiracy had active and unsuspected agents in offices of trust. Two, if not three, years had been spent by Stephens and his colleages in preparation. Efforts were made, often aided innocently by most loyal men, to obtain situations for confederates in prisons, hospitals, and public offices. There were confederates in the camps, in barrack, and in the neighborhood of police stations. The slightest movements on the part of the constabulary were noted by vigilant, but unseen or unsuspected watchers. A simple system of light signals by night, scouts on the tops of hills during the day, betrayed the line of route taken by military or police. The uncouth and silent peasant screening the sand on the mountain-side; the tramp who infested your grounds; the peddler with his "lucifers," and song books, and bits of showy ribbon; the laborer looking for work with his spade upon his shoulder; the ragged and shoeless urchin pretending to mind the sheep; the girl half hidden among the furze playing with her kid, were all scouts, well-paid scouts—for a trifle serves as a great bribe where the wages of a working man are but seven shillings weekly—doing the bidding of an unknown agent under pain of death. Chiefly the leaders sought to place confederates about the families of persons holding office under the crown. Any movement out of the routine course was suspected and watched. A sentence heard at the dinner-table, and most innocently mentioned in the kitchen, seemed to have wings. The purport of it, if it concerned the conspiracy, was known miles away before nightfall.

A search was made in the room so recently occupied by the fugitive. Little was found: a pair of military gloves, two copies of the *Irish People*—not the genuine *Irish People* suppressed by the government, but an American publication transmitted in quantities to Ireland, either separately or folded in the pages of other New York newspapers. A plank of the floor had been taken up, and lay on its side against the wall. Here, it was supposed, "the rifle" had been secreted. Bedding was tossed up and carefully examined, with no result. In passing down the stairs leading to the room, the lamp held by the sergeant flashed its light upon a paper affixed to the wall It was wafered up, and covered with short pencil strokes, opposite words written in ink. Under the words "Head," "Hands," "Fingers," "Feet," "Toes," were marks I did not comprehend. The sergeant knew at once the importance of the document. These names indicated the position held by members of the conspiracy. The "hands" were superior to the "feet," but both had authority. The "fingers" were the "privates" who had been supplied with arms. The "toes" were unarmed as yet. The down-strokes indicated the attendance at drill.

"There is evidence here to hang him, if he's caught," said the sergeant. "A document like this we do not often find."

So the very man whom we had, until lately, trusted most, and who was thoroughly acquainted with the whole tenor of our lives, was the chief organiser and paymaster of the Fenians in our district!

Before mid day on Monday we knew all. They, amongst whom we lived, and who never had uttered one word of warning, were voluble in offering information now Every one knew something about Fitzpatrick, and came to tell it. On holidays, or in the evenings after the hours of work, "our man" drilled his recruits among the sand hills, or seduced and swore men in at the cateen. He reviewed his levies and distributed pay, on starry nights, at the hedges of the moor. Now was explained why we often heard the sound of horses' hoofs so late at night, and why our ponies appeared exhausted and spiritless in the morning.

Five arrests were made early in the morning of Fitzpatrick's flight. Two publicans, who had a thriving trade, disappeared, without informing their nearest relatives why, or whither—at least, so they said. The whole district was in commotion, and every laborer was suspected, or professed to hold others in suspicion. I sent my family up to Dublin, although we were guarded more securely than we had reason to suppose. Our children told us how they had seen "the sergeant and his men" lying flat among the trees around the house by night. My wife and daughters found that, on their visits to the village, men of soldier-like bearing, but in civilians' clothes, hovered near them. Often I hailed and spoke to the patrol, who appeared to rise up out of the earth. Our servants, however, gave warning, and we feared to engage others. The lodge-keeper alone stood his ground, and kept the house with me.

Gradually the alarm through the district subsided. Arrests were no longer made, and not the slightest injury was done to person or property. I had my family safe in Dublin, and my mind was free. Six days before the rising there had not existed with us the slightest suspicion that an outbreak was intended. The military authorities and police thought otherwise, and they were right. The precautions taken by the State were now the chief proofs that the conspiracy still existed and the very means wisely adopted to obviate or anticipate danger gave birth to apprehension.

A hot pursuit was set on foot after James Fitzpatrick, but in vain. He had timed his flight cleverly, and taken the railway to Dublin at a station nine miles off, although there were two stations nearer. My ponies were brought back next day, and gave proofs of having been ridden desperately hard. Who accompanied Fitzpatrick we never knew. It was supposed he had made for Liverpool, and had hidden himself amongst the dockyard laborers for a time, and then started for New York. The constabulary gathered up and carefully recorded all the evidence they could collect concerning him—to little purpose, as I imagined. But they said, if ever a rising should actually take place, "Fitzpatrick would surely be in the thick of it." He would dare anything, they believed, and could not settle down.

During the interval between the flight of Fitzpatrick and the rising at Tallaght, we heard occasionally vague rumors concerning him. "He had become a great man, entirely;" "He was full of money," and "would soon be back in Ireland with the States army." But we gathered some decided information from the New York papers, which, in their reports of Fenian meetings, recorded his name as that of an accredited agent of "the Irish republic," regularly commissioned to explain the position of the conspiracy in Ireland. He was named in small capitals as "Head Centre" and "District Organiser of the I. R. B." His story harmonised with that told by all the rest who had fled from Ireland, and appeared as "agents" in the cities of the United States. "There were thousands of men, wholboy or partly drilled and disciplined, ready to rise, if they had but arms." Arms, or money to buy arms, would enable "the men in the gap" to liberate Ireland from the British yoke He openly announced his determination to return to "the front," and to join in striking "the final blow" against British tyranny. All this was considered as a device to induce the Celtic element in the United States to subscribe once more to the Fenian treasury. We believed Fitzpatrick to be but a type of a numerous class, Irish in nothing but their birth. Habituated to violence and rapine during the American civil war, the return of peace found them unfitted for industrial employment, and, ready to become the instruments of any American intrigue which promised them congenial occupation, Whiteboyism, Terry altism, Ribbonism, the Pœnix mystery, had been carried to America by a million of emigrants, and there developed into secret societies of vast extent and considerable political influence. The Irish element in these societies was believed to have combined to a man in Fenianism, and to be wielded by clever and unscrupulous leaders for political objects or pecuniary advantage. As a theoretical organisation on paper, the Fenian scheme was remarkably complete; but, as the emissaries of the conspiracy must have known that few persons worthy to be called, by the most liberal application of the term citizens—in position or respectable employment, could be induced to take part in the scheme from first to last, it was not generally believed they would ever oppose to the enormous power of the government the loose waifs and strays who constitute in Ireland the Fenian army.

When this army had melted away at the first touch of the

constalbulary on Tallaght Hill, Fitzpatrick was diligently sought for. The authorities were aware that he had acted as one of the leaders in the affray, and there was good reason to suspect that he knew more of the American side of the conspiracy than the rest. He was one whose appearance could not be mistaken. He was not amongst the miserable rabble parade in the Castle-yard the day succeeding the rising; he was not found among the straying fugitives picked up by the police; he certainly had not succeeded in getting through the Wicklow mountains, or making "for the south." We concluded that he had slipped back to Dublin someway, and hidden himself amidst the crowd.

In the wards of an hospital he lay powerless and moribund when I recognised him. A ball had struck him right on the breast-bone, and, glancing off, ran in a semicircle to the shoulder, and there, breaking the clavicle, passed out. A thick blue welt, tight as a rope, marked the track of the ball. The blood oozed drop by drop from the narrow puncture, and would not be stanched. The stars in their courses had fought against the Feniaus. Never was there known in Ireland so bitter a month as the March which the conspirators madly chose for their attempt. For two endless nights and two inclement days Fitzpatrick had lain in a furrow freezing to death. Then the gathering of a flock of crows around his hiding place led to his discovery. He was carefully lifted up and borne away, no longer an enemy. He could not have been more kindly tended. He could only look his thanks. This only I gathered from his whispered words, spoken at long intervals: that he had been treacherously shot by one of his American confederates because he knew too much.

All that he knew lies buried with him. We buried him among "his own people," in a sunny graveyard. He was the last of his kin in Ireland. I see his grave every Sunday, and the children have made it bloom with daffodils and primroses. There is often a little group gathered around the place. They know as yet nothing of treachery or treason, but much of old companionship and pleasant hours on sunny days upon the moorland.

A MYSTERY STILL.

NEARLY half a century ago, a young fellow with a smartish air, though of a small ill-proportioned figure, landed at the Cape of Good Hope, bringing letters of introduction to the governor of that colony from a well known eccentric Scottish nobleman. This fair-faced slender youth held the humble rank of an assistant-surgeon in the army.

He soon showed that he possessed the power of self-appreciation to such a degree as required a little taking down. But this was found to be no easy task. He had the faculty called, in French, *l'audace*, often a good substitute for ability; but when the two go hand in hand, they carry all before them, in one shape or other; and as the young surgeon was as clever as he was impudent, he made a position for himself, and, what is more, he kept it.

Doctor James—we give part of his name as it stood in the Army List in 1865—was a physician by Edinburg diploma. As we shall show by and by, he never held any regimental rank, passing, contrary to all precedent, to his full surgeoncy on the staff.

By dates from unquestionable records; he seems to have received his diploma at the early age of fifteen. Whether these dates corresponed with his certificate of baptism it is impossible to say, as, under all circumstances, it may be doubtful whether such a document ever existed.

Whatever might have been the status of military medical men fifty years since, James liked his calling, and, socially speaking, was a gentleman every inch of him: though this is not literally saying very much for him, seeing he was but a little man. He had a fair allowance from some source or other; but he never spoke of any relatives or friends out of the military profession. He kept a horse and a private servant, and, as a strict vegetarian, would touch none but the most delicate fruits of the earth. Potatoes and apples were to him, "filthy roots;" the odor of cabbage turned him sick; but he liked peas, and craved for asparagus, sea-kale, peaches, grapes, melons, figs, custard-apples, and, above all, mangoes. Coffee was the only stimulant he could bear, except when ill and then he would sip diluted champagne or brandy, medicinally.

Some called him a toady; but, his letters of introduction placed him at once in the best society of the colony. Neither had he health for general visiting. With those among whom he lived, he made friends, and kept them. His testiness was harmless, his abilities were unquestionable; and it having been intimated to the governor that the young medico's duties were to be made as light as the rules of the service would permit, he was installed as honorary physician to his excellency's family, and soon obtained such a reputation, both as physician and surgeon, that private practice came to him without his seeking it. His queer ways and irritable temper rather increased than diminished his prestige, and he held his own through good report and evil report.

When first called in to a patient, he would have the room cleared of everything previously prescribed, and would almost invariably order, as a preface to his course of treatment, a bath of Cape wine! Happen what might, he claimed the whole credit of a cure, or blamed others for failure. He was, to be sure, sent for at times as a last resource. If the patient recovered, Doctnr James had all the merit; if death ensued, "Doctor James had unfortunately been summoned when the case was hopeless."

His excellency had spoiled him. He became a kind of tame imp, encouraged as amusing and harmless enough; but, like such imps, he took advantage one day of his position, and was impertinent. He had the *entrée* of the governor's private cabinet. One morning, sauntering in, he had the assurance to make some querulous remarks on an official document lying on the table. Finally, he worked himself into such an offensive pet, that his Excellency resolved to give him a lesson; so, snatching the little fellow up by the collar of his uniform, he swung him over the window-sill—a few feet above the grassy garden—and shook him. James screeched and cried peccavi. He was forgiven, and never offended there in the same way again. Still, everyone was persuaded that such unwarrantable humors as he exhibited, were only tolerated by reason of certain influences that remain a mystery to this day. His next adventure might have ended his career. The story from the Government House got bruited abroad, and much fun was raised at Doctor James' expense. Some laughed about it, in such a way as that James could not but be aware of the fact. He had been looking out for a chance of checking the sauciness of some of the young fellows in the garrison, and here was the chance at last. One morning, a tall cornet, whose contemptuous manner had much irritated him, was sauntering along under the trees of a charming walk, in one of the most public parts of Cape Town—where, to this day, the people are wont to sit upon the stoops, men smoking, women knitting, and grave little Dutch children toddling up and down—when James strutted up to the young dragoon; a member of the governor's staff. James stopped the way with a defiant air. Some ill-conditioned person had made the most of the cornet's disparaging jests. James was glad of this opportunity of asserting himself. High words ensued, the doctor's shrill voice piercing the air, and thus drawing attention (as he intended it should) to the encounter, which ended in a challenge. Next morning a quiet little duel took place. It ended well. Hands were shaken, and cornet and doctor became good friends for life. If the affair ever came to the ears of the Governor, he thought it best to ignore it, according to the fashion of the day.

Doctor James afforded a good illustration of the triumph of mind over matter. Tetchy as he was, he never excited any professional jealousy albeit, in defiance of all precedent, he was promoted on the staff as full surgeon without doing a day's regimental duty. Frail in body, unique in appearance, and eccentric in manner, he insured respect by his capacity; and, as he could be courteous when he pleased, his oddities were excused by his colleagues. He must have realized at this period considerable sums by his private practice, but he never changed his mode of living. He kept a black servant, a serviceable pony, and a small dog called Psyche. Most of Pysche's successors bore her name. This queer quartette usually took their walks abroad in company, and were a well-known group at Cape Town.

On Dr. James' return to England, he was offered an appointment at another colonial station. Here, owing to the climate, or possibly to non-appreciation, he grew discontented, and, without making any official application for leave of absence, on plea of sickness or "urgent private affairs," took his departure for England.

He would chuckle as he related the story of his unlooked-for appearance before the director-general of the medical department in London. "Sir," said the doctor, "I do not understand your reporting yourself in this fashion. You admit you have returned without a leave of absence. May I ask how this is?"

"Well," said James, coolly running his long white fingers through his crisp sandy curls, "I have come home to have my hair cut."

He had more than once defied the rules of the service with impunity and invariably boasted that he could have his choice of quarters. And he had. He was counted a lucky fellow; but who he was, or what he was, never ceased to be a question of debate among his brethren less fortunate than he.

It would scarcely be supposed that he would submit to the banishment of St. Helena, but he thought "it might suit him very well," and he accepted it. It did suit him very well, until he made it too hot to hold him. The climate pleased him. The fruits and delicate vegetables were strong considerations with him. His health was more settled than in former days, his reputation was high, and he had brought with him his usual letters of introduction. Despite his shuffling gate, he might have been no more than thirty, although he had been an M. D. nearly twenty-four years! His smooth face, his sandy hair, and a tolerable set of teeth, contributed essentially to his juvenile appearance.

He was now principal medical officer. He installed himself in a pretty cottage at the head of James Town, and revelled in the tropical fruits, as many who read this account will remember. A certain mango-tree was his favorite bower. He paid well for all he had, and those who had the best opportunities of knowing him asserted that, selfish, odd, and cranky as he was, he had kindness for the poor, and was charitable without ostentation. He would go about, bestridiug his pony in strange fashion, with an umbrella over his head. His saddle was a curiosity. It was so comfortably padded and so safely shaped, that, once wedged into it, it was a marvel how he got out of it. In uniform he was a caricature. His boot heel were two inches above the ground, and within the boots were soles three inches thick. Add to these boots very long spurs, crown the sandy curls with a cocked hat, and complete all with a sword big enough for a dragoon, and you have the doctor complete. The pony was enveloped in a net from ears to heels, and swung the tassels about impatient of the gear. The black man attended at the beast's head, and Psyche tripped after them, the doctor's treble waking up the hot silence of the one narrow street shut in by barren rocks, and Psyche's bark making discord at intervals.

He estaolished himself in the old fashion at Government House, where he was suffered to talk of his aristocratic acquaintance, sometimes alluding to those of other days in a manner sufficiently puzzling. As at Cape Town, he became the family physician, or considered himself such, and gave himself his usual airs when called in to a private family. He effected some great cures, and gained the confidence of his patients. His presence at the hospital was a signal for the juniors to be all on the alert. The soldiers liked him and trusted in his skill; but woe betide the laggard medico who was not there to receive the P. M. O., or who had swerved one hair's-breath from his instructions.

All went on harmoniously enough for upwards of a year when the doctor, in an evil moment, picked a quarrel with an officer of the garrison. The affair led to a challenge, which the doctor declined in no dignified way, and it was followed by his open expulsion from the garrison mess as an honorary member. Finally, the governer called for a court of inquiry, which resulted in James being sent home under arrest.

The writer of this article witnessed his exit from James Town. On one of those still sultry mornings peculiar to the tropics, the measured step of the doctor's pony woke up the echoes of the valley. There came the P. M. O., looking faded and crestfallen. He was in plain clothes. He had shrunk away wonderfully. His blue jacket hung loosely about him, his white trousers were a world too wide, the veil garnishing his broad straw hat covered his face, and he carried the inevitable umbrella over his head so that it screened him from the general gaze. The street was deserted, but other eyes besides the writer's looked on the group through the Venetian blinds. No sentry presented arms at the gates, and the familiar quartette proceeded unnoticed along the lines to the ship's boat in waiting.

His influence had been at work for him before he landed.

He was released from arrest, outrageous as his conduct had been, and again had his choice of quarters. He went to other stations, in the tropics, to Greece, and the Mediterranean

He retained his taste for Government House society, and as he grew older got less testy. He began to think of death and sepulture, and would have had a friend in the West Indies take an oath that, if he (James) died there he should be buried in the garments he wore at the time. The friend declined to swear, but James did not quarrel with him.

His last voyage was made as an amateur. One winter drove him to the West Indies again, where he gave out "confidentially" that his reasons for leaving England were very sad: "a broken-off engagement with a young and beautiful creature, and some trouble in money matters. He had lost documents, jewels, and family records, on board a vessel which had foundered at sea. He was unhappy, and he wanted solace." His former opponent in the duel was commander-in-chief, and he and James were capital friends.

The summer of '64 brought him back to England, with Black John and a little dog, whose name was not Psyche. As the creature is probably living, she shall be nameless. Doctor James must now have been quite seventy years old. His friends of former days held by him to the last; he was often, ailing; and the kind ladies of his Cape patron's family would take him out driving in the park, and would have him to dinner, with provision of suitable fruits and cakes and coffee.

It was asserted that he aspired to the honor of being a K. C. B., and his new uniform was ordered for the last levee of the season. No doubt, his service entitled him of some distinction; and his influence still existed somewhere. One day he returned to his lodgings from a carriage ride, shivering and feverish. He went to bed, and dispatched Black John with his excuses from a dinner engagement for next day, Sunday.

On that Sunday morning, Black John went into his master's room, as usual, to lay out his body linen. Six towels were among the invariable items of his toilet, and though Black John never assisted at it personally, he was aware that his

[CONCLUDED ON TENTH PAGE.]

NOTICE.

The publication of "The Californian" takes place on Saturday mornings, and copies may be obtained in the City at all News stands, and of our News-agents through the country. It will also be served by carriers on the morning of publication.

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J. P. BOGARDUS, J. F. BOWMAN. } *Editors and Proprietors.*

THE CALIFORNIAN.

SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, JULY 6, 1867.

THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION—A POLITICAL PERIL.

THERE is a species of lazy amiability which, in its extreme readiness to "forget and forgive," in its freedom from suspicion and distrust, and its ready faith in promises of amendment on the part of those who have committed offences, is to be regarded as a weakness rather than a virtue, and savors more of folly than benevolence. Victor Hugo's sketch of the good bishop who is so ready to trust Jean Valjean with his candle-sticks, notwithstanding his knowledge that the latter is a discharged convict, is very delightful, but we fear that in real life, the men who exhibit most of this charming confidence in sudden reformations of old offenders, will generally be found to unite much flabbiness of brain with their undoubted goodness of heart.

Dickens represents even those supernaturally benevolent and guileless old gentlemen, the Cheeryble Brothers, as thinking it proper, notwithstanding their faith in human nature and their favorable impressions of their protegee, to institute some inquiries in regard to his antecedents, and the truth of his statements about himself; and they could scarcely have been pictured as more careless and confiding, without danger of exciting in the mind of the judicious reader some little contempt for their understandings, to alloy his admiration of their childlike simplicity.

The ideas and feelings of a large portion of the people of North, at the close of the war, on the subject of reconstruction and the policy to be pursued toward the baffled conspirators against the Government, were of the most sentimental and visionary character. Thousands of excellent men in regard to whose staunch loyalty there could be no shadow of doubt, were carried so far by the generous impulses that revolt against the appearance of cruelty toward a conquered and helpless antagonist, as to advocate a policy that endangered all the results of the struggle, and rendered all the noble lives that the war had cost, a fruitless sacrifice. The magnanimity of some of these men may be compared to that of the chivalrous individual, attacked on the highway, who, after getting his assailant down, should release without disarming him, upon no other guarantee of his own security than the highwayman's word of honor.

At the time when the struggle between Congress and the Executive, on the subject of reconstruction, first broke out, we are inclined to believe that a majority of loyal men in the North were so under the influence of this spirit of amiable but unwise magnanimity, that they were, for a while, inclined to take sides with the President, and to welcome "our Southern brethren" back into the Union and restore them to the full exercise of political power, with no other guaranty for the safety of the negro, and the permanence of the results of the contest than might be found in renewed oaths by men who had broken old ones, and in new provisions reluctantly inserted in Southern State Constitutions. At that time half the Union papers in this State, either came out distinctly for President Johnston's policy, or remained in doubt and hesitation between the desire on the one hand to make certain of the fruits of the hard contest, and reluctance on the other, to exercise unnecessary harshness toward the vanquished. It was not until the spirit that animated the vanquished rebels—the spirit that revealed itself in the massacre at New Orleans, and in hundreds of cruelties and outrages on a smaller scale—began to be understood, that President Johnson was universally abandoned by the party that had elected him.

At present there can scarcely be said to be two parties, in the political sense, in the land, for the distinction is not properly so much between Republicans and Democrats, as between loyal men and disloyal men. No one, who reads the Democratic papers, can mistake their spirit. It is the very spirit of the rebellion, baffled, but not subdued, sullen, but not repentant, no less malignant than when it exulted over Bull Run, and denied or explained away Union victories, but no less malignant—only more prudent.

It is not, therefore, between two political parties, so far as is now apparent, but between Union men and disunionists, that the next Presidential contest is to be fought. Questions about tariffs, national banks, currency, taxes, etc., may be brought into the canvass, to secure votes in this or the other section, but they will not constitute the real issue. Underlying all these, will be the great questions upon the decision of which it depends whether we shall secure the full legitimate results of the war, sufficient guarantees for the rights of Unionists and negroes in the South, the overthrow of all distinctions of caste and race, so far as equality before the law is concerned. What we have to fear is, that though the prevalence of a sentimental spirit of conciliation, through forgetfulness of the lessons of the past ten years, and through that partiality for compromises and accommodations which is always evinced by leading party managers of Presidential elections, the Republican party may, in the attempt to prepare a popular platform and programme, make weak concessions of principle, and fail to come boldly up to the standard required of them by fidelity to ideas. No one familiar with politics, as a practical thing, need be told that President making is a very important matter with even the purest of active politicians, and that good and patriotic men, such as those who now lead the Republican party, have not always resisted the temptation to conceal a little of the truth they hold, or to express it in equivocal words, when such a course seemed necessary to secure a successful canvass. From this time until after the election, our statesmen will be politicians, and even those most faithful to ideas and theories, will become unusually practical. With all men who belong to a party, party success is of course an important end, and with many of the leaders of the Republican party, we have no doubt that it is important, not from selfish considerations, but from high and patriotic ones; but we trust that the men who are now engaged in preparing programmes and selecting candidates, will not go too far in the direction of concession to what are called "conservative" views, and above all, that they will give us as a Presidential candidate, a man of positive convictions, of decided purposes, and of sufficient intellectual calibre to be quite free from the danger of becoming a puppet in the hands of crafty advisers, or of attempting to bring about a political millenium by a policy of milk and water conciliation.

IRISH SKETCHES.

OUR contemporary, the *Monitor*, takes what strikes us as a rather curious view of the responsibility assumed by a literary journal, in copying tales and sketches from foreign periodicals. Our aim is to make our literary selections as various and as interesting as possible. When last week we published the sketch entitled "Vinegar Hill," from Dickens' *All The Year Round*, we selected it simply on account of its literary merit. We have, on the same principle, occasionally published screeds of rebel poetry, and whenever we shall meet with an Irish story or sketch as brilliant and as interesting as those above mentioned, and written from a point of view more agreeble to the ideas and convictions of the *Monitor*, we shall be delighted to publish it. Meantime, it is to be remembered that there are generally, at least two widely different versions of all exciting historical events. It would be grand, for instance, to find two writers who would tell the story of the Vigilance Committee of '56 in precisely the same way, or to find any writer who could furnish a narrative of the events of that year in this city, that would not be pronounced false and slanderous by many readers.

Sale of the Beideman Estate.—Mr. J. W. Brumagim, administrator with will annexed, will sell at public auction on Wednesday, July 24th, at the Salesroom of Maurice Dore & Co., the total property belonging to said estate, comprising the most desirable property for residences in this city. The greater portion of the Beideman Tract lies directly in the path way of the city's growth, and some of the finest residences in San Francisco have been erected upon lots adjoining those of the Beideman Estate within the last six months. There has never been such valuable and desirable property offered at any public sale in this city before; nor any property offered on such liberal terms of sale—three-quarters of the purchase money to remain on long credit at 8 per cent. interest per annum.

The Pioneers' Election.—The annual election of officers of the Society of California Pioneers will take place on Monday next, at the rooms of the Association. William R. Wheaton, Esq., who held the office of Secretary of the society for the four years preceding his election as County Assessor, is the candidate on the "Members' Ticket" for the office of President, a position for which he is eminently qualified, and to the honor connected with which, no member can make more just and well-founded pretensions.

New Music.—We have received from M. Gray, music publisher, 609 & 613 Clay street, a piece of music arranged for voice and piano, by Mme. la Baronne Willy de Rothschild, with an accompaniment for guitar, by Senor M. Y. Ferrer, entitled "Tell me why you come to me." The words are by Victor Hugo, the translation is by G. C. H. The song is the prettily expressed complaint of a lover, whose mistress continually throws herself in his way. The music is well adapted to the sentiment of the words.

"CARNALITY" IN FICTION.

THE critical knight of the *Round Table*, who some months since ran so fierce a tilt against the author of *Griffith Gaunt*, eliciting thereby a shrill note of wrath and defiance—not, perhaps, altogether unmingled with pain—from that truculent champion of what may, perhaps, be called the anti-fig leaf school of art, is, we think called upon in consistency again to unsheath his sword and to couch his lance against new, and this time, cis-Atlantic foes. Whatever there may have been in Mr. Reade's novel against which the objections raised by the *Round Table* can be fairly urged, may be found in a far more palpable, distinct, and offensive form, in Dr. Holmes' *Guardian Angel*, and in Mr. De Forrest's very brilliant novel, recently published, entitled *Miss Ravenel's Conversion from Secession to Loyalty*, a work of fiction, superior in certain respects to any yet achieved by an American writer.

No one who has followed the course of Dr. Holmes' story thus far, can have failed to be struck by the boldness and originality of those portions of it which treat of the relations so minutely and subtly described as existing first, between Myrtle Hazard, and the physician, Fordyce Hurlbut, and subsequently, between her and the Rev. Bellamy Stoker, and of the influence which each of these mature men in turn, is represented to have exerted over the young girl, no careful reader, we say, can have failed to notice the peculiar, and so far as we can now remember, the unprecedented manner in which Dr. Holmes has handled this part of his story; but whether this innovation upon the old-fashioned mode of dealing with certain facts in regard to the reciprocal influence of the sexes upon each other, under certain abnormal and morbid conditions, awakens admiration or dislike in the reader, will depend upon the taste of the individual, or upon the theory of art which he may have accepted.

In Mr. De Forrest's novel, the same, to us, very disagreable style of minute description and analysis, is applied to the same subject. Lillie Ravenel, the heroine, is very cleverly sketched, and her lover, Col. Carter is, we believe, drawn to the exact life. The same may be said of the artful widow, Mrs. La Rue, to whose blandishments the recently married Colonel falls so easy a victim. We have no doubt that these characters are drawn with perfect fidelity. We are not prepared to deny that pure young girls, spirited, true-minded, and carefully nurtured, may be subject to the kind of spell, which the middle-aged, demoralized, and corrupt man of the world, is represented as having thrown over the heroine of Mr. De Forrest's novel, even in the presence of so noble a rival as Coleburn, and while she was under the watchful care of a wise father, to whom she was devotedly attached, and who from the beginning warned her against her unworthy fascinater. Neither are we presumptuous enough to question the correctness of Dr Holmes' description of the "symptoms" of Myrtle Hazard, under the psychological influence of her physician, or her minister. To attempt such a discussion would imply an acquaintance with psychological, physiological, and mesmeric mysteries, which we can not pretend to. In those matters, Dr. Holmes is an authority entitled to be respected, and if to be confuted, it must be by his brother savants. Mr. De Forrest, too, discourses of women and their weaknesses, in a peculiarly knowing way, and with all the easy consciousness of "seeing into them" and tracing their most secret springs of action, that characterizes Charles Reade. But, granting the fidelity and accuracy of these delineations, granting that they are as true to the life as the plates in a treatise on anatomy, we object to them that they do not furnish a kind of material that is suitable to the purposes of the poet or the writer of fiction, that they have no legitimate place in imaginative literature, and should never, for any purpose, or under any pretence to be introduced into compositions claiming to be works of art. We do not attack the materialism of this sort of writing, and the apparent denial of free agency and of the self determining power of the will in one human being when brought into contact, under certain conditions, with another human being differently organized, as being philosophically false; but we object to the "situations" introduced for the purpose of illustrating these ideas upon purely æsthetic grounds. We do not say that the situations are impossible, or that the ideas are untrue; we only declare that the former are repulsive, and that if the ideas are sound, they should be presented in scientific and didactic shape, and not in a popular novel. Dr. Holmes and Mr. De Forrest, are not guilty of any such grossness, either of thought or expression in developing their phychological notions, as the elder Dumas exhibits in "Joseph Balsamo;" indeed they cannot fairly be charged with any actual indelicacy of *expression* whatever. Notwithstanding which, both the stories mentioned, are pervaded by "an atmosphere of carnality"—we can find no better phrase to express our meaning—more unmistakable than is to be found in "Griffith Gaunt."

Music is the most delightful, rational entertainment that the human mind can possibly enjoy.

It is more important to discover a new source of happiness on earth than a new planet in the sky.

[For the Californian.]

A PEDAGOGICAL ROASTING.

BY DOGBERRY.

I AM now about to gratify a long contemplated plan of revenge for a cruel outrage perpetrated upon me about seven years ago by a male and female teacher. They roasted me alive in their school-house.

At that time I had just assumed the pedagogical charge of a flock of fifty or sixty juveniles in a small mining town of one of the Southern counties. Having had some previous experience in herding cattle, I was in a measure prepared for the task. California children at that period, and in that locality, were very wild. I was also wild. For years previous I had been leading a nomadic, mining life; a life that put far away and made strange to me such things as pertain to a civilized domestic existence.

It was hot work controlling the flock placed in my hands School-teaching, with the thermometer at 100 and upward, will bring all the irritability in a person's nature to the surface. But that is nothing compared with being roasted alive in a school-house by pedantic fiends.

So much difficulty did I experience in the management of my school, that I determined to visit an educational institution in a larger town a few miles distant in order to gather, if possible, a few ideas on school discipline. I walked to the place. I walked into the seminary of brick and brains, perched on a high, hot hill with a small graveyard on one side and an unoccupied dwelling house on the other, whose shivered windows bore striking testimony to the accuracy with which the juveniles had taught themselves to throw stones. I walked in just as the pedantical foundry had commenced operations for the afternoon. I explained my errand to the male roaster. He welcomed me heartily to his educational oven, and instead of allowing me to occupy a quiet corner as I wished, bore me up to the teachers' platform and seated me in an arm chair in full view of the whole school.

At that time I was a victim of constitutional embarrassment. I was just out of the woods. Ranged along at the front desks were some fifteen or twenty young ladies who, by this time are wives and mothers—or should be. I do not wish to say that they stared at me. But they certainly looked that way very hard. And their glances at each other were expressive of the idea "What's that?" Perhaps my appearance justified the inquiry.

Behind the young ladies, sat the boys, large and small. Among them were facetious urchins, who, when the teacher's back was turned, grinned at me and threw spit-balls at each other.

Mr. A., the gentleman in charge of the roasting department, then proceeded to inflict further torture by informing the pupils in a very loud voice that I was "a teacher, a famous teacher, from a neighboring town," who had visited them in order to see what proficiency they had made in their studies.

When I heard Mr. A. make the remark about a "famous teacher," I knew he had designs on me. I saw spread out before me, for that afternoon, an eternity of misery.

I was not a famous teacher. I came simply as an humble disciple, desiring to sit at his feet and learn pedagogical wisdom. I wanted to sit, unobserved, in a corner. But I was not allowed to learn in my own way, in a corner. I was rushed up on that platform and represented as a brilliant pedantical light, when I scarcely knew the alphabet of the art of teaching.

Why was this? Why was I so overpraised? I know, now, Mr. A. was a thorough schoolmaster. It was the business of his life. The world does not appreciate schoolmasters. They suffer from this lack of appreciation. I was a scapegoat from the wicked world that had strayed into that pedagogical pound. I had the presumption to try and be a schoolmaster. He had got me just where he wanted, and it was his intention to make one man aware that neither school teachers or their profession are to be regarded lightly.

Mr. and Mrs. A., who had charge of this institution, were also on the county board of examination, for the purpose of determining whether unfortunates, unable any longer to beg, borrow or steal for a living, were fit to teach school. At such times they took a fiendish delight in setting arithmetical, geographical and grammatical traps for the unwary man or woman who had fallen into their hands. They tortured applicants with such questions as "Is is a verb?" "Is it proper to say spoonfulls, or spoonsfull?" "What is a letter?" Then the poor wretch would writhe in endeavoring to give immediate expression to his ideas, and they would sit by and enjoy his misery.

The roaster called up a class in grammar, somewhat advanced. He handed me a book and requested that I should conduct the recitation. I endeavored to excuse myself. He insisted. I was obliged to refuse, point-blank. The truth was, I was somewhat rusty in grammar, and although conversant with its general principles, I could not triumphantly conduct a recitation. In this skillful manner did he, to his pupils make me appear, a dunce. I, "the famous teacher from a neighboring town!" And I, the while, sat in his arm-chair, and tried to appear dignified, while the facetious urchins grinned at each other, and the young ladies indulged in a faint titter, which the roaster pretended not to hear. The wretch suspended the discipline of his school to enhance my misery. After he had marched the class through their grammatical evolutions he requested me to make them a few remarks relative to the study in question. I did make a remark, internally. It was of a profane character. Again I tried excuses. They were of no avail. I must say something. I arose. I felt as if I was raising the whole building with me. I said, "Ladies and Gentlemen—no, dear children. Grammar is an interesting study," and then they all laughed, and the roaster turned his back and walked away, pretending to look out of a window, and when I came to reflect, as I did, for about ten seconds, over the ridiculousness of the assertion I had made about grammar, I laughed, myself, and sat down.

The grammar class went to their seats seemingly in a very joyous frame of mind, leaving me very red and uncomfortable. I thought of many things. I thought of what Tom Riper and a lot of my old mining partners would say and do if they saw me in my present situation.

Then he called up a class in geography. There I thought myself at home. But that dreadful teacher had instructed that class in a miserable theory relative to the precession of the equinoxes, and cunningly managed to draw the recitation in that direction. You see, he was a professional schoolteacher, and they have all these things at their tongue's end. I had not the shadow of an idea regarding the precession of the equinoxes, and it was not long before these small boys and girls knew it. I prespired very freely. The roaster rejoiced internally. I could feel him. Figuratively, he again elevated me before that class as a dunce, who would presume to teach school. Of course he wanted me to make a few remarks to this class. By this time he had completely pschycologized me into complete control of his will. Again I arose like an automaton. "My friends." said I. Recollect I had never before spoken to any kind of an audience. "My friends, you have great privileges. When I was a boy." Then I forgot myself and thought, "O would I were a boy again"—or a rock, or a tree, or a stump, or an ox, or an idiot, anything to be out of this dreadful place. I sat down. The roaster dismissed his class without further remark. I intimated that I thought I had better go. But he wouldn't hear of any departure. He wished me to witness his improved method of teaching infants the alphabet, and, calling up a row of imps, he caused them to call aloud together letter after letter. Each infantile shout raised me a couple of inches from my chair.

Finally the roaster wished me to visit the recitation room where the roasteress was conducting the recitation of the most advanced pupils in mathematics. There they had been getting ready a hot fire for me the whole afternoon. I went in. I had now no particle of my own identity left. This class had progressed into compound proportion or what in other days was termed "the double rule of three."

Here I faced the same array of young ladies, who smiled, not so very sweetly, on me when I made my speech on grammar. As I sat down the roasteress observed that it was a very hot afternoon, and that the whole school were undergoing a roasting process. She pretended to be adverting to the weather. But I knew what she meant. She put a cursed arithmetic in my unwilling hands. It was open at those unearthly and useless complications of numbers in compound proportion. I had not performed those examples for years. How could I now trace correctly the working of such a mathematical exercise? Nevertheless I faced the music. I looked mathematical wisdom. I propounded two examples. Two fearful, youthful mathematical geniuses stepped to the board. They covered it with figures. I knew not whether they added, subtracted, multiplied or divided. Neither did I care. I threw all my energies into the expression of my face. They finished and turned to me. I pronounced it correct. I knew not if they were or no. I complimented them on their proficiency and mathematical skill. The roasteress eyed me doubtfully. So did the pupils. I suppose they imagined that I cropped out with a sort of suspicious brightness in the science of numbers. I didn't care what they imagined. I felt that the roasting was over. I was done; well done, and by the perspiratory streams pouring over me, I felt basted as well as roasted. They allowed me to depart—me, the "famous teacher from an adjoining town." The school was dismissed. I went through the mockery of thanking these fiends for the kindness they had shown me. When I crawled away down the hill, I could feel those smart pupils standing in groups at the top gazing with a sort of a pitying contempt on the "famous school teacher from a neighboring town," a wiser, but a very wet and wilted man.

WOODWARD'S GARDENS.—During the present hot weather Woodward's Gardens are a most delightful resort. Many, after strolling round examining the numerous curiosities to be seen, lie under the shady trees, and spend the afternoon pleasantly with a cigar and a book.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

LIBER LIBRORUM; Its Structure, Limitations and Purpose. A Friendly Communication to a reluctant Sceptic. New York; Charles Scribner & Co. San Francisco: H. H. Bancroft & Co.

FIRST HISTORICAL TRANSFORMATION OF CHRISTIANITY. From the French of Athanase Coequerel, the younger. By E. P. Evans, P. H. D., Professor of Modern Languages and Literature in the University of Michigan. Boston: William V. Spencer, 203. Washington street. San Francisco: H. H. Bancroft & Co.

SOWING THE WIND. A Novel. By D. Lynn Linton, Author of "Lizzie Lawton of Greyrigg," etc. New York: Harper & Brothers. San Francisco: H. H. Bancroft & Co.

IN BONDS. A Novel. By Laura Preston. A. Roman & Company, Booksellers and Publishers, and Importers, 417 and 419 Montgomery street, San Francisco; 17 Mercer street, New York. 1867. Price in paper $1.50. In cloth $2.00.

THE GREEK SLAVE; A Story, By Ianthe. San Francisco: A. Roman & Company. New York: No. 17 Mercer street; 1867. Price: in paper, $0 75, in cloth $1,00.

MISS RAVEL'S CONVERSION FROM SECESSION TO LOYALTY. By J. W. De Forrest, Author of "European Acquaintance," "Seacliff," etc., etc. New York: Harper & Brothers, Publishers, Franklin Square; 1867. San Francisco: H. H. Bancroft & Co.

PUTNAM'S RAILWAY CLASSICS, "MAGA" EXCURSION PAPERS, New York: G. P. Putnam & Son, 661 Broadway; American News Company, Nassau Street. San Francisco: A. Roman & Co.

CONVERSATIONS ON RITUALISM. New York: Published by Hurd & Houghton, 459 Broome Street; 1867. San Francisco: A. Roman & Co.

THE BLACK PHANTOM, OR WOMAN'S ENDURANCE; A Narrative Connected with the Early History of Canada and the American Revolution. By Charles Shrimpton. New York: Published by James Miller, 522 Broadway; 1867. San Francisco: A. Roman & Co.

THE CHAMPAGNE COUNTRY. By Robert Tomes. New York: Published by Hurd & Houghton, 459 Broome Street; 1867. San Francisco: A. Roman & Co.

THE PARIS EXPOSITION.

THE Exposition is neither a swindle nor a failure, and seems likely to be pecuniarily remunerative. The attendance is immense, and those who visited the show when it was yet in disorder are astonished anew by its symmetry, its variety and grandeur. A New Jersey locomotive carried off the prize affixed to its class, and in machinery, as usual, America appears to good advantage. Remarkably, again, our art collection is viewed with almost unexceptional admiration, though it would hardly be considered by us first-rate or representative, and undoubtedly contains some wretched paintings. Mr Church's "Niagara" took a second prize, and we shall be disappointed if honor is not done also to Mr. Homer's masterpiece, "Prisoners, from the Front." The American department, like the English, is closed on Sunday, partly, we supose, to relieve the attendants, but chiefly out of respect for the estimation in which the day is held in both countries. Naturally this causes serious disappointment to Continental visitors, and especially to the laboring classes of Paris, for whom Sunday is the only holiday.

The Exhibition is growing from day to day, and is becoming both so vast and so magnificent that all doubt of its being a brilliant success has gone to join the years before the flood. Nothing comparable to that wondrous collection of marvels has ever been seen in this world; it is difficult to believe that just such a gathering will ever be got together again. Means for transporting to and from the Exhibition 11,000 people per hour have already been brought into play; but these being altogether insufficient, a M. Logerot has just solicited and obtained an audience of the Emperor, to set forth to his Majesty a project of his for conveying 40,000 people per hour from the centre of the town to the gates of the great show.

The eating department is going on brilliantly; the especial "rage" of the moment being the dinners at the Russian restaurant. But that all are flourishing may be inferred from the fact that a single restaurant, and not the most in favor, furnished yesterday 1,500 lunches and 5,000 dinners!—*New York Nation.*

KELLER'S WINES.—An extract from the monthly report of the Agriculture department, for March. 1867, which appeared in the Alta California of Wednesday last, announced that Keller has received the approval of the Committee for his white wine, Angelica, and Wine Bitters. This endorses the public's opinion as to the superiority of these wines over all others of a similar class. Keller's wine vault is in the basementt of the Merchant's Exchange, corner Battery and Washington streets. The office is in the same building, Washington street, a few doors below Battery.

WASHINGTON RESTAURANT.—This establishment has been re-opened by "Nick," at No. 394 California street, above Battery, where he would be pleased to see his old friends and the public.

After seven years absence from San Francisco, he has returned to cater to the taste of the public, at his new place, as above. His old patrons will find the same unrivalled "waffles," coffee, and lunches. This will be a convenient place for the merchants and brokers of California street, to get a hurried bite of all the delicacies of the season. About noon you will catch him in the "Nick" of time.

[CONTINUED FROM SEVENTH PAGE.]

master wrapped these cloths about him; whether he did so for warmth, or to conceal any personal defects in his emaciated form, was a mystery. No wonder the form was emaciated, for James had accustomed himself for many years to periodical blood-lettings, either by leeches or lancet.

On Black John's return to the room, he found his master worse, but nothing would elicit his permission to send for the medical friend who had been in attendance on him previously, for bronchitis. The faithful valet was alarmed, but he and the dog were the only watches on the sufferer throughout the sultry July day. James lay dozing and powerless. It was after midnight when he rallied.

He sat up and spoke to John, wandering at times, and expressed concern at his long attendance through so many hours; he would have had John take some slight stimulant, which the faithful soul declined. Suddenly James fainted on his pillow. The valet used restoratives, which revived him.

"John," gasped the invalid, "this must be death." But John did not think so.

"You are only weak, sir," he said; "let me give you some champagne and water, or the least drop of brandy in a wine-glass of water." For James would take such stimulants in great extremity, and he was now in great extremity. He sipped a little from the glass, and said, more gently than usual: "Have some yourself, John; you need it, you will not mind drinking after me." They were his last distinct words. John again declined refreshment, fearing he might fall asleep, but, at his master's request, went to lie down in an adjoining room; thinking that "the general," as James chose to be designated by his valet, would get some rest.

Always considerate to his dependents, "the general" had been almost tender to John. He had spoken to him of his lonely life. "It was not always so, John," he said; "once I had many friends. I have some still, and those are very good to me; but they are not the friends of early times; they will think of me, though, and if you want help, they will remember you for my sake. Now go and lie down. I think I shall sleep."

He never woke again. At daylight John entered the sick-room. The curtains were closed, so he took the night-light and approached the bed. "The general" had died without a struggle. His eyes were closed. The worn features were calm. There had been apparently no pain.

John drew the sheet over his face, and descended to the kitchen for a charwoman, who he knew would be there at that hour. He summoned her to assist him at the last toilet of the dead "general." As she closed the door of the room, he retreated to his own, and laid himself down, tired out. He was closing his eyes, when the charwoman hurried in. "What do you mean," she said, "by calling me to lay out a general, and the corpse is a woman's."

John was utterly unprepared for this, although, like many others, he had fancied the "general" to be "different from other people in some way or other." There had been floating suspicions about the sex of the doctor, but John declared he had never thoroughly shared in them. He had lived with the "general" three years, and, whatever doubt he may have had at first, he had latterly dismissed from his mind.

According to John's account, the poor creature—the "old girl," as the ghastly adept in her calling terms her—was not treated in her last toilet with the courtesy she had never wanted during her military career. Before the poor corpse was laid in its grave, news reached the registry general of the discovery, and he at once called for a report from the proper authority. The report was, "that, after a *post-mortem* examination, it was found that Doctor James, of her Majesty's service, was not only a woman, but had at a very early period of life been a mother."

The deceased's effects were taken possession of by accredited agents. Notwithstanding the large sums of money she must have received as fees during her private practice, she died penniless. The question arises—how had she spent the fortune she had made? As hush-money, or in support of the child who, if still living, must be an elderly person?

James left no will. There was nothing to leave but the poor dog. A Nobleman's valet came for the poor animal; settled accounts with Black John, even to giving him the return passage-money to the island whence he came; and no one has since appeared claiming any relationship with the eccentric being, who was even more mysterious in death than in life.

Doctor James was buried at Kensal Green late in July, 1865, and is registered under the name borne from the time of his entering the army as hospital assistant.

On the last occasion when Charles Kean played Louis XI. in Edinburgh, at the Theatre Royal, after the attendants had proclaimed, "The King is dead," a devout Irishman exclaimed, "And may the Lord have mercy on his guilty soul!" as for the moment he thought that the scene was real.

Florida produces lemons that weigh over a pound, and are 12 inches in circumference. They are obtained by a cross between the common lemon and the sour orange.

THE ENTERPRISING IMPRESARIO.

AND what is Impresario? If we turn to an Italian dictionary we shall find it explained thus:—

Impresario, *s. m.*, one who undertakes a public job—the manager of a theatre.

According to this definition our hero may be a Member of Parliament—a much-abused promoter—an undertaker pure and simple—or, in short, any individual who interests himself or is concerned in the management of (as Graglia elegantly says) "a public job." It will, however, suit the present purpose to adopt the latter part of the translation as it stands, and acknowledge at once that our enterprising Impresario is neither more nor less than a theatrical manager, who is indebted to some good-natured critic for the flattering appellation which stands at the head of these columns.

It is hard to say what particular curriculum of study is necessary to qualify the professional Impresario for his vocation; whether he ever or never was under the fostering wing of Alma Mater. The lawyer in his course of hard work, acquires what is known as the "legal mind." The physician in his professional pursuits forms certain habits and mannerisms by which he is easily recognized. The city merchant, whether in counting-house or country-house is not to be mistaken; but an Impresario, unless he be a vocalist or an actor who has gone into the "undertaking line," defies the most acute observer of men and manners to say off-hand what he is, and how he makes his money—the latter, by the way, a question sometimes difficult even for himself to answer.

A thorough knowledge of his business should include experience in painting, to enable him to judge correctly the scenic effects of the stage and expenses of the painting room; taste in music and the drama; correct appreciation of the abilities of those to be engaged, whether singers, actors, dancers, or instrumentalists; and if he would properly economize, he should have an acute idea of the value of silks, satins, and other articles employed in the theatrical wardrobe. Taking him for all in all, the Impresario is an anomaly; never at rest, and yet an idle man; selfish, but continually promoting the success of others; worshipped when sought after, to be, when found, remorselessly tormented; he leads the most anxious life, and can nevertheless indulge in venison and champagne, while others make his fortune; he is at once the most despotic ruler and submissive slave: the "super" trembles at his nod, while he is kneeling at the prima donna's feet. He is the incarnation of unlimited liability. He is liable to the public, liable to the artists, liable to the government, liable to proprietors, liable, in short, to everything and everybody except himself. By nature amphibious; at times strutting proudly upon the high and dry land of prosperity, at others wallowing in the muddy waters of misfortune; equally familiar with both, he is philosophically indifferent to either. His habits are luxurious to extravagance. Whether fortune smile or frown, he keeps his carriages and horses; he is a good whip, and if not gouty, riding is his favorite exercise.

In common with other members of the community, he has, however, his *mauvais quarts d'heure*. Would you see the Impresario in trouble—a cloud of thunder on his brow—the victim of despair? Watch him when he hears that his popular primo tenore or favorite prima donna is indisposed. The opera which is drawing crowded houses has to be changed or sung by a substitute not attractive to the public. The manager may for a while have thrown the reins of government carelessly aside, a flourishing account from the box office having increased his gusto for the good dinner at which he is comfortably seated. A delicate little note is handed to him—whether from a tenor or prima donna does not signify, they both indulge in similarly diminutive-sized envelopes. It is opened; the manager turns pale as he peruses the contents; a few incoherent sentences escape his lips; his dinner and peace of mind for twelve hours at least are irremediably ruined. The delicate little note informs him that a change of opera is unavoidable. The soup is left untouched; he hastens to the theater; his secretary is forthwith despatched to summon other artists; the call-boy runs for his life to the printer; instructions are given to the door-keepers, scene-shifters, in fact, to the entire establishment to prepare for the emergency. A bill is drawn up expressing the regret of the "management" (why the Impresaro insists on calling himself the "management" has never been correctly ascertained) at being obliged to announce a change in the performance of the evening. The secretary returns, after a furious drive to all the outskirts of the metropolis, and finds the manager pacing his room in an agony of disappointment and uncertainty. Sometimes the secretary has been successful, and tranquilizes his chief with words of consolation. Sometimes, however, it is quite the reverse, and he is the bearer of anything but satisfactory intelligence; the artists he has sought may not be found, or, if found, are equally unable to appear as the singer whose illness is the cause of all the difficulty. The Impresario is now in what is popularly called a "quandary," and uncertain whether to open the theater or not. Generally, matters are so arranged that it is unnecessary to resort to the latter alternative; but the Impresario's nerves and temper are made to suffer in the interim. The chances are, moreover, that he is abused by the aristocratic *habitués* of the stalls and the democratic frequenters of the pit, for not keeping faith with the public; neither aristocrat nor democrat considering for one moment that it is the singer's throat that is sore, and not that of the Impresario, who would willingly sing soprano, contralto, tenor and bass, were it in his power to do so to the satisfaction of the grumblers aforesaid. Strange *contretemps* will sometimes happen on such occasions. Artists who were not to be found when wanted will arrive at the last moment when others have been persuaded to sing for them.

When it is considered how entirely the fulfillment of the announcement of an opera depends upon the health of the sensitive soprano or tenacious tenor, it is perhaps surprising that disappointments are not more frequent, and that an enterprising Impresario can at any time enjoy his dinner undisturbed. The closing of a theater, or failure of any important undertaking for the amusement of the public, deprives many families of their weekly income, reducing them to want. Singers, actors, and musicians are not the only sufferers, and they are better able to withstand such a misfortune than those employed in the other departments of a theater.

By these inferior officers, the obedience paid to the Manager or "Governor," as he is called, approaches slavery. His orders are obeyed as implicitly and promptly as those of a despot. His sway is absolute, and he issues his edicts with the air and dignity of a monarch. A change of temper in the "Governor" is discussed by the mercenaries with fear or delight as an important event effecting their interests and happiness. The "Governor" smiles and the mercenaries rejoice—he frowns, and they are sad and silent. It is an evil presage, and none dare approach him till he smiles again.

A successful Impresario is rarely met with in the flesh, a statement which, obliviously admitting of two interpretations, may safely be accepted in either sense without fear of contradiction; for prudence dictates silence concerning financial matters on the part of every manager: if he makes money it concerns nobody but himself, if he loses it, the less it is talked about the better. Hence, the fabulous accounts of the profits and losses in theatrical undertakings. They are usually spoken of by those who are entirely ignorant of their true character, and by them exaggerated accordingly. Theatrical and musical affairs seem to be favorite topics with those members of society who delight in making themselves a name for exclusive information on questions of general interest.

By these valiant knights of the long bow it is considered quite justifiable to make the most malignant assertion as to the private life of any public favorite, singer or actor, male or female. They will tell you how they know for a fact that Baroski the tenor was unable to appear last week, owing to his being, *as usual*, too intoxicated to walk across the stage. Unless those be present who care to contradict the statement, it passes for reliable information, and poor Baroski's reputation suffers in consequence; whereas, if the chatterer be challenged for his authority, it invariably ends in the whole story being disproved, and the listeners convinced of its injustice. The charge of inebriety is one often brought against public singers, although none can be more slanderous and false. The more eminent their position, the more are they exposed to the accusation. A moments reflection should, however, convince any one of common sense that habitual drinking to excess would completely incapacitate a singer or musician from pursuing his vocation. Singers, in fact, have every reason for avoiding such a means of excitement, both for the sake of preserving their voices as well as for sustaining their reputation with the public. Moreover, singing in itself is sufficiently exciting and quite as much so as any vicious stimulant, which must inevitably destroy its effect. Society, however, encourages these idle tales about these artists who happen to be popular, and slander that would be resented and cried down with indignation about a private individual may with impunity be invented and circulated when its victim is a favorite of the public. Although less conspicuous in his position than the maligned tenor, our Impresario is not exempt from these attacks. He, too, has his traducers, though they may not take sufficient interest in his doings to invent stories personally affecting him. Success or failure is the standard by which he is judged. If triumphant, he's the cleverest fellow in the world; if the reverse, he's the greatest fool. In either case he is at any rate as necessary a part of any public performance as music, actors, or musicians. Without a "management" no theatre can be opened, no amusement afforded to the public, and whether it consist of a Board (which is rarely the case and never long so), or is mysteriously represented by an "unknown quantity" such as an Impresario, it must exist, or a theatrical undertaking can have no being.

There's no use in your ever taking a lazy man to *task*. He wont perform it if you do.

Pies and puddings generally come last. The last thing tha pride eats is humble pie.

Admit no guests in your soul that the faithful watch dog in your bosom barks at.

MILLINERY AND HEAD-DRESSES.—Mrs. Winship has just received, per last steamer, the latest Parisian Millinery Goods and Laces for HEAD-DRESS, consisting in part of Breakfast Caps, Point Application, Lace Valenciennes, and the Widow's Ruche, worn by the crown heads of Europe, and the only first imported to the Pacific Coast. Queen Emma, while here, replenished her wardrobe from the stock then and now on hand, at MRS. WINSHIP, No. 23 Post Street, under the Mechanics' Institute. Through the influence of Queen Emma, Mrs Winship has filled quite a number of orders for the foreign population of Honolulu. The ladies of San Francisco should call and examine these beautiful Goods, by which means they will secure the Latest Fashionable Styles.

WHAT'S THE MATTER?—In passing through Third street yesterday, we saw crowds of people entering a building a few doors below Market street, and we inquired of a passer-by what's the matter? He answered that they were going to have their pictures taken in the NEW YORK PHOTOGRAPHIC GALLERY, and the cause of the rush was that this took the best and cheapest pictures in the city; the inducement must be much to draw so big a crowd from Montgomery and the other streets in the northern part of the city.

MAYER'S BAZAAR.—R. Mayer offers at his Bazaar, corner Pine and Montgomery streets, the greatest variety of jewelry, watches, silver plated ware, guitars, music boxes; concertinas, accordeons, opera glasses, etc., etc., to the public of San Francisco, and to the country trade, at prices that defy competition, and is determined to close out his present stock at greatly reduced rates. His heavy case silver watches from the American Watch Company are superior to anything ever before offered to the public. These watches are taking the place of heavy gold watches from the fact that the workmanship is superior, the casings pure silver, and the prices low. The sale of these watches is very extensive on the Pacific coast. Another proof that American manufacturers can beat the world. The works are made of platina and never get out of repair. French opera glasses of great power for sale or hire, and all kinds of musical instruments, eight day family clocks, etc. This is a rare chance to invest your money to advantage, at Mayer's Bazaar, southeast corner of Montgomery and Pine streets.

N. B.—An immense assortment of Japanese curiosities for sale.

WAGONS.

MILLS & EVANS, IMPORTERS OF THOROUGH-BRACE Wagons, light express, two and three spring Wagons, suitable for milk-men and furniture dealers, and others wishing light and durable Wagons. Their Wagons are made expressly for the California market, and Mills & Evans' is the only firm which receives Wagons from the celebrated manufactory of A. W. Sanborn & Co, Manchester, N. H. This latter firm stands A No 1 in the east, and their wagons have stood the test of our California climate, and are sold by Mills & Evans fifty per cent. lower than any other establishment on the Pacific coast. Call and examine their Wagons, at No. 587 Market street, opposite the Metropolitan market *

MEDICAL.—"YOUNG MAN'S FRIEND AND PROTECTOR," an Association for beneficent objects, Young men should inform themselves in relation to it, and by applying to, the ACTUARY, Dr. Bourne, 10 Masonic Temple, Post street, they will be furnished with Prospectus.

☞ WONDERFUL BUT TRUE.—MADAME REMINGton, the world renowned Astrologist and Somnambulistic Clairvoyant, while in a clairvoyant state, delineates the very features of the person you are to marry, and by the aid of an instrument of intense power, known as the Psychomotrope, guarantees to produce a perfect and life like picture of the future husband or wife of the applicant, with date of marriage, occupation, leading traits of character, etc. This is no imposition, as testimonials without number can assert. By stating place of birth, age, disposition, color of eyes and hair, and enclosing fifty cents and stamped envelope addressed to yourself, you will receive the picture by return mail, together with desired information.

Address in confidence, MADAME GERTRUDE REMINGTON, P. O. Box 297, West Troy, N. Y.

MEDICAL ADVICE.

DR. WM. K. DOHERTY'S Medical and Surgical Institute is becoming a *sine qua non* to the welfare of our State and health of our citizens; and his rapidly spreading reputation, although it may excite surprise, is but the signal of skill, and follows as the natural effect of such a cause. We are personally acquainted with gentlemen who had suffered for years under chronic disease, and who had taken advantage of every available means that promised relief, but without success, until they called upon Dr. Doherty, who, in an incredibly short space of time, has given them entire relief. It is gratifying to announce this fact, because the Doctor is a gentleman who seeks, not by defamation of others, to establish his reputation, or to rear the superstructure of his own upon the ruin of another's fame. The Doctor conducts his Institute in a manner that must be gratifying to all his patients. He examines, hears, advises, and recommends, without charge, and the patient, after hearing his terms for treatment, can accept or reject at pleasure. In no case does the Doctor make a charge unless he effects a cure. This he is able to do, because he feels the confidence which long experience has given, and no doubt the consolation which appertains to that confidence. Persons afflicted with either acute or chronic disease, would do well to consult the Doctor; at all events, it can do no harm, as for consultation he asks no fee; nor does he insist on obedience to his advice unless the patient places himself under his care. His offices are on Sacramento street, opposite the Pacific Mail Steamship office.—*San Francisco News.*

Beauty!

Auburn, Golden, Flaxen and Silken Curls,

PRODUCED BY THE USE OF PROF. DE BREUX FRISER LE CHEVEUX.

One application warranted to curl the most straight and stubborn hair of either sex into wavy ringlets, or heavy massive curls. Has been used by the fashionables of Paris and London, with the most gratifying results. Does no injury to the hair Price by mail, sealed and post paid, $1. Descriptive circulars mailed free. Address

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Book and Job Printers,
Have the Largest Office,
Do the most work,
And do it better
Than other offices
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Try them
With a Job,
And you will be
Satisfied the above
Statements are facts.
Their office is at 536
Clay St., below Montgom'y,
Over Pacific Fruit Market.

EDWARD BOSQUI & CO.,
PRINTERS,
And Blank Book Manufacturers,
517 CLAY STREET,
Between Montgomery and Sansome Sts.,
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TO PATRONS OF THE PRINTERS ART.

CUBERY & CO., No. 536 Market street, Opposite Second, San Francisco, are now prepared to execute all kinds of BOOK and JOB PRINTING. Having superior facilities for printing every description of work, we respectfully solicit the patronage of friends and the public generally.

BRIEFS and TRANSCRIPTS correctly printed according to legal requirements.

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Show Work of All Kinds,
GO TO THE
COMMERCIAL PRINTING HOUSE
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IF YOU DO, GO TO
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PRINTING OF EVERY DESCRIPTION DONE ON short notice and in the best style, by
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Market Street, between Beale and Main,

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For Sale, Mahogany, Spanish Cedar, and other Fancy Woods.

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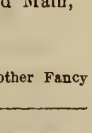

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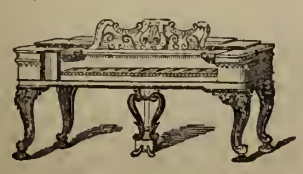
Proprietors.

THE CELEBRATED PIANOS



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BOYS! BOYS! BOYS!

NOW IS THE TIME

H. M. LOCKWOOD & CO.,

New No. 624) CLAY STREET, (Old No

Have received a Large Stock of

GENTS' AND BOYS' CLOTHING

—AND—

FURNISHING GOODS,

Which they are selling

AT VERY LOW PRICES.

Every Garment warranted. All are invited to call examine our goods.

H. M. LOCKWOOD & CO.
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SAN FRANCISCO

Foundry and Machine Works,

Northeast corner Fremont and Mission streets,

Manufacturers of

MARINE AND STATIONARY ENGINES,

Quartz Machinery, Saw, Flour and Sugar Mills, Mining Pumps, Hoisting Gear, Agricultural Implements, etc.

ALSO,

Wine, Cider, Cotton and Tobacco Presses of the latest Improved Patterns.

STEAM ENGINES AND BOILERS,

Of all sizes, constantly on hand; Quartz Mill Shoes and Dies warranted to be made of the best white iron.

Dunbar's Improved Self-Adjusting Piston-Packing, requires no springs or screws; is always steam-tight, with out excessive friction, and never gets slack or leaky.

MACHINERY, OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS,

Bought, sold, or exchanged. Bolt Cutting and Castings at the lowest market rates.

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MARTIN'S RESTAURANT,

623 COMMERCIAL STREET

Above Montgomery. Meals at all hours. The best of Wines, Oysters, Game, and all the delicacies of the season always on hand. Private Saloons up stairs for Dinner and Supper Parties. LEON DINGEON, Proprietor.

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COFFEE AND DINING SALOON,

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Between Cluy and Merchant, San Francisco.

J. R. REAGAN.....Proprietor

This house has undergone a thorough change, both in MANAGEMENT and PRICES. A fine Ladies' Saloon has been fitted up in the rear, where private parties can receive every attention in the most comfortable quarters. We also keep lunch hot on chafing dishes at the counter, including the finest of Pastry, where customers can be served quickly and satisfactorily.

French Breakfasts and Dinners, with Wine, continued

ITALIAN RESTAURANT,

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MEALS 50 CENTS, or to order. Good Cooks and Polite Waiters. Choice Italian and French dishes. Best Wines, Liquors and Cigars on hand. Private Rooms up stairs.

NOTICE.

J. Branger Will Open To-Day

THE LOUISIANA ROTISSERIE,

DUPONT STREET, CORNER WASHINGTON.

I BEG TO INFORM MY FRIENDS AND the public that TO-DAY, (SATURDAY), June 1st, I will re-open the above Restaurant. Everything will be done to satisfy those who favor me with their patronage. Large Saloons for parties. House will be open all night. All orders for the city will be promptly attended to, and with the utmost care.

Ladies' entrance on Washington street, one door above Dupont J. BRANGER.

McDOUGALL & MARQUIS,

Architects,

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B. M'DOUGALL. J. MARQUIS.

REFERS TO Messrs. Elam & Howes, Clay street, below Battery; Messrs. Hatch & Co., (R. W. Brangon & T. H. Hatch,) Washington street below Battery; A J Coghill, Esq., Front street, corner of Clay; Wm. J. Adams, Esq, (Adams, Blunn & Co.,) Piers 17 and 19, Stewart street; Joseph Rich, Esq., Bush street below Turnverein Hall; Hon. M. S. Latham, London and San Francisco Bank; Wm B. Johnston, Esq, Insurance Building, 412 and 414 Montgomery street; James Brooks, Esq., Editor "Golden Era."

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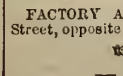

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Piano Manufactory

Is the most complete on the Pacific Coast, having every appliance of machinery for Making or REPAIRING Pianos to be found in the largest Eastern Factories.

Old Pianos converted into new, by putting in new interior mechanism complete.

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RESOURCES OF CALIFORNIA.

THE MECHANICS' INSTITUTE OF SAN FRANcisco hereby OFFER A PREMIUM OF ONE THOUSAND ($1,000) DOLLARS FOR THE BEST ESSAY ON THE "RESOURCES OF CALIFORNIA, AND BEST METHOD OF DEVELOPING THE SAME," under the following conditions:—One half of the premium in cash on the certified award of the Committee of Judges, and the balance from the first proceeds of sales of the successful work, which is to belong to, and will be published by, the Institute

The Essays are to be handed into the Librarian of the Institute on or before the FIRST DAY OF JUNE, 1868, and the award to be made by the Judges at the opening of the Industrial Exhibition, which is to be held in August or September following. The Essay should be divided into three heads, viz: Mineral, Agricultural and Industrial Resources, with proper subdivisions of each subject. It should be sufficient in quantity to form a duodecimo (12mo) volume of from 250 to 300 pages long primer type solid.

Writers will sign their articles in cypher, and send their names and address in sealed envelopes, which will be kept in a secure place by the Institute, and only be opened when the award is made. The manuscripts of unsuccessful writers will be returned to them without publicity.

The Committee of Judges have the right to reject all Essays, in case they do not consider them worthy of publication or the premium. No further instructions than are contained in this advertisement will be given to the Committee, nor will they be subjected to any advice from the officers or members of the institute in regard to their proposed action. All manuscript submitted must be in clear, legible writing, so as to admit of easy reading.

The following named gentleman, who have been selected for their well-known ability public spirit and integrity of purpose, will compose the Committee of Judges:

Hon. FRED'K. F. LOW,	Maj. Gen. H. W. HALLECK, U. S. A.,
Prof J. D. WHITNEY,	Prof. WM. B. EWER,
JAMES OTIS,	B. N. BUGSY.
WM. GOVERNEUR MORRIS,	

By order of the Board of Directors.

D. E. HAYES, Secretary.

San Francisco, June 12, 1867.

TRY IT!

STANDARD SOAP CO.'S

WASHING POWDER.

It saves one-half the time and labor of ordinary Soaps. Does not injure the Clothing. Get a package and give it a trial. Sold by all Grocers.

AT THE REGULAR

RETAILING AMERICAN WATCHES

C. E. COLLINS & CO.,
603 MONTGOMERY STREET,
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Nos. 42 and 44 Nassau Street,
NEW YORK.

Dealers in American, Swiss and English WATCHES,

JEWELRY AND ATERIALS.

☞We have made arrangements to buy AMERICAN WATCHES in large quantities from the Factory, and will receive a discount on the regular Wholesale Prices. We will hereafter

Retail the American Watches
AT
The Regular Wholesale Prices.

Our only profit being the small per cent. allowed by buying in large quantities.

WHOLESALE PRICES.

BROOKLYN HOTEL,

1852. SAN FRANCISCO. 1866.

The Proprietor of the above-named Hotel wishes to inform his patrons and the Travelling Public that he has opened that elegant Brick Fireproof Hotel, on the

S. E. Corner of Pine and Sansome streets,

With all the modern conveniences attached to it.

Gas and water are supplied throughout the House. The Rooms are well ventilated, and the Public will find in this Hotel all the comforts of a home. The Hotel is spacious, and well adapted for the use of Families. Suits of Rooms can be had on reasonable terms.

A Large Reading Room is attached to the Hotel,

Containing 500 Volumes of Standard Works,

Which is entirely for the use of patrons.

THE CITY COACH, with the name of the Hotel on it, will be in readiness at the Wharf, on the arrival of each steamer, to convey passengers and baggage to the Hotel, free of charge. JOHN KELLY, Jr., Proprietor.

CALIFORNIA BRASS FOUNDRY,

No. 125 First street, opposite Minna,

SAN FRANCISCO.

All kinds of Brass, Composition, Zinc, and Babbitt Meta Castings, furnished at the shortest notice. Brass Ship Work o all kinds, Spikes, Sheathing Nails, Rudder Braces, Hinges, etc., constantly on hand and made to order. Also, manufacture Ship and Steamboat Bells and Gongs of superior tone.

All kinds of Steam, Liquor, Water, Oil, and Flange Cocks and Valves made and repaired.

Hydraulic Pipes and Nozzles, and Hose Couplings and Connections of all sizes and patterns, furnished with dispatch. *PRICES MODERATE.*

V. KINGWELL. JOS. H. WEED, SAM'L WHITE.

NATURE UNVEILED,

AT THE

PACIFIC MUSEUM OF ANATOMY AND SCIENCE

Eureka Thea Montgomery street,

Between lifornia and Pine

About the Fashions.—The materials most in favor now, are those with very small patterns, of two shades of the same colors, or of different tints, in the *jardiniére* style. Striped petticoats are very much worn with short dresses, and look pretty and stylish. White dresses will be very fashionable this summer, not only white muslin or ganze, but white lawn, mohair; and other light fancy materials; the dress and *paletot* white, the underskirt colored. The short skirt is indispensable for morning walks, excursions in the country, and residences at sea-side watering places. The new jackets are called *Bretonne* jackets, and will be much worn at the sea-side. They are made of white cloth, trimed with pinked-out stripes of the same, embroidered in different colors. The Fanchon bonnet seems to be the favorite, although many others are also *á la mode*. It is difficult to know a bonnet from a hat, just now, both are so small, so round, or, rather, so altogether shapeless; indeed, hats seem to be larger than bonnets' and as the latter very often have no strings tied in front, it renders a decision still more doubtful. Necklaces, with long pendant ornaments, and waistbands to match, are still quite fashionable. Long gilt ear rings are also much in vogne, and the Belgian collar is worn for dinner dress. *Chignons* grow higher and higher every day. We hope to see them go still higher unti they lose their equilibrium, fall over the front of the head, and disappear entirely.

Amber is desdined to be the fashionable trimming It is to be used on everything, but we fear it will look well on but few things, as it will not accord with all colors. We have seen some very pretty specimens of amber bugle fringe, also amber drops and buttons, which, on a black dress, would be exceeding effective. Jet still holds its ground, and will, for some time to come, as it always looks well, and can be used on any color or materal.

Hair vs. "rats" and "mice."— Some ladies are endeavoring to introdnce in Paris, the fashion of wearing the hair unrestrained and flowing, in what has been called, in England, the "mane" style. Madames de Gallifet and de Pourtalès have both appeared at evening parties with their hair simply held by a small gold *bandeau*, of antique form set with precious stones. Madame Rimski Korsakow has likewise made her appearance with her hair flowing loosely over her shonlders, but with this difference—it was divided into two portions, and fastened together with a string of pearls. Madame Rimski Korsakow is certain to find a host of copyists.

A newly arrived boarder at one of our fashionable boarding houses, though he had not sufficient bolstering for his head, and accordngly carried the pillows down to the landlady's room, who inquired what he desired. The gentleman wanted to know what the articles were which he held in his hands. "Pillows you impndent fellow!" screamed the enraged woman. "Oh! I though they were pin cushions!" replied the disconsolata boarder.

The Superintendent of a Sunday School in Hartford, Conn., recently made his annual report, in which he recommended that the adult members should go to work and do all in their power to *increase the infant class* in his school during the coming year.

Kisses between women are like two handsome unmatched gloves—charming things with their proper mates, but good for nothing in that way.

"My opinon is," said a philosophical old lady of much experience and observation, "that any man as dies upon washing day, does it out of pure spite."

"My dear husband, am I not your only treasure?" "Certainly, and I should like to lay you up in heaven."

"Shure, which is the intrance out?" asked an Irishman at the music hall.

Market Street Homestead Asiociation, J. S. Luty, Secretary, Office, 306 Montgomery street, corner of Pine.

Petroleum Stoves.

THE ATTENTION OF HOUSEKEEPERS AND PEOPLE looming is called to the use of

MORRILL'S

PETROLEUM STOVES,

Which can be used in any room with or without chimneys, as

IT EMITS NO SMOKE, SOOT OR ASHES.

It is a superior Cook. In fact, it does all kinds of Stove work as well as any (and better than most) stoves. It is perfectly safe. The State Assayor having thoroughly tested these Stoves, pronounced them non explosive. For sale at No. 13 Kearny street.

M. B. BULLARD, Proprietor.

M. B. B. is also agent for MORRILL'S

UNIVERSAL OIL STOVE

Which burns COAL OIL, BENZINE, or NAPTHA, with blue flame, non luminous, intense heat. There are seven sizes. No. 1 is adapted to boiling water, heating glue, and Dentist's work, etc. No. 2, with Urn for hotels, saloons, boarding houses, barbers, etc. No 3 to 8 for all kinds of cooking, which they do in a superior manner. They are as easily managed as a lamp, perfectly safe and economical. They can be seen and are for sale at 13 Kearny street

LAMPS.

I have PATENT BURNERS that can be used with any lamp to burn Coal Oil, or the lighter products of Petroleum, with PERFECT SAFETY, and GREAT ECONOMY I have also a HAND LAMP (to carry about the house) that will burn a flame equal to a candle, with no more smoke or odor, at an expense of ONE CENT for EIGHT HOURS.

N B.—I am also agent for Huck's celebrated Self-Generating Gas Lamps. M B. BULLARD.

Important Notice.

ANOTHER DOCTOR IN THE CITY.

DR. H. A. BENTON has been performing many wonderful cures in this city the past two years, and as his practice is fast increasing at the office, finds it difficult to attend outside calls, concluded to invite R. H. OLMSTEAD, M D., of Napa City, to join him. Dr. Olmstead has been 18 years successfully treating obstinate cases, with water, electricity, and the magnetic forces, (and when needed, Eclectic Remedies, of which he is a graduate of that school); also, being the seventh son of a celebrated Physician, and having a powerful organization, his magnetic hands, like magic, dispel pain and disease in a wonderful manner; he is also a natural Bone Setter.

DR. OLMSTEAD has this day associated with Dr. H. A. BENTON, the Medical Electrician and Homœpathist, at his office, 314 Bush street, San Francisco, who, having all the necessary facilities, such as the Patent Electro-Chemical, Sulphur, Vapor, Hot Air, and Medicated Baths, which are valuable aids in removing all curable diseases, whether acute or chronic. The combined skill, together with the aid of an excellent Lady Assistant, gives an assurance of CURE TO MANY, BENEFIT TO ALL, AND INJURY TO NONE.

N. B.—Terms within reach of all. Office hours from 9 A. M. to 8 P. M. Sundays, by appointment.

☞ Lodging Rooms convenient for those from the country.

June 1st, 1867.

California Wines.

Vintage 1862.

THE UNDERSIGNED OFFRS FOR SALE SOME very choice Wines, of the above named vintage. That connoisseurs, all interested in the development of this magnificent resource of our State, and the public generally, may be convinced that California is able to produce as good Wine (when properly treated and of sufficient age) as other part of the Wine producing regions of the globe, attention is respectfully called to these Wines, by A S. LOWNDES, Wine Merchant,

311 Battery Street, S. F.

"OUR OPERA."

CAPT. JOHN H. MAY,

615 WASHINGTON STREET, 615,

SAN FRANCISCO,

Opposite Maguire's Opera House.

JOHN TAYLOR,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN

WINES AND LIQUORS.

NO. 16 THIRD STREET,

Between Market and Stevenson Streets. San Francisco.

FAUST CELLAR,
Beer and Wine Saloon,

Southeast corner of Clay and Montgomery streets,

San Francisco.

A. L. THIELE, - - - - - - Proprietor

ALWAYS ON HAND, Wholesale and Retail, Westphalia Hams, Russian CAVIAR, Sardines, Anchovies. Swiss and Limburg Cheese. and other European Delicacies. ☞ The finest brands of Liquors, Wines and Cigars; Seltzer Water.

FISHING AND HUNTING PARTIES fitted out at the shortest notice.

WANTED AGENTS.—$250 per month THE YEAR ROUND, OR 900 PER CENT PROFIT ON COMMISSION. We *guaranty* the above salary or commission to active industrious agents at their own home, to introduce an article of *indispensable utility* in every household. For full particulars call on or address

G. W. JACKSON & CO., 11 South St., Baltimore, Md

MOYNIHAN & AITKIN,

Portland Boiler Works,

311 AND 313 MISSION STREET,

Between Beale and Fremont streets, San Francisco.

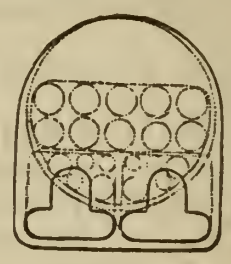
Manufacturers of Steam Boilers, high or low pressure—Cylinder, Tubular or Flue; Sheet Iron Work; Steam and Water Pipe of the best quality, and at more reasonable prices than any other establishment on the Pacific Coast.

Being Practical Boiler Makers, of long experience, confining our whole time and attention to our branch of business, and having enlarged our works, and also added the most improved tools in the country, we are enabled to turn out Boilers more expeditiously than any other establishment on the Pacific Coast—using none but the best quality and brands of Boiler and Sheet Iron and Boiler Tubes. Those in want of anything in the above line will do well to give us a call. Orders from the country will receive prompt attention.

All work war anted according to order. Particular attention paid to Repairing Steam Boilers.

T. J. MOYNIHAN, } Proprietors.
JAS. AITKEN, }

NEPTUNE IRON WORKS.



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MARINE, LOCOMOTIVE AND ALL KINDS OF

HIGH-PRESSURE STEAM BOILERS

Manufactured.

The proprietor imports his own C. H. and B. Iron across the Isthmus, and Tubes of every size. Other parties can never blockade the market. He has made arrangements with the best houses in the East to furnish him with everything in the shape of Iron he wants.

All Boilers guaranteed and tested by U. S. Boiler Inspector before they are sent out of the shop, at my expense. ☞ All kinds of Sheet Iron and Water Pipe, Oil Stills, Wrought Iron Worms, etc., manufactured to order. OLD BOILERS REPAIRED.

D. CAMERON.

PIONEER IRON SHUTTER WORKS.

Established 1849.

John Upstone,

MANUFACTURER OF FIRE PROOF

Doors and Shutters,

Bank Vaults Balconies, Gratings, Prison Cells, Awnings, Stairs, Iron Fence, etc.,

Corner of California and Drumm Streets,

SAN FRANCISCO.

Constantly on hand a large assortment of second hand Fire Proof Doors and Shutters.

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Machine Shop,

BUILDER OF

Steam Engines, Saw Mills, Mining Machinery,

Also, I H. Small's Patent Boot Sewing Machine

Gears of all kinds Cut at Short Notice,

And at Greatly Reduced Prices.

Repairing of all kinds done with Promptness and Dispatch.

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Etna Iron Works!

S. E corner Fremont and Tehama Streets, San Francisco,

Practical Machinists and Iron Founders,

MANUFACTURE

STEAM ENGINES,

QUARTZ MILL MACHINERY OF ALL KINDS, SAW-MILLS, FLOUR-MILLS,

Dunbar's Improved Self-Adjusting

PISTON PACKING,

Now so extensively used in the East and in this State Requires no springs or screws; is always steam-tight; without excessive friction, and never gets slack or leaky

HANSCOM'S CRUSHER,

The best of the kind now in use in this state or anywhere else. All kinds of GRINDERS and AMALGAMATORS made to order. Manufacturers of the new Prospecting Quartz-Mills, consisting of Boiler, Engine, 2-stamp Battery and Grinding and Amalgamating Pan, complete, for working from one ton per day upwards. Drawings are furnished with each of these mills, so that any competent engineer can set it up by running over two days' time.

TYLER'S IMPROVED WATER-WHEEL,

Giving greater power at lower cost than any wheel in use. Send for one of our circulars giving full tables.

All Wheels warranted to give the Power as set forth, or the money will be refunded.

SOLE MAKERS FOR THIS COAST OF THE "PENDERGAST WHITE IRON STAMP SHOES AND DIES"

None genuine unless obtained from us. Every one warranted

Patented Machinery of all kinds will be furnished by us at market prices. Particular attention given to drawings and specifications of machinery, which will be made to order. The patronage of the public is respectfully solicited. ☞ Particular attention paid to HOUSE WORK and ORNAMENTAL CASTINGS.

THE CALIFORNIAN'S
SAN FRANCISCO BUSINESS DIRECTORY

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS
J. D. Arthur & Co., corner of California and Davis.

ARCHITECTS.
HOAGLAND & NEWSOM, Sw. cor. Kearny and Sac.
Townsend & Wyneken, 405 California.

AUCTIONEERS.
Cobb & Sinton, 407 California street.

BALL AND RACKET COURT.
Thomas Kelly, 846 Howard street.

BILLIARD SALOONS.
A. B. Brown, 328 Montgomery street.

BOWLING ALLEYS.
Wholers & Steil, Pine and Montgomery, (Russ House

BOOKS.
E. F. Arnold, 538 Market street near Montgomery.
A Roman & Co., 417 and 419 Montgomery street.

BOOTS AND SHOES.
Wentworth, Hobart & Co., (wholesale manufac.) 210 Pine

CARPETS.
P. F. Loughran & Co., 407 Sansome street.

CLOTHING.
H M. Lockwood & Co., 624 Clay street.
J. R Mead & Co., corner Montgomery and Bush streets
William Sherman, 412 Sansome, corner Commercial.
Quincy Hall, 545, 547, and 549 Washington street.

COAL OIL, LAMPS, ETC.
Dell, Cranna & Co. (wholesale) 513 Front street.
A. C. Dietz & Co., (wholesale,) 521 Front street.

DENTISTS.
Dr. Blake, removed to 645 Clay street
Dr. Wm. B. McAllister, removed 18 Third street.
N T. Whitcomb, 205 Third, near Howard.

DANCING ACADEMY.
Coghill's, Congress Hall, Bush, above Montgomery.
Fuller & McCarthy, 727 Market, near Third.

DRY GOODS.
Meagher, Taaffe & Co., 9 Montgomery street.
Mosgrove & Blakely, 122 Third, near Howard.
Boyer & Reich, S W corner Jackson and Stockton.

DRUGGISTS.
Waters & Dillon, (Billiard Saloon,) 314 Montgomery st
G. G Burnett, (Apothecary,) 330 Montgomery.
Shepardson & Gates, (successors to R. Hall & Co.,) cor ner Sansome and Commercial.

EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTIONS.
Pacific Business College, 751 Market street, above Third.
Prof. Williams' Commercial Academy, 869 Mission st.

FURNITURE.
Goodwin & Co., 510 and 528 Washington streets.
N. P. Cole & Co., 21 Sutter and 524 Market streets.

GROCERS.
McKee's Family store, 31 Kearny, near Post
Haskell & Co., Market and Sutter sts, below the Market
W. M. Noble & Co., cor Howard and Twelfth streets

HATTER.
Lamott (wholesale and retail) 227 Montgomery street

HAY AND GRAIN.
J. B. Holmes & Co., 110 Market street.

HOTELS.
Brooklyn, John Kelly, Jr., Sansome, corner Pine.
Chicago, E. W. Heinsburg & Co., 220 Pacific street.
John Steinmann, 323 Pine.

INSURANCE.
Accidental and Casualty, R. L. & F. Ogden, Montgomery street, corner California.
Brooklyn Life, S T King, Agent, S E cor Montg'y & Pine
Equitable Life, R. L. & F. Ogden, Montgomery, corner California.
Manhattan, R. B. Swain & Co., Agents, 206 Front, cor Cal
Firemens Fund Ins. Co., S E cor. Montg'y and Pine
Occidental Ins Co., S.W. cor. Montgom'y and California
Pacific Ins. Co., 436 California street.

LADIES' BIJOUTERIE, CLOAKS, ETC.
Rosenblatt's, 123 and 125 Montgomery street.

LIVERY AND SALE STABLE.
Philip Morshead, removed to Howard, near Fifth.
White & Young, 211 Pine street.

LUMBER.
Armstrong, Sheldon & Co., corner Mission and Spear streets.

MILITARY GOODS AND REGALIA.
T. Rodgers Johnson, Odd Fellow's Hall, 325 Montg'ry st.

NOTARY PUBLIC,
H. S. Tibbey, 604, Montgomery street.

PHOTOGRAPHIC GALLERIES.
New York, B. F. Howland proprietor, 15 Third street, below Market.

PIANOS, MUSIC, ETC.
M. Gray, 613 Clay street.
W S. Pierce, removed to 534 Market, opposite Second
C. Weiderhold & Co, 685 Market near Third.

PHOTOGRAPHS, CUTLERY, SPECTACLES, ETC.
Lawrence & Houseworth, 317 and 319 Montgomery st

REAL ESTATE AGENTS.
Daly & Hawkins, 120 Montgomery street.
Dam & Sutherland, 320 Montgomery.
Geo. W. Chapin, 338 Montgomery.
John Pforr, 328 Montgomery.

RESTAURANTS.
Bivalve, Nolting & Speck, 640 Market, near Kearny.
Ladies' Refreshment Saloon, Swain & Brown, 636 Market
Magnolia, 143 Third street.
Market, by Felix and Gustave Besson, 520 Merchant.
Helvetia, Johnjury & Bros., 524 Merchant street.
Savanu's, 506 Montgomery street.

SALOONS.
Russell & Holding's Exchange, 622 Market street.
Charter Oak, Frank Kelly, N E cor Third and Howard
Razzetti & Co.'s, 527 Washington, above the Market.
Jones' Sample Rooms, S.E. cor. Montgomery and Cal.
V Squarza, 44 Leidesdorff street
Coates & Henderson, 37 Sutter street.

SCALES.
Fairbanks & Hutchinson, Depot for Fairbanks' Scales 120 California street.

SEWING MACHINES.
Grover & Baker, R. G Brown, 116 Montgomery.
The Florence, office 111 Montgomery street.
Wheeler & Wilson, corner Montgomery and Sacramento.

STOVES AND TIN WARE.
A. Swigert, corner Fifth and Folsom.

TOYS, ETC.
Feldbush & Co., 207 Montgomery street
A. Kohler, 620 Washington street.

WATER-CURE INSTITUTE.
Dr Bourne's Pioneer, 10 Post, near Montgomery

NATURAL SUCTION PUMP.—Livingstone, the African traveler, describes an ingenious method by which the Africans obtain water in the desert: "The women tie a bunch of grass to one end of a reed about two feet long, and insert it in a hole dug as deep as the arm will reach then ram down the wet sand firmly around it. Applying the mouth to the free end of the reed, they form a vacuum in the grass beneath, in which the water collects, and in a short time rises to the mouth. It will be perceived that this simple but truly philosophical and effectual method might have been applied in many cases in different countries where water was greatly needed to the saving of life. It seems wonderful that it should have been now first known to the world, and that it should have been habitually practiced in Africa, probably for centuries. It seems worthy of being particularly noticed, that it may be highly important to travelers in our deserts and prairies, on some parts of which water is kown to exist below the surface."

A CLOSE fellow remarked to a friend that he saw a pitiable sight when he took his morning walk, and he couldn't help *feeling* for the starving child. His friend inquired how much he was influenced by his feelings to give. He answered that he controlled his feelings.

ALMOST every critic who speaks of "Mark Twain's" book, praises its correct spelling—not because faulty orthography is a weakness of our literature, but because so many humorous books have been written in the Artemus Ward manner that it is a positive comfort to meet something which is funny with sober spelling.

THE Buffalo *Commercial* tells the story of a man from the country who called at a hardware store in that city, and after being shown a large assortment of scissors, turned to the clerk, remarking: "My wife's putty sick, and it's 'bout an even thing if she gets any better; guess I'll wait and see if she gets well 'fore I bny any scissors."

MISS BUCHANAN, once rallying her cousin, an officer, on his courage, said: "Now, Mr. Harry, do you really mean to tell me you can walk up to a cannon's mouth without fear? "Yes," was the prompt reply, "or a Buchanan's either." And he did it.

WHAT is the worst seat a man can sit on? Self-conceit,

EDITORS CALIFORNIAN—Sirs:—Permit me to report, through your paper, the progress of the BUILDERS' INSURANCE COMPANY for the month of June·

Amount of premiums received	$17,338 42
Losses for the month	4,108 78
Balance in favor of the Company	$13,229 64

All which I trust will be satisfactory to my friends and the public.

THOMAS MOONEY, President.

California st., San Francisco, July 1, 1867.

Tyler Brothers,

691 Market st., cor. Third,
SAN FRANCISCO,

Importers, Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
SCHOOL BOOKS,
STATIONERY,
PHOTOGRAPH ALBUMS,
BLANK BOOKS,
PORTFOLIOS,
JUVENILE BOOKS,
CHILDREN'S PICTURE BOOKS,
FANCY ARTICLES, Etc.

ESPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO
LADIES' STATIONERY,
Which we Stamp with Initials
WITHOUT EXTRA CHARGE.

WEDDING AND VISITING CARDS
Engraved, Written or Printed.

JOHN HAGAN,
Marble - Worker,

MARKET ST, OPPOSITE LINCOLN SCHOOL HOUSE, between Fifth and Sixth.

Marble Mantels, Grates, Monuments, Headstones, Cemetery Copings, and all kinds of Marble Work executed on most reasonable terms. Particular attention paid to the placing of Tombstones at Lone Mountain or Calvary Cemeteries. N. B.—Country orders promptly attended to.

Great Reduction in Rates.

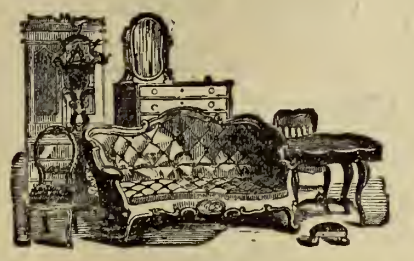
OPPOSITION TO NEW YORK
VIA NICARAGUA,
Carrying the United States Mail!

THE NORTH AMERICAN S. S. CO.'S STEAMER
A M E R I C A,

Will sail for SAN JUAN DEL SUR, Nicaragua, from MISSION STREET WHARF, at 11 o'clock, A. M., on
MONDAY, - - - JULY 15th, 1867

Connecting at Greytown with the magnificent Steamship SANTIAGO 3,000 tons. for NEW YORK.
No expense on the Isthmus—100 lbs. baggage free.
An experienced surgeon on board; medicine and attendance free.
The public are assured that there is no sickness of any kind on the Nicaragua Transit.
For further information, apply to
I. W. RAYMOND, Agent,
Northwest corner Battery and Pine streets, up stairs.

N. P. COLE & CO.,
WHOLESALE
Furniture Warehouse,



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LOWEST RATES AND MOST COMPLETE STOCK ON THE COAST.

NATHANIEL GRAY & CO.,
UNDERTAKERS,
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Sole agents for BARSTOW'S PATENT METALLIC BURIAL CASES and CASKETS.

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IN ALL ITS BRANCHES
Executed in a Superior Style, at
GEO. D. MORSE'S
NEW AND ELEGANT ROOMS,
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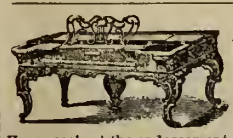
Photographs retouched in India Ink or Water Colors, and copied from daguerreotypes or ambrotypes to any size. All work guaranteed and perfect satisfaction given. Call and see specimens before going elsewhere.

JOSEPH FREDERICKS
CARPET AND UPHOLSTERY STORE,
PAPER HANGINGS, ETC.,
123 Kearny St., between Sutter and Post, San Francisco

FAMILIES ARE INVITED TO EXAMINE
OUR VARIED ASSORTMENT

Of the Finest Carpeting in the State. The best of taste displayed in Decoration and the unique Upholstering of Rooms, Halls and Public Buildings, and at prices conforming to the times. Call and examine goods.



THE FAMOUS
PIANOS
OF
Chickering & Son

Have received the endorsement of all the leading Artistes of Europe and America. Testimonials to be seen at the Agent's.
Pianos to rent, from $5 to $10. Tuning free.
KOHLER, CHASE & CO.,
421 Montgomery street.

DR. N. T. WHITCOMB,
DENTIST,
No. 205 Third Street, San Francisco.

Teeth filled with fine gold, artificial bone and platina. All plate work made and repaired, of the best material, at the shortest notice and warranted. None cheaper or better on the coast Call and examine specimens.
North Beach and South Park Cars pass the door.
N. T. WHITCOMB.

WALTER S. PIERCE,

Manufacturer and Importer of
PIANO-FORTES.

FACTORY AND WAREROOM, NO. 536 MARKET Street, opposite Second.
PIANOS TO RENT.
WALTER S. PIERCE'S
Piano Manufactory

Is the most complete on the Pacific Coast, having every appliance of machinery for Making or REPAIRING Pianos to be found in the largest Eastern Factories.
Old Pianos converted into new, by putting in new interior mechanism complete.

M. KELLER,
PROPRIETOR OF THE
RISING SUN AND LOS ANGELES VINEYARDS.
DEPOT FOR THE SALE OF HIS
NATIVE WINES AND BRANDIES,
Wine and Brandy Bitters,
BASEMENT OF MERCHANTS' EXCHANGE,
Corner of Battery and Washington Streets,
SAN FRANCISCO.

G. GROEZINGER,
DEALER IN
Native California
RED AND WHITE WINES,
Brandies, Port, Sherry, Angelica, Etc.,
N. W. CORNER OF BATTERY AND PINE STREETS,
SAN FRANCISCO.

WINE SALOON.

UNION SALOON.—C. H. Cordes is the proprietor of the Union Saloon, Market street, a few doors south of Fremont, where is to be found the choicest wines and liquors. Mr. Cordes prides himself on his Kentucky Whisky, which is very old and oily. The "Davis" brand whisky drinkers should by all means call and test this whisky. Hot lunch is set on the table from 10 till 2.

WM. O. BREYFOGLE.
(Successor to WARE & MOSHER,)
NO. 26 CALIFORNIA STREET,
Manufacturer and Dealer in
SASH, DOORS, BLINDS & SHUTTERS,
From Kiln-Dried Lumber—at the Lowest Rates.
Orders from the country will receive prompt attention

Whiskers and Mustaches!

FORCED TO GROW UPON THE SMOOTHEST FACE face in from three to five weeks by using Dr. SEVIGNE'S RESTAURATEUR CAPILLAIRE, the most wonderful discovery in modern science, upon the Beard and Hair in an almost miraculous manner. It has been used by the elite of Paris and London with most flattering success. Names of all purchasers will be registered, and if entire satisfaction is not given in every instance, the money will be cheerfully refunded. Price by mail, sealed and post paid, $1. Descriptive circulars and testimonials mailed free. Address
BERGER, SHUTTS & CO., Chemists,
No. 285 River street, Troy, N. Y.,
Sole Agents for the United States.

J. CUTBERLET,
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BOOT AND SHOE STORE,
—ALSO—
FRENCH SCREWED BOOTS AND SHOES,
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The Finest quality of CUSTOM WORK neatly executed. Always on hand other fine work ready made

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DR. V. POPPER,
Surgeon Chiropedist

No 20 Montgomery street, between Post and Sutter, San Francisco. Office hours from 9 A. M to 5 P. M.
Offers his services to the public as an Operator on such exorescences as hard and soft corns, enlarged joints, club nails, bunions, nails penetrating the flesh, warts, etc.

MARTIN'S RESTAURANT,
623 COMMERCIAL STREET.

Above Montgomery. Meals at all hours. The best of Wines, Oysters, Game, and all the delicacies of the season always on hand. Private Saloons up stairs for Dinner and Supper Parties. LEON DINGEON, Proprietor.

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Architects,
328 Montgomery street, San Francisco.
B. M'DOUGALL. J. MARQUIS.

REFERS TO Messrs. Elam & Howes, Clay street, below Battery; Messrs. Hatch & Co., (R. W. Brangon & T. H. Hatch,) Washington street below Battery; A. J Coghill, Esq., Front street, corner of Clay; Wm. J. Adams, Esq., (Adams, Blinn & Co.,) Piers 17 and 19, Stewart street; Joseph Rich, Esq., Bush street below Turnverein Hall; Hon. M. S. Latham, London and San Francisco Bank; Wm B. Johnston, Esq., Insurance Building, 412 and 414 Montgomery street; James Brooks, Esq., Editor "Golden Era."

REMOVED
To 645 Clay street, a few doors below Kearny.

DR. BLAKE CAN NOW BE FOUND AT the above location. Engagements as usual can be made with all those who desire thorough and FIRST CLASS GOLD FILLINGS.

DEXTER STABLES,
Bush Street, between Occidental and Cosmopolitan Hotels, San Francisco.
W. G. JONES PROPRIETOR

BOWMAN & CO.,
Dealers in Stoves and Tin Ware,
Main street, Petaluma

STOCKDALE HOUSE,
Corner Main and Oak streets, Petaluma
H. STOCKDALE Proprietor

GRAND TRIAL
....OF....
SEWING MACHINES,

CONTEST BETWEEN THE
FLORENCE AND WILLCOX & GIBBS.

THE
WILLCOX & GIBBS
TRIUMPHANT!

At the Great UNION FAIR, held at Island Park, between Albany and Troy, in September, two Premiums were offered on Sewing Machines, one for the BEST and the other for the "Second Best"—competition being open to the State.

On the first day of the Fair, the Troy Agent of Florence Sewing Machine Company, having, jointly with the Albany Agent of the same Machine, entered it for competition, published in the Troy Daily Times a challenge to Agents of other Sewing Machines, to meet them at said Fair and compete with them for the Premium.

The challenge was accepted by the Troy and Albany Agents of the Willcox and Gibbs Machine.

Each party was to prepare and subject to the judges a "list" of the several "points of merit" on account of which "superiority" was claimed. These "points" were to be separately considered, thoroughly investigated and practically tested, by work done then and there, upon each of the machines; and then decided in favor of the machine which was adjudged to excel on that "point."

Finally it was agreed that the machine which, at the conclusion of the trial, should be found to have the greatest number of those "points" decided in its favor should be decided the "BEST SEWING MACHINE," and awarded the FIRST PREMIUM.

The result of the trial was, that the

WILLCOX & GIBBS WON THE VICTORY

and the prize, by the extraordinary superiority of thirty-five points, decided in its favor, against two points in favor of the Florence.

Full notes were taken of the trial.

It is a fact worthy of remark, that during the entire trial—which continued without intermission for nearly seven hours—not a stitch was missed, nor the thread once broken, nor a needle broken or bent, by the Willcox and Gibbs machine. No kind of work was attempted to be done on it that was not accompliseed, and done in a perfect and workmanlike manner: and no effort was made on it that was not entirely successful; while neither of these statements can be truly made in favor of the Florence.

This remarkable trial can not fail, through the facts developed by it, to be productive of important results. It has raised the veil and exposed to public view the true character of the opposition, who will no longer be able to deceive the public by misrepresenting the character and merits of the Willcox and Gibbs machine.

It is an improvement on double thread machines; and its "stitch," which was severely tested by the Judges, was decided to be much stronger and less liable to rip in use or wear than the "Lock Stitch."

It is the simplest in construction—does the greatest variety of work—makes no noise—is not liable to get out of order—costs the least money, and gives the the best satisfaction.

Full reports of this trial sent free to any address.

Country Agents solicited.

SAMUEL SWIFT,
General Agent for the Pacific Coast,
203 Kearny Street,
San Francisco.

A Sea Yarn.—During a passage from Calcutta to Boston. says an old ex-sea captain, I noticed that one of my crew, an able seaman and a thorough sailor, was inclined to grumble at every order issued from the qnarter deck. If a rope was tonched, a sail clewed up or clewed down, Jack was sure to growl and swear that the vessel was the "bloodiest ship he ever sailed in or ever expected to." A true-hearted Jack tar will always grumbe, but my man was a little the worse for complaining that I ever sailed with, so I determined to take an original method of curing the cuss of a bad habit which would soon spread through the forecastle and make the ship nncomfortable for officers and men.

One morning while the decks were being washed down, I heard Jack growling at the amount of water which was used. I called the fellow to me, and said in a quiet tone:

"Jack, you don't like to work. Now, as we are strong-handed, and the weather is fine, yon just go forward. Eat, drink, and sleep, but don't you raise your hand to do any work."

The man looked astonished, but went forward, and I forgot him nntil the next morning, when the steward told me that jack refused to eat anything, and swore that he would starve himself to death. I sent for the man to come aft, when he stood before me I said—

"So yon have disobeyed my orders, have you?"

"I don't know that I have," was the snllen reply.

"Didn't I tell you to eat, drink and sleep?" I demanded.

"Yes sir."

"And yet you refuse to eat. How is that?"

"Well, sir, I'll be d——d if you or any other man can make me eat unless I do my share of work. I'll starve first."

"Then go to work and quit grumbling," I said; and the man went forward as happy as a crew on pay day, and I never heard a growl from his lips afterwards, or from one of the men.

Tyler Brothers,

691 Market st., cor. Third,
SAN FRANCISCO,

Importers, Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
SCHOOL BOOKS,
STATIONERY,
PHOTOGRAPH ALBUMS,
BLANK BOOKS,
PORTFOLIOS,
JUVENILE BOOKS,
CHILDREN'S PICTURE BOOKS,
FANCY ARTICLES, Etc.

ESPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO
LADIES' STATIONERY,
Which we Stamp with Initials
WITHOUT EXTRA CHARGE.
WEDDING AND VISITING CARDS
Engraved, Written or Printed.

W. E. GOLDSMITH,
Practical Card and Seal Engraver,
AND PLATE PRINTER,
No. 505 Montgomery street, over Tucker's.

CANTY & WAGNER,
(SUCCESSORS TO J. REGAN,)
113 *Montgomery street, bet. Bush and Sutter*

N B—All candies sold by us are warranted to be manufactured from Stewart's double refined Sugar, and to be equal to any manufactured in the state. Country merchants solicited to examine our stock and prices. Goods delivered to any part of the city free of charge.

MARTIN GROSTETTA,
LATE OF VIRGINIA CITY,
Would respectfully inform his friends and the public that he has purchased the WELL KNOWN SALOON previously occupied by THOS. DOYLE, 535 SACRAMENTO ST., above the What Cheer House. The best kind of Wines, Liquors and Cigars always on hand. Passengers' Stores carefully put up to order.

WANTED AGENTS.—$250 per month THE YEAR ROUND, OR 900 PER CENT PROFIT ON COMMISSION. We *guaranty* the above salary or commission to active industrious agents at their own homes, to introduce an article of *indispensable utility* in every household. For full particulars call on, or address
G. W. JACKSON & CO., 11 South St., Baltimore, Md

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TO BE SEEN ONLY AT THE
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Eureka Theatre, Montgomery street,
between California and Pine.

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317 AND 319 MONTGOMERY STREET,
OPTICIANS

THE LARGEST OPTICAL INSTRUMENT Establishment on the Pacific Coast. Import all their own goods direct from European and American manufacturers, and have a larger and more complete assortment than all other dealers combined.
SPECTACLES and EYE-GLASSES warranted to suit the sight in every particular.
Double sighted Spectacles, Tinted Spectacles and Brazilian Pebble Spectacles of the most approved form.
Those who have been disappointed at other establishments will certainly be pleased with the Spectacles they purchase from us.

N. B—Inferior Glasses are not sold by us to the unwary for Brazilian Pebbles.

LAWRENCE & HOUSEWORTH,
OPTICIANS,
317 *and* 319 *Montgomery Street,*
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Complete Catalogues of Optical Instruments furnished free.

D. GHIRARDELLI & CO.'S
Italian Manufactury,
415 and 417 JACKSON ST., SAN FRANCISCO,
Manufacturers and Dealers in
PLAIN, SWEET, CINNAMON AND VANILLA CHOCOLATES;
PREPARED COCOA. COCOA PASTE,
CRACKED COCOA, COCOA SHELLS, etc., etc.
PURE GROUND OLD JAVA COFFEE AND COSTA RICA COFFEE;
CHARTRES AND RIO COFFEE:
GREEN COFFEE OF EVERY QUALITY.
CHOICE WINES AND LIQUORS.
N. B—Ghirardelli's Chocolate is manufactured by steam from Cocoa of the finest quality, imported direct. In excellence and delicacy of flavor, it is superior to any imported Chocolate.

ITALIAN MANUFACTORY
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FIRST PREMIUM 1857 1858 1864 1865
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MACCARONI, VERMICELLI,
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(706 SANSOME ST. 706)
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BRIGNARDELLO, MACCHIAVELLO & Co.

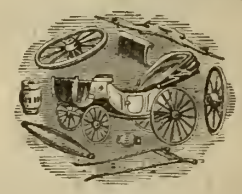
HAZARD'S GUNPOWER.
Blasting and Mining Powder
AT $3 PER KEG.
SPORTING POWDER
AT REDUCED PRICES ALSO.
The Hazard Powder Company's Gunpowder has no superior.
EDWARD H. PARKER,
No. 224 California Street,
Sole Agent for Pacific Coast.

THE CALIFORNIA
Building and Savings Bank,
CALIFORNIA ST., ONE DOOR FROM SANSOME.
Capital and Deposits, - - - - - $600,000
WHICH IS LOANED ON PROPERTY.
LOANS MADE on CITY REAL ESTATE,
HOUSES, SHIPS, FACTORIES
AND MERCHANDISE.
Deposits received at one per cent. per month.
Money transmitted from the interior, by Express or Mail, passed to interest from the day of arrival, and a Certificate returned in course of post.
Strangers may deposit Bonds, Gold Dust, Coin, or Valuable Papers in the Vault, for long or short periods, at a small rent, for which valuables the Company will be accountable, THOMAS MOONEY, President.

REMOVAL. REMOVAL.
Larkins & Co.,

Manufacturers of every description of
CARRIAGES.
CONCORD WAGONS, Ranch Wagons and Buggies made to order. All kinds of Jobbing and Carriage Painting done at the shortest notice.
New Manufactory Nos. 631 and 633 Howard street, corner of Hubbard, between Second and Third, San Francisco.

A. FOLSOM,



Carriage Manufacturer,
No. 531 CALIFORNIA STREET,
Between Montgomery and Kearny streets, San Francisco
EVERY DESCRIPTION OF CARRIAGES, EXPRESS Wagons, Buggies, etc, made to order, of the best materials and workmanship.
Repairing and General Blacksmithing done with promptness, and at prices to suit the times.

SAUL & McARRON,
Manufacturers of
STAGE AND THOROUGHBRACE WAGONS,
NO. 579 AND 581 MARKET STREET,
Near Second Street, San Francisco.
Makes to order all kinds of Carriage and Buggy Work, Express and Thoroughbrace Wagons and Stage Work.
A general assortment of new and second hand Wagons on hand. Jobbing done with neatness and dispatch.

THE AVITOR "HERMES."

The following Report has been addressed to the Pattentee of the Avitor, by G. K. Gluyas, Esq., President of the Mechanic's Institue, and Superintending Engineer of the California S. N. Company.

Report of the Construction and Prospects of the

"AVITOR:"

SAN FRANCISCO, June 7, 1867

F. MARRIOTT, ESQ—Dear Sir:—Having visited on Wednesday last, the Avitor building, at Belt Mound Park, and inspected the machine, I take the pleasure in recording my impressions in favor of this invention. I was careful to learn details, and to study the Avitor, in order to speak, so far as I might be, with knowledge; and I am satisfied that the principle here followed is the right one.

The machine is light, solid and well finished. I think there is needed greater capacity for holding of gas, and a modification of the machine to enable it to be compressed, that the gas-holder may the more readily be filled with pure gas. The arrangements for controlling and managing the different portions of the machinery could not be better; the engine I think adequate to perform all the services required of it. As regards the probable velocity of the Avitor, I would say nothing. Once afloat, and I see nothing to hinder its floating; it is merely a question of resistance. For an invention so novel, the Avitor has met with comparatively few practical obstacles; and when it is remembered that the difficulties in the way of Fulton's experiment were much greater than those that have kept back the Avitor, and that the principal is in both cases equally sound it will be seen that there are good reasons for the belief that the machine, with the modifications referred to, will yet successfully navigate the air.

The experiments with petroleum as a steam generator, which, no doubt, will be successful, will furnish a compact and light fuel for generating steam. After the Avitor has been floated, there may be some slight changes of the propelling machinery suggested, but, ultimately, it must be a success. The expense to make the contemplated changes, or rather enlargement, of the machine, I think, will be under three thousand dollars.

Hoping and firmly believing in the success of your enterprise, I remain your obedient servant,

GEO. K. GLUYAS.

OPINION OF PETER DONAHUE ESQ.

I have followed with great interest, and have personally observed the construction of the Avitor. I am so thoroughly convinced of the practicability of the enterprise, and so entirely concur in the foregoing observations of Geo. K. Gluyas, Esq., respecting the two modifications to be adopted, that I have no hesitation in saying that, when these changes are made, the Avitor will answer all the purposes of its inventor, and fully realize the expectations of the public. As soon as the elevating power shall, in this way, have been perfected, the work will be completed because the propeling force is ample, the machinery for elevating and depressing sufficient, and steering apparatus in fine working order, and, in short, the whole of the Avitor is fully under the control of the operation. PETER DONAHUE ESQ.

Asphaltum Roofing.
PAVEMENTS, ROOFING,
CELLAR FLOORS, WATER HOUSES,
And all kinds of
Asphaltum Work,
Done at shortest notice, and at moderate prices, by
M. BONNET,
Office—Express Building (up stairs),
N. E. cor. Montgomery and California sts., San Francisco

FIRE AND MARINE INSURANCE.
UNION INSURANCE COMPANY
OF SAN FRANCISCO.
Nos. 416 *and* 418 *California Street.*
INDIVIDUAL LIABILITY
CASH CAPITAL, - - - - $750,000
The California Lloyds,
HAVING CONSOLIDATED WITH THE UNION INSURANCE COMPANY, JANUARY 1, 1866, THIS COMPANY ARE NOW PREPARED TO EFFECT MARINE AS WELL AS FIRE INSURANCE UPON THE MOST FAVORABLE TERMS.
LOSSES PROMPTLY AND EQUITABLY ADJUSTED AND PAID IN GOLD COIN.

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J. Mora Moss,	Benjamin Brewster,
James Otis,	Lloyd Tevis,
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J. G. Kittle,	Nicholas Luning,
Joseph A. Donohoe,	John Parrott,
M. J. O'Connor,	J. Underhill,
I. Friedlander,	M. D. Sweeny,
Moses Heller,	C. N. Felton,
Lafayette Maynard,	James Phelan,
Charles L. Low,	Gustave Touchard,
Jacob Scholle,	Michael Castle,
James Dows,	Nicholas Larco,
Joseph Seller,	N. G. Kittle,
L. H. Allen,	Wm. C. Talbot,
Wm. Hooper,	Patrick McAran,
C. Temple Emmet,	Geo. C. Johnson,
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CALEB T. FAY, President.
CHARLES D. HAVEN, Secretary.
GUSTAVE TOUCHARD, Marine Director.

OCCIDENTAL
Insurance Company,
Southwest corner Montgomery and California streets.
INDIVIDUAL LIABILITY.
Capital Stock, - - - $300,000
LOSSES PAID IN UNITED STATES GOLD COIN.
THIS COMPANY will insure against loss by Fire on any Dwelling House, Buildings, Merchandise or other property, situated in the State of California. The largest sum they will take on any one risk is thirty thousand dollars.
C. CHRISTIANSEN, Pres't.
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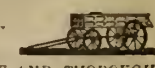
B. ROTHSCHILD, Secretary.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla
TO
Purify the Blood.
NOT A FEW OF THE WORST DISORDERS THAT afflict mankind arise from the corruption that accumulates in the blood. Of all the discoveries that have been made to purge it out, none have been found which could equal in effect AYER'S COMPOUND EXTRACT OF SARSAPARILLA. It cleanses and renovates the blood, instills the vigor of health into the system and purges out the humors which make disease. It stimulates the healthy functions of the body, and expels the disorders that grow and rankle in the blood. Its extraordinary virtues are not yet widely known, but, when they are, it will no longer be a question what remedy to employ in the great variety of afflicting diseases that require an alterative remedy. Such a remedy, that could be relied on, has long been sought for, and now, for the first time, the public have one on which they can depend. Our space here does not admit certificates to show its effects. But the trial of a single bottle will show to the sick that it has virtues surpassing anything they have ever taken. Sufferers from Scrofula, scrofulous Swellings and Sores, try it and see the rapidity with which it cures. Skin Diseases, Pimples Pustules, Blotches, Eruptions, etc., are soon cleaned out of the system.
St. Anthony's Fire, Rose or Erysipelas, Tetter or Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Ringworm, etc., should not be borne while they can be so speedily cured by AYER'S SARSAPARILLA.
Syphilis or Venereal Disease is expelled from the system by the prolonged use of this SARSAPARILLA, and the patient is left as healthy as if he never had the disease.
Female Diseases are caused by Scrofula in the blood, and are generally soon cured by this EXTRACT OF SARSAPARILLA. Price $1 per bottle, or 6 bottles for $5.
For all the purposes of a family physic, take AYER'S CATHARTIC PILLS, which are everywhere known to be the best purgative that is offered to the American People.
Prepared by DR. J. C. AYER & Co., Lowell, Mass., and sold by all Druggists and dealers in medicine everywhere.
CRANE & BRIGHAM, San Francisco,
Wholesale Agents.

George P. Kimball & Co.,
MANUFACTURERS

....OF....



CARRIAGES, BUGGIES, STAGE AND THOROUGHBRACE WAGONS,
Market street, near corner of Fourth, San Francisco.

HOWE'S NEW STYLE
FAMILY SEWING MACHINES.
GREAT IMPROVEMENT—JUST RECEIVED.
ESPECIALLY ADAPTED FOR FINE WORK. Also, Braiding, Hemming, etc. The advantage these Machines have is extreme simplicity, very strong and durable, not liable to get out of order—adapted equally well to all grades of work. The Howe should be examined by all contemplating purchasing. H. A. DEMING,
137 Kearny street, S. W. cor. Sutter, San Francisco, Cal

J. C. E. KLEPZIG,

MANUFACTURER

—AND—

DEALER IN

GUNS, PISTOLS,

Sporting Apparatus,

AMMUNITION

AND GUN MATERIALS,

No. 733 Washington Street, San Francisco.

Gilding and Silver Plating of all kinds of metals ; also, Silver or Plated Ware reburnished.

HOLBROOK, MERRILL & CO.,

IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN

STOVES, TIN-PLATE,

SHEET IRON, LEAD PIPE, PUMPS, ZINC, WIRE, AND

HOUSE FURNISHING HARDWARE.

MANUFACTURERS OF

TIN, SHEET-IRON AND COPPER WARE.

Nos. 13 and 15 Front street.....San Francisco
Nos. 176 and 178 J street.....Sacramento
Main street.....Austin, Nevada

A R R I V A L

—OF—

MADAME LAURUSTINUS,

The Great Prophetess and Doctress.

The Madame has astonished thousands of her visitors in Europe, England and America, by revealing the Past, Present and Future Events of Life, such as Law Suits, Travel by Sea or Land, Lost or Stolen Goods, Hidden Treasure, Absent Friends or Relatives, and all affairs of business in general.

☞The Madame has a select assortment of pure Roman Talismans, for Love, Good Luck, Success in Business, and guaranteed for Life.

Office of MADAME LAURUSTINUS, No. 816 Montgomery street, between Jackson and Pacific. Office hours, from 8 o'clock in the morning until 8 in the evening.

CALIFORNIA

Steam Navigation Company.

STEAMER CAPITAL.....CAPT. E. A. POOLE.
" CHRYSOPOLIS. CAPT. A. FOSTER.
" YOSEMITE.....
" CORNELIA.....CAPT W. BROMLEY.
" JULIA.....CAPT E. CONCKLIN

One of the above steamers leave BROADWAY WHARF, at 4 o'clock P. M., *EVERY DAY*, (Sundays excepted,) for Sacramento and one for Stockton, the Sacramento steamer connecting with light-draft steamers for Marysville, Colusa, Chico and Red Bluff

Office of the Company, northeast corner of Front and Jackson streets.

B. M. HARTSHORNE, President.

GREAT TRIUMPH!

STEINWAY & SONS

Were awarded the FIRST PRIZE MEDAL at the late great INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION AT LONDON, over the two hundred and sixty-nine Pianos entered for competition from all parts of the world.

The Special Correspondent of the New York *Times* says : "Messrs. Steinway & Sons' indorsement by the Jurors is emphatic, and stronger and more to the point than that of any European maker."

A constant supply of the above superior instruments can be found at the Agent's,

M. GRAY, 613 Clay street.

PIANO TUNING done by a first-class Workman, from Steinway & Son's Factory, New York.

IN THE PROBATE COURT of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the estate of BENJAMIN T. CHACE, deceased.

Order to show cause why order of distribution should not be made.

On reading and filing the petition of William H Hooke and William H. Gawley the Executors of the last will and testament of Benjamin T. Chace, deceased, setting forth that they have filed their final account of their administration of the estate of said deceased, in this Court, and that the same has been duly settled and allowed ; that all the debts and expenses of administration have been duly paid ; and that a portion of said estate remains to be divided among the heirs and devisees of said deceased, and praying among other things for an order of distribution of the residue of said estate among the persons entitled :

It is ordered, that all persons interested in the Estate of the said Benjamin T. Chace deceased, be and appear before the Probate Court of the City and County of San Francisco, at the Court-room of said Court, in the City Hall in said city and county, on MONDAY, the 22d day of July, 1867, at eleven o'clock, A. M., then and there to show cause why an order of distribution should not be made of the residue of said Estate among the heirs and devisees of said Benjamin T. Chace, deceased, according to law.

It is further ordered, That a copy of this order be published for four successive weeks before the said 22d day of July A. D. 1857, in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper published in the said city and county

M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

Dated June 18th, 1867. je22-5w

E. B MASTICK & T. B. BISHOP, Attorneys for said Executors.

THEODORE KALLENBERG,

No. 416 Market street, - - - San Francisco,

Machinist,

Maker of Models for Inventors, Drawing Instruments, Small Machines, Philosophical Instruments, Scales and Weights, all kinds of Brass and Iron Work.

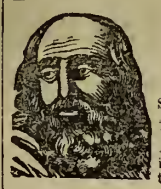
REPAIRING PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

Adams, Dentist, 423 Montgomery

TO THE UNFORTUNATE.

NEW REMEDIES! NEW REMEDIES!

Dr. Gibbon's Dispensary.



ESTABLISHED IN 1854,
616 Kearney street, corner of Commercial, San Francisco.

For the treatment of Sexual and Seminal Diseases, such as gonorrhœa, gleet, stricture, syphilis in all its forms, seminal weakness, impotency, &c. Skin Diseases, (of years' standing,) and Ulcerated legs, successfully treated.

HORRIBLE DISEASES.

How many thousands of persons both male and female are there who are suffering out a miserable existence from the effects of secret indulgence, or from virus absorbed into the system. Look at their pallid, emaciated and disfigured faces, and their broken constitutions, disqualifying them for the happiness of marriage or the enjoyment of life. In this horrid situation thousands suffer until death closes the scene. Let parents, guardians and friends, attend to those who are suffering with any of these horrible, life-destroying maladies—see that they are cared for and cured before it be too late. Send them to Dr. Gibbon, a physician who has made private diseases his especial study for years, and who is certain to cure the most inveterate cases without mercury or any injurious drugs. It is important to those who are afflicted, to be careful of the many pretended Doctors who infest all cities, publishing their skill in curing all diseases in a few days, imposing upon the public by using the names of eminent physicians from Europe and other places. Be therefore careful and make strict inquiry, or you may fall into the hands of these charlatans.

Syphilis is syphilis the world over ; so is small pox, consumption, and other diseases, to the contrary of what quacks may say.

SEMINAL WEAKNESS.

Seminal weakness the consequent of self abuse. This solitary vice, or depraved sexual indulgence, is practiced by the youth of both sexes to an almost unlimited extent, producing with unnerving certainty the following train of morbid symptoms, unless combatted by scientific medical measure ; sallow countenances, dark spots under the eyes, pain in the head, ringing in the ears, noise like the rustling of leaves and rattling of chariots, uneasines about the loins, weakness of the limbs, confused vision, blunt intellect, loss of confidence, diffidence in approaching strangers, a dislike to form new acquaintances, a disposition to shun society, loss of memory, hectic flushes, pimples and various eruptions about the face, furred tongue, fetid breath, coughs, consumption, night sweats, monomania, and frequent insanity. If relief be not obtained, should apply immediately, either in person or by letter, and have a cure effected by his new and scientific mode of treating this complaint, which never fails of effecting a quick and radical cure. Dr. G. will give $100 to any person who will prove satisfactorily to him that he was cured by either of the San Francisco quacks.

Dr. Gibbon is responsible, and will give each patient a written instrument binding himself to effect a radical and permanent cure or make no charge.

Persons at a distance may be cured at home by addressing a letter to Dr. Gibbon, stating case, symptoms length of time the disease has continued, and have medicine promptly forwarded, free from damage and curiosity, to any part of the country, with full and plain directions for use, for ten dollars, sent in a registered letter, or through Wells, Fargo & Co.

Address DR. J. F. GIBBON, 616 Kearney street, corner of Commercial, San Francisco, Postoffice Box 252.

CAUTION TO THE UNFORTUNATE.

Beware of the San Francisco quacks and pretenders who with bogus sworn-to certificates, dupe the unwary. Some of the self styled doctors whose names are to be found in all the daily and weekly papers of San Francisco and other places, are tradesmen, and become too lazy to work at their trade. Some are tinsmiths, shoemakers, newspaper carriers, intelligence offices keepers, etc. Look over the San Francisco City Directory and you will find their former occupation in it. Look at the Directory for 1862-63. The only way to avoid imposition is make inquiry—it will cost you nothing and may save you many regrets, for advertising physicians in eight cases out of ten are bogus, there is no safety in trusting any of them till you know who and what they are. Dr. Gibbon does not deceive people by exhibiting bogus titles, certificates, pretended patients' letters, etc. Dr. Gibbon will satisfy persons who may call at his office of his ability to treat diseases that he proposes to cure.

☞ Persons writing to Dr. Gibbon will Please state the name of the paper they see his advertisement in.

Excelsior! Excelsior!!

CHASTELLAR'S

HAIR EXERMINATOR, FOR REMOVING

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR.

TO THE LADIES ESPECIALLY, THIS INVALUABLE depilatory recommends itself as being an almost indispensable article to female beauty, is easily applied, does not burn or injure the skin, but acts directly on the roots. It is warranted to remove superfluous hair from low foreheads, or from any part of the body, completely, totally and radically extirpating the same, leaving the skin soft, smooth and natural. This is the only article used by the French, and is the only real effectual depilatory in existence. Price 75 cents per package, sent post paid, to any address, on receipt of an order by

BERGER, SHUTTS & CO., Chemists,
285 River street, Troy, N. Y.

There cometh glad tidings of joy to all,
To young and old, to great and to small;
The beauty which was once so precious and rare,
Is free for all, and all may be fair.

By the use of

CHASTELLAR'S

WHITE LIQUID ENAMEL,

FOR IMPROVING AND BEAUTIFYING THE COMplexion.

The most valuable and perfect preparation in use, for giving the skin a beautiful pearl-like tint, that is only found in youth. It quickly removes Tan, Freckles, Pimples, Blotches, Moth Patches, Sallowness, Eruptions, and all impurities of the skin, kindly healing the same, leaving the skin white and clear as alabaster. Its use cannot be detected by the closest scrutiny, and being a vegetable preparation is perfectly harmless. It is the only article of the kind used by the French, and is considered by the Parisian as indispensable to a perfect toilet. Upwards of 30,000 bottles were sold during the past year, a sufficient guarantee of its efficacy. Price only 75 cents. Sent by mail, post-paid, on receipt of order, by

BERGER, SHUTTS & CO., Chemists,
285 River street, Troy, N. Y.

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LACOUR'S

SARSAPARIPHERE

BITTERS

POSSESS INVALUABLE PROPERTIES.

They give Health to the Sick,

Strength to the Weak,

Joy to the Afflicted.

☞SOLD EVERYWHERE.☜

IN THE PROBATE COURT of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California

In the matter of the Estate of SARAH P. PETERSON, deceased.

Order to show cause why order of distribution should not be made.

On reading and filing the petition of Frederick W. Peterson the Administrator of the Estate of Sarah P. Peterson deceased, setting forth that he has filed his final account of his administration of the estate of said deceased, in this Court, and that the same has been duly settled and allowed; that all the debts and expenses of administration have been duly paid; and that a portion of said estate remains to be divided among the heirs of said deceased, and praying among other things for an order of distribution of the residue of said estate among the persons entitled:

It is Ordered, that all persons interested in the estate of the said Sarah P. Peterson deceased, be and appear before the Probate Court of the city and county of San Francisco, at the Court Room of said Court, in the City Hall in said city and county, on MONDAY, the fifteenth day of July, A. D. 1867, at eleven o'clock, A. M., then and there to show cause why an order of distribution should not be made of the residue of said estate to the heir of said Sarah P. Peterson deceased, according to law:

It is further Ordered, that a copy of this order be published for four successive weeks, before the said fifteenth day of July A D. 1867, in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published in the said city and county.

M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

Dated June 12th, A. D. 1867

OFFICE OF THE COUNTY CLERK, OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO. } ss.

I, Wm. Loewy, County Clerk of the City and County of San Francisco, and ex officio Clerk of the Probate Court thereof, do hereby certify the foregoing to be a full, true and correct copy of an order duly made and entered upon the minutes of said Court.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court, this 14th day of June, A. D. 1867.

[Seal and Int. Rev. stamp 50 cts., canceled.]

WM LOEWY, Clerk.
By A J. JEGHERS, Deputy Clerk.

THEODORE H. HITTELL, Att'y for Petitioner. Je15-5t

TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.—NOTICE IS hereby given that the undersigned, CHARLOTTE A GILDERSLEEVE, is a married woman; that she is the wife of Geo. W. Gildersleeve; that she and her said husband are citizens of and residing within the City and County of San Francisco, State of California; that she is desirous to avail herself of the benefit of the Act of the Legislature of this State, entitled "An Act to authorize married women to transact business in their own names as sole traders," passed April 12th, 1852, and the Act passed by said Legislature, April 8th, 1862, "Amendatory of and supplemental to" the Act aforementioned; that it is her intention to make application to the District Court of the Fourth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, on the 5th day of August, A. D, 1867, at 10 o'clock, A. M. of that day, for an order of said Court permitting her to carry on and transact business in her own name and on her own account, in accordance with the provisions of said Acts, as a sole trader; that the business she intends to carry on is dealing in real estate, farming—including keeping cows, pigs poultry, rabbits, etc.

Dated San Francisco, June 27th, A. D. 1867.

CHARLOTTE A GILDERSLEEVE.

Jamea McCabe, attorney for petitioner.

A RARE GEM OF ART.

"The Lord's Prayer,"

A pen drawing, by Mr. D. F. Brown, is one of the most remarkable works of art ever exhibited in this country. By patient labor he has succeeded in producing a design which for skill and beauty of execution, exquisite softness and delicacy of finish, and general merit, it would seem scarcely possible to surpass. The central figure—the face of our savior—is one of marvelous power and beauty This and the faces of the Twelve Apostles, forming the border of the piece, are faithful copies from Leonardo da Vinci's famous painting of the

LAST SUPPER,

Re-producing, with the softest and most perfect shadings the conceptions and characteristic expressions of the originals. Within this enclosure the words of the Lord's Prayer, in ornamental letters of various original designs and exquisite finish, are an interesting study of art in themselves; while appropriately distributed among these, miniature groups and scenes of marked events of Savior's life, copied from the great masters—five of them from Rapbel a celebrated designs—form a harmonious completion of this unique, beautiful and truly wonderful work. The faces of

OUR LORD AND HIS APOSTLES.

Alone, so finely copied, would be a treasure in any house, and worth the full price of subscription.

W. HOLT, General Agent,
305 Montgomery street.

J. R. MEAD & CO.,

Importers, Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

FINE CLOTHING,

AND

Gents' Furnishing Goods,

TRUNKS, VALISES, CARPET BAGS, ETC.,

[200 & 202 MONTGOMERY STREET,

Corner of Bush,

SAN FRANCISCO

BABBITTONIAN,

OR SELF-TEACHING

PENMANSHIP!

The System of Babbitonian Penmanship is pre-eminently self-instructing. With its ample explanations of right and wrong forms—its sixty wood cuts—its plain intelligent rules, one may sit down by his own fireside and become a finer Penman than he could at much greater cost in the usual way with a living teacher.

There is a great demand for fine Penmen in the commercial world, and this system, at a trifling expense, imparts a skillful command of the Pen, worth hundreds of dollars to the fortunate possessor.

Penmanship is an indispensable accomplishment to Ladies, and this system is elaborate in a series of elegant copies in the Ladies' Style.

Business men have sometimes lost thousands of dollars from ignorance in regard to Business forms, and there is furnished in a set, without additional charge, a fine variety of Business Forms and Abbreviations. To sum up the Excellencies of this System, it is—

1—Scientific in its Arrangement of Principles;
2—Artistic in its Movements and Flourishes;
3—Practical in its Combinations and Applications;
4—Stylish in its neat and chaste Gracefulness;
5—Superior for Legibility, Rapidity and Beauty:
6—Most Disciplinary for fingers, Arms and Muscles.
7—Unexcelled for Comprehensiveness and Simplicity.
8—Complete and Self-Teaching for Private Learners;
9—Time, Labor and Expense Saving for Pupils and Teachers.

The Babbitonian Penmanship

Is published on durable card-board slips, ninety-two copies illustrated, put in a neat package with a Chart, the whole complete at the low price of $1 50.

Babbittonian Pens.

One reason why the country is flooded with poor Pens is that they are generally made by mechanics, rather than by artistic and experienced Penmen, the only parties really understanding the requirements of a good article.

The Babbittonian Pens,

Made in the most finished style, by skillful artisans, after models prepared according to the combined wisdom and experience of several amateurs and old Professors of Penmanship, are admirably adapted to meet the public wants.

The Babbittonian Ladies' Pen,

Is one of the most exquisite little instruments for delicate writing ever constructed.

The Babbittonian Extra Fine Pen,

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Having great freedom and variety of movement, is unequaled for general business or school purposes. Somewhat coarser than the Extra Fine, it wears longer and moves more easily on paper.

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305 Montgomery Street, San Francisco.

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Third Door South of Post Street,

NOW RECEIVING ORDERS FOR GROCERIES, PROvisions. Table Luxuries, and all Housekeeping articles of the best quality at low prices.

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SAWING AND PLANING MILLS,

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DOORS, SASHES, BLINDS AND MOULDINGS,

Corner of Market and Beale Streets,

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Finishing Work for Buildings constantly on hand, and got up to order.

THE

Bank of California

HAS REMOVED

TO THEIR NEW BUILDING CORNER OF

CALIFORNIA AND SANSOME STS.

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UNION HALL EXCHANGE,

S. W. Corner Howard and Third Streets, San Francisco,

Dealers in fine Wines, Liquors and Cigars. Oysters, Clams, Chops and Steaks, cooked to order at all hours.

☞ House open all night.

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Nex Door to Commercial Street,

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MAGUIRE'S OPERA HOUSE.

THOMAS MAGUIRE,.....Sole Proprietor
CARR. TIBBETTS,.....Business Manager
C. L. GRAVES,.....Stage Manager
WM. STEVENSON,.....Treasurer

GRAND SEASON

....OF....

TRAGEDY AND COMEDY.

Engagement of

EDWIN ADAMS!

SUPPORTED BY

Mrs. Sophie Edwin,
Mrs. Judah,
John McCullough,
Mr. J. A. Herne,
Henry Edwards,
AND THE STAR DRAMATIC COMPANY.

Matinee to day,

LADY OF LYONS.

This Evening, July 6th,

THE DEAD HEART.

Monday Evening,

BENEFIT OF EDWIN ADAMS.

PRICES OF ADMISSION:

Dress Circle.....$1 00 | Orchestra.....$1 00
Parquette..... 50 | Upper Circle..... 25

METROPOLITAN THEATER OF VARIETIES.

NEW SEASON!

Directress.....MISS EMMA HOWSON
Lessee and Manager.....MR. FRANK HOWSON
Treasurer.....MR. A. BIRRELL

Opera, Farce, Comedy, Burleeque and Vaudeville.

OPERA NIGHT, FRIDAY OF EACH WEEK.

SATURDAY, JULY 6, 1867.

FOR TO-DAY'S MATINEE,

Last representation of the Original, Classical, Burlesque Extravaganza of

ATALANTA,

OR THE THREE GOLDEN APPLES.

In which Miss Emma Howson, Miss Jennie Parker, Miss Clelia Howson, Mrs. Hall, etc., etc., and Mr. S. W. Leach, Mr. Frank Howson, Mr. H. Thompson, Mr. John Howson, Mr. Swift, etc., etc., will appear.
New and magnificent Scenery by Mr. Lehman, Sen.

The evening's entertainment will commence with (for the first time here) Charles Mathew's Comedetta, entitled,

WHO SPEAKS FIRST?

To conclude with the highly popular Burlesque of

ALADIN;

OR, THE WONDERFUL SCAMP, with Miss Clelia Howson in her character of "The Wonderful Scamp,"

MAGUIRE'S ACADEMY OF MUSIC

THOMAS MAGUIRE.....Sole Proprietor
CHARLES TIBBETTS.....Business Manager

Second Season Italian Opera

TO COMMENCE ON

WEDNESDAY, JULY 10,

With the Grand Opera (for the first time in California) of

IONE.

"L'AFRICAINE," and "SAFFO," will positively be given during the season.

Box Office now open.

NOTICE—Cars will leave the corner of Pine and San some streets for North Beach, and the coroer of Pine and Montgomery for South Park, every evening, at the close of the Opera.

THE CENTRAL PARK OF THE PACIFIC.

WOODWARD'S GARDENS,

Art Gallery,

Museum, Gymnasium

.....AND.....

ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

THESE BEAUTIFUL GARDENS ARE VISITED DAILY by hundreds of the pleasure seeking public, and all agree in pronouncing them the best and only first class suburban resort on the Pacific coast.

The extensive grounds are covered with the rarest trees and shrubbery, making it a most desirable spot for small parties wishing to enjoy a Pic-Nic.

New attractions are being constantly added.

These Gardens are accessible by the Howard, Market and Folsom street cars. Entrances on Mission and Valencia streets, between Fourteenth and Fourteenth. OPEN EVERY DAY.

Admission 25 cents. Children under 12 years, half price.

Society California Pioneers.

ANNUAL ELECTION, MONDAY, JULY 8.

MEMBERS TICKET.

For President,
WILLIAM R. WHEATON.

For Vice-Presidents,
PETER DONAHUE.....Of San Francisco
CHARLES CLAYTON.....Of San Francisco
JAMES LICK.....Of Santa Clara
JOHN W. DWINELLE.....Of Alameda
JOHN B. FRISBIE.....Of Solano

For Secretary,
JOHN W. BELL.

For Treasurer,
JOHN H. TURNEY.

For Marshal,
H. H. THRALL.

For Directors,
J. B. D. STILLMAN,
CHAS. D. CARTER,
JOS. E. DE LA MONTAGNIE,
CHARLES R. BOND,
EMIL A. ENGELBERG,
D. W. C. RICE,
COL. ARCH'D McKENDRY.

PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.'S STEAMSHIPS FOR NEW YORK, JAPAN AND CHINA,

WILL BE DISPATCHED AS FOLLOWS:

Leave Brannan street Wharf at 11 o'clock A. M. of the following dates, for PANAMA, connecting *via* Panama Railroad, with one of the Company's splendid steamers from ASPINWALL for NEW YORK.

On 10th, 18th, and 30th of each month that has 30 days.
On 10th, 19th, and 30th of each month that has 31 days.
When the 10th, 19th and 30th fall on Sunday, they will leave on Saturday preceding; when the 18th falls on Sunday, they will leave on Monday following.

Steamer leaving San Francisco on the 10th touches at Manzanillo. All touch at Acapulco.

Departure of 19th connects with French Transatlantic company's steamer for St. Nazaire, and English steamer for South America.

Departure of 10th connects with English steamers or Southampton and South America, and P. R. R. Co.'s steamer for Central America.

STEAMERS FOR JULY.

July 10—SACRAMENTO Capt. J. M. Cavarly, connecting with HENRY CHAUNCEY, Capt. Gray.
July 19—CONSTITUTION, Capt. E. S. Farnsworth, connecting with ARIZONA, Capt. Maury.
July 30—GOLDEN CITY, Capt. W. F. Lapidge, connecting with the OCEAN QUEEN, Capt. Conner.

Passengers will be berthed through. Baggage checked through—100 pounds allowed each adult.

Surgeon on board. Medicine and attendance free.

These steamers will positively leave at 11 o'clock. Passengers are requested to have their baggage on board before 10 o'clock.

Through tickets to Liverpool by the "Cunard," "Inman" and "National" Steamship Lines can be obtained P. M. S. S Co.'s office in San Francisco.

For Merchandise Freight apply to Wells, Fargo & Co.

The splendid steamship GREAT REPUBLIC will be dispatched on September 3d, and will be followed by the CHINA, on October 14th, from wharf, corner of First and Brannan streets, for YOKOHAMA and HONGKONG; connecting at Yokohama with the steamer COSTA RICA, for SHANGHAI.

For Passage and all other information, apply at Pacific Mail Steamship company's office, corner of Sacramento and Leidesdorff streets.

OLIVER ELDRIDGE, Agent.

Washington Restaurant

....AND....

COFFEE SALOON,

No. 304 California Street, Above Battery.

"NICK" IN THE FIELD AGAIN.

"NICK" of the formerly well-known Washington Restaurant and Coffee Saloon, on Sacramento Street, (between Battery and Front,) in the years 1852 to 1860,

HAS REMOVED,

(which took him only SEVEN YEARS!) to No 304 California Street, where he will be pleased to see and wait upon all his old patrons, and the public in general, and flatters himself to be able to give satisfaction to all who may favor him with a call.

P. A. FINIGAN'S

NORFOLK STABLES,

ELLIS STREET, BETWEEN POWELL AND MASON,
SAN FRANCISCO.
THE FINEST STABLE KNOWN IN AMERICA.

Horses, Buggies, and all kinds of Carriages to let on reasonable terms. Particular attention paid to boarding horses. Ladies' and Gentlemen's Saddle Horses always on hand. P. A. FINIGAN, Proprietor.

THE SIGN OF THE BIG GLOVE.

MECHANICS' INSTITUTE,

25 Post street, between Montgomery and Kearny streets.

J. F. SNOW, THE "GLOVE MAN," CLEANS furs without removing the lining. All kinds of Dresses—including Stage and Party Dresses—WITHOUT RIPPING. Woolen Goods, Shawls, Buck and Kid Gloves, Buck Undervests, Feathers, etc., etc. He dyes Kid Gloves and Feathers.

RING'S VEGETABLE AMBROSIA FOR THE HAIR FOR SALE.

ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE

....OF THE....

BEIDEMAN ESTATE,

By JOHN W. BRUMAGIN, Administrator, with will annexed.

ON WEDNESDAY, JULY 24, 1867,

....AT....

MAURICE DORE & CO.'S AUCTION ROOM.

This property is situated in the most eligible portion of the city for residences, and the terms of sale are more liberal than that of any property ever offered at public sale in this city.

TERMS OF SALE:

1-4 Cash;

1-4 in One Year;

1-4 in Two Years;

1-4 Three Years.

Deferred Payments to bear interest at 8 per cent. per annum, payable quarterly, and be secured by mortgage on the property.

Catalogues of the property belonging to the

BEIDEMAN ESTATE

Are now ready, and can be obtained on application to H. F. WILLIAMS & CO., CLAY STREET, or at MAURICE DORE & CO.'S, No. 327 MONTGOMERY STREET.

N. B.—The property is all staked and posted in accordance with catalogues.

JOHN W. BRUMAGIM,
Administrator, with the Will annexed, of the Estate of Jacob C. Beideman, Deceased.

Dated San Francisco, May 23, 1867.

H. A. COBB, Auctioneer.

MAURICE DORE & CO.,
AUCTIONEERS.

IN THE PROBATE COURT of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the estate of JOHN BARKER, deceased.

In reading and filing the petition of Grace Barker, Administratrix, of the estate of John Barker, deceased, showing that her final account of her administration has been duly filed, allowed, confirmed, and settled; and praying for an order of distribution of the residue of said estate among the persons by law entitled thereto, to wit: to said petitioner.

It is ordered, that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased, be and appear before this Probate Court, at the Court Room thereof, in the City Hall, in said City and County, on TUESDAY, the 13th day of August, A. D., 1867, at 11 o'clock, A. M., of that day, then and there to show cause, if any they have, why an order of distribution should not be made of the residue of said estate, according to law.

It is further ordered, that a copy of this order be published at least four successive weeks before said 13th day of August, A. D. 1867, in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published in said city and county.

M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

Dated July 3d, A. D. 1867.

Office of the County Clerk of the City and County of San Francisco.—I, Wm. Loewy, County Clerk of the city and county of San Francisco, and ex-officio Clerk of the Probate Court thereof, do hereby certify the foregoing to be a full, true and correct copy of an order duly made and entered upon the minutes of the said Court.

Witness my hand, and the seal of said Court, this 5th day of July, A. D. 1867.

[SEAL AND STAMP] WM. LOEWY, Clerk.
jy6 5t By A. J. JEGHERS, Deputy Clerk.

J. B. TOWNSEND, Esq., Attorney for petitioner.

IN THE PROBATE COURT OF THE CITY AND County of San Francisco, state of California.

In the matter of the Estate of GEORGE E. PATTERSON, deceased.

Order to show cause why order of distribution should not be made.

On reading and filing the petition of J. W. Brumagin, the administrator of the estate of George E. Paterson, deceased, setting forth that he has filed his final account of his administration of the estate of said deceased, in this Court, and that the same has been duly settled and allowed; that all the debts and expenses of administration have been duly paid; and that a portion of said estate remains to be divided among the heirs of said deceased, and praying among other things for an order of distribution of the residue of said estate among the persons entitled:

It is Ordered, that all persons interested in the estate of said George E. Patterson, deceased, be and appear before the Probate Court of the city and county of San Francisco, at the Court room of said Court, in the City Hall in said city and county, on MONDAY, the twelfth day of August, Anno Domini 1867, at eleven o'clock, A. M., then and there to show cause why an order of distribution should not be made of the residue of said estate among the heirs of the said George E. Patterson, deceased, according to law.

It is further Ordered, that a copy of this order be published for four successive weeks, before the said twelfth day of August, A. D. 1867, in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published in the said city and county.

M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

Dated July 5th, 1867 jy6-5t

WM. WOBTHINGTON,

House and Sign Painter,

Dealer in

PAINTS, OILS, GLASS, &C., &C.,

735 Market Street.

Between Third and Fourth streets, San Francisco.

ZEITSKA & SHEPPARD,

Merchant Taylors,

NO. 610 CLAY STREET,

Near Montgomery,

SAN FRANCISCO.

HORN OF PLENTY.

ONE THOUSAND BOXES

OF THIS CHOICE

Celebrated Brand

....OF....

TOBACCO!

JUST RECEIVED.

Far Superior to any Ever

BEFORE

OFFERED IN THIS MARKET.

FOR SALE BY

B. C. HORN,
Corner of Clay and Montgomery streets, San Francisco.

COCK OF THE WALK!

This Favorite Brand,

THE FIRST

That has Been Received in this Market,

JUST RECEIVED AND FOR SALE

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J. C. HORN & CO.,
Corner Front and Clay streets, San Francisco.

W. K. Dietrich,

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SAN FRANCISCO,

CURER AND PAKCER OF

Sugar-Cured Hams, Smoked Beef,

Bacon, Pork, Lard, and Tongues,

FOR SHIPPING AND FAMILY USE.

ORDERS WILL RECEIVE PROMPT ATTENTION.

If there is a Florence Sewing Machine within a thousand miles of San Francisco, that is not giving entire satisfaction, if I am informed of it, it will be attended to without express charge or expense of any kind to the owner. Samuel Hill, Agent, 111 Montgomery St., San Francisco.

AMERICAN HOTEL,
Main street, . . Petaluma.
EMERSON & LAMBERTON, Proprietors.

The Californian.

"SURELY THERE IS A VEIN FOR THE SILVER AND A PLACE FOR GOLD WHERE THEY FINE IT."

VOLUME VII., No. 8.
OFFICE, No. 532 MERCHANT STREET.

SAN FRANCISCO, JULY 13, 1867.

TERMS, $5 A YEAR, BY MAIL, IN ADVANCE. 50 CENTS A MONTH, BY CARRIER.

CONTENTS:

ORIGINAL: The Insult to the Flag—Tempest in an Egg-Shell, by "Dogherry;" A Joke or No Joke; Reviews of New Books; Literary Gleanings; The Battle of the Pianos; A Critical Roasting; "Lion's Mouth;" "Fifth" thoughts on "The Fourth;" Re-opening of the Public Schools; The Democratic Ratification; My Fellow-Man; The Heated Term; Dramatic Affairs; The Opera, etc. SELECTED: The Best Man Wins Her, a Scotch Story; The Fate of Marston Brothers, or the Parricide; Fish for the Hall, an English Story; The Battle between the Monitor and the Merrimac, by Hon. J. T. Headley, etc.

THE LION'S MOUTH.

"THE gravest beast is an ass, the gravest bird is an owl, the gravest fish is an oyster, and the gravest man is a fool." SYDNEY SMITH.

"I WILL roar, that I will do any man's heart good to hear me." A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

"I WILL aggravate my voice so, that I will roar you as gently as any sucking dove; I will roar you an 't were any nightingale." IBID.

"*Nil falsi audeat, nil veri non audeat dicere.*" CICERO.

Popular Opera.

We rejoice to perceive the growing taste for Italian Opera in this city. There *is* a taste for opera, but it still requires careful nourishing. It is a matter of importance that it be carefully shielded from rude shocks, which might hinder its growth, or perhaps, even kill it. We wish the growth of this sentiment to be healthy, we are averse to seeing it forced by unnatural stimulants; it is, therefore, we call attention to an announcement made in the Italian Opera company's programme, published in the daily papers, which is calculated to mislead many. Among the operas announced, is one called "Mose." We regret to state that the nature of this opera has been very generally misunderstood. Jake Cheesy, who used to run with No. 5, in the good old volunteer days, on observing that "Mose" was among the operas to be played, said to a friend: "There, Bill, that's the kind of opera to gain the support of the public. None of your *I*-talian nonsense, but a real American composition, made right in New York." Bill was not posted on the libretto of "Mose," and asked Jake if he was sure that this opera was not Italian. Jake replied, "Sure! Well, I *guess* so. I board in the same house as one of the chorus, and he keeps me posted. This "Mose" is a regular rip-roaring, screaming fireman's opera. They 're going to have real engines on the stage, and Charley Schultz' Fireman's March is to be played, and it will seem like old times. I'm going to get reserved seats for that night, you bet." Bill, after this description of the opera, pledged himself to go also, and take his "gal," though he had not before intended to patronize the opera at all, in consequence of seeing *L'Africaine*, which he understood to be an amalgamation nigger-equality piece announced for representation. We wish to see the new season of Italian opera succeed. But its success must be caused by fair means. It might, perhaps, gladden the hearts of the management, if the Academy of Music were on the occasion of the first representation of *Moses in Egypt* crowded with members of the late Fire Department, but such success would be but but temporary. Perhaps none but San Francisco daily newspapers would have ventured to thus irreverently contract the name of the law-giver of Israel, but it is nevertheless a fact that "Mose" is the original "Moses." The only excuse that can be found for these papers, lies in the supposition that they thought "Mose" was the Italian for "Moses."

"My Fellow-Man."

Judge Axtell made a very funny speech on Thursday evening before the Working men's Convention at Dashaway Hall. The judge went the entire animal in his glorification of labor. Speaking of the Hon. T. G. Phelps, who spoke first, Judge Axtell said in an apologetic and rather sorrowful tone of voice:

"Like my opponent, I, too, was raised to labor, but have since been admitted to the Bar. But that makes no difference. The man who carries the hod is the peer of any man in the country."

Poor Judge Axtell! It is sad that he should have been admitted to the bar when content to be an honest laborer. "But that makes no difference." Judge Axtell is a great lover of his fellow-men, with Terence he says: "*Homo sum et humani a me nil alienum puto;*" but he would amend it by the addition of the adjective *album*, nothing *white* and human can fail to interest Judge Axtell. He says:

"I love my fellow-man too much to give any countenance to anything that is calculated to bring disgrace upon the white man.

The learned judge is certainly particular to a shade, he believes the white hod-carrier to be the peer of any man, but Confucius, Alexandre Dumas, or the Tycoon of Japan could never be considered as fellow men by white Judge Axtell.

Re-opening of the Public Schools.

On Monday last, there was a grand movement among the youth of this city. School books, slates, and all the paraphanalia of the scholar were once more taken in hand, and between the hours of eight and nine A. M., hundreds of the men and women of 1876 might have been seen on their way to the different public school edifices. Passing by Lincoln Palace, we stopped a moment to gaze at a long line of juveniles being marched by their teachers into the school room. They were apparently nearly of the same age and height. To a casual observer, this lot of little boys looked as if they had been turned out per order, in some establishment. And about the outside entrances, parents were urging and endeavoring to drive refractory offspring into this huge infant educational corral. Poor little children! The vacation had ended. They had played themselves out. As we looked on, a parent came up and also peeped in. He smiled with satisfaction. He said, "I've got four in there." He could look on that struggling, squirming mass of juvenile humanity, part of whom were singing "Old John Brown," and the rest "The Battle Cry of Freedom," and complacently say, "I've got four in there." Too many children so closely packed, to us conveyed a sensation of hot and perspiratory discomfort. We are not a parent, nor ever shall be in this world "as we know of," and consequently don't know how a parent feels at any stage of his or her existence; yet, were we a parent, even so much as an uncle or an aunt to a nephew or a neice, we should feel sorry to see them driven into such a crowd. Still, the public schools are a great credit to the city, and so also are the public school teachers. For unto them is given all knowledge and all wisdom, and a comprehension of all things. A public school teacher knows everything. He can perform any problem found in the common mathematics, answer any question in English grammar, or geography or history, or anything else, liberty at the same time being given to have said question or questions, propounded by any natural born fool, (and natural born fools can ask more difficult questions than any other class of people). He can do this and not half try, either. Some public school teachers are fearfully and wonderfully made, and sometimes cut up such antics as to cause a great deal of commotion among the angelic hosts above.

The Democratic Ratification.

The Democratic ratification meeting, on Tuesday evening, at Union Hall, was simply a chaos of wandering men and shuffling feet. Why did our Democratic friends change the speakers' platform from the end to the side of the hall? Was it because they could not occupy a platform in common with the Republicans? Perhaps three hundred Democrats heard the speakers, and there were at least fifteen hundred Democrats, who, having ears, heard not, because the Democrats having charge of the necessary arrangements did not understand the principles of acoustics. The feeling which filled every mind after once entering the brilliantly lighted hall, was an intense desire to get out again in the open air as quickly as possible. And they did get out. We never before witnessed a grand political demonstration where there existed such an intense desire to get out. A peep and a sniff (for ventilation had not been properly looked after, as it should have been when the great unterrified and unwashed assemble to howl over their wrongs) was enough for a large majority. The entrance was crowded for hours with out-goers. Compared with this exodus that of the Israelites was a mere vestry meeting.

There seemed to us many ominous peculiarities about this demonstration. A band, heading one of the Ward Clubs, came in playing "Yankee Doodle." The air was massacred. It wouldn't play. It seemed as if it was frightened and trying to get out of the hall as fast as possible. The floor was very slippery, too. Democrats could not stand stand up easily. Some went down. Many do on such occasions.

The Rev. Mr. Scudder was in the crowd wearing a seedy coat. What wore he a seedy coat for? a coat ripped under the elbows? Because he had heard of the belligerent tendencies of Democratic meetings. He did not know that much of the combative element has gone over to the Republican party. But he looked amused and jubilant. Why? Did he see the handwriting on the wall? Perhaps he did and in Hindostanee, at that.

The Heated Term.

A number of individuals, on Sunday last, who never before in their lives were known to pronounce definitely on anything, said in a decided manner, "it is hot." The superabundance of natural caloric, actually brought out a positive opinion on their part.

Well, it certainly was very trying weather; as an old whaleman might say it, came near trying us all out.

A general feeling of nausea prevailed. This, in many cases, was caused by excess of soda water and ice cream. Those who did not partake of soda water and ice cream, were influenced sympathetically. Many partook largely of beer; others of brandy. Brandy seems available for both heated and cold terms. Cross people became unbearable; patient people stopped over and became cross. Demonstrative people swore outwardly; undemonstrative people swore inwardly, and proportionately more wickedly, as they restrained their irritability. San Francisco takes more kindly to earthquakes than hot weather.

"Fifth" Thoughts on "the Fourth."

The Fourth came and went. Everybody was glad: the maturer people, because the noise, turmoil, confusion, dust, dirt and racket were over. The juveniles became excessively tired in their search for enjoyment. In most cases, the reality did not justify the anticipation. There were some dirty, ragged, penniless little boys, who either stole their fire crackers or snatched them from packs thrown by extravagant youths in the street. They had a "good Fourth." They had nothing to lose, and everything to gain, and they gained it.

A great number of country people were in town on this "ever glorious day." Tired, worn women, with recklessly dressed children, and youths and men encased in shroud-like linen wrappers. They came "to town" and paid heavy prices for their own fruit, a trifle stale, which a few days before was fresh in their own orchards.

Our "citizen soldiery" did their duty well. It is not so nice to be a soldier on the Fourth of July, to be in readiness, armed and equipped at your armory at 8 o'clock A. M., to stand in the sun two or three hours waiting for the procession, to march two or three hours more, showing your peripatetic qualities to your wives, your innumerata's, your daughters and your olive branches, to endure hunger and thirst, and corns, and, mayhap, tight boots, to feel your gun growing one pound heavier every hour, to perspire mightily, and become inflamed under your bear-skin shako, to endure the temporary importance of some poppet of an officer. All these things are the inheritance of a citizen soldier without much chance of ever dying a glorious death upon the battle-field, or of having it said of you on your tombstone, "Here lies the gallant Smith who fell," etc.

You are more apt, my Metropolitan Son of Mars, to fall at some corner grocery—you are, indeed.

The Fourth is over, and sleeps in silence. There is no more pocket money left with young Samuel. There will be none for some time to come. The yard is free from the warlike smell of fire crackers, and the miniature artillery is silent. In a few days all that waste of red paper will have vanished from the streets and sidewalks. To-day, grim, soiled boys are picking up rocket sticks and Roman candle cases. These are but temporary treasures. Their value is fleeting. An occasional report is heard. Some over prudent boy hoarded his means too closely on The Day, and vainly tries to coerce himself into the delusion that the long looked for celebration still lasts.

To son Samuel, the Fourth was divided into six epochs. First came the getting up in the morning, awakened by the gladsome sound of pops and explosions, the dressing in haste, the breakfast quickly swallowed. The Fourth was here, its minutes were golden, not one must be lost.

Second, the going forth into the streets, the survey of window and housetops, dressed with flags, the commencement of pyrotechnic expenditure, and the awaiting of the procession.

Third, the procession, the grand event of the day. Disappointment is apt to be son Samuel's lot, from the fact that the view thereof is intercepted by the inconvenient legs of grown men, and voluminous skirts of women.

The fourth epoch is a dreary period, extending from the termination of the procession even unto the going down of the sun. Son Samuel applies himself resolutely to crackers and cake, but he cannot shake off a sensation of weariness and lassitude. Even a boy's capacity for enjoyment is limited. He is really tired of the heat, turmoil and confusion. But he cannot give up one minute of the Fourth to rest. It is too precious. So he continues to celebrate, to endure, to become cross and fractious. At this time quarrels begin to arise between him and his bosom friend. They separate. Each then celebrates on his own responsibility. Each "paddles his own canoe" while commemorating the deeds of his forefathers. Son Samuel will not acknowledge to himself that he is tired, even of the celebration.

The fifth epoch is the witnessing of the fire-works, purchased by a patriotic city government to please the governed and Samuel; located "for fun" in the most inconvenient place which can be picked out by human skill. Tired Samuel packs himself into a street car, filled with patriotic men and women, some of whom are possessed with other than the spirit of "'76." He arrives upon the grounds. His youthful legs, tired with the task of supporting Samuel's head and trunk through the various phases of the celebration, bend, ache, and tremble under the rest of Samuel.

Samuel saw the fire works, but much more, he saw and felt sand; sand in his shoes, his eyes, his pockets. He felt that, in the location of the pyrotechnic display, the committee built their house upon sand.

Sixthly, he went to bed.

A Real Estate Speculator.

We fear that the potentates of Europe will become alarmed at the mania for buying real estate, which has of late possessed Uncle Sam. The old gentleman has purchased Russian America, and is at present reported to be engaged in trying to buy the Sandwich Islands. Uncle Sam is making money fast, and possibly he may, in course of time, save up enough money to buy all the desirable real estate on this planet. Perhaps he might be able to buy Ireland cheap; we are sure that England would let him have it at a bargain, if he would immediately tow it across the Atlantic.

THE FATE OF MARSTON BROTHERS.

BY JAMES C. BURTON.

PART THE FIRST.

PROLOGUE.

AN inquest at a mean public house by the water is not so rare or so remarkable an event that people should be very curious about the facts of the case. When the body of William Marston, of the firm of Marston Brothers, was found on the sand and mud of a wild and desolate point among the windings of the river, far below the bridge, the coroner was apprised of his duty, the jurors were summoned, and the usual verdict of "suicide during a fit of temporary insanity," ended the affair as far as the requirements of the law were concerned.

The body was removed to the house of the deceased, where some business friends arranged for the interment. If the undertaker did not make a good thing out of the funeral it was his own fault. He had the sole management of it, was the sole follower—the sole mourner—and he rode after the body, in the solitary, lumbering plume-covered coach that followed, alone. There were no near relations, and of all the acquaintances of the wealthy deceased, not one could be persuaded to follow him to the grave.

There was a reason for this? Yes. The same reason that led those who knew him to leave his lonely grave in the great cemetery with no other mark on it than the initials M. W., and the date of his death; the same reason that led his friends to think it kindest of the dead and to the living to obliterate his very name from remembrance.

The reason was a written confession, contained in a paper taken wet and pulpy from the breast-pocket of the deceased, the writing on which, when dried and pressed, was barely decipherable. Had it never been deciphered, the dead man would have had a very different burial.

If the manuscript is now published, it is not to revive the memory of the dead, but to point the lesson that there is no such thing as unpunished crime in this world, because crime is its own punishment; and that any punishment we may inflict is less severe than that which our evil passions themselves work out.

The manuscript follows:

THE CONFESSION.

My brother Francis, my senior by fourteen years, at my father's death was left executor, entrusted with the responsibility of completing my education and bringing me up to business. Gravely assuming this trust, he arranged that I should remain for the present at the free school at Bedford—to which I was entitled to go from having been born in that town—while he proceeded to wind up the estate, and realize what little property there was. Francis then went to London to found our old established firm, at No. 29A. Great St. Helen's, Bishopgate. It was Marston Brothers at that time, though for three years he was there alone. It is Marston Brothers now, though Francis has been dead for twenty-five years. While at school I always thought my brother very successful, for he wrote me cheerful letters from time to time, and confirmed my impressions of his prosperity by continually sending me money and presents. When, however, at the age of sixteen, I left school to take my place at the office desk, I found this was not so.

The first entry in our journal is, "1832, Sept. 4, To capital account, £831 3s. 10d." this being the sum which remained after the settlement of my father's affairs. From a careful examination of the books referring to this period I have no reason to doubt that Francis was much more assiduous in the business at that time than I have ever been since. But industry and perseverence are not always the conditions of success. I have good grounds, also, for believing that he strove his best to alter the style of the firm on our doorpost from "Marston Brothers, commission agents," to "Marston Brothers, merchants," before I joined him actively in the undertaking. It is fair to say I attributed his efforts in this direction to a not unnatural anxiety lest it should seem as if he were indebted to a lad so much his junior for ever so small a share in his success. I always felt him to be a selfish man, and jealous lest I should do anything for myself or him which should destroy my sense of dependence on my elder brother. It made no difference to me that I was the object for which he would work and strive. Of course, it is better to give than to receive—by just so much as the arrogant pride of giving exalts you above the base servility of the receiver. It was, I believe, the consciousness of servile dependence of my brothers kindness that first stirred up my heart against him when we came together.

It was not likely Francis could have succeeded in business with his precise and Quakerish notions of things. He would never speculate; and he knew nothing at all of the first principles of "financing." When, therefore, we became involved in difficulties almost disastrous, through the failure of respectable city firms, until it was only by the exercise of the most pinching economy we could live at all and pay our way, I certainly felt that he was not only wrong in the course he took, but that he was wronging me. Here were city firms losing money. Well, somebody must get it. Why not we? There is never a bank breaks but somebody is the better off for picking up the pieces. Opportunities were not wanting, but Francis stood aloof, refusing to enrich himself at the expense of other people. He always was a simpleton in business. As if anybody was ever likely to get rich at the expense of other people.

It was the eighth year of our history as Marston Brothers, and we had labored together for five of them—years of uphill toil, during which misfortunes seemed but to thicken around us, entailing continued hardships in our mode of life, of which Francis still bore the principal share.

I hated him for arrogating to himself, by his very self-denial, a position above me; and he stood in my way—in the way of success, in the way of wealth.

We were trying gradually to change the character of our house without relinquishing the commission business, by exporting at first small quantities of home produce, and receiving in return consignments of raw material from our correspondents abroad. Why do I say we? It was Francis. The firm was Francis. It was all Francis. If I offered a suggestion, he would receive it with that easy acquiescence of indifference with which one quiets a troublesome child, hearing what I had to say, and then acting as he had previously made up his mind to do; and at each new instance of his over-riding my opinions, he would attempt to conciliate me—still like a child—by fresh sacrifices on his part to promote my comfort. The hate, sweet as the juice of the forbidden fruit, at first, from being shut up in my breast, fermented into the clear wine of the fire of wrath, and intoxicated and maddened me till I was drunk with it—drunk with hate. Was I indeed mad? I know not. The reader of this confession—which will be found upon me when I am no more—shall judge.

The first guess I had in my brain of what my heart intended against Francis came from finding one thought continually bubbling up, as it were, from the cauldron of my mind. Day and night, at office and at home, it was always there—always alike. What to do with a body? Not his body. But supposing anyone else to have done such a thing as to commit a murder. what should I do with the body if I were in his place? Hide it, for certain. We all do that. But where? And that led to how a something else was to be done, of which I as yet dared not think, and to a when, which I trembled to confront. One day, I knew what I would do with a body, supposing I was anyone else who had done such a thing, so as to require to know.

The next question that arose from the seething passion within me was how to account for a person being missed? I was pausing, pen in hand, trying to think out the question impersonally, yet knowning my heart meant Francis all the while, and nervously thumbing the shipping papers on my desk. Francis, on the other side, was intently engaged in ticking off some sales I had prepared for the Mauritius mail with his peculiar "tick" in red ink; it was a tick something like the letter V with a cross stroke through the center. With my eyes fixed on my brother, I was still trying to solve the question. What could I do? How could I account for somebody being missed, lest—

"Do not trouble yourself, William; I will account for it," said my brother, without looking up.

"Account for it—for what?" I cried.

"What? Oh, the third bill of lading of Chanvin Brothers' consignment. That's what you missed, I expect. I took it off your desk this morning, and posted it."

"Did I speak aloud, Francis?" I asked, for I feared I had betrayed my thoughts.

"No, William; I did not hear you speak at all."

"Were you thinking of the bill of lading when you said that you would account for it?"

"No, lad, I don't remember that I was, or that I was thinking of anything at all at the moment, excepting the accounts I am looking over. But I supposed I fancied you had missed something, I spoke without thought, in fact—when, the bill of lading coming into my head the next moment, I supposed it was that. Why, William, my poor fellow, how pale you are. You are tired; you work too late. Leave me to finish up the day's papers, while you take a turn for half an hour, till I am ready."

"I am tired, Francis," I said, "let us both go home now."

He put away his papers, and we walked home to our lodgings in Kingland together. As we walked, there came an awful lull of quiet over the tempest of my heart.

We worked at the office later and later together each day, until we accustomed ourselves to snatch our hasty meals behind the wooden screen that parted off that portion of our dreary room intended for a clerk's office. Here, in the intervals of writing, we would now and then sit and talk of business together. Often at such times, when I have felt my brother's yoke growing more and more irksome, I have proposed to him that we should separate. I did so on the night before that day. "No, William," he replied, "a partnership between brothers is not lightly broken. I can never part from you, nor you from me. Nothing shall separate us, brother."

"No," I repeated dreamily for my thoughts were wandering away in a strange direction, "nothing shall ever separate us, brother."

I am not likely to forget that day. It was the 23d of November, 1840. A dreary Friday, when a steaming mist was going up from the pavements, and a dense yellow fog was coming down from clouds no higher than our office windows. The fog, oppressive and chocking, was densest in narrow alleys like those of Great St. Helen's where it seemed to have wedged itself in and got thick, so that the sound of the bell of old St. Hellen's Church, which came down upon me like a falling bolt from the sky, appeared to meet with a dull resistance from it.

The fog was nothing to me. A denser mist than ever oppressed the city was rising lurid hot from the molten passions within me. A fearful red mist, that came up from my soul like the vapor of an oven. Invisible gossamers of the pit were spinning round me soft grey webs, that shut me in with the mist and with them. Ghastly phantasms projected themselves upon the mist, like pictures in the wizard's glass; and in them I saw the future of the day, vague and distorted, but I knew what must come—knew it as well as I know it now. And when, from my desk, I saw Francis dimly through this dreadful medium, all the treatment I had ever received from him became magnified into one crime of blackest dye, at sight of which my heart bounded within me like the leap of a fiend. I knew that the gossamers of the pit were weaving the web thicker and faster now, until it shut out the office, and my desk, and my brother Francis from my sight, and shut me in close in the mist in the infernal web, there was nothing—nothing but the purpose.

Mechanically I sat writing. When he got up I knew what he would do and what would come next; I knew he was going to send Banks, the porter, to dinner, and that he would then go and sit by the fire for a few minutes' rest from writing, and business thought.

Francis took a chair at the hearth, and began to pore some memoranda, with his back to me. I followed, and stood behind him, crushing the falling embers in the grate with the poker. I cannot tell if the demons of the web caught the weapon out of my grasp, or whether they used my hands for the purpose, and lifted them for the blow. I saw him suddenly struck a fearful blow, as he fell heavily from his chair to the floor without a groan. I struck and struck again—horrid, cruel blows—until my vengeance was appeased and my arm weary—until the wine of hate turned to vinegar of gall—until the vail of the web shrivelled up into one red spot, which burnt itself into my forehead, and I knew I was forever branded with the mark of Cain—until the mist rolled away from before my eyes, could I see—my brother. Then first I looked and beheld my work.

I had hated him before, I feared him now. Flesh and blood; but so much blood—ah me, so much blood! What was to be done? A murderer here with his work, in the midst of business in the city! Quick!—for as I looked down on him I thought how sweet life was. Banks was at dinner; I expected no one in; but they might come at any minute; and what could I say?

Did the fiends tell me, or how did I know that the hearthstone would lift up, and that beneath it there was—no, not a grave—a hole ready? I never knew this till now? no!—oh that some one would tell me no!

But he must be moved. I covered the marred, beaten face, and hid my eyes whilst I dragged him a few feet away, so as to lift the stone. How long it seemed before he was covered in, and the stone down again. I wet with the dank dews of horror, and colder than he was. O me, how long!

There was the blood, too. And I had heard the stain of blood would never come out. It is a lie; it will come out of everything but the soul of man. I got water from the office tap, and towels, and washed the boards on my hands and knees, as well as I could; sprinkled fresh sand on the floor and laid down our piece of matting before the fire; cleaned the poker, by heating it red-hot, and my hands and clothes with water. I had hardly finished when I saw Banks the porter pass the window, and take his station at the door.

It so happened that not a single person entered the office during the remainder of the afternoon. I could not have answered them on business matters if they had. How I stayed there during those three hours I cannot tell, except that for that time I dared not go out. And how, at last, raking out the fire beneath which it lay, and seizing my letters, I at length locked up the office and came out into the passage, I cannot tell, except that I dared not remain.

What should I say when Francis was missed? How could I account for going home without him? I could not tell. But I dreaded to pass the porter at the door, lest he should ask me for my brother. I managed to say as I went by, without looking at him—

"Going to post, Banks—back presently."

"Very good, sir; I suppose Master Francis will be in if any one calls?"

Not daring to reply, I walked to St. Martin's-le-Grand wondering all the way why people, seeing the mark on m

forehead, did not seize me as my brother's murderer. I might have been away three-quarters of an hour before I returned to the office. There was Banks still lounging at the door, stolid as ever—he could have suspected nothing, then.

"Master Francis has gone out, sir, and locked up."

"Gone out, Banks?" I repeated in awful amazement.

"Yes sir—went out about ten minutes after you did. Think he was going home. He never said anything or wished me good night, but walked straight out of the passage. He looked pale, sir, and troubled, but he has looked like that lately. He never turned his head nor spoke after he left the door."

I felt a cold and icy thrill of horror pass over me. What had Banks seen?

That instant Mr. Goldimer came up to the door, out of breath. Mr. Goldimer was a gentleman with whom we had long held business intercourse.

"Just the very man I want," he said—"glad I've caught you before I go home. I wish to see you about some serons of indigo I have for sale. I met your brother at Bishopsgate street a quarter of an hour since, and turned back to overtake him after he had passed me, but he walked so fast I could not come up with him. I followed him right down to the Mansion House, and there lost him in the crowd, behind a stream of traffic that blocked the crossing, and prevented my seeing which way he turned. But I see you have done for to-night, so, as I am going your way, I'll walk with you."

He took my arm. What I said about the indigo I have no idea. I could not have answered coherently. My thoughts were freezing with awe. What could it all mean? what was this which Banks had just seen—which Mr. Goldimer had just seen? It was not him, or they would have seen his ghastly, wounded face, and know me for his slayer. Could it be his spirit, willing even now to spare me from evil, regardless of himself as in life, by distracting suspicion from me? Was it thus he would fullfil his answer to the problem I had never solved, when he had said "he would account for it?" My knees quaked beneath me, and my limbs trembled like quivering leaves. In an agony I cried out in the street—

"My brother Francis—oh, my brother—my brother Francis!" and clasped my forehead with my hands, as if I might so press back the thoughts of my brain.

This brought me round. I knew what I had said in an instant—knew that I had betrayed myself. Fool that I was! what could save me now?

"You are ill," Mr. Goldimer said. "You must come in and take something, or you will faint. We are close to my house." He took me in and gave me brandy. I drank it like water, till I felt stronger.

"Do you know what you said in the street, Mr. Marston?"

"Oh, fool, not to have bit my tongue through, rather than have cried aloud.

"Because," continued my friend, without waiting a reply, "I am pained and grieved by it—deeply grieved."

"Why?" I asked, quickly.

"This fainting fit and that cry of yours mean something—something I fear that portends you evil."

"And what do they mean?" I cried, starting up; my cheeks tingling like ice, as I expected to be confronted with my crime. "Tell me what they mean, and what you know, instantly; and why you have tracked me home, and brought me here? You said you had seen him," I stammered out to Mr. Goldimer. I could not go on; my tongue was parched.

"Be calm, and I will try to tell you, if you insist, though I should not," he replied. "I would rather you would consider the words unsaid, and forget them. There may be, after all, some mistake. Let me tell you to-morrow."

"To-night," I said, calmer now; "let me hear what you mean that portends me evil—now, at once. I insist."

"It was wrong of me, and inconsiderate, and I fear I shall give you pain, but as I have gone so far, and you insist on knowing the rest, I must beg your forgiveness for my thoughtlessness. You wish to know why I feel grieved by your exclamation and emotion in the street?"

"Yes."

"Because it is the same cry I made when I was a lad, at home, without any exciting cause, during my brothers absence at a shooting party. An hour afterwards he was brought home dead—accidentally shot by his own gun, while getting through a hedge. I will tell you no more. Forgive my repeating this, even at your request."

I was better now—much better.

"Mr. Goldimer," "I said, "I thank you for the kindness to me during my fainting fit. As to what you have told me, it was my own fault for insisting on hearing it. I shall not be nervous again. I will go to my brother at once, for he will doubtless be returned to Kingsland."

We walked thither together.

Having parted from Mr. Goldimer, I shut myself in our room, and went to my desk. Trusting, for its efficacy, to a remarkable similarity between the handwriting of Francis and myself, I wrote the following letter, sealed it, and buttoned it in my coat pocket.

29A, Gt. St. Helen's, London,
22d November, 1840.

Mr. William Marston—Dear Brother: Disappointed in business anticipations, with a broken spirit, I give up the race to you, whilst I seek rest in the river, whence the weary and the wretched of our city have sought it before. Trouble not to seek the body of your brother, now at peace. Your affectionate brother,

FRANCIS MARSTON, Marston Bros.

To Mr. William Marston.

It was trying work, talking to our landlady of the strangeness of my brother's absence, and listening to all her trivial surmises as to the cause, until the house was locked up. But I did it till bed-time. I never slept nor undressed. Hard as it was to be alone with my secret, I dreaded worse to meet it in sleep.

PART THE SECOND.

All that night long I paced the room, crying, because I dared not pray for the black darkness that had fallen on us to take itself from off the earth and from off my heart.

In the morning I called for Mr. Goldimer, and walked to the city with him. He was kind and sympathising, trusted my brother's absence would be satisfactorily accounted for when I arrived at the office, and made me promise to set his mind at rest by informing him of the first news I received of Francis.

Leaving him at his office in Crutched Friars, I proceeded to Great St. Helen's, where I found Banks at his post on the door step.

"Banks," I said "have you seen Mr. Francis this morning?"

"No, Master William."

"He never came home to Kingsland last night, Banks. Are you sure he did not say where he was going when he left the office?"

"Never said a word, sir; he walked straight ont past me without speaking, and never answered when I said, 'Good night, Master Francis.'"

"And you are sure you saw him go out?"

"Positive, Master William; and I shall never forget how pale and anxious-like he looked, not to my dying day."

I opened the office that now held my terrible secret, and having quickly placed my letter on the desk, called to Banks to come in and lay the fire and dust the books. While he was doing this, I went up to the desk, as if by accident, and caught up the letter.

"Why, Banks," I said, "what does this mean? Here is a letter on my desk from Mr. Francis." As I read my own writing, I buried my face in my hands, not from hypocrisy, but terrified at the success which promised to attend this diabolical plot.

"Mr. Francis will never come back any more, Banks," I said. "Go and fetch Mr. Goldimer."

When Mr. Goldimer came I passed the letter over to him. If it was fear and cowardice that caused me to remain with my head still bowed down on my arms, which lay extended on the desk while he read, it was at least genuine emotion. It was not my fault if my friend attributed it to the outburst of passionate grief.

I will not dwell on how much Mr. Goldimer was moved by the remarkable similiarity between the warning he supposed me to have received of the death of Francis, and that which had occurred in his own experience in connection with his brother—nor need I refer to the terms in which he placed his sympathy and services at my disposal. He did his best, I am sure, to comfort me under my affliction. I know that every phrase of consolation he uttered made the wound in my soul smart and sting afresh. At all events, Mr. Goldimer saved me the pang of communicating the nature of the unfortunate occurrence to the world. Not a particle of suspicion at any time attached itself to me. On my own testimony I had left Francis in the office at half-past four o'clock on that dreadful day. Banks had seen him go out ten minutes afterward. Mr. Goldimer had met, recognized him, and followed him through the streets after that. The letter in my writing was always accepted as genuine, for it was impossible to tell the difference at any time between Francis' writing and mine. There was indeed no reason to dispute it, for two persons testified to having seen my brother subsequent to the latest time at which it was possible I could have been with him, which, thanks to Mr. Goldimer, I had never been alone from the time of my last seeing Francis to the time I had discovered, or pretended to have discovered the letter. It was a relief to me to be able to give way to my feelings so freely when I found that the agonies of remorse I suffered were always attributed to the mourning of a bereaved heart. Receiving nothing but expressions of the most sincere condolence from all my friends and business connections, I soon began to feel more at ease in my intercourse with them.

The efforts of Mr. Goldimer to discover my brother's body were unremitting. Daily he went to inspect bodies recovered from the Thames—as often returning to offer me renewed expressions of sympathy as he was unable to recognize one of them as that of my late partner. Of the bodies, some were brought to shore in a state utterly defying identification, and further than to surmise that my brother's remains might be among these, Mr. Goldimer could not afford me the consolation he thought I sought.

I had used the first interval I had to myself to cement down with my own hands the hearthstone of the grate. Free from suspicion, and now left alone with the sole responsibility of all I had worked for—sinned for—within my reach, business became a balm to me. It was something for my thoughts to grasp at and to hold to, lest they should wander elsewhere, and desperately I sought to kill and distract them with the cares and anxieties of an exciting occupation. But the office had now become a place of torment to me. Alone there with my secret I should have gone mad. I therefore engaged a clerk to keep me company—Thomas Wix, a quiet, respectful servant of middle age, and a very correct accountant, reccommended to me by Mr. Goldimer. I had a desk fitted up for him in the empty clerk's office behind the screen, for I dared not fill my brother's vacant desk nor move his stool. I explained this to Mr. Wix as aiding a fancy of mine to help me to think of the firm always as Marston Brothers.

I now plunged widly into the most hazardous of schemes. The more speculative and uncertain the better. No bubble company newly started on the most insecure basis was too wild for me. I cared not. It was not money I was seeking, but excitement to kill the stings within. I incurred liabilities amounting to twenty times—fifty times—the total assets at my command, in a single morning's transactions. I never cared what amount I staked. I became reckless and desperate, and gambled in railway stocks and shares, and foreign loans, that every prudent speculator would say it was ruinous to touch. I only sough the whirl of giddy business care to preoccupy my mind. I would sit at my desk looking over the list of stocks and shares, and, wherever my fancy led me, I would make selections from the most dangerous and fluctuating. My mind was soon filled with so many wild speculations, that I frequently did things absently, which I forgot immediately afterwards. I skimmed my lists so hurriedly, pen in hand, that by the time I got on 'Change, I seldom even remembered which were the schemes I had marked for investment, or how I had marked them. I never varied from buying or selling according to the marks, though it at times occurred to me to doubt if they were not altered in some way, and it excited a passing wonder in my mind as to how I had come unconsciously to imitate my brother's "tick."

It was first at these times, while going through my lists, that I became conscious of a vague, mysterious vapor that would float toward my brother's desk, and faintly dim the wall behind and the files of papers which hung there. I knew not then what it might mean, and dared not think, but immersed myself the deeper in business for relief from the dread of evil to come.

On 'Change I was always known as Marston Brothers. So the name stood in which all the scrips and stock I became liable for were bought. Strange to say, as my speculations turned in, one after another, they proved tremendous successes. I had bought at the most favorable time, and sold out at precisely the right moment, netting large sums in premiums from those who purchased my liabilities at extravagant rates, many of whom were ruined by holding out till the crisis came. In these early days of railway speculation, money rarely changed hands, except in the way of premiums and discounts. By buying a thousand shares, was simply understood becoming liable for that amount. Scrip for enormous sums was bought and sold, of which not the smallest figure in the pence columns was ever represented by paid-up capital. If I had failed, the whole of my assets would only have been sufficient to meet a trifling fraction of my engagements. As it was, the success of Marston Brothers was the favorite theme of discussion everywhere, and money poured in on me from every side.

The first use I made of my wealth was to purchase the house in Geat St. Helen's, and to have the upper portion fitted up as a dwelling house. I never cared when folks said it was a strange fancy for a wealthy man of business to choose to live in one of the closest alleys of the city. That was my affair. People never go to tortures from choice, but because there is nowhere else for them to go. My place of torment was the only spot in which I could live; that I might be near it, and watch that no one came to seek it. This was part of my punishment, to be bound for ever to the dead body of my victim; a punishment not invented by Mezentius, but by Cain.

My office was now handsomely fitted up, and filled with busy clerks. It had been enlarged and altered, but that part containing the fire-place and the desk at which he and I had sat together, was parted off into a private room, otherwise unchanged, except by the addition of furniture and carpet. Could I help it if people chose to think that my anxiety to preserve an old-fashioned grate and worm-eaten desk was because my gentle heart could not consent to part with a single momento of my brother, and our hard struggles together in by gone years.

Sitting at my place at my desk after the alterations had been completed, I observed with undefined awe that the vapor on my brother's side began to grow every day more condensed

and gradually to contract itself within closer compass. Before-time it was not always there. Now I was aware that it never left the side at which Francis had sat. I knew it was there, whether I looked or not; I felt it.

I was one day engaged in looking through some prices current, marking here and there with pencil what I would buy for the South American market. I had laid them down on the desk while thinking; when I took them up to resume my occupation, I saw that two of the lines had been marked with a "tick" in red ink, like the letter V with a cross stroke down the center. A fearful sensation of creeping horror came over me, making the hairs of my flesh stand up as I remembered I had used a pencil, and not ink of any kind. I recollected with awe that the share lists I had taken on 'Change had been marked in precisely the same manner. Now I knew the marks were none of mine. They were His! Lifting my eyes I saw the vapor at the other desk had become dense and assumed a clear defined outline; it was He! and I knew from that moment the shade of my brother Francis should never leave the desk. This is why it has been Marston Brothers so long —is Marston Brothers now—and will be Marston Brothers till the end. Daily that fearful shade grew plainer and clearer to my sight, until it assumed the actual form of Francis himself in dreadful reality. Not ghastly or marred in its awful face, as his poor face had been. It is the face Mr. Goldmer and Banks had described—pale, pre-occupied and self-involved. It never moved nor changed. Its eyes are always fixed on me, and yet never seems to see me; they are looking through me, at something still in my future that is to come. No one else sees the shade. Mr. Wix has gone to that side of the desk and handed me papers through it, often, without knowing; and when I have called to him in horror not to approach his stool, Mr. Wix has seen nothing but the stool, and retired with a respectful smile of sympathy. It is part of my fearful secret that I alone am permitted to see the shade, and that it has made known to me in a way I am unable to describe that there will be a change in It before the End shall come, and that the End is near. Near! Oh! how long? when my heart has been in the lake of fire for ever and ever already?—and it is but five and twenty years.

From the night of my sinful deed, which has taken a body to confront me ever since, I have had no single misfortune in business. Whatever I have touched has turned to gold; but the blood of which I have drunk deeper than the son of Cybele, brings visions of more dire import to torment my brain than those which his red draught dissolved. The red ink mark, like the letter V, has been upon all my papers —it has never erred, no matter how wild the scheme to which it is attached. I make money, whether I will or no —against my will—for I am bound to follow that red ink "tick" by a power I cannot withstand. My ships are never lost; my merchandise never meets a bad market; my foreign agents never fail. I have made money until I am weary of it, sick of it, and lavished it like dirt upon every charity within my notice, if, peradventure, I might purchase peace—a boon which gold can never buy, or I would have paid its price in hundreds of thousands long ago, and been free.

There is nothing but peace, rest, and forgiveness in all the wide world that I would buy, and they are not to be had.

I thought in twenty-five years I had trained the cup of wormwood and gall—which I myself mingled with my brother's blood—to the dregs, but I was mistaken. In turning over my papers to-night, I came upon my brother's letter. His letter, I say—for it is his, not mine. Else why, for the first time, should that fearful shade cease to gaze into the future, and gradually rest its eyes on the paper in my hand, and burn through that letter into my heart as if the future for which it had been looking so long had come—as if the eyes would tell me that the future for which it had waited for five and twenty years that very night was come and that beyond it there was nothing for me but darkness?

I twisted the hated letter up—I threw it in the gas—and threw it down, all burning, on the floor, and there trampled out the flame as bitterly as I trampled the life out of my brother Francis.

The eyes of the shade left me for a moment, and fastening on the ashes of the paper on the floor, compelled me again to take it in my hand by that power which I could not resist. And then, as I saw the crumpled paper was not all burnt, and watched its smouldered ashes, I knew that the shade was a warning, and resolving itself at last into floating vapors, which, enveloping me in a cold cloud, spent itself in icy mist above and around me, and baptised me into death by its awful chill dews. It faded, all but the eyes, and these have lodged themselves as burning coals of fire within me to scorch my soul. I saw the words of the letter which remained on the charred paper in my hand. The words burnt from the paper with awful distinctness:

22d November, 1840.

Mr. William Marston

Dr. To the River.

For the body of ——— ———

MARSTON BROS.

True, oh, dreadful shade. The river was searched for the body, and charged by me with its possession. The river but claims its due. The bill is just. It is owed. I cannot dispute it, for it was drawn by my own hand. This night I perish by that death which I gave out to have been my brother's. Not Francis, but William Marston will perish in yonder dismal tide, wherein the weary and the wretched of our city have perished before.

THE FIGHT BETWEEN THE "MONITOR" AND THE "MERRIMAC."*

EARLY in March, 1862, Capt. John Lorimer Worden was placed in command of Ericsson's *Monitor*, and ordered to proceed to Hampton Roads. He arrived there on the evening of the eighth, and immediately went out to the protection of the Minnesota, lying hard aground just below Newport News.

Worden found a terrible state of things on his arrival. The iron-clad *Merrimac* had come out that very day, and sent two of our vessels to the bottom. The most intense excitement prevailed, and all wondered what the morning would bring forth. Lieutenant Morris, in temporary command of the *Cumberland*, had fought his ship bravely, but his terrific broadsides had no effect on the monster, and she kept on her way shaking the heavy shot like peas from her mailed sides, and struck the frigate with a force that careened her far over, and stove a hole in her side as big as a hogshead. Delivering a broadside as she backed off, she came on again, striking her amidships. She then lay off and deliberately hurled the shells from her 100-pound Armstrong guns into the sinking ship. These monstrous missiles of death tore through the wooden sides of the *Cumberland* with a destructive power that was awful to witness. Guns went spinning over the deck—great masses of splintered timbers flew about like straws in a gale, while dismembered, mangled bodies lay strewed over the gory deck. But Morris, aided by Lieutenants Davenport, Selfridge, and other subordinate officers, disdained to surrender, and poured in the heavy broadsides with a rapidity and power that would have sent any wooden vessel that ever floated to the bottom. But they made no impression apparently on this mailed monster. To the report that the ship was sinking, these noble officers replied only with fiercer broadsides. They determined that the flag above them should never be struck, and like Paul Jones, when told that his vessel was on fire and sinking, replied: "If we can do no better, we will sink alongside," they too resolved to fight on, while a gun could be fired, and then go down with their colors proudly flying. At length the waters rushed through the port holes, as the noble frigate slowly settled over them. Still no man faltered, and the pivot-guns on deck gave a last shot as with a sudden lurch the vessel went to the bottom, carrying her dead and wounded with her.

Some attempted to escape by swimming, and many were picked up by a propeller, but nearly a hundred of the gallant crew went to the bottom with her, and among them the Chaplain.

The work of destruction had been completed in forty-five minutes, and then the *Merrimac* turned to the *Congress*, which, seeing the fate of the *Cumberland*, hoisted sail and endeavored to escape, but got hopelessly aground. The *Merrimac* now steamed to within about a hundred yards, and then lay to and deliberately raked the frigate from stern to stern with her enormous shells. The carnage was awful. The rebel steamers *Jamestown* and *Yorktown* also came up and poured in their fire, and soon the decks of the *Congress* presented a ghastly spectacle. Added to all, she was set on fire in three places, and the flames, fanned by a brisk wind, soon roared along her decks. Out of feelings of humanity to the wounded, who would be roasted alive in the burning ship, the colors were hauled down. But while a boat was coming to take off the prisoners, some sharpshooters on shore kept up their fire, which so incensed the commander of the *Merrimac*, that he ordered another broadside to be poured into the surrendered vessel, which caused great slaughter.

Leaving the *Congress* to consume away until her magazine was reached, the *Merrimac* now turned to the *Minnesota* and *Lawrence*, both of which had unaccountably got aground. That all these vessels should get aground, and thus become helpless targets for the enemy, is certainly very strange.

As the *Merrimac* approached the *Minnesota*, she received one of the broadsides of the latter, and fired in turn, but she could not get within a mile, and fearing to get aground in the dark she retired to her anchorage, behind Craney Island, to wait till morning before completing her work of destruction.

This was the state of things at the time of Worden's arrival. The *Monitor* was a small vessel, mounting only two guns in her revolving turret, and wholly untried in combat. Those who hailed her arrival as a saviour, were confounded at her insignificant appearance. It required a great deal of faith to believe she could cope with a vessel that had just destroyed two frigates.

It was a sad Saturday night—Fortress Monroe was thronged with fugitives—the heavens were aflame with the burning *Congress*, which at last expolded with the sound of thunder—the *Merrimac* was apparently uninjured, and, "What will the Sabbath morning bring?" was the mournful question that trembled on every lip.

Worden lay all night alongside of the *Minnesota*, in case a nocturnal attack should be attempted.

The morning broke bright and beautiful—not a cloud obscured the sky, and every glass was turned in the direction from which the *Merrimac* was expected to come. Soon she was seen approaching, accompanied by her consorts of the day before. The *Minnesota* at once beat to quarters. Worden ordered the iron hatches to be closed, the dead light covers put on, and the little *Monitor* put in perfect fighting trim, while he and some of his officers stood on the top of the turret and watched the movements of the approaching vessels. These were followed by steamers filled with gentlemen and ladies from Norfolk, who were coming out to see the crowning victory. As the *Merrimac* approached the *Minnesota*, Worden steamed out and ran boldly down to meet her. The enemy seemed non-plussed at the bold approach of what seemed scarcely big enough to be a New York ferryboat. It looked more like a raft with a round tub upon it nine feet high, and twenty feet in diameter. The commander of the *Minnesota* watched her progress with the deepest anxiety, for on the success of this new, untried experiment rested the salvation of his ship. To his astonishment, he saw Worden lay her right alongside of the *Merrimac*, where she looked like a fly beside an ox. But small as she was, her guns threw shot weighing a hundred and seventy pounds, and the first that struck the *Merrimac* woke her commander up to a sense of the danger that menaced him, and he opened a whole broadside on the tiny structure; heavy enough, one would think, to blow her out of the water. But the turret was the only thing to fire at, and most of the shot flew harmlessly over her, while those that did strike the turret, glanced off. It was a marvelous spectacle—that little thing holding at bay and worrying such a monster.

The *Merrimac*, finding that she could do nothing with her pertinacious little adversary, turned her attention once more to the *Minnesota*, and steaming towards her, received a broadside from the latter, which, as Van Brunt, her commander, said, "would have blown out of the water any timber-built ship in the world." The heavy shot, however, rattled harmlessly against the sides of the *Merrimac*, when she, in turn, sent a rifled shell into the *Minnesota*, which tore through the chief engineer's state-room, the engineers' mess-room, amidships, and bursting in the boatswain's room, knocked four rooms into one in its headlong passage, and set the vessel on fire. A second exploded the boiler of the tug *Dragon* alongside, causing for a while, great alarm. But all this time, Worden in his "cheese-tub," as the rebels called her, was crowding all steam to overtake his powerful adversary, and by the time the latter had fired his third shell was again between the two vessels, covering with amazing audacity the *Minnesota*. Exasperated at her inability either to shake off her puny antagonist or cripple her, the *Merrimac* now determined to run into and over her, and sink her by mere weight—and turning, ran full speed upon her. She struck the little *Monitor* with tremendous force, and her bow passed over the deck, But at that close range Worden planted one of his heavy shot square on the iron roof, with such resistless force that it went clean through. The monster backed off with a shudder, and then, enraged at the invulnerability of her antagonist, concentrated her entire fire on the turret. Worden was stationed at the pilot-house, while Green managed the guns, and Stimers turned the turret. The two vessels at times almost touched, and the explosion of their monster guns at this short range was most terrific. Titanic hammers seemed incessantly falling on their iron armor—so fierce and fast flew the shot. One shot struck the turret with such force that it knocked down Lieutenant Stimers and two men. Another struck the pilot-house, breaking in two an iron log a foot thick. It hit just outside of where Worden had his eye, knocking him senseless, while the small particles of iron driven off by the concussion, flew into his eyes, completely blinding him for the time being. But it was soon evident that the *Merrimac* was getting the worst of it. Worden had found his way into her vitals, and would soon send her to the bottom, and so she wheeled out of the conflict and under the convoy of two tugs, limped away to her moorings. The *Monitor* followed her a short distance, but Worden having received orders to act strictly on the defensive, and not leave the fleet, he soon ceased to follow his thoroughly humbled antagonist.

Lieutenant Wise, who had watched the conflict from the shore, now jumped into a boat and rowed off to the *Monitor*. As he descended through the "man hole" to the cabin below, everything was as calm and quiet as though nothing had happened. One officer stood by the mirror, leisurely combing his hair, another was washing some blood from his hands while the gallant commander lay on a settee with his eyes bandaged, but giving no sign of the excrutiating pain that raked him. The first words he uttered on recovering from the stunning effect of the shot was:

"Have I saved the *Minnesota?*"

"Yes," was the reply, "and whipped the *Merrimac*."

"Then," said he, "I don't care what becomes of me."

He had saved *more* than the *Minnesota*—how *much* that more was, one shudders to contemplate. It is a wonder—when we remember how the iron-clads afterwards suffered before Charleston—that the turret did not get jammed so that it would not revolve; or one, at least, of the two cannon, did not have its muzzle broken off under the close and awful cannonade to which she was exposed.

Some will call it a wonderful piece of luck, while the devout man will see in it a remarkable interference of Providence in our behalf. Never was a government so warned as ours had been of this very catastrophe, and never did one show such apathy under it.

*[*From "Farragut and Our Naval Commanders," by Hon. J. T. Headley. E. E. Shear, 8 Montgomery street, San Francisco, General Agent for the Pacific Coast.*]

LITERARY GLEANINGS.

THE BATTLE OF THE PIANOS.

THERE seems to have been a vast deal of excitement, and not a little even of bad feeling, among the rival piano-manufacturers, in the contest for the gold medal at the Paris Exposition. The correspondent of the New York *Weekly Review*, a paper specially devoted to musical matters, gives the following interesting account of some curious features of the battle :

"The great battle is apparently decided, and the different jurors have either left town already or are going to leave in a day or two. The English noblemen, who fought justly and bravely for their countrymen in the musical department, have been successful, and it seems to be the rare case that everybody is satisfied. The decision, of course, is a public secret and may have reached you before my letters comes to hand, but you probably do not know yet by what ways and means the decision was brought about. Some German papers say that the piano makers fought their battle with batteries of champagne masked by forests of asparagus. This, however, was not the case, as it is certain that no member of the Jury was directly or indirectly accessible by bribery, with the exception, perhaps, of one well-known character, or rather man without character, whose old age prevents me from giving his name. The battle was solely and simply fought on the merits of the pianos and the inventions ; not without intrignes, and sometimes false assertions, but generally in a fair and open manner. I informed you, some time ago, that the American pianos were so superior to all exhibited by European makers that the only question was, which of the firms of Messrs. Steinway, and Chickering should be awarded the gold medal."

The correspondent then, after stating the award of the gold medal to the Steinway Piano by the Jury, makes the following singular statement :

"The Emperor, however, had expressed the wish to the Commissioners General to have a gold medal awarded to at least one English exhibitor in every class, and, of course, such a wish was not to be disregarded. In consequence of this, and of the decided superiority of the Broadwood pianos over the other English instruments, the medal for England was awarded to Mr. Broadwood, who, an accomplished gentleman and a prominent piano manufacturer, does not seem to like the manner in which the compliment, however flattering, has been paid him. The matter of the gold medals seemed to be thus settled ; when all at once one member of the Jury asked for a gold medal for a German piano firm, whose pianos are made in imitation of the Steinway system. This motion met with a most decided resistance on the part of the adherents of the old system among the Jurors, and it was not improperly remarked that, if an imitator of the Steinway system, who certainly did not attain its perfection, received a gold medal, then Messrs. Steinway ought to receive a prize superior to any provided by the Imperial Commission, and that this evidently could not be done. It would, so they argued, be more proper to give a third medal to the best pianos manufactured after the old system ; and since the pianos of Messrs. Chickering were the best of this kind, a third gold medal was asked for their pianos. After a great many meetings and the most spirited contest, in which the Chickering pianos were sometimes rather roughly handled, America came out again victorious. A third gold medal was decided upon for the Chickering pianos.

A CRITICAL ROASTING.

The appearance of Mr. Tupper's "Third Series of Proverbial Philosophy," has proved the signal for an unmerciful critical attack by most of the higher order of English literary journals. The author seems to have anticipated something of the kind, and consequently he determined to get the start of his persecutors by expressing his scorn and defiance of the whole critical, or as he would probably say, hypercritical tribe, in advance, which he has done in a number of unusually ferocious verses—that is, unusually ferocious in so mild a writer as Mr. Tupper. Afterwards, in an almost plaintive strain, he consoles himself for the expected roasting at the hands of supercilious and arrogant literary authorities, by such reflections as these :

"Wordsworth, simple and sublime, how long they laughed at thee !
Coleridge, the gentle and profound, which of them did honor to thine eloquence ?
Byron, answering scorn with scorn, well didst thou turn and rend them—
And even Shakspeare, Newton, Pope, were scouted and defamed !"

Whereupon one of his remorseless tormentors thus comments in the *Saturday Review :*

"Shakspeare, Newton, Pope, Wadsworth, Coleridge, Byron and Tupper. Was climax ever sublimer ? What can be finer than the thought of Mr. Tupper exclaiming philosophically, "Shakspeare, Newton, and I have all been ill treated by the critics," or, as he would probably put it, *Ego et rex meus*, "I and Shakspeare and Newton?" Posterity, however, repairs the injustice of contemporaries, and our descendants will meditate with equal enthusiasm on "Hamlet," the "Principia," and the "Proverbial Philosophy."

Alluding, we presume, to the long interval that has elapsed since the appearance of his "Second Series," (we had no idea that it was so long,) Mr. Tupper says :

"Once more then after thirty years, I come, O friend and brother,
Bringing my modern thoughts to thee in their antique disguise :
This Eastern garb is somewhat, if its ancient quaintness help
To catch thy kind attention, and to win thy willing mind."

He also declares in another verse :

"Again I have written at my best, according to the mercies given me."

Which furnishes the text for another inhuman critical commentary, as follows :

"Again I have written at my best," Mr. Tupper says in an exquisitely musical verse after his own delicious manner, "according to the mercies given me." In the case of some writers this would be a pleasant thing to know. But there is such an absurdly trifling difference between Mr. Tupper at his best and Mr. Tupper at his worst, that one is at a loss to know when he is writing in one style and when in the other. Yet the frank or plaintive confession that he has no better wares to offer than these, that this represents the measure according to which mercies have been given to him, is rather touching, if one comes to think what it means. If pity rather than wrath is the sentiment proper to the contemplation of feebleness and helplessness, why should we be angry with a bad and vapid writer ? The poor gentleman owns that he has written at his best. He could do no more. We have no right to expect more. Let us then reflect with decorous compassion upon the mental state of the man to whom mercies assume the shape of an ever overflowing cup of Proverbial Philosophy. Let us think of the hours of meritorious effort which have been laboriously expended in the production of a result whose quality, alas, we all know and see but too well. Respectful sympathy would seem to be the just attitude in which to approach Mr. Tupper when writing at his best, according to his lights and his mercies. His Proverbial Philosophy has pretty nearly every bad quality that writing can possibly have. Yet he cannot help it. Now and again, when vapidity and pretentious silliness drive us too hard, we heartily wish that some punishment might overtake so tormenting an author. But this is unphilosophical. The worst punishment is already in operation. To be the reader of Proverbial Philosophy is a misfortune, but to be its composer is a catastrophe. We can scarcely conceive a much more grievous penalty than for a man to have to sit down and write page after page and volume after volume of such matter, as Mr. Tupper is forced by the hard fate of his mental capacity to do. In any modern Inferno Mr. Tupper would certainly have an entire circle to himself.

Upon the whole, we rejoice that the persecuted author has armed himself against the stings of his torturers, by reflecting upon what other good and great men have suffered at the hands of supercilious critics ; for we fear that he will need all his "philosophy," and all the consolations to be derived from such reflections, to enable him to endure with patience, the fiery ordeal through which he is passing.

DRAMATIC AFFAIRS.

THE dramatic revival which has been for some time in progress at Maguire's Opera House continues unabated. I really believe that Mr. Adams has been of more benefit to this city as a dramatic revivalist, than has the great revival preacher, Mr. Earle, in a religious way. It is no slight benefit to a city to be converted from trashy spectacular pieces and absurd sensation plays to Shakspeare and good comedy. That the public appreciate the service rendered them by Edwin Adams, was fully evinced on Monday, when he took his first benefit, appearing as "Raphael," in *The Marble Heart* ; the house was crowded to suffocation. On Tuesday, *Macbeth* was performed with the same cast as on the first occasion. On Wednesday evening, the comedy of *Wild Oats*, which, with Mr. Adams as "Rover," has taken such a firm hold on the favor of the public, was played to an immense house. The play of *The King of the Commons*, in which Mr. Adams appears to great advantage as "King James," was performed on Thursday. Last night, Mr. J. A. Herne, who has become a great favorite with the public during his stay here in consequence of the talent he has displayed in his impersonation of nearly every part which has fallen to him and his clever acting in comedy and character parts, took his farewell benefit, Edwin Adams and the whole company volunteering their services. *The Marble Heart* was played, Mr Herne appearing as "Volage," a part in which he made quite a hit. The performance concluded with the farce of *The Limerick Boy*, which afforded Mr. Herne an opportunity of doing some capital acting as "Paddy Miles." This afternoon a matinee will be given, and Mr. Herne will appear in favorite characters. The performance this evening will consist of *Dreams of Delusion* and *Black Eyed Susan*.

On Monday and Tuesday, Edwin Adams will repeat his great impersonation of "Hamlet." On Wednesday he will produce his play of *The Heretic*. This piece was written originally for Edwin Forrest, and was purchased from him by Edwin Adams who has won many laurels by the finished manner in which he portrays the hero. There is no chance of the attendance at the Opera House falling off for the present, as many of our best citizens are now returning from the watering places.

At the Metropolitan Theater on Monday, *Rural Felicity*, in which Mrs. C. R. Saunders made her appearance, was performed and the burlesque of *Aladdin or the Wonderful Scamp* concluded the evening's entertainment. This bill was repeated on the following night. On Wednesday the operetta, *The Village Rivals*, the farce *Who Speaks First*, and the extravaganza *Atalanta*. On Thursday evening Weber's grand opera of *Der Freischutz*, was performed in English in excellent style, with Miss Emma Howson as "Linda," Henri Herberte as "Rodolphe," Frank Howson as "Casper," and Miss Clelia Howson as "Rose." The music was admirably sung, and the opera was very well put upon the stage, the incantation scene in particular, being very effectively managed. Last night, *The Laughing Hyena*, and *Rural Felicity*, were played.

The entertainments given by the new management of the Metropolitan Theater during the past two weeks have been extremely good, combining good music, fine singing and clever acting. This afternoon the extravaganza of *Perseus and Andromeda* will be played. The entertainment for this evening will consist of the beautiful Irish fairy drama of *Kate Kearny, or the Fairy of the Lakes of Killarney*, which will be presented with beautiful scenery and fine music. On Monday the grand spectacular piece entitled *The Black Rook*, the most beautiful that has ever been produced on the San Francisco stage, will be presented again with all the original scenery, effects, dresses, etc., and several new and attractive features. The Martinetti troupe have been engaged, and the cast will be the same as before. Everyone admired this wonderful spectacle when it was first produced here, and many will be glad to see it again. Of course all are aware that it is essentially identical with the famous *Black Crook*, which seems likely to run for a year or two at Niblo's, New York, The management have some extraordinary novelties in preparation, and if talent, tact and energy, will secure success, most certainly the Metropolitan Theatre will become a popular resort.

TOUCHSTONE.

ITALIAN OPERA.—Petrella's opera of *Ione*, carefully rehearsed, and put on the stage with unusual attention to details was the opening performance of the second season, at the Academy of Music, on Wednesday evening last, and was received with great favor by a large and fashionable audience. The music is novel and interesting in style, and was admirably rendered by the artists. Signorina Brambilla as "Ione," Mme. Stella Bonheur as the slave "Nidia," Signor Limberti, as the wealthy young Athenian "Glaucus," Signor Mancusi as the Egyptian "Arbaces," and Signor Milleri as the tavern-keeper, "Burbo," were each and all in excellent voice, and did their utmost to contribute to the general fine effect; the chorus and orchestra also showed careful and thorough training, and the whole performance was remarkably creditable. *Ione* was given last night, and will be repeated (as an extra performance) this evening.

On Monday, Gounod's grand opera of *Faust* will be performed. The opera of *L'Africaine* is in rehearsal, and will be produced in perfect style.

WOODWARD'S GARDENS.—The camel at these gardens is a source of never-failing amusement to the juveniles who are daily taken there for the purpose of improving their knowledge of art, botany, and natural history. No reward for good behavior can be more acceptable to a well conducted little boy or girl than a ride on the camel at Woodward's Gardens.

ANATOMICAL MUSEUM.—The numerous objects of interest to be seen at this institution are admired by all who visit it. Much instruction as well as amusement, may be gained in the course of an hour.

MRS. CUPPY lectures on "The Higher Law," at Mechanics' Institute Hall, on Sunday evening.

AN EXTENSIVE ESTABLISHMENT.—There was a time when we had to procure our hams from the East. They came packed up in pitch plaister, and very often acquired a flavor during their voyage which was anything but pleasant. The necessity for importing hams from the Eastern States has passed away, as all may convince themselves by paying a visit to the immense smoke and packing house of W. K. Dietrich, who can be found at stalls 54, 55 and 56, Washington Market. The smoke house and packing rooms are at the corner of Hyde and Sacramento streets, and here Mr. Dietrich keeps a large force of experienced packers and curers constantly employed. From twenty to thirty thousand pounds of pork are turned out of this establishment weekly. An immense number of hams are always undergoing the smoking process in the three large smoke vaults. California hams and bacon are rapidly acquiring a high reputation. Mr. Dietrich supplies the Pacific Mail Company's steamers for the round trip, and in all climates this species of provision is equally good. In addition to the smoking and curing department is one where lard is melted down and packed in tin cans for family use and the grocery trade. This splendid establishment will well repay a visit. There are no secrets connected with the curing of hams and tongues with which Mr. Dietrich is not acquainted, and there is no reason why hams fully equal to the far-famed Westphalia hams should not be produced in California.

GOOD SPIRITS.—Considerable taste has to be exercised by importers of liquors. A. J. Bryant & Co, importers of liquors, 510, Front street, exercise much skill in choosing their spirits. They are sole agents on the Pacific Coast, for Blackburne's celebrated B B B Bourbon whiskey.

EVELY MAN A FIRE COMPANY.—By means of Edward L. Levy's patent fire annihilator every man can do the work of a fire company. The rates of insurance will certainly be lessened as soon as there is—as there should be—one of these remarkable engines in every house. They are very cheap, and no one can afford to be without one. The office is 304 Montgomery street.

ASPHALTUM WORK.—Every one appreciates the Asphaltum Sidewalks, and "Bonnet's" name generally appears thereon. We look upon Bonnet as a public benefactor, and would have his name everywhere on the sidewalks, so that he who walks may always see it.

REMOVAL.—Theodore Kallenberg, the expert model maker and machinist, has removed from 416 Market street, to No. 10 Stevenson street, near First. Mr. Kallenberg has constructed the models for the machinery for the U. S. Branch Mint of this city for years past.

LUKIN—Formerly at J. D. Thompson's, and at Frank's, has established himself in business at 332 Montgomery street, and has one of the finest saloons in 'Frisco. Call and see him.

"FISH FOR THE HALL."

"NOW, then, which of you is going to get me a big fish? Don't all speak at once. Come, one of you must. Which is it to be? Joe'll go, I know; won't you, Joe? I must have one before to-morrow night for the Squire. You needn't look so black, all of you."

Jenny Cooper, the speaker, was the prettiest girl in Shippon, and certainly she looked uncommonly pretty now, as she stood with her face flushed and her bright hair ruffling in the breeze in the middle of a knot of admirers at the gangway which ended the principal street of the village. It was a slack time in Shippon. The herring-fishing was just over—such a fishing as there had not been for years. The fishermen spoke of one shoal of herrings twenty miles long and ten broad, and so thick that their nets were torn with the weight of fish. Many of the boats had had to run into Harmouth deep loaded after a single haul.

The only boat which had not done well was one belonging to old Tim West, Jenny's grandfather, and the Squire, which had been put in charge of young Joe Crask. She had run aground the night before the great haul, and had had to put in for repairs, which cost a good deal of money. The consequence was that poor Joe, instead of having to receive a hundred pounds or so for his share of the fishing, found himself actually out of pocket, and worse off than all his neighbors and rivals. His old mother had not a hundred of coal to begin the winter with, and his own chances of Jenny, which had looked so bright as he started, seemed more distant than ever.

It was "aggrewaiting," as he said, poor fellow, and it was not unnatural that he should have listened to the two pairs of banns which had been put up in church for the first time last Sunday very much as if they had been intended for personal insults to himself.

The big boats had come in to land their tackle a week ago, and then, what with noisy fish-sales on the beach and shouting men and women hauling in the lines and heavy ropes, and crab-boats pulling backwards and forwards through the breakers, Shippon for a time had been all excitement and life. Now the bustle was all over.

Only a few of the crews were back from Harmouth, and the weather had been so unsettled that none of the small boats had ventured out, and the beach was almost deserted. It happened that when Jenny broke into the group on the cliff they had just been discussing the horizon, and had come to the conclusion that it was going to be an uncommonly ugly night, and the consequence was that there was by no means the eager competition she considered there ought to have been for the honor of going to sea to catch her a fish.

"Now, come, one of you *must* go. Come, Joe, you will, won't you, that's a dear? I don't know how many people there ain't a-coming to the Hall. There was the Squire himself come down this morning, and says 'Jenny,' says he, 'if you don't get me a fish, I don't know what I won't do to you. I doubt I'll have to have you cooked yourself.' You would not like that now, Joe, would you?"

But for once blandishment and satire (and Jenny was a good hand at both) were thrown away, and not even the last terrible suggestion of the Squire's turbot-kettle could win her point, so the pretty girl tossed her head and said, in her most contemptuous tone "You ain't none on you fit to catch a dog-fish. I won't have nothin' more to say to you," and went off in a huff.

Joe Crask had been standing with the others, but except to answer Jenny when she appealed directly to him, he had taken no part in the conversation.

He watched her light figure tripping up the street till she turned a corner out of sight; and then, with his hands in his pockets, he sauntered down the gangway and over the breakwater, till he came to a gap in the cliff where a little stream of fresh water runs down a hollow and loses itself among the loose shingles on the beach. A narrow plank bridge crosses it about a hundred yards or so from the shore, and there Joe stopped, in the hope of meeting Jenny, who lived with an old grandfather in a cottage on the opposite cliff. It was beginning to get dusk already; and he had not waited many minutes before he caught a glimpse of a print dress fluttering down the winding path, and she was beside him.

"Stop a minute, Jenny dear," he said. (The plank was only broad enough for one, and he stood on it.) "Wait a minute, Jenny. I brought this for you from Harmouth. You'll take it, won't you?" It was a few yards of blue ribbon. "I would ha' brought something better, Jenny, only you know I wasn't lucky."

Now Jenny, like most pretty girls, was a bit of a tyrant; and, like all tyrants, was not fond of being thwarted. She had set her heart on getting a fish for the Hall, and as it was not to be had, she felt personally aggrieved, and was not at all sorry for an opportunity of snubbing poor Joe, who she knew, would care for it.

"Thank you, I'm verry much obliged; but I don't want any ribbins. When I do, I'll buy them myself. Good night! please let me come by, I must go home."

"I brought it o' purpose for you, Jenny; I thought you'd ha' liked it. Do stop a minute, Jenny; I'll come with you. It ain't safe to go to sea, Jenny; it ain't indeed, or I'd go out in a minute. You know I would Jenny."

"Thank you. I don't ask nobody to go if they're afraid! Please let me come by; I'm late." She pushed by him; but he held her.

"Jenny! Jenny! don't speak to me like that. I hain't seen you once since afore the fishing, and I can't abide to have you speak to me o' that manner, Jenny. Stop a minute, do; Jenny! dear Jenny!"

She was gone, and Joe was supremely miserable. It was dark before he left the bridge. "Hankering arter that gall again," thought his old mother, as she gave him his supper, before he went off to bed at seven o'clock. "Them gals don't know when they be well off. Higgetty-jigging things they be, so aggerwatin'! She ain't wuth him."

* * * * * * *

At half-past eight o'clock punctually the next morning Squire Lindon came down into the dining-room at the Hall, and rang the bell for prayers.

He was a fine tall man of fifty-six; the age at which Mrs. Norton maintains that a handsome man is most picturesque.

He had a pleasant, open face, a broad forehead, thin, curly hair, and a color which smacked unmistakably of sea-breezes and exercises in the open air. Shippon had belonged to his family since 1370, when a Lindon (if tradition speaks true, no better than he should have been) had received the heiress in payment of a bad debt from Edward III.

The estate was extensive, though anything but a rich one.

The greater part consisted of heathy hills, and the land which was under cultivation was very poor. Though, however, there were many wealthier men in the country, none held their heads higher than Squire Lindon. He was proud of his fine old old house, with the family motto and "Laus Deo" in venerable gray stone letters running, as a balustrade, the whole length of the front; proud—(will wiser readers smile at him?)—of the sacred inheritance of family tradition and a good old name; and all the more fondly proud of his only daughter Edith, a bright girl of nineteen, because her laughing brown eyes and fair waving hair were precisely those of a beautiful picture by Lely, which held an honored place among the family portraits that hung over the black oak staircase and covered the panelled walls of the great stone hall. She came into the room and held up her face to be kissed, just as he had finished reading his letters and was cutting his newspaper.

"I'll tell you what it is, Miss Paleface," he said, as he took the little upturned face in both hands and kissed it tenderly; "I'll tell you what it is, we must not have any more dancing if we can't get our roses back for two days after it. Hadn't we better make mamma write and tell the stupid people not to come on Thursday? Eh, Miss? what do you say?"

"Oh, papa! how it has been blowing. It woke me at half-past three, and I could not get to sleep again at all. Jane says Holland was up here just before she came to me and told her more than fifty trees were blown down between four and five. Oh, I do hope all the boats are safe at Harmouth before now."

"It's off shore, darling, and I don't think it will have done any mischief here except to my trees; but go and look on the table, and see if you can't find anything to bring back those roses."

The missing roses did come back in a minute as Edith snatched up a letter. It was from her brother's college chum, Sir Arthur Hamlin, the fortunate heir of some seven thousand a year in a ring fence not thirty miles from Shippon: more fortunate still in his own estimation in having won the love of the sweetest girl in the country, and being engaged to Edith Lindon.

"Well, dear, when is he coming?" asked Mrs. Lindon. A large party was expected at the Hall the next day, for a week's shooting and a ball, and Sir Arthur, as a matter of course, was to be one. "Will he wait to pick up Henry at Cambridge, or will he come over to-night?"

"I don't know, mamma; I expect he'll very likely be here to-night. He says, 'My new yacht, the *Edith*, is at Wellport. If it's very fine indeed, perhaps I shall bring her round to Shippon for you to see. I have had some alterations made in the cabin, and I know you will like her. If the weather is in the least bad, I shall look out for Henry at Norborough, and drive over on Tuesday night or Wednesday morning.' He'll be here to-day, I know he will! It was so windy yesterday morning that he would not have gone down to Wellport at all, so he'll be sure to be over with Henry this afternoon. I must go down to Lower Shippon this morning."

"My darling, indeed you musn't do any such thing," said Mrs Lindon: "I can't think of letting you go at all in such weather. Why, it's raining hard; you would catch cold and be laid up all the week, if you were not blown away over the cliff. You know you would."

"Oh, mamma, *please*; I've got ever so many things I *must* do, and I shan't have another chance. Please do let me, mamma."

"Well, dear, we will see how it looks after lunch; you must take a book and be quiet till then. You haven't got rested after the Hurton dance yet, so give me another cup of coffee, and then finish your own breakfast, like a good child."

The sun had found its way through the rolling clouds, and the wind had dropped before Edith had finished her book, and luncheon was ready. So her ponies were ordered, and she drove off, armed with plenty of wrappers and a basket of jellies and soup. About half way down from the Hall to the village, a fisherman stopped her to say that old Susan Crask was in trouble again. Her boy Joe had got up early in the morning and gone out to sea alone, without saying a word to any one, just before the squall.

They had missed his boat on the beach, and a man coming along shore some hours after had picked up one of his oars, and a bailing-tin which was recognized as his; and "I ax your pardon, miss," the old fellow went on, "but I was just a-coming up to tell you. Susan she takes on terrible about it, and I thought, miss, as how mayhap you wish to be a-coming to see her if you knowed."

"Oh! I'll go now at once. I am so sorry. Whatever could have made him go out such a morning?—and all alone, too. Oh, how shocking it is! Poor old Susan."

The old man shook his head mysteriously, and said in a lower tone, "They do say, miss, as how it was Jenny Cooper made him go to get her a fish. They *do* say so. They was a-keepin' company, you know, miss."

In a very few minutes Edith was at the cottage. She tapped quietly, and went in. The room into which the door opened was low and dark; but the floor was neatly sanded, and everything, from the bottles of different-colored sands and the model ship on the chimney-piece to the old-fashioned walnut drawers against the opposite walls, was carefully dusted and scrupulously clean.

In a low chair, in front of the little fire which burnt in a corner of the grate, sat Susan Crask, rocking herself slowly backwards and forwards, and moaning every now and then. Beside her stood Jenny, pale and silent, with a touching, wistful look in her eyes; but the old woman took no notice of her, and scarcely seemed to know she was there.

When Edith came in she made a slight movement of recognition, but said nothing, and went on rocking herself as before. Edith's own eyes were so dim that she saw nothing of the hopeless look in poor Jenny's face as she handed her a chair.

"Poor dear old Susan!" she said, as she took the old woman's horny hand in hers. "Poor dear old Susan!"

There was a silence, broken only by Susan's moans which were deeper than before, and the hollow tickings of the old upright clock in the corner. At last she spoke.

"I knewed how 'twor—I knewed how 'twor when I heard his voice come in at the window. I knewed what that meant. Father, brothers, husband, and now my boy! Oh! Joe, Joe, Joe! to forget old mother for a pink murderin' hissey!" The flood-gates were open, and the old woman sobbed like a child.

Poor Jenny! Her punishment had come quickly—a bitter punishment it was, poor girl. What might have been, and what was; how different all seemed now, now that it was too late—now that his mother had called her his murderess. Poor child! She dared stay no longer, and too miserable to care where she went or what she did, she stole noiselessly to the door and out into the street. The men and women looked at her and whispered as she passed; but she took no notice of anything, and hurried through the little narrow turnings which lead out past the houses into the field beyond the village. There she was alone. For the length of a field or two the cliff above Shippon gets gradually higher, till at the "Sugar-loaf" it towers up three hundred feet above the sea. A little beyond the highest point a huge mass of the upper soil and turf, loosened probably by the landsprings, has become detached, and slipped bodily down, and rests suspended between sea and sky, a hundred feet from the top of the cliff and a hundred and fifty or more from the beach below.

There is a great charm about the "Gull's Nest," as the spot is called. You seem to overhang the sea. Wherever you look is sea, nothing but sea. To the left is sea, stretching away to a low line of purple shore in the dim distance, fringed at all times with a hazy line of white foam. At times, when the sun is setting over a full spring-tide, you may see ships in a stream of gold behind the line of purple. That is Rakeston Harbor—ten miles off. To the right, beyond the sharp chalk needles which hem in the Gull's Nest on that side, you look over sea unlimited—sea which seems to rise up and mix with the sky.

But the view had no charms for Jenny. She scrambled down the cliff, and threw herself down out of sight, out of hearing of the village, among the damp grass, and strained her eyes all over the waste of waters.

It was low tide, and the breakers were growling surlily among the naked rocks, a couple of hundred yards from the foot of the cliff. A single little schooner was tossing about far out beyond the sand-bank, almost hidden at times by the white crested waves, but not a sign of *his* boat. She hid her face in her hands, and cried as if her heart would

break.

The wind had veered round since the morning, and was blowing now in short, uncertain gusts from the sea. Jenny had nothing on her head, and was cold and shivering, when something colder even than her own poor little wet cheek, touched it for a moment. Edith's pet white and yellow setter had found her, and looked at her with a puzzled expression in his great hazel eyes as she started up, just in time to see his mistress climbing down to her. Edith had heard which way she had gone, and had come to look for her.

"Come home, Jenny," she said, gently, "don't stop out in the cold any longer. How wet you are! You'll make yourself ill, and then what will become of poor old Tim?"

"Oh, miss!—oh, miss! that's all my fault. I wish I was dead, I do!" and she threw herself down again, chocking with a fresh burst of tears.

There is something wonderfully soothing and strengthening in sympathy. It seems almost as if every sorrow, small or great, brought a certain appointed weight of pain with it—a weight which must be carried somehow or other. No friend may relieve us of our share altogether, but a kindly helping hand may ease the weight as surely as if the burden were material.

Jenny, like old Susan, found it so; and both felt their hearts a little lighter before Edith drove away. She had not started a minute too soon; her ponies were not long in whisking her home, but the wind had begun to blow hard, and she had only just time to run down to the greenhouse for a bunch of blue Russian larkspur for her hair, before it began to rain again.

Dinner was laid at half-past six, for five, but Edith and her father and mother sat down by themselves, half expecting every minute to hear the sound of wheels on the gravel in front, and a ring at the bell; but they were disappointed. At eleven o'clock Mr. Lindon got up and put down his book, and stretched himself in front of the drawing-room fire, and said:

"Well, I don't think these boys will turn up to-night now. If they had caught the six o'clock train they would have been here before now, so I think we had all of us better go to bed. What a noise the wind does make, to be sure; we have not had such gale all the year. Come, missy, put down your work and trot off. Here is a candle for you. I shan't be long, I know before I'm asleep for one. Give me a kiss, my darling child and say good-night."

The wind shrieked among the gables and chimney stacks, and the windows rattled till a stranger might have thought that the whole place was coming down; but the old hall had stood every storm for a good many hundred years, and was likely to stand for a good many hundred more.

The Squire was too much accustomed to the noise of a "north-easter" to let it disturb him in the least; but he had not been many minutes in bed, and was only just settling into his first sleep, when another sound caught his attention, and he started up to listen. He had not time to rub his eyes before it came again. A bang and a rattle at his window. Some one was throwing gravel against the glass. Mr. Lindon knew well enough what the noise meant, and jumped out of bed and threw up the window.

"Hulloa, is that you, Tim? What is it?"

An old man in a long oiled coat and a sou'wester stood in the garden beneath.

"What is it, Tim?"

"Skewner, sir, in agin the Gull's Neest."

"Stop there, I'll be down in a minute. Stop there."

Unfortunately a shipwreck was only too common an event at Shippon. In a very few minutes Mr. Lindon was dressed and had waked the butler and given orders.

"Wake George, and tell him to put the brown horse in the omnibus, and to take plenty of rugs and coats and wait at the Lindon Arms, to be ready if he is wanted. Tell him to send one of the boys on "Lady Grey" as hard as he can ride, to Captain James for the mortar, and be sure there is a good fire kept up in the kitchen."

Squire Lindon and Tim fought their way as best they could against the hurricane. It was slow work, and the "bus" was at the village almost before they reached the Gull's Nest by a short cut.

There it was no easy matter to stand at all. The huge waves were thundering half way up the cliff, and the sea, wherever they could catch a glimpse of it through the blinding shower of foam flakes which blew in their faces, was black as ink. A single light showed the direction of the doomed vessel, and every now and then, as she rose for a moment on some giant wave, they could see her black hull and spars against the sky. She had cleared the shoal, and was driving straight in for the "Needles."

"If she strikes there," said a coastguard man, as the wind dropped for a few seconds, "that will be all over very quick."

If only she could round the point (but who on board was to know that) there was a chance of saving the crew, if the mortar arrived in time. A chance; but a desperate one. It would be hopeless to attempt to get the life-boat off in such a sea. It was only in the momentary lull that the crowd of eager watchers on the cliff could hear one another speak.

"What is she?" shouted the Squire. "Can you make her out?"

"Not altogether, sir; she seemed a'most as though she was a standing in this arternoon, afore the wind changed. She appear more like a big yacht nor anything. I doubt that's what she is."

A gentle hand was laid on the Squire's arm. He started as he looked round and saw his daughter.

"My child, how could you?"—

"Papa, papa, it's the *Edith!*" and she fell hopeless into his arms.

Edith had not gone to bed when she left the drawing-room. She had sent her maid away, and sat down in an easy chair in front of her fire, and had fallen asleep and was dreaming when the noise in the house roused her. Her first idea was that Sir Charles and her brother had come; but very soon she understood that it was a wreck; and, seized with a horrible, indefinite dread, such as she had never felt before, she snatched up her hat and a thick cloak and veil and ran down stairs, just as the "bus" was starting, and jumped in.

The first words which caught her ear on the cliff were, "She appears more like a big yacht nor anything; I doubt that's what she is."

The fatigues of a day of unusually painful excitement, the solitary night-drive from the Hall, and the last crowning agony of finding her worst fears realized, had been too much for the slight, delicate girl, and overtaxed nature brought its own relief. Her father lifted her up, and carried her, fainting, to the village. A light in Widow Crask's window showed that she was still up; he pushed the door open, and laid Edith down on the old woman's bed, and knelt beside her, holding up her head, while Jenny, who had followed them down the cliff, and Susan bathed her temples with vinegar and chafed her cold hands and feet. It was some time (to her father it seemed ages) before she showed any signs of returning life; but at last she opened her eyes and looked dreamily round her. As soon as Jenny had seen her move, she pulled her shawl over her head, and left them noiselessly, to learn the worst. Her hand was almost on the latchet of the door, when it opened. A confused sound of voices reached her from the street, and a tall, dark figure, with dripping hair and clothes and naked feet, stood in front of her. For a moment Jenny thought she saw a ghost; the next, she gave a scream, burst into tears, and threw her arms round Joe's neck. They were no ghost's lips which met hers. The breath on her forehead was warm. It was Joe himself, alive from the dead—alive and well.

"All on us safe!" Squire Lindon and Edith heard it. "All on us safe, thank heaven!"

How Joe came there is soon told. The squall in the morning had caught him as he was hauling in his line. He had lost one of his oars, and had drifted out to sea, and had tossed about helpless for hours. The wave which had carried away his oar had half-filled his boat, and he had been obliged to keep bailing with his sou'wester as best he could. He had almost given up altogether when, from the top of a wave, he sighted a vessel close by him; in a minute he had stripped off his red handkerchief, and hoisted it as a signal of distress on his boat-hook, and in less than half-an-hour, by one of those providences which we call lucky chances, found himself on board Sir Arthur Hamlin's yacht, just about the time that Edith was driving home to the Hall. As Jenny had noticed when she left the "Gull's Nest," the wind had chopped quite round, and was blowing hard, with a strong tide on shore. The sea, which had been high all the day, was still making fast, and by the time he had had a mouthful to eat and drink below, it was almost pitch dark. Joe had been born and bred at Shippon; he had been out in big boats and little boats, rough and smooth, light and dark, till he knew every yard of the coast, for ten miles, as well as he knew the village itself. When he came on deck again a single glance was enough to show him that the *Edith* was on the shoal. Another minute, and she would be hard and fast aground. "Port your helm!" he shouted, at the top of his voice, and sprang to the wheel. The storm jib, the only canvas she was carrying, flapped empty for a moment; the next, a huge roller lifted her high out of the water. There was a hollow, grating sound, and the vessel shook from stem to stern. In another moment she was in deep water inside the bank.

"Touch and go, sir. Better cast out a couple of anchors, or we shall be on the Needles afore we know where we are."

At half-past eleven the storm was still increasing: the hatches were down, and everything made snug. The yacht still rode head to the wind; but the waves were awful. Sir Arthur and Joe were together on deck, holding on as best they could. Five minutes before the cliffs had looked through the darkness like black uncertain clouds resting on the water. Now they could see the "Sugarloaf" frowning, huge and sharp, out against the sky. The terrible truth flashed on them both at the same moment. The anchors held no longer, and they were drifting in.

"Cut her free, for heaven's sake!" shouted Joe. "If we can get her round the Needles we *may* get a rope ashore; if not, we are done for."

A very few minutes after the Squire had left them, the watchers on the cliff saw the vessel give a lurch and spring in. Another bound and the point was cleared, and the *Edith* lay a wreck, with the spent waves breaking over her, wedged fast in the little bay at the foot of the "Gull's Nest."

There was a pause for a minute or two. To those on deck it seemed ages. Then came a red flash from the land, and a roar that was heard above the sea. A shot whizzed far out over their heads, and a rope fell across the vessel's bows. In half an hour's time the last sailor was safe on the cliff.

Our readers must picture for themselves the happiness which changed the old woman's tumble-down cottage into a palace that night. We will not attempt to describe with what humble, grateful tears the widow received back her boy from the dead; nor even how the pretty Jenny forgot her coquettishness for once, and clung round Joe's neck before half the village, like an April day sun and showers together. Above all we will not venture to intrude into the little inner room. Mr. Lindon himself did not, and Edith was alone when she met her lover.

The Sunday after the storm three pairs of banns were put in church instead of two. The names of the last couple were "Joseph Crask and Jane Cooper."

IMAGINATION.

WE are inclined to think that imagination is next to "God's greatest gift to man." It is true that it will not fill no empty stomach, but it will impart to poverty a glow, and to wretchedness a lustre that no fabled wealth could purchase. Happiness, transient though it be, but all the more vivid for its evanescent nature, can be had for the asking, and desires too heavenly within the reach of mortal, even through the aid of wealth, can be indulged to the heart's content. Imagination fills the perspective with a radiance, that no matter how unbounded the success attained, is never found on reaching the object in pursuit. It tints with such vivid colors the objects sought for, while in the distance, that it makes pursuit far more delightful than possession, and in fact, so powerful can imagination be in this respect, that it can clog the senses, so as to make possession a disappointment instead of a satisfaction. It is an overflowing fount of blessings from which the poor may draw at will, and as the most of mankind are led by their own ideas, as to the happiness or misery of their existence, till some rude shock from the outside world shows them that others, too, have thoughts and feelings, happy are they whose imagination pictures contentment and tinges the ill of life with the mellow hues of connubial bliss. Imagination, like everything else, must be controlled, not allowed to run in the soul; for an imagination too ardent is almost sure to bring about reactions that will, in time, prove worse enemies than ennui, causing great havoc among the various custodians of mortal's peace. Besides madness is not so distant a relative of imagination as to be lost sight of, for in the event of over exertion on the part of that functionary, madness might take advantage of its prostration, and usurp the throne of reason, and then would chaos reign supreme. A curb must therefore be placed upon it, and indulgences of too strong a nature must be denied the mind, even if they be ever so delightful. It must be cultivated and improved, for to it we owe all that is new or novel to mankind. From its depths poets inspiration draw, and even the matter of fact men of science do not hesitate to call in its assistance, when some new discovery or invention is needed, for the promulgation and furtherance of scientific progression. All minds need it, use it, and often abuse it, and but few are grateful for this precious boon conferred by an All-Wise Creator, as some compensation for the sufferings humanity, by its obstinate perseverance in wrong pursuits, inflicts upon itself.

DIAMONDS OF GOLCONDA.—It appears that the celebrated diamond mines of Golconda, in India, so far from being likely to give out—as has been reported—have as yet been imperfectly worked. An English officer in the Madras army, who has recently visited the mines—if mines they can be called—says they have hardly yet been worked at all; that most of the diamonds thus far obtained have been found near the surface—the richer sort lying deep in the bowels of the earth, and that the natives having no appliances for digging, beyond a crowbar, seldom excavate below twenty feet in depth, though it is found that the deeper they go the larger and richer and more abundant the diamonds are found. Beside diamonds, other precious stones are turned out of these holes; as rubies garnets, opals, catseyes, monstones, etc.

A WAR PUMP.—Herr Struvé, of Heidelberg, speaks of an engine of terrible power of destruction, which he calls a pump of war, as it pumps up and sends flinging three hundred bullets a minute, of any weight up to eight pounds, a distance of two miles. It may be worked by eight men, or by steam. Herr Struvé was known as a patriot during the Baden insurrection, in 1848.

WE may be in far better health to-day than we were yesterday, but we are nearer dissolution.

HUMAN glory is not always glorious. The best men have had their calumniators, the worst their panegyrists.

NOTICE.

The publicotion of "THE CALIFORNIAN" *takes place on Saturday mornings, and copies may be obtained in the City at all News stands, and of our News-agents through the country. It will also be served by carriers on the morning of publication.*

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THE CALIFORNIAN.

SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, JULY 13, 1867.

A JOKE OR NO JOKE?*

THIS second attempt at authorship by a famous, if not distinguished writer, is worthy of note as one of the most extraordinary literary cnriosities of the day, if not on account of its intrinsic merit or value. It is a stout volume of nearly five hundred pages, abounding from beginning to end with quotations from an immense number of authors, all going to establish the propositions that "The negro anthropologically considered," is "an inferior fellow," that "Black" is "a thing of ugliness, disease and death," while "White is a thing of life, health and beauty;" that "In nothing are any of these paltry creatures the suggestors or promotors of the world's advancement," and that happily "In the present economy of Nature, there are Causes in constant operation which will, ere long, exterminate from the fair face of the earth every one of the non-white drones and sluggards, and vagabonds." To establish these propositions (which we have taken care to state in the chaste language of the anthor) he cites so varied and numerons an array of authorities, as entitles the volume to the character of an anti-negro encyclopedia, and would have made it invaluable to a certain class of stump-speakers, had it appeared prior to the last Presidential election. Even as it is, though in some respects like a child born ont of due season, there are not a few partisan editors in California and elsewhere, who will find it highly useful in their journalistic labors, and richly suggestivo of that peculiar style of argnment in which they chiefly delight. The range of witnesses cited to prove the case against the "black, brown, and all non-white races," covers a period of more than a thonsand years, embracing Artabanns and Agassiz, Addison and John Adams, Boyle and Bancroft, Confucius and Clay. It includes philosophers, theologians, historians, naturalists, poets, and politicians. A paragraph from Bacon is followed by a stanza from Byron; Herodotns and Mrs. Hemans are snmmoned to the witness stand at a brief interval. Ovid's "Art of Love" is quoted at page 140 to prove "the powerful smell" of the negro, or, as Mr. Helper more forcibly phrases it (for he has a manly detestation of feeble forms of expression) "the vile and vomit provoking stench," of the "non-white caitiff," and on page 141, we find a dozen lines from Chaucer's "Conrt of Love," designed doubtless to strengthen Mr. Helper's case against "black" as a color, by the enthusiastic praises bestowed npon a "forehead fair," cheeks of "lovely red and white," and "snowy hands."

Thus far, we have confined our comments to the quotations, of which the book principally consists. But it is, after all, the original matter by which these liberal excerots are cemented, that constitutes the most unique featnre of Mr. Helper's volume. We do not see how it is possible to read a dozen pages of this original matter without coming to the conclusion either that the writer is a lunatic, or that he is cunningly affecting the character in order to prodnce a sensation and realize a pecuniary profit thereby. In his preface, the anthor states with engaging frankness and candor that it is "the primary object of this work to write the negro ont of America," and that "the secondary object is to write him (and manifold millions of other bi-colored caitiffs, little better than himself) out of existence." Without pausing to give expression to our admiration of the philanthropic spirit that inspired Mr. Helper to take upon himself the "bloody business" of destroying considerably more than one-half the present popnlation of our globe, we cannot refrain from calling attention to the ingenuous faith he reposes in the venerable apothegm that "the pen is mightier than the sword." All the armies and navies of Europe and America nnited, would prove inadequate to the task of annihilating these "black and bi-colored caitiffs;" but Mr. Hinton Rowan Helper, of North Carolina, author of the "Impending Crisis," is confident that he can accomplish the great work without the necessity of an appeal to the potency of lead and gunpowder. Races that have existed from the earliest historical period, and that have occupied and still occupy nearly one-half the globe, are now to be summarily "written out of existence" by the exterminating pen of Mr. Hinton Rowan Helper, that redoubtable weapon being mightily reinforced, as far, at least, as the present volume is concerned, by a most prodigal use of the scissors.

If our anthor could only discover some mode of compelling every member of the "non-white races" to read, or hear read, the volume which has been produced by these combined agencies, though chiefly by the latter, we think he would be in a fair way of achieving the beneficent task which he proposes to himself in his preface. Not even the hardiest Caucasian constitution could survive such an infliction. This, however, is not the practical step suggested by Mr. Helper, as the first to be taken. Instead of resorting at the outset to a mode of execution that might, perhaps, be stigmatized as unnecessarily cruel, he urges a preliminary trial of milder measures. He thinks that an "absolute separation of the two races" may possibly supercede the necessity of killing off the black or "bi-colored" one. This separation, he tells us, may be secured in two ways: First, "by giving full and formal notice to the negroes—every one of them, including the mulattoes, the quadroons, the octaroons, and all the other non-whites, that, after the 4th of July, 1876, their presence would be no longer required nor tolerated, north of the northern boundary of Mexico, and by assisting them to a limited extent to get somewhere (it would matter very little where) south of that south-moving boundary:" or second, by colonizing "all impure-complexioned persons, of whatever nationality, whether black or brown, whether negroes, or Indians, or Chinamen, or bi-colored hybrids, now resident in the United States, (for the present, at least,) in a territory by themselves, in Texas or in Arizona, for instance, and there, under suitable regulations, required to remain strictly within the limits assigned them." Such are the practical steps mercifully recommended by Mr. Helper to begin with. Should these fail, or be found to involve too much trouble and inconvenience, he has still a third remedy, at which he hints in his sixth chapter, significantly entitled, "A Score of Bible Lessons in the Arts of Annihilating Effete Races." If that method too, should prove impracticable, there still remains as a last resource, the cruel remedy that we have ourselves suggested.

* NOJOQUE: A QUESTION FOR A CONTINENT. By Hinton Rowan Helper, of North Carolina, Author of "The Impending Crisis of The South." New York: George W. Charleton & Co., Publishers. San Francisco: H. H. Bancroft & Co.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

IN BONDS. A Novel. By Laura Preston. A. Roman & Co., Booksellers, Publishers and Importers, 417 and 419 Montgomery street, San Francisco. 17 Mercer street, New York. 1867.

It is very difficult to read this novel through, without conceiving the snspicion that it is either the work of two writers of very different powers, or of the same writer at two widely different stages of culture and intellectual developement. Up to the commencement of the sixteenth Chapter, the critical reader looks in vain for the first indication of even that very moderate share of talent and skill discernible in the work of the hack novelist of the second and third rate periodicals. Nothing can be more flat and jejune than the narrative up to the point mentioned. The dead insipidity of those first fifteen chapters is unrelieved by a single striking bit of description, an observation or reflection worth the trouble of recording, or even an occasional neatly turned paragraph. The characters, thus far introduced and developed, are the stiffest and most wooden of lay figures, destitute of any sign of life, or any touch of nature. The style is that of a school girl's compositiou, at that period of her training when she is most helplessly under the spell of the "fatal adjective;" and the reader finds none of these indications of crude power, or undeveloped genius, which hold forth promise of something better in the future, when the taste shall have had time to mature, and observation and experience shall have exerted their legitimate influence.

But in the sixteenth chapter, a most remarkable change makes itself perceptible. The style suddenly becomes clear and vigorous, the narrative begins to wax interesting, the new characters introduced are, most of them, well conceived, graphically sketched, and consistently sustained, while the old ones undergo a corresponding transformation. The Claude Leveredge, of the first part of the book, is nothing more than a stock piece of melo-dramatic furniture, who rolls his eyes, struts, and declaims bifalntin hosh: but the individual bearing the same name, who reappears at Norton Holmes' plantation, is a powerful, and not altogether an unnatural character, who, if he occasionally talks in a somewhat stagy dialect, does not overdo the matter more than is conceivable of heroes of his peculiar type in real life. Miss Adela Holmes, "Aunt Tildy," and Asenith Bray, the Quakeress, all of whom make their first appearance in the sixteenth and seventeenth chapters, are sketched with the skill of a practiced novelist. Adela Holmes, especially, is a character of decided originality, yet delineated in such a manner as to impress the reader with a full belief in her reality. Thus, from the moment when the theater of action is transferred to the plantation, the story assumes an entirely new aspect.

If we were to pass literary judgment upon the anthor of "In Bonds," from the evidence of the first fifteen chapters, we should pronounce her altogether wanting in the qualifications necessary in a writer of fiction, and earnestly advise her to refrain from any further attempt in that direction; while, if our verdict were to be founded upon the later portion of the story, it would be that, regarded as the work of a beginner, the novel gives indications of uncommon talent. How the same person who drew so preposterous a character as that of Harold De Grey, and the uncertainly sketched and feeble, or ridiculous, individualities by which he is surrounded, could have invented and sustained Adela Holmes, her odd aunt, and the good Quakeress, is a puzzle that we cannot solve; and we are equally at a loss to understand how a writer capable of giving such clever and spirited sketches of plantation life as this volume contains could have penned and published anything so juvenile as many of the scenes and conversations in the opening chapters—as that, for instance, so provocative of mirth, though evidently designed to produce quite a different effect, where the melo-dramatic Claude informs "La Guerita" that "this hand in a foolish, boyish quarrel, drew life-blood once," etc., and threatened that it "should yet draw your heart's bitterest tears," etc, adding the terrific declaration; "I am not one to utter meaningless threats, and remember, as surely as there is a God in Heaven you shall have bitter cause to rue the hour in which you have slighted and scorned Claude Leveredge," and concluding his speech with a long-winded poetical quotation. The idea of setting a man to spouting poetry, in such a terribly earnest scene as the author evidently meant the one in question to be, is not, however, more preposterous than many of the scenes and incidents that precede the point where the heroine resolves upon her scheme of expiation—the most preposterous thing of all, besides being practically impossible, since it would puzzle even so accomplished a lawyer as the author evidently desires us to understand Ernest Gordon to have been, to draw up a document, by signing which a free person could "enter into bonds."

The most favorable judgment we can honestly pronounce upon this novel is, that if it is a first attempt, and the author a very young person and an inexperienced writer, it is a creditable performance as indicating talent and giving promise of something better in the future; but, estimated by any positive standard, with sole reference to its intrinsic merits as a whole, it is by no means worthy of the admirable dress in which the publishers have arrayed it.

MISS RAVENEL'S CONVERSION FROM SECESSION TO LOYALTY. By J. W. De Forrest, Anthor of "European acquaintance," "Sea Cliff," etc., etc. New York: Harper & Brothers, Publishers. 1867. San Francisco: H. H. Bancroft & Co.

"Sea Cliff," though a novel, or rather a romance, of marked originality and uncommon power, failed for some reason, to gain that degree of popularity, which one would naturally have predicted from its elements of mystery and strong sensational interest. Possibly, the public taste for the modern ultra-sensational shool of fiction, had not yet been cultivated up to the point of full appreciation of the strange, the startling, the horrible, and the preposterous, which it has now attained. At any rate, although the "villain" of "Sea Cliff," was quite as striking as the most accomplished and fascinating of Miss Braddon's; although the plot was wrought with singular skill, exciting intense curiosity at the outset, and successfully baffling it until the denouement; although several of the characters, though certainly such as are fortunately strange and rare in real life, were drawn with so much artistic talent that they scarcely impressed the reader as being unnatural, until the volume was finally closed, and the spell of the narrative broken; in spite of all these elements of popularity, Mr. De Forrest's romance was not extensively read, and is now little known.

Those, however, who retain any distinct recollection of "Sea Cliff," will find a surprise in "Miss Ravenel's Conversion." In several respects, the latter is one of the very best novels ever written in America, but there is not a trace of exaggeration or sensationalism in it. The style is brilliant, yet pure, the dialogue is admirable, and upon the whole, we think, better than that of any living writer of fiction, except "George Eliot." It is animated and sparkling, yet never studied or artificial; and it is perfectly natural and colloquial, without ever becoming insipid. It is also perfectly characteristic and individual. No two characters talk alike, and not one talks "like a book." Doctor Ravenel is wise and full of philosophic insight, yet he never lectures, or becomes a bore. His daughter's conversation is that of an intelligent, quick-witted high-bred woman—but is always unmistakeably feminine; while Col. Carter's talk belongs so thoroughly to his character, that one needs no description of the man after listening to him for a quarter of an hour. The characters, are few, but they are admirably drawn; or rather, they are photographed. One cannot convince himself that the sagacious and delightful "doctor," the simple, but high-minded "Colburne," the bluff, reckless, "honorable," but not high principled, "Carter," the Virginian and West Pointer, are not real personages. As to Mrs. Larue, she is worthy of Thackeray. Of plot, or mystery, or sensational climax, the novel has none. It is a plain, straight-forward narrative, without an incident that is improbable, or a character, unless, possibly, Mrs. Larue, that is in the least overstrained. Indeed, the air of reality that pervades

the book is so strong that the reader feels throughout that it is a narrative dealing with incidents witnessed by the writer, and with persons he knew. The battle scenes are very different indeed from the rhetorical descriptions of *Times'* correspondents which have been so highly esteemed. They are simple and soldierly, but far more effective than any of the wordy pictures of Headley or Russell, The defence of the fort in Louisiana, the battle in which Colburne is wounded, that in which Carter fell, together with the military movements that immediately precede it, are described in a manner so luminous that the reader, however unskilled in such matters, understands it all, and in a style so graphic, that he seems to be an eye-witness. But the author's familiarity with military affairs is no greater than his knowledge of the political machinery by which they are so much controlled, and the influences by which promotion is often secured. The Governor who finds himself compelled by party pressure, in opposition to his own inclination and conscience, to give a regiment to a man whose incompetence and ignorance are known, and whose actual cowardice has been proved in the field, is no fancy sketch; and the whole situation is set forth in detail, in such a way as to leave no doubt that the writer is describing an actual occurrence.

Of the characters, Carter is the most thoroughly life-like, and the most carefully studied, From his first appearance at the Whitewood dinner-party to the end, his every word and act are consistent and characteristic. To have delineated with complete success, this man of such chivalrous honor as a soldier, yet so weak in principle outside of his profession, of good impulses and shameful vices, of dauntless courage and utter infirmity of purpose, a man who loathes the thought of dishonor yet defrauds the government, who truly loves his young wife yet yields to the blandishments of an artful woman whom he does not love, nay, whom he positively dislikes, to have achieved a perfect picture of such a man, physically, mentally, morally, so that every reader knows his countenance, and becomes his familiar acquaintance, to have shown in him the subtle play and conflict of good and evil, and to have worked up the entire character with such insight and impartial skill, that it is as impossible wholly to dislike, as thoroughly to admire the man, to have done all this as Mr De Forrest has done it, is certainly proof of rare talent, though not of the ideal genius of a great novelist.

There are a number of passages and descriptions which we had marked for quotation, and among them a portion of the very amusing, and, at the same time, instructive sketch of Doctor Ravenel's experiment in organizing freedman labor on a Louisiana plantation, but we cannot make room for them at present.

Aunt Margaret's Trouble; a Tale of Love, Selfishness and Retribution. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers. San Francisco: A. Roman & Co.

The authorship of this charming story, which has enjoyed the rare distinction of receiving unstinted praise at the hands of such high critical authority as the *Saturday Review*, is attributed to a daughter of Charles Dickens. It is pervaded by an atmosphere of delicacy, truth, and tenderness, not to be found in the works of the popular novelists of the day. We are gratified to note, however, in several quarters, indications of a reaction against exaggerated and sensational fiction. Such a reaction has indeed actually begun, and we are not without hope that the time will come when such tales as this will be more in demand than romances of the Miss Braddon school. But there will have to be a marked improvement in the popular taste, and a healthier tone of popular sentiment before this will be the case.

Neighbor's Wives. By J. T. Trowbridge, Author of "Neighbor Jackwood," "Father Brighthopes," etc. Boston: Lee & Shepard. San Francisco: H. H. Bancroft & Co.

Mr. Trowbridge commenced this story as a serial in *Northern Lights*, which was founded as a rival of the *Atlantic Monthly*, but ceased to shine, after two monthly illuminations we believe. The author however, completed it, and it is now published in a handsome volume. It is one of the best of that class of stories of New England life, that though of comparatively recent origin, constitute the most distinctive and characteristic feature of our literature. The characters all belong to the soil, and are drawn with strength and fidelity, and the story, though carried on with an air of sober truthfulness, is neither tame, nor lacking in incident. It belongs to the realistic, rather than the romantic school; and though in the *denouement*, rewards for the good, and punishments for the guilty are not distributed in the orthodox manner of the old-fashioned novelists, the moral tone of the book is thoroughly sound and wholesome. In vindication of his departure from the venerable melodramatic usage of killing of all the villains and bestowing fortune and matrimonial felicity upon the virtuous, Mr. Trowbridge offers the suggestion that perhaps the greatest punishment of all, in the sight of a higher wisdom, is to permit the guilty to live on, unrepentant and unchecked, a life of selfishness and sin.

A number of book notices prepared for the present issue of the Californian, are reserved until next week for lack of space.

[For the Californian.]

THE INSULT TO THE FLAG. TEMPEST IN AN EGG SHELL.

[COMPILED FROM VARIOUS SOURCES.]

BY DOGBERRY.

IT will be recollected that on the Fourth of July it was reported that an egg was thrown by two Englishmen, from the windows of the Russ House, striking one of the national ensigns in the procession. The following telegrams received at Washington, relative to the affair, will serve to show how the aggravating features of the supposed insult have been gradually modified, until at last the tempest has ended where it commenced—in an egg shell. The spirit of the Press in relation to this ovlary insult, is also shown by the various editorials relative to the affair.

FIRST DISPATCH.

Our flag, borne in the Fourth of July procession, has been insulted! By an egg!! A rotten egg! Projected from the windows of the Russ House, by two Englishmen from Victoria!!! We demand redress! Down with the English! Make them apologize! Call out the army and navy!! Let the guns of Alcatraz be pointed at the Russ House!!

EDITORIAL.

We call the attention of our readers in to-day's paper, to the outrageous and flagitious insult offered to our glorious flag, by two Englishmen, from Victoria, on the Fourth of July. An insult like this, on such an occasion, and in time of profound peace, should be promptly apologized for, or promptly punished. Are these haughty Islanders emboldened to commit such an act on account of the presence of their iron-clad frigate, now lying in our harbor? What is our government about? What is our government for anyway, if not to keep the stars and stripes intact from ancient and addled eggs, thrown by the arms of vain-glorious Britons.

SECOND DISPATCH.

The egg in question was not thrown by the two Englishmen, but by Miss Katy Mack. They put her up to it. *A bas* ze Ingleso! Let the guns of Alcatraz be pointed at the English Consulate!!

EDITORIAL.

The fact that the two Englishmen from Victoria induced a giddy young girl, a Miss Mack, to throw a rotten egg at the starry flag, the pride and boast of every American citizen, only renders their conduct still more disgraceful. Lacking the courage for the perpetration of the enormity themselves, they thrust it upon a young and innocent female. Shame upon such brutes!

THIRD DISPATCH.

The egg was not rotten! It was boiled!! Miss Mack threw it on her own responsibility.

Our English friends were not to blame.

Down with the Irish!

EDITORIAL.

With a view, perhaps, of mitigating the enormity of the insult offered on the Fourth to our glorious stars and stripes, now waving triumphantly throughout the entire length and breadth of this Union, it has been asserted that the projected egg was not rotten, but boiled—boiled hard. Does the peculiar character of the interior of the egg make any difference with regard to the nature of the insult. Will the Great American Nation stoop to the consideration of the contents of an egg? Never!

It appears also that the responsibility of the transaction is now shifted from the shoulders of the English to the Irish. Then let the strong arm of the Government fall where castigation is demanded.

FOURTH DISPATCH.

Katy Mack is an Irish chambermaid, belonging to the Russ House. She has been promptly discharged by the indignant, enraged, and patriotic proprietors. The insult offered our glorious flag, is avenged—washed out! Hooray!!

EDITORIAL.

Our citizens will probably receive, with pleasure, the intelligence that Miss Mack, the young lady of Irish birth, employed by the proprietors of the Russ House, to set regularly in order the sleeping apartments of the guests, and who, on the anniversary of our national independence, expressed her contempt for the glorious land of her adoption, "the land of the free and the home of the brave" by casting from one of the upper story windows of this palatial caravansary, a hard boiled egg, which hit the gorgeous symbol of our nationality, borne in triumph through so many bloody battles by land and sea, and never yet furled in dishonor, a flag respected wherever it is seen, from the icy and newly acquired regions of the North Pole, where the whale and walrus disport themselves in gigantic gambols, even to the regions of the sunny Pacific, where grows the palm and the cocoanut, and the dusky native unconscious of harm to any, sits himself down complacently to a meal of missionary cutlets, our citizens will rejoice, we say again, to hear that the conscientious proprietors of the Russ House promptly discharged this unpatriotic and irreverent chambermaid, who so rudely insulted the flag of the republic, by casting at it one of the tangible results of the productive efforts of our domestic fowl.

FIFTH DISPATCH.

Katy Mack didn't mean to throw the egg at the flag. She found it. She found it in a boarder's room who loved boiled eggs. Miss Mack loved boiled eggs too. She took it. She wrapped it in her handkerchief. Then she would see the procession. She ran to the window of the two Englishmen. She leaned out. She saw her sweetheart marching in the Second Artillery. She waved her kerchief at him. The egg flirted out and hit our glorious banner. Miss Mack retreated precipitately. She will have nought to do again with boiled eggs, not even on Friday. She does not now believe in eggs hard or soft. Nobody to blame. Up with the Irish!! Call back the army and navy! Return ramrods!! Apologize to the English and Irish! Pension Miss Mack for life! Present the two Englishmen from Victoria with gold medals, watches, plate, etc.

EDITORIAL.

The exciting and aggravating nature of the incident on the Fourth, was such, as for the time being, to cause every true lover of American liberty to become impervious to the close consideration of strict and impartial justice and investigation; consequently, censure for a period has rested on those who, in consequence of subsequent disclosures have been found to be undeserving of it. Great care should always be taken in the treatment of topics like these to avoid anything which may be of an irritating or inflammatory nature, neither should statements of any description be made unless the facts can in the clearest manner be proven.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

AUNT MARGARET'S TROUBLE. A Tale of Love, Selfishness, and Retribution. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers, 306 Chestnut Street. San Francisco: A. Roman & Co.

Old England; its Scenery, Art, and People. By James M. Hoppin, Professor in Yale College. New York: Published by Hurd & Houghton, 459 Broome Street. San Francisco: A. Roman & Co., and H. H. Bancroft & Co.

Nojoque: A Question For a Continent. By Hinton Rowan Helper, of North Carolina, Author of "The Impending Crisis of the South." New York: Geo. W. Charleton & Co., Publishers. London: S. Low, Son & Co. San Francisco: H. H. Bancroft & Co.

Stephen Dane. A Novel. By Amanda M. Douglas, Author of "In Trust," etc. Boston: Lee & Shepard. San Francisco: H. H. Bancroft & Co.

Neighbors' Wives. By J. T. Trowbridge, Author of "Neighbor Jackwood," "Father Brighthopes," Etc. Boston: Lee & Shepard. San Francisco: H. H. Bancroft & Co.

Ned Nevins, The News Boy, or Street Life In Boston. By Henry Morgan, P. M. P. (Poor Man's Preacher) Illustrated. Fifteenth Thousand. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1867.

The Pacific Musical Gazette.—We have received the July issue of this periodical, published by Kohler & Chase. The editor has not much to record in the way of musical doings in California, for the month of June, because nothing took place, but he presents all he has to say in an acceptable form. The leading article, "Importance of Musical Culture," is well written, and contains many useful truths. The following is particularly good, though some persons might object to the influence of music for good, being said by this enthusiastic editor, to be "far more lasting than can be produced from any other source":

"The influence of music for good is most powerful, and by far more lasting than can be produced from any other source. Who has not felt on entering the House of God the awful sublimity of his position as his soul is raised to the worship of his Creator by the influence of the swelling notes of the organ? Who has not reverently bared his head as a country's hero is being borne to his long home by his comrades to the soul-inspiring strains of the march from "Saul?" Or who has not, some time in his life, been struck by some simple ballad, which recalls pleasant memories and strikes a tender chord in his heart, causing him to remember scenes and circumstances which had for years been wiped from the "tablets of his memory?"

Keep the Money at Home.—The policy of insuring in foreign companies can scarcely be considered a good one. The Fireman's Fund Insurance Company, S. W. corner of California and Sansome streets, insures on as liberal terms as any European or Eastern insurance company, and is certainly as stable as the best of them. This is one of the oldest companies in the state It numbers among its directors many of the chief business men in California. It is most desirable that every possible means should be taken to stop the leaks through which gold drains out of California, and certainly much can be done by supporting and building up home institutions, which have been tested and proved to be equal to similar ones elsewhere.

Labor and Capital.—In California, especial advantages are offered to the farmer and mechanic for the investment of their savings. Hitherto the working man has too often been forced to pay the capitalists of this city an undue per centage for the safe-keeping of his savings. Now this is all changed. The Farmers' and Mechanics' Bank of Savings, established at the corner of California and Sansome streets in the Firemans' Fund Building, offers especial advantages to those who have money to deposit. The list of directors which appears in another column must give confidence to all.

Petroleum Stoves.—Every day, the convenience and economy of these stoves are becoming more widely known, and as fast as their numerous advantages are understood, they are sure to come into general use. For small families they are especially desirable. They are portable, easily managed, and for cooking purposes far more convenient, cleanly, and serviceable than any old-fashioned stove. They can be used in a room without a chimney, and emit no smoke. Every house-keeper should call at M. B. Bullard's, No. 13, Kearney street, and inspect these admirable and invaluable stoves.

A Cosmopolitan City.—*Bon vivants* in San Francisco can dine in the restaurants of as many nationalities as can the visitors to the Paris Exposition. Most people admire the Italian *cuisine*. At G. Lazzerevich's Italian Restaurant, 515 Merchant street, a first-class Italian dinner, comprising soup, fish, entrees, wine, desert and coffee can be obtained for fifty cents.

Try Cassin's California Grape Brandy Bitters if you want to give tone to your system. There's merit in them.

"THE BEST MAN WINS HER."

I.

HID away in the loveliest part of Perthshire, nestling among the often sung Braes of Balquhidder, lies Loch Voel, upon the shores of which Rob Roy lived and died; and where, in the quiet lonely kirkyard rests "Clan Alpin's omen and her aid." There are M'Gregors still in the clachan of Balquhidder, M'Gregors who speak with glistening eye and heightened color of the chief, and amongst whom no tales are so popular as those which treat of the wild days when the clan with the "name nameless by day" was at once the terror and protection of the country. Every child knows the story of the feuds between the M'Larens and the M'Gregors, and how the Stewarts of Appin, coming to help their kinsmen, were met by the clansmen at the clachan, where Rob Roy challenged any one of the Appin to single combat, eager, by every such personal hazard, to avert the horrors of a battle. They will tell you, too, how the great Duke of Athol exhausted his time and patience in trying to catch Rob Roy; and the story of the funeral, when Lady Glenfalloch, thinking her brother was slain, sprang upon the Duke, and, dragging him from his horse, gave him such a taste of the tenderness of the M'Gregors that he took timely warning and retired, leaving Rob Roy to bury his mother in peace and quiet.

Some ten years ago, a descendant of the Rob Roy's, Helen M'Gregor, was the beauty of Balquhidder. Helen was a fair, blue-eyed, golden-haired lassie, with whom life had been one long laugh, and to whom the world seemed to bear neither frowns nor clouds. Her father, Tam M'Gregor, was a farmer, and well-to-do for his station; his son helped him on the hills, and Helen was a tidy hand in the house, quite able to take many cares off her mother's shoulders.

The cottage stood away from the clachan, near the foot of the Meal-mach. A lovely little steading it was too, with high gray rocks on one side, on the other an oak and birch wood, among the branches of which the soft summer breezes, when they had kissed the lake into a ripple of delight, would sigh, and whisper their pleasant songs of brighter and warmer lands.

Tam's cottage had served the wants of many a generation of M'Gregors, here a little and there a little being added, as the owner's family increased or his fortunes prospered. The thatch was matted together by a flourishing growth of various plants, wallflowers and house-leech predominating. Roses and honeysuckle flourished in the narrow border, and, clustering round the windows, met gay and thriving geraniums, votive offerings from the gardener at Glenbuckie, who was one of Helen's many admirers. Helen, being fancy-free herself, was wont to make a joke about love; and not caring for fairs or gatherings, escaped much of the gossip which attaches to other girls. Yet, quietly as the little maiden lived, she could no more avoid lovers than can the violet hide away her treasures from the bee. "Love will venture in whar he darna weel be seen," and accordingly Helen's lovers were neither few nor slack in making their way to the larm; while, much to the girl's discomfort, her mother took pride to herself in counting the stalwart, well-to-do lads who would take a place by the ingle-nook, and while talking to the farmer of the ewes, wool, and markets, would hope to catch a stray glance, kinder than usual, from Helen; who, however, went on with her spinning as if no eyes were seeking hers, and there were no such thing as love and wooing. And many a lad doubtless thought with Hobbie Elliott, that "whirling a bit stick wi' a thread trailing to it," was but poor and tiresome work.

One man came oftener than the rest, so often that it was whispered about that Helen and Duncan were courting, nor did Duncan attempt to deny what he wished in his inmost heart was true. He had loved Helen long, and had only waited for a farm to enter the lists openly. Now he had a farm and a decent house to take a wife to, he thought the right time had come; and soon, seeing he had the good will of both father and mother, he was content to wait patiently until some happy day when Helen's heart would waken up, and his love meet its reward. And if Ducan was patient, it was because, never having doubted his success, he experienced a sort of gratification in beating down his passion, or anticipating from a distance the time when Helen would spin upon his own hearth, and pay him back tenfold for what she made him suffer now.

The honest folk in Balquhidder called Helen a lucky lassie, and watched the courting with general interest, not unmixed with envy, for Duncan was one of the handsomest and steadiest of the young men; more than that, and what perhaps went even further among the girls, Duncan was the champion wrestler, runner and hammer thrower, and twice had he carried off prizes from the Braemer Gathering. Duncan's courting had made no further impression upon Helen when the Gathering of 185– drew on. All the world went to Braemer that year, and Duncan, much to his own surprise and the indignation of the Balquhidder people, was beaten both in wrestling and throwing by a new-comer, a young man who, by his superior style of dress and manner of speech, was evidently from a different part of the country, if not indeed of a different rank in life to that of the irate young Highlander; and when standing hot and angry after his last failure, he was by no means comforted by seeing Helen's cheeks redden under the glances of the victor, who, cap in hand, introduced himself to Tam M'Gregor as the son of his old friend, Niel Lesley, and saying that he had come to the Gatheriug on his way to Balquhidder, his father having told him of the sheep-farming there, and how, for auld acquaintance' sake, he might be able to get his lesson in the management of flocks from Tam himself, a lesson he meant to put in practice in Australia. Tam was pleased to find his friend had not forgotten him, nor was he proof against the compliment offered to his farming skill. Moreover there is never a lack of hospitality among the Celts, and Tam made his young friend welcome to the best his house afforded so long as he liked to stay.

Niel was a fair-haired, blue-eyed man, tall and light-limbed, but with the muscles and sinews of a prize-fighter. He had been at the High School in Edinburgh, was well up in modern topics, and was able to hold forth upon subjects which rarely reached the ears of the inhabitants of the Braes, except when the shooting season brought down the great folk, and the great folk brought their servants; then politics, parliaments, and the court, were familiarly discussed in every shieling.

Niel was no idler, either in work, or play, or love. Everything he set his hand to he did in the manner, we are told, sure to succeed. So no wonder that, falling in love, as he did at once, he roused what poor Duncan had waited for in vain; and, woking up the sleeping heart, brought the love-light into the sweet hazel eyes, that softened and drooped now as they had never done before any man's gaze. There was no question of love speech between the two, and yet, before the summer came, Helen had found out what a different pluce love could make the world. There had never been such heather on the hills, or bracken and wild roses on the braes, as now bloomed; the love-filter was now actiug, aud nature took tone, as it always does, from the heart.

"How bonnie you're growing, Nelly," said Tam one day. "What's come to the lassie, wife? She's breakiu' the hearts o' half the lads in the place. There 's Duncan, puir laid, fient a smile he'll gie now, but gangs as dour——"

"Wheesht, faither!" cried Helen, shutting his mouth with a rosy little palm. "Here's Duncan comin'."

As she spoke Ducan stalked up to the door. It was easy to see something had gone against the grain; the expression of his face, the tone of his voice, his very gait were changed. Helen's color deepened. Somethiug in the man's eyes struck her like a knife to the heart, and lay there rankling, making the hot blood spring to her face. But the flush faded the next moment, and a shudder shook her from head to foot, for Niel came in from the hill, and as he turned the corner of the hedge, and Duncan's eyes fell upon him, Helen saw the thick black brows drawn passionately together, the big veins start like knotted cords, and the strong teeth set hard in the nether lip. She saw this, and even then her heart sank with an undefined fear; but it was not until some days afterwards, when the braes were ringing with the mysterious disappearance of Niel Lesley, that the full significance of that look was revealed to her.

II.

Many and various were the reports circulated, until by the expiration of four days they all settled down into one strong judgment against Niel—a judgment which Helen's outburst of grief and pale stricken face unwittingly strengthened; and it was firmly believed that Niel, having won her love, had grown tired of her, and to rid himself of her and his debt of gratitude to her futher at once, had made moolight flitting. Duncan took little part in what was said, so much so, that those busy people, who are always, in all ranks, looking into their neighbors' affairs, began to hold him up as an example of unselfish generosity. There was one, however, to whom his silence had a different signification, and that was Helen, who from the day the alarm was given, had remembered that afternoon when she saw, as plainly as if written in black and white, the hatred unto death stamped in Duncan's face. She alone, watching as none other could, heard the impatient manner of speech, and saw the strange look that had come upon the man's face; and a horrible suspicion and dread filled her mind harder to bear than all the cruel things raised against Niel's character. There was one small ray of comfort left,—a colley dog she had given Niel had disappeared the same day he was missed. He must be alive if "Moss" was with him; and if he had run away, as the people said, he would scarcely take such a continual sting to his conscience, as the faithful dog must be. So, in spite of the deadly fears that would at times overwhelm her, Helen held fast by hope, hiding her anxiety as best she could by getting away amongst the hills, and wandering about where she would meet no one to pity or condole with her.

The fifth day had come; it was a busy time, too, for they were gathering the flocks off the hills previous to the shooting season, and so it came about that Helen fell in with a flock in a lonely pass on the road to Ben Ledi, and, eager to escape the sheperds, she scrambled up the banks and hid herself among the whins.

Down the pass came the sheep, filling the air with their voices, stopping now and then to snatch a mouthful of heather. Presently, glancing away to the hill side, Helen caught sight of a dog bounding down over scaur and bush; but not until it was nearer, and falling into his old trade, stood yelping and howling over the flock, waking every echo in the pass, and rousing a perfect storm of bleating, did Helen note it was "Moss."

Helen tried to whistle, but her lips were shaking and dry. Then she called him by name. The dog came rushing up to her side, licking her hands and face. As soon as she could see anything clearly through the tears that were blinding her, she saw that a blue ribbon was tied round Moss's neck, nearly hidden amongst the thick wool. Helen recognized the ribbon; it had once been hers; and she knew no hand but Niel's could have tied it there, and— But suddenly she ceased thinking. She had unfastened the string, and found a little bit of white calico, and read on it, written in blood, the words, "*Help! Reiver's Crag.*"

Helen cannot tell to this day how she got home; but in little more than half an hour the clachan was deserted, and men and women were all on their way to the Reiver's Crag, a barren rock among the mountains, from which it was said a Cumberland reiver had been flung in the old day. The miles of moss and muirland were soon crossed, and by evening Niel Lesley was rescued from a living death, and safe, but not sound, at Tam M'Gregor's. Sound, poor lad! they whispered, he never would be again.

"He had slipped over the Crag, and in going down had caught at a whin bush, which checked the impetus of his descent, and instead of going to the bottom of the cleft, he had fallen on a ledge. Here Moss had followed, but it was the fourth day before he could get the faithful dog to leave him, and bear home tidings that might save him."

Such was the account Niel gave. Time passed on and Niel was unable to walk, but his health was all right, and the doctors said he might get strong again in time. Niel never complained. It was only when pain kept him restless at night that the thought of being a cripple for life crushed him, and brought out all the training given by a good mother, and the stanch religious feeling inherent in almost every Scottish heart.

It was nearly a month since the day Niel had been carried home from the Crag. Night had just come, still, warm, and almost like twilight. Tam was smoking his pipe prepatory to his early bedtime, the women folks were knitting, and Niel, lying upon a couch the liard's sister had sent him, was reading "Rob Roy" aloud, much to Tam's perplexity, who interrupted many times with denunciations against the text. Suddenly the open doorway darkened, and Duncan stood in the entry.

"Welcome, lad," cried Tam. "Ye're jist in time to hear the havers, they buik folk pit in prent aboot the M'Gregors. Read that again, Niel, that whar he says—"

But Duncan interrupted him.

"I didna cross the door to hear lees read. I cam to speak aboot a lee, to tell ye"—and his voice grew louder and hoarser as he spoke—"to tell ye that ane ye liked weel is a leer. We're a' frien's here," he said, in a different voice, looking round.

"Ay, ay, man. Sit doon," said Tam, taking his pipe out of his mouth, aud turning to have a better look at Duncan. "Why, what ails ye, man?"

"Mickle ails me, Tam M'Gregor, and I cam on a goursome errand. I hae come to tak' awa' ye're faith in man lor evermair, and to shame a hypocrite wi' the fair truth."

Helen laid down her knitting and drew nearer Niel; Tam glanced at him too. Niel's face was crimson, and his eyes, all dilated and eager, stared up at that wild-looking man, glowering down upon him who went on speaking.

"Stop him, Helen!" shouted Niel, trying to get up, bnt failing, he pushed the girl toward Duncan. "Stop him, for God's sake! The lad's mad. He doesn't know what he's saying. Don't listen to him, Tam. He's a fine fellow, and you all hear me say it. Duncan, man, shake hands with me, and do go quietly away, and let well alone."

Duncan's answer was to drop down upon his knees by Niel's side, and, covering his face sob aloud.

"Na, na, Niel, I canna let alane. I mann tell them. Let me bide, lad; it's the fittest place. And whan I hae your forgiveness, I'll gang on my knees to the Almighty; but I canna usk Him till I have confessed my sin."

"Well, let me tell it, Duncan," said Niel, gently, layiug his hand upon the kneeling man's shoulder.

"No!" cried the other, sternly; "I'll no get the warst. Tam and Helen, I am a murderer, or as bad, for I had the thocht in my heart to take his life. Niel cut me oot wi' you, Nelly. Mad wi' jealousy, I said we'd gang to the Reiver's Crag, and the best man shall win ye. Niel wad hardly gang till I telt him I'd ca' him through the country-side for a coward, und then he went. But whan I got to the top o' the Crag, the diel got possession o' me, and catchin' him unaware I hurled him ower, thinking deed men tell nae tales. I never thocht o' the colley. Whan I heerd tell he was fund, I was like to gang mad. Every fot I thocht was a pollis; but whan, the days passed, and Niel never tauld, it was war than a' The hot burnin' coals were heaped on my heed, burnin' and smotherin' i' the brain, till this gloaming the thocht cam to make a clean breast, and then gang awa' whar I'd never see a kenned face till the day o' judgment. Oh! Niel man, ye ken what loving her is; but even you canna tell what my heart was, and how neither bluid nor damnation were ony worth if I could only ha' won her here. You canna forgie me, Nelly lass, for I hae made him a cripple; but just say, 'Duncan, I'll ask the Lord to forgie ye,' and I'll gang awa' content."

Tam was the last to hold ont the hand of forgiveness; but he, too, did so at last, and then Duncan went away.

Upon the top of the bank he turned, and, cap in hand, stood looking at the cottage. "Puir lad! he's prayin', may be," thought Mrs. M'Gregor, who had followed her old favorite to the door.

Two years afterwards, and a few weeks after Niel and Helen were married, a letter came to the former—a letter written by a comrade of Duncan's, and then they knew for the first time that he had enlisted, and, going to India with one of the gallant regiments afterwards nicknamed "Sir Colin's petticoats," the poor broken hearted lad had found the death he coveted before the walls of Lucknow, and was lying mortally wounded in the hospital, where he dictated his first and last letter to Niel, bidding him good by, and telling him to let the Balquhidder folk know the true story of the Reiver's Crag.

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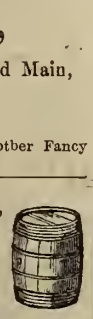

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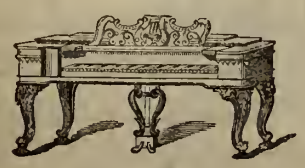

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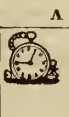

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1852. SAN FRANCISCO. **1866.**

The Proprietor of the above-named Hotel wishes to inform his patrons and the Travelling Public that he has opened that elegant Brick Fireproof Hotel, on the

S. E. Corner of Pine and Sansome streets,

With all the modern conveniences attached to it.

Gas and water are supplied throughout the House. The Rooms are well ventilated, and the Public will find in this Hotel all the comforts of a home. The Hotel is spacious, and well adapted for the use of Families. Suits of Rooms can be had on reasonable terms.

A Large Reading Room is attached to the Hotel,

Containing 500 *Volumes of Standard Works,*

Which is entirely for the use of patrons.

THE CITY COACH, with the name of the Hotel on it, will be in readiness at the Wharf, on the arrival of each steamer, to convey passengers and baggage to the Hotel, free of charge. JOHN KELLY, Jr., Proprietor.

CALIFORNIA BRASS FOUNDRY,

No. 125 First street, opposite Minna,

SAN FRANCISCO.

All kinds of Brass, Composition, Zinc, and Babbitt Meta Castings, furnished at the shortest notice. Brass Ship Work o all kinds, Spikes, Sheathing Nails, Rudder Braces, Hinges, etc., constantly on hand and made to order. Also, manufacture Ship and Steamboat Bells and Gongs of superior tone.

All kinds of Steam, Liquor, Water, Oil, and Flange Cocks and Valves made and repaired.

Hydraulic Pipes and Nozzles, and Hose Couplings and Connections of all sizes and patterns, furnished with dispatch. *PRICES MODERATE.*

V. KINGWELL. JOS. H. WEED, SAM'L WHITE.

NATURE UNVEILED,

AT THE

PACIFIC MUSEUM OF ANATOMY AND SCIENCE

Eureka Thea Montgomery street,

Between lifornia and Pine

A FEATURE OF THE PROCESSION ON THE FOURTH.

Many striking peculiarities were presented in the grand procession on the Fourth, and none more notable than the display made by the *Builders' Insurance Company*. Its mammoth triumphal car, mounted with a bust of Washington, and ornamented with paintings emblematical of Union, Industry and Progress, was filled with a score of youths dressed in gala costume, who scattered thousands of copies of an address to the multitude which thronged the sidewalks on either side, as the procession passed along. The car, which was very tasteful in design and finish, was constructed by Mr. J. D. Connell, and bore the motto, "Labor is Capital," and the proud war cry of the Builders' Insurance Company, "We save you half a Million Dollars a Year," alluding to the great reduction in the rates of insurance which that Company has caused in this State. The address, which we subjoin, is a very peculiar one and is more pregnant of political truths than either of those which were issued by the present gubernatorial candidates, and as such we bespeak the reader's careful attention to it:

ADDRESS—FOURTH OF JULY, 1867.

To the Industrial Portion of the People of Calieornia—Fellow citizens: The founders of the BUILDERS' INSURANCE COMPANY would speak home truths to you to-day.

We have done you substantial service, and have thereby qualified ourselves to offer you advice. There is a political struggle approaching, in which you toiling people have more at stake than the wealthy. A vail of delusion hangs over your vision. Issues are presented to you which are of no more substantial interest to you than the issues prevailing in Japan. Men make their love for this glorious Republic their qualification for office—for trust and for salaries. This is a spurious pretense. We all love this glorious Republic, and no thanks to us for that. Living on the people, on the strength of our 'love for the Union,' is about played out. We must demand from the men who are to be our lawmakers and our public servants, something more than a profession of their love for this Republic.

We must demand from them principles and pledges to abate abuses; diminish taxes; develop employment; encourage manufactures; oppose coolies; lead industrial enterprise; diminish the hours of labor; increase the comforts of the industrious; discourage the land-grabbers; give a tenure in the land to those who will settle on and cultivate it; protect the miner and the mechanic; encourage white immigration; assist the farmers to open roads and increase facilities of intercourse to markets.

These are among the things the people require to be done by their public servants; but how precious few of the public candidates refer at all to these important works. The sum and substance of their pretentions qualifications consist in the very important fact of their having voted some years ago for the late Mr. Lincoln, or for General McClellan! These tests are the merest delusions—mere vapor. The real questions are dodged. The real questions and the main questions for the toiling men of California are:

Shall we pay two dollars taxes to the Federal Government at Washington for the one dollar paid by the citizens of any other State of the Union? Shall we surrender this fair country to a horde of Asiatic infidels, whose leprous contact is death to our civilization and independence? Shall we work two hours a day more than is necessary, in order to support a swarm of loafers who are employed under one pretense or another as 'public servants;' one set of them collecting revenues and another of them spending it! The whole of them living on the sweat of the toilers—whom the toilers can very well do without?

Now, the candidates for public honors and public trusts in California don't touch on those topics at all. Not they! They raise up different *issues*; different *isms* to blind your eyes, Oh! Toilers.

Our advice to you, industrious bees, is to open your eyes to your true condition. Let labor at length and at last come to the front: let it be properly organized; let it be sober; let it be orderly; let it be patient. With those endowments, there is no office in the State which labor may not fill.

Law-making and legislation have been run into the ground. We have had too many law-makers, and too many laws: too much talking, and too much tinkering with the laws, so that no man is now sure what laws shall be in force in this State a year hence! Toilers, put an end to this. Try for once what the Sons of Labor can do. Try for once to do without log-rolling, wire-pulling, swapping votes and secret bribery. Let us have a man of Toil from each trade to represent the city in the Legislature.

Let us have an honest Farmer taken from the plow, like Cincinnatus, to fill the Governor's chair. Place within his horny hand the sceptre of authority, and sustain him in braving the dangers and defeats of a political encounter. Even if defeated now, your great cause will remain untarnished by debasement, unsubdued by defeat, to triumph in the end.

This is the unbought advice to you of the Managers of the BUILDER'S INSURANCE COMPANY, who will stand by your order and your interest to the last.

San Francisco, July 4th, 1867.

The BUILDER'S INSURANCE portion of the procession, when the city programme terminated, wound round a few streets and brought up at the Turn Verein Hall, on Bush street, where a handsome collation was prepared for the employées of the establishment (some twenty persons), who had formed the principal group in the procession.

Mr. Mooney, the President, when the substantial things on the board were disposed of, proposed a few toasts, with suitable remarks:

1st. The land we live in—the envy of the surrounding nations and the admiration of the world.

2d. The Government of the United States based on the affections of the people.

3d. The President of the United States, the first officer of a great people.

4th. The Builder's Insurance Company—an infant giant.

5th. The day and principles we celebrate. May those principles be speedily extended to the oppressed nationalities of Europe.

Several other toasts of a personal nature were given and responded to. Ireland, Germany, Italy and France, were duly remembered by the representatives of those countries, and the Builder's Insurance Company retired from the day's display, with new honors fairly won on a fair field of honorable competition.

May their substance increase, and their shadow be extended.

IN THE PROBATE COURT OF THE CITY AND County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the Estate of GEORGE E. PATTERSON, deceased.

Order to show cause why order of distribution should not be made.

On reading and filing the petition of J. W. Brumagin, the administrator of the estate of George E. Patterson, deceased, setting forth that he has filed his final account of his administration of the estate of said deceased, in this Court, and that the same has been duly settled and allowed; that all the debts and expenses of administration have been duly paid; and that a portion of said estate remains to be divided among the heirs of said deceased, and praying among other things for an order of distribution of the residue of said estate among the persons entitled:

It is Ordered, that all persons interested in the estate of said George E. Patterson, deceased, be and appear before the Probate Court of the city and county of San Francisco, at the Court room of said Court, in the City Hall in said city and county, on MONDAY, the twelfth day of August, Anno Domini 1867, at eleven o'clock, A. M., then and there to show cause why an order of distribution should not be made of the residue of said estate among the heirs of the said George E. Patterson, deceased, according to law.

It is further Ordered, that a copy of this order be published for four successive weeks, before the said twelfth day of August, A. D. 1867, in The Californian, a newspaper printed and published in the said city and county.

M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

Dated July 5th, 1867. jy6-5t

ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE

....OF THE....

BEIDEMAN ESTATE,

By JOHN W. BRUMAGIN, Administrator, with will annexed.

ON WEDNESDAY, JULY 24, 1867,

....AT....

MAURICE DORE & CO.'S AUCTION ROOM.

This property is situated in the most eligible portion of the city for residences, and the terms of sale are more liberal than that of any property ever offered at public sale in this city.

TERMS OF SALE:

1-4 Cash;

1-4 in One Year;

1-4 in Two Years;

1-4 Three Years.

Deferred Payments to bear interest at 8 per cent. per annum, payable quarterly, and be secured by mortgage on the property.

Catalogues of the property belonging to the *BEIDEMAN ESTATE* Are now ready, and can be obtained on application to H. F. WILLIAMS & CO., CLAY STREET, or at MAURICE DORE & CO.'S, No. 327 MONTGOMERY STREET.

N. B.—The property is all staked and posted in accordance with catalogues.

JOHN W. BRUMAGIM, Administrator, with the Will annexed, of the Estate of Jacob C. Beideman, Deceased

Dated San Francisco, May 23, 1867.

H. A. COBB, Auctioneer.

MAURICE DORE & CO., AUCTIONEERS.

Great Reduction in Rates.

OPPOSITION TO NEW YORK

VIA NICARAGUA,

Carrying the United States Mail!

THE NORTH AMERICAN S. S. CO.'S STEAMER

A M E R I C A,

Will sail for SAN JUAN DEL SUR, Nicaragua, from MISSION STREET WHARF, at 11 o'clock, A. M., on

MONDAY, - - - JULY 15th, 1867.

Connecting at Greytown with the magnificent Steamship SANTIAGO 3,000 tons, for NEW YORK.

No expense on the Isthmus—100 lbs. baggage free.

An experienced surgeon on board; medicine and attendance free.

The public are assured that there is no sickness of any kind on the Nicaragua Transit.

For further information, apply to

I. W. RAYMOND, Agent,

Northwest corner Battery and Pine streets, up stairs.

DR. N. T. WHITCOMB,

DENTIST,

No. 205 Third Street, San Francisco.

Teeth filled with fine gold, artificial bone and platina. All plate work made and repaired, of the best material, at the shortest notice and warranted. None cheaper or better on the coast. Call and examine specimens.

North Beach and South Park Cars pass the door.

N. T. WHITCOMB.

California Wines.

Vintage 1862.

THE UNDERSIGNED OFFERS FOR SALE SOME very choice Wines, of the above named vintage. That connoissours, all interested in the development of this magnificent resource of our State, and the public generally, may be convinced that California is able to produce as good Wine (when properly treated and of sufficient age) as other parts of the Wine producing regions of the globe, attention is respectfully called to these Wines, by A. S. LOWNDES, Wine Merchant, 311 Battery Street, S. F.

M. KELLER,

PROPRIETOR OF THE

RISING SUN AND LOS ANGELES VINEYARDS.

DEPOT FOR THE SALE OF HIS

NATIVE WINES AND BRANDIES,

Wine and Brandy Bitters,

BASEMENT OF MERCHANTS' EXCHANGE,

Corner of Battery and Washington Streets,

SAN FRANCISCO.

G. GROEZINGER,

DEALER IN

Native California

RED AND WHITE WINES,

Brandies, Port, Sherry, Angelica, Etc.,

N. W. CORNER OF BATTERY AND PINE STREETS,

SAN FRANCISCO.

"OUR OPERA."

CAPT. JOHN H. MAY,

615 WASHINGTON STREET, 615,

SAN FRANCISCO,

Opposite Maguire's Opera House.

JOHN TAYLOR,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN

WINES AND LIQUORS.

NO. 16 THIRD STREET,

Between Market and Stevenson Streets, San Francisco.

FAUST CELLAR,

Beer and Wine Saloon,

Southeast corner of Clay and Montgomery streets,

San Francisco.

A. L. THIELE, - - - - - - Proprietor

ALWAYS ON HAND, Wholesale and Retail, Westphalia Hams, Russian CAVIAR, Sardines, Anchovies, Swiss and Limburg Cheese, and other European Delicacies. ☞ The finest brands of Liquors, Wines and Cigars; Seltzer Water.

FISHING AND HUNTING PARTIES fitted out at the shortest notice.

WINE SALOON.

Union Saloon.—C. H. Cordes is the proprietor of the Union Saloon, Market street, a few doors south of Fremont, where is to be found the choicest wines and liquors. Mr. Cordes prides himself on his Kentucky Whisky, which is very old and oily. The "Davis" brand whisky drinkers should by all means call and test this whisky. Hot lunch is set on the table from 10 till 2.

AUSTIN KEELY. WM. HODGKINS.

Hodgkins & Keely's

UNION HALL EXCHANGE,

S. W. Corner Howard and Third Streets, San Francisco,

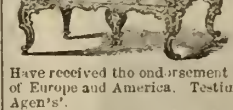
Dealers in fine Wines, Liquors and Cigars. Oysters, Clams, Chops and Steaks, cooked to order at all hours.

☞ House open all night.

MARTIN GROSTETTA,

LATE OF VIRGINIA CITY,

Would respectfully inform his friends and the public that he has purchased the WELL KNOWN SALOON previously occupied by THOS. DOYLE, 525 SACRAMENTO ST., above the What Cheer House. The best kind of Wines, Liquors and Cigars always on hand. Passengers' Stores carefully put up to order.



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Have received the endorsement of all the leading Artistes of Europe and America. Testimonials to be seen at the Agen's'.

Pianos to rent, from $5 to $10. Tuning free.

KOHLER, CHASE & CO., 421 Montgomery street.

Peet & Son,

IMPORTERS AND MANUFACTURERS OF

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No. 315 BATTERY STREET,

Nox Door to Commercial Street

SAN FRANCISCO.

THE CALIFORNIAN'S

SAN FRANCISCO BUSINESS DIRECTORY

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J. D. Arthur & Co., corner of California and Davis.

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Townsend & Wyneken, 405 California.

AUCTIONEERS.

Cobb & Sinton, 407 California street.

BALL AND RACKET COURT.

Thomas Kelly, 846 Howard street.

BILLIARD SALOONS.

A. B. Brown, 328 Montgomery street.

BOWLING ALLEYS.

Wholers & Steil, Pine and Montgomery, (Russ House

BOOKS.

E. F. Arnold, 538 Market street near Montgomery.

A. Roman & Co., 417 and 419 Montgomery street.

BOOTS AND SHOES.

Wentworth, Hobart & Co. (wholesale manufac.) 210 Pine

CARPETS.

P. F. Longhran & Co., 407 Sansome street.

CLOTHING.

H. M. Lockwood & Co., 624 Clay street.

J. R. Mead & Co., corner Montgomery and Bush streets

William Sherman, 412 Sansome, corner Commercial.

Quincy Hall, 645, 547, and 549 Washington street.

COAL OIL, LAMPS, ETC.

Dell, Crannn & Co. (wholesale) 513 Front street.

A. C. Dietz & Co., (wholesale,) 521 Front street.

DENTISTS.

Dr. Blake, removed to 645 Clay street.

Dr. Wm. B. McAllister, removed 18 Third street.

N. T. Whitcomb, 205 Third, near Howard.

DANCING ACADEMY.

Coghill's, Congress Hall, Bush, above Montgomery.

Fuller & McCarthy, 727 Market, near Third.

DRY GOODS.

Meagher, Taaffe & Co., 9 Montgomery street.

Mosgrove & Blakely, 222 Third, near Howard.

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DRUGGISTS.

Waters & Dillon, (Billiard Saloon,) 314 Montgomery st

G. G. Barnett, (Apothecary,) 330 Montgomery.

Shepardson & Gates, (successors to R. Hall & Co.,) corner Sansome and Commercial.

EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTIONS.

Pacific Business College, 751 Market street, above Third.

Prof. Williams' Commercial Academy, 869 Mission st.

FURNITURE.

Goodwin & Co., 510 and 528 Washington streets.

N. P. Cole & Co., 21 Sutter and 524 Market streets.

GROCERS.

McKee's Family store, 31 Kearny, near Post

Haskell & Co., Market and Sutter sts, below the Marke

W. M. Noble & Co., cor Howard and Twelfth streets

HATTER.

Lamott (wholesale and retail) 227 Montgomery street

HAY AND GRAIN.

J. B. Holmes & Co., 110 Market street.

HOTELS.

Brooklyn, John Kelly, Jr., Sansome, corner Pine.

Chicago, E. W. Heimburg & Co., 220 Pacific street.

John Steinmann, 323 Pine.

INSURANCE.

Accidental and Casualty, R. L. & F. Ogden, Montgomery street, corner California.

Brooklyn Life, S T King, Agent, S E cor Montg'y & Pine

Equitable Life, R. L. & F. Ogden, Montgomery, corner California.

Manhattan, R. B. Swain & Co., Agents, 206 Front, cor Cal

Firemens Fund Ins. Co., S.E. cor. Montg'y and Pine

Occidental Ins Co., S.W. cor. Montgom'y and California,

Pacific Ins. Co., 436 California street.

LADIES' BIJOUTERIE, CLOAKS, ETC.

Rosenblatt's, 123 and 125 Montgomery street.

LIVERY AND SALE STABLE.

Philip Morshead, removed to Howard, near Fifth.

White & Young, 211 Pine street.

LUMBER.

Armstrong, Sheldon & Co., corner Mission and Spear streets.

MILITARY GOODS AND REGALIA.

T. Rodgers Johnson, Odd Fellow's Hall, 325 Montg'ry st.

NOTARY PUBLIC,

H. S. Tibbey, 604, Montgomery street.

PHOTOGRAPHIC GALLERIES.

New York, B. F. Howland proprietor, 25 Third street, below Market.

PIANOS, MUSIC, ETC.

M. Gray, 613 Clay street.

W. S. Pierce, removed to 524 Market, opposite Second

C. Wellerhold & Co., 685 Market near Third.

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Lawrence & Houseworth, 317 and 319 Montgomery st

REAL ESTATE AGENTS.

Daly & Hawkins, 120 Montgomery street.

Dam & Sutherland, 320 Montgomery.

Geo. W. Chapin, 338 Montgomery.

John Pforr, 328 Montgomery.

RESTAURANTS.

Bivalve, Nolting & Spreen, 640 Market, near Kearny.

Ladies' Refreshment Saloon, Swain & Brown, 636 Market

Magnolia, 143 Third street.

Market, by Felix and Gustave Besson, 520 Merchant.

Helvetia, Johnjury & Bros., 524 Merchant street.

Sav[illegible]sun's, 506 Montgomery street.

SALOONS.

Russell & Holding's Exchange, 622 Market street

Charter Oak, Frank Kelly, N E cor Third and Howard

Razzetti & Co.'s, 527 Washington, above the Market.

Jones' Sample Rooms, S. E. cor. Montgomery and Cal.

V. Squarza, 44 Leidesdorff street.

Coates & Henderson, 37 Sutter street.

SCALES.

Fairbanks & Hutchinson, Depot for Fairbanks' Scales 120 California street.

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Grover & Baker, R. G. Brown, 116 Montgomery.

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WATER-CURE INSTITUTE.

Dr Bourne's Pioneer, 10 Post, near Montgome[illegible]

A Physician's Appetite.—The following extraordinary but well authenticated statement appars in the Londou *Medical Times*:

The celebrated Dr. Fordycee dined every day for more than twenty years at Dolly's chop-house. His researches in comparative anatomy had led him to conclude that man, through custom, eats oftener than nature requires, one meal a day being sufficient for that noble animal, the lion. At 4 o'clock, his accustomed hour of diuing, the Doctor regularly took the seat at a table always reserved for him, ou which was placed a silver tankard fu'l of strong ale, a bottle of port a measure containing a quarter of a pint of brandy. Th moment the waiter announced him the cook put a pound and a half of rump steak on the gridiron, and on the table some delicate trifle as a *bon bouche* to serve until the steak was ready. This was sometimes half a broiled chicken, somestimes a plate of fish. When he had eaten this he took one glass of brandy, and then proceeded to devour his steak. When he had fiuished his meal he took the remainder of his braudy, having during his dinner drank the tankard of ale, and afterwards the bottle of port. He thus daily spent an hour and a half of his time, and then returned to his house in Essex street to give his six o'clock lecture on chemistery. He made no other meal until his return next day at four olclock to Dolly's.

Market Street Homestead Association, J. S. Luty, Secretary, Office, 305 Montgomery street, corner of Pine.

Tyler Brothers,

691 Market st., cor. Third, SAN FRANCISCO,

Importers, Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
SCHOOL BOOKS,
STATIONERY,
PHOTOGRAPH ALBUMS,
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PORTFOLIOS,
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ESPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO
LADIES' STATIONERY,
Which we Stamp with Initials
WITHOUT EXTRA CHARGE.
WEDDING AND VISITING CARDS
Engraved, Written or Printed.

THE CELEBRATED PIANOS

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J. B. DUNHAM, F. C. LIGHTE & CO.,
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Are warranted for FIVE YEARS, and indorsed by the LEADING PIANISTS of AMERICA as SUPERIOR IN STRUMENTS.
Sole Agents— C. WIEDERHOLD & CO., 685 Market street, near Third.

JOHN HAGAN,
Marble - Worker,
MARKET ST, OPPOSITE LINCOLN SCHOOL HOUSE, between Fifth and Sixth.

Marble Mantels, Grates, Monuments, Head-stones, Cemetery Copings, and all kinds of Marble Work executed on most reasonable terms. Particular attention paid to the placing of Tombstones at Lone Mountain or Calvary Cemeteries. N. B.—Country orders promptly attended to.

WM. WORTHINGTON,
House and Sign Painter,
Dealer in
PAINTS, OILS, GLASS, &C., &C.,
735 Market Street.
Between Third and Fourth streets, San Francisco.

AMERICAN HOTEL,
Main street, . . Petaluma.
EMERSON & LAMBERTON, Proprietors.

WANTED AGENTS.—$250 per month The Year Round, or 900 Per Cent Profit on Commission. We *guaranty* the above salary or commission to active industrious agents at their own homes, to introduce an article of *indispensable utility* in every household. For full particulars call on, or address
C. W. JACKSON & CO., 11 South St., Baltimore, Md

NATHANIEL GRAY & CO.,
UNDERTAKERS,
CITY AND COUNTY SEXTON,
641 Sacramento street, Corner of Webb
Sole agents for BARSTOW'S PATENT METALLIC BURIAL CASES and CASKETS.

Petrolcum Stoves.

THE ATTENTION OF HOUSEKEEPERS AND PEOPLE rooming is called to the use of
MORRILL'S
PETROLEUM STOVES,
Which can be used in any room with or without chimneys, as
IT EMITS NO SMOKE, SOOT OR ASHES.
It is a superior Cook. In fact, it does all kinds of Stove work as well as any (and better than most) stoves. It is perfectly safe. The State Assayor having thoroughly tested these Stoves, pronounced them non explosive. For sale at No. 13 Kearny street.
M. B. BULLARD, Proprietor.

M. B. B. is also agent for MORRILL'S
UNIVERSAL OIL STOVE
Which burns COAL OIL, BENZINE, or NAPTHA, with blue flame, non-luminous, intense heat. There are seven sizes No. 1 ie adapted to boiling water, heating glue, and Dentist's work, etc. No. 2, with Urn for hotels, saloons, boarding houses, barbers, etc. No. 3 to 8 for all kinds of cooking, which they do in a superior manner. They are as easily managed as a lamp, perfectly safe and economical. They can be seen and are for sale at 13 Kearny street

LAMPS.
I have PATENT BURNERS that can be used with any lamp to burn Coal Oil, or the lighter products of Petroleum, with PERFECT SAFETY, and GREAT ECONOMY. I have also a HAND LAMP (to carry about the house) that will burn a flame equal to a candle, with no more smoke or odor, at an expense of ONE CENT for EIGHT HOURS.
N. B.—I am also agent for Huck's celebrated Self-Generating Gas Lamps. M. B. BULLARD.

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STEAMSHIPS FOR
NEW YORK, JAPAN AND CHINA,
WILL BE DISPATCHED AS FOLLOWS:
Leave Brannan street Wharf at 11 o'clock A. M. of the following dates, for PANAMA, connecting *via* Panama Railroad, with one of the Company's splendid steamers from ASPINWALL for NEW YORK.
On 10th, 18th, and 30th of each month that has 30 days.
On 10th, 19th, and 30th of each month that has 31 days.
When the 10th, 19th and 30th fall on Sunday, they will leave on Saturday preceding; when the 18th falls on Sunday, they will leave on Monday following.
Steamer leaving San Francisco on the 10th touchee at Manzanillo. All touch at Acapulco.
Departure of 19th connects with French Transatlantic company's steamer for St. Nazaire, and English steamer for South America.
Departure of 10th connects with English steamere or Southampton and South America, and P. R. R. Co.'s steamer for Central America.
STEAMERS FOR JULY.
July 19—CONSTITUTION, Capt. E. S. Farnsworth, connecting with ARIZONA, Capt. Maury.
Jnly 30—GOLDEN CITY, Capt. W. F. Lapidge, connecting with the OCEAN QUEEN, Capt. Conner.
Passengers will be berthed through. Baggage checked through—100 pounds allowed each adult.
Surgeon on board. Medicine and attendance free.
These steamers will positively leave at 11 o'clock. Passengers are requested to have their baggage on board before 10 o'clock.
Through tickets to Liverpool by the "Cunard," "Inman" and "National" Steamship Lines can be obtained P. M. S. S. Co.'s office in San Francisco.
For Merchandise Freight apply to Wells, Fargo & Co.
The splendid steamship GREAT REPUBLIC will be dispatched on September 3d, and will be followed by the CHINA, on October 14th, from wharf, corner of First and Brannan streets, for YOKOHAMA and HONGKONG; connecting at Yokohama with the steamer COSTA RICA, for SHANGHAI.
For Passage and all other information, apply at Pacific Mail Steamship company's office, corner of Sacramento and Leidesdorff streets.
OLIVER ELDRIDGE, Agent.

IF there is a Florence Sewing Machine within a thousand miles of San Francisco, that is not giving entire satisfaction, if I am informed of it, it will be attended to without express charge or expense of any kind to the owner. Samuel Hill, Agent, 111 Montgomery St., San Francisco.

HORN OF PLENTY.

ONE THOUSAND BOXES
OF THIS CHOICE
Celebrated Brand
....OF....
TOBACCO!
JUST RECEIVED.
Far Superior to any Ever
BEFORE
OFFERED IN THIS MARKET.
FOR SALE BY
B. C. HORN,
Corner of Clay and Montgomery streets, San Francisco.

COCK OF THE WALK!
This Favorite Brand,
THE FIRST
That has Been Received in this Market,
JUST RECEIVED AND FOR SALE
....BY....
J. C. HORN & CO.,
Corner Front and Clay streets, San Francisco.

WM. O. BREYFOGLE.
(Successor to WARE & MOSHER,)
NO. 26 CALIFORNIA STREET,
Manufacturer and Dealer in
SASH, DOORS, BLINDS & SHUTTERS,
From Kiln-Dried Lumber—at the Lowest Rates.
Orders from the country will receive prompt attention

Whiskers and Mustaches!

FORCED TO GROW UPON THE SMOOTHEST FACE face in from three to five weeks by using Dr. SEVIGNE'S RESTAURATEUR CAPILLAIRE, the most wonderful discovery in modern science, upon the Beard and Hair in an almost miraculous manner. It has been used by the elite of Paris and London with most flattering success. Names of all purchasers will be registered, and if entire satisfaction is not given in every instance, the money will be cheerfully refunded. Price by mail, sealed and post paid, $1. Descriptive circulars and testimonials mailed free. Address
BERGER, SHUTTS & CO., Chemists,
No. 285 River street, Troy, N. Y.,
Sole Agents for the United States.

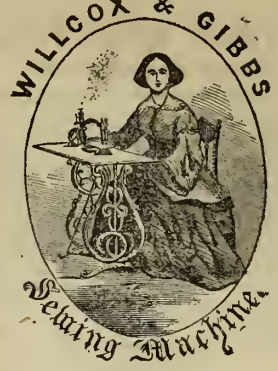
J. CUTBERLET,
CUSTOM
BOOT AND SHOE STORE,
—ALSO—
FRENCH SCREWED BOOTS AND SHOES,
No. 546 Washington Street, near Montgomery Street
The Finest quality of CUSTOM WORK neatly executed. Always on hand other fine work ready made.

CORNS!
DR. V. POPPER,
Surgeon Chiropedist
No 20 Montgomery street, between Post and Sutter, San Francisco. Office hours from 9 A. M to 5 P. M.
Offers his services to the public as an Operator on such excrescences as hard and soft corns, enlarged joints, club nails, bunions, nails penetrating the flesh, warts, etc.

McDOUGALL & MARQUIS,
Architects,
328 Montgomery street, San Francisco.
R. M'DOUGALL. J. MARQUIS.

Refers to Messrs. Elam & Howes, Clay street, below Battery; Messrs. Hatch & Co., (R. W. Brangon & T. H. Hatch,) Washington street below Battery; A. J. Coghill, Esq., Front street, corner of Clay; Wm. J. Adams, Esq., (Adams, Blinn & Co.,) Piers 17 and 19, Stewart street; Joseph Rich, Esq., Bush street below Turnverein Hall; Hon. M. S. Latham, London and San Francisco Bank; Wm. B. Johnston, Esq., Insurance Building, 412 and 414 Montgomery street; James Brooks, Esq., Editor "Golden Era."

ZEITSKA & SHEPPARD,
Merchant Taylors,
NO. 610 CLAY STREET,
Near Montgomery,
SAN FRANCISCO.



GRAND TRIAL
....OF....
SEWING MACHINES,
CONTEST BETWEEN THE
FLORENCE AND WILLCOX & GIBBS.
THE
WILLCOX & GIBBS
TRIUMPHANT!

At the Great UNION FAIR, held at Island Park, between Albany and Troy, in September, two Premiums were offered on Sewing Machines, one for the best and the other for the "Second Best"—competition being open to the State.

On the first day of the Fair, the Troy Agent of Florence Sewing Machine Company, having, jointly with the Albany Agent of the same Machine, entered it for competition, published in the Troy Daily Times a challenge to Agents of other Sewing Machines, to meet them at said Fair and compete with them for the Premium.

The challenge was accepted by the Troy and Albany Agents of the Willcox and Gibbs Machine.

Each party was to prepare and subject to the judges a "list" of the several "points of merit" on account of which "superiority" was claimed. These "points" were to be separately considered, thoroughly investigated and practically tested, by work done then and there, upon each of the machines; and then decided in favor of the machine which was adjudged to excel on that "point."

Finally it was agreed that the machine which, at the conclusion of the trial, should be found to have the greatest number of those "points" decided in its favor should be decided the "Best Sewing Machine," and awarded the First Premium.

The result of the trial was, that the

WILLCOX & GIBBS WON THE VICTORY

and the prize, by the extraordinary superiority of thirty-five points, decided in its favor, against two points in favor of the Florence.

Full notes were taken of the trial.

It is a fact worthy of remark, that during the entire trial—which continued without intermission for nearly seven hours—not a stitch was missed, nor the thread once broken, nor a needle broken or bent, by the Willcox and Gibbs machine. No kind of work was attempted to be done on it that was not accomplished, and done in a perfect and workmanlike manner; and no effort was made on it that was not entirely successful; while neither of these statements can be truly made in favor of the Florence.

This remarkable trial can not fail, through the facts developed by it, to be productive of important results. It has raised the veil and exposed to public view the true character of the opposition, who will no longer be able to deceive the public by misrepresenting the character and merits of the Willcox and Gibbs machine.

It is an improvement on double thread machines; and its "stitch," which was severely tested by the Judges, was decided to be much stronger and less liable to rip in use or wear than the "Lock Stitch."

It is the simplest in construction—does the greatest variety of work—makes no noise—is not liable to get out of order—costs the least money, and gives the the best satisfaction.

☞ Full reports of this trial sent free to any address.

☞ **Country Agents solicited.**

SAMUEL SWIFT,
General Agent for the Pacific Coast,
203 Kearny Street,
San Francisco.

MOYNIHAN & AITKIN,

Portland Boiler Works,

311 AND 313 MISSION STREET,

Between Beale and Fremont streets, San Francisco.

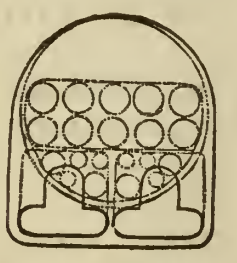
Manufacturers of Steam Boilers, high or low pressure—Cylinder, Tubular or Flue; Sheet Iron Work; Steam and Water Pipe of the best quality, and at more reasonable prices than any other establishment on the Pacific Coast.

Being Practical Boiler Makers, of long experience, confining our whole time and attention to our branch of business, and having enlarged our works, and also added the most improved tools in the country, we are enabled to turn out Boilers more expeditiously than any other establishment on the Pacific Coast—using none but the best quality and brands of Boiler and Sheet Iron and Boiler Tubes. Those in want of anything in the above line will do well to give us a call. Orders from the country will receive prompt attention.

All work warranted according to order. Particular attention paid to Repairing Steam Boilers.

T. J. MOYNIHAN, } Proprietors.
JAS. AITKEN, }

NEPTUNE IRON WORKS.



Corner Mission and Fremont streets, San Francisco.

MARINE, LOCOMOTIVE AND ALL KINDS OF

HIGH-PRESSURE STEAM BOILERS

Manufactured.

The proprietor imports his own C. H. and B. Iron across the Isthmus, and Tubes of every size. Other parties can never blockade the market. He has made arrangements with the best houses in the East to furnish him with everything in the shape of Iron he wants.

All Boilers guaranteed and tested by U. S. Boiler Inspector before they are sent out of the shop, at my expense. ☞ All kinds of Sheet Iron and Water Pipe, Coal Oil Stills, Wrought Iron Worms, etc., manufactured to order. OLD BOILERS REPAIRED.

D. CAMERON.

PIONEER IRON SHUTTER WORKS.

Established 1849.

John Upstone,

MANUFACTURER OF FIRE-PROOF

Doors and Shutters,

Bank Vaults, Balconies, Gratings, Prison Cells, Awnings, Stairs, Iron Fence, etc,

Corner of California and Drumm Streets,

SAN FRANCISCO.

Constantly on hand a large assortment of second hand Fire-Proof Doors and Shutters.

I. H. SMALL,

Machine Shop,

BUILDER OF

Steam Engines, Saw Mills, Mining Machinery,

Also, I H. Small's Patent Boot Screwing Machine

Gears of all kinds Cut at Short Notice,

And at Greatly Reduced Prices.

Repairing of all kinds done with Promptness and Dispatch.

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THEODORE KALLENBERG,

No. 416 Market Street, - - - San Francisco,

Machinist,

Maker of Models for Inventors, Drawing Instruments, Small Machines, Philosophical Instruments, Scales and Weights, all kinds of Brass and Iron Work.

REPAIRING PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

PRO BONO PUBLICO.

LACOUR'S

SARSAPARIPHERE

BITTERS

POSSESS INVALUABLE PROPERTIES.

They give Health to the Sick,

Strength to the Weak,

Joy to the Afflicted.

☞ SOLD EVERYWHERE. ☜

BOWMAN & CO.,
Dealers in Stoves and Tin Ware,
Main street, Petaluma.

ESTABLISHED IN 1851.

Lawrence & Houseworth,

317 AND 319 MONTGOMERY STREET,

OPTICIANS

THE LARGEST OPTICAL INSTRUMENT Establishment on the Pacific Coast. Import all their own goods direct from European and American manufacturers, and have a larger and more complete assortment than all other dealers combined.

SPECTACLES and EYE-GLASSES warranted to suit the sight in every particular.

Double sighted Spectacles, Tinted Spectacles and Brazilian Pebble Spectacles of the most approved form.

Those who have been disappointed at other establishments will certainly be pleased with the Spectacles they purchase from us.

N. B.—Inferior Glasses are not sold by us to the unwary for Brazilian Pebbles.

LAWRENCE & HOUSEWORTH,

OPTICIANS,

317 *and* 319 *Montgomery Street,*

SAN FRANCISCO.

Complete Catalogues of Optical Instruments furnished free.

D. GHIRARDELLI & CO.'S

Italian Manufactury,

415 and 417 JACKSON ST., SAN FRANCISCO,

Manufacturers and Dealers in

PLAIN, SWEET, CINNAMON AND VANILLA CHOCOLATES;

PREPARED COCOA, COCOA PASTE, CRACKED COCOA, COCOA SHELLS, etc., etc.

PURE GROUND OLD JAVA COFFEE AND COSTA RICA COFFEE;

CHARTRES AND RIO COFFEE; GREEN COFFEE OF EVERY QUALITY.

CHOICE WINES AND LIQUORS:

N. B.—Ghirardelli's Chocolate is manufactured by steam from Cocoa of the finest quality, imported direct. In excellence and delicacy of flavor, it is superior to any imported Chocolate.

HAZARD'S GUNPOWER.

Blasting and Mining Powder

AT $3 PER KEG.

SPORTING POWDER

AT REDUCED PRICES ALSO.

The Hazard Powder Company's Gunpowder has no superior.

EDWARD H. PARKER,
No. 224 California Street,
Sole Agent for Pacific Coast.

THE CALIFORNIA

Building and Savings Bank,

CALIFORNIA ST., ONE DOOR FROM SANSOME.

Capital and Deposits, - - - - - $600,000

WHICH IS LOANED ON PROPERTY.

LOANS MADE on CITY REAL ESTATE,

HOUSES, SHIPS, FACTORIES

AND MERCHANDISE.

Deposits received at one per cent. per month.

Money transmitted from the interior, by Express or Mail, passed to interest from the day of arrival, and a Certificate returned in course of post.

Strangers may deposit Bonds, Gold Dust, Coin, or Valuable Papers in the Vault, for long or short periods, at a small rent, for which valuables the Company will be accountable, THOMAS MOONEY, President.

REMOVAL. REMOVAL.

Larkins & Co.,

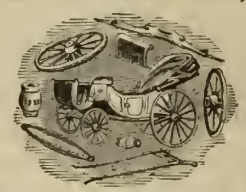
Manufacturers of every description of

CARRIAGES.

CONCORD WAGONS, Ranch Wagons and Buggies made to order. ☞ All kinds of Jobbing and Carriage Painting done at the shortest notice.

☞ New Manufactory Nos. 631 and 633 Howard street, corner of Hubbard, between Second and Third, San Francisco.

A. FOLSOM,



Carriage Manufacturer,

No. 531 CALIFORNIA STREET,

Between Montgomery and Kearny streets, San Francisco

EVERY DESCRIPTION OF CARRIAGES, EXPRESS Wagons, Buggies, etc, made to order, of the best materials and workmanship.

Repairing and General Blacksmithing done with promptness, and at prices to suit the times.

SAUL & McARRON,

Manufacturers of

STAGE AND THOROUGHBRACE WAGONS,

NO. 579 AND 581 MARKET STREET,

Near Second Street, San Francisco.

Makes to order all kinds of Carriage and Buggy Work, Express and Thoroughbrace Wagons and Stage Work.

A general assortment of new and second-hand Wagons on hand. Jobbing done with neatness and dispatch.

THE AVITOR "HERMES."

The following Report has been addressed to the Pattentee of the Avitor, by G. K. Gluyas, Esq., President of the Mechanic's Institute, and Superintending Engineer of the California S. N. Company.

Report of the Construction and Prospects of the

"AVITOR:"

SAN FRANCISCO, June 7, 1867

F. MARRIOTT, ESQ—Dear Sir:—Having visited on Wednesday last, the Avitor building, at Shell Mound Park, and inspected the machine, I take the pleasure in recording my impressions in favor of this invention. I was careful to learn details, and to study the Avitor, in order to speak, so far as I might be, with knowledge; and I am satisfied that the principle here followed is the right one.

The machine is light, solid and well finished. I think there is needed greater capacity for holding of gas, and a modification of the machine to enable it to be compressed, that the gas-holder may the more readily be filled with pure gas. The arrangements for controlling and managing the different portions of the machinery could not be better; the engine I think adequate to perform all the services required of it. As regards the probable velocity of the Avitor, I would say nothing. Once afloat, and I see nothing to hinder its floating; it is merely a question of resistance. For an invention so novel, the Avitor has met with comparatively few practical obstacles; and when it is remembered that the difficulties in the way of Fulton's experiment were much greater than those that have kept back the Avitor, and that the principal is in both cases equally sound it will be seen that there are good reasons for the belief that the machine, with the modifications referred to, will yet successfully navigate the air.

The experiments with petroleum as a steam generator, which, no doubt, will be successful, will furnish a compact and light fuel for generating steam. After the Avitor has been floated, there may be some slight changes of the propelling machinery suggested, but, ultimately, it must be a success. The expense to make the contemplated changes, or rather enlargement, of the machine, I think, will be under three thousand dollars.

Hoping and firmly believing in the success of your enterprise, I remain your obedient servant,

GEO. K. GLUYAS.

OPINION OF PETER DONAHUE ESQ.

I have followed with great interest, and have personally observed the construction of the Avitor. I am so thoroughly convinced of the practicability of the enterprise, and so entirely concur in the foregoing observations of Geo. K. Gluyas, Esq., respecting the two modifications to be adopted, that I have no hesitation in saying that, when these changes are made, the Avitor will answer all the purposes of its inventor, and fully realize the expectations of the public. As soon as the elevating power shall, in this way, have been perfected, the work will be completed because the propelling force is ample, the machinery for elevating and depressing sufficient, and steering apparatus in fine working order, and, in short, the whole of the Avitor is fully under the control of the operation. PETER DONAHUE ESQ.

Asphaltum Roofing.

PAVEMENTS, ROOFING,
CELLAR FLOORS, WATER HOUSES,

And all kinds of

Asphaltum Work,

Done at shortest notice, and at moderate prices, by
M. BONNET,
Office—Express Building (up stairs),
N. E. cor. Montgomery and California sts., San Francisco

OCCIDENTAL

Insurance Company,

Southwest corner Montgomery and California streets.

INDIVIDUAL LIABILITY.

Capital Stock, - - - - $300,000

LOSSES PAID IN UNITED STATES GOLD COIN.

THIS COMPANY will insure against loss by Fire on any Dwelling House, Buildings, Merchandise or other property, situated in the State of California. The largest sum they will take on any one risk is thirty thousand dollars.

C. CHRISTIANSEN, Pres't.
J. GREENEBAUM, Vice President.
B. ROTHSCHILD, Secretary.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

TO

Purify the Blood.

NOT A FEW OF THE WORST DISORDERS THAT afflict mankind arise from the corruption that accumulates in the blood. Of all the discoveries that have been made to purge it out, none have been found which could equal in effect AYER'S COMPOUND EXTRACT OF SARSAPARILLA. It cleanses and renovates the blood, instills the vigor of health into the system and purges out the humors which make disease. It stimulates the healthy functions of the body, and expels the disorders that grow and rankle in the blood. Its extraordinary virtues are not yet widely known, but, when they are, it will no longer be a question what remedy to employ in the great variety of afflicting diseases that require an alterative remedy. Such a remedy, that could be relied on, has long been sought for, and now, for the first time, the public have one on which they can depend. Our space here does not admit certificates to show its effects. But the trial of a single bottle will show to the sick that it has virtues surpassing anything they have ever taken. Sufferers from Scrofula, Scrofulous Swellings and Sores, try it and see the rapidity with which it cures. Skin Diseases, Pimples, Pustules, Blotches, Eruptions, etc., are soon cleaned out of the system.

St. Anthony's Fire, Rose or Erysipelas, Tetter or Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Ringworm, etc., should not be borne while they can be so speedily cured by AYER'S SARSAPARILLA.

Syphilis or Venereal Disease is expelled from the system by the prolonged use of this SARSAPARILLA, and the patient is left as healthy as if he never had the disease.

Female Diseases are caused by Scrofula in the blood, and are generally soon cured by this EXTRACT OF SARSAPARILLA. Price $1 per bottle, or 6 bottles for $5.

For all the purposes of a family physic, take AYER'S CATHARTIC PILLS, which are everywhere known to be the best purgative that is offered to the American People.

Prepared by DR. J. C. AYER & Co., Lowell, Mass., and sold by all Druggists and dealers in medicine everywhere.

CRANE & BRIGHAM, San Francisco,
Wholesale Agents.

PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.'S

STEAMSHIPS FOR

NEW YORK, JAPAN AND CHINA,

WILL BE DISPATCHED AS FOLLOWS:

Leave Brannan-street Wharf at 11 o'clock A. M. of the following dates, for PANAMA, connecting via Panama Railroad, with one of the Company's splendid steamers from ASPINWALL for NEW YORK.

On 10th, 18th, and 30th of each month that has 30 days.

On 10th, 19th, and 30th of each month that has 31 days.

When the 10th, 19th and 30th fall on Sunday, they will leave on Saturday preceding; when the 18th falls on Sunday, they will leave on Monday following.

Steamer leaving San Francisco on the 10th touches at Manzanillo. All touch at Acapulco.

Departure of 19th connects with French Transatlantic company's steamer for St. Nazairn, and English steamer for South America.

Departure of 10th connects with English steamers or Southampton and South America, and P. R. R. Co.'s steamer for Central America.

STEAMERS FOR JULY.

July 19—CONSTITUTION, Capt. E. S. Farnsworth, connecting with ARIZONA, Capt. Maury.

July 30—GOLDEN CITY, Capt. W. F. Lapidge, connecting with the OCEAN QUEEN, Capt. Conner.

Passengers will be berthed through. Baggage checked through—100 pounds allowed each adult.

Surgeon on board. Medicine and attendance free.

These steamers will positively leave at 11 o'clock. Passengers are requested to have their baggage on board before 10 o'clock.

Through tickets to Liverpool by the "Cunard," "Inman" and "National" Steamship Lines can be obtained P. M. S. S. Co.'s office in San Francisco.

For Merchandise Freight apply to Wells, Fargo & Co.

The splendid steamship GREAT REPUBLIC will be dispatched on September 3d, and will be followed by the CHINA, on October 14th, from wharf, corner of First and Brannan streets, for YOKOHAMA and HONGKONG; connecting at Yokohama with the steamer COSTA RICA, for SHANGHAI.

For Passage and all other information, apply at Pacific Mail Steamship company's office, corner of Sacramento and Leidesdorff streets.

OLIVER ELDRIDGE, Agent.

Great Reduction in Rates.

OPPOSITION TO NEW YORK

VIA NICARAGUA,

Carrying the United States Mail!

THE NORTH AMERICAN S. S. CO.'S STEAMER

AMERICA,

Will sail for SAN JUAN DEL SUR, Nicaragua, from MISSION STREET WHARF, at 11 o'clock, A. M., on

MONDAY, - - - JULY 15th, 1867.

Connecting at Greytown with the magnificent Steamship SANTIAGO 3,000 tons, for NEW YORK.

No expense on the Isthmus—100 lbs. baggage free.

An experienced surgeon on board; medicine and attendance free.

The public are assured that there is no sickness of any kind on the Nicaragua Transit.

For further information, apply to
I. W. RAYMOND, Agent,
Northwest corner Battery and Pine streets, up stairs.

REMOVED

To 645 Clay street, a few doors below Kearny.

DR BLAKE CAN NOW BE FOUND AT the above location. Engagements as usual can be made with all those who desire thorough and FIRST-CLASS GOLD FILLINGS.

J. C. E. KLEPZIG,

MANUFACTURER

—AND—

DEALER IN

GUNS, PISTOLS,

Sporting Apparatus,

AMMUNITION

AND GUN MATERIALS,

No. 733 Washington Street, San Francisco.

Gilding and Silver Plating of all kinds of metals ; also, Silver or Plated Ware rehurnished.

HOLBROOK, MERRILL & CO.,

IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN

STOVES, TIN-PLATE,

SHEET IRON, LEAD PIPE, PUMPS, ZINC, WIRE, AND

HOUSE FURNISHING HARDWARE.

MANUFACTURERS OF

TIN, SHEET-IRON AND COPPER WARE.

Nos. 13 and 15 Front street.....San Francisco
Nos. 176 and 178 J street..... ....Sacramento
Main street.....Austin, Nevada

CALIFORNIA Steam Navigation Company.

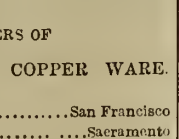
STEAMER CAPITAL.....CAPT. E. A. POOLE.
" CHRYSOPOLIS.CAPT. A. FOSTER.
" YOSEMITE.....
" CORNELIA....CAPT. W. BROMLEY.
" JULIA.....CAPT. E. CONCKLIN

One of the above steamers leave BROADWAY WHARF, at 4 o'clock P. M., *EVERY DAY*, (Sundays excepted,) for Sacramento and one for Stockton, the Sacramento steamer connecting with light-draft steamers for Marysville, Colusa, Chico and Red Bluff.

Office of the Company, northeast corner of Front and Jackson streets.

B. M. HARTSHORNE, President.

GREAT TRIUMPH!



STEINWAY & SONS

Were awarded the FIRST PRIZE MEDAL at the late great INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION AT LONDON, over the two hundred and sixty-nine Pianos entered for competition from all parts of the world.

The Special Correspondent of the New York *Times* says : "Messrs. Steinway & Sons' indorsement by the Jurors is emphatic, and stronger and more to the point than that of any European maker."

A constant supply of the above superior instruments can be found at the Agent's,

M. GRAY, 613 Clay street.

PIANO TUNING done by a first-class Workman, from Steinway & Son's Factory, New York.

IN THE PROBATE COURT of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the estate of BENJAMIN T. CHACE, deceased.

Order to show cause why order of distribution should not be made.

On reading and filing the petition of William H Hooke and William H. Gawley the Executors of the last will and testament of Benjamin T. Chace, deceased, setting forth that they have filed their final account of their administration of the estate of said deceased, in this Court, and that the same has been duly settled and allowed ; that all the debts and expense of administration have been duly paid ; and that a portion of said estate remains to be divided among the heirs and devisees of said deceased, and praying among other things for an order of distribution of the residue of said estate among the persons entitled :

It is ordered, that all persons interested in the Estate of the said Benjamin T. Chace deceased, be and appear before the Probate Court of the City and County of San Francisco, at the Court-room of said Court, in the City Hall in said city and county, on MONDAY, the 22d day of July, 1867, at eleven o'clock, A. M., then and there to show cause why an order of distribution should not be made of the residue of said Estate among the heirs and devisees of said Benjamin T. Chace, deceased, according to law.

It is further ordered, That a copy of this order be published for four successive weeks before the said 22d day of July A. D. 1857, in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper published in the said city and county.

M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

Dated June 18th, 1867. je22-5w

E. B MASTICK & T. B. BISHOP, Attorneys for said Executors.

IN THE PROBATE COURT OF THE CITY AND County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the Estate of GEORGE E. PATTERSON, deceased.

Order to show cause why order of distribution should not be made.

On reading and filing the petition of J. W. Brumagin, the administrator of the estate of George E. Paterson, deceased, setting forth that he has filed his final account of his administration of the estate of said deceased, in this Court, and that the same has been duly settled and allowed ; that all the debts and expenses of administration have been duly paid ; and that a portion of said estate remains to be divided among the heirs of said deceased, and praying among other things for an order of distribution of the residue of said estate among the persons entitled :

It is Ordered, that all persons interested in the estate of said George E. Patterson, deceased, be and appear before the Probate Court of the city and county of San Francisco, at the Court room of said Court, in the City Hall in said city and county, on MONDAY, the twelfth day of August, Anno Domini 1867, at eleven o'clock, A. M., then and there to show cause why an order of distribution should not be made of the residue of said estate among the heirs of the said George E. Patterson, deceased, according to law.

It is further Ordered, that a copy of this order be published for four successive weeks, before the said twelfth day of August, A. D. 1867, in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published in the said city and county.

M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

Dated July 5th, 1867. jy6-5t

Adams, Dentist, 423 Montgomery

TO THE UNFORTUNATE.

NEW REMEDIES! NEW REMEDIES!

Dr. Gibbon's Dispensary.

ESTABLISAED IN 1854,
616 Kearney street, corner of Commercial, San Francisco.

For the treatment of Sexual and Seminal Diseases, such as gonorrhœa, gleet, stricture, syphilis in all its forms, seminal weakness, impoteney, &c. Skin Diseases, (of years' standing,) and Ulcerated legs, successfully treated.

HORRIBLE DISEASES.

How many thousands of persons both male and female are there who are suffering out a miserable existence from the effects of secret indulgence, or from virus absorbed into the system. Look at their pallid, emaciated and disfigured faces, and their broken constitutions, disqualifying them for the happiness of marriage or the enjoyment of life. In this horrid situation thousands suffer until death closes the scene. Let parents, guardians and friends, attend to those who are suffering with any of these horrible, life-destroying maladies—see that they are cared for and cured before it be too late. Send them to Dr. Gibbon, a physician who has made private diseases his especial study for years, and who is certain to cure the most inveterate cases without mercury or any injurious drugs. It is important to those who are afflicted, to be careful of the many pretended Doctors who infest all cities, publishing their skill in curing all diseases in a few days, imposing upon the public by using the names of eminent physicians from Europe and other places. Be therefore careful and make strict inquiry, or you may fall into the hands of these charlatans.

Syphilis is syphilis the world over ; so is small pox, consumption, and other diseases, to the contrary of what quacks may say.

SEMINAL WEAKNESS.

Seminal weakness the consequent of self abuse. This solitary vice, or depraved sexual indulgence, is practiced by the youth of both sexes to an almost unlimited extent, producing with unerring certainty the following train of morbid symptoms, unless combatted by scientific medical measure ; sallow countenances, dark spots under the eyes, pain in the head, ringing in the ears, noise like the rustling of leaves and rattling of chariots, uneasines about the loins, weakness of the limbs, confused vision, blunt intellect, loss of confidence, diffidence in approaching strangers, a dislike to form new acquaintances, a disposition to shun society, loss of memory, hectic flushes, pimples and various eruptions about the face, furred tongue, fetid breath, coughs, consumption, night sweats, monomania, and frequent insanity. If relief be not obtained, should apply immediately, either in person or by letter, and have a cure effected by his new and scientific mode of treating this complaint, which never fails of effecting a quick and radical cure. Dr. G. will give $100 to any person who will prove satisfactorily to him that he was cured by either of the San Francisco quacks.

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CAUTION TO THE UNFORTUNATE.

Beware of the San Francisco quacks and pretenders who with bogus sworn-to certificates, dupe the unwary. Some of the self styled doctors whose names are to be found in all the daily and weekly papers of San Francisco and other places, are tradesmen, and become too lazy to work at their trade. Some are tinsmiths, shoemakers, newspaper carriers, intelligence offices keepers, etc. Look over the San Francisco City Directory and you will find their former occupation in it. Look at the Directory for 1862-63. The only way to avoid imposition is make inquiry—it will cost you nothing and may save you many regrets, for advertising physicians in eight cases out of ten are bogus, there is no safety in trusting any of them till you know who and what they are. Dr. Gibbon does not deceive people by exhibiting bogus titles, certificates, pretended patients' letters, etc. Dr. Gibbon will satisfy persons who may call at his office of his ability to treat diseases that he proposes to cure.

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285 River street, Troy, N. Y.

IN THE PROBATE COURT of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the Estate of SARAH P. PETERSON, deceased.

Order to show cause why order of distribution should not be made.

On reading and filing the petition of Frederick W. Peterson the Administrator of the Estate of Sarah P. Peterson deceased, setting forth that he has filed his final account of his administration of the estate of said deceased, in this Court, and that the same has been duly settled and allowed ; that all the debts and expenses of administration have been duly paid ; and that a portion of said estate remains to be divided among the heirs of said deceased, and praying among other things for an order of distribution of the residue of said estate among the persons entitled :

It is Ordered, that all persons interested in the estate of the said Sarah P. Peterson deceased, be and appear before the Probate Court of the city and county of San Francisco, at the Court Room of said Court, in the City Hall in said city and county, on MONDAY, the fifteenth day of July, A. D. 1867, at eleven o'clock, A. M., then and there to show cause why an order of distribution should not be made of the residue of said estate to the heir of said Sarah P. Peterson deceased, according to law :

It is further Ordered, that a copy of this order be published for four successive weeks, before the said fifteenth day of July A D. 1867, in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published in the said city and county.

M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

Dated June 12th, A. D. 1867.

OFFICE OF THE COUNTY CLERK, } ss.
OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO.

I, Wm. Loewy, County Clerk of the City and County of San Francisco, and ex-officio Clerk of the Probate Court thereof, do hereby certify the foregoing to be a full, true and correct copy of an order duly made and entered upon the minutes of said Court.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court, this 14th day of June, A. D. 1867.

[Seal and Int. Rev. stamp 50 cts., canceled.]

WM LOEWY, Clerk.
By A. J. JEGHERS, Deputy Clerk.

THEODORE H. HITTELL, Att'y for Petitioner. Je15-5t

TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.—NOTICE IS hereby given that the undersigned, CHARLOTTE A GILDERSLEEVE, is a married woman; that she is the wife of Geo. W. Gildersleeve; that she and her said husband are citizens of and residing within the City and County of San Francisco, State of California; that she is desirous to avail herself of the benefit of the Act of the Legislature of this State, entitled " An Act to authorize married women to transact business in their own names as sole traders," passed April 12th, 1852, and the Act passed by said Legislature, April 8th, 1862, " Amendatory of and supplemental to " the Act aforementioned; that it is her intention to make application to the District Court of the Fourth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, on the 5th day of August, A. D. 1867, at 10 o'clock, A. M. of that day, for an order of said Court permitting her to carry on and transact business in her own name and on her own account, in accordance with the provisions of said Acts, as a sole trader; that the business she intends to carry on is dealing in real estate, farming—including keeping cows, pigs poultry, rabbits, etc.

Dated San Francisco, June 27th, A. D. 1867.

CHARLOTTE A GILDERSLEEVE.

James McCabe, attorney for petitioner.

IN THE PROBATE COURT of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the estate of JOHN C. BEIDEMAN, deceased.

Pursuant to an order of the Judge of said Court, made this day, notice is hereby given that Tuesday, the 16th day of July, A. D. 1867, at 11 o'clock A. M. of said day, being a day of a regular term of said Court to-wit : of the July Term, A D. 1867, at the Court room of said Court, at the City Hall, in the City and County of San Francisco, has been appointed for hearing the petition, this day filed, of Ann Powers praying for a decree authorizing and directing John W. Brumagin, the Administrator with the will annexed of the estate left unadministered of J. C. Beideman, deceased, to convey to the said petitioner certain real estate situated in said city and county, and particularly described in said petition, upon the payment to said Administrator of the purchase money of said real estate ; at which time and place all persons interested in said estate may appear and contest said petition by filing their objections in writing.

Dated June 11th, A. D. 1867.

WM LOEWY, Clerk.
By A. J. JEGHERS, Deputy Clerk.

Messrs. Drake & Hent, Attys. for Petitioner.

Jne15-5t

IN THE PROBATE COURT of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the estate of JOHN BARKER, deceased.

In reading and filing the petition of Grace Barker, Administratrix, of the estate of John Barker, deceased, showing that her final account of her administration has been duly filed, allowed, confirmed, and settled ; and praying for an order of distribution of the residue of said estate among the persons by law entitled thereto, to wit : to said petioner.

It is ordered, that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased, be and appear before this Probate Court, at the Court Room thereof, in the City Hall, in said City and County, on TUESDAY, the 13th day of August, A. D., 1867, at 11 o'clock, A. M., of that day, then and there to show cause, if any they have, why an order of distribution should not be made of the residue of said estate, according to law.

It is further ordered, that a copy of this order be published at least four successive weeks before said 13th day of August, A. D. 1867, in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published in said city and county.

M C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

Dated July 3d, A. D. 1867.

Office of the County Clerk of the City and County of San Francisco.—I, Wm. Loewy, County Clerk of the city and county of San Francisco, and ex-officio Clerk of the Probate Court thereof, do hereby certify the foregoing to be a full, true and correct copy of an order duly made and entered upon the minutes of the said Court.

Witness my hand, and the seal of said Court, this 5th day of July, A. D. 1867.

[SEAL AND STAMP] WM. LOEWY, Clerk.
jy6 5t By A. J. JEGHERS, Deputy Clerk.

J. B. TOWNSEND, Esq., Attorney for petitioner.

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Re-producing, with the softest and most perfect shadings, the conceptions and characteristic expressions of the originals. Within this enclosure the words of the Lord's Prayer, in ornamental letters of various original designs and exquisite finish, are an interesting study of art in themselves; while appropriately distributed among these, miniture groups and scenes of marked events of Savior's life, copied from the great masters—five of them from Raphel's celebrated designs—form a harmonious completion of this unique, beautiful and truly wonderful work. The faces of

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FOR TO-DAY'S MATINEE,

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The Greek Slave—a Story. By Ianthe. Published by A. Roman & Co.
In Bonds—a Novel. By Laura Preston. Published by A. Roman & Co.
Appleton's Annual Cyclopedia for 1866.
History of American Civil War. By J. W. Draper.
History of U. S. Secret Service. By Gen. S. L. C. Baker.
Nojoque. By H. R. Helper, author "The Impending Crisis."
The Clergyman's Wife, and other Sketches. By Anna Cora Ritchie, (Mowatt).
The People of Sovereigns. By Ex-President Monroe.
Far Above Rubies—A Novel. By Mrs. J. H. Riddell.
Bryan Maurice. By Rev. Walter Mitchell.
The Black Phantom. By Charles Shrimpton.
A Painter's Camp. By Philip G. Hamerton.
The Champagne Country. By Robert Tomes.
Fathers and Sons—A Novel. From the Russian.
The Man with the Broken Ear. By Edmund About.
Joseph Reed—a Historical Essay. By Geo. Bancroft.
Otis' Isthmus of Panama. New Edition.
Richardson's Human Anatomy. Second Edition.
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The Land of Thor. By J. Ross Browne.
Liber Librorum; Its Structure and Purposes.
Rural Studies. By Donald G. Mitchell, (Ik Marvel).
Lange's Commentary on the Epistles of St. James, Peter, John, and Jude.
The Jesuits of North America. By Francis Parkman.
Tax-Payer's Guide. Approved March 2, 1867.
The Cameron Pride. By Mrs. M. J. Holmes.
The Romance of Beauseiucourt.
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Thackeray's Early and Late Papers.
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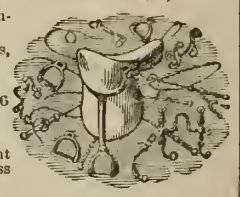

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THE UNDERSIGNED WOULD RESPECTFULLY INform his friends and the public generally, that he has returned to this city from the Atlantic States, and has re-purchased his old interest in the carriage manufacturing business, at No. 717 Market street, from Mr. H. H. Black, and all business will be conducted, as heretofore, under the old firm name of BLACK & MILLER, commencing from the 1st day of July 1867.

D. D. MILLER.

NOTICE.—I HAVE THIS DAY SOLD A ONE HALF interest in my business to my former partner D. D. Miller, and in future the firm will be as formerly, viz: Black & Miller 717 Market street. H. M. BLACK.
July 1st, 1787.

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"SURELY THERE IS A VEIN FOR THE SILVER AND A PLACE FOR GOLD WHERE THEY FINE IT."

VOLUME VII., No. 9.
OFFICE, No. 532 MERCHANT STREET.

SAN FRANCISCO, JULY 20, 1867.

TERMS, $5 A YEAR, BY MAIL, IN ADVANCE
50 CENTS A MONTH, BY CARRIER.

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ORIGINAL: Wanted, A Snbject and Ideas, hy Dogherry; Natnral Predestination; Literary Gleanings. LION'S MOUTH: The Eight Hour System: The War of the Markets. The Boys' Primaries; Hard on Lord Dundreary; Fitz-Smythe Redivivius; Muzzling the Press; Complimentary to Literary People, Dramatic Affairs, by Touchstone; The Opera; The New Gardens, etc. SELECTED: An old Story Retold; Emmet's Insurrection; English Bailway Men; An Old Whaler's Yarn; The Late Mr. Standfield, hy Charles Dickens; Restaurants at the Exposition: Story of a Local Reporter, by Johu Quill; Paragraphs, Poetry, etc.

THE LION'S MOUTH.

"THE gravest beast is an ass, the gravest bird is an owl, the gravest fish is an oyster, and the gravest man is a fool." SYDNEY SMITH.

"I WILL roar, that I will do any man's heart good to hear me." A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

"I WILL aggravate my voice so, that I will roar you as gently as any sucking dove; I will roar you an 't were any nightingale." IBID.

"*Nil falsi audeat, nil veri non audeat dicere.*" CICERO.

Fitz-Smythe Redivivus.

The public were some time ago made aware of the fact that Fitz-Smythe, tho giftod, the versatile, the humerous, had, after encountering many perils in Arizonu, and losiug his hungry, hut spirited steed, returned to San Francisco. They anxiously looked forward to seeing the local colums of the *Alta* enriched with the productions of the facile pen of Fitz-Smythe, the gifted. For some time they looked in vain. Whoever it was who filled Fitz-Smythe's place often nttempted to imitate that great writer's style, but the fraud was soon detected by the public. He made bad jokes, atrocious jokes, but not so bad as Fitz-Smythe's. Now it is certuin that Fitz-Smythe is once more on the *Alta*, engaged in chronicling runawuys, drunks and the other incidents which go to make up the sum of city life. We think Fitz-Smythe commenced his labors on Sunday, for in last Monday's issue of the *Alta*, a brilliant essay entitled "Yesterday," appeared in the locul column. It commenced thus:

"It has not been our province frequently to enjoy a more delightful day, in all respects, than yesterday. It was in the morning as brightly beautiful nnd cnlm as that day in Paradise when Adam was a buchelor and uwoke to find blushing Eve at his side. And so it continued with little variation all day long. Thousands of the people, including many households, and young maids nnd men who in a few years will become heads of families, were enticed across the Bay."

A stern mnterialist would, perhaps, object to the above. He would say that although Fitz-Smythe might consider it his "province" to enjoy delightful days, it was uot his province to write a lot of stuff about Adam being a bachelor in Paradise and awaking to find blushing Eve at his side. He would say that such a statement, even supposing that it could he ruthenticuted, which is impossible, is not city uews. For ourselves we welcome Fitz-Smythe back to his old position with joy. How beautifully suggestive is the phrase, "young maids and men who in a few years will become heads of families!" How delicate the euphemism "were enticed across huy," so different from the coarse expressiou "went over to Oakland!" While the brilliant wit, glorious humor, and poetic fancy of Fitz-Smythe continue to give lustre to the columns of the *Alta* it would he unkind to point ont any of those little errors which men of genius often make. Were it not for this feeling we should remonstrate with Fitz-Smythe for having said in the course of a thrilling description of a gorgeous rnnaway which resulted in a young lady being knocked down: "she was run over, and so badly injured that feurs are entertuined of her recovery." Of course this is a mere slip, Fitz knows as well as we do that the more severely persons are injured, the less *fear* there is of their recovery. Go on und prosper, oh shiniug light of the literature of the Pacific Coast.

Christianizing the Poor.

The State of New York does all it can to save the souls of the poor. A law passed by the last Legislature makes it a misdemeanor to fish or hunt on the Sabbath day. Any person seen with a gnn or fishing rod, excepting on his own premises, is li ible to arrest and punishment. Real estate owners or lessees are not prevented from breaking the Sabbath. The Legislature of New York will not look after their spiritual welfare, hut any man who is seen with a fishing rod, off his own premises, whether he has caught fish or not, must he arrested and puuished. We fear that the landless ones of the State must often observe with envy the property holder as he sits bobbing for eels on his premises, and wish that he too wns rich enough to break the Sabbath without incurring arrest and punishment for misdemeanor.

Death From Old Age.

One death from old age is recorded in this week's mortuary report. Very nucommon in california. Few of our fast youug meu die of this complaint.

Hard Upon Lord Dundreary.

The following circular dated "Admiralty, May 15th, 1867," has heeu issued to the English Navy:

"I am commanded by my Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty to acquaint yon that they desire to draw the attention of Commanders-in-Chief and senior officers to a custom which appears to be somewhat prevaleut in the fleet, of officers wearing whiskers of such iuordinate size and length as to resemble heards, which latter are prohibited by the printed instructions. The regulations of the naval service require that any such irregular habit should be prevented, and that officers should be permitted only to wear the same length of whiskers as the seumen nnd marines under their divisional superintendence. I am, sir, etc., HENRY G. LENNOX."

Good gracious! If there is not an aristocratic mutiny in the fleet there ought to be. This circular is evidently aimed at the Dundreary whiskers. Who are the Lords of the Admiralty that they should term the whiskers of officers and gentlemen of "inordiuate size and length?" This is indeed tyranny! The insult conveyed in the last sentence, is the most galling ever offered to British officers. They are to be "permitted only to wear the same length of whiskers as *the seamen and marines* under their divisional superintendence." This is a pretty democratic move. Lord Dundreary will, we imagine, howl cousiderably when his long, drooping, aristocratic whiskers are cropped to match the blacking-brnsh-like clumps of bristles which adorn the cheeks of private William Jones, R. M. L. I. or Jack Taffruil, A. B. Beards are forbidden by the printed instructions from time immemorial, hut this does not, cannot justify the prond and tyrannical Lords of the Admirality in ordering the croppiug of whiskers because they *resemble* beards. We cannot believe that these bold British swells will submit to be shorn without offering at least a protest.

The Eight Hour System.

All must sympathizo with tho hard-worked operatives who have hitherto been compelled to labor—with a breathing spell now and theu—for teu hours a day, and will rejoice that the eight-hour system has been inaugurated to relieve these sons of toil. There are other sons of toil, however, besides plumbers and glaziers, bricklayers, carpenters and sand shovelers who still claim the sympathy of the public. A "Cheap John" auctioneer advertises in a daily paper for "clerks" —"two energetic young men of good address who are familiar with clothing, gents' furnishing goods, und boots and shoes." These energetic young meu of good address intimately acquainted with clothing, gents' furnishing goods, etc., can obtain $75 a mouth each. A postcript informs them that "the very best of references will be required as to integrity aud ability," and that "the store opens at 6 A. M. and closes at 11 P. M." Thus we see that these energetic young men are required to work fifteen hours a day, are compelled to shout peans in praise of socks only twenty cents a pair, aud glorify until they are hoarse, tobacco sold at the low price of only twenty-five cents for three papers, and otherwise exhnust and degrade themselves both mentally and physically. When will those unhuppy young men of good address experience the beuefits of the eight-hour system? Alas! we fear that it will be long, indeed, before they will obtaiu equal rights with their more muscular brethren, who object to working even eight hours a day for $3, while these poor slaves of good address have to wear out tongues, brains and bodies, during fifteen hours of each twenty-four for about the sume sum.

The "Boys'" Primaries.

The "Boys" are said to have had it all their own way in the election of delegates to the Mnnicipal and County Convention. They arranged things. Auyone not pledged to vote the State aud County ticket uuscrutched was turned out of the political church. Some men were knocked down. Tho *Bulletin* remarks that the general body of citizens took no part in the affair. Quiet, respectable people prefer to vote now-a days without being knocked down. Some pugilistic acquirement is now necessary to make a competent voter. Gorham nouminates Couuty officers, Conuess, the Legislative. Our authority is the *Bulletin*. Whut a blessing it is to live iu a free country! The Primaries were legalized to preserve the purity of the ballot, and now the respectable cits. don't like to go near the polls, fearing unpleasant results, The "Boys" at the helm. Gorhum and Couness pull well together. Perhaps Gorham's whiffle-tree is a little ahead.

A Noble Fireman.

A French paper says thut the Prince of Wales is a captain of the Fire Engineers of London. This is not exactly correct. Soon after his return from New York, the Prince got up a voluuteer fire company of his own, whose roll comprised the name of many a noble swell; but the paid Fire Department of London, supported by the Firo Insurance Compuuies, is composed of working-men, and even a priace would not he allowed to pluy at being a firemun for any length of timo.

Muzzling the Press.

The Press of the United States is free, no President, Governor or Legislature can "muzzlo the Press." When the enemies of the *Flag* which is a very free, and free-spoken piper, wish to "muzzle" it, all they can do is to appeal, not to the Pomdmaster, but to the Sheriff. They tried to do so once moro on Tuesday last, but the *Flag* slipped its muzzle and barked furiously.

The Market War.

When Mr. Lloyd Tevis and others, commenced to huild their market on California street, the occupants of stalls in Washington Market said to themselves, "He thiuks he'll get us to move, does he? Let him build on. Stalls will he pretty cheap in that market. We *may* move there if we can make our own terms, aud get stalls at our own figures, otherwise you don't catch us turning out of Washington Market." In the meantime, Mr. Lloyd Tevis and associates went on building and the new market was nearly completed. The hutchers chuckled to themselves when they thought how Tevis would look when he opened his market without any occupants, and gazed upon his beggarly account of empty stalls. One fine afternoon Mr. Lloyd Tevis walked down to the proprietors of the larger portion of the Washington Market property, bought it, and before five o'clock all the chief hutchers in the market received notice to quit one month from date. Then was the air blue with oaths, blood flew from juicy porter-house steaks, as the infuriated hutchers rudely hucked them, wishing, meanwhile, that the carcass of the politic and crafty Tevis was lying under their cleavers. Swearing, however, would do no good, the hutchers were forced to accept the position. A notable hutcher, the oracle of the market, said, "he s'posed he'd have to move, but he'd he early in the field, aud would get his pick of the stalls in the new market." He went for this purpose, und finding a stall which suited him, went to the office, prepared to "plank down the cash." "I've picked out No.—" he said. The clerk answered politely, "oh uo, sir, No.— is your stall," and all the other hutchers were treated in the same way; they were told they must take, not what they wanted, but what they could get, and will-he nil-he, each hutcher had to march into the stall chosen for him hy the proprietors. Since that day terrible threats have been uttered. All the capitalists in the city have been begged to huild markets. The Ninntic Hotel was to he pulled down, and turned into a market. Some irreverent wretch suggested that the Grace Church property might be purchased and a market built thereon; the Synagogue was not safe. We were threntened with markets as thick as mushrooms in all parts of the city. Now peace once more reigns, and it will not he long before both the butchers and the public congratulate themselves upon having so fine a market in such a desirable location, in place of the dilapidated shed on Merchant street, which has for so many years served us an asylum and nursery for rats.

Complimentary to Literary People.

The following sweet little paragraph is "going the rounds of the Press:"

"Literary ability, like insanity, is sometimes hereditary. Thomas Hood's son writes, and so does Douglas Jerrold's, while Thackeray's and Maryntt's daughters have been following the paternal example for some time. Mr. Dickens' daughter has now, too, begun a second story in her father's publication."

"Literary ability, *like insanity*, is sometimes hereditary! Why didn't the fellow say like the King's Evil? We wonder whether it is catching, like the measles. This is truly an astounding discovery. It is not strange that the qualities of speed and pluck which distinguish the Morgan breed of horses should be transmitted, but miraculous, indeed, that the man of brains should beget son or daughter with brain. Of course Judge Axtell holds that the son of a hod carrier, himself a descendent of a long line of hod carriers, is the peer in intellect of a man. It is possible to improve the breed of horses, but not the breed of men. All men are equal, and the son of a hod carrier is just as likely to turn out a brilliant novelist as the son of Douglas Jerrold, Alexandre Dumas, or Thomas Hood, though literary ubility *like insanity*, is sometimes hereditury.

High Literary Authority.

A poorly-educated young man, who was ambitious of writing for the Press, and eventually becoming "an editor," asked a friend what means he could most speedily acquire a correct style of English composition. He was told to read the best authors, and study their style. Unfortunately this well-meant advice did not have a good effect for the youth, holding that the most popular authors were the best, framed his grammar on the language Mark Twain puts into the mouths of his rustic characters, and took Artemus Wardas an authority in the matter of spelling. When told of his error, he said he "was no ways ambitions of writing for people of nice grammatical taste, the easiest way to spell a word was the best way, and as to rules of grammar he didn't see but whut people done just as well without them, and talked a damn sight plainer."

A Very Likely Story.

The following appeared among the dispatches received by the *Bulletin* yesterday:

"NEW YORK, July 18.—A *Herald's* special says the movement throughout the South, ostensibly for the purpose of avenging the death of Maximilian, is really the inauguration of a new rebellion."

It is rather more probable that this rumor of an expedition "to avenge the death of Maximilian" arose from the inauguration of an egrutious scheme on a large scale hy Southerners who objected to be severely reconstructed, aud wunt to try their hands ut reconstructing Mexico.

AN OLD STORY RE-TOLD.—EMMET'S INSURRECTION.

THE INITIATION.

IN 1803, Robert Emmet, the son of a Dublin physician, an impulsive young enthusiast, who had been for some years in voluntary exile in France, returned to Ireland for the purpose of initiating a second insurrection. Robert's elder brother, Thomas, a barrister, also an exile, and also eager for Irish independence, had met him at Amsterdam, and filled him with delusive hopes.

Emmet was a handsome, sanguine, high-spirited, eloqnent young man, of fine talents, great energy, and chivalrous courage; but led away by impetnous passions to a belief in a palpable impossibility. He had entered the Dublin University at sixteen, and had even then been notorious for his wild republicanism. Moore, the poet, mentions him as his colleague at a juvenile debating-club, and even then in great repute, not only for his learning and eloquence, but for the purity of his life, and the grave suavity of his manner. The students were fired by recollections of Plutarch's heroes, and Plato's Utopia; there were often real wrongs enacting before their eyes; their own fathers and brothers had been slain or hung; and looking across the water they could see French sympathizers stretching out their hands with promises of aid.

From a portrait of Emmet in later life, we can picture him in '98, with his tall ascetic figure, his long Napoleonic face, and his thin, soft hair brushed down over his high forehead. In 1802, care and thought had bent his brows into a too habitual frown, had compressed his lips, and turned down the outer angles of his mouth to a painful and malign expression; but still, bend the brows or tighten the lips as time might, the face was always the face of a man of singular courage, and of acut though unbalanced genius.

In 1798, when that self-willed and reckless but still generous and single-hearted young officer, Lord Edward Fitzgerald, commenced to conspire against the English government, the two Emmets conspired with the United Irishmen, and Thomas, the barrister, was seized with the other Leinster delegates. That seizure addled the whole conspiracy as far as Dublin was concerned. Thomas Emmet told the Lord Chancellor boldly to his face that the '98 insurrection had been produced by the oppressive free quarters granted to the soldiers and yeomanry, the burning of houses, the tortures, and the military executions in the counties of Kildare, Carlow, and Wicklow. There is no doubt that the cruelties of Vinegar Hill and Wexford led to retaliations almost as cruel. The yeomanry, half of them raw lads, flushed with newly acquired power, and savage because their families had either suffered or been in danger, were often brutal and ruthless; innocent persons were shot, and harmless persons were plundered. Juries were too eager to condemn; judges inclined always to death. The chance had come to bleed the rebels, and the lancet was keen and cut deep.

In the prison, well-born and refined men like Thomas Emmet suffered cruelly. The cells were crowded and unhealthy, the jailors insolent and cruel. There was no discipline, and the thieves' orgie was interrupted only by the tolling of the death-bell. In such a den the brave wife of this sincere but misguided man immurred herself for twelve months. The sufferings of his brother and his brother's wife no doubt increased Emmet's hatred to the existing government more even than all the sabrings and platoon firing in Wicklow and Wexford. The Union Bill passed in 1801, after Grattan's scornful and passionate invectives: and Lord Castlereagh's triumph and cold arrogance frenzied the United Irishmen, and drove such men as Emmet to believe in open insurrection as their only hope.

Wolf Tone had spoken highly of the talents of the Emmet family. He described Thomas Emmet as a man of a great and comprehensive mind and a warm heart, one who would adhere to his principles through all sacrifices, and even to death. Of another brother Grattan said; "Temple Emmet, before he came to the bar, knew more law than any of the judges on the bench; and he would have answered better both in law and divinity than any judge or bishop of the land." The heart of the young conspirator, fresh from exile, burned as he heard with perfect faith all the exaggerated stories of the recent Protestant cruelties. He remembered the promises of the French plotters; he did not foresee that Napoleon was too selfish and too busy just then to do much for Ireland; money was scarce, merchants were timid, the peasantry was cowed and scared; the Presbyterians were incensed by the cruelties at Wexford, and the Catholics distrustful of the north. Ardent and impetuous, Emmet had returned, eager to draw the sword, about the same time, and probably in conjunction with, an Irish officer named Russell, who had been released from Fort George after the troubles of '98, on condition of his transporting himself out of his Majesty's dominions, and who now returned with a secret French commissioner as general-in-chief. This Russell was a religious enthusiast, a wild interpreter of prophecies. He was to head an insurrection in Down and Antrim contemporaneously with a landing of the French in Scotland and with Emmet's seizure of Dublin Castle.

To other motives of ambition Robert Emmet now (in 1803) added the strongest of any. He fell in love, with all the passion of his vehement nature; he had won the heart of a daughter of that forensic orator, Curran. Mr. Curran was irresolute in the cause of the United Irishmen, and he did not share in the dreams of the young enthusiast.

THE PREPARATION.

The prairie was ready to light, but the fire had still to be put. Emmet was to plant the green flag and the "Sunburst" on the walls of Dublin Castle, and fill its cellars with English prisoners. The one idea had grown dominant, and he had now braced himself to make the Curtius' leap. On his first return he had taken the name of Hewitt, and had hidden himself in the house of a Mrs. Palmer, at Harold's Cross. There he corresponded with the leading conspirators, and sketched out his rough plans. On the 24th of March, 1803, he went with a Mr. Dowdall, who had been formerly secretary to the Whig Club, and contracted for a house at a place called Butterfield Lane, near Rathfarnham. But their mysterious and stealthy movements soon exciting suspicion, and the spot not being central enough, they soon left there. About the end of April, when Ireland's meadows began "the wearing of green" more luxuriantly and rebelliously than ever, Emmet's friends took for their young leader a roomy malt-house in Marshal's Alley, Thomas street, which had been long unoccupied. It was a retired place, the space was ample, above all, it was central and near the heart of the city, at which the first desperate blow was to be struck. There he lodged, while men were forging pike-heads, moulding cartridges, running bullets, stitching green and scarlet-faced uniforms, hemming green flags, and filling rocket-cases—taking only a few hurried hours of sleep on a mattress, when, exhausted in mind and body, he sunk back amid the clang of the hammers and the clatter and exultation of twenty hard-working associates.

In one depot alone this indefatigable conspirator had accumulated forty-five pounds of cannon-powder, eleven boxes of fine powder, one hundred bottles quilted with musket-balls and bound with canvass, two hundred and forty-six ink-bottles filled with powder and encircled with buck-shot, to be used as hand-grenades, sixty-two thousand rounds of ball cartridge, three bushels of musket-ball, heaps of tow mixed with tar and gunpowder for burning houses, twenty thousand pikes, bundles of sky-rockets for signals, and many hollow beams filled with combustibles. The arms were stored in various depots through the city, but chiefly in Mass Lane and Marshal's Alley. The White Bull Inn, in Thomas street, was a haunt of the conspirators, and there tailors and other workmen were made drunk, decoyed to the depot, and forced to lend their aid. Spies and suspected persons found lurking near the depots were lured in and detained. The volcano would soon burst out, the hidden fires were already foaming upwards toward the surface.

When already the police agents were beginning to have glimpses of danger, and to patrol the bridges and quays of Dublin armed, an accident had almost betrayed Emmet's plans. An explosion took place at one of the depots in Patrick Street during the manufacture of some gunpowder. Those who know the recklessness of the lower orders of Irish, especially under excitement, may eagerly guess the cause of the accident. Some of the workmen, in the absence of their foreman would smoke over a barrel of gunpowder, or some of the rebel smiths would hammer at the red-hot pike-heads, and drive the sparks to where their comrades were filling rocket-cases. The half-clad conspirators were suddenly astonished by a burst of flame and a roar of momentary thunder. One man, in dashing up to a window to escape suffocation, gashed open an artery in his arm, fell back, and bled to death. A companion was taken prisoner by the police, who instantly rushed in. Luckily, however, for Emmit, Major Sirr and the Dublin police, oversecure, were pacified by lies and misrepresentations, and the government took no alarm. The levees at the Castle went on as usual, though there were still rumors of a "rising" that made the Lord-Lieutenant order the patrols of certain stations to be doubled.

In the mean time, Robert Emmet was racked with fears and anxieties. He dreaded detection just as the great enterprise was about to bear fruit. He moved now for the third time, hiding in the depot at Mass Lane. There, with feverish restlessness, he spent all day, urging on the blacksmiths, and bullet-makers, and at night slept for an hour at a time, when exhausted, between the forge and the rocket-maker's table.

There was not yet more than eighty or a hundred conspirators actively engaged with Emmet, Dowdall, and Quigley, but these men firmly believed all Dublin—nay, all Ireland—would rise when once they emerged from the depot, and their young Hannibal had shouted in the streets the first "Erin go bragh!" There was too much of Hamlet about Emmet for such an enterprise as this; he had not the experience of men, or the power of command, requisite to conduct such a revolt. He was too sanguine, too credulous, too mild and tender-hearted, too trustful, too easily deceived by promises and pretenses. He did not know how the nation had suffered in '98, and how humbled it was since the defeats of that year. He was not one of those Cæsar-like beings who overrule other men's wills, and magnetize all with whom they come into contact. Some of his associates, fearing discovery, proposed at once flying to arms; others thought action still premature. Seven days were spent in these debates; at last it was agreed to surprise the arsenals near the city, and take the Castle by a coup de main. As in '98, the mail-coaches were also to be stopped on the same day, as a signal for the country to rise.

Imagine the feelings of this man, to-day a fugitive skulking from Major Sirr and his armed agents, to-morrow, as he thought to be, the patriot chief who was to restore liberty to Ireland! To-morrow the lover of Sarah Curran would clasp his beloved to his breast, and be greeted by her father as a conqueror and a victor. To-morrow England, France, Europe, the world would know his name,—the good and free to bless, the weak and wicked to curse and execrate it. In such a fever of conflicting passions, Emmet drew up an impetnous manifesto from "The Provisional Government to the People of Ireland." It concluded thus:

"Countrymen of all descriptions! let us act with union and concert; all sects—Catholic, Protestant, Presbyterian—are equally and indiscriminately embraced in the benevolence of our object; repress, prevent, and discourage excesses, pillage, and intoxication; let each man do his duty, and remember that, during public agitation, inaction becomes a crime: be no other competition known than that of doing good; remember against whom you fight,—your oppressors for six hundred years; remember their massacres, their tortures; remember your murdered friends, your burned houses, your violated females; keep in mind your country, to whom we are now giving her high rank among nations; and in the honest terror of feeling, let us all exclaim, that as, in the hour of her trial, so serve this country, so may God serve us in that which will be last of all!"

THE INSURRECTION.

Towards dusk on the 23d of July, Emmet prepared for action. He put on a general's uniform, green, laced with gold on the sleeves and skirts, and with gold epaulettes, white waistcoat and pantaloons, new boots, a cocked hat with a white feather, a sash, a sword, and a case of pistols. About fifty men had assembled outside the depot; to these men Emmet distributed pikes and ammunition. In a moment, as if by enchantment, the streets and alleys leading to Mass Lane and Thomas streets, swarm with men clamoring for arms, filling cartouche-boxes, pouches, bags, and pockets, loading muskets, shaking links and torches, and waving swords and green flags. Already the narrow street near the rebel depot is one close wedged bristling mass of pikes, and into the dusky summer night air sprang every now and then signal-rockets, that burst into showers of starry fire. The men are flushed with whiskey, and make the dingy houses ring with their shouts and shrieks of delight as Emmet, dark and determined-looking, like the young Napoleon at the Bridge of Lodi, slashes the air with his sword and waves his white plumed hat. In Dirty Lane, the insurgents, already numbering five hundred or more, fired off their blunderbusses and pistols, heedless of alarming the garrison they were intent on surprising.

One of Emmet's fellow conspirators describes this moment very vividly:

"About six o'clock, Emmet, Malachy, one or two others, and myself, put on our green uniform, trimmed with gold lace, and selected our arms. The insurgents, who had all day been well plied with whiskey, began to prepare for commencing an attack upon the Castle; and when all was ready, Emmet made an animated address to the conspirators. At eight o'clock precisely we sallied out of the depot, and when we arrived in Thomas Street the insurgents gave three deafening cheers.

"The consternation excited by our presence defies description. Every avenue emptied its curious hundreds, and almost every window exhibited half a dozen inquisitive heads, while peaceable shopkeepers ran to their doors, and beheld with amazement a lawless band of armed insurgents, in the midst of a peaceable city, an hour at least before dark. The scene at first might have appeared amusing to a careless spectator, from the singular and dubious character which the riot wore; but when the rocket ascended and burst over the heads of the people, the aspect of things underwent an immediate and wonderful change. The impulse of the moment was self-preservation; and those who, a few minutes before, seemed to look on with vacant wonder, now assumed a face of horror, and fled with precipitation. The wish to escape was simultaneous; and the eagerness with which the people retreated before us impeded their flight, as they crowded upon one another in the entrance of alleys, court-ways, and lanes, while the screams of women and children were frightful and heartrending.

"'To the Castle!' cried our enthusiastic leader, drawing his sword, and his followers appeared to obey; but when he reached the market house, our adherents had wonderfully diminished, there not being more than twenty insurgents with us.

"'Fire the rocket!' cried Malachy.

"'Hold awhile,' said Emmet, snatching the match from the man's hand who was about applying it. 'Let no lives be unnecessarily lost. Run back and see what detains the men.'

"Malachy obeyed; and we remained near the market-house, waiting their arrival, until the soldiers approached."

The night was dark; the excitement along the quays, in the swarming "Liberty," and below the Castle, was tremendous. There is no excitement so wild as Irish excitement. Bands of pikemen were marching to various points of the city, and others were rushing, open-mouthed, to the depots for arms and

powder. Already drums were beating at the Castle and the various barrack-yards, and patches of scarlet were moving towards the spot where rockets were sprung and guns discharged.

That night Lord Kilwarden, chief justice of the King's Bench, an amiable and just old lawyer, who had never lent himself to such ruthless severities as old Lord Norbury and other partizans, had smilingly dressed at his country-house, and, trim, powdered, and in full evening dress, handed his daughter, Miss Wolfe, into his carriage, and with his newphew, a clergyman, driven cheerful and chatty to a party at the Castle. All the stories of this good and worthy man redound to his credit. In 1795, when he was attorney-general, a number of striplings and boys were indicted for high treason. The poor lads appeared in court wearing those open collars and frilled tuckers made familiar to us by Gainsborough's pictures. As Kilwarden entered the court, the Jeffreys of that day called out brutally,—

"Well, Mr. Attorney, I suppose you are ready to go on with the trials of these tuckered traitors?"

Generously indignant and disgusted at hearing such language from the representative of divine justice, Kilwarden replied,—

"No, my lord, I am not ready."

Then, stooping down to the prisoners' counsel, he whispered,—

"If I have any power to save the lives of these boys, whose extreme youth I did not before know, that man shall never have the gratification of passing sentence upon a single one of these tuckered traitors."

The large-hearted man was as good as his word. He procured pardons for every one of the prisoners on condition of their voluntarily expatriating themselves. One lad alone obstinately refused to accept pardon on such a condition, and was tried, convicted and executed.

The relatives of that unhappy boy persisted in considering their kinsman as an especial selected victim, and swore vengeance against this good old judge. On this unfortunate summer night the carriage got embedded in the mob; the pikemen soon closed around it; pistols and blunderbusses were held to the head of the powdered coachman, sunk deeper than usual into his seat with fear, and at the heads of the footmen clustering behind. There was a murderous cry, and a pikeman named Shannon tore open the door of the carriage. It was Shannon the relation of the boy that would be hanged.

"It is I, Kilwarden, chief justice of the King's Bench!" the old nobleman blandly cries, as he tried to calm the fears of his frightened daughter.

"Then you're the man I want," roars Shannon, and digs his pike into the old lord's chest. Before it is withdrawn, half a dozen other weapons meet in the old man's body, and he is tramplod under foot. His daughter, alone and unattended, breaks through the pitying crowd, and is the first to enter the Castle, and sobbingly relate the horrors of that cruel night. Kilwarden's nephew was pursued and piked.

Many other murders, equally useless, equally unjust, are perpetrated that night. The savage, half-drunken pikemen, without commander,—for Emmet had no power over them, and they were now split up into parties by the soldiers,—murdered every suspicious and obnoxious person they met. A police officer, and John Hanlan, the Tower-keeper, were two of the victims. Colonel Brown, a man respected by all Dublin, was also brutally assassinated, as, misled by the darkness, he was trying to join his regiment. Ignorant of the precise movement of the rebels, he got entangled in their chief masses, was struck down by a shot from a blunderbuss, and instantly chopped to pieces. All enemies and neutrals, of whatever rank, who were not murdered, had pikes thrust in their hands, and were compelled to follow the cruel madmen to face the English soldiers.

Emmet, an hour ago confident of success, now felt himself utterly powerless to tame the horrible revolt which he had invoked. His men were scattered; an attack on the Castle was impossible. The people could not be rallied to it. They were only intent on murder in the streets, and were beset by soldiers and police wherever they collected. A few brave fellows, staunch as bulldogs, had flown at them, and were holding grimly on till the huntsmen could arrive. Mr. Edward Wilson, a police magistrate, with only eleven constables, had the courage to push on to Thomas Street, where three hundred pikemen instantly surrounded his small detachment. Undismayed, Mr. Wilson called to the rabble to lay down their arms, or he would fire. The rebels wavered and muttered together; but one villain, savage at the threat, advanced, and stabbed the magistrate with a pike. Mr. Wilson instantly shot him dead, and his men fired a volley. The undisciplined Celts are always the same,—furious in the onset, without fear and without thought; in the retreat, impatient, fickle and headlong. The rebels fell back confused over their dead, and opened right and left to let their men with fire-arms advance to the attack. Mr. Wilson then thought it time to retreat slowly towards the Coombe.

Lieutenant Brady was soon after equally venturous with forty men of his regiment, the 21st Fusiliers. He sub-divided his small force, and placed them in positions useful for keeping up a cross-fire. The soldiers were tormented by bottles and stones from every window, and by random sharp-shooters from the alleys, yards, and entries, but they kept up a rolling and incessant fire till the pikemen at last broke, shouted and fled. Lieutenant Coltman, of the 9th Foot, with only four soldiers and twenty-four yeomanry from the barrack division, in colored clothes, also helped to clear the streets, and apprehend armed men, or rebels seen firing. And now horses could be heard, sabres came waving down the street, bayonets moved fast and close, drums beat louder, and then the rebels were charged fiercely, and shot down wherever they resisted. Then they fled to the suburbs and to the mountains. Before twelve the insurrection was quelled.

THE CAPTURE.

Poor Emmet! so passed his dreams away. The great bright bubble of his life's hope had melted into a drop of human blood. He and about fourteen other armed men fled to the Wicklow mountains, and skulked about from farm-house to farmhouse, from glen to crag, from valley to village. As the pursuit grew hotter, and the troops began to come winding round the Scalp, and scattering along the blue rocky mountain roads, the fugitives separated, each to look after himself. Emmet could, it was said, have escaped in a friendly fishing-boat to France, but a wild impulse of love and reckless despair seized him. He turned back from the sea and set his face toward Dublin, once more to clasp Sarah Curran in his arms, and bid her farewell forever. He regained the disturbed city safely, and took up his quarters again in his old place of refuge at Harold's Cross, in the house of a clerk named Palmer. He was known there as Mr. Hewitt. He had planned a mode of escape, if any attempt at arrest should be made, by escaping from a parlor window into an outhouse, and from thence into the fields. But an indefatigable pursuer was soon on Emmet's track. On the evening of the 25th of August, Major Sirr rode up to the house, accompanied by a man on foot. Mrs. Palmer's daughter opened the door. Sirr instantly darted into the back parlor. There sat a tall young man in a brown coat, white waistcoat, white pantaloons, and Hessian boots, at dinner with his landlady. Sirr instantly gave him into the custody of his man, and took the landlady in the next room to ask the stranger's name, as it was not in the list of inhabitants wafered on the door according to law. While Sirr was absent, Emmet tried to escape, and the officer struck him down with the butt end of his pistol. Sirr then went to the canal bridge for a guard, placed sentries round the house, while he searched it, and planted a sentry over the prisoner. Emmet again escaping while Sirr was taking down the landlady's evidence, Sirr ran after him, and shouted to the sentinel to fire. The musket did not go off. Sirr then overtook the prisoner, who surrendered quietly, and on being apologized to for his rough treatment, said, "All is fair in war." At the Castle, Emmet at once acknowledged his name.

THE TRIAL.

On the 31st of August, Emmet was tried, and pleaded not guilty, but made no defense. Curran had sternly refused to defend his daughter's unhappy lover.

Mr. Plunket, who prosecuted for the crown, said, in the course of his speech—

"Gentlemen, I am anxious to suppose that the mind of the prisoner recoiled at the scenes of murder which he witnessed, and I mention one circumstance with satisfaction,—it appears he saved the life of Farrell; and may the recollection of that one good action cheer him in his last moments. But though he may not have planned individual murders, that is no excuse to justify his embarking in treason, which must be followed by every species of crimes. It is supported by the rabble of the country, while the rank, the wealth, and the power of the country is opposed to it. Let loose the rabble of the country from the salutary restrains of the law, and who can take upon him to limit their barbarities? Who can say he will disturb the peace of the world, and rule it when wildest? Let loose the winds of heaven, and what power less than omnipotent can control them?"

Emmet bowed to the court with perfect calmness, and addressed it with fervid impetuous eloquence. He said:

"My lords,—What have I to say to that sentence of death should not be passed on me according to law? I have nothing to say that can altar your predetermination, nor that will become me to say, with any view to the mitigation of that sentence which you are here to pronounce, and I must abide by. But I have that to say which interests me more than life, and which you have labored (as was necessarily your office in the present circumstances of this oppressed country) to destroy,—I have much to say, why my reputation should be rescued from the load of false accusation and calumny which has been heaped upon it."

"Were I only to suffer death, after being adjudged guilty by your tribunal, I should bow in silence, and meet the fate that awaits me without a murmur; but the sentence of the law, which delivers my body to the executioner, will, through the ministry of that law, labor, in its own vindication, to consign my character to obloquy; for there must be guilt somewhere,—whether in the sentence of the court or in the catastrophe, posterity must determine. A man in my situation, my lords, has not only to encounter the difficulties of fortune, and the forces of power over minds which it has corrupted or subjugated, but the difficulties of established prejudice. The man dies, but his memory lives; that mine may not perish,—that it may live in the memory of my countrymen,—I seize upon this opportunity to vindicate myself from some of the charges alleged against me. When my spirit shall be wafted to a more friendly port,—when my shade shall have joined the bands of those martyred heroes who have shed their blood on the scaffold and in the field, in defence of their country and virtue, this is my hope,—I wish that my memory and name may animate those who survive me, while I look down with complacency on the destruction of that perfidous government which upholds its domination by blasphemy of the Most High; which displays its power over man as over the beasts of the forest; which sets man upon his brother, and lifts his hand, in the name of God, against the throat of his fellow who believes or doubts a little more than the government standard,—a government steeled to barbarity by the cries of the orphans and the tears of the widows which it has made."

[Here Lord Norbury interrupted Mr. Emmit, observing, that mean and wicked enthusiasts, who felt as he did, were not equal to the accomplishment of their wild design.]

He then avowed his belief that there was still union and strength enough left in Ireland to one day accomplish her emancipation. He sternly rebuked Lord Norbury for his cruel and unjust efforts to silence him, and repudiated his calumnies. He denied that he had sought aid from the French except as from auxiliaries and allies, not as from invaders or enemies.

"I have been charged," he said, "with that importance in the efforts to emancipate my countrymen as to be considered the keystone of the combination of Irishmen, or, as your lordship expressed it, 'the life and blood of the conspiracy.' You do me honor overmuch,—you have given to the subaltern all the credit of a superior. There are men engaged in this conspiracy who are not only superior to me, but even to your own computation of yourself, my lord; before the splendor of whose genius and virtues I should bow with respectful deference, and who would think themselves disgraced to be called your friend, and who would not disgrace themselves by shaking your blood-stained hand.

[Again the judge interrupted him.]

"What, my lord! shall you tell me on the passage to that scaffold which that tyranny, of which you are the only intermediary executioner, has erected for my murder, that I am accountable for all the blood that has and will be shed in this struggle of the oppressed against the oppressor; shall you tell me this, and shall I be so very a slave as not to repel it?

"I do not fear to approach the Omnipotent Judge, to answer for the conduct of my whole life; and am I to be appalled and falsified by a mere remnant of morality? By you, too, who, if it were possible to collect all the innocent blood that you have shed in your unhallowed ministry in one great reservoir, your lordship might swim in it.

[Here the judge interfered.]

"If the spirits of the illustrious dead participate in the concerns and cares of those who are dear to them in this transitory life,—O ever dear and venerable shade of my departed father, look down with scrutiny upon the conduct of your suffering son, and see if I have even for a moment deviated from those principles of morality and patriotism which it was your care to instil into my youthful mind, and for which I am now about to offer up my life.

"My lords, you are impatient for the sacrifice—the blood which you seek is not congealed by the artificial terrors that surround your victim, it circulates warmly and unruffled through the channels which God created for nobler purposes, but which you are bent to destroy, for purposes so grievous that they cry to heaven. Be ye patient! I have but a few more words to say. I am going to my cold and silent grave—my lamp of life is nearly extinguished—my race is run—the grave opens to receive me, and I sink into its bosom! I have but one request to ask at my departure from this world, it is the charity of its silence! Let no man write my epitaph; for as no man who knows my motives dare now vindicate them, let not prejudices or ignorance asperse them. Let them and me repose in obscurity and peace, and my tomb remain uninscribed, until other times and other men can do justice to my character. When my country takes her place among the nations of the earth, then, and not till then, let my epitaph be written. I have done!"

The judge was remorseless and the government was stern. Emmet suffered the penalty for high treason in Thomas Street, the very day after the trial. He ascended the scaffold with a calm resignation and an unswerving courage. He avowed himself a sceptic. To Dr. Dobbin, who importuned him as they rode together in a hackney-coach to the place of execution, he said:

"Sir, I appreciate your motives, and thank you for your kindness, but you merely disturb the last moments of a dying man unnecessarily. I am an infidel from conviction, and no reasoning can shake my unbelief."

Curran, when he defended Owen Kirwan, the sailor of Plunket Street, described the rebellion of Emmet as a mere riot, but there can be no doubt that if the first hundred pikemen had made a rush at the Castle they might have seized that stronghold, and drawn on themselves a later but an equally certain destruction, after much bloodshed and murder. The Fenians now talk of Emmet as "rash and soft," but Englishmen can only pity a young and enthusiastic genius, whose dirge Moore sung with such pathos—

"She is far from the land where her young hero sleeps."

and lament that such a gallant spirit should have squandered itself on such mischievous chimeras.—*Charles Dickens' Magazine.*

A country editor describing the bonnets now in fashion says: "They have a downward slant that remiuds one of a vicious cow with a board across her face."

LITERARY GLEANINGS.

CHARLOTTE BRONTE'S HOME.

The following interesting account of a visit to the father of Charlotte Bronte is taken from "Old England," by Professor J. M. Hoppin, recently published:

"Mr. Bronte met me with real kindness of manner, but with something of the stateliness of the old school. His hair, worn short, was white as driven snow; his ample cambric cravat completely covered his chin; and his black dress was of the most scrupulous neatness. He has been called handsome, but that he never could have been. He has strong, rugged, even harsh features, with a high, wrinkled forehead, and swarthy complexion; and his eyes are partially closed, for he is almost blind. He said he was induced to invite me to his house, though he saw very little company, because he learned I was an American, and he thought much of America.

Our conversation was chiefly upon religious topics, and he wished to be informed about the great spiritual movements which from time to time pass over America. He thought that the revivals in England and Ireland were accompanied by too much animal excitement; yet he believed in their reality. He spoke of Roman Catholicism, and said that he had seen enough of it, as he was an Irishman. He thought we ought to guard against its machinations on the other side of the water. Roman Catholics *could not* be consistent Republicans; and we must not trust too carelessly to the principle that Truth would prevail in an open field. The Catholics made much of that, and took advantage of it. He spoke of education in England—that it was all the fashion just now; but I could not help thinking that the conservative, granite-minded old "Helstone" looked upon a great deal of it as sentimental and superficial. He struck me as being naturally a very social man, with a mind fond of discussion, and feeding eagerly on new ideas, in spite of his reserve. My call was necessarily quite a short one. I then went into the opposite parlor, where his daughters used to sit and write. There was Charlotte's portrait, with those large dark eyes, square impending brow, and sad, unsmiling mouth. Barnwell Bronte's medallion likeness hung opposite; and Thackeray's portrait, "looking past her," as she said, was on the front wall. Her books still lay upon the table. There was a Bible of Emily's, and a much-worn copy of Mrs. Gaskell's "Mary Barton," presented by the author to Mrs. Nicholls. This room had rather a pleasant look; but its furnishing was ample to severity, and its only ornament was a little bunch of broom-grass on the table. Martha then showed me into the kitchen for a moment. This had been Tabby's kingdom. Everything was exquisitely neat, and the copper pans shone like gold. It was a snug, warm, crooning place; and it was not difficult to see the picture, on a dark winter eve, when the storm howled over the moor and rattled against the windows, of those bright-fancied children crouching together around the fire, telling their strange stories, and living in a world created by themselves. Here Emily Bronte studied German, with her book propped up before her, while she kneaded dough. Now all are gone; and the old father, shutting up many things in his own impenetrable mind, was still living on alone, thinking more perhaps of meeting his children again in a sinless world than of all their fame in this.

A VIRGINIAN AT A YANKEE PICNIC.

One of the most characteristic sketches contained in Mr. De Forrest's recent novel, "Miss Ravenel's Confession," is the account of the picnic got up by the elderly maiden ladies of New Haven, and their escort of student admirers. To appreciate the drollery of the picture, it must be understood that "Col. Carter" is a Virginian and a West Pointer, a mature, jovial man of the world, with a profound contempt for tea and temperance associations, and with little relish for the society of heardless boys and antiquated damsels. Being invited to the picinc, he goes without suspecting its character, and innocently carries half a dozen bottles of champagne in his hamper, the production of which causes a greater consternation than if each bottle had been a loaded blunderbuss with a hair trigger. The Colonel, however, at first unconscious or indifferent, and afterwards in a spirit of mischief, urges the seductive beverage upon the younger members of the party, to the indignation of their feminine guardians. Such is the situation; now for the extract:

"'Why don't you stop it, Mrs. Whitewood?' said the maiden of thirty-five, with girlish enthusiasm. 'You are the oldest person here.' (Mrs. Whitewood did not feel particularly flattered by this statement.) 'You have a perfect right to order anything.' (Mrs. Whitewood looked as if she would like to order the young lady to let her alone.) 'If I were you, I would step out there and say, Gentlemen, this must be stopped.'

"Mrs. Whitewood might have replied, 'Why don't you say it yourself? You are old enough.' But she did not; such sarcastic observations never occurred to her good-natured soul; nor, had she been endowed with thousands of similar conceits, would she have dared utter one. It was impossible to rub her up to the business of confronting and putting down the adherents of the champagne basket. She did think of speaking to Lieutenant Colonel Carter privately about it, but before she could consider in what terms to address him, the last bottle had been cracked, and then of course it was useless to say anything. So, in much horror of spirit, and with many self-reproaches for her weakness, she gazed helplessly upon what she considered a scene of wicked revelry. In fact there was a good deal of jollity and racket. The six bottles of champage made a pretty strong dose for the unaccustomed heads of the dozen lads, and three or four young ladies who finished them. Carter, himself, cloyed with the surfeit of yesterday, took almost nothing, to the wonder, and even, I suspect, to the disappointment of the temperance party. But he made himself cheerily obnoxious by urging his Sillery upon every one, including the Whitewoods, and the maiden of thirty-five. The latter declined the proffered glass with an air of virtuous indignation which struck him as uncivil, more particularly as it evoked a quiet smile from the adherents of lemonade. With a cruelty without parallel, and for which I shall not attempt to excuse him, he immediately offered the bumper to the young gentleman on whose arm the lady leaned, with the observation, 'Madam, I hope you will allow your son to take a little.'

"The unhappy couple walked away in a speechless condition. The two juniors heretofore mentioned, burst into hysterical gulphs of laughter, and then pretended that it was a simultaneous attack of coughing. There were no attempts to put down the audacious army gentleman, and he was accorded that elbow-room which we all grant to a bull in a china-closet. He was himself somewhat shocked at the sensation that he had produced.

"'What an awful row!' he whispered to Colhurne. 'I have plunged this nursery into a state of civil war. When you said picnic, how could I suppose that it was a Sabbath School excursion? By the way, it isn't Sunday, is it? Do you always do things in this way in New Boston?'"

DRILLING RAW RECRUITS.

The following, from the same volume, is a capital, and evidently a faithful description of some of the duties of a regiment in active service, under an officer who understands his business, and believes in discipline. The writer is evidently a man who knows practically, as well as theoretically, what it is to be a soldier in service:

"During the month of September was formed that famous organization, composed of five regiments of infantry, with four squadrons and two batteries attached, known officially as the Reserve Brigade, but popularly as Weitzel's. It was intended from the first for active service, and the title Reserve was applied to it simply to mislead the enemy. The regiments were encamped, for purposes of drill and preparation, on the flats near Carrollton, a village four miles above New Orleans. Carter applied for the brigade, but was unable to obtain it. Weitzel was not only his superior in rank, but was Butler's favorite officer and most trusted military adviser. Then, Carter threw up his Mayorality, and reported for duty to his regiment, in great bitterness of spirit at finding himself obliged to serve under a man who had once been his junior and inferior. His only consolation was that this was not the worst; both he and Weitzel were under the orders of an attorney.

"But he went to work vigorously at drilling, disciplining and fitting out his regiment. His Sunday morning inspections were awful ordeals, which lasted the whole forenoon. If a company showed three or four dirty men, the Colonel sent for the Captain and gave him such a lecture as made him think seriously of tendering his resignation. When not on drill or guard duty, the soldiers were busy nearly all day in brushing their uniforms, polishing their brasses and buttons, blacking their shoes and accoutrements, and washing their shirts, drawers, stocks, and even their canteen strings. The battalion drills of the Tenth were truly laborious gymnastic exercises, performed in great part on the double-quick. The sentinels did their whole duty, or were relieved and sent to the guard-house. Corporals who failed to make their rounds properly were reduced to the ranks. Privates who forgot to salute an officer, or who did not do it in handsome style, were put in confinement on bread and water. The company cooking utensils were scoured every day, and the camp was as clean as bare, turfless earth could be. Carter was a hard-hearted, intelligent, conscientious, beneficent tyrant. The Tenth Barataria was the show regiment of the Reserve Brigade. I have not time to analyze the interesting feelings of free-born Yankees under this searching despotism. I can only say that the soldiers hated their Colonel because they feared him; that, like true Americans, they profoundly respected him because, as they said, 'he knew his biz;' that they were excessively proud of the superior drill and neatness to which he had brought them against their wills; and that, on the whole, they would not have exchanged him for any other regimental commander in the brigade. They firmly believed that, under 'Old Carter,' they could whip the best regiment in the Rebel service."

GUIZOT AND HIS GRANDCHILDREN.

Mme. Charles Lenormant (the adopted daughter of Mme. Recamier) is the author of the following pleasant sketch of a distinguished man in his study:

"Let us enter M. Guizot's study about four o'clock, when he begins the lectures on history he gives twice a week to his grandchildren. The lesson lasts half an hour. Seated in front of his desk, the grandfather turns to the youthful audience grouped in front of him. Attention, respect, and joyful confidence are depicted on all those little faces. He recapitulates in a few words the subject of the preceding lecture, and the children almost always reply without hesitation to the questions addressed to them. Then this same orator, whose sorrowful voice captivated the attention of an enthusiastic public in the large amphitheatre of the Sorbonne, or quelled the interruptions of a stormy political assembly, suiting himself to the intelligence of his young auditors, traces clearly, rapidly, and in a striking manner, the event and especially the spirit of the events of our history, and he mingles with this elegant narration extracts which he reads from the Memoirs of the epoch under consideration. It is a charming lecture, and we have never been present at it without wishing this history of France, told by such a grandfather to his grandchildren, should not be lost to the public." Is not that a charming picture which seems borrowed from "Plutarch's Lives," when he tells of old Ramaus, who had been crowned with all public honors, devoting life's evening to training patriotic citizens to the country's service?"

DUMAS AND HIS SECRETARY.

The Paris correspondent of the *Publisher's Circular* has the following odd anecdote of the elder Dumas:

"M. Alex. Dumas went before a court of justice lately under these characteristic circumstances. He had for many years a M. Foutrine as secretary. The latter recently died. His widow and daughter claimed to be creditors of M. Alex. Dumas, and levied an attachment on the money at his credit with Messrs. Michel Levy Frères. They alleged he owed them 850f., the amount of seven notes given by M. Dumas, and 3,577f. with interest, being the amount of the balance of M. Fontaine's salary from 1856 to 1861. M. Dumas positively denied he owed a single cent. Thereupon the plaintiffs (as warranted by French law) challenged him to answer upon oath whether M. Fontaine had not been his secretary, and whether he did not owe the latter a balance of account. M. Dumas made this explanation: 'That excellent fellow, I confess, remained with me for nearly twenty years as secretary. I employed him to make researches for me. He lodged and lived with me. Like everybody, when he wanted money he took it from my secretary—when there was any there. One day his mother was ill. I gave him everything I had about me—it was 500f. There was never any agreement between us. He drew money out of my secretary just as I myself did, and as he wanted it. My confidence in him was boundless, and I must say he deserved it. When I was on the eve of going to Caucasus I gave him money, not because I owed him money, but because I had money and found pleasure in sharing it with him. When, subsequently, I went to Italy, I carried him with me. . . He accompanied me to Naples, but I must say here I was obliged to dismiss him, as the Neapolitan wine did not agree with him.' The court decided in favor of the defendant."

MISCELLANEOUS.

The following is the commencement of the spirited ode, written by Geo. D. Prentice for the occasion of the unveiling of the Louisville life-size statue of Henry Clay:

"Hail! true and glorious semblance, hail!
Of him, the noblest of our race—
We seem, at lifting of thy veil,
To see again his living face!
To hear the stirring words once more,
That like the storm-god's cadence pealed
With mightier power from shore to shore
Than thunders of the battle-field.

Proud statue! if the nation's life,
For which he toiled through all his years,
Must vanish in our wicked strife
And leave but groans, and blood, and tears,
If all to anarchy be given,
And ruin all our land assail,
He'll turn away his eyes in heaven,
While we o'er thee will cast thy veil."

The New York *Leader* delivers the following keen thrust at the *Home Journal's* especial Jenkins:

The *Home Journal's* Jenkins administers a rebuke to some wedding ushers for want of taste. The ushers could retort on "H. J." Jenkins for speaking of "first class" or "superb" music, and calling a dinner party *recherche*. Pictures or gems maybe *recherche*, for they are sought after, or are exquisite, or are curious, or are quaint. The ushers might, furthermore, call "H. J." Jenkins to account in referring to a married lady as *nee*, *Miss* So and So. Or they might ask "H. J." J. how "all" of the *elite* could be at one place and a "few" of the same select sort at another place upon the same evening. The *Home Journal* Jenkins should give his information to some "society" fellow to write up.

"George Eliot."—Messrs. Blackwood, of Edinburgh, have commenced publishing an illustrated edition of the novels of George Eliot. The first volume, containing "Adam Bede," with seven engravings from original designs, and handsomely bound, has just appeared, price three shillings and sixpence—which is one-ninth of the original retail price. Miss Mary Ann Evans, whose *nom de plume* is "George Eliot," is the daughter of a dissenting minister in the north of England, and was born in 1820. Her first literary work was a translation of Strauss' "Life of Jesus," after which, though she was joint-editor of the "Westminster Review" in the interval, little was heard of her until her "Scenes of Clerical Life," in "Blackwood's Magazine," attracted some attention. But her reputation as a novelist was established by "Adam Bede," published in 1858. She is one of the best educated of the British female authors, having a familiar knowledge of modern languages as well as of the classics and mathematics.

JEAN INGELOW.

The *Literary Gazette* announces that Messrs. Roberts Brothers of Boston will very shortly publish, under an arrangement with the author, and simultaneously with the issue of the English edition, a new volume of poems by Miss Ingelow. "A Story of Doom," which gives the title to the book, is much the longest and most important poem; and "Dreams that Came True," "Songs on the Voices of Birds," "Songs on the Night-Watches," "Songs of Contrast," "Songs with

Preludes," are titles quite characteristic and suggestive. None of the poems, with one or two exceptions, have ever appeared in print, and the publication of the book, which has been repeatedly delayed in consequence of the severe illness of Miss Ingelow's mother—the author having been compelled to devote to her the time necessary for its revision—will be looked for with much interest.

Mr. E. Steiger, New York, has published, in German, a copious work (283 pp.) descriptive of California, its population, and its legal, political, religious educational, and industrial relations, its mining developments, etc., with a survey of the mining regions of the adjacent States and Territories. The volume is prepared by Carl Ruhl, and includes a map of California, Nevada, etc., and a plan of the city of San Francisco and its surroundings.

An important historical work is now in course of preperation, by Horace Greeley, of the *Tribune*, and Frank Moore, of the *Rebellion Record*, upon the "Negro in America," and his influence in the history of the country. It is the intention of the editors, we are informed, to make a thorough historical examination of the social, moral, religious, literary, and political character of the black man from his introduction to the present time, and to present the same in an appropriate manner to the reading public of America.

A Fortunate Journalist.—Mr. John Oxenford, dramatic critic of the *London Times*, and author of numerous plays, original and "adapted" from foreign languages, has been compelled, by bad health, to relinquish that post, which is now occupied by Mr. Tom Taylor. While prostrated with severe illness, Mr. Oxenford came into possession of two fortunes—one of $150,000 from his father, and another of $55,000, by the death of a distant relative.

The City Gardens.—Many complain that the high winds, prevalent at all seasons in San Francisco, debar them from open-air recreation. Many fine gardens are so exposed to the wind, that the shrubs and trees have hard work to maintain an erect position against its blasts. Some months ago, a number of merchants and business men met together for the purpose of consultation as to the possibility of forming a pleasure garden in some sheltered spot, where the public of San Francisco could enjoy themselves, protected from the dust, noise, and wind, prevalent in the city. The names of these gentlemen were: Messrs. Eugene L. Sullivan, M. S. Latham, W. H. Tillinghast, George S. Ladd, E. R. Carpentier, P. H. Canavan, J. T. Dean, T. J. Poulterer, George H. Eggers, Henry B Williams, H. A. Cobb, William Burling, Louis A. Garnett, Henry Carlton, Jr., A. P. Crittennden, John Middleton, Christian Voigt, M. F. Jones, W. H. Patterson, Thomas H. Holt, M. Tibbey, W. A. Woodward, Caleb T. Fay, Herman Michels, Vernon Seaman, L Gottig, O. Shonemann, John B. Felton, S. P Middleton, John Wightman, Jule Bandmann, Geo. C. Bule, Selim E. Woodworth, John Hewston, Jr., R. H. Sinton, Dr. McNulty, and W. J. Shaw. Their deliberations resulted in the purchase at a cost of $200,000 of the house and grounds of Senator Shaw on Folsom street, between Eleventh and Fourteenth. A portion of the garden was already in a perfect state of cultivation, and a large body of workmen, and a lavish outlay of money soon reclaimed the uncultivated part. Beautiful summer houses, aviaries, cages for wild beasts, bowling alleys, etc., have been built in various parts of the ground. The hill which shelters the gardens from the wind has winding walks which lead to the summit whence a beautiful view of the city is obtained. There is a lake in the lower part of the grounds, on which are pleasure boats and miniature steamers. There is a mineral spring which has been pronounced by medical men to possess valuable medicinal properties. These beautiful gardens will be thrown open to the public this afternoon, when a grand instrumental concert will be given by a band of twenty-five musicians. The Folsom street cars run regularly every five minutes.

New Music.—We have received from M. Gray, music publisher, 907 and 613 Clay street, the following pieces of new music: "The San Francisco March," arranged for the piano with an accompaniment *ad lib.* for violin or flute, by George Koppitz. The popular melody, "The Long Long Weary Day," is pleasingly introduced in this composition; *The Little Archer*, a ballad sung with great success by Miss Kitty Blanchard in *The Black Crook* at the Continental Theatre, Boston, words by W. Dexter Smith, Jr., music by N. Lothian; the verses are pretty and the melody sprightly and fresh; "Tell Me Why You Come to Me;" we have already noticed this composition.

Immense Real Estate Sale.—On Wednesday next, the largest sale of real estate which has ever occurred in San Francisco, will take place. Maurice Dore & Co., the well-known auctioneers, will offer for sale at their rooms, the Beideman Estate, divided into lots to suit purchasers. The terms are liberal, real estate is looking up at the present time and the value of some of these lots will, in the course of a few years, be doubled. H. A. Cobb will act as auctioneer on this important occasion.

Crowded Out.—Several communications are crowded out of this issue; "Do I Miss You" by R. B. M. will appear next week.

STORY OF A LOCAL REPORTER.

BY JOHN QUILL.

MR. JAMES DUFFY was the offspring of impecunious but otherwise honest parents, who instilled into his mind many moral precepts, and threw around him more kindly parental influences than you could get elsewhere in a week. Jim was the child of their hope, and often when his mother tucked him into his bed at night, she would bend down over him and gently kiss his fair forehead and push back his golden hair, while in the far future her loving eyes thought they saw her only Jim going about doing good to his fellow-men, and acting as agent for some soup society, and carrying a blessing with him as he went through life.

Thus did this tender parent think she saw Jim, but she evidently hadn't her hand in at second sight. She was a self-sacrificing woman and a good house-keeper, but as a gazer into the future she was a complete failure.

For although Jim had been brought up in the way he should go, when he got old he departed from it and branched out in another line. He blasted his mother's hopes and dishonored his father's grey hairs by becoming a local reporter.

That was his strong point; if there was any one thing on which he could spread himself with a sense of hearty enjoyment, it was local reporting. When he was a baby he would lay awake in his cradle, and instead of playing with his toes, he would cry till you'd think he would burst a blood vessel if he couldn't get his regular daily journal to play with, and when he grew up he would go out into the alley and grab a chunk of chalk and write imaginary accidents on the fence. After a while he went to school, and he would sit there on the bench depressed and out of heart hour after hour until the copy-books were handed around, when he would pick up his pen with tender joy and go in on heavy head lines.

It made no difference whatever to Jim Duffy what the copy was. It might be "Contentment is better than Wealth," or "Perseverance conquers all things," or "Virtue is its own Reward," or any other popular old moral lie, it was perfectly immaterial to Mr. Duffy, for his instincts were strong, and he could no more help sideling across a sheet of paper with such copies as "A disastrous conflagration is a good thing," or "A brutal atrocity is always to be desired"—he could no more help this, I say, than you could help saying "yes" if anybody asked you to take a thousand dollar bill when you were dead broke and deserted by your friends.

He never spoke of summer merely as "summer;" it was a matter of religious principle with him to characterize it as the "heated term," and when he wanted to express winter, he call it the "cold spell." If he went to Sunday school he would come home and creep into his mother's lap, and lay his head upon her breast and tell her what he saw there. But he did not express himself in the innocent prattle of childhood, on the contrary, he would say, "The exerises passed off with great eclat; the *elite* of the city were there, and the chief feature of the occasion was the magnificent concourse of sweet sounds which was deliciously discoursed by the charming young lady at the melodeon.

These strong proclivities in Jim were developed in his childhood, and although his mother still cherished a hope that she would see him one day acting as ticket taker at a soup house, or as a ladle wielder, Jim was doomed to reach depths of degradation at which even an ordinary plaster Paris angel might weep and shudder.

As soon as he grew up he went and took a job at "five dollars a week as a reporter on the *Daily Exaggerator*. His mother shed gallons on gallons of actual tears, and his gray-headed sire told him that locating was necessarily a low-calling; but James was immoveable, and he stated to his gray-headed sire that if he didn't get out of the way there would be material furnished for an item on filial impiety.

And Jim was a good local reporter, and the only thing he cared for on this side of the grave was an item. Give him only one item and he would swell over it until he would rip all the side seams in his shirt. For that was his weakness. And he educated himself up to such a pitch that he would fairly gloat over human misery. If a man was only run over by a milk wagon and mangled so that he couldn't budge, Jim would feel as good as if he had just taken a drink of something warm and strengthening. And if any stray boy or other went around anywheres where the attraction of gravitation was strong, and fell off a four story house and dislocated his neck, and expired on the pavement, Jim Duffy's heart would expand with bliss, and he would make it his particular business to send round and give a ten cent stamp to a missionary society as a thank offering. It seemed cruel, but it was his nature, and he absolutely had to do it. And if some man would butcher a fellow-creature, James would feel so overjoyed that he would leave his work and go out and sacrifice to some old idol or other, just to relieve his feelings and express his sense of gratitude.

Jim was so low-spirited when items were scarce that he felt as if he must make some active exertion to kill dull care and make way with melancholy. And what do you think Jim Duffy did in this emergency? Why he would get hold of a little child and take it up on his knee, and caress it and tell it fairy tales about a good little boy who was stricken with early piety to such an alarming extent that he felt it to be his religious duty to go up and build bonfires in the garret, and then Jim would make the child believe that all he had to do to get to heaven was to go up into the cockloft and start a fire among the old rags. Then Jim Duffy would give him a box of matches and send him home, and he would get out his note-book and follow him, and prowl around the corners until he saw the smoke, when he would rush down to the office and let himself out over a piece of paper with "A Terrific Conflagration—Fearful Destruction of Property—Supposed Work of an Incendiary," and then he would amuse himself exaggerating the price of the house that was burned.

And do you know he never felt any remorse over this. Why he actually reveled in it, and considered that he was advancing the cause of civilization and Christianity.

Every now and then he would take a trip into the country in order to meditate upon the beauties of nature, he said, but it was a singular fact that whenever he left town there was always a frightful railroad accident in the very identical rural district into which Jim went. It was thought that he misplaced switches an tied logs on the tracks, but he never alluded to it himself, although it was considered remarkable that he was always the first reporter on the ground.

When Jim went courting a girl, he would sit all serene and felicitous in the back parlor, with his arm around her, in order to soothe her and calm her fears, until he saw his chance, when he would get her to go out for a minute, and then would upset half a dozen chairs and spill some red paint on the carpet to represent gore. Then he would rush out and tell the girl a pack of first-class falsehoods about a fight with a burglar, and the next morning you might pick up the *Exaggerator*, and you would see about two columns of an account of a "Desperate conflict with a ruffian—heroic conduct of our reporter."

But Jim Duffy, he thought no more of lying than if it wasn't a sin, for he felt it to be a part of his ordinary business, and he knew he must have his regular item or he would die.

And when Jim's father died, Jim laid off beside his bedside, and pretended to be weeping, while he watched for the old man to blow his last breath, when Jim's face would light up with happiness, and he would break for his office and scratch out half a column, headed, "Another old and respected citizen gone."

He absolutely wished he had a hundred fathers, so that he might write an obituary every week.

But at last his own time came, and Jim Duffy was about to die. He wasn't a particle afraid, notwithstanding all his falsehoods, for he knew it would help fill the local colum, so he sent all his relatives down stairs, and got his assistant reporter to stand by him, and he made him swear that he would not give the item to any other paper, and then with a serene smile on his face, he yielded up his life, and Jim Duffy was no more.

His will was full of items, one of which provided that he should be buried in Philadelphia, because it was in Pennsylvania, and a pencil (without a "vania," however) had been his favorite tool. He desired that they should put the last edition of the *Exaggerator* in his coffin, and bury him with the church service that had the greatest number of superlative adjectives in it.

This was all done, and it is fair to suppose that Jim's spirit will now be at rest unless something of a startling nature occurs in the spirit world, when you can safely bet he will be rushing around among the mediums and knocking on old tables and chairs, so as to get the item into the *Exaggerator*.

Dramatic Chronicle.—The *Dramatic Chronicle* which has, during the time it has been in existence achieved a wide-spread fame, and has ever since its establishment been conducted with energy and ability, entered on its sixth volume on Wednesday, July 17th The *Chronicle* is a most flourishing institution and enjoys a large share of public favor.

"Views Barefooted! or, The Tour of Europe for $181 in Greenbacks,"—Is the somewhat startling title of a lecture to be delivered before the Addisonian Society, by Mr. Ralph Keeler. The young gentleman announces his determination to "speak his piece" on Tuesday evening, July 30th. He has chartered the Academy of Music for that purpose, and we hope it may be filled to overflowing.

Asphaltum vs. Rats.—The proprietors of the new market, on California street, not content with getting the best of the butchers, are also determined to euchre the rats, and have had the entire basement floor of their building laid in asphaltum by the Pacific Asphaltum Company, under the charge of their experienced manager, Mr. M. E. Fitz-Gibbols, so as to exclude all animals of the rat kind therefrom. The basement of the Bank of California, as well as the sidewalks of both buildings, have been asphaltumized by the same company.

Waltham watches and Ayer's Pills are said to be the highest specimens of American art, each of their kind: one in mechanics and the other in medicine. With a Waltham watch in one pocket and a box of Ayer's Pills in the other, you should be at your work in season, with the health to pursue it.—*Advertiser, Norway, Me.*

The California Market.—The splendid new market erected on California street and extending to Pine, will be opened on Monday, July 29th. The butchers objected at first to moving from their old quarters on Merchant street, but have become reconciled to their fate, and every stall in the new market is now taken. The public generally will certainly approve of the change.

Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Etc., are cured speedily and pleasantly for a stipulated fee, by Dr. Bourne, 10 Masonic Temple, Post street, San Francisco. *

Electricity.—The powerful and superb battery of Dr. Bourne, 10 Masonic Temple, Post street, San Francisco, may be employed for only four bits.

Oak Poison.—The truly scientific and only unfailing cure is the method of Dr. Bourne, 10 Masonic Temple, Post street, San Francisco *

AN OLD WHALER'S YARN.*

"DID I like the life? and if I had my time to live over again would I make the same choice? Well, Miss Waven, it's about this. It's just the finest thing out—so long—as you have—no flutterings here," and he laid his hand on his broad chest. "But when a man's ship ceases to be wife and child and all the world to him, it is another thing altogether; my advice to him is, he'd better give up whaling."

So spoke Captain Harding, erst South Sea whaler, now, these ten years past, gentleman of England, living at home at ease. Captain Harding is sitting in my brother Henry's drawing-room after dinner and a heavy day's sport among the turnips,—the Captain commonly uses an immense double-barrelled gun which has in old times brought down monkeys many.

Captain Harding is not after our received notion of a sailor; he is sufficiently broad, but much too tall with it; a pale-faced man with a full white beard, he is rather bleached and aged than bronzed by his foreign experiences,—fifty-five, he looks sixty,—also, instead of the sailor's roll, he has an erect, military carriage, partly to be accounted for by his five years' service in our local volunteers, of whom he is a most efficient officer; only occasionally he orders the piping of all hands instead of the assembly, and all taut in lieu of dressing up.

"It is not to say there is any choice in the matter," continued Captain Harding. "Let a boy but have the sea fever on him,—not the sham thing, that a month's coasting voyage will cure,—but the real thirst for the sea, for foreign adventure, and he'd best be let go. I, for example, shouldn't have made half a man at home,—now, however—"

"You are a man and a half," interposed my brother, heartily.

"In size you mean?" and the captain laughed enjoyably. "Well, my father was in a large way of business, but he had little capital,—I should have done nothing at the humdrum, millwheel life I must have been bound to. But he consented that I should go to sea, and I flatter myself I did make a good whaler."

"Self-reliance is the best lesson in the world for a boy," said Henry, sententiously.

"It is, it is. Jack and I, Mrs. Waven, were turned out of the nest to make room for second brood, and what way we have made has been against wind and tide."

"But there are very many dangers attending whale-fishing, are there not?" I asked,—sharks, and all sorts of things?"

"We get used to them. I have seen men sitting with bare legs over the gunwales of the boat, and a shark come sheer up and make a snap for them, times out of mind. He comes with a swift motion, as you have seen a pike. Sharks don't often of intention attack a man. When he is about a whale they'll occasionally take a neat piece out of his leg by mistake for the whale's flank. In my thirty years' experience I have known many men killed by them. And in every way fatal accidents are less frequent than you would imagine. A lot of men about a whale just remind me of a lot of blue-bottle flies about a joint of meat. You strike here and there and everywhere as sharply and as fiercely as you like,—the chances are they'll all escape you. It is precisely thus with the whale's frantic strokes. Jack was less fortunate in this respect than I. He lost two of his officers in one voyage. Parley,—you know Parley of our town, Miss Waven?—his brother was one. The whale brought down its tail on the boat, and he was crushed to death as you would crush a gnat. The other fellow lost his life about two months after in much the same way."

"Now, when you set out on a voyage," Henry asked, "what would be your particular destination?"

"Just where my judgment took me. You see, I was differently situated to most masters. I was allowed more discretionary power. I had, in fact, a sort of roving commission. My owners would say, 'there's your ship, Harding,—everything, we think, in her that you'll require for four years. Now sail as soon as you like, and let us hear from you as often as you can. Whatever luck you have, good or ill, don't scruple to write,—we shall be glad to hear. Then I would be gone from three to four years, according to my degree of success. For the months of our own summer we would cruise in the Japan seas; for the Antaretic summer in the Australian seas. For six years, through coming home between whiles, I entirely escaped winter."

"And how do you find the whales, Captain Harding?" inquired my sister.

"My wife thinks you fish for them with a rod and a line," laughed Henry, "and a worm at the end."

"We find them, Mrs. Waven, by their spouting. With the first of daylight, a look-out is told off, and kept going, relieved at due intervals, until night. Sometimes we go two months without even seeing a whale. Then again, I once killed eleven in one day. But they were shoal whales, and the whole eleven not worth so much as one good sized male whale. A fair-sized male whale is worth five hundred pounds, and some large ones bring in as much as a thousand. When you have secured a large whale, it saves a great deal of trouble if you can get it close up by the ship. This is done by jaw-boning him,—work often falling to my share."

"Why to your share?"

"Because I was always good in the water. You take a rope suited to the purpose, and make a good running noose, as you call it, in it. You stand with this noose well advanced in your right hand, so as to avoid entanglement; your steersman brings the boat immediately over the spot where the whale is gone down; your best man—the man with the readiest eye and most reliable nerve—stands, lance in hand, prepared to pin any too curious shark: at the right moment you leap into the water, and diving, fasten the noose on the teeth of the whale. You know the jaws of a large whale are from sixteen to eighteen feet in length; the teeth are about six inches long, and a foot apart. You can get a capital purchase on these, and the thing is done in a minute."

"Rather you than me, though," said my brother.

The captain, like all truly brave men, was modest. "O," said he, naively, "all you want is to calculate before you go down. Only say I have to do thus and thus, and when the thing is to be done you will have twice the confidence and twice the dexterity. The danger, of course, is the sharks. The rope fixed, it is easy towing to the ship."

"But don't you often get your boats smashed in?" asked Henry.

"O yes, that's an affair of frequent occurrence, and if you are engaged with a whale toward the end of the day, a source of extreme danger. For, of course, there is no twilight in those equinoctial regions,—now, broad daylight; five minutes hence, darkness. You get stove in just as the sudden darkness sets in, and the chances are you perish. For, by the morning, the ship quite ignorant of your whereabouts, may have drifted miles out of sight. Now I did see a brave thing done once in an affair of this kind. You know, ladies, or more probably, you do *not* know, a whaler's boat—there are three or four of them to a ship—is some thirty feet long and as thin as a lath—"

"Thin as a lath!" exclaimed Henry.

"Three cuts to the inch plank, in fact."

"But I should have thought you could not have had them too strong,—so as to resist the strokes of the whale."

"The stoutest boat made to handle wouldn't do that; so these answer in that respect as well; and they are much more convenient for lowering from the ship and for repairing. Thirty feet long as they are, you and I could carry one on our shoulders with ease. When a boat is stove, we rightside it, lash the oars crossways so as to make a wide raft-like surface,—there are ropes expressly affixed to the side of the boats,—and all sit down to await assistance. Of course we are stationary; but thus sitting down, the weight of our bodies is not more than a pound or two on the boat: the water nearly supports us; if we stand up the boat sinks immediately. I once so sat—the water breast-high—for three hours. Bless you, it's a luxurious position in those climates,—provided your comrades look like eventually coming to your assistance. Well, on the particular occasion I have in mind, we fell in with a large whale late in the day. We were working in an extended line,—the two other boats some long way to the right—with the ship at least three miles to leeward. We are stove in, and, as Coleridge has it, 'at one stride comes the dark.'

"The ship is miles away, the other boats far beyond hail, there does not appear a hope of salvation. The one man gets up from amongst us and says he will swim for it. He does not propose trying for the ship, that is quite out of the question. But he points out how, in order themselves to reach the ship, the other boats must at some one spot come within three quarters of a mile of us, and he hopes, in spite of the sharks, in spite of the darkness, to happen upon their path, when he will bring them to our aid. Over the side the man went, and we waited and waited, and listened and listened, and in no very long time we heard the grateful plash of oars, and they brought us all off safely. I do call that a brave fellow. Our passive endurance was of a very different quality. It was touch-and-go both for him and for us. I never had a nearer—except once, perhaps, when a whale, with a clever back-stroke of his fin, took my left eyebrow sheer off to the bone," and the captain pointed to a very visible scar. "A trifle further, Miss Waven, and I should not be here to tell you the tale; that I I should not, as I am a man alive."

"Yes," said my brother, "there is something very admirable about that man's act. Mr. Kavanagh might have remained in Lucknow with the other brave men and women; but he went out and won the Victoria Cross. Ah! sailors are subject to much exposure, a little excess may be forgiven them."

"Now I'll tell you. I am fifty-five, and I was thirty years at sea—I was never screwed more than twice in my life. Once when I was a boy, and somebody who ought to have known better gave me some doctored stuff; and again on the occasion of my joining my second ship. I had something to remember that last by. As I went on board, a mate says, 'Harding, how are you, old chap?' 'Right as a trivet, says I; 'right as a trivet.' And it passed into a by-word amongst them—Harding's being as right as a trivet. It is a Suffolk saying, you know. I had a plan of my own with my crews. I found spirits in that hot climate did not agree with me, nor indeed, any fermented liquors. So for myself I prepared a mixture of best Scotch oatmeal and water—the water simply poured over the oatmeal, about a pint to a spoonful. I found it very nourishing as well as thirst-satisfying. Now if I had gone to my men, and in so many words recommended it to them in the place of grog, they would have turned up their noses. But by putting a pail of it on the deck, and making a point of helping myself from it, in less than no time I had them following my example; and soon, like me, they would drink little else."

"It is a strange life," said the captain passing his hand immediately over his hair. "When you get into the seas where the compass dips perpendicularly, you expect strange things though. Now I'll tell you,"—his favorite preface—"My brother Jack went to sea a year later than I; consequently, our spells at home timed differently, and we lost all reckonings of each other. I had not seen him for twelve years, and I did not even know in what ship he was. I was second mate, or chief mate, I forget which, in the ship *Eclipse*, and it was in the Australian Seas." There is a particularity in the form sailors speak of their vessels. I was at the look-out. I reported a sail, and the next minute I sighted a whale. The captain would not bear down on the latter lest the other ship should observe it and, being nearer, forestall us. But, in spite of our caution, in only lowering the boats, they perceived our object and followed our example; reaching the whale first, of course it became their lawful prey. As the boats neared each other, I sung out, 'Halloa, that's Jack;' meaning the officer in charge of the stranger's boat. I had not seen him for twelve years; but, bless you, I knew his build in a minute. Just as I spoke the whale indulged in a few antics, and they were all thrown into the water. We were pulling to their assistance, when it happened that another whale spouted to the right. 'By, by, Jack,' I shouted with a wave of my hand; the boat's head was brought round, and we were off after it in a trice. We did not see one another again for eleven months. Now if you had to tell that in a book I doubt whether you'd get believed. 'A pretty brother for you,' said Jack, telling the tale only a few weeks ago to a lot of gentlemen. 'We had not seen each other for twelve years, and then he left me struggling in the water to go after a whale.' 'Quite right too,' I replied. 'You'd have done the same.' 'That I should,' he said, 'for the whale was worth five hundred pounds, and I knew I was not,—at that time.' Of course I knew he was in no danger; a whaler is, or ought to be, amphibious."

"It ought to be a paying concern, and I suppose it is," said Henry.

"It was, but it is not now. I never went a voyage after I became master of a ship without bringing home from fifteen hundred to two thousand pounds for my share of profits. But now, what with goldfields in California, and goldfields in New Holland," (the name he always used for Australia,) "you can't keep your crews,—men worth having, that. A lot of riff-raff I dare say you could have: but they are not the stuff for whalers. I left it as soon as I found how the wind lay."

The captain told us much more worth knowing; but this is all I remember with sufficient distinctness.

It was a rough night for his walk home, so my brother lent him an overcoat. It was of rather peculiar fashion, and required a little ingenuity in the putting on. When, after a minute of anxious examination the captain announced that *the ropes were all right* we could not refrain from smiles. —*Once a Week*.

*This is what it professes to be, an after-dinner conversation.

THE SKY AN INDICATOR OF THE WEATHER.—The color of the sky at particular times affords wonderful good guidance Not only does a rosy sunset presage good weather and a ruddy sunrise bad weather, but there are other tints which speak with equal clearness and accuracy. A bright yellow sky in the evening indicates wind; a pale yellow, wet; a neutral gray color constitutes a favorable sign in the evening, and an unfavorable one in the morning. The clouds are full of meaning in themselves. If the forms are soft, undefined, and full feathery, the weather will be fine; if their edges are hard, sharp, and definite, it will be foul. Generally speaking, any deep, unusual hues betoken wind or rain; while the more quiet and delicate tints bespeak fair weather. These are simple maxims, and yet not so simple but that the British Board of Trade has thought fit to publish them for the use of sea-faring men.

ROBERT OTTARSON, who has been insane for thirty years, but recovered his senses on his death-bed and conversed intelligently of occurrences that transpired during the day and week previous to his insanity, making inquiries about a yoke of oxen which he valued, of the work on the farm, and the old neighbors who had been dead for years, while intervening space was a perfect blank in his memory, died at Springfield Pa., last week.

"TALES OUT OF SCHOOL."

OH, our sweethearts at school, long ago,
When our own hearts were fresh as the dew!
There were cheeks of the rosiest glow,
There were brown eyes, and black eyes and blue.
Have we ever loved as we loved then?
(Lesson far from the good master's rule!)
How we crossed lots through meadow and glen;
But we never told tales out of school!

I remember the long afternoon
When the clock slowly plodded to four,
And the bees and the flies hummed their tune
As they swung in and out of the door;
When the schoolmaster dozed in his seat,
And the sun glared on river and pool;
Then how wistfully young eyes would meet,
For we longed to tell tales *out* of school!

Ah, the notes that were written and sent,
In the slyest of underhand ways,
When we all on our books were intent!
We were cunning in those early days.
I have come to the schoolhouse once more,
And I stand where the leaves rustle cool,
Two are straying where we strayed before,
Are they telling some tales out of school?

As I live, it's my old comrade Frank!
See the rogue! round her waist his arm steals,
Ah, the girl played him many a prank;
Will she hear now, his earnest appeals?
Why it seems but a day since he stood
At the foot of the class as "the fool,"
Then you laughed at him, hey, little hood,
Shall I tell any tales out of school?

How the old time returns as I look
On the village that lies far below—
On the graveyard in yon quiet nook,
Where the earliest violets grow,
I have been to the fair little tomb
Where the long grass is wavy and cool;
Still, my heart! joy for others may bloom!
Whisper not thy sad tales out of school!

Now, the nimble red squirrel peeps out
From a chink in the vine-covered wall,
And he knows what the twain are about,
And the robins to each other call.
There's a ring slipped upon a white hand,
Quite engagingly! (Love's golden rule!)
Sadly wrong that so near them I stand;
But I never tell tales out of school!

RESTAURANTS AT THE EXPOSITION.

ALTHOUGH the prices at the French restaurants at the Exposition are higher than those in the frequented quarters of Paris, they seem, doubtless, very moderate to those Americans who are fresh from the unconscionable charges to which we are subject at home.

For instance, they offer very good beefsteakes with herbs, for one franc twenty-five centimes, equal to a quarter of a dollar in our money; vegetables come to from twelve to twenty cents a plate; a glass of champaign costs twelve cents; a slice of roast beef or mutton fifteen cents; beer or ale, eight cents; an ice cream, twenty cents; and so on. One can, therefore, at a not enormous expense, spend the whole day at the Exposition, and dine for, say sixty cents, very fairly.

GERMAN SALOONS.

The German restaurants and beer saloons vie with the French in elegance and spaciousness, and are quite as "jolly" in their appearance. The groups of prosperous looking, good-natured, heavy Germans gathered about, often accompanied by their dames, the huge pots of foaming beer and plates of salt-crusted pretzels, the long-necked pipes, and the various games going on at the tables, give one a very good picture of transplanted German restaurant life. Here you may have at your order all the peculiar beverages and dishes in vogue with that hearty nation, from lager beer and sour kraut to the brisk Munich beer and vegetable pudding.

RHINE WINE.

There is, next to the Berlin restaurant, a handsome little alcove corniced in white and gilt, in the midst a pretty statue of "The Rhine," containing semi circular stands, upon which are ranged in handsome long-necked bottles, every variety of Rhine whine, from the rare Johannisberger to the ordinary Rudesheimer and Nonemberg; each being labelled neatly according to his kind.

The Austrian restaurant is somewhat oriental in its style, and recognizes in its customers the more fiery and swarthy hue which belongs to that southern and miscellaneous empire. Here the main attraction is that celebrated Vienna beer, which rivals that of Bavaria, and those other dishes for which the Austrian capital is noted.

SPANISH WAITER GIRLS.

In the Spanish cafe you see gorgeously dressed waiter-girls, all black ringlets and sparkling black eyes, swarthy of color, voluptuous of form, dressed with that picturesque ostentation and those romantic folds which we have been accustomed to look at delightedly in the illustrations of Don Quixote and Gil Blas; passionate looking lasses, who seem only fit for some dark romance, but by some unaccountable freak of fortune are reduced to the common place occupation of pouring out wines and courtesying in acknowledgement of stray half franc pieces. On the walls of this restaurant you are surrounded by frescoes representing the rank luxuriance of Spanish valleys and fields and the heavy gloom of her mountain gorges; which, added to the liquid sentences which you hear all about you, carry your imagination to the adopted land of Columbus and all its sensual pleasures. Everything in that restaurant partakes of that gaudy ease which is characteristic of the Spaniards as a race; the chairs and tables, the ornaments of the counters, the dresses of the attendants are showy and unsubstantial.

THE RUSSIAN RESTAURANT,

Passing thence to the Russian restaurant there is a marked contrast; for there is a studied plainness and substantiality about the latter, which also illustrates the race which it represents. It is a long, narrow room plainly decorated, furnished with marble-top tables, and having a kitchen at the farther end. You know that French and Germans, and other western nations never have a restaurant and café in the same room. The restaurant, with these, is purely for eating, for taking one's meal; while the café is for taking ones after dinner coffee, chocolate, or liquor, loafing, smoking, and reading the papers. The Russians unite the two and their restaurant for dinners is also a café for drinkers and loungers.

The waiters in the Russian restaurant are peculiarly dressed in frocks of red and green silk, belted at the middle, and wide bulging pantaloons; as to what is eaten there it would doubtless puzzle a more astute gourmand than myself to tell you; at all events the food is plainer, and served with less sauce and spiceing than that which is served in the French, German, Spanish, or Italian departments. In the kitchen, which is directly on the promenade, is a curiously dressed female cook with a sort of coronet of mock pearls on her head, from which hang chains of various metals, while she dressed in folds of silk and robes very curiously worn. The Russian restaurant, though always full of native guests, is very quiet, and they seem a staid, quiet, sensible people, more grave and thoughtful than their Europern neighbors.

AN AMERICAN BAR-ROOM.

The familiar sight of an "American bar room" will be afforded to such of our countrymen as are familiar with the establishment at home. A large marble-covered bar stands directly on the promenade at the end of our section, and a soda-fountain which is attached, more particularly strikes the foreign visitors. Here arrangements are complete to furnish "sherry cobblers," "gin cocktails," "claret punches," and so on, *ad infinitum*, the drinks peculiar to American manufacture, and the proprietors are going into the business with characteristic enterprise, as if they were bound to make a good thing of it.

Next and lastly comes the English "chop and steak houses," taverns, beer saloons, where "Allsopp's India Ale," "brown stout," "double X," "Barclay and Perkins," etc., are offered in conjunction with hearty "joints" of roast beef and mutton, so that the English who visit the Exposition are happy.

Besides the cafés and restaurants there are many other convenient rooms for other purposes, situated on the promenade. There are neat little saloons for writing letters and other memoranda, where by paying two or three cents you are posted at a neat desk, supplied with pens and ink, and pay extra for paper, of which there all kinds on sale.

A DECIDED PREFERENCE.—Mrs. Caroline S. Beers, of 242 Eighth Avenue, New York, testifies as follows:

Q.—From your experience in family Sewing Machines, and the work thereof, state your preferences, how decided it is, and add any reasons that occur to you?

A.—The preference is decidedly in favor of the Grover & Baker; because it is so simple that a child can use it, and for the beauty, durability, and elasticity of stitch, which I know to be superior to any other, having tried the shuttle stitch on the same kind of wearing apparel. Where the shuttle stitch would break and run, the seam sewed by the Grover & Baker remained firm. I have done all kinds of family work, from the slightest fabric to the heaviest tucking, and hemming of very thin, light material, such as Swiss muslin, silk, cloth, cloak-making and dress-making; in dress-making I have sewed the whalebone in, stitching the belt on to the waist without putting the machine out of order in the slightest. During the twelve years it has never been repaired. There is no occasion for taking it apart for cleaning, or in changing from heavy to light or light to heavy work; it is always ready for use.

[*From testimony taken before the U. S. Commissioner of Patents, on the application for the extension of the patent for the Grover & Baker Sewing Machine.*]

THE latest improvement in the horticulture is that of removing the stones from fruits by a progress of gradual reduction, by extracting the pith from shoots and grafting them on stock and their own branches for successive seasons. The experiment has been perfectly successful with the Malaga grape.

THE LATE MR. STANFIELD.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

EVERY Artist, be he writer, painter, musician, or actor, must bear his private sorrows as he best can, and must separate them from the exercise of his public pursuit. But it sometimes happens, in compensation, that his private loss of a dear friend represents a loss on the part of the whole community. Then he may, without obtrusion of his individuality, step forth to lay his little wreath upon that dear friend's grave.

On Saturday, the eighteenth of this present month. Clarkson Stanfield died. On the afternoon of that day, England lost the great marine painter of whom she will be boastful ages hence; the National Historian of her speciality, the Sea; the man famous in all countries for his marvellous rendering of the waves that break upon her shores, of her ships and seamen, of her coasts and skies, of her storms and sunshine, of the many marvels of the deep. He who holds the ocean in the hollow of His hand, had given, associated with them, wonderful gifts into his keeping; he had used them well through threescore and fourteen years; and, on the afternoon of that spring day, relinquished them forever.

It is superfluous to record that the painter of "The Battle of Trafalgar," of the "Victory being towed into Gibraltar with the body of Nelson on board," of "The Morning after the Wreck," of "The Abandoned," of fifty more such works, died in his seventy-fourth year, "M." Stanfield. He was an Englishman.

Those grand pictures will proclaim his powers while paint and canvas last. But the writer of these words had been his friend for thirty years; and when, a short week or two before his death, he laid that once so skilful hand upon the writer's breast and told him they would meet again, "but not here," the thoughts of the latter turned, for the time, so little to his noble genius, and so much to his noble nature!

He was the soul of frankness, generosity, and simplicity. The most genial, the most affectionate, the most loving, and the most lovable of men. Success had never for an instant spoiled him. His interest in the Theatre as an Institution—the best picturesqueness of which may be said to be wholly due to him—was faithful to the last. His belief in a Play, his delight in one, the ease with which it moved him to tears or to laughter, were most remarkable evidences of the heart he must have put into his old theatrical work, and of the thorough purpose and sincerity with which it must have been done. The writer was very intimately associated with him in some amateur plays; and day after day, and night after night, there were the same unquenchable freshness, enthusiasm, and impressibility in him, though broken in health, even then.

No Artist can ever have stood by his art with a quieter dignity than he always did. Nothing would have induced him to lay it at the foot of any human creature. To fawn, or to do undeserved homage to any one, was an absolute impossibility with him. And yet, his character was so nicely balanced that he was the last man in the world to be suspected of self-assertion, and his modesty was one of his most special qualities.

He was a charitable, religious, gentle, truly good man. A genuine man, incapable of pretence or of concealment. He had been a sailor once; and all the best characteristics that are popularly attributed to sailors, being his, and being in him refined by the influence of his Art, formed a whole not likely to be often seen. There is no smile that the writer can recall, like his; no manner so naturally confiding and so cheerfully engaging. When the writer saw him for the last time on earth, the smile and the manner shone out once through the weakness, still: the bright unchanging Soul within the altered face and form.

No man was ever held in higher respect by his friends, and yet his intimate friends invariably addressed him and spoke of him by a pet name. It may need, perhaps, the writer's memory and associations to find in this a touching expression of his winning character, his playful smile, and pleasant ways. "You know Mrs. Inchbald's story, Nature and Art?" wrote Thomas Hood, once, in a letter: "What a fine edition of Nature and Art is Stanfield!"

Gone! And many and many a dear old day gone with him! But their memories remain. And his memory will not soon fade out, for he has set his mark upon the restless waters, and his fame will long be sounded in the roar of the sea.

THE position of an editor at Naples cannot be considered an enviable one. On the fifth ult. four duels took place in that city, all occasioned by a single article in the *Roma*, four of the combatants being connected with that journal. Much blood was drawn, but nobody was killed. Other hostile encounters, arising out of the same incident, were pending, and the excitement among the editorial fraternity was intense.

IN the hearing of an Irish case for an assault and battery, a counsel, while cross examining one of the witnesses, asked him what they had at the first place they stopped at. "Four glasses of ale." "What next?" "Two glasses of whisky." "What next?" "One glass of brandy." "What next?" "A fight."

NOTICE.

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J. P. BOGARDUS,
J. F. BOWMAN. } *Editors and Proprietors.*

THE CALIFORNIAN.

SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, JULY 20, 1867.

NATURAL PREDESTINATION—THE LATEST DEVELOPMENT OF BUCKLEISM.*

WE know of no writer on scientific subjects, or on subjects not strictly scientific in themselves, treated from the stand-point of science, who possessses the power of making himself so comprehensible and so interesting to a popular audience, as Dr. Draper. His lectures on chemistry are positively marvels in this respect; for we have actually known instances where they have been devoured with innocent avidity by young persons, unconscious that the attractive volume was a "school book," a suspicion of which fact would probably have caused it to be thrown aside in disgust. His "History of the Intellectual Development of Europe," while praised by the Westminster *Review* as "a remarkable achievement in in the progress of positive philosophy," and consisting of a ponderous and Buckle-like attempt at framing inductions from a stupendous amount of phenomena ascertained by science or recorded in history, nevertheless proves easy and delightful reading to large classes of persons who are strangers to scientific and philosophical studies. The author's "Thoughts On the Future Civil Policy of America," resembles, in its main characteristics, the volume that preceded it; but neither possesses the charm for the American reader, that will be found in the present most remarkable attempt to trace the causes that brought about the late civil war, to influences irresistible in their operation, working silently and according to principles of universal law, ages before any of the actors in the struggle were born. The fascination of these books is due in part to the clear and picturesque, though not always chaste style in which they are written—for Dr. Draper loves, at times, to indulge in a little rhetorical ornamentation that would be distasteful to a Saturday Reviewer—and in part to the boldness and novelty of many of the ideas and views presented. But we think that with a certain class of minds the spell owes its chief power to the author's pure and thorough Buckleism—his consistent determination to trace all phenomena, mental, moral, and spiritual, as well as material—if we may be permitted to use these terms in the old fashioned sense—to purely physical causes.

If a nation or a community advances or deteriorates "it is in a preordained and inevitable course." The civil war, he tells us, was not the result of "the passions and fanaticism of the hour;" it "came upon us in an unavoidable and irresistible way." The actions of men "are controlled by the deeds of their predecessors, and are determined by climate and other natural circumstances;" and an appreciation of this truth, will serve, the author intimates, to hasten the return of kind feeling, and cause sectional animosities to lose much of their asperity. Climate makes character; it even makes religion. "The January isothermal line of forty-one degrees, marks out in a general manner the final boundary between the Catholic and Protestant peoples of Europe. To those living on the South of it, an embellishment of worship is acceptable; to those on the North, a more simple, or austere form." So, too, the guilt of crime (if, indeed there can be anything corresponding to the theological idea of guilt in the Buckle philosophy) rests on society. "Society prepares the crime," says Quetelet, as quoted by Dr. Draper, "the culprit only executes it." "Uniformity of climate makes people homogenious; they will necessarily think alike, and inevitably act alike." Any competent thinker, knowing the geographical and meteorological facts in relation to the North and South respectively, might have foretold the results of the war. "A Southern nation which is continually under the influence of the sky—which is continually prompted to varying thought, will indulge in a superficity of ideas, and deal with them all superficially; more volatile than reflective, it can never have a constant love for a fixed constitution. Once resolved to act, the intention of the North, sustained by reason alone, will outlast the enthusiasm of the South. In physical courage, the two are equal, but the North will prevail through its habits of labor, of method, and its inexorable perseverance." And, accordingly, the result had been foretold, even before the commencement of the struggle. "Long ago, writers who have paid attention to these subjects have affirmed that the South will fight for the benefit of its leaders, but the North will conquer for the benefit of all. To convince the man who lives under a roof, an appeal must be made to his understanding, to convince him who lives under the sky, the appeal must be made to his feelings." Again, since everything in all nature is subjected to an impartial and unchangeable rule; since like causes under like conditions, must always produce like effects, we have only to study the past history of countries in the Old World resembling ours in climate and meteorology, in order to be able to cast our own horoscope. "In the Pacific regions," says our author, "there is an American Arabia, Persia, Palestine, Tartary." Hence, "the habits and ideas of the Old World will reappear in the New. The arts of Eastern life, the picturesque orientalism of Arabia, will be reproduced in our interior sandy desert, the love-songs of Persia in the dells and glades of Sonora, and the religious aspirations of Palestine in the similar scenery of New Mexico."

Never for a moment does Dr. Draper lose sight of the great cardinal principle of the materialistic philosophy, nor does he ever weary of repeating it over and over in constantly varying forms. It appears in the preface, in a formula that oddly resembles that in which Calvinistic theologians announce the dogmas of Predestination, Election and Reprobation. It recurs, more or less varied in expression, on almost every successive page. Now it is; "Communites advance in a preordained and inevitable course." Next we are told, "In the hand of Nature, man is like clay in the hand of the potter." In the succeeding paragraph we find the declaration that, "To scientific history, foreknowledge is not impossible." At the foot of the same page, charity to one another's obliquities is invoked on the ground that, "there overrides so many of our apparently voluntary actions, a necessary, an unavoidable constraint." Again: "The springs of history are not, as was for a long time imagined, the machinations of statesmen, or the ambition of kings; they are found in the silent influences of Nature." Recurring to a favorite figure, the author reminds his readers for the twentieth time, that "man is a plastic organism; like clay in the hands of the potter, he may be modeled into many different forms; but successive portions of clay forced into the same mould, will yield casts that are all alike." In subsequent chapters the same article of philosophic faith constantly reappears, with but little variation of phrase. "Political foreknowledge" is based upon a study of Nature; "If there be two localities in which the aspect of Nature and all other physical influences are precisely alike, we may be sure that there will be a close correspondence in the habits and thoughts of their inhabitants;" "if we wish to ascertain the probable action of a given existing community, we must seek for some former community which has been placed in similar circumstances.

We could easily fill a column with these propositions in the various forms in which they recur throughout the volume. Precisely how far the author carries this doctrine, it is not easy to determine, but there are numerous passages that show beyond question that he does not limit the despotism of physical influences to mere physiological effects. The climate in which we live, the food we eat, and the sum of our material surroundings, make us what we are. They determine our mental as well as our physical stature, our opinions and beliefs, as well as our complexions and the color of our hair. Individuals and nations move in a determined orbit, from which there is no escape. Their acts are simply the involuntary effects of extraneous causes, single links in a great chain, the last of which was involved in, and necessitated by the first—and could have been foreseen by an intelligence large enough to comprehend the physical laws at work in the beginning. Man is no longer a wonder and a mystery. He is simply the product of his surroundings, just as a pumpkin is, owing his characteristics and qualities like it, to the soil, climate and meteorology of his locality.

But we are approaching a side of the subject, of which it was not our purpose to speak in the present article. Indeed, the author furnishes no provocation in this volume to metaphysical discussion. He confines himself strictly to the practical aspect of his theme, announces no doctrines except so far as they are directly applicable to the facts with which he deals, abstains from meddling with abstractions, and leaves speculative minds to draw whatever inferences they may, of a psychological or theological character from the principles he enunciates.

In the application of those principles, and their illustration by historical parallels, the author displays an erudition as vast and varied as that of Buckle, and evinces a more thorough assimilation and an easier mastery of it than that omniverous student, his learning, when there is a call for it, having the air of coming directly from his mind and memory, instead of being drawn from his common place book. Repugnant as the extreme materialistic spirit of the work must be to a certain class of minds, no intelligent man can read it without the liveliest enjoyment. The boldness and ingenuity of the author's attempt to account for all historical facts, for national characteristics, acts and modes of thought, for revolutions, wars, beliefs, by an appeal to climate—zones, and isothermal lines; the remarkable clearness with which his views are presented; the immense range of reading and scholarship that is brought to bear in their illustration; the candid and philosophic spirit in which all peoples, parties, and opinions are dealt with; these characteristics, together with the charm of the style, render the volume one of the most delightful that have ever been written on a serious subject.

* "History of the American Civil War." By John William Draper, M. D., L. L. D., Professor of Chemistry and Physiology in the University of New York; Author of "A Treatise on Human Physiology," etc., etc. In Three Volumes. Vol. I. Containing the Causes of the War, and the events Preparatory to it, Up to the close of President Buchanan's Administration. New York: Harper & Brothers Publishers. 1867. San Francisco: A. Roman & Co.

[For the Californian.]

WANTED, A SUBJECT AND IDEAS.

BY DOGBERRY.

IT is a fearful thing while dependent for one's daily and weekly bread, and daily and weekly washing, and daily and weekly etceteras, on the production of a certain amount of copy for a newspaper, to find all at once that your ideas are exhausted.

Fret was in this situation. It was Monday morning. He sat at his table looking at the white wall opposite. His brain was as blank as the wall. There were two columns to be furnished the *Weekly Wasp*, one for the *Perpetual Growler* two for the *Daily Rasp and Filer*, and not an idea or a subject. A subject is as necessary as ideas.

There was no one to abuse. People were becoming miserably, and for him, unprofitably correct. If they kept on this way he should starve.

He marked idly with his pen on the paper. Nothing came to him save worn-out platitudes. He took a book and read a few lines, they tired him—he got up—walked about—sat down—drummed with his fingers on the table—whistled—sang in a whisper, "rum te tump te tidlle dum, rump te tump te dido," then took up Shakspeare—but his mood was not Shaksperian—his impatience frothed. He gave it verbal expression. He said something wicked, profane. Scribblers often do such things—when no one is in hearing. Even poets have been known to swear.

The moments were yielding naught but staleness, when Stubbs, another consumer of pens, ink and paper, came in. Stubbs occupied an adjoining apartment. Here was hope. Stubbs would talk and might elicit the idea he wanted. But Stubbs was himself just then mentally impecunious. He was written out, and was after ideas himself. He could talk nothing but common-place, "It was hot—he was tired—didn't rest well—no appetite for breakfast—would go down town." He did go.

Fret, once more alone, felt duller than ever. He listened mechanically to the sounds outside, to the cries of fruit-retailers bawling "strawberries! strawberries! ripe strawberries," and "ere's your fine nice peaches, only ten cents a pound." Steam whistles screeched at intervals. There was a sound of monotonous scrubbing from a woman at a washboard in an adjoining yard. Somebody, somewhere sang dismally. An infant in a yard to the right cried loudly, monotonously and steadily. Ditto did one in a yard to the left, two octaves lower. They always cried at that time of day. They had worn dreary ruts of sound in Fret's brain. He heard them and yet did not hear them, just as one becomes accustomed to the song of the bore, or being poor, or any other nuisance.

So passed hours—weary hours. Monday was going. Something might be obtained out of doors. He took his hat and went out. He staid all day. Monday was gone.

Tuesday found him in the same condition of mental vacuity at the same table, the fruit dealers and infants still bawling. It was worse than the day before. Blank, blank, blank! Not a line had been furnished the *Daily Rasp and Filer*. He was fearful of encountering the editors. Then the two columns for the *Weekly Wasp* by Thursday? He was also afraid of that editorial ogre. The matter for the *Perpetual Growler* must be handed in by Thursday night. A few hours more and he would be dodging out of that editor's way.

Then he wrote furiously, desperately, not caring how or what he wrote. He filled four sheets of foolscap and sent it to the *Wasp* office. He did not read or revise it. He knew it was weak, feeble, impudent and trashy. He would not harrow up his soul by reading it.

"Great Heavens!" said the editor of the *Wasp* that evening to Fret, as he was trying to imagine himself amused at the theatre.

"What do you mean by lampooning that wedding? Do you call such matter as that fit for the columns of a respectable weekly? Why, that article in print would cost me twenty subscribers. You must be insane. Were you sober when you penned it?"

Fret said he believed he was a blackguard. He left the theatre feeling pauperish both in mental and material wealth. Going moodily along, some one called him. It was Pip, editor of the *Daily Rasp and Filer*. Pip made the usual common place remarks about the theatre, and the weather, and after an ominous hem or two, thus broke out:

"I say, Fret, you're getting very dull lately; you must stir yourself up. Our paper is nothing like what it was two months ago. It's as dull and stupid as the *Daily Door Mat*. We want more sharp, witty, satirical, funny, sensational, short articles. If they are a trifle broad, no matter, so long as you cover it up in the right way; you can do that, you know."

Calling in for a moment at the *Growler* office, to get a look at the evening papers, of which he found a few columns, the rest having been cut out for the sake of the advertisements, there was poured into him the following screed of advice and opinion from that editor.

"Mr. Fret, you are falling into an error, common to all young writers. You are trying to do much too 'fine writing.'

You are getting out of your depth. The crowd, sir, care nothing for 'fine writing.' We want slashing articles, something bold, saucy and impudent. We want something like the article you wrote on 'The private life and dissipation of our city clergy,' or 'The confessions of an antique schoolmarm,' or 'The revelations of a respectable physician.' That's the style; something that will make the hair of the community staud on end while they read. Hang your 'fine writing."

As Fret went home, he passed a fruit stand whereon was heaped a pile of peaches, labelled "ten cents per pound." They looked good. But he had not ten cents to spare for this luxury. A luxury? Were they not rather a necessity of which he was deprived? All that tempting array in the fruit stalls and restaurant windows was to him forbidden fruit. He was accustomed to look at it longingly, for a moment, and pass it by. It was not for him.

He laid himself that night on his couch, tired, tired in body and in mind. It was not complete rest to stretch himself there. There are other things than tired muscles. There are tired souls; tired of an unceasing struggle for bread, tired by reason of a vague longing for something, they hardly know what. The machine must work, oiled or not. The bricks must be made, with or without straw. It was not idleness he craved. Idleness is not rest. Why did men look upon him as an idle, aimless, scribbler? He was sometimes asked why he did not do something practical. He had tried, and had been told he was impractical. He wanted to die. If existence was all to be like this, the sooner over the better. Other men had homes and places of rest. Daily they left those dear to them, strengthened and cheered, for their labor. At night they returned to meet love and affection. More forbidden fruit. Why was he cursed with such tastes and desires, stronger even than with most men, if they could not be gratified?

Fret undressed. His garments were strewed about the room just where they fell off. He tumbled into bed, blew out the candle, and the wick smoked steadily and smelt vilely for half an hour. Unable to sleep, he arose, relit the candle, went down into the kitchen, not much dressed, stealthily explored cupboard and pantry, ate of cold beef, bread, pickles, cake and milk, with the midnight appetite of a Bohemian. Then again he retired and dreamt mean dreams.

Of course there was an awakening in the morning, with abdominal pains, and a poor appetite for breakfast. Again he sat at the table, tired, sick, and discouraged. But the darkest time is just before day. Both the idea and the subject seized him—no, he seized them. He held them both fast with one hand while he wrote with the other. They struggled furiously in his grasp. Line by line he chained to the paper. He perspired. Ink flew recklessly about. Pen after pen was worn to the stump. Stubbs and the landlady heard the racket. They rushed to his apartment. They burst in. He noticed them not. They saw the moment of inspiration had arrived. He wrote, and wrote, and wrote, not only on the paper, but on the table, the floor, the ceilings, aye, even on Stubbs and the landlady. With eyes intent on his manuscript, he called for more paper. Stubbs and the landlady rushed out, and returned with all the paper in the house; note paper, fool's-cap, letter paper, and wrapping paper. He clawed blindly at the first sheet handed him. It was covered with words in an instant. They worked hard, handing him sheet after sheet, as they would feed a printing press. An occasional spare moment intervening, they transferred the writen thoughts from the table, floor, ceiling, and themselves, to clean paper. Still he wrote, oblivious to all around him. As his ideas became brighter and more vivid, of course the more obscure, wild, and uniutillegible his chirography; a sure indication of genius and inspiration. The last sheet was covered—it held but four words, such was the nervous intensity of Fret's mind, giving itself expression through the body. Then he bounded from his seat, threw the last worn out pen at Stubbs, the exhausted ink bottle at the landlady, cried Eureka! and this is the result.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

"HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN CIVIL WAR." By John William Draper, M. D., L. L. D., Professor of Chemistry and Physiology in the University of New York; Author of "A Treatise on Human Physiology,' etc., etc. In Three Volumes. Vol. I. Containing the Causes of the War, and the events Preparatory to it. Up to the close of President Buchanan's Administration. New York: Harper & Brothers. Publishers. 1867. San Francisco: A. Roman & Co.

THE HISTORY OF DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA. From the Spanish of Cervantes. With illustrations by Gustav. Dore. New York: M. Doolady, 448 Broome st, 1867. San Francisco: A. Roman & Co.

POEMS. By DORA GREENWELL. Alexander Strattan, Publisher, 56 Ludgate Hill, London. 1867, San Francisco: A. Roman & Co.

LIBER LIBRORUM: Its Structure, Limitations, and Purpose, A Friendly Communication to A Reluctant Sceptic. New York; Charles Scribner & Co. 1867. San Francisco: A. Roman & Co.

THE MAN WITH THE BROKEN EAR. A Novel. Translated from the French of Edmund About, By Henry Holt. New York: Leypoldt & Holt. San Francisco: A Roman & Co.

DRAMATIC AFFAIRS.

THE success of Edwin Adams is at high tide, but as it has been at that point and remained there ever since he arrived, it is hard to prophesy when it will begin to ebb. During last week Maguire's Opera House was crowded every night by fashionable audiences. On Monday *Wild Oats* was performed, on Tuesday *Hamlet*, and on Wednesday *The School for Scandal* was presented, with Mr. Adams as "Charles Surface," Mr. Edwards as "Sir Peter Teazle," Mrs. Sophie Edwin as "Lady Teazle" and Mr. McCullough as "Joseph." Mr. Adams made a good "Charles Surface." The character of "Sir Peter Teazle" was admirably performed by H. Edwards, who brought out every point in the character with great skill. The screen scene was very effectively represented, Edwin Adams, Mrs. Sophie Edwin, John McCullough and H. Edwards all acting capitally.

On Thursday evening Mr. Adams produced his play of *The Heretic*, which he bought of Forrest, for whom it was originally written by Judge Conrad, the author of *Jack Cade*. This play posesses the advantage of a good plot, and contains many striking situations, but Judge Conrad was too fond of writing high tragic and thrillingly pathetic speeches, to allow the play to move evenly and uninterruptedly to its close. Often two of the characters are marched on to the stage, and there they have to stand for perhaps quarter of an hour, spouting fustian stuff which might just as well be left out. "Adrian de Teligny" (Edwin Adams,) is a Hugenot, who leaves his home and wife in Paris, for the purpose of fighting for his religious opinions. Returning, at the risk of his life, after an absence of some years, he reaches his home on the night when his wife, "Eleanor de Teligny," (Mrs Sophie Edwin,) supposing him dead, has married "Raymond de Clermont," (John McCullough.) "Adrian" suddenly appears to his wife, who, of course, screams. At first she is glad to find her husband alive, then she isn't so glad when she reflects that she a few hours ago took another. It is right to say here, that Eleanor was coerced into this second marriage by her cruel parent, "Marquis de Beaumonoir," (D. C. Anderson,) who is a relentless persecutor of Huguenots. Eleanor soon realizes the peril in which her husband stands, begs him to fly immediately, and is the more urgent in her entreaties as she fears that a meeting and explanation may take place between her two husbands. "Adrian de Teligny" is discovered at the end of the first act, but not recognized by any as Eleanor's husband; he is supposed to be some Huguenot of note, whom for her first husband's sake she is anxious to shelter. Adrian is put in confinement previous to being tried and executed. Eleanor persists in her attempts to secure his escape, and at length husband No. 2, "Raymond de Clremont," becomes very jealous. There are some effective scenes between the two husbands, "Adrian knowing his wife to have married "Raymond," is of course very rude, while "Raymond," suspecting "Adrian" to be his wife's lover, is in a most distressing condition. "Adrian" is repeatedly offered his liberty on conditions which he refuses, and at length is quite resolved that he will either take "Raymond's" life or die. They fight; "Adrian receives a mortal wound, shakes hands with "Raymond," tells him to be happy with Eleanor who really loves him, and is just about to die, when the cause of all the trouble, who has in the meantime been engaged in poisoning herself in her bed-chamber, comes in in a dying condition and the two expire together, while poor "Raymond" stands gazing at them and looking sheepish. Mr. Adams was forced by the nature of his part to do a little ranting, though he softened down some portions of the text which were evidently written to be ranted, until they became rather tame. I don't think Mr. Adams made a good speculation in buying *The Heretic*, as his part necessitates a good deal of hard work and is anything but a pleasant one. Mrs. Sophie Edwin acted "Eleanor" capitally, gaining much applause. John McCullough had several opportunities for displaying skill in declaimation and did them full justice. This play was repeated last night.

This afternoon, Edwin Adams will give a matinée, and appear in his famous character of "Rover" in the comedy of *Wild Oats*. This is, perhaps, the most popular of all Mr. Adams' impersonations. In the evening, the thrilling domestic drama of *The Drunkard* will be performed, and will, no douht, have a good effect on the hardy sons of toil, some of whom, having received their week's wages, are too apt to indulge in "deep draughts of the intoxicating bowl" on the last day of the week comforting themselves with the reflection that they can spend Sunday in getting sober. All who wish to see a supremely horrid "drunk," and draw a moral, should go to Maguire's Opera House to-night.

On Monday, a dramatization of Tennyson's beautiful poem of "Enoch Arden" will be produced. *Enoch Arden; or, Under the Palm*, a dramatization by "Trem," had a successful run of a week when produced at the Opera House some two years ago. This *Enoch Arden; or, Under the Palm* is a play which Mr Adams had written expressly for himself in the East. It will be produced with fine scenery and stage effects, original music and a strong cast.

The production of the *Black Rook*, at the Metropolitan Theatre, proved a happy idea; it has deservedly drawn large houses every night during the week. Everyone knows that this great spectacular piece was presented in fine style on the occasion of its production, but all who saw it during the present week must confess that great improvements have been made. New scenery has been painted, new effects have been introduced, and the music has been partially re-arranged. In addition to these changes—all of them for the better—a new ballet has been introduced in which a corps of home artistes appear, and perform many graceful evolutions. The dress of these ladies of the ballet is very pretty, and the fact that there is a good deal less of it than was worn by the former ballet company does not seem to offend the public at all. The Martinetti ballet company perform many beautiful dances and the gymnasts of the troupe execute some of their most wonderful feats. Altogether the *Black Rook* as produced this week at the, Metropolitan, must, I fancy, approach more nearly to the original *Black Crook* than anything as yet seen in San Francisco. A matinee will be given at 2 o'clock, and this gorgeous spectacle will be played again this evening. On Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday it will be presented for the last three times, and then the famous *Black Rook* which has attracted such crowds of people, cost so much money, and which so terribly aroused the indignation of Judge Deady, will pass away from the San Francisco stage forever. On Thursday evening, the beautiful spectacular ballet opera of *The Night Dancers* will be produced with all the original airs and a full corps de ballet. The Martinetti Troupe leave on the 10th prox., and are present playing a their farewell engagement in this city. It will be long before so good a ballet company visits us.

TOUCHSTONE.

ITALIAN OPERA.

SINCE our last review, *Faust*, *Norma*, and *Il Trovatore* have been given on the regular nights, while *Ernani* was presented for Signor Milleri's benefit. On Thursday evening, *Ione*, which was depended upon for a run of five or six nights at least, failed to draw a tolerable house on Saturday evening, its third representation; and the apathy of the public is a matter of regret, because the music of the opera improves upon acquaintance, and it was rendered with rare perfection by the artists, who we fear, must begin to feel as if it makes little difference in San Francisco whether they are perfect or not. *Faust*, hurried upon the stage, on Monday night, (since *Ione* would not draw, and something must be played,) was necessarily rendered in a crude and unsatisfactory manner. *Norma*, on Wednesday, was very creditably done, except that the voices of nearly all the singers showed signs of overwork; and *Ernani*, on Thursday, was subject to the same disadvantage, and was marred, in addition, by frequent carelessness in the orchestra, especially among the strings. The finale of the third act, in the tomb of Charlemague, was almost the only number that was thoroughly well done, and it was unanimously and heartily encored.

The necessity, on the part of the management, of giving a different opera every night, in order to draw paying houses, renders it absolutely impossible for the company to produce their operas in a perfect manner, however much they may desire to do so. Both the public and the artists are losers by this "sensation" harharism; the first, in the necessarily imperfect manner in which the operas are produced, and the last, in being responsible for shortcomings, which are inevitable under the circumstances.

The early hour at which we go to press, forbids a notice of *Il Trovatore*, given last night. *Lucrezia Borgia* will he performed this evening. *Ione* is announced for Monday.

WOODWARD'S GARDEN.—These delightful gardens are very beautiful at this season of the year. The trees and shrubs are dressed in the richest green, and even the beasts have fine new summer coats. The camel who, during the Spring, wore a disgracefully rough, worn out and seedy-looking coat, has now a most magnificent one of sleek, shining camel's hair. A number of additions have been made of late to the menagerie. A happy family, consisting of two intelligent young bears and three particularly cunning monkeys, is one of the attractive features. More animals will shortly arrive; a whole cargo of wild beasts for these gardens is now out one hundred days from England, where they were purchased by Mr. Woodward.

BENEFIT.—The members of the B'nai B'rith Literary and Social Circle have tendered a benefit to the First Hebrew Benevolent Society. It will take place at the Academy of Music on Tuesday, August 6th. *The Marble Heart* will be performed.

ANATOMICAL MUSEUM.—Among other beautiful models on exhibition at this establishment is one which shows every muscle in the body. The members of the Olympic Club and other amateur gymnasts should add to their knowledge of motors and flexors by inspecting this fine work of art.

"THE ABUSES AND USES OF SPIRITUALISM" will be the subject of Mrs. Cuppy's lecture at Mechanics' Institute Hall on Sunday evening.

ENGLISH RAILWAY MEN.

WHAT going into the Squire's service, or, in very bad times, enlisting in the army, used to be to the young villager, is now the becoming a porter in the "Company.' Whittington, had he lived in the nineteenth century, would have heard the bells ring out a prophecy as to his becoming manager instead of Lord Mayor; and perhaps, even as here and there a rustic enlists having a hope of becoming a general, so, occassionally, a man may join the line from ambition. In each case the neophyte soon learns better.

A surgeon now usually examines all candidates for the post of porter or policemen, as the companies are naturally auxious to have strong, healthy servants, and are particularly careful to have men with good eyesight; but, from the higher wages obtainable elsewhere, the standard of quality, with every care, can hardly be kept to what it was. My readers will not care to hear much about this, but a very ingenious "dodge," which was for a long time in vogue, will bear mentioning. On a certain great railway the examining surgeon wondered at the few cases of short sight which came under his notice, and how it was that he let some men pass who proved afterwards to labor under this defect. He had tested the candidate by making him read, at a moderate distance, the banker's list, which in small print, formed part of a sheet almanac hanging up in his office. He naturally took the top line, say—

The Alliance Bank, Bartholomew Lane.

The first man who read it gave the words to the rest, perhaps forty or fifty in number, and every man of them, sharp-sighted or purblind, read the line glibly enough. Happening by pure accident, to change the column once, the doctor was astounded to hear a man, looking at "A List of the Sovereigns of Europe," declare the first one to be "The Alliance Bank, Bartholomew Lane." This exposed the trick, and a scheme was adopted which effectually balked all further collusion.

The variety of callings which send representatives seeking the position of railway porter, is surprising. In one year, on one line, men of no less than thirty-three different occupations presented themselves. The largest number were general laborers; next, and pretty close, agricultural laborers. Clerks and shoolmasters came too, but fully four-fifths of these were rejected. Their coming at all told a sad tale of their failure in their own professions.

The men join either as porters or policemen—usually the former, as so many more are employed—and are sent into the goods or passengers' side as vacancies arise. The pay is very low, about eighteen shillings per week in London, to commence, and a little less in the country, with a suit of clothes. Of course there is the hope of promotion; this takes the form of a change, to a switchman, or booking constable at a small station—the public describe him as a station-master—a goods guard, or a passenger guard. These latter situations are exclusively and invariably reserved as promotions. There is yet another class of first appointments—that, on some lines, of ticket collector. At small junctions, or second-rate stations, this is often given to youths. By way of speaking a word in due season, let me tell my readers what happened to a traveler on the Brighton line. A year or two back this gentleman had occasion to go to Brighton, and, on arriving at the ticket platform, the collector came, as usual, to the door of the carriage. Upon this the traveler in question, as one often does, received the tickets from the remaining inmates and gave them to the official.

"Only nine here, sir," said the man, "and there's ten in the carriage."

"O, indeed. I didn't count them," returned the gentleman. Then, looking smilingly round, he continued, "Who hasn't given me a ticket?"

A dead silence was the reply.

"Come, sir," urged the collector; "I can't stop here all day."

"Well, but, my good fellow," exclaimed the passenger, the nature of the dilemma beginning to draw upon him, "somebody has got a ticket, or else hasn't got a ticket. Did you give me yours, sir?"

He repeated this question all round, the collector growing more impatient, and finally had to pay his own fare all the way from London, besides being suspected of a desire to defraud the company. Some crafty one had speculated on this handing up the tickets taking place, and the unlucky gentleman suffered for his politeness—which, I presume, he had never since repeated.

The position of passenger-porter is usually preferred to a post in the goods, not alone that the work is lighter, but from the chance there is of making money by presents from passengers. I cannot help thinking that the knowledge of the presents received by men enters into the calculations of their employers. A guard, for instance—a head guard too—of main line passenger trains, although there may not be a solitary report against him, will remain for ten or fifteen years at the rate he received when first appointed to the post. In such cases, and there are many such, what but the "quills" can reconcile the men to such neglect? "Quills," my readers must perceive, are presents.

The most fatal objection to a man who wishes to enter the service is, naturally, a tendency to have fits. When a man, once in the employment, is unfortunately attacked by these visitations, it is painful, yet almost ludicrous, to hear how he will try to explain them away. They are everything but fits; or, if undeniable, then the accidental cause is something ridiculously trivial and improbable. It is very strange, though, how the men concur in saying that the night air will produce epilepsy in some constitutions. I never knew this to be confirmed by a surgeon, but I have had such corroborative evidence and experience in seeing the effect of a change, that I really half believe this theory.

The increase of pay is one shilling per week per year, to twenty-two shillings; but, before this maximum is obtained, it often happens that the policeman who behaves himself well gets appointed to a switch, at a rate of pay which usually ranges, in the London district, from twenty-one to twenty-five shillings a week, and if he passed a year without a report, he receives on many lines a bonus of five pounds—a very well-bestowed premium too. If he receive four successive premiums he is entitled to wear an "Order of Merit," in the shape of a stripe, or chiveron, on his arm, and an additional stripe for every four premiums. So, should any of my readers see, pottering about a station, a feeble-looking, gray-haired man, with four or five of these stripes, they will know that in his time he has been a good and useful servant to the company. In speaking of the switchmen, it is impossible to avoid an allusion to their hours of work. In the London district, eight hours a day, on most lines, is considered enough, and at this the switchmen would not grumble, although, let me advise the reader, where a man has charge of several single switches in a yard, the work is far harder than he, probably, has any idea of; while it is very monotonous and trying to stand all day at a row of levers, like colossal beer-engines, regulating the course of several series of trains. The responsibility, as every one knows, is very serious, and it is highly to the credit of the pointsmen that so few accidents, really attributable to them, occur. Accidents, however, will happen, do what we may, even if switchmen, drivers, and all concerned, are vigilant. Improved as railway signals are, they are not absolute perfection; and through them mistakes will arise, and accidents occur—or be escaped by the narrowest possible margin.

At a branch, not very far from the terminal station, a driver once ran steadily on to his main line, for the signal was at "Caution;" as he did so, a train, filled with passengers, rushed past him—his brake just enabled him to stop a single second before crossing the line almost at right angles, full in front of the train. The passengers knew, and could know, nothing of this; but the officials did, and a searching investigation took place, in which the driver vowed the signal stood at "Caution," while the signal-man declared he had it at "Danger"—which is equal to "Stop." At last it was found that though the lever was pulled over to "Danger," yet the arm of the semaphore would not follow it; but, from corrosion or some derangement, stuck at "Caution." Now, here was a case—so recent that I may say here *is* a case—where an accident of appalling dimensions nearly occurred, and where every man whose duty it was to prevent it did his duty well.

I have heard of a pointsman being on duty thirty hours in succession, but that was to enable a "mate" to have a day off, for it unfortunately happens that, on some lines, there is very little provision made for holidays, or even for rest on Sundays. I believe, however, that the very hard posts will be found usually on provincial lines.

Men suffer much at some stations from exposure to the cold, for although the companies generally provide them with a stove where possible, yet they have to be out so much in the rain, the wind, or the snow, that each winter one generally hears rumors of men being frozen to death or perishing in some manner by exposure. It was not always, though, that the authorities allowed their sentinels the comfort of a fire; not the highest officials are here meant—they are nearly always kind and considerate—but the pelting, petty officers do the mischief, and I know one such who had set his face against any of his men having a fire, even in the severest weather. One poor fellow, whose post, on a bridge, was a very exposed one, had begged an old stove, and placing it in front of his box, managed to get a little warmth from it. But, one bleak day, his immediate overseer came round, and from his temper it was quite certain that the sight of the stove would bring down a storm; so in desperation the policeman threw an old box, which he used as a spare seat, over it, trusting that the inspector would simply pass by.

To his horror, however, the officer came up, and calmly sat down upon the box or case. The agonized policeman politely offered his stool, but no, Fate was against him. The inspector was clearly in for a gossip, and began the conversation in a strain, for him, unusually cheerful; but soon the guilty one saw the expression on his visitor's countenance change, saw him look curiously down to the right, to the left, and at last, as the wood began to burn, jump up with a yell of alarm. He immediately suspended the delinquent, who, not knowing what else to do, betook himself to a director, by whom the knuckles of the petty tyrant were well rapped, and so far from the use of stoves being barred, the men were provided with them.

The duty of the switchman being very monotonous, and as at some points but few trains pass, he has much time to spare, although he cannot leave his post. Usually he becomes a gardener, and very neat and pretty his patch looks, as most of us must have noticed. Let no one imagine that in the metropolitan district there is any time to spare. Failing gardening, he reads, and is often a very strong politician, not usually on the Conservative side. It is very seldom that you hear of any one of the number devoting himself to a scientific pursuit—railway servants seem to avoid such dry matters. I did not, of course, mean the mechanics, who very often light upon some ingenious idea—but of the ordinary railway employee, the highest achievement I ever heard was that of a man teaching himself to write.

I well remember how one who did this was a perfect bore when he had once acquired the art, for he would, on account of the practice it afforded, write notes to everybody about everything, and even amongst his comrades, if he had the most trivial question to ask, would write it on a scrap of paper and hand it to his neighbor—he might almost as well have been dumb as far as his conversational habits went then. But this passing the notes having a very stealthy aspect, used to incense terribly the rough fellows at the same table—for these were not switchmen of whom I now speak—they thinking he was writing things offensive to them, and violent quarrels would ensue. Occasionally a man will keep rabbits, or, where near a shed, chickens; these pursuits are winked at in the country where they do no harm, but are not strictly in the bond. I well knew a man who took to keeping chickens in the shed, his immediate superior not objecting, but, lest they should get in the way of the trucks, he resorted to the expedient of tying each of them to posts, by a long piece of string. It had a very odd appearance, thirty chickens hopping about, each tied by the leg, and one day the highest man of all came unexpectedly into the shed, and saw this queer spectacle. He could not find fault for laughing.

I cannot speak of the pointsman's duties without referring to the accidents which arise in the course of them, or by the neglect of them. These are very numerous, as every one knows, but some have been of so singular a character that, though the list is of the ghastliest, yet there is an interest attaching to them far beyond the mere horror. Of those accidents which have not ended fatally, none strike me as being more terrible than the case of a man who was walking along the line when he saw a train coming towards him (the experienced railway servant always walks so as to meet the train.) As it approached he moved out of its way, but, in stepping on the metals, his foot slipped between the points—for there was a crossing there—and so tightly was it instantly jammed, that no force he could use would extricate it. The driver saw him, and blew his whistle, but the unfortunate fellow could not move, and so, with great presence of mind, he leant outside the rails, and awaited the amputation which was inevitable; had he leant inside, of course he would have been cut to pieces, but the train thundered by, and left him lying on the "six foot" space with half his leg crushed off.

With regard to walking so as to meet the train, I once knew a man killed by not knowing that, owing to some obstruction, the trains were that day running on a single line. Thus, while he must have heard the whistle, and the approaching train, yet, as he was on the off track he did not believe the down train could be whistling for him. But it was so, and he was killed.

When a policeman or other servant gets disabled by accident from following his usual duties, it is common for the company to find him some quicker task, such as watching the gate of a level crossing where there is no great traffic. There are not many level crossings made now, and I wonder much that any were ever made,—they are very dangerous. An acquaintance of mine had the narrowest escape at one that I ever heard of. He was driving in a little four-wheeled pony-chaise, and coming to the railway crossing drove over, as he had done scores of times before, but as he cleared the farther line a passenger train swept round the sharp curve very close upon him. He felt a bump and jerk, but did not at the moment know that the engine had actually struck the back of his chaise and knocked a portion clean off.

In speaking of accidents I am reminded of one which occurred to a goods guard, and was a remarkable instance of the tenacity of life—indeed, the most remarkable that I ever heard spoken of amongst railway men. As I do not remember to have seen this in print, and as it was really wonderful, I may be excused for relating the fearful details. This guard was a man named Jenkins, employed on a line in the South Wales country, and while his train—a coal train—was descending a bank, or incline, it was his duty to jump from truck to truck and put down the brake; but in doing this one day, he slipped between the trucks and the train ran over him, cutting his left arm quite off, and crushing his left leg. Unable to rise or crawl away at first, he lay there writhing, until a passenger train came up and ran over the poor fellow. Strange to say, this second shock gave him sufficient energy to creep partly across the line, but horrible enough, only to get in the way first of a passenger, and then of a goods train, on the other line, every coach and truck of which in succession passed over him, yet there he lay and lived till six hours after he received his first injury. He expired about half an hour after he was found.

I think I had better not extend this catalogue, though I have said little of switchmen, and I had meant it to be much longer; yet I know of one very important accident which might have happened. A man, who is still a stout and good servant of the company in whose employ he has been for some thirty years, was on duty one night on the platform where he is still stationed, when the London train came in. Among the passengers was one gentleman who missed his footing at the carriage-door just as the train was about to start, and fell between the platform and the wheels. At that instant the train moved on. Another moment and all would have been over, but a strong hand seized him and twitched him on to the platform; so with no worse injury than a fright and a shaking, the passenger went his way.

Had that ticket collecter not been there, or had he been less ready, the history of the world would have read, no man can say how differently; for the traveler was—Louis Napoleon.—*Cassell's Magazine.*

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B. F. HOWLAND, Artist.

MILLINERY AND HEAD-DRESSES.—Mrs. Winship has just received, per last steamer, the latest Parisian Millinery Goods and Laces for HEAD-DRESS, consisting in part of Breakfast Caps, Point Application, Lace Valenciumes, and the Widow's Rooche, worn by the crown heads of Europe, and the only first imported to the Pacific Coast. Queen Emma, while here, replenished her wardrobe from the stock then and now on hand, at MRS. WINSHIP, No. 23 Post Street, under the Mechanics' Institute. Through the influence of Queen Emma, Mrs. Winship has filled quite a number of orders for the foreign population of Honolulu. The ladies of San Francisco should call and examine these beautiful Goods, by which means they will secure the Latest Fashionable Styles.

MAYER'S BAZAAR.—R. Mayer offers at his Bazaar, corner Pine and Montgomery streets, the greatest variety of jewelry, watches, silver plated ware, guitars, music boxes; concertinas, accordeous, opera glasses, etc., etc., to the public of San Francisco, and to the country trade, at prices that defy competition, and is determined to close out his present stock at greatly reduced rates. His heavy case silver watches from the American Watch Company are superior to anything ever before offered to the public. These watches are taking the place of heavy gold watches from the fact that the workmanship is superior, the casings pure silver, and the prices low. The sale of these watches is very extensive on the Pacific coast. Another proof that American manufactures can beat the world. The works are made of platina and never get out of repair. French opera glasses of great power for sale or hire, and all kinds of musical instruments, eight day family clocks, etc. This is a rare chance to invest your money to advantage, at Mayer's Bazaar, southeast corner of Montgomery and Pine streets.

N. B.—An immense assortment of Japanese curiosities for sale.

WAGONS.

MILLS & EVANS, IMPORTERS OF THOROUGH-BRACE Wagons, light express, two and three spring Wagons, suitable for milk-men and furniture dealers, and others wishing light and durable Wagons. Their Wagons are made expressly for the California market, and Mills & Evans' is the only firm which receives Wagons from the celebrated manufactory of A. W. Sanborn & Co., Manchester, N. H. This latter firm stands A No. I in the east, and their wagons have stood the test of our California climate, and are sold by Mills & Evans fifty per cent. lower than any other establishment on the Pacific coast. Call and examine their Wagons, at No. 587 Market street, opposite the Metropolitan market.

MEDICAL.—"YOUNG MAN'S FRIEND AND PROTECTOR," an Association for beneficent objects, Young men should inform themselves in relation to it, and by applying to, the ACTUARY, Dr. Bourne, 10 Masonic Temple, Post street, they will be furnished with Prospectus.

☞ WONDERFUL BUT TRUE.—MADAME REMINGTON, the world renowned Astrologist and Somnambulistic Clairvoyant, while in a clairvoyant state, delineates the very features of the person you are to marry, and by the aid of an instrument of intense power, known as the Psychomotrope, guarantees to produce a perfect and life like picture of the future husband or wife of the applicant, with date of marriage, occupation, leading traits of character, etc. This is no imposition, as testimonials without number can assert. By stating place of birth, age, disposition, color of eyes and hair, and enclosing fifty cents and stamped envelope addressed to yourself, you will receive the picture by return mail, together with desired information.

Address in confidence, MADAME GERTRUDE REMINGTON, P. O. Box 297, West Troy, N. Y.

MEDICAL ADVICE.

DR. WM. K. DOHERTY'S Medical and Surgical Institute is becoming a *sine qua non* to the welfare of our State and health of our citizens; and his rapidly spreading reputation, although it may excite surprise, is but the signal of skill, and follows as the natural effect of such a cause. We are personally acquainted with gentlemen who had suffered for years under chronic disease, and who had taken advantage of every available means that promised relief, but without success, until they called upon Dr. Doherty, who, in an incredibly short space of time, has given them entire relief. It is gratifying to announce this fact, because the Doctor is a gentleman who seeks, not by defamation of others, to establish his reputation, or to rear the superstructure of his own upon the ruin of another's fame. The Doctor conducts his Institute in a manner that must be gratifying to all his patients. He examines, hears, advises, and recommends, without charge, and the patient, after hearing his terms for treatment, can accept or reject at pleasure. In no case does the Doctor make a charge unless he effects a cure. This he is able to do, because he feels the confidence which long experience has given, and no doubt the consolation which appertains to that confidence. Persons afflicted with either acute or chronic disease, would do well to consult the Doctor; at all events, it can do no harm, as for consultation he asks no fee; nor does he insist on obedience to his advice unless the patient places himself under his care. His offices are on Sacramento street, opposite the Pacific Mail Steamship office.—*San Francisco News.*

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HAS REMOVED

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Book and Job Printers,

Have the Largest Office,

Do the most work,

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Than other offices

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Try them

With a Job,

And you will be

Satisfied the above

Statements are facts.

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THE LOUISIANA ROTISSERIE,

DUPONT STREET, CORNER WASHINGTON.

I BEG TO INFORM MY FRIENDS AND the public that TO-DAY, (SATURDAY), June 1st, I will re-open the above Restaurant. Everything will be done to satisfy those who favor me with their patronage. Large Saloons for parties. House will be open all night. All orders for the city will be promptly attended to, and with the utmost care.

Ladies' entrance on Washington street, one door above Dupont

J. BRANGER.

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AND COFFEE SALOON,

No. 304 California Street, Above Battery.

"NICK" IN THE FIELD AGAIN.

"NICK" of the formerly well-known Washington Restaurant and Coffee Saloon, on Sacramento Street, (between Battery and Front,) in the years 1852 to 1860,

HAS REMOVED,

(which took him only SEVEN YEARS!) to No 304 California Street, where he will be pleased to see and wait upon all his old patrons, and the public in general, and flatters himself to be able to give satisfaction to all who may favor him with a call.

MARTIN'S RESTAURANT,

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Above Montgomery. Meals at all hours. The best of Wines, Oysters, Game, and all the delicacies of the season always on hand. Private Saloons up stairs for Dinner and Supper Parties.

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Factory and Wareroom, No. 536 Market street, opposite Second.

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Cal. Grape Brandy Bitters!

Are pronounced the best in the State. They invigorate, strengthen and give elasticity and tone to the system. Try them. They are for sale everywhere.

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Writers will sign their articles in cypher, and send their names and address in sealed envelopes, which will be kept in a secure place by the Institute, and only be opened when the award is made. The manuscripts of unsuccessful writers will be returned to them without publicity.

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The following named gentleman, who have been selected for their well-known ability, public spirit and integrity of purpose, will compose the Committee of Judges:

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Prof J. D. WHITNEY, — U. S. A.,
JAMES OTIS, — Prof. WM. B. EWER,
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Our only profit being the small per cent. allowed by buying in large quantities.

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The Proprietor of the above-named Hotel wishes to inform his patrons and the Travelling Public that he has opened that elegant Brick Fireproof Hotel, on the

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With all the modern conveniences attached to it.

Gas and water are supplied throughout the House. The Rooms are well ventilated, and the Public will find in this Hotel all the comforts of a home. The Hotel is spacious, and well adapted for the use of Families. Suits of Rooms can be had on reasonable terms.

A Large Reading Room is attached to the Hotel,

Containing 500 Volumes of Standard Works,

Which is entirely for the use of patrons.

THE CITY COACH, with the name of the Hotel on it, will be in readiness at the Wharf, on the arrival of each steamer, to convey passengers and baggage to the Hotel, free of charge.

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All kinds of Brass, Composition, Zinc, and Babbitt Metal Castings, furnished at the shortest notice. Brass Ship-Work of all kinds, Spikes, Sheathing Nails, Rudder, Braces, Hinges, etc., constantly on hand and made to order. Also, manufacture Ship and Steamboat Bells and Gongs of superior tone.

All kinds of Steam, Liquor, Water, Oil, and Flange Cocks and Valves made and repaired.

Hydraulic Pipes and Nozzles, and Hose Couplings and Connections of all sizes and patterns, furnished with dispatch. *PRICES MODERATE.*

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No. 505 Montgomery street, over Tucker's.

A HEROIC "POM."

Some prairie editor in the Eastern prairies, near Julesburg, has brightened up his classics and produced the following on

THE FATE OF MR. LO.

There was an Indian, Mr. Lo,
Went forth to hunt the buf-fa-lo.

He wore his hair upon a raise,
With riugs of paint around his eyes.

Now Mr. Lo a bottle had
Of whisky which was devilish bad—

The kind that Indian traders sell,
And only fit to drink in—(MS. illegible.)

And as he rode he drank and drank,
Till foundered on the ground he sank.

The whisky burned him like a torch,
And through his side a hole did scorch;

And from his side, and through the hole,
Upward and onward went his soul,

Unto the happy hunting gronnds,
Where Indiau fun iu stacks abounds—

Where all the rivers rush with rnm,
And Indians fight and hunt and bum.

And as upon the ground he lay,
The wolves came there, both white and gray.

Cayote, prairie dog and owl,
With bark and yelp, and hoot and howl.

For this departed child of sin
These raging beasts all waded in.

Bnt he was pickled through, by dod!
With stuff that kills at forty rod.

So as they came, with yell and squall,
The forty rod did slay them all.

This was the end of Mr. Lo;
Now I must git and you may go.

HIS OLD ENEMY.—As the Van Amburgh procession of ferocious animals was slowly filing through the streets, the other day, a "hunky boy," in striped trowsers and short-tailed coat, stood upon the sidewalk, with his hands rammed deeply in his breeches pockets, his hat coched knowingly on one side of his round bullet head, and a cigar, at extreme elevation, sticking out of the corner of his mouth. As a cage on which was painted an awfully spirited Bengal tiger, was moving by, the "hunky boy" remarked: "There is my deadly enemy. I have spent two fortunes in feeding that infernal beast."

AT a marriage celebrated in a dissenting place of worship, immediately upon the arrival of the bridegroom, "See, the conquering hero comes!" was played upon the organ. Perhaps a different song would be appropriate a few weeks after the marriage.

A YOUNG gentleman speaking of a young beauty's fashionable yellowish hair, called it pnre gold. It ought to be, quoth Mr. K——, it looks like twenty four carrots.

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Northeast corner Fremont and Mission streets,

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Quartz Michiuery, Saw, Flour and Sugar Mills, Mining Pumps, Hoisting Gear, Agricultural implements, etc.

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Wine, Cider, Cotton and Tobacco Presses of the latest Improved Patterns.

STEAM ENGINES AND BOILERS,

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Dunbar's Improved Self-Adjusting Piston-Packing, requires ao springs or screws; is always steam-tigh , with out excessive friction, and never gets slack or leaky.

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Doors and Shutters,

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Constantly on hand a large assortment of second hand Fire Proof Doors and Shutters.

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Petroleum Stoves.

THE ATTENTION OF HOUSEKEEPERS AND PEOPLE rooming is called to the use of

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PETROLEUM STOVES,

Which can he used in any room with or without chimneys, as

IT EMITS NO SMOKE, SOOT OR ASHES.

It is a superior Cook. In fact, it does all kinds of Stove work as well as any (and better than most) stoves. It is perfectly safe. The State Assayor having thoroughly tested these Stoves, pronounced them aon explosive. For sale at No. 13 Kearny street.

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M. B. B. is also agent for MORRILL'S

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Which burns COAL OIL, BENZINE, or NAPTHA, with blue flame, non luminous, intense heat. There are seven sizes No. 1 is adapted to boiling water, heating glue, aud Dentist's work, etc. No. 2, with Urn for hotels, saloons, hoarding houses, harbers, etc. No. 3 to 8 for all kinds of cooking, which they do in a superior manner. They are as easily managed as a lamp, perfectly safe and economical. They can he seen and are for sale at 13 Kearny street

LAMPS.

I have PATENT BURNERS that can he used with any lamp to burn Coal Oil, or the lighter products of Petroleum, with PERFECT SAFETY, and GREAT ECONOMY. I have also a HAND LAMP (to carry about the house) that will burn a flame equal to a candle, with no more smoke or odor, at an expense of ONE CENT for EIGHT HOURS.

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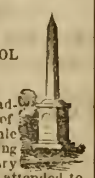

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Piano-Fortes!

AT THE PARIS EXPOSITION.

Copy of telegram relating to them—New York, July 8, 1867—Received at San Francisco July 9, 1867, 7 P. M.

MATHIAS GRAY, 613 Clay street—By ress atch from Paris, Steinways were awarded FIRST Gold Medal of Merit, for highest perfection and most valuable inventions, showing greatest progress in Pianos.

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Gears of all kinds Cut at Short Notice,

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THE UNDERSIGNED OFFRS FOR SALE SOME very choice Wines, of the above named vintage. That connoisseurs, all interested in the development of this magnificent resource of our State, and the public generally, may he convinced that California is able to produce as good Wine (when properly treated and of sufficient age) as other parts of the Wine producing regions of the globe, attention is respectfully called to these Wines, by A. S. LOWNDES, Wine Merchant,

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UNION SALOON.—C. H. Cordes is the proprietor of the Union Saloon, Market street, a few doors south of Fremont, where is to be found the choicest wines and liquors. Mr. Cordes prides himself on his Kentucky Whisky, which is very old and oily. The "Davis" brand whisky drinkers should by all means call and test this whisky. Hot lunch is set on the table from 10 till 2.

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Dealers in fine Wines, Liquors and Cigars. Oysters, Clams, Chops and Steaks, cooked to order at all hours. ☞ House open all night.

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Would respectfully inform his friends and the public that he has purchased the WELL KNOWN SALOON previously occupied by THOS. DOYLE, 535 SACRAMENTO ST., above the What Cheer House. The best kind of Wines, Liquors and Cigars always on hand. Passengers' Stores carefully put up to order.

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Rosenblatt's, 123 and 125 Montgomery street.

LIVERY AND SALE STABLE.
Philip Morshead, removed to Howard, near Fifth.
White & Young, 211 Pine street.

LUMBER.
Armstrong, Sheldon & Co., corner Mission and Spear streets.

MILITARY GOODS AND REGALIA.
T. Rodgers Johnson, Odd Fellow's Hall, 325 Montg'ry st

NOTARY PUBLIC,
H. S. Tibbey, 604, Montgomery street.

PHOTOGRAPHIC GALLERIES.
New York, B. F. Howland proprietor, 115 Third street, below Market.

PIANOS, MUSIC, ETC.
M. Gray, 613 Clay street.
W S. Pierce, removed to 524 Market, opposite Second
C. Welderhold & Co, 685 Market near Third.

PHOTOGRAPHS, CUTLERY, SPECTACLES, ETC.
Lawreace & Houseworth, 317 and 319 Montgomery st

REAL ESTATE AGENTS.
Daly & Hawkins, 120 Montgomery street.
Dam & Sutherland, 320 Montgomery.
Geo. W. Chapin, 338 Montgomery.
John Pforr, 328 Montgomery.

RESTAURANTS.
Bivalve, Nolting & Spreen, 640 Market, near Kearny.
Ladies' Refreshment Saloon, Swain & Brown, 636 Market
Magnolia, 143 Third street.
Market, by Felix and Gustave Besson, 520 Merchant.
Helvetia, Johnjury & Bros., 524 Merchant street.
Savannah's, 506 Montgomery street.

SALOONS.
Russell & Holding's Exchange, 622 Market street.
Charter Oak, Frank Kelly, N E cor Third and Howard
Razzetti & Co.'s, 527 Washington, above the Market.
Jones' Sample Rooms, S E. cor. Montgomery and Cal.
V. Squarza, 44 Leidesdorff street
Coates & Henderson, 37 Sutter street.

SCALES.
Fairbanks & Hutchinson, Depot for Fairbanks' Scales 120 California street.

SEWING MACHINES.
Grover & Baker, R. G. Brown, 116 Montgomery.
The Florence, office 111 Montgomery street.
Wheeler & Wilson, corner Montgomery and Sacramento

STOVES AND TIN WARE.
A. Swigert, corner Fifth and Folsom.

TOYS, ETC.
Feldhush & Co., 207 Montgomery street
A. Kohler, 620 Washington street.

WATER-CURE INSTITUTE.
Dr Bourne's Pioneer, 10 Post, near Montgomery

"Clever One."—They had down in Florida, not long since, and perhaps have now, a shrewd old fellow known as "Old Hunter." Everybody knew him. He was as deaf as a post, and through his deafness and shrewdness, he managed completely to hide his sympathy for either party during the war. It was suspected, however, that he was with the Confederates in heart, and that though his house was guarded by Union troops, he sold as many supplies to one as to the other, for he dealt in "stores." Every means had been tried by the Union officers to procure some admission of preference, but of no avail. When reduced to a corner, he never lacked an expedient to get himself out. But one day a Union captain put up a bet that he could trap him and get his secret. He accordingly went up to Hunter's, and skirmished around, but not one hint could he get. He would be deaf to questions that were unpleasant, and the inquirer was baffled. At last, there came two large bull-dogs into his store—fierce fellows, and exactly alike.

"Fine dogs, these," yelled the inquisitor in his ear.

"Yes," was the reply.

"What are their names?" in the same loud tone.

"Why," said the old man, "I call one Beauregard and t'other McClellan."

"You do!" shonted the inquirer; "which one do you like the best?"

"Hey?" queried Hunter, putting down his ear.

"Which do you like best?" was repeated.

"Oh, wall," said he with a twinkle in his eyes, "both of them are as ugly as the devil."

The captain paid the bet.

On another occasion a party were drinking in his store, when one of them taking advantage of the old man's deafness, proposed a toast:

"Here's to Old Hunter, the two sided old villain; may he be kicked to death by mules, and his body sunk in the sea a hundred fathoms deep. May no prayer be said over him, and may his blind soul wander rayless through all eternity."

The toast was drank in great glee, in which the old man joined.

"The same to yourselves, gentlemen," said he, "the same to yourselves, gentlemen."

Of course he had not heard a word that was said.

Market Street Homestead Association, J. S. Luty, Secretary, Office, 305 Montgomery street, corner of Pine.

Tyler Brothers,

691 Market st., cor. Third, SAN FRANCISCO,

Importors, Wholesale and Retail Dealers in SCHOOL BOOKS, STATIONERY, PHOTOGRAPH ALBUMS, BLANK BOOKS, PORTFOLIOS, JUVENILE BOOKS, CHILDREN'S PICTURE BOOKS, FANCY ARTICLES, Etc.

ESPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO LADIES' STATIONERY,

Which we Stamp with Initials WITHOUT EXTRA CHARGE.

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WANTED AGENTS.—$250 per month THE YEAR ROUND, OR 900 PER CENT PROFIT ON COMMISSION. We *guaranty* the above salary or commission to active industrious agents at their own homes, to introduce an article of *indispensable utility* in every household. For full particulars call on, or address G. W. JACKSON & CO., 11 South St., Baltimore, Md

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Sole agents for BARSTOW'S PATENT METALLIC BURIAL CASES and CASKETS.

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WILL BE DISPATCHED AS FOLLOWS:

Leave Brannan-street Wharf at 11 o'clock A. M. of the following dates, for PANAMA, connecting *via* Panama Railroad, with one of the Company's splendid steamers from ASPINWALL for NEW YORK.

On 10th, 18th, and 30th of each month that has 30 days.
On 10th, 19th, and 30th of each month that has 31 days.

When the 10th, 19th and 30th fall on Sunday, they will leave on Saturday preceding; when the 18th falls on Sunday, they will leave on Monday following.

Steamer leaving San Francisco on the 10th touches at Manzanillo. All touch at Acapulco.

Departure of 19th connects with French Transatlantic company's steamer for St. Nazaire, and English steamer for South America.

Departure of 10th connects with English steamers or Southampton and South America, and P. R. R. Co.'s steamer for Central America.

STEAMERS FOR JULY.

July 30—GOLDEN CITY, Capt. W. F. Lapidge, connecting with the OCEAN QUEEN, Capt. Conner.

Passengers will be berthed through. Baggage checked through—100 pounds allowed each adult.

Surgeon on board. Medicine and attendance free.

These steamers will positively leave at 11 o'clock. Passengers are requested to have their baggage on board before 10 o'clock

Through tickets to Liverpool by the "Cunard," "Inman" and "National" Steamship Lines can be obtained P. M. S. S. Co.'s office in San Francisco.

For Merchandise Freight apply to Wells, Fargo & Co.

The splendid steamship GREAT REPUBLIC will be dispatched on September 3d, and will be followed by the CHINA, on October 14th, from wharf, corner of First and Brannan streets, for YOKOHAMA and HONGKONG; connecting at Yokohama with the steamer COSTA RICA, for SHANGHAI.

For Passage and all other information, apply at Pacific Mail Steamship company's office, corner of Sacramento and Leidesdorff streets.

OLIVER ELDRIDGE, Agent.

IF there is a Florence Sewing Machine within a thousand miles of San Francisco, that is not giving entire satisfaction, if I am informed of it, it will be attended to without express charge or expense of any kind to the owner. Samuel Hill, Agent, 111 Montgomery St., San Francisco.

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All kinds of Steam, Liquor, Water, Oil, and Flange Cocks and Valves made and repaired.

Hydraulic Pipes and Nozzles, and Hose Couplings and Connections of all sizes and patterns, furnished with dispatch. *PRICES MODERATE.*

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ONE THOUSAND BOXES OF THIS CHOICE Celebrated Brand ....OF.... TOBACCO! JUST RECEIVED. Far Superior to any Ever BEFORE OFFERED IN THIS MARKET. FOR SALE BY B. C. HORN, Corner of Clay and Montgomery streets, San Francisco.

COCK OF THE WALK! *This Favorite Brand,* THE FIRST That has Been Received in this Market, JUST RECEIVED AND FOR SALE ....BY.... J. C. HORN & CO., Corner Front and Clay streets, San Francisco.

WM. O. BREYFOGLE. (Successor to WARE & MOSHER,) NO. 26 CALIFORNIA STREET, Manufacturer and Dealer in SASH, DOORS, BLINDS & SHUTTERS, From Kiln-Dried Lumber—at the Lowest Rates. Orders from the country will receive prompt attention

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FORCED TO GROW UPON THE SMOOTHEST FACE in from three to five weeks by using Dr. SEVIGNE'S RESTAURATEUR CAPILLAIRE, the most wonderful discovery in modern science, upon the Beard and Hair in an almost miraculous manner. It has been used by the elite of Paris and London with most flattering success. Names of all purchasers will be registered, and if entire satisfaction is not given in every instance, the money will be cheerfully refunded. Price by mail, sealed and post paid, $1. Descriptive circulars and testimonials mailed free. Address BERGER, SHUTTS & CO., Chemists, No. 285 River street, Troy, N. Y., Sole Agents for the United States.

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The Finest quality of CUSTOM WORK neatly executed. Always on hand other fine work ready made.

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No 20 Montgomery street, between Post and Sutter, San Francisco. Office hours from 9 A. M to 5 P. M.

Offers his services to the public as an Operator on such excrescences as hard and soft corns, enlarged joints, club nails, bunions, nails penetrating the flesh, warts, etc.

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REFERS TO Messrs. Elam & Howes, Clay street, below Battery; Messrs. Hatch & Co., (R. W. Brangon & T. H. Hatch,) Washington street below Battery; A. J. Coghill, Esq., Front street, corner of Clay; Wm. J. Adams, Esq, (Adams, Blinn & Co.,) Piers 17 and 19, Stewart street; Joseph Rich, Esq., Bush street below Turnverein Hall; Hon. M. S. Latham, London and San Francisco Bank; Wm. B. Johnston, Esq., Insurance Building, 412 and 414 Montgomery street; James Brooks, Esq., Editor "Golden Era."

ZEITSKA & SHEPPARD, *Merchant Taylors,* NO. 610 CLAY STREET, Near Montgomery, *SAN FRANCISCO.*

GRAND TRIAL ....OF.... SEWING MACHINES.

CONTEST BETWEEN THE FLORENCE AND WILLCOX & GIBBS.

THE *WILLCOX & GIBBS* TRIUMPHANT!

At the Great UNION FAIR, held at Island Park, between Albany and Troy, in September, two Premiums were offered on Sewing Machines, one for the BEST and the other for the "Second Best"—competition being open to the State.

On the first day of the Fair, the Troy Agent of Florence Sewing Machine Company, having, jointly with the Albany Agent of the same Machine, entered it for competition, published in the Troy Daily Times a challenge to Agents of other Sewing Machines, to meet them at said Fair and compete with them for the Premium.

The challenge was accepted by the Troy and Albany Agents of the Willcox and Gibbs Machine.

Each party was to prepare and subject to the judges a "list" of the several "points of merit" on account of which "superiority" was claimed. These "points" were to be separately considered, thoroughly investigated and practically tested, by work done then and there, upon each of the machines; and then decided in favor of the machine which was adjudged to excel on that "point."

Finally it was agreed that the machine which, at the conclusion of the trial, should be found to have the greatest number of those "points" decided in its favor should be decided the "BEST SEWING MACHINE," and awarded the FIRST PREMIUM.

The result of the trial was, that the

WILLCOX & GIBBS WON THE VICTORY

and the prize, by the extraordinary superiority of thirty-five points, decided in its favor, against two points in favor of the Florence.

Full notes were taken of the trial.

It is a fact worthy of remark, that during the entire trial—which continued without intermission for nearly seven hours—not a stitch was missed, nor the thread once broken, nor a needle broken or bent, by the Willcox and Gibbs machine. No kind of work was attempted to be done on it that was not accompliseed, and done in a perfect and workmanlike manner; and no effort was made on it that was not entirely successful; while neither of these statements can be truly made in favor of the Florence.

This remarkable trial can not fail, through the facts developed by it, to be productive of important results. It has raised the veil and exposed to public view the true character of the opposition, who will no longer be able to deceive the public by misrepresenting the character and merits of the Willcox and Gibbs machine.

It is an improvement on double thread machines; and its "stitch," which was severely tested by the Judges, was decided to be much stronger and less liable to rip in use or wear than the "Lock Stitch."

It is the simplest in construction—does the greatest variety of work—makes no noise—is not liable to get out of order—costs the least money, and gives the the best satisfaction.

☞ Full reports of this trial sent free to any address.

☞ **Country Agents solicited.**

SAMUEL SWIFT, General Agent for the Pacific Coast, 203 Kearny Street, San Francisco.

TWO SUNDAYS.

I

A baby, alone, in a lowly door,
Which climbing woodbine made still lower,
Sat playing with lilies in the sun;
The loud church-bells had just begun;
The kitten pounced in the sparkling grass
At stealthy spiders that tried to pass;
The big watch-dog kept a threatening eye
On me, as I lingered, walking by.

The lilies grew high, and she reached up
On tiny tip-toes to each gold cup;
And laughed aloud, and talked, and clapped
Her small brown hands, as the tough stems snapped,
An flowers fell, till the broad hearth-stone
Was covered, and only the topmost one
Of the lilies left, In sobered glee
She said to herself, "That's older than me!"

II.

Two strong men, through the lovely bower,
With uneven steps the baby bore;
They had set the bier on the lily bed;
The lily she left was crushed and dead;
The slow sad bells had just begun;
The kitten crouched, afraid in the sun;
And the poor watch-dog, in bewildered pain,
Took no notice of me as I joined the train.

Miss Wilkes was a beautiful blonde, and she wanted to go to Scarborough—so she told her mother to look for something very particular for her dear papa.

"And what is it, pray," asked her mother, "that you so much wish to find for your dear papa?"

"A son-in-law," was the gentle reply of the blushing maiden.

The sewers of Paris have an aggregate length of two hundred and ninety-two miles. They are kept clean by means of boats—or in the smaller sewers, cars on rails—armed in front with a desk which fits the sewer like a piston, the whole being propelled through the sewer by a current of water.

Fire Extinguisher.

The Greatest Invention of the Age.

PUTS OUT FIRE INSTANTLY. Harmless to Health and Property. Always ready for instant use Soportable that it can be carried by man or boy without hindrance to active exertion. It is indispensible for public Buildings, hotels and private residences; for steam and sailing vessels it is as necessary as a life-boat or a life-preserver.

It is endorsed by the Government, as likewise by the Chiefs of the Fire Departments of New York, Boston, etc., etc., etc.

Office of the United States Fire Extinguisher Company 304 Montgomery street.

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205 Montgomery Street, Russ Block,

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A Fine Assortment of Clocks. Watches carefully repaired by the most experienced workmen.

THE UNDERSIGNED WOULD RESPECTFULLY inform his friends and the public generally, that he has returned to this city from the Atlantic States, and has re-purchased his old interest in the carriage manufacturing business, at No. 717 Market street, from Mr. H. H. Black, and all business will be conducted, as heretofore, under the old firm name of BLACK & MILLER, commencing from the 1st day of July 1867.

D. D. MILLER.

NOTICE.—I HAVE THIS DAY SOLD A ONE HALF interest in my business to my former partner D. D. Miller, and in future the firm will be as formerly, viz: Black & Miller 717 Market street. H. M. BLACK.
July 1st, 1787.

PRO BONO PUBLICO.

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SARSAPARIPHERE

BITTERS

POSSESS INVALUABLE PROPERTIES.

They give Health to the Sick,

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Double sighted Spectacles, Tinted Spectacles and Brazilian Pebble Spectacles of the most approved form.

Those who have been disappointed at other establishments will certainly be pleased with the Spectacles they purchase from us.

N. B.—Inferior Glasses are not sold by us to the unwary for Brazilian Pebbles.

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Deposits received at one per cent. per month.

Money transmitted from the interior, by Express or Mail, passed to interest from the day of arrival, and a Certificate returned in course of post.

Strangers may deposit Bonds, Gold Dust, Coin, or Valuable Papers in the Vault, for long or short periods, at a small rent, for which valuables the Company will be accountable, THOMAS MOONEY, President.

REMOVAL. REMOVAL.

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Manufacturers of every description of

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CONCORD WAGONS, Ranch Wagons and Buggies made to order. ☞ All kinds of Jobbing and Carriage Painting done at the shortest notice.

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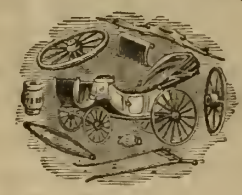

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Repairing and General Blacksmithing done with promptness, and at prices to suit the times.

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Makes to order all kinds of Carriage and Buggy Work, Express and Thoroughbrace Wagons and Stage Work.

A general assortment of new and second-hand Wagons on hand. Jobbing done with neatness and dispatch.

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WE TAKE OCCASION TO INFORM OUR FRIENDS and customers that we have sold our entire stock in warehouse also invoices to arrive to Messrs. N. COLE & CO., 312 and 314 Pine street. The whole forms a most complete and desirable assortment of FURNITURE, and well merits attention before purchasing elsewhere.

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Nos. 312 and 314 Pine Street.

Having purchased the entire stock of Messrs. J. Pierce & Co., and in addition to our large invoice from our factory at the East, we are prepared to fill all orders promptly, both wholesale and retail, and call the attention of the public to our salesroom, as containing the most complete assortment of desirable goods on this coast.

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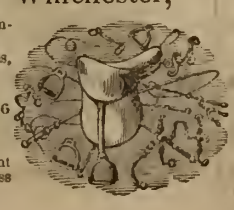
N. B.—Good assortment Concord Stage Harness constantly on hand.



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$680,000.

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TO

Purify the Blood.

NOT A FEW OF THE WORST DISORDERS THAT afflict mankind arise from the corruption that accumulates in the blood. Of all the discoveries that have been made to purge it out, none have been found which could equal in effect AYER'S COMPOUND EXTRACT OF SARSAPARILLA. It cleanses and renovates the blood, instills the vigor of health into the system and purges out the humors which make disease. It stimulates the healthy functions of the body, and expels the disorders that grow and rankle in the blood. Its extraordinary virtues are not yet widely known, but, when they are, it will no longer be a question what remedy to employ in the great variety of afflicting diseases that require an alterative remedy. Such a remedy, that could be relied on, has long been sought for, and now, for the first time, the public have one on which they can depend. Our space here does not admit certificates to show its effects. But the trial of a single bottle will show to the sick that it has virtues surpassing anything they have ever taken. Sufferers from Scrofula, Scrofulous Swellings and Sores, try it and see the rapidity with which it cures. Skin Diseases, Pimples Pustules, Blotches, Eruptions, etc., are soon cleaned out of the system.

St. Anthony's Fire, Rose or Erysipelas, Tetter or Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Ringworm, etc., should not be borne while they can be so speedily cured by AYER'S SARSAPARILLA.

Syphilis or Venereal Disease is expelled from the system by the prolonged use of this SARSAPARILLA, and the patient is left as healthy as if he never had the disease.

Female Diseases are caused by Scrofula in the blood, and are generally soon cured by this EXTRACT OF SARSAPARILLA. Price $1 per bottle, or 6 bottles for $5.

For all the purposes of a family physic, take AYER'S CATHARTIC PILLS, which are everywhere known to be the best purgative that is offered to the American People.

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Sugar-Cured Hams, Smoked Beef,

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ORDERS WILL RECEIVE PROMPT ATTENTION.

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Quartz Machinery, Saw, Flour and Sugar Mills, Mining Pumps, Hoisting Gear, Agricultural Implements, etc.

ALSO,

Wine, Cider, Cotton and Tobacco Presses of the latest Improved Patterns.

STEAM ENGINES AND BOILERS,

Of all sizes, constantly on hand; Quartz Mill Shoes and Dies warranted to be made of the best white iron.

Dunbar's Improved Self-Adjusting Piston-Packing, requires no springs or screws; is always steam-tight; without excessive friction, and never gets slack or leaky.

MACHINERY, OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS,

Bought, sold, or exchanged. Bolt Cutting and Castings at the lowest market rates.

DEVOE, DINSMORE & CO.

MOYNIHAN & AITKIN,

Portland Boiler Works,

311 AND 313 MISSION STREET,

Between Beale and Fremont streets, San Francisco.

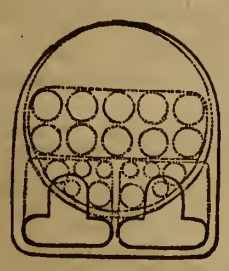
Manufacturers of Steam Boilers, high or low pressure—Cylinder, Tubular or Flue; Sheet Iron Work; Steam and Water Pipe of the best quality, and at more reasonable prices than any other establishment on the Pacific Coast.

Being Practical Boiler Makers, of long experience, confining our whole time and attention to our branch of business, and having enlarged our works, and also added the most improved tools in the country, we are enabled to turn out Boilers more expeditiously than any other establishment on the Pacific Coast—using none but the best quality and brands of Boiler and Sheet Iron and Boiler Tubes. Those in want of anything in the above line will do well to give us a call. Orders from the country will receive prompt attention.

All work warranted according to order. Particular attention paid to Repairing Steam Boilers.

T. J. MOYNIHAN, JAS. AITKEN. } Proprietors.

NEPTUNE IRON WORKS.



Corner Mission and Fremont streets, San Francisco.

MARINE, LOCOMOTIVE AND ALL KINDS OF

HIGH-PRESSURE STEAM BOILERS

Manufactured.

The proprietor imports his own C. H. and B. Iron across the Isthmus, and Tubes of every size. Other parties can never blockade the market. He has made arrangements with the best houses in the East to furnish him with everything in the shape of Iron he wants.

All Boilers guaranteed and tested by U. S. Boiler Inspector before they are sent out of the shop, at my expense. ☞ All kinds of Sheet Iron and Water Pipe, Coal Oil Stills, Wrought Iron Worms, etc., manufactured to order. OLD BOILERS REPAIRED.

D. CAMERON.

PIONEER IRON SHUTTER WORKS.

Established 1849.

John Upstone,

MANUFACTURER OF FIRE-PROOF

Doors and Shutters,

Bank Vaults, Balconies, Gratings, Prison Cells, Awnings, Stairs, Iron Fence, etc.,

Corner of California and Drumm Streets,

SAN FRANCISCO.

Constantly on hand a large assortment of second hand Fire-Proof Doors and Shutters.

I. H. SMALL,

Machine Shop,

BUILDER OF

Steam Engines, Saw Mills, Mining Machinery,

Also, I H. Small's Patent Boot Screwing Machine

Gears of all kinds Cut at Short Notice,

And at Greatly Reduced Prices.

Repairing of all kinds done with Promptness and Dispatch.

Corner of Market and Beale Streets,

SAN FRANCISCO.

Removal.

THEODORE KALLENBERG,

Machinist,

Has removed from No. 416 Market street, to No. 10 Stevenson street, next to the corner of First.

Maker of Models for Inventors, Drawing Instruments, Small Machines, Philosophical Instruments, Scales and Weights, all kinds of Brass and Iron Work.

REPAIRING PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

Adams, Dentist, 423 Montgomery

TO THE UNFORTUNATE.

NEW REMEDIES! NEW REMEDIES!

Dr. Gibbon's Dispensary.

ESTABLISAED IN 1854,
616 Kearney street, corner of Commercial, San Francisco.

For the treatment of Sexual and Seminal Diseases, such as gonorrhœa, gleet, stricture, syphilis in all its forms, seminal weakness, impotency, &c. Skin Diseases, (of years' standing,) and Ulcerated legs, successfully treated.

HORRIBLE DISEASES.

How many thousands of persons both male and female are there who are suffering out a miserable existence from the effects of secret indulgence, or from virus absorbed into the system. Look at their pallid, emaciated and disfigured faces, and their broken constitutions, disqualifying them for the happiness of marriage or the enjoyment of life. In this horrid situation thousands suffer until death closes the scene. Let parents, guardians and friends, attend to those who are suffering with any of these horrible, life-destroying maladies—see that they are cared for and cured before it be too late. Send them to Dr. Gibbon, a physician who has made private diseases his especial study for years, and who is certain to cure the most inveterate cases without mercury or any injurious drugs. It is important to those who are afflicted, to be careful of the many pretended Doctors who infest all cities, publishing their skill in curing all diseases in a few days, imposing upon the public by using the names of eminent physicians from Europe and other places. Be therefore careful and make strict inquiry, or you may fall into the hands of these charlatans.

Syphilis is syphilis the world over; so is smallpox, consumption, and other diseases, to the contrary of what quacks may say.

SEMINAL WEAKNESS.

Seminal weakness the consequent of self abuse. This solitary vice, or depraved sexual indulgence, is practiced by the youth of both sexes to an almost unlimited extent, producing with unerring certainty the following train of morbid symptoms, unless combatted by scientific medical measure; sallow countenances, dark spots under the eyes, pain in the head, ringing in the ears, noise like the rustling of leaves and rattling of chariots, uneasines about the loins, weakness of the limbs, confused vision, blunt intellect, loss of confidence, diffidence in approaching strangers, a dislike to form new acquaintances, a disposition to shun society, loss of memory, hectic flushes, pimples and various eruptions about the face, furred tongue, fetid breath, coughs, consumption, night sweats, monomania, and frequent insanity. If relief be not obtained, should apply immediately, either in person or by letter, and have a cure effected by his new and scientific mode of treating this complaint, which never fails of effecting a quick and radical cure. Dr. G. will give $100 to any person who will prove satisfactorily to him that he was cured by either of the San Francisco quacks.

Dr. Gibbon is responsible, and will give each patient a written instrument binding himself to effect a radical and permanent cure or make no charge.

Persons at a distance may be cured at home by addressing a letter to Dr. Gibbon, stating case, symptoms, length of time the disease has continued, and have medicine promptly forwarded, free from damage and curiosity, to any part of the country, with full and plain directions for use, for ten dollars, sent in a registered letter, or through Wells, Fargo & Co.

Address DR. J. F. GIBBON, 616 Kearney street, corner of Commercial, San Francisco, Postoffice Box 252.

CAUTION TO THE UNFORTUNATE.

Beware of the San Francisco quacks and pretenders who with bogus sworn-to certificates, dupe the unwary. Some of the self styled doctors whose names are to be found in all the daily and weekly papers of San Francisco and other places, are tradesmen, and become too lazy to work at their trade. Some are tinsmiths, shoemakers, newspaper carriers, intelligence offices keepers, etc. Look over the San Francisco City Directory and you will find their former occupation in it. Look at the Directory for 1862-63. The only way to avoid imposition is make inquiry—it will cost you nothing and may save you many regrets, for advertising physicians in eight cases out of ten are bogus, there is no safety in trusting any of them till you know who and what they are. Dr. Gibbon does not deceive people by exhibiting bogus titles, certificates, pretended patients' letters, etc. Dr. Gibbon Will satisfy persons who may call at his office of his ability to treat diseases that he proposes to cure.

☞ Persons writing to Dr. Gibbon will Please state the name of the paper they see his advertisement in.

Excelsior! Excelsior!!

CHASTELLAR'S

HAIR EXERMINATOR, FOR REMOVING

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR.

TO THE LADIES ESPECIALLY, THIS INVALUABLE depilatory recommends itself as being an almost indispensable article to female beauty, is easily applied, does not burn or injure the skin, but acts directly on the roots. It is warranted to remove superfluous hair from low foreheads, or from any part of the body, completely, totally and radically extirpating the same, leaving the skin soft, smooth and natural. This is the only article used by the French, and is the only real effectual depilatory in existence. Price 75 cents per package, sent post-paid, to any address, on receipt of an order by

BERGER, SHUTTS & CO., Chemists,
285 River street, Troy, N. Y.

There cometh glad tidings of joy to all,
To young and old, to great and to small;
The beauty which was once so precious and rare,
Is free for all, and all may be fair.

By the use of

CHASTELLAR'S

WHITE LIQUID ENAMEL,

FOR IMPROVING AND BEAUTIFYING THE COMplexion.

The most valuable and perfect preparation in use, for giving the skin a beautiful pearl-like tint, that is only found in youth. It quickly removes Tan, Freckles, Pimples, Blotches, Moth Patches, Sallowness, Eruptions, and all impurities of the skin, kindly healing the same, leaving the skin white and clear as alabaster. Its use cannot be detected by the closest crutiny, and being a vegetable preparation is perfectly harmless. It is the only article of the kind used by the French, and is considered by the Parisian as indispensable to a perfect toilet. Upwards of 30,000 bottles were sold during the past year, a sufficient guarantee of its efficacy. Price only 75 cents. Sent by mail, post-paid, on receipt of order, by

BERGER, SHUTTS & CO., Chemists,
285 River street, Troy, N. Y.

TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.—NOTICE IS hereby given that the undersigned, CHARLOTTE A. GILDERSLEEVE, is a married woman; that she is the wife of Geo. W. Gildersleeve; that she and her said husband are citizens of and residing within the City and County of San Francisco, State of California; that she is desirous to avail herself of the benefit of the Act of the Legislature of this State, entitled "An Act to authorize married women to transact business in their own names as sole traders," passed April 12th, 1852, and the Act passed by said Legislature, April 8th, 1862, "Amendatory of and supplemental to" the Act aforementioned; that it is her intention to make application to the District Court of the Fourth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, on the 5th day of August, A. D, 1867, at 10 o'clock, A. M. of that day, for an order of said Court permitting her to carry on and transact business in her own name and on her own account, in accordance with the provisions of said Acts, as a sole trader; that the business she intends to carry on is dealing in real estate, farming—including keeping cows, pigs poultry, rabbits, etc.

Dated San Francisco, June 27th, A. D. 1867.

CHARLOTTE A. GILDERSLEEVE.

James McCabe, attorney for petitioner.

IN THE PROBATE COURT of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the estate of JOHN BARKER, deceased.

In reading and filing the petition of Grace Barker, Administratrix, of the estate of John Barker, deceased, showing that her final account of her administration has been duly filed, allowed, confirmed, and setled: and praying for an order of distribution of the residue of said estate among the persons by law entitled thereto, to wit, to said petioner.

It is ordered, that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased, be and appear before this Probate Court, at the Court Room thereof, in the City Hall, in said City and County, on TUESDAY, the 13th day of August, A. D., 1867, at 11 o'clock, A. M., of that day, then and there to show cause, if any they have, why an order of distribution should not be made of the residue of said estate, according to law.

It is further ordered, that a copy of this order be published at least four successive weeks before said 13th day of August, A. D. 1867, in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published in said city and county.

M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

Dated July 3d, A. D. 1867.

Office of the County Clerk of the City and County of San Francisco.—I, Wm. Loewy, County Clerk of the city and county of San Francisco, and ex-officio Clerk of the Probate Court thereof, do hereby certify the foregoing to be a full, true and correct copy of an order duly made and entered upon the minutes of the said Court.

Witness my hand, and the seal of said Court, this 5th day of July, A. D. 1867.

[SEAL AND STAMP] WM. LOEWY, Clerk.

jy6 5t By A. J. JEGHERS, Deputy Clerk.

J. B. TOWNSEND, Esq., Attorney for petitioner.

IN THE PROBATE COURT OF THE CITY AND County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the Estate of GEORGE E. PATTERSON, deceased.

Order to show cause why order of distribution should not be made.

On reading and filing the petition of J. W. Brumagin, the administrator of the estate of George E. Patterson, deceased, setting forth that he has filed his final account of his administration of the estate of said deceased, in this Court, and that the same has been duly settled and allowed; that all the debts and expenses of administration have been duly paid; and that a portion of said estate remains to be divided among the heirs of said deceased, and praying among other things for an order of distribution of the residue of said estate among the persons entitled:

It is Ordered, that all persons interested in the estate of said George E. Patterson, deceased, be and appear before the Probate Court of the city and county of San Francisco, at the Court room of said Court, in the City Hall in said city and county, on MONDAY, the twelfth day of August, Anno Domini 1867, at eleven o'clock, A. M., then and there to show cause why an order of distribution should not be made of the residue of said estate among the heirs of said George E. Patterson, deceased, according to law.

It is further Ordered, that a copy of this order be published for four successive weeks, before the said twelfth day of August, A. D. 1867, in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published in the said city and county.

M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

Dated July 5th, 1867 jy6-5t

IN THE PROBATE COURT of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the estate of BENJAMIN T. CHACE, deceased.

Order to show cause why order of distribution should not be made.

On reading and filing the petition of William H. Hooke and William H. Gawley the Executors of the last will and testament of Benjamin T. Chace, deceased, setting forth that they have filed their final account of their administration of the estate of said deceased, in this Court, and that the same has been duly settled and allowed; that all the debts and expenses of administration have been duly paid; and that a portion of said estate remains to be divided among the heirs and devisees of said deceased, and praying among other things for an order of distribution of the residue of said estate among the persons entitled:

It is ordered, that all persons interested in the Estate of the said Benjamin T. Chace deceased, be and appear before the Probate Court of the City and County of San Francisco, at the Court-room of said Court, in the City Hall in said city and county, on MONDAY, the 22d day of July, 1867, at eleven o'clock, A. M., then and there to show cause why an order of distribution should not be made of the residue of said Estate among the heirs and devisees of said Benjamin T. Chace, deceased, according to law.

It is further ordered, That a copy of this order be published for four successive weeks before the said 22d day of July A. D. 1857, in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper published in the said city and county.

M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

Dated June 18th, 1867. je22-5w

E. B MASTICK & T. B. BISHOP, Attorneys for said Executors.

CANTY & WAGNER,

(SUCCESSORS TO J. REGAN,)

113 *Montgomery street, bet. Bush and Sutter*

N. B.—All candles sold by us are warranted to be manufactured from Stewart's double refined Sugar, and to be equal to any manufactured in the State. Country merchants solicited to examine our stock and prices. Goods delivered to any part of the city free of charge.

PHILADELPHIA BREWERY,

Corner Sacramento and Folsom streets,

SAN FRANCISCO.

HOELSCHER & WIELAND,

Proprietors

BABBITTONIAN,

OR SELF-TEACHING

PENMANSHIP!

The System of Babbitonian Penmanship is pre-eminently self-instructing. With its ample explanations of right and wrong forms—its sixty wood cuts—its plain intelligent rules, one may sit down by his own fireside and become a finer Penman than he could at much greater cost in the usual way with a living teacher.

There is a great demand for fine Penmen in the commercial world, and this system, at a trifling expense, imparts a skilful command of the Pen, worth hundreds of dollars to the fortunate possessor.

Penmanship is an indispensable accomplishment to Ladies, and this system is elaborate in a series of elegant copies in the Ladies' Style.

Business men have sometimes lost thousands of dollars from ignorance in regard to Business forms, and there is furnished in a set, without additional charge, a fine variety of Business Forms and Abbreviations. To sum up the Excellencies of this System, it is—

1—Scentific in its Arraugement of Principles;
2—Artistic in its Movements and Flourishes;
3—Practical in its Combinations and Applications;
4—Stylish in its neat and chaste Gracefulness;
5—Superior for Legibility, Rapidity and Beauty;
6—Most Disciplinary for fingers, Arms and Muscles.
7—Unexcelled for Comprehensiveness and Simplicity.
8—Complete and Self-Teaching for Private Learners;
9—Time, Labor and Expense Saving for Pupils and Teachers.

The Babbitonian Penmanship

Is published on durable card-board slips, ninety-two copies illustrated, put in a neat package with a Chart, the whole complete at the low price of $1 50.

Babbittonian Pens.

One reason why the country is flooded with poor Pens is that they are generally made by mechanics, rather than by artistic and experienced Penmen, the only parties really understanding the requirements of a good article.

The Babbittonian Pens,

Made in the most finished style, by skilful artisans, after models prepared according to the combined wisdom and experience of several amateurs and old Professors of Penmanship, are admirably adapted to meet the public wants.

The Babbittonian Ladies' Pen,

Is one of the most exquisite little instruments for delicate writing ever constructed.

The Babbittonian Extra Fine Pen,

Is pronounced by a large number of Penmen to be more free, more durable, and more varied in capacity for either fine or coarse strokes than any foreign Pen whatever. Suitable for elegant writing, it is a great favorite with the ladies and gentlemen.

The Babbittonian Business Pen,

Having great freedom and variety of movement, is unequaled for general business or school purposes. Somewhat coarser than the Extra Fine, it wears longer and moves more easily on paper.

☞ This Pen is now in use in the large counting-houses and banks in this city.

WARREN HOLT, General Agent,
305 Montgomery Street, San Francisco.

A RARE GEM OF ART.

"The Lord's Prayer,"

A pen drawing, by Mr. D. F. Brown, is one of the most remarkable works of art ever exhibited in this country. By patient labor he has succeeded in producing a design which for skill and beauty of execution, exquisite softness and delicacy of finish, and general merit, it would seem scarcely possible to surpass. The central figure—the face of our savior—is one of marvelous power and beauty. This and the faces of the Twelve Apostles, forming the border of the piece, are faithful copies from Leonardo da Vinci's famous painting of the

LAST SUPPER,

Re-producing, with the softest and most perfect shadings, the conceptions and characteristic expressions of the originals. Within this enclosure the words of the Lord's Prayer, in ornamental letters of various original designs and exquisite finish, are an interesting study of art in themselves; while appropriately distributed among these, miniture groups and scenes of marked events of Savior's life, copied from the great masters—five of them from Raphel's celebrated designs—form a harmonious completion of this unique, beautiful and truly wonderful work. The faces of

OUR LORD AND HIS APOSTLES.

Alone, so finely copied, would be a treasure in any house, and worth the full price of subscription.

W. HOLT, General Agent,
305 Montgomery street.

Newly Opened.

McKee's

NEW GROCERY

AND

FAMILY FURNISHING

Store,

No. 31 KEARNY STREET,

Third Door South of Post Street,

NOW RECEIVING ORDERS FOR GROCERIES, PROvisions, Table Luxuries, and all Housekeeping articles of the best quality at low prices.

D. A. MACDONALD, J. H. MACDONALD, } J. MCGILL, H. CHIPMAN.

D. A. MACDONALD & CO.,

SAWING AND PLANING MILLS,

AND MANUFACTURERS OF

DOORS, SASHES, BLINDS AND MOULDINGS,

Corner of Market and Beale Streets,

SAN FRANCISCO.

Finishing Work for Buildings constantly on hand, and got up to order.

MAGUIRE'S OPERA HOUSE.

THOMAS MAGUIRE,.....Sole Proprietor
CARS. TIBBETTS,.....Business Manager
C. L. GRAVES,.....Stage Manager
WM. STEVENSON,.....Treasurer

GRAND SEASON

....OF....

TRAGEDY AND COMEDY.

Engagement of

EDWIN ADAMS!

SUPPORTED BY

THE STAR DRAMATIC COMPANY

Edwin Adams' Matinee to-day,

WILD OATS.

This Evening, July 20th,

THE DRUNKARD.

Monday and Tuesday Evenings,

ENOCH ARDEN.

PRICES OF ADMISSION:

Dress Circle.....$1 00 | Orchestra $1 00
Parquette..... 50 | Upper Circle..... 25

METROPOLITAN THEATRE.

Directress.....MISS EMMA HOWSON
Lessee and Manager.....MR. FRANK HOWSON
Treasurer.....MR. A. BIRRELL

ENGAGEMENT OF

THE MARTINETTI FAMILY

AND TROUPE,

....IN CONJUNCTION WITH....

Howson Opera and Burlesque Company.

SATURDAY, JULY 20, 1867.

GRAND BLACK ROOK MATINEE

FOR THE LAST TIME,

At 2 P.M., To-day.

This Evening.

THE BLACK ROOK

Produced in great splendor—New Dances, New Music, New Faces.

Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday evenings,

LAST THREE NIGHTS OF

THE BLACK ROOK!!

Thursday, the Operatic Ballet of

GISELLE, OR THE NIGHT DANCERS.

PRICES OF ADMISSION.

Dress Circle and Orchestra Seats.....One Dollar
Parquet.....50 cts | Gallery.....25 cts

No Extra Charge for Reserved Seats.

Doors open at 7 o'clock; to commence at 8.

MAGUIRE'S ACADEMY OF MUSIC

THOMAS MAGUIRE.....Sole Proprietor
CHARLES TIBBETTS.....Business Manager

Second Season Italian Opera

NON-SUBSCRIPTION NIGHT.

SATURDAY, JULY 20,

The Grand Opera of

LUCREZIA BORGIA.

Monday Evening,

The Grand Opera (for the Fourth time in California) of

IONE.

Conductor.....MR. GEO. T. EVANS,

"L'AFRICAINE," and "SAFFO," will positively be given during the season.

☞Box Office now open.

NOTICE—Cars will leave the corner of Pine and Sansome streets for North Beach, and the corner of Pine and Montgomery for South Park, every evening, at the close of the Opera.

THE CENTRAL PARK OF THE PACIFIC.

WOODWARD'S GARDENS,

Art Gallery,

Museum, Gymnasium

.....AND.....

ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

THESE BEAUTIFUL GARDENS ARE VISITED DAILY by hundreds of the pleasure seeking public, and all agree in pronouncing them the best and only first class suburban resort on the Pacific coast.

The extensive grounds are covered with the rarest trees and shrubbery, making it a most desirable spot for small parties wishing to enjoy a Pic-Nic.

New attractions are being constantly added.

These Gardens are accessible by the Howard, Market and Folsom street cars. Entrances on Mission and Valencia streets, between Thirteenth and Fourteenth. OPEN EVERY DAY.

Admission 25 cents. Children under 12 years, half price.

THE CITY GARDENS,

CORNER OF TWELFTH AND FOLSOM STREETS,

Will be opened to the Public to-day,

SATURDAY.....JULY 20.

—AND WILL—

BE CONTINUED OPEN DAILY THEREAFTER.

THESE BEAUTIFUL GROUNDS EMbracing in extent several blocks, must be seen to be appreciated. The proprietors, intending to meet the wants of our growing city, have prepared this delightful

Suburban Retreat,

The only place in San Francisco, at all seasons, entirely sheltered from the winds, which will be when entirely finished, what the

CENTRAL PARK

Is to New York. The grounds are laid off in the most beautiful manner, embellished with every variety of Plants and Shrubbery,

FOUNTAINS OF PURE WATER,

Together with collections of rare Animals and Fish, to which additions will be made daily.

TROPICAL AND RARE BIRDS OF EVERY PLUMAGE,

Beside amusements of every description. Play grounds for Children, games of Croquet, Tenpin Alleys, with self-returning balls, and other

OUT DOOR EXERCISES AND AMUSEMENTS.

On the ground is a very superior Spring of IRON WATER, of medicinal qualities not surpassed BY ANY IN THE UNITED STATES, and arranged for the participation and accommodation of visitors.

REFRESHMENTS OF ALL KINDS,

Suitable for Ladies, Gentlemen and Children, can be obtained on the premises, and will be served

IN THE SALOONS OR IN THE OPEN AIR.

Strict order will be maintained, and there will be no Bar on the Place.

The afternoon of the opening day will be inaugurated with a GRAND INSTRUMENTAL CONCERT, CONSISTING OF TWENTY-FIVE MUSICIANS, who will play the entire role of the Popular Programme now introduced at Central Park, New York.

THE LAKE, WITH STERN AND SIDE-WHEEL BOATS, may also be used by Visitors.

The Public are respectfully invited.

Admission to the Grounds and Concert 25 Cents; Children Half-price.

The FOLSOM STREET CARS will run regularly every five minutes.

The Howard Street Cars run within one block of the Gardens.

CALIFORNIA MARKET.

PARTIES INTERESTED ARE NOTIfied to have their STALLS READY for occupation by

Monday, July 29, 1867,

As the Market will be opened on that day.

WM. KENNEDY, Supt.

ST. MARY'S COLLEGE,

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA.

THE FIFTH SESSION OF THE ABOVE INSTITUtion will commence on the THIRTEENTH OF JULY, 1867

The cost of Tuition and Board for the Scholastic Year of from ten to eleven months will be only one hundred and seventy five dollars ($175), and twenty-five dollars ($25) for washing and mending of linen, etc.

No extra charges of any kind, except for Music and Drawing, which are five dollars ($5) a month each.

In cases of withdrawal (except for sickness or parents leaving the country), the parties will forfeit a Quarter Session, or the remaining portion of the Half Term.

The Pension to be paid at least half-yearly in advance; also, such sum deposited as will be sufficient to pay the traveling expenses of each student to his place of residence, and other contingent expenses such as books, clothes, etc.

No student will be received without such deposit.

For further information, application can be made to

P. J. GREY, President,

A. J. PLATE,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in

Guns, Rifles and Pistols.

—ALSO—

COLT'S AND DERINGER PISTOLS,

Powder, Shot, Lead, Caps, and Gun Trimmings, etc., etc.

NO. 411 SANSOME STREET,

Between Commercial and Sacramento Sts., San Francisco.

☞New Work made to order, and Repairing executed in the neatest manner.

J. LIPPMAN,

IMPORTER OF

WATCHES, DIAMONDS, FINE JEWELRY AND SILVERWARE,

NO. 203 MONTGOMERY STREET,

(Second door from Bush street,)

RUSS BLOCK.....SAN FRANCISCO.

Watches repaired with Particular Attention, and strictly warranted for one Year.

A. ROMAN & CO.'S

MONTHLY LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

JULY, 1867.

The Greek Slave—a Story. By Ianthe. Published by A. Roman & Co.
In Bonds—a Novel. By Laura Preston. Published by A. Roman & Co.
Appleton's Annual Cyclopedia for 1866.
History of American Civil War. By J. W. Draper.
History of U. S. Secret Service. By Gen. S. L. C. Baker.
Nojoque. By H. R. Helper, author "The Impending Crisis."
The Clergyman's Wife, and other Sketches. By Anna Cora Ritchie, (Mowatt).
The People of Sovereigns. By Ex-President Monroe.
Far Above Rubies—A Novel. By Mrs. J. H. Riddell.
Bryan Maurice. By Rev. Walter Mitchell.
The Black Phantom. By Charles Shrumpton.
A Painter's Camp. By Philip G. Hamerton.
The Champagne Country. By Robert Tomes.
Fathers and Sons—A Novel. From the Russian.
The Man with the Broken Ear. By Edmund About.
Joseph Reed—a Historical Essay. By Geo. Bancroft.
Otis' Isthmus of Panama. New Edition.
Richardson's Human Anatomy. Second Edition.
Appleton's New Hand Book of Nothern Travel.
The Land of Thor. By J. Ross Browne.
Liber Librorum; its Structure and Purposes.
Rural Studies. By Donald G. Mitchell, (Ik Marvel).
Lange's Commentary on the Epistles of St. James, Peter, John, and Jude.
The Jesuits of North America. By Francis Parkman.
Tax-Payer's Guide. Approved March 2, 1867.
The Cameron Pride. By Mrs. M. J. Holmes.
The Romance of Beauseiucourt.
Cecil Castlemaigne's Gage. By "Ouida."
Nora and Archibald Lee.
Thackeray's Early and Late Papers.
Old England. By James M. Hoppin.
Bible Teaching in Nature. By Rev. H. Macmillan.
Soap and Candles. By Adolph Ott, Ph. D.
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Longfellow's Dante—Volume 2. Purgatorio.
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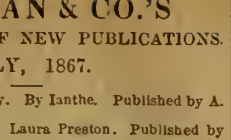

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CONTENTS:

ORIGINAL: The Country Landlord's Trials, by Dogberry; Pains and Penalties of Music, by B. V. F.; The Political Situation; An "Imbecile Pulpit;" "How to treat Editors;" Literary Gleanings. LION'S MOUTH: Telegraph Hill; The Station House; Maximilian's Death; Sale of the Beideman Estate; The Political Muddle; New Publications; Dramatic Affairs, etc. POETRY: Identities, by Charles Warren Stoddard; To a Passenger, by Ralph Keeler. SELECTED: Kntic Kester's Lovers, an English Story; Fenians on Trial; Nalignani's Paris Guide; Originality; Paragraphs, Poetry, etc.

THE LION'S MOUTH.

"THE gravest beast is an ass, the gravest bird is an owl, the gravest fish is an oyster, and the gravest man is a fool." SYDNEY SMITH.

"I WILL roar, that I will do any man's heart good to hear me." A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

"I WILL aggravate my voice so, that I will roar you as gently as any sucking dove; I will roar you an 't were any nightingale." IBID.

"*Nil falsi audeat, nil veri non audeat dicere.*" CICERO.

Local Sketches.

These sketches have been made for the benefit of strangers, credulous people and weak minded persons, by a man who has visited many of the places of which he writes, or has read concerning them in the papers. The wayfaring man, though a fool, can believe as much of them as he can endure:

Telegraph Hill.

Telegraph Hill is located at the upper end of Montgomery street. It can only be reached by going up. I never heard of a person who arrived at the summit of this peak by going down, in my life. The city does not seem to extend any further than the top of this hill; but it does. The reason it does not seem to extend any further is because you cannot see through the hill to that part of the city which lies on the other side.

This hill was settled about the same period as San Francisco. Although its inhabitants are not aristocratic, yet many of them deem themselves to be much above their neighbors. There are some Irish, some Dutch, some Scotch and some goats. There is an old, red house on the top on which every man who ever came to San Francisco has engraved his name with a common jack knife, so that the sides of that house look as if a thousand alphabets had rained down on them. The roof is surmounted, by what for many years was supposed to be a horizontal stove-pipe, so placed to keep from smoking, a contingency to which a stove-pipe on such an elevated position as the summit of a house on Telegraph Hill, might naturally be supposed to be exposed. This delusion continued for many years, until one day a brave and enterprising man from Oakland went close up to it and discovered it was a telescope through which one could get views of the harbor and city by paying a bit, and looking down the mouth of the instrument instead of peeping through one end as is done with any well regulated spy-glass.

Telegraph Hill is much infested by high winds and goats. Many of the goats have lately been suppressed owing to the energetic action of Captain Cook, the brave leader of the stray dog and hog rangers, but he cannot corral that wind.

The Station House.

This building is located opposite the Plaza, and was, at one time, greatly ridiculed, by being termed an ornament to the city. It is chiefly tenanted by law, lawyers, policemen, rogues and thieves Samuel Platt is there a good deal; so is Murphy, Zabriskie, and many other distinguished men, friends of the oppressed, who are nightly brought hither and confined in cold, dark, dump, dirty, dismal cages, by prowling and meddlesome policemen. The best way to find the Station House after dark, is to drink some of the worst whiskey you can get, (you won't have to hunt long for that,) and when you feel it begin to work, just lie down on the sidewalk, and you may, with tolerable certainty, rely on finding yourself inside of this judicial and reformatory institution by morning. I never, in my own case, knew this to fail. There is a levee held there every morning, except Sunday, by Judge Rix, and if you cannot get bail, you may be presented at Court. The Judge is quite reticent; in fact I never heard him on any of my presentations say anything but "Five dollars, or twenty-four hours;" or, "Thirty days in the County Jail." These remarks were, however, full of meaning, and were quite enough for the time.

Mr. Louderback lives, much of the time, at the Station House His voice is quite potential at Rix's court, and he generally manages to say a good deal, more than many care about hearing. The beds are poor, considering the charges often made against their occupants. The fare is plain. Boarders are always happy to leave.

The policemen live in the Station House. Their time is smoothly spent in lugging home drunks, and presenting each other with watches and gold-headed canes. Once, in a great while, they like to see their names in the papers. Policemen have died poor. Members of the Press live in the Station House. They subsist by lying about and collecting news for the papers. The Station House will always remain an ornament to our city, until honesty, sobriety, and all sorts of virtue are less talked about, and some faint attempt is made at practising them.

A Popular Saloon.

First a row of pictures, then a row of kegs, next a row of bottles, and finally on the floor, a row of old bunged up, worn baskets, kegs and bottles. In our much frequented saloons, why do they keep so much whiskey in so many bottles. I counted ninety-six bottles in active service at M—s', but I am forgetting. These remarks are not personal. We must not puff. We are forbidden to puff. There are seven sides to the saloon which I am now endeavoring not to puff. There is the oyster bar, (oysters breed on bars,) and above it a stuffed eagle. I would that I could do these people a service. They, always, on my entrance recommend spiritual refreshment, but I cannot, conditions being unfavorable, recommend them as I would.

On the other side you may behold, without charge, the dog memorable in the annals of San Francisco, the stuffed dog, his wings clipped forever on this miserable earth where one must pay for everything necessary for human comfort. He reposes on a pile of barrels.

There are some very nice pictures in this place—funny pictures. They also rest over old barrels and champagne baskets, looking as if the writer had been inspired by the contents of the vessels below him. The popularity of this particular saloon is owing to the fact that they never tried to improve its appearance too much—always let things lay around in a free and easy way; very suggestive of the idea of personal ease and comfort. Had I my advice to give a saloon keeper doing a good business in an old, dirty, mean place, I would say "Don't sweep away too many cobwebs," and if you would give the public an additional inducement to patronize you, always have an old hat and a broken bottle lying on the flood handy, to kick at.

Two newspaper men once did delight to bark and bite, and gouge and scratch out each others eyes, very near this saloon. Inigo—but I must refrain from personalities. The quarrel is historical, and is the particular property of the saloon in question.

They have a great many curiosities. There are Indian war-clubs, and jagged Indian spears, reminding one of the internal effect of bad whiskey. These last are put there by Mar— in order to warn his patrons against trusting too freely to the wiles of other saloon keepers

Mart—is an embodiment of sociability and good nature. On certain temperaments, he has the effect of a streak of sunshine on a hot stove, or a hot brick; in fact he is a brick anyway. He makes bricks. Thousands can testify to this: I can.

Sale of the Beideman Estate.

Platt's Hall was crowded with people on Wednesday last attending the sale of the Beideman Estate. Many ladies were present. This is an era of feminine land speculation. Everybody had a catalogue, which gave rather a literary appearance to these worshippess of Mammon. The exercises were commenced by a discussion between General Cobb and an invisible defender of the Moore Claim. Substance of the debate, thus Moore Claim: "I protest against this sale. Read my protest." Unknown man: "Heave him out the window!" General Cobb then commenced reading the protest. Moore Claim again raised his voice, but Cobb raised one better, telling him to "shut up," as his claim "was not worth a cent." Moore Claim naturally wished to know why his claim was worth so little, and Cobb produced J. B. Felton, who told everybody how he had proved the Moore Claim a fraud, and would defend all purchases made at the sale, until the cases were finally settled, without a dollar of cost. General Cobb, the Moore Claim having disappeared, made an eloquent and feeling little speech, in which he told us all that we were the biggest crowd ever got together at any one sale, save and except, the Broderick sale; that now was the accepted time. the day of salvation for all who would buy house lots, town lots and homesteads; that ten per cent. he must have on the fall of the hammer, that in this respect no leniency would be shown the Tycoon of Japan, the Emperor of China, John Conness, Gorham or any other human being, unless these people aforesaid plunked down their ten per cent.

The sale then commenced. As the first lot went up a claimant arose with it reading a protest. He had possession for twelve years and was going to keep it. It made no difference- The lot was knocked down for five thousand dollars.

An old woman made a disturbance about "173." Nobody knew what she meant by "173." whether it was her lot or her age, or a fire company she belonged to, in some place where fire companies were numerous. She muttered and she sputtered, and was disregarded. And so the "ball went on." The auctioneer bawled, the crowd stood on benches and tumbled off, people bought and went off, with hearts elate, and those who couldn't buy, looked on, and felt poor.

Singular.

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, in the *Flag* of Friday morning, publishes a very beautiful poem entitled, "Whom First We Love." Singular as it may appear, the words and sentiment coincide exactly with one published some time since by one Robert Bulwer Lytton, (Owen Meredith.) These coincidences will sometimes happen.

A Necessity.

It is frequently necessary to read both sides of the *Alta* to approximate to an idea as to which side it is on, politically, and even then many of its readers are left in such a condition as not to know which side they are on themselves.

The Political Muddle.

With a sort of fearful, yet amusing gravity, the *Bulletin* persists in advising Georgy Gorham to resign. "If he yields" it says, "with a good grace, those who now dislike him, will admit that he has shown a spirit of self sacrifice, and he will rise in their estimation."

So fatherly; Georgy, be a good boy now and resign, and we'll think, O, ever so much of you.

"If he refuses to retire and fails in the contest, as he surely will, his colleagues on the ticket will blame him bitterly for his obstinacy, and attribute the catastrophe of their defeat to his selfishness." If Georgy is a bad boy and will try to be governor, his papa will be very much displeased with him, so he will.

And now whom does the *Bulletin* propose in Georgy's place? Bidwell seems to be rather uncertain regarding the acceptance of that nomination. In an editorial on his position we are told that, "as the Republicans never thought it necessary to have his consent, they are still determined to vote for him as they were before." By this, it would appear that Bidwell was to be rushed into the gubernatorial chair whether or no; were we not told in the very same article that, "should Gorham finally listen to reason and withdraw, the friends of General Bidwell, knowing his unselfishness, would not be unwilling to withdraw his name in favor of some acceptable citizen who has not been prominent in the dispute that divides the organization."

As near as we can get at the *Bulletin's* plan, Bidwell must be voted for anyhow. Gorham "must listen to reason and withdraw, then Bidwell must withdraw, and Lo Presto! out pops the "respectable citizen" who is now being set on by the old hen, (the *Bulletin*,) undergoing a sort of incubatory process, preparatory to hatching out at the proper time a full fledged gubernatorial chicken. No wonder the *Bulletin* clucks.

Sickness.

Several of the male and female editors of the CALIFONIAN, are sick. We take our beds in regular succession to-day, one lying down when the other gets up. Of course we haven't got many beds. The energies of this establishment are taxed to the utmost, but we shall survive. Editors may die, but the paper lasts. The individual members of a company may be annihilated, by a single discharge of musketry, yet the regiment still exists. Give us pens, ink, paper, type, and compositors, and we will get out a paper, though every vast intellect in the city be drained to the ledge in supplying us with matter, and the credit, and patience of every saloon in the neighborhood be exhausted.

P. S. The indomitable energy of the CALIFORNIAN, cannot be doubted, but the writer of this paragraph is not the writer of the foregoing, which partakes of a reckless and somewhat immoral spirit. We must finish what the previous writer has begun. We are the moral writer of the concern. We have just risen from our sick bed to give the immoral man a chance to go below, but we will never endorse the sentiments—.

Maximilian's Death.

As he had lived, so he died, a brave, honest, true sincere, simple man. In the manner he met his death was manifest his bravery. Giving himself into Corona's hands, stating that if they wanted a victim he was ready, is ample evidence of the truth and sincerity which actuated him in assuming the position he did with the Mexican people. Carrying out the Christian principle "in honor preferring each other" when set between Miramon and Mejica to be shot he yields his position to Miramon saying "A gallant man is respected by his sovereigns, allow me to yield to you the place of honor." Informed of Carlotta's death, he says, "Even in this has heaven favored me," evincing a love and devotion whose bounds set not in the horizon of earthly time. He might, in his political career have been erring in judgment, but the manner in which he met his fate shows that he had successfully passed the ordeal of that great judge and justifier, his own conscience.

Views Without Boots.

A young gentleman, who figures to an extent among the literary and pedantical circles of this city, advertises that he will shortly deliver a lecture, descriptive of the manner in which he went through Europe, barefooted, on $181 00, in greenbacks! Don't think it would have been remunerative to have kept a hotel on his route. The proceeds of the lecture will be devoted towards the publication of a novel by this young man, which if we are not mistaken, is to be entitled, "Eternity; or how I read 'em to Death." Success to the young man, who can so skilfully manipulate $181 00 in greenbacks.

Dreadful!

A lady of this city in charge of a certain educational institute has been threatened with the withdrawal of some of her pupils by their parents on account of her participating in a private theatrical performance. A spirit of this kind is eminently calculated to cause any one suffering from it to wish earnestly for their speedy withdrawal to the grave or any other place, hot or cold, where they may be spared from the persecution of such old fashioned bigotry.

KATIE KESTER'S LOVERS.

I.

In the cottage to the left hand of the forge at Harwood there lived, some forty years ago, a man of the name of Christopher,—or, as the country-folks abbreviated it, Kester—Patemen. He had formerly held the post of village blacksmith and farrier, but had long since retired from the exercises of his craft. He was said to have the gift of the evil eye; not that he was a malicious man, but that involuntarily his look blighted whatever it fixed upon. Friend or enemy, his own children or aliens, it was all one; Kester's eye settled on them, and they withered away. The crops on his little farm were either frosted, blighted, or miserably thin; or, if they were good and abundant, rain came after the corn was cut to injure it; once he got it all stacked and the stack took fire; another time the grain was threshed out and stored up in safety, but the rats devoured a third part of it. His cattle were the leanest in the country; his sheep died of disease; his children perished one by one as they grew up to manhood and womanhood; the very horses he shod, fell lame. Kester was a miserable man; all the country avoided him as if he had got the plague.

Kester had one child left, a daughter, born long after the rest; she being the offspring of a young Irish girl whom he had chosen to marry in his old age. The Irish girl ran away soon after the child's birth, on the plea of having a husband in her own country whom she liked better.

Kester made no attempt to bring her back, but contented himself with spoiling Katie. Katie was not a bit like what his other children had been; she was her mother over again. Two wide-opened dark blue eyes, a white skin, considerably freckled, black elf locks always in a tangle, a wide red mouth, and little teeth like pearls; a figure smart, and lissom, and a step that lilted along as if it kept time to an inward tune, made of Katie a village beauty and a coquette.

The strangest thing of all was (so the people thought at least) that Kester's evil eye had no effect on Katie. She grew as strongly and bloomed as hardily as the wild briar in the hedge-row. Everybody remembered the five children who were born to him by his first wife; how they pined from their cradle. They had a sickly hectic in their faces like their mother; while Katie's cheeks were red as a damask rose; they crept about home weary and ailing always, while Katie was away in the woods, nutting and bird-nesting like a boy. Kester could deny her nothing, and she grew up, to the wonder of the village, healthier, more wilful, and bonnier than any girl in the district.

II.

The blacksmith who had succeeded Kester Patemen at the village forge was a young man of herculean strength, and a wild character. He was more than suspected of a tenderness for the Squire's pheasants, but the gamekeeper had not yet been found bold enough to give him a night encounter in the woods; his name was Rob Mc'Lean; he had been a soldier, and was discharged with a good conduct pension, after ten years' service, and two wounds. He was Katie's first sweet heart. She was very proud to be seen walking with him in the green lane on Sunday nights; but it was more child's pride than anything else, for, when he began to talk about marrying, she laughed and said no, she was not for him, he was too old.

Jasper Linfoot, the miller's eldest son, next cast his eyes upon her, and followed her like her shadow for a month; but no—Katie did not fancy him, he was too ugly; he squinted, he had red hair, and his legs were not both of the same length. Then there was Peter Askew, the squire's huntsman, but he was a widower; and Phil Cressy, the gardener, but he was a gooso; and Tom Carter—but Katie could never abide a tailor.

While Katie, very hard to please, was coquetting with her would-be lovers, perfectly safe and perfectly heart-free, Kester Pateman had settled all the time whom she should marry—Johnny Martin, and nobody else. Johnny was the only son of Martin, the squire's coachman, who had saved money. He was a simple young man, with lank hair, a meek expression of countenance, and some gift for expounding, which he practised to small select congregations in Pateman's barn every Sunday evening. When Kester announced his intention to his daughter, Katie pouted her red lips and tossed her head, saying with an accent of superlative contempt, "That Johnny!" But she answered neither yea nor nay to her father's words; and the next Sunday "that Johnny" came courting with a little basket of cabbages on his arm, as an offering to his belle.

Katie looked as if it would have done her heart good to fling them one after the other in his fat foolish face, but she restrained the impulse, and only said:

"I'll plant 'em out to-morrow, Johnny."

"Plant them out, Katie? Why they're to eat."

"Pigs?" asked Katie in innocent bewilderment. "We don't keep any."

"No, they're for you, Katie; they're the finest white-hearts."

"Hearts! Oh, Johnny, take 'em away, directly; hearts!—I never saw a heart before," and she peeped into the basket with a face of horrified curiosity.

Now, Johnny had proclaimed that his affections had fallen on Katie because she was such a clever girl, and could do everything; but this exhibition of her talents by no means equalled his former impressions. He tried her again:

"Can't you cook, Katie? Did you never stuff and roast a heart for your father's dinner?"

"Oh, Johnny, and you putting up for the school-master's place; what wicked nonsense you are talking! Surely you've called at the Blue Cow by the way?"

Johnny at this monstrous insinuation broke out into a cold perspiration; he was the most abstemious of young men, and had a name in the village for every variety of excellence; and Katie was quite capable of telling her suspicions everywhere. He endeavored to take her hand and to put his arm round her waist; but Katie brought her palm against his cheek with such hearty good will that he was fain to subside upon his chair in meek dismay.

"If you do that again, Johnny Martin, I'll tell my father," she cried; and, with an affectation of great anger, she bowled his cabbages out into the garden, and ordered him to march after them in double quick time. He took up his hat and obeyed her, casting on her, as he went, the most pitiful and expostulatory glances.

"Don't stop at the Blue Cow, Johnny; go straight home," she cried as he went out at the gate, and the defeated swain crept away quite dejected.

Katie returned into the house, and began to sleek her hair before the little glass by the kitchen fire, humming a tune all the time, and thinking how well she was rid of Johnny, when that worthy's voice sounded through the open window:

"I didn't stop at the Blue Cow, Katie." She turned smartly round with such a shrewish face that Johnny added, in haste to deprecate her wrath, "I left my basket, Katie; let me get it—it's in the corner.'

"At your peril set foot over the door-stone, Johnny!" Johnny's plump countenance instantly disappeared. She snatched up the basket, threw it after him, and then took a hearty fit of laughter to herself.

III.

It was the beginning of the harvest: and, on the evening of the day after Johnny Martin's inauspicious courting visit, Kester Pateman and Katie were sitting on the wooden bench before the door, she knitting, and he bemoaning, when a party of Irish reapers, with their sickles in their hands, came up the lane. They stopped at the gate, and one of the men asked if Kester wanted hands for his corn?

"No, I see nae the use o' hands," replied the old man; "it'll all be spoilt."

It had been a splendid season, and Kester's little fields showed as rich and ripe a crop as any in the country; it was quite ready for cutting, and the weather was settled and favorable.

"But, father, you must have hands," said Katie, who had a most irreverent disbelief in the evil eye; "two reapers and a binder, with you and me, will get the crops in this week, and I'll overlook 'em for luck." Kester stopped two men and a lad, and bade the others go higher up the lane to Marshall's farm. "But where's the good of it, Katie?" he added. "You'd have had a tidy fortune but for me. Go into the barn, lads, you'll get your supper 'enow." The old man was very despondent; for he had just lost a fine calf, which he thought to sell at a good price. Katie bade him cheer up, and went indoors to set out the supper for the reapers. When it was ready, she called to them to come; three as Ragged Robins as ever might have served for scare-crows appeared at her bidding.

One of them was a tall fine young man, with a head well set on his shoulders, a roguish eye, and a very decided national tongue. He looked at Katie, and she at him; and, for the first time in her life, the girl's eyes fell, and her color rose. Alick seemed slightly bashful too,—very slightly—for, after dropping his glance on his plate for a second, it followed Katie to and fro in the kitchen without intermission, until she went out into the garden again. Alick could see her through the branches of briar across the window, standing at the gate with her father, talking to Rob McLean, and he immediately conceived an intense dislike for that well-built son of Vulcan, with the scar across his forehead. Alick jumped to conclusions very quickly; he had fallen in love at first sight, and was ready to quarrel with any man who so much as looked at Katie.

Having made an end of his supper, he went out into the lane to his comrades, who were sitting under the hedge resting and munching lumps of bread and cheese,—Marshall's kitchen not being big enough to hold them all. Alick kept Katie at the gate in sight; and, though she seemed never to look his way, she knew perfectly well how he watched her; and moved perhaps, by the natural spirit of coquetry, she marched with her knitting into the house, and shut herself up in her bedroom. It had a window looking on the lane, and Katie sat near it with her pins and stocking, peeping out sometimes to see how the evening went on, and whether there was promise of fine weather next day to cut the corn. Alick wandered off by-and-by. How should he know that tiny lattice in the bushy pear-tree was Katie's?

IV.

Alick, Kester, Katie, and the rest, were all in the fields next morning as soon as the sun was up. The reaping began. Katie would bind for Alick; and, during the day, the two exchanged a good many sharp words. Rob M'Lean came to lend a hand in the afternoon, and the men soon found each other out: but Rob had a decided advantage over the other. "Was there ever such a wild Irishman, all tatters and rags, ever seen in the country-side before?" whispered Rod to Katie, as they sat under a tree, at four o'clock, eating the 'lowance that had been brought from the house; Katie gave Alick a sly glance, and said "No." And, as Alick overheard both question and answer, he vowed vengeance against Rob.

That night in the lane there was Jasper Linfoot and Phil Cressy; and Katie talked and laughed with both of them; and the next day she was gossiping with Peter Askew over the field-tyle; and in the evening Tom Carter brought her some shreds of scarlet cloth that she wanted to weave into a mat, and Katie chattered with him; and the next day Johnny Martin came with an offering of summer apples, which (Alick being there to see) were graciously accepted. So Johnny was heartened into staying half-an-hour, sighing and smiling spasmodically. Alick went out very wrathful. "So many rivals are too many for one man," thought he. And, all the following morning, he took no more notice of Katie than he did of Kester—I mean, he seemed not to take notice of her.

Katie was as cross as sticks, and pretended she was ill, and must go home. Home, accordingly, she went, and tangled her knitting horribly. She had not been there long, when Alick came in at the gate with a long face, holding his hand in a handkerchief all stained with blood. Up sprang Katie, the color going out of her face with fright.

"You're hurt, Alick! O how have you done it? Let me see and bind it up."

"The least bit in creation, Miss Katie; but you're the best binder in the world, and it'll heal under your eyes," replied the wily Alick, uncovering the injured hand.

Katie got a sponge and water, and bathed it, and her pity fled.

"It's not much more than a scratch," said she; so Alick groaned miserably.

"Surely, Miss Katie, it's the hard heart you've got, for all your bonnie face," said he, reproachfully.

Katie blushed. Nobody else's compliments had ever had that pleasing effect before; and Alick suddenly took heart of grace, and said one or two more pretty things that did not seem to vex Katie very much. The dressing of the wound being done, Alick was obliged to go back to the field; carrying the 'lowance was an excuse for Katie to go too; so leaving her ball to the mercy of the cat on the floor, she got the basket and stone bottle of beer ready, and followed Alick. The reapers said 'lowance was early that day, and her father found fault about it.

Alick's reflections were of a more cheerful turn now. "Too many rivals may be as good as none," he thought. Indeed, he had found out—who knows by what freemasonry?—that Katie liked nobody so well as him; and he turned his discovery to good account. Did she encourage Rob, or Jasper, or Peter, or Johnny, or any one of her many admirers, by word or smile, he devoted himself to Jennie, the pretty Irish girl, who was binding at Marshall's farm; and Katie's pillow could have testified that he had ample revenge.

Thus they went on till the last shock was in stack, and the Irish reapers began to travel north in search of fresh pastures. All went but Alick; and he, from his quick wit and sharp eye, had won favor with the Squire's head keeper, who retained him as one of his watchers.

Although he had arrived at Harwood a scarecrow of rags, who so trim and spruce now as Alick? Katie had a secret pride in his appearance, as, with his gun on his arm and his game-bag slung over his shoulder, he followed the Squire in the woods,—looking, as she thought, far the finer and handsomer gentleman. That Johnny's face had now become perfectly sickening to her, and none the less so because Kester would talk of their marriage; for the young man had been chosen village schoolmaster, with a salary of thirty pounds, a cottage and garden rent-free, and coals *ad libitum;* so that he had a home to take her to.

Katie was having a good cry one afternoon in the house by herself, over the thoughts of Johnny, when there came a knock to the door. She got up and opened it, expecting to see a neighbor come in for a gossip; but, instead, there stood Alick.

Directly he saw what she had been about, he cried, "Who has been vexing thee, Katie? Only tell me,—tell me, Katie!" And a smile broke through her tears as she said, "O Alick, it's that Johnny!" And they looked in each other's faces and laughed.

What Alick said more, this tradition betrayeth not; but,

whatever it was, Johnny's prospects of a wife were not increased thereby; and when Alick went away home to his cottage at the park gate, it was with triumphant step and his curly head in the air; and Katie cried no more over her knitting that afternoon.

V.

Village gossip soon proclaimed that fact of Alick's visits to to Kester Pateman's cottage; and amongst the first to hear of them was Johnny. He went and remonstrated with Katie, and threatened to tell her father. Katie's blood was up, and she dared him to tell at once. So Johnny did tell, and Kester bade Alick keep away. "Katie's for no Irish beggar, but for a decent Harwood lad," said he, surlily. "And you'll come about my place no more, Sir Gamekeeper,—d'ye hear."

Alick feigned obedience; but he and Katie met in the green lane on Sundays. There was a little gate from the pasture where Kester's cows were, into the wood; and often, at milking time, you might have seen Alick leaning over the gate, talking to Katie at her task; but, as the evenings grew cold and the cattle were brought up to the house, these meetings were less frequent; for Kester began to watch his daughter as a cat watches a mouse. He suspected her.

The neighbours noticed Katie become graver and paler, and shook their heads portentously. "She's fading like the rest of them," they said; "she'll not see the spring. Kester's smitten her, poor man!"

And, by-and-by, Kester saw the change himself. When he did see it, his heart stopped beating. "Why, Katie, my bairn!" cried he, with fully awakened love and fear; "Kate, my bairn! Thou's not going off in a waste, like thy brothers and sisters?"

Katie was knitting by the firelight; and, as her needless went, her tears fell. "I don't know, father; but the neighbors say I look like it. I'm sick and ill——" and her tears flowed faster.

Kester kissed her, and went out in a black mood.

"Oh, what'll I do? What'll I do for thee, Katie, my bairn?" said he, aloud. "I'm fit to tear my eyes out o' my head! What have I done, that all goes ill with me?"

It happened that Alick was loitering about in the hope of a chance word with Katie, and he overheard Kester's lamentation.

"What's the matter, Master Pateman? Katie's not ill, is she?" he ventured to ask. Glad to unfold his misery to anybody, Kester told Alick of his daughter's changed looks, and what everybody attributed them to.

"Go to the wise man, 'Bram Rex, at Swinford, to-morrow; he's got a charm agen the Evil Eye," suggested Alick, in haste. "He'll tell you what to do; you may trust him."

Somewhat comforted, Kester re-entered the house. Alack went off to Swinford to prepare the sage for his visitor the next day.

VI.

After breakfast, on the following morning, Kester mounted his old grey mare, and went slowly to Swinford, very mournful, and much troubled in his mind. The village of Swinford was, by the river, seven miles from Harwood, and the high road ran along the bank with a steep fall to the water, which was covered with hazel and low shrub. "Wherefore shouldn't I fling myself in there, and save the poor bairn?" he said to himself, as he saw the river shinning and glancing through the bushes. "But, after all," he added, "it will be as well to see old 'Bram Rex first, and hear what he's got to say about her. My poor bairn! Poor Katie!"

So he went forward to a small slated cottage at the entrance of the village, and knocked at the door.

"Come in," said a rough voice. Kester fastened his bridle to the paling of the garden, and entered.

The wise man was sitting in a large chair by the fireside, stirring a composition in a pan which had far more of the perfume of a poached hare than hell-broth, which the gossips said he was in the habit of making. 'Bram was an old man with a long beard, and the subtlest and most wily of smiles. He looked up at his visitor from under his brows cunningly and shrewdly, then motioned him to be seated by a wave of his hand.

"I know your errand, Kester Pateman," said 'Bram, solemnly. "I have been working out the horoscope all night. It is a case of difficulty."

Kester was profoundly impressed by this prescience, and his poor old hands shook as he drew out his leathern purse, and said:

"'Bram, it's not money or corn this time, it's my bairn Katie."

The sage nodded and echoed, "Katie! I knew it."

"What must I give you? This?

And Kester took out a gold piece, and laid it on the seemingly unconscious palm of 'Bram.

"Enough, Kester Pateman," replied he; "enough. Tell me what you want—your daughter is smitten——"

"Yes, 'Bram; but there was one told me you had a charm agen the Evil Eye. Would it save her? Will you sell it?" asked Kester, trembling all over with anxiety, and stretching out his feeble hands with the purse to 'Bram.

'Bram took the purse, but said severely:

"I do not sell, Kester Pateman—talk not of selling. Describe to me your child's symptoms, and be at peace."

The wise man had a voice of such preternatural depth that it really seemed as if his words were also of superior sagacity; Kester listened to him with the profoundest fatih, and then gave a description of Katie's state—her pale cheeks, her stillness, and her crying. 'Bram shook his head.

"I don't say she'll die, Kester, and I can't say she'll live; but there's one chance, if you'll try it."

"I'll do anything, 'Bram—why I'd die for that bairn! You don't know how I love my Katie. What's the chance 'Bram?"

"The stars will not be hurried, Kester Pateman; they have not spoken yet. Come and see."

The sage led the way into a second room, in the middle of which was a table whereon lay a sheet of paper with sundry figures and scrawls thereon.

"Look here," and 'Bram began to trace a line with his forefinger. "This is the girl's line of life. Mark it well, Kester Pateman."

Kester, dizzy with anxiety, fixed his eyes on it intently.

"Here is a man of battles; it passes him. This part shows them that seek her in matrimony; them that she must not marry, Kester—you mark me?"

Kester nodded his head.

"She must not marry any one of these with a cross agen 'em. Not this with the spade, nor the figure with a sack, nor him with the tailor's goose, nor yet this man leading of a horse, nor yet that one with the peaked cap and ferrule—the stars have spoken agen 'em all."

Kester said he saw that clearly enough.

"Mark me agen, Kester," pursued the sage, sinking his voice until it sounded as if it came up out of the toes of his boots; "mark well, for I can't show you it the second time. This is the sign of a powerful man who has come over the sea—he's got a sickle and a gun. The sickle means that he shall reap abudance o' corn, and live on the fat o' the land all his days, and the gun is a token that he's a brave man; and his face being to Katie's line o' life is a sign that he loves her, and that she has a thought for him. Are you hearkening, Kester?"

"Yes, 'Bram, I hear. Oh! but you are a knowledgeable man. These," following the first marks with his finger, "are surely Rob M'clean, and Jasper Linfoot, and here's Phil Cressy, and Peter Askew, and Tom Carter and Johnny Martin——"

"Them's their names! None o' em must your Katie marry, the stars has otherwise bespoke for 'em. Do you know who this last is, Kester?"

"It maun be Alick, the young Irish reaper; him that's at the Squire's now."

"Him it is, and no other! The interpretation thereof is just!" said 'Bram, emphatically, and rolled up a sheet of paper.

Kester Pateman was greatly in awe of 'Bram, but he endeavored to protest against the conclusion.

"'Bram, couldn't you bring forward another?" said he, hesitatingly.

"Can I alter the stars, Kester?" replied the sage in his sternest tone; I do not make, or mend, or mar, I only read for the blind what is written. You must give your bairn to Alick, or she'll die."

O! I will—surely I will, 'Bram!" in great haste cried poor Kester. "He's honest if he's poor, and Katie'll not have a penny. Tell me, 'Bram, will I sell my corn well this time!"

"You shall," responded 'Bram; "you shall sell it as others do."

"Have you that charm agen the Evil Eye that one told me of, 'Bram?" Kester humbly inquired.

"Yes, Kester; but it is not to be bought with silver nor gold. Send me half a bushel of your best oats, and you shall have it. I've parted with a many, but I've only one on hand now, and it's a good one."

"Let me have it 'Bram. You'll get the oats to-morn."

'Bram went to a drawer in the dresser, and, after rummaging for some minutes amongst the contents he brought forth a hare's foot with a string attached to it. He smoothed it carefully with his hand, muttering a formula of words as he did so.

"You must put this in your pillow, Kester, and every morning, the first thing when you get up, open the window, and fix on some particular tree or bush, and look at it steady while you spell your own name backwards three times. You must look every day fasting at the same thing, and in time it will wither away and die. And so you'll be cured, and in smiting the tree the rest o' your things'll be safe."

Kester took the hare's foot as tenderly as if it had been a sacred relic, and put it in his bosom.

"Thank you, 'Bram—and you're sure Katie'll be well if I let her wed Alick?"

"Yes, man! You'll find the lass's face shining when you get home, for she's feeling that your heart's changed towards her already. The stars has been whispering of it to her."

Quite cheerfully Kester trotted the grey mare home, and, as if immediately to prove the sage's words true, Kate came to meet him at the gate as rosy as a peony. Alick, at that minute, was escaping by the cow-house door into the pasture, after telling Katie of his visit to 'Bram Rex, and preparing her for its probable results.

VII.

In the centre of the great meadow directly opposite Kester Pateman's chamber window, there was a fine old oak tree, quite in the maturity of its years and strength. Under its wide-spreading branches a herd of cattle could shelter from the summer heat, and in its giant bole was timber enough to build a frigate almost. When Kester rose the morning after his visit to 'Bram Rex, he opened his window, and his eyes fell on this tree the first thing, as they had probably done for many a year. This time he gazed at it fixedly, half expecting to see the leaves and branches shrivel under his gaze; but he spelt his name backwards three times, and there were no visible effects. He went to market after breakfast and sold his corn, and bought a new cow; so implicit was his faith in 'Bram's charm; and, meeting Johnny Martin, told him ruefully, that he must leave off thinking of Katie; for she was not permitted to be his wife.

In about a month after Kester Pateman's visit to 'Bram Rex, there was a wedding at Harwood, and such a dance in Kester's barn as had never been heard of in the country-side before. All the defeated swains were there. Johnny Martin and Tom Carter made the music on two independent-minded violins, and lost, in this opportunity of distinguishing themselves, the sore sensation of disappointment. Johnny behaved nobly; he presented Katie with half a peck of apples as a wedding present, and looked glorious all night. When Katie came near him once, he whispered:

"Katie, did you tell anybody about the Blue Cow?"

"No, man; it was only my fun," replied she, mischievously; and Johnny drew a long breath of relief.

What a dance that was to the tune of Merrily danced the Quaker's wife and merrily danced the Quaker! It seemed as if it would never come to an end. So loud and hilarous was the mirth that nobody heard the thunder rattling overhead, or saw the lightning leaping about the hills. But there had been certainly a terrible storm that night, though few people at Harwood recollect it; and the next morning, when Kester opened his window, as his custom was, to give the charmed gaze at the oak trees in the meadow, behold! one side was reft entirely of its boughs, and a black scarred trunk faced him instead of yesterday's majestic growth. Kester stared back affrighted. Could this be the effect of his Evil Eye.

If you ever go to Harwood, as you ride into the village, in the meadow opposite the blacksmith's forge you will see the blasted trunk of the giant oak tree; and should curiosity prompt you to ask how it came to be destroyed, any gossip will tell you that one Kester Pateman withered it away by the power of the Evil Eye—he having gazed at it every morning, fasting, for that purpose. They will tell you also that, from having been one of the most unlucky of men, he became one of the most prosperous in the district, with grandchildren and great-grandchildren, and flocks and herds innumerable.

Alick and Kate live in the farm-house down by the water-pasture, which the Squire let them have when they were married. By dint of talking of it, they have come themselves to believe in the Evil Eye. 'Bram Rex's descendants live and flourish in various districts; though 'Bram himself, for some mistake respecting another person's property, was transported to a distant colony to exercise his craft there—with what success, this tradition sayeth not.

A Unique Ball.—A very unique and pleasant ball was given the other evening, in Paris, by Madame O'Connell, a well-known artist. The scene was a vast studio, with acres of window, with the indispensable green baize sunshades, and rich folds of old tapestry; paintings and studies lined the walls, and, from shelves and brackets over the pictures, and far up into the gloom of the lofty ceiling, gleamed statues, busts and antique torsos; gigantic stuffed birds spread their dusty wings over carved oak cabinets, crowded with curiosities of all kinds, lay figures, skulls, statucttes, and china jars. Below in the half light, diamonds and satins glittered and shone, and waltzers passed swiftly over the polished floor. The beautiful hostess, about a month ago, appeared at a ball dressed as an Egyptian priestess. Long white robes in heavy folds, a mass of ornaments on her breast, a golden serpent wound around her white headdress, its head raised above her brow, and, in her hand, a long staff crowned with the sacred bird. Madame O'Connell gives a grand costume ball every year, *a soiree pique nique*, that is to say, formed on the picnic principle, an ingenious method adopted by some artists who have not King Midas' magic fingers, but plenty of friends and splendid dancing room. Each guest contributes to the supper, the ladies sending *plats* and the gentlemen wine. A well garnished buffet is thus insured, and its origin saved from ridicule by the all powerful laws of Bohemia.

LITERARY GLEANINGS.

DORA GREENWELL'S POEMS.

WE do not know whether "Dora Greenwell" is a real name or a *nom de plume*, though we suspect the latter. What we do know however, that she is well worthy of an honored place among that group of pure and noble singers, of whom Jean Ingelow, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, Adelaide Proctor, and Miss Rosetti are the chief. Superior as Tennyson or Browning, or Swinburne may be to these women-poets, some of them in grasp of intellect, others in complete and perfect art, or the grand classic forms in which they embody their thoughts and fancies, no man since Wordsworth has rivalled this glorious sisterhood of song in the mingled sweetness, purity, and strength, with which the loftier aspects of the religious sentiment are presented, with the sole exception perhaps, of Tennyson, in certain portions of *In Memoriam*. The title page of the volume bears the appropriate device of a hand grasping a cross, with the legend, *Et teneo, et teneor*—appropriate, because never did poetry breathe a truer spirit of the religion of the Cross, than that of this little book. Without detaining our readers by further commment, we make room for a few specimens. The following reminds us of Adelaide Proctor's piece, entitled either "The Letter," or "Too Late" which, we are not positive:

THE KISS.

"She died young!"

"I think not so; her infelicity
Seemed to have years too many."
—WEBSTER.

I come to thee from one
Thou knowest of, I bear to thee her kiss:
"No bitter words," she said, "when I am gone
Give thou, but only this."

The mouth was well-nigh cold
I took it from, yet hath it power to bless:
The lips that sent it never moved of old
Except in tenderness;

And ere they ceased to stir
They trembled, as if then they strove to frame
A word—the only one 'twixt heaven and her—
Methought it was thy name.

They wore unto the last
A calm, sad, twilight smile, from patience won;
Her face had light on it that was not cast
From joy's long-sunken sun.

She waited for a word
Of Love to stay on; Hope did long endure;
She waited long on Time, for she had heard
His spells, though slow, were sure.

She waited; but her stroke
Was heavier than her groaning; one by one
All failed her; Grief was strongest, so it broke
Each thing it leaned upon.

She waited long on God,
And he forsook not; through the gloomy vale
She leant upon His staff until His rod
Brake forth in blossoms pale.

Then did her spirit bless
The gracious token; then she saw the rife
Salt-crusted standing pools of bitterness
Spring up to wells of life.

And Peace, a friend for years
Estranged, stood by her on her dying bed:
See that thou weep not o'er her grave, *her* tears
Have long ago been shed.

She grieves not for the mould:
A heavier load lay long upon her breast
Than Earth, which hath been to her far more cold
In waking than in rest!

The next piece is in the same solemn vein—but it is a solemnity free from any touch of morbidness:

GONE.

Alone, at midnight as he knelt, his spirit was aware
Of somewhat falling in between the silence and the prayer,

A bell's dull clangour that hath sped so far, it faints and dies
So soon as it hath reached the ear whereto its errand lies;

And as he rose up from his knees, his spirit was aware
Of Somewhat, forceful and unseen, that sought to hold him there;

As of a Form that stood behind, and on his shoulders prest
Both hands to stay his rising up, and Somewhat in his breast,

In accents clearer far than words, spoke, "Pray yet longer, pray,
For one that ever prayed for thee, this night hath passed away;

"A soul, that climbing honr by honrthe silver-shining stair
That leads to God's great treasure-house, grew covetous and there

"Was stored no blessing and no boon, for thee she did not claim,
(So lowly, yet importunate!) and ever with *thy* name

"She linked—that none in earth or heaven might hinder it or stay—
One Other Name, so strong, that thine hath never missed its way.

"This very night within my arms this gracious soul I bore
Within the Gate, where many a prayer of hers had gone before;

"And where she resteth, evermore one constant song they raise:
Of 'Holy, holy,' so that *now* I know not if she prays;

"But for the voice of Praise in Heaven, a voice of Prayer hath gone
From Earth; thy name upriseth now no more; pray on, pray on!"

Here is an exquiste little cabinet picture—though a trifle. It is entitled,

HOME.

Two birds within one nest;
Two hearts within one breast,
Two spirits in one fair
Firm league of love and prayer,
Together bound for aye, together blest.

An ear that waits to catch
A hand upon the latch;
A step that hastens its sweet rest to win,
A world of care without,
A world of strife shut out,
A world of love shut in.

The next is a companion piece, with more of summer tints in the coloring:

THE BRIDGE.

NOON.

We lingered on the rustic bridge,
We saw the pebbles in the stream
Below us, clear in amber light
Of noonday, flash and gleam;
Afar, the yellow flag-flower caught
A glory from the flitting beam,
And all was still and fair, methought,
And golden as a dream.

Oh, might this hour not pass away!
Oh, were it given to us, not lent!
And might we, framed within it, stay,
A breathing picture of content!
And hear the babbling waters run,
And hear the distant stock-dove coo,
And dream that in the world were none
But only I and you!

The Sonnets, are in a deeper and more thoughtful vein. Those entitled "Ascending," "To Elizabeth Barrett Browning," "Reserve," "The Soul's Wooers," may rank among the best of this difficult species of poetical composition. In the piece "To The Nineteenth Century," and "A Song Which None But the Redeemed Can Sing," the author reveals a force and strength of pinion, for which none of the pieces quoted furnished any preparation. Of altogether a different character, but capital in its peculiar way, is the quiet, womanly satire on the cynicism of the most critical of London literary weeklies. We have space for only a short extract:

THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

"Learn to live and live and learn,"
In the days when I used to go to school,
Would always pass for an excellent rule;
But now it's grown a serious concern
The number of things I've had to *unlearn*
Since first I began the page to turn
Of *The Saturday Review*.
For once (I believe) I believed in truth
And love, and the hundred foolish things
One sees in one's dreams and believes in one's youth—
In Angels with curls, and in Angels with wings,
In Saints, and Heroes, and Shepherds too;
The pictures that David and Virgil drew
So sweetly, I thought were taken
From very life, but now I find
A Shepherd is but an uncouth Hind,
Songless, soulless, from time out of mind,
Who has cared for nothing but bacon.

And I sometimes think, if this same Review,
And the world a little longer too
Should last, will the violets come out blue?
Will the rose be red, and will lovers woo
In the foolish way that they used to do?
Will doves in the summer woodlands coo,
And the nightingales mourn without asking leave?
Will the lark have an instinct left to cleave
The sunny air with her song and her wing?
Perhaps we may move to abolish spring;
And now that we've grown so hard to please,
We may think that we're bored by the grass and the trees;
The moon may be proved a piece of cheese,
Or an operatic delusion.
Fathers and Mothers may have to go,
Brothers and Sisters be voted slow,
Christmas a tax that one's forced to pay,
And Heaven itself but an out-of-the way
Old-fashioned place that has had its day,
That one wouldn't a residence choose in.

And though so easily learnt and brief
Is the form our new faith's put in,
When we've said, "I believe in a Round of Beef,
And live by a Leg of Mutton,"
We come to another region of facts,
That are met quite as well by the Gospel and *Acts*
As by any teaching that's newer—
Life has its problems hard to clear,
And its knots too stiff to be cut by the sneer
Of the sharpest, smartest Reviewer.

The book can be obtained at Roman's, and we must cordially commend it to all who are capable of appreciating and loving that kind of poetry that wells from the innermost depth of a pure and meditative spirit, and that reveals the noblest sentiments and emotions of a womanly nature, ripened by experience, refined by culture, chastened, but not saddened by suffering, and purified by religion.

A MODEL GUNSMITH STORE.—At the auction sale of Knickerbocker, No. 5's, house, on Sacramento street, just below Leidesdroff, Mr. A. J. Plate, the old established gunsmith, purchased the property. Knickerbocker's house was always noted for the taste and finish of its interior decorations, and Mr. Plate has made most excellent use of these in fitting up the lower floor as a store, previous to removing his gun rifle and pistol warehouse there during the present week. The upper stores serve as warerooms for the shot, lead, gun-trimmings, surplus stock, etc.; while the first floor is used solely as a store, sales and display room. We will venture to say that there is not a neater or better fitted up gun store in the United States.

NEW STYLE OF AMALGAMATING PANS.—Messrs. Devoe, Dinsmore & Co., of the San Francisco Foundry and Machine works, have just finished some new and improved Amalgamating Pans for Mr. D. T. Hughes, of Jeffersonville, in this State, that are pronounced very superior both in working and workmanship. The same firm is constructing some heavy hoisting gear machinery for the Nahuila mines, Mexico, that combines simplicity and freedom from friction with great power. They have also in hand several other contracts for mill and machine work, requiring proficiency in workmanship. Our foundries, though not over crowded with work, are still kept busy.

THEATRE SQUARE.—On this square stands the Metropolitan Theatre, and the Opera House; and on each of the Washington street corners of this square the Cigar stores of the two brothers, Mess. C. & H. Schmidt, where there can be found the choicest brands of Tobacco and Cigars. After leaving the Theatres, a good flavored cigar or chew of old Virginia tobacco assists the digestion of the play, with those who use the weed, and aids sleep in transplanting you into the land of pleasant dreams. Call and try their brands of the best imported Havana Cigars, and old Virginia Tobacco.

[For the Californian.]

THE COUNTRY LANDLORD'S TRIALS.

BY DOGBERRY.

I AM often amused at the incredulity with which many of my friends receive the assertion, that once I "kept a hotel." They imagine that a scribbler has no right, or at least no business ever to have done anything practical.

But I did once keep a hotel—a country hotel, and I can prove it by the mention of facts and phases of that business, which no "honest landlord" can read without acknowledging that the person cognizant of these tavern truths must at least possess some of the knowledge requisite to "keep a hotel."

Keeping a country hotel, requires great versatility and a knack of turning one's hands to everything. City landlords have regular and stated duties. They can "play gentleman." Country landlords must play the gentleman too, but if my experience be any criterion, they must in busy periods, be up at four o'clock in the morning and help black boots, mix matutinal drinks for early risers, run to the market for steaks, lend the cook a helping hand, the hostler ditto, supply temporarily the place of some stupid errand boy to carry an irritable guest his hot water for shaving, make out bills and possibly run for a moment into the parlor and play a few airs on the piano or any inferior instrument suited to your musical capacity.

After doing your best for the accommodation of your brother man and sister woman, you must learn to endure any amount of grumbling with calmness and complacency. Very many people grumble because they love it. The experienced landlord knows this. He knows there are professional grumblers who can find no other field for the exercise of their vocation than by traveling from one hotel to another, grumbling at the landlord, the fare, the beds, the servants, and winding up in a prolonged howl of a grumble at the charges. Such people often transport bugs on their baggage and then accuse your beds of bugginess.

It is a herculean task at best. to keep a hotel free from these companions of humanity. Because they travel extensively. They travel in trunks, in carpet bags. aye, and on ladies dresses. I know. I call on my brother landlords to verify the truth of this statement. It is rather a plain, possibly an unpleasant fact, but it is wofully true.

Our hotel was located at a watering place on Long Island; at least it was termed a watering place, I hardly know why, for most of our guests only made use of the article to dilute a stronger beverage. During the three summer months, we were well patronized. We entertained two tribes of guests, people from New York city and New Englanders. The two classes are distinct. I could tell them at a glance. The New Yorker is liberal, dashing, generous, does not object to charges provided they are reasonble and makes pleasant company. Landlords, providing they are human, like to have agreeable, chatty guests.

But the New Englanders, particularly those from the banks of the Connecticut, seemed to regard a landlord as a legalized robber. They came in immense shoals on fishing parties. These constituted their single pleasure excursions for the year, and, poor people, they knew not how to enjoy themselves, and were disposed to attribute the failure of their anticipations of pleasure to the hotel-keeper. The men wore black suits creased, you know, from long folding, and the style of the women and children's dresses conveyed a general impression of their sleeping on straw. They bargained for a night's entertainment for themselves and families. They always haggled at the regular charges. They were frightened at mention of the rates per day. For their money, they expected in return the feasts of Belshazzar. And yet I knew how often these people at their homes lived on pork and cabbage. Understand, they were from the rural districts; those visiting us from the larger towns and cities seemed to be aware that a hotel was not a charitable institution for feeding and resting humanity. I do not wish to bring the wrath of all New England down on my head, but they know the sort of people I mean as well as I do. They are people who are obliged to pinch and grip in every direction on their rocky, sterile farms, to get a living. Nature has forced them to be close and stingy. They are not to blame. Put one on a Western or Southwestern prairie and in a few years he will become almost liberal—at times.

We experienced a great deal of colored help. We drew our supplies from a colored settlement, called Snooksville, a little out of town. Strangely enough it derived its name from Mr. Snooks, the only white settler there, a sort of Caucasian glimmer in a night of Ethiopic darkness. They had their churches and their sewing societies, and various other institutions, all strictly copied from those of their white brethren. It mattered not who we employed from Snooksville, there seemed to be a tie of consanguinity between such and the whole settlement. There was ever a succession of visits from a file of uncles, aunts, brothers, and cousins, and they always brought covered baskets and took them away again. I am certain we fed much of its population. The colored race are as much inclined to take things in an unlawful manner as any

people I know of. Still one could not help liking them. They were all very pious—openly and loudly pious. But most of them must be kept closely converted or they are very apt to fall from grace on dark nights where chicken coops and well stocked larders abound.

Your help is most liable to desert you in the hour of need, when there is the greatest press of company. You pay them for being their slaves. In many cases the more valuable their services, the greater your servitude. In this way we served a colored steward for a whole year.. He ruled the house. Mrs. D. had infinitely more respect and reverence for that man than for me. If she desired to make any alteration in his department, she took as much care in broaching the subject to him as she would in announcing the death of some near relative.

Railroad and steamboat people, stage drivers, ministers, and newspaper correspondents form a portion of the landlord's trials. The railroad, steamboat and stage men expect bed, table and bar accommodations for nothing, or next to that unremunerative figure, and if this is not granted they threaten to divert patronage from your establishment. Ministers expect to be entertained at half price. If this is refused they go off with long faces and, perhaps, preach against you. Many newspaper correspondents can, conditions being favorable, stand a long time on the outside of your bar, and would even allow you to pay them for patronizing your house.

Your fellow townsmen have the most exaggerated ideas of the little patronage they afford you. Let an individual once be instrumental in throwing into your hands a Fourth of July dinner, or the getting up of a ball supper from which you barely make expenses and he never forgets the debt of gratitude you owe him.

A peculiar species of guest is the Yankee peddler, traveling the length and breadth of the country with buttons, knives, thread, silks, laces, segars, brooms, tin-ware, etc. "Notions," after all is the only word. He shaves his bill down to the first cost of everything, probably a little below it, and then wants you "to take it eout in trade." I don't know why these people are allowed to devour landlords with impunity. They are good company, however, having an inexhaustible fund of stories with which to regale the frequonters of the bar room, who are more numerous during their stay than at other times. P. T. Barnum's book was simply a collection of Yankee peddler's stories. Some among them could, in these times, flourish as humorous lecturers.

The landlord has to experience cross, fretful, miserable women who do not know what ails them, what they were created for, whose palates are suited with nothing, who employ the whole available force of the house and as many more as can be temporarily impressed in waiting on them, who want just the particular article of food out of time, place and season, and who reduce the cooks to the verge of distraction in their endeavors to create flavors existing only in imagination. Sometimes such parties bring their cooks with them and then there is war in the lower regions, for wherein would the superiority of these metropolitan and foreign cooks be apparent unless they found fault?

Servants and children are also a trial. The former never take kindly to the second table, and the latter take up the disfiguring of the walls, the spilling of gravy, the peeping into private rooms, the bawling, shouting and romping in the halls, the torment of the landlord, the especial torment of the landlady, and the general torment of all the other guests just where they left off at the last hotel stopped at.

Circus and theatrical people are not pleasant guests. They, too, imagine that by law they are entitled to board at a rate which leaves a mere ghost of profit. The gentlemen attached to a circus having personal charge of the equestrian department will take all from your stables they can carry off, and, indeed, you are fortunate if the stable be left behind. I appeal to the whole universe of Bonifaces if this is not so.

This is a mere skimming over of the country landlord's trials. But I defy anyone of the fraternity to read these results of my experience and then say with sincerity that I have not had, at least, one foot in this business of public servitude. It is enough to make one think he "can keep a hotel," and I think I can.

Italian Opera.—*Il Trovatore*, as given on Friday evening, of last week, was unquestionably the best performance of the season, all the artists being in good voice, to the great surprise of those who knew how those voices had been taxed. *Lucrezia Borgia*, on Saturday evening, was done almost as well; *Ione*, with remarkable perfection, on Monday; and *Norma*, in excellent style, on Wednesday, the audience being, on each occasion, heartily appreciative and very select. *Lucia di Lammermoor* drew a crowded house on Thursday evening, for Signorina Brambilla's benefit, which was a well merited tribute to her artistic excellence and faithful services. The opera was rendered with great spirit, and the most enthusiastic applause, and showers of boquets, testified the gratification of the audience. *Poliuto* was produced last night. This afternoon, at 2 o'clock, *Ione* will be given, at reduced prices of admission. There will be no performance this evening. The ninth subscription night will be given on Monday.

[For The Californian]

TO A PASSENGER.

A *BON VOYAGE*, whatever end
You trim your prosperous sails to reach;
And may the memory of your friend,
Out-live the weakness of his speech.

Men spent their lives, in days of old,
To find what I have lost to-day;
They tried to make the coarser gold:
You take the finer art away.

You've found the hidden way of good—
Occultest of occultest arts;
The alchemy of womanhood;
The alkahest that solves all hearts.

—Ralph Keeler.

DRAMATIC AFFAIRS.

ON Monday and Tuesday evenings an original dramatic version of "Enoch Arden; or, Under the Palm," from Tennyson's poem of that name, was produced at Maguire's Opera House. Some two years since a similar dramatization, by "Trem," a well-known feuillotonist of this city, was produced with the additional peculiarity of being much better received by the public. Wednesday evening, the *Dead Heart*, in which Mr. Adams sustained more than his usual reputation as "Robert Landry" was played.

Thursday was presented that old sterling comedy *The School for Scandal*. "Sir Peter Teazle," represented in the person of Harry Edwards, is an almost perfect embodiement of the old-fashioned, honest, irascible English gentleman. In the screen scene, when he catches a glimpse of the supposed French milliner's dress, Edward's face moulds itself into an expression suggestive of the fact that the old gentleman had seen quite as much naughtiness as was proper for him in his younger days. We mean "Sir Peter," not Edwards. As "Charles Surface," Adams is good, yet does not, to us, realize the refined rake and spendthrift. Friday evening, *Wild Oats* was again played. Its frequent repetition is sufficient proof of well-deserved popularity.

This afternoon, Mr. Adams appears once more in *The Marble Heart*, and this evening in *Richard III.*

Next week, the Shakesperian drama is to be resurrected, Adams on Monday night playing *Hamlet*, and on Tuesday, *Othello*.

During the week, the *Black Rook* has held sway at the Metropolitan.

The operatic ballet spectacle of *Giselle; or The Night Dancers*, was brought out on Thursday night in a most commendable style. It is a combination of operatic gems, graceful dances and striking tableaux. It is difficult to say which is most deserving of praise the ballet or the operatic features this in performance. Miss Emma Howson, as "Giselle," and Miss Clelia, as "Mary," were perfect embodiements of grace and witchery.

To-day a matinee will be given, embracing "Kate Kearny," concluding with at *A Kiss in the Dark*. On Monday evening, this theatre opens with a new combination company. Mr. J. H. Vinson will make his first appearance as "Grimaldi," supported by two old favorites of the public, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Jackson. Mr. Jackson is an actor who has given the public, perhaps, all the breadth of humor they desired, but is fully capable of finer delineations in this speciality, and also of much power when it is required. Mrs. Jackson is not merely an actress, but a lady of culture, taste, and refinement. She has been obliged to endure an endless amount of the drudgery pertaining to a regular member of a theatrical company, and often been placed far below her inferiors. Yet this has not prevented her genius and ability from flashing out, and we predict for her the time when her present aspirations will be her realizations.

Views Barefooted.—An account of personal observation experience and adventure, in making the tour of Europe, on a capital of $181 00, in greenbacks, is what we understand that Mr. Keeler promises the public in his lecture, to be delivered next Tuesday evening, at Maguires Academy of Music. We do not know whether the lecturer undertakes to impart to his hearers the secret by which he was enabled to make the grand tour in a manner so economical, but there is some probability that it will leak out in the course of his lecture. Had Mr. Keeler "spoke his piece" earlier, there are many of us who might now have been enjoying ourselves at the Exposition. From some fragmentary portions of Mr. Keeler's experiences abroad, which we have heard, they are by no means of the commonplace order. Europe has now become the common ground where all the civilized world meet, to make reconnoisances on one another, and to fight their battles of opinion, fashion, and taste. The story of a returned scout, therefore, who like Mr. Keeler has taken close and keen observations of all the belligerents, and mingled freely with many of the classes into which they are divided, can not fail to prove highly interesting.

Removal.—The demand for the California Grape Brandy Bitters, have forced Messrs. F. & P. J. Cassin to remove to the large store, No 523, Front street, nearly opposite their old locality, where they will be prepared to furnish the trade with all the celebrated Grape Brandy Bitters that they want. No more disappointments in orders after this.

Philadelphia Restaurant. This old established Restaurant, formally on Montgomery street, is now located on Pine street, a few doors above Montgomery, one door this side of the New Market. It is one of the best kept Restaurants in the city. Muller and Bergold, the Proprietors, are excellent and experienced caterers.

[For the Californian]

IDENTITIES.

IF I am sad and often prone,
In spirit, let it well atone—
Sorrow is sacred, and mine own.

And sorrow doth absolve, and teach
The spirit calm and noble speech,
And setteth wisdom in its reach.

If I delight to serve the Lord,
I do it of mine own accord,
And have my passing sweet reward.

If I desire eternity,
Then is it calling ont to me
With a still voice, persuasively.

I follow where my longing is;
Convictions are authorities
To guide aright, not otherwise.

If I am taken in the snare,
My better self was unaware,
And proper penance I will share:

When unaware the temple throngs
With money-changers, frauds and wrongs,
I beat them out with whips and thongs.

With mortifying woe and pain,
I purge and purify the fane,
And enter to myself again.

Arise, my spirit, and rejoice!
Whatever symbol is thy choice,
Is favored by a heavenly voice.

For all my holy thoughts, and good,
Are invitations, not withstood—
As echoes in a hollow wood.

Schisms and heresies are rife
With every foolish sect at strife;
Above them all is purer life.

Above them all I place my trust,
And worship where my mind is thrust:
Believing *faith* is ever *just*.

—Charles Warren Stoddard.

San Francisco, July, 1867.

BASHFULNESS.

A MODEST and virtuous young man, on first going into society, is apt to be sorely perplexed upon the question how to make himself agreeable to ladies. He need not be ashamed of his perplexity. Washington Irving, in one of his early sketches, confesses that a well-dressed lady was an object perfectly "awful" to his young imagination. We were once acquainted with a gentleman of distinction in public life, the father of several accomplished daughters, who could not, even to his fiftieth year, enter a drawing-room where ladies were present without painful embarrassment. It is certainly a good sign in a young man to stand in some awe of the beautiful sex. A person of coarse and vulgar mind, who thinks more of himself than his best friends think of him, and who knows little of the worth of a good woman's heart, rushes fearlessly in where an Irving or an Addison would blush to tread. Bear this in mind, young gentlemen who blush and stammer in the company of ladies: the girls are as much afraid of you as you are of them. You are awkward in your manners, you think. If you think so, it is likely that your friends think otherwise; for the really ill-bred fellows that we have known have never suspected their ill-breeding. And, after all, what is good-breeding but habitual good-nature? The simple fact that you wish to please is a proof that you possess, or will soon acquire, the power to do so. The good heart and well-informed mind will soon give grace to the demeanor, or will so abundently atone for the want of it, that its absence will never be noticed. Besides, the ladies—that is, most of them—like a man who is simple in his manners, provided that they see that there is substance and worth in him. Graceful manners and ready wit are good as far as they go. But be sure of this, O bashful, blushing youth, that, in the society of ladies and of men, you will pass, in the long run, for what you are worth—no more—no less. The art of pleasing, therefore, is nothing more than the art of becoming an honest, kind, intelligent and high-minded man. Such a man, be he graceful as Chesterfield or awkward as Caliban, all worthy women trust and love.

Woward's Gardens.—Despite the attractions offered at other, and in point of elegance, less matured places of resort, Woodward's Gardens still hold an ever-increasing and well-deserved favor in the public estimation. Among other attractions lately received, is an immense polar bear, killed on a piece of drift ice twenty-five miles from land. This bear had visited the North Pole. A beautiful pair of Mexican antelopes, animals rarely seen, cannot fail to be of interest to the lovers of natural history. If you wish a quiet, shady retreat from the dust and turmoil of the city, visit Woodward's Gardens.

Philadelphia Brewery.—This establishment is the largest beer brewery in this city, employing an immense capital, and keeping numerous wagons bearing the insignia "P. B.," constantly in service in supplying the city trade. Their shipments of beer to the interior is enormous; and the strangers on the boats are often puzzled over the trade mark. A group around their barrels, on the *Capital*, the other evening, suggested "Prize Beer," "Peoples' Beer," and "Pays Big," as solutions to the initials—they were all correct.

The California made Carriages, Buggies, and Wagons have decided preference over the imported article, and the business in branch of our manufactories has been rushing this year. Larkins & Co., Nos. 631 and 634 Howard street, have sold off all their manufactured vehicles of every description, and have numerous orders crowding upon them for the furnishing up of more. California vehicles rate A No. 1.

NALIGNANI'S PARIS GUIDE.

[Translated for *Every Saturday* from *Le Temps.*]

THE public are duped! A stranger in Paris needs a conscientious guide. A long experience of Parisian life, and the tender sympathy we feel for our fellow-citizens in the provinces, and for strangers generally, authorize us to believe that we have condensed in the following pages all the information useful to him.

When the stranger reaches the Paris railway station he will take a carriage to drive to some hotel. He must be very polite with the driver. A few years since a hack-driver named Collingnon, who had reason to complain of a provincial's courtesy, bluntly shot him down. It is true Collingnon was guillotined, but this reparation which sufficed to society was illusory to the assassinted provincial. We cannot guide the stranger in selecting an hotel. There are in Paris furnished lodgings from $2,000 a month to one dollar a day; the furnished lodgings of the latter class are, however, unfurnished. A bed and its accessories may be found in them, but the stranger must keep a good eye on these treasures. Recently a young man from Castelnaudary stopped at an hotel, whose name we shall not give, because it does not merit a puff. He noticed the night of his arrival that his bed had two mattresses and a spring mattress. He was mortified to find the next day that he had only one mattress, and on the third day to find that he had only the spring mattress. When he complained to the landlord the latter replied, "New travelers have come." The young man is somewhat consoled by having an electric bell in his chamber. This is a luxury which was unknown in hotels which had mattresses on their bedsteads. The travelers should show stoical indifference to the petty frauds of the tavern-keeper. It is customary to pay for each candle 20 cents a day. An ingenious provincial upon seeing this charge, called his landlord's attention to his economical habit of going to bed without a light, he had not even singed the wick with a match. The landlord, who was a just, but severe man, replied, "Gods! I hope you did not. I don't know what would become of us landlords, if travelers used the candles charged to them in their bills!"

Attendance is likewise charged in the bills at the minimum of a franc a day. It is useless to tell the landlord one was obliged to wait on one's self. He will reply his house is provided with the electric telegraph, which is the best thing yet invented. This is the use of that invention: the waiters assemble around the electric plate and make a pool. Each takes a series of the plate, and the first number called of the series wins the pool. The waiter who has the best chance is he who takes care to leave the traveler's boots down stairs. He is sure the traveler will soon ring for them. Independently of this general law an hotel chamber may present peculiar inconveniences, which the traveler would do well to avoid. An exhibitor who was fortunate enough to find a bed when he reached Paris, was awakened in the morning after his arrival by an insupportable heat. He summoned his landlord and said to him, "I do not know what I feel, but it seems to me I am half roasted." The landlord replied, "I know what's the matter, the kitchen chimney runs by the head of your bed. This chamber is the most popular room in the house all winter; but if you like to have another, we have not another to give."

The traveler should carefully avoid leaving his key in the door. There is no danger of the waiter's calling to know if anything be wanted, but there are in Paris a numerous class of early risers who call on strangers to bid them good morning. When the stranger wakes he finds nothing but his night-dress left him to pay visits in. When the thief escapes there is no harm done; but if he is arrested and arraigned before the Police Court, the stranger is reduced so low as to envy the rogue's position. The latter who is well dressed, tells gracefully and in a sprightly manner, the capital practical joke he played at the provincial's expense, amid the roars of laughter of the audience, and the presiding magistrate himself is unable to repress a gracious smile when the countryman with tears in his eyes says, what he regrets the most is a pair of socks his godmother knit him. Sometimes the rogue, when he possesses a lofty soul, offers to pull off the godmother's socks and restore them to the godson, but these examples are rare.

Travelers who bear a name exposed to lively competition, such as Benoit, Durand, or Godard, would do well to add their Christian name to this surname, otherwise their letters will run the risk of taking a wrong direction to some homonyme. My friend Masson, of Lons-le-Saulnier, has no chance; he has not heard a word from his family since he has been in Paris. Another Masson replies to his wife's letters, and kisses his children. We say add their Christian name, for if they would add an aristocratic designation they must be on their guard and first ask leave of the keeper of the seals. (His address is Place Vendome.) The other day there was a gentleman, who, not satisfied with his family name, Philippee, determined to tack du Tailly to it. To expiate this deplorable ambition he has been sentenced to $100 fine and to see his name published in *Le Moniteur*. Now it will not escape the traveler's attention that the publication of one's name in *Le Moniteur* is agreeable only when it announces one's appointment to a lucrative office.

As a general rule the first thing a traveler does when he wakes is to go to breakfast. This morning meal is more or less abolished in Parisian families, but it is still in great honor in the country. The choice of a restaurant varies, like that of hotels, with the capacity and purse of eaters. In the restaurants on the Boulevards you may get three eatable stalks of asparagus for two dollars; in restaurants of a lower class you are served with salsify instead of asparagus. If the former is rather bitter in the mouth, it is quite sweet on the bill,—at least in comparison with asparagus. A trap is laid in all restaurants for strangers; the springe is in the shape of a small salver, in which twelve crayfish, pale from prolonged vigils, lie on a parsley-bed. If the stranger fall into the trap the ransom is eighty cents. Sausage, tunny fish, and in general, all fragments from the kitchen, are excellent bait to entrap strangers. It is a culinary maxim that strangers eat anything and everything. You may find at Bignon's tolerable Chateau Yquen at $10 a bottle. Avoid counterfeits. All the restaurants of Paris sell Chateau Yquem at $3 a bottle. It is mere toilette vinegar. You may, without detecting the least difference, drink instead a phial of Jean Vincent Bully's aromatic vinegar, which costs only twenty-five cents, if you are an officer in the army or a judge, or fifteen cents if you have brass enough to pass yourself off as a hair-dresser. I would for nothing in the world accept the responsibility of forcing a restaurant on my readers. I know of only two good ones in Paris, Brebant's and Voisin's. I am less familiar with the Café Anglais, and the Maison Dorée, but both these restaurants are recommended by eaters of weight. As for the other restaurants, they are what are called "on the fork, please." Paris, however, is a city of infinite resource. As all the strangers are not millionnaires, like most Parisians, it may be worth while to point out restaurants to them where for thirty-two cents they may eat a dinner for which a shipwrecked mariner on the wreck of the Medusa would cheerfully have given sixty-two and a half cents. The miracle of the marriage in Cana is renewed every day in these restaurants. They not only turn water into wine, but sea-dogs into turbots, geese into pheasants, and turnips into pine-apples As the game is stuffed it can be eaten at all seasons. We must, after all, acknowledge these minor restaurants serve up their ragouts with a good deal of conscience. Unfortunately they cannot add butter. We are lost in conjectures about the methods used by these ingenious cooks to substitute the art for nature, as they must do when marketing is as high as it is now.

But we dwell too long on these festivals of matter. What if the stranger do die of hunger! The prime consideration is to lift up his soul and feed his mind. In this respect Paris offers him a most varied bill of fare. We need not recommend strangers to visit our museums, our collections of curiosities, and the Garden of Plants. A stranger who should return home without seeing the bears of the Garden of Plants in their ditch, would be universally shunned. The English are in the habit of going down into the ditch to give the bears gingerbread. The bears are very fond of gingerbread, but prefer Englishmen, and often eat their benefactors. Strangers would consequently do well, instead of going down into the ditch as the English do, to tie the gingerbread with a bit of twine and throw it into the tree. This exercise is in great favor in the fashionable circle of foot-soldiers and wet-nurses.

It is bad taste to stop before the cages of animals and express aloud unfavorable opinions about them. Ill-bred people are frequently heard to exclaim before the seal or the camel, "What an ugly creature!" Nature, which is infinite in her forms, is always respectable, and her several species owe each other a reciprocal indulgence. Beauty is relative; it is a pure convention, which varies with instincts. The most beautiful woman in Paris could not seduce a seal. We are accustomed to say, when we speak of porcupines or heroes, "what a queer-looking creature! How ridiculous 't is!" Let us be modest. Do we know what animals, who have not the gift of speech, think of those to whom speech was given to drivel? I recently went with two country people to the Garden of Plants. We, of course, stopped before the monkey-house. There was a little dandy, whose new frock-coat did not fall below the neck of the femur, a little hat, about the size worn by children five years old, rested on the crown of his head, which was parted by a line running from the nape of the neck, and carefully raked; his thin legs choked in tight pantaloons, looked like two umbrellas in their cases. The first monkey that saw him began to grin in the most indecent manner, and calling his comrades they began to grin at the dandy with an impertinence which quite revolted me. The monkeys' only excuse was in our own want of courtesy in our treatment of animals, which differ from us in form if not in substance.

Neither is it unusual to see sensible people become indignant at the voracity of the "ferocious" animals. I cannot avoid observing that beside the use of knife, fork, dishes, and silver (our tables are spread with more taste than theirs), and the amiability or our ladies in baring their shoulders to eat beef stewed in Madeira, there is, beside the degree of cooking, no sensible difference between our appetites and those of the wolf and jackal. And even this difference seems to tend to lessen; there are some doctors who have taken it into their noddles to make their patients eat raw meat. Really, I cannot help thinking we deceive ourselves, and that calves led by some brutal butcher to the shambles are not far from looking upon us as "ferocious" animals. Fortunately they have not the gift of speech, else they might annoy the Government with their grievances.

The stranger should read the newspapers assiduously. The political newspapers will tell him all they know about peace, war, and the intentions of the Government. True, 'tis rather vague, and I should not advise the stranger to speculate in stocks on their information. But for two cents the stranger may procure newspapers which will hide nothing whatsoever from him of the private life of duchesses and ambassadresses. If the stranger never witnessed a duel, and should like to procure that emotion with a free ticket, he may find in these last mentioned newspapers an exact indication of the day, hour, and place where the young Viscount de la Bichardiere will meet, sword in hand, the Baron de Gruenville, in consequence of the latter's insinuation that the Viscount had at the gaming-table more good luck than a gentleman should have.

The stranger should likewise read very attentively the law newspapers, which will teach him slang and initiate him to the three thousand tricks rogues possess for pluming young strangers. There is occasionally a fellow guillotined on the Place de la Roquette. This is a sight which attracts a great many spectators. They go there in companies to present fatigue, for spectators are obliged to take their places the previous evening, and to spend the night on their legs. The stranger would do well to deny himself the pleasure.

The stranger should feel least uneasiness about the manner of spending the evenings. Concerts, theatres, and balls, will dispute his company. If he has any acquaintances in the Ministries, he may get a ticket to the annual ball of the Minister of Marine. When he goes to it he should hire the costume of a Swiss Admiral. As for the theatres, they make so much noise the stranger will be stunned by it, and cannot avoid educating himself at his own expense. He will ingenuously go to the theatre which advertises that it nightly turns away hundreds from its doors, and find the whole house consists of thirty *claquers*, all fast asleep. May be he will succumb to the temptation of carrying his wife to the Theatre Beaumarchais, which admits ladies free. I must mention this innovation, which will form an epoch in the history of French gallantry. But the world has a deep-rooted prejudice that there is no amusement to be had where there is no toll to be paid. After all, the stranger must trust to his own experience. Newspapers have, in dramatic literature, as undecided opinions as they have in political matters. For instance the Theatre Lyrique is playing a new opera. My evening paper tells me 'tis sublime. My morning paper tells me 'tis fatiguing. It seems these two judgments have a commentary. I asked the applauding critic, "Is it really sublime?" He replied, "Yes, it is really sublime, but it is very tiresome." I said to the other critic, "Come, tell me, is it really as fatiguing as you pretend?" He answered, "Indeed it is, but there are magnificent things in it."

PERSEVERE against disappointments. Keep your temper. Employ leisure in study, and always have some work in hand. Be punctual and methodical in business, and never procrastinate. Never be in a hurry. Preserve self-possession, and do not be talked out of conviction. Rise early, and be an economist of time. Maintain dignity without the appearance of pride; manner is something to everybody, and everything with some. Be guarded in discourse, attentive and slow to speak Never acquiesce in immoral or pernicious opinions. Be not forward to assign reasons to those who have no right to ask. Think nothing in conduct unimportant or indifferent. Rather act than follow examples. Practice strict temperance, and in your transactions remember your final account.

THE Japanese are polite and at the same time inquisitive. They salute one upon the slightest pretext, by placing the hands upon the knees, shutting half up like a well-oiled jack-knife, delivering the word "Ohio" in their most seductive tones. They will mount your porch and peer steadfastly through your parlor windows until they are discovered, when, instead of being abashed, they smile with singular sweetness and look again.

THE POOR "PIENT."—The following toast was given at a printers' supper: "The printer—independent as a wood-sawyer, proud as Lucifer, poor as Job's turkey, and the personification of intelligence."

A CHIME of 42 bells in the French Exposition, is played like a piano-forte with perfect ease to any tune. Four years were spent in the construction of the instrument.

SUPERFICIAL writers and talkers, like the mole, may think themselves deep when they are exceedingly near the surface.

KISSING HER FEMALE COUSIN.

YOUR coming in last night, my lady love,
Was somewhat sudden. I was helping Nell
To tie the ribbon of her ringlets:
She set the crimson of her mouth up—well,
I'm flesh and blood—and then you, singing, came
Into the room, and tossed your head for shame.

I saw a sort of maiden northern lights
Shoot up your cheeks and tremble in your eyes;
I like such things. I like to see the wind
Drive frightened clouds across the skies;
Like the sea, and, when it's easily had,
A pretty woman—very, very mad!

I like the dangerous and regal air
(You bear a queen's name, and a queen you are,)
With which you donned your Thibet opera cloak,
And clasped it with a diamond like a star,
'Twas charming in my mistress—but, my life,
It would not be so charming in my wife.

I like wild things, as I have said, but then
I should not like to own them. Who would be
Proprietor of earthquakes, or loose hurricanes,
Or comets plunging in celestial seas?
Or wed a maid that could, if she should please,
Give me a touch of one and all of these?

Not I. Don't let a female thunder storm
Brood in your eyes, with every nod, and then
A flash of angry lightning. You have had
Your March and April; now in June again,
And let your fine cut eyebrows' silken span
Be brows of promise to your favorite man!

I've had my laugh, and you your pout, and now
(You'll spoil that rose-bud if you twist it so!)
Give me both hands, that I may say, "Good Bess,
The good Queen Bess," and kiss you ere I go—
The good Queen Bess, whose heart, and mind and face,
Teach me to love ALL women—as a race!

So, when I kissed your pretty cousin Nell,
I honored one who taught me to admire
Fair women in their twenties—don't you see?
But then, dear Bess, as I was standing by her,
Her lips quite close—now this is *entre nous*—
Upon my soul, I made believe 'twas you!

—T. B. ALDRICH.

FENIANS ON TRIAL.

IT is the 26th of April—a raw, chilly, dismal day. A keen east wind sweeps down the streets and handsome quays of Dublin, dashing small drifts of gravel in the faces of those abroad. Well-clad passengers walked faster to give the blood some life and warmth. There are many poorly clothed; these clasp and fold their hands, or beat them against their shoulders. All have a dry, pinched, withered look, and you hear more than once the old Irish saying, "When the wind is from the east, 'tis good for neither man nor beast." The sun breaks out fitfully from leaden clouds, but the river, Anna Liffey, cold and grey, is fringed here and there with white where the fast ebbing tide rushes against a reef of limestone. Pale-faced, anxious looking men, who have not slept last night, rush to the car-stands and dart away regardless of the cold. They have that on hand which must be done—"hail, rain, or snow." They look like lawyers' clerks, over-worked and worn, hurrying to "refresh" counsel or hunt down a witness who has stolen away. Police are placed thickly in the streets, two together; they carry swords to day, and have, I am told, revolvers ready capped and loaded. I meet a long line of them, tall, strong and resolute looking men, in dark blue tunics, moving slowly in Indian file upon the outer edge of the flagway. A bugle sound from the barracks close at hand tells us that the troops are on parade. The Castle gates are closed and covered with iron-plates, loopholed for musketry. Over the black armour I see the brass helmets and flowing plumes of dragoons; higher still, but some way behind, the wind plays among the fluttering pennons of the Lancers. From the windows of houses opposite the gates, the Fenians, if there were any there, could see into the Castle Yard and witness all these preparations. A volley would tell with dreadful effect upon the troops. But there are no Fenians there, and if there were, not one would desire to become a martyr. The house formerly occupied by Hopper, "merchant tailor"—the recipient of drafts for large amounts transmitted from American "leaders"—stands close by at the corner of a narrow lane. Hopper was imprisoned, and the house is let to others now.

On St. Patrick's night a second Fenian rising was expected, and then the authorities warned the dwellers in these houses that they might be required to remove at once and make room for troops. No second rising took place and the occupiers pursue their trades as usual. We pass down Parliament-street and over Essex bridge, and here we shiver under the blight of the bitter wind. The corners of the bridge are guarded by police, for the prisoners coming from Kilmainham must pass this way. We reach the entrance to Mary's Abbey, now a narrow street, but once the site of a great monastry well endowed. They show you still, a vaulted crypt here and holy well. At the next turn still upon the left, we enter Green street. High in the air, looms the dark steeple of St. Michan's, whose vaults preserve and mummify the bodies of the dead. Close in front I see a fragment of a flanking tower still retaining a few loopholes. This, and a long dark wall, are the remains of Newgate, and to this spot flow the streams of life from many points to-day.

Close to these remains of Newgate, are the Sessions House and the Commission Court. Over the entrance to the former hangs a balcony: a light iron structure indeed, but the platform of death. The hinges of the trap are rusty now. A narrow doorway in the wall gave their last exit to the criminals, who passed from the gloomy Press-room out in the sunlight, and gazed for a moment upon a sea of upturned faces far down below. Many years have passed since an execution took place here, for the laws now are very mild, and there is little deadly crime in Ireland save Treason. Let us avoid the steps and the shadow of the scaffold, and pass under a modern Doric portico. The Commission Court is within; but before we enter, let us turn and look upon the crowd outside.

There is no feverish or excited multitude such as you would expect. Knots of men and idle boys and girls gather here and there, speaking little. They are all from the lowest class, and are here because they have nothing to do elsewhere. These knots part and break up before the mounted police—light active men, who easily keep a wide passage clear. The prisoners will be brought into court by a passage in the rear where a strong guard preserves an open space. Few attempts to trespass on the forbidden ground. The victims of Fenianism, like those of the plague, may be pitied, but few care to touch them. While I look and wonder where are the twenty thousand armed conspirators, there is a slight movement among the people. A suppressed cry is heard, and the troops take close order. The sharp quick sound of cavalry rings on the pavement. Mounted police—lancers—more police—police on Irish jaunting-cars, ready to jump off, on the instant—and then the prison van: a long dark carriage this, gloomy as a hearse, though bearing the cypher of the Queen. The accused are brought out separately, and enveloped in a cloud of police. You see a line of heads moving slowly up to and within the doorway, and that is all. No cheer is raised, no sign of popular sympathy is given, not even a prayer for a "good deliverance" is uttered. The crowd come here, it is plain, through curiosity, and not from any deeper feeling. At the corners of streets a few stones are thrown, once or twice, wildly at the police, or a feeble execration is pronounced. But in the precincts of the Commission Court there is no manifestation of pity.

I had seen the court before the judges, jurymen, counsel, witnesses, prisoners and people filled it. It is a cockpit of a place, wholly inadequate for trials such as these. At the central wall, under a canopy, the judges will sit; immediately below are the places set apart for the chief officers of the court; lower still is a long table with the witness chair. Round this table are ranged the counsel engaged, and a favored few. Facing the judges is the dock, into which a passage leads from a strong room below. When the words of the judge, "Remove the prisoner," are heard, he drops out of sight and is seen no more.

And now steal in, by side-doors, unnoticed before, officials connected with the court or with the trials. There is a rustling of papers on the table. Some one arranges the cushions and footstools for the judges, and places pens and ink ready. Then stream in, densely packed, barristers, attorneys, jurymen, and the public. Round the court there is a wall of police; close to and behind the dock are many. The "Crier" takes his stand in an elevated pulpit on the right side of the table. He carries a long black wand with a slit in the top, by which papers and documents are fixed for transmission from counsel to counsel, from witness to jury, and from the crier to the judges. The court is now oppressively crowded, but a stranger would be impressed by the business-like silence of the place. When the accused appears, there is a slight stir and turning of faces toward the dock, but no excitement or expression of sympathy. In that narrow dock once stood Theobald Wolfe Tone; the two Sheareses, whose bodies, strangely preserved, are shown in the ancient crypt of St. Michan's church close by; Robert Emmet, and other leaders of insurrectionary movements. From generation to generation the floor has been trodden by rebels doomed to death or imprisonment. Only last year there stood here facing the judges, many now expiating their treason in Portland prison. I wonder will this alternation of crime and punishment ever end?

The trials may be said to have commenced on the 26th of April, but the court opened on the 24th. The jurymen summoned answered generally to their names, and yet they knew that an assassination committee existed, and that the names of judges, jury, witnesses, and prosecutors were noted down for vengeance. Such a list was found on one of those recently condemned. I saw him in the dock, bearing marks of the terrible blow he had received from one of his own revolvers, in a struggle between three policemen whom he had fired at in broad day and in the open street. Two men, suspected to be informers, had been shot dead; three others had been severely wounded; they would not say by whom. No guess could be made respecting the numbers and place of this murderous Vehm-Gericht. But the Panel answered to their names fearlessly. As they came forward, they were challenged "for cause." The cause was almost invariably disallowed after tedious discussions, and then they were challenged "peremptorily" on the part of the prisoners. Two whole days were spent before twelve men could be chosen to try the accused. On the evening of the 25th of April the jury was at last chosen, and on the morning of the 26th the trials began.

Almost without exception the principal conspirators on trial preserved a calm and dignified deportment. There was nothing theatrical or extravagant in their demeanor. Occasionally they exchanged a few words with their solicitors. Once, when the very man who was to have led the rebel forces in the south, rose, like a sceptre, to the witness chair, one of the accused changed his position with the other, and fixed a stern gaze upon the informer for hours.

I look from the dock to the witness chair. The informer cannot tell his own true name. There is a mystery or romance or shame about his birth. As a child he was sometimes called by his mother's name; as a man, by one indicating a connexion with an old Irish family. In youth, he served with the British army in the Crimea; then he fought under the famous Kirby Smith as a faithful soldier of the Confederate army. When the civil war was over, he joined, as hundreds joined, the I. R. B., but he united commercial pursuits with preparation for treason. He was trusted beyond other chiefs of the conspiracy, and, until the moment of his arrest, was faithful. He revenged his own betrayal, as he said, by betraying others. His evidence was valuable; not so much because it was damnatory to the accused, as for its thorough exposure of the weakness and folly of the conspiracy

In the city of Dublin, with three hundred and forty thousand inhabitants, they were, he said, from fourteen thousand to eighteen thousand professed Fenians. Some of these formed the wretched rabble that moved out to Tallaght, and fled at the first touch of the police. There were at hand, to arm these eighteen thousand men, only three thousand weapons; but what weapons? Pikes, old bayonets, broken scythes, daggers made of iron hoops, and sharpened knives. The rifles and revolvers which were to sweep away the British army did not count three hundred. In Cork, the preparations were still more preposterous. Fifteen hundred weapons of motley character to arm twenty thousand Fenians! This man's evidence exposes to all the world, the miserable hollowness of the whole confederacy. But he is released from a torturing cross-examination at last, broken in health, and apparently despairing. He swooned on the moment of his arrest, and almost his last words, uttered with some emotion, are: "If I swooned, would to God I had never survived!"

Another Queen's evidence of a very different stamp appears. His appearance is anything but prepossessing. Conspiracy can only be baffled by the agency of conspirators, and this informer has done his work thoroughly. He prided himself upon his doings, and claimed credit as the spoiler of the plot. His name was taken (how or by whom none knows) from one of Virgil's sweetest pastorals. He, too, had fought in America, but as a lieutenant in the Federal armies. Thus waifs and strays from that gigantic struggle appeared in succession as informers on a witness table in Dublin. For seven months this man had been an active member of the conspiracy, but all the while he was also the paid agent of the government. He it was whose secret information frustrated the raid on Chester, caused the arrest of Massey in the nick of time, and put the police on the track of M'Cafferty. I noticed that this witness was careful of his style, and corrected himself when he spoke without due grammatical precision. He was quick, ready, not easily abashed—the very man to be an agent of conspiracy, or its betrayer.

With the examination of the informers, all interest in the trial ended until the verdict of the jury had been pronounced, and the guilty were called upon to state why sentence of death should not be pronounced upon them. The independent evidence was clear, the facts were patent, the accused even boasted of the part they had taken. Some of the condemned spoke bitterly, respecting the deception practised on them by the chief movers of the plot in America. They had been told that a hundred thousand men, armed and disciplined, were ready to spring to their feet the moment they had leaders. Others declared they would act again as they had done before.

The barbarous form of sentence delivered on those found guilty of high treason, makes the blood run cold. A quiet movement of the judge's hand stops the breath of every one in the court; an odor like that of the grave seems to fill the air as the judge slowly lifts up and places on his head the small black velvet cap with lappets of the same funeral color. A little thing this, but ominous of the most awful change. The silence, deep as that of the tomb, is broken only by the tremulous voice of the minister of Justice telling the living man, with all his pulses thrilling, that he must surely die.

The condemned are sentenced to be quartered, and in fearful mockery their severed limbs are said to be placed at the disposal of her Majesty. Is it right, or fitting, or Christian, that the title of a merciful Sovereign should be mixed up with such a sentence as this? The statute-book contains much that is obsolute; but why this? Such frightful but useless accessories cast a barbarous coloring over the remainder of the sentence, however rightcously deserved, and foreigners believe that with all our civilization, our mode is merciless and sanguinary.

The condemned are brought back to the place from whence they came, to experience, we now know, the blessed prerogative of mercy. We breathe more freely now. The court is rapidly emptied, and the keen air from without rushes through the building. The Crown lawyers have been mild and generous. The young and thoughtless have been lightly dealt with. A voice within each man's breast said that the Queen would give life even to the most guilty. The Commission is ended; may it never have to execute such work again!

NOTICE.

The publication of "THE CALIFORNIAN" *takes place on Saturday mornings, and copies may be obtained in the City at all News stands, and of our News-agents through the country. It will also be served by carriers on the morning of publication.*

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J. P. BOGARDUS,
J. F. BOWMAN. } *Editors and Proprietors.*

THE CALIFORNIAN.

SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, JULY 27, 1867.

"HOW TO TREAT EDITORS."

NEARLY a year ago the proprietor of the New York *Herald* while discussing with his architect the arrangement of the editorial rooms in his projected new building, is reported to have declared that he meant to "show the papers how to treat their editors," meaning thereby, that it was his intention to set said papers an example by providing his corps of writers with convenient, well-arranged apartments in which to do their work, amply provided with all aids and appliances that facilitate literary labor. This intention he appears to have carried out in the new Herald Building, with a disregard of mere expense characteristic of the man in all those matters connected with his business, in which his sagacity shows him that liberal expenditure is more for his own interests than narrow economy. If the rooms set apart to the gentlemen who, in their several capacities, supply the "copy" that fills the broad columns of the *Herald*, are not furnished with the "carpets and curtains, cushions and grate-fires" which the *Round Table* declares that people in general associate with the idea of editorial labor, they are, at least, said to be well lighted and ventilated, and supplied with handsome and convenient desks and tables, and with ample libraries of reference. If the New York dailies stood in need of a lesson of this kind, the need is much greater in San Francisco, where the editorial rooms of our leading journals are much inferior in every particular of convenience and accommodation, to those of the former city as they were ten years ago—since which time it is scarcely to be presumed that they have become any worse. Until the removal of the *Alta* to its new building, the place assigned its editors for their daily work, was literally a "den;" in fact, it needed but a heavy bolt on the door, and a grated window, to realize the idea of a dungeon Now, however, the editorial rooms of that paper are the best in the city.

The worst feature of the manner in which newspaper proprietors in the United States treat their editors is, that it is significant of the fact that the former regard the latter in the light of mere serviceable drudges. The "business man" is often a more important personage than the writer of "leaders," receives a larger compensation, and is treated with more deference. So, too, while the counting room, or business office, must be a model of neatness and convenience, a dismal apartment, with a single dilapidated desk and three or four chairs, is good enough for editorial purposes. Happy the writer on a daily paper who can call even this wretched hole his own. Most generally he is expected to share it with some fellow drudge. But Mr. Bennet's "Example to the newspapers" goes farther than the mere attempt to show that the men who perform editorial labor ought to have pleasant and comfortable surroundings. It inculcates the further lesson that they should be treated with gentlemanly consideration; that they should not be vexatiously or unnecessarily interfered with in their several departments; that such a system of division of labor should be adopted as that no one individual should be expected to do the work of two or three, and that the compensation should be proportioned to the character and value of the services rendered. In all these particulars—in respect to the accommodations of the places where they do their work, to the quantity of work required of them, to the amount of compensation paid, to the consideration shown them by publishers and proprietors, the editors of California—we refer to those who are engaged on leading and prosperous daily papers—are much worse off than their brethren in New York or in the large Eastern cities generally. The ablest writers on our most influential journals, whose proprietors have amassed wealth in the business, seldom receive as large salaries as are paid to first-class book keepers, and we do not believe there is one of these journals whose principal editor—we mean the writing editor, not a publisher who chooses to dub himself editor—receives as much per month as persons employed in the printing office or counting room.

THE POEM signed "M.," received and accepted for publication in last week's CALIFORNIAN, has been mislaid, and we have to apologize to the author for its non-appearance in our last issue.

THERE may be as honest a difference between two men as between two thermometers. The difference in both cases may arise from difference in positions.

AN "IMBECILE PULPIT."

THE Rev. Dr. Samuel M. Hopkins, moderator of the New School Presbyterian General Assembly, which convened last month at Rochester, New York, appears to have stirred up quite a lively theological breeze by declaring in the course of an address to the body over which he presided, that the Episcopal denomination had "an imbecile pulpit." Of course, a remark of this character, made publicly on such an occasion, whether having any foundation in truth or not, was sure to produce a shrill outcry in various quarters; indeed, the existence of the notion that there was a bare *soupcon* of critical justice in the blunt comment so inopportunely uttered, would be likely to intensify rather than to soothe the indignation which had been aroused in Episcopalian bosoms. The daily papers of Rochester took up the matter with that peculiar zeal and ardor which daily papers invariably display when they rush into sectarian frays, as though none who ventured to handle topics of this kind could hope to escape the contagion of the *odium theologicum*. They came down upon the outspoken Doctor of Divinity in that austere and lofty style of moral disapprobation, the ability to assume which on suitable occasions, is one of the indispensable qualifications of the accomplished journalist. They were scandalized and shocked by the "uncharitable and unchristian" spirit of the remark, and sternly demanded "an official retraction" of it by the Assembly. Mr. Theodore Tilton of the New York *Independent*, in his assumed character of censor of the clergy, and general regulator of the churches, paused in the midst of his tearful lamentations over the defection of Mr. Beecher and the apostacy of Secretary Seward, to administer an official rebuke, and to read the sturdy Presbyterian a mild didactic lecture in the columns of his paper. All this, however, seems to have produced no other effect upon the contumacious offender, than still further to excite his combattiveness, having elicited from him a letter in which he aggravates the matter by attempting to justify his ungracious remark, and declaring that in making it, he innocently "supposed he was uttering a truism." "While the ministry of other Protestant churches," says the pugnacious Doctor, "is generally a preaching ministry, that of the Episcopal denomination is a prayer-book ministry. They are not taught to preach, but to read the service, and argue for their polity." Waxing more aggressive as he proceeds, he declares: "An 'essay after divine service,' formed on the model of the Homilies, obsolete in style, feeble in thought, and pointless in application, is the character of most of the sermons, even of their bishops and doctors of divinity," after which he comments sarcastically upon the "angry stir and buzzing that is made among the Episcopalians" by the "insertion of even so small a stick into their hive," and closes without a word of apology, or the slightest manifestation of penitence or even of compunction. Tilton publishes the Doctor's rebellious letter in his paper without a word of comment, and the controversy continued to stand at last advices, substantially *in statu quo ante bellum*.

THE POLITICAL SITUATION.

THE expectations of those sanguine Republicans who predicted that the rebellious feeling which manifested itself in certain quarters, immediately after the Sacramento nominations, was a temporary ebullition that would speedily subside under the pressure of party discipline, when it became apparent that harmony was absolutely necessary in order to secure party success, have thus far been grievously disappointed. The malcontents, far from showing any disposition to recede from their altitude of hostility to a certain portion of the Gorham ticket, seem to be more confirmed and obdurate in their contumacy than ever. A "split" in the Republican ticket now seems to be inevitable, and it is not altogether improbable that the existing dissention may result in throwing the election into the hands of the Democrats. Should such prove to be the case, it ought to be well understood outside of the State, that the election of the Democratic ticket is not to be understood as a defeat of the Union party of California. There can be no question that that party has a large majority in the State, a fact that will become apparent whenever a distinct issue upon principle, unembarrassed by the peculiar complications of the present canvass, shall be joined. Meantime, so far as great national questions are concerned, it is really a matter of little moment, whether Mr. Gorham or Mr. Haight is elected Governor of California. The defeat of the former, would be in no just sense the defeat of the Union party. It would be simply the overthrow of a local faction that has incurred the determined hostility of a large and influential class of Union men, without whose aid and co-operation the Democratic ticket would have stood no chance of success. These are facts which it it is highly desirable should be thoroughly understood by Republicans at the East.

RE-UNION.—The Hebrew Youths' Literary Association will give their second Literary and Social Re-union, at Turn Verein Hall, this, Saturday evening. The Literary exercises will commence at 8 o'clock, and the Terpsichorean ones will follow in due time.

NEW PUBLICATION.

LIBER LIBRORUM: Its Structure, Limitation, and Purpose. A Friendly Communication to a Reluctant Sceptic. New York: Charles Scribner & Co. 1867. San Francisco: A. Roman & Co., and H. H. Bancroft & Co.

The aim of this volume seems to be to establish a rational and philosophical theory of the inspiration of Scripture in opposition to the theory of verbal and literal inspiration maintained by Gaussen, and the majority of Protestant theologians of all denominations. While declaring his firm belief in the historical reality, and the supernatural origin of the Mosaic and Christian systems, and accepting the New Testament narratives of the Incarnation and Resurrection of Christ, he denounces the "bibliolatry" that idolizes the letter of the Scriptures as against the spirit of their contents, and the narrowness of that theological dogmatism that frames its creeds and catechisms in the words and phrases of the sacred writings, insisting upon the inspiration of every expression in its most literal sense. In short, he undertakes boldly to confront that momentous question which nearly fifty years ago, some of the most learned and enlightened Christian Doctors predicted, must eventually be met, notwithstanding the shock which its frank discussion would inevitably involve to the rooted prejudices of a multitude of pious minds. In 1835, the great and good Dr. Arnold, of Rugby, wrote that the discussion must come, and declared his settled conviction that it would end, in spite of the fears and clamors of the weak and bigoted, "in the higher exalting and more sure establishing of Christian truth." The author of the present volume believes the time for the profitable discussion of this grave question has now come, and he addresses himself to the task in a spirit of candor that wins the confidence of the reader in his good faith and sincerity, whatever impression may be made as to his adequacy to a task involving so many and great difficulties, and requiring so rare a combination of acquirements and great intellectual powers for its successful accomplishment. Had Coleridge lived to this time, and witnessed the present condition of religious thoughts and opinion, what an essay could he have written on this theme! Arnold himself, was, in a pre-eminent degree, qualified to treat it; and it is to be regretted that he thought the time for the discussion had not arrived, when he predicted that it was necessary and inevitable. The present writer, though by no means a Coleridge, or an Arnold, has opened the question, with a fair share of ability, taking up his position inside the Church, as a devout and revereat believer, but one who is, at the same time, fully resolved to utter his convictions like a brave and honest man, without regard to the outcry that may be raised by that class of good Christians who are either too ignorant, or too rooted in notions that they have learned to look upon as sacred, to be able to regard such novelties without horror. "The secret," he says, in his preface, "of the success which now attends publications intended to advance a destructive criticism, is that they speak to men already "perplext in faith, but pure in deeds," who received with their first instruction in Christianity, statements of doctrine which, in the time of mature reflection, appear to contradict the Divine instincts of justice, mercy, and truth—the image of God's own eternity in the heart of man. These doctrines taught, as necessary inferences, from, or as identical with, the facts of Christianity, were once acquiesced in as the creed of Christendom, but now, in not a few cases, *repulsion* follows the attempt to read and understand them by the "light of reason and conscience."

Thus, the main motive of the book seems to be a sincere desire to ascertain to what extent the traditional claims of the Bible, as heretofore presented by popular theologians, must be modified or abandoned in deference to the spirit of the age, and the results of modern critical inquiry. The writer has in view a class of men who are sceptics, but not scoffers; a class who are reluctant to abandon the faith in which they have been educated, but who, bewildered and perplexed by the reasonings of such writers as Renan, or perhaps even by the shallow objections presented by the unlettered and vulgar infidel, are in danger of settling down into a species of uncertain scepticism. The aim of the author is to remove the difficulties felt by this class of minds, and his method of accomplishing it is that of making such concessions to the rationalistic principle, as will seem much too liberal to a large majority of believers, and not quite liberal enough to a considerable class of thinkers, even in the Anglican communion who have long ago gone over the ground assumed in this volume, and advanced beyond it, without yielding, as they earnestly claim, one jot or tittle of doctrine essential to the Christian faith. Such concessions have been compared to the "attempt of the mariner to lighten the vessel in danger of shipwreck, by throwing overboard a portion of the cargo." But the comparison is more ingenious than just; a vessel cutting loose from a mass of driftwood which she had been towing unaware, and which had long impeded her progress, would furnish a much apter simile. The main concession, that the idea of the infallibility of the Bible in every portion of its contents is untenable, is no new one, and certainly has not been extorted from the theologians by the pressure of modern in-

fidelity. Even before the Reformation, it was remarked that the Scriptures, themselves, nowhere put forward such a pretension; and long prior to the development of the modern "critical schools," either of Renan or Colenso, Edward Irving wrote against that "Idolatry of the Bible," which, he said, "expresseth itself in the holy—but I call it unholy—notion which they have taken up concerning inspiration, that the very words were inspired." Irving seems to us, to have gone quite as far as the present author. His exhortation is, "read this Word with what persuasion of its divine authority you presently have, and affect not more than you really have, for that is falsehood or superstition which God abhorreth. * * * That is to make the book an idol and then prostrate your soul unto it; and by so doing you shall make your soul a timorous creature of superstition, or a blind worshipper of sounds and sentences, but never a child of the Spirit of God."

The truth is, it is only those who are uninformed in ecclesiastical and theological history, as the great bulk even of intelligent and tolerably educated persons necessarily are, who can regard such "consessions" as those in question in the light of a portion of the cargo thrown overboad to avert shipwreck. Luther himself—to go no further back—whose contest was not with infidels or sceptics who "criticised" the Scriptures, but with the Roman Catholic Church, admitted the existence of discrepancies and inaccuracies both in the Old and the New Testament.

How, then, it will be asked, are we to distinguish between what is human and what is divine in the Bible. The author thinks that the principle by which this distinction may be made, is to be found in the purified reason. All valuable moral teaching addresses itself to the consciousness of those to whom it speaks; and this is pre-eminently true of the Bible. It can only be seen, like the sun, by its own light. In the words of Dr. Dorner, "Scripture can only be understood by a kindred mind. That which is necessary to salvation is intelligible to all who are spiritually disposed. *The believer is the instrument which Scripture creates for itself by which to interpret itself.*" Until "spiritual insight" is received, nothing can be discerned which takes hold of the spirit, or influences character. Without this, *belief* is only an *opinion*.

In regard to miracles, the author seems inclined to the doctrine of F. W. Newman, in opposition to those who, like Mausel, insist upon a historical foundation for belief, namely that the quality of the teaching proves the miracle instead of the miracle the quality of the teaching. Such is the substance and tenor of the views presented in this volume. The style is clear and sometimes strong; and the candid and manly tone in which the entire subject is dealt with, in every aspect in which it is considered, is worthy of all admiration. Several of the aspects, however, in which it presents itself to many thoughtful minds, are either quite overlooked, or less satisfactorily treated than could be desired, and there is still room for another and a more complete and thorough discussion of the same important and interesting questions.

The Champagne Country. By Robert Tomes. 12 mo., pp. 231. New York: Hurd & Houghton. San Francisco: A. Roman & Co.

This is not a general book of European travel, but is devoted, as its name implies, to the champagne district of which the ancient city of Rheims is the great commercial and industrial center. It abounds in information which will be new to a great majority of readers, imparted in a peculiarly racy and agreeable manner. All who are interested in obtaining a thorough knowledge of the seductive beverage which derives its name from the descriptive title bestowed upon the flat country about the Rheims, and of the immense trade to which it has given rise, will do well to peruse this volume, which is rich both in sober statistics, and in sparkling gossip relating to the subject. As a specimen of its lighter vein, we give the author's piquant description of the business-like and thorough manner in which an English traveler set about the task of testing the wines of the district:

"A stout John Bull, of capacious stomach and full purse, alighting one day at the *Lion d'Or*, asked if Rheims was the place where champagne was made, and asked nothing else. On being answered in the affirmative, he immediately pushed for the dining-room, where he took up the wine-card and began business. Pointing to the long lists of the different brands of champagne, he ordered the first. Having received and drank this, he sent for the second, then for the third, and so on until he was so drunk he could neither drink nor order any more. The waiter now, as he had been previously directed by the eccentric Englishman, made a mark on the wine list with a pencil to indicate the point to which the force of swallow of the capacious guest had brought him. On the next day, at an early hour, the Englishman resumed his day's work, beginning where he had left off, and drank bottle after bottle; until he could drink no more. The waiter again made his mak: and once more on the third day, the Englishman, having partly slept off during the night, the effects of the wine, came to his work with renewed vigor. He did as he had done before, and this time finished the list, but was borne off insensible to bed. Next morning he was prepared to continue his labors, but finding by inspection of the wine-card that his work was done, he expressed himself perfectly satisfied, paid his bill, and took the first train for Paris. He had drank twelve bottles champagne in three days, during which time he had not left the hotel, and hardly the dining room, and departed from Rheims without having put a foot in its streets."

The volume consists in nearly equal parts, of gossip and anecdote in the vein of the above, and of practical information concerning the wine, and the traffic in it.

[For the Californian.]

PAINS AND PENALTIES OF MUSIC.

DEAR READER, have you an ear for music? If so, drop this immediately—for we have nothing in common. I have no patience with those self-assured individuals who, from some real or pretended superiority of tympanum, are continually wedging themselves above their betters, in the good opinion of the world. From such I can only expect the contemptuous pity that sinks one several fathoms in his own self-respect. But to you, "my friend and fellow sufferer," I appeal—you who have felt the passionate love of music in your soul; a mighty force that could *almost* burst forth in streams of melody, and yet so firmly locked and ice-bound, that you are incapable of producing a single harmonious sound. In this "poor human race" there may be many like the Angels Israfel, "whose heart-strings are a lute," but unlike *his* their music dies echoless and unheard.

"The man who has no music in his soul
Is fit for treason," etc., etc.; but the words of the great poet are not enough for the present advancing stage of civilization. Music must ripple in the voice, and ooze from the finger tips, else you are banished a barbarian by gentility.

Like most young ladies—I have been musically educated—had the choice been left with myself, I should doubtless have taken the chances on the bliss of ignorance—but guardians and tutors are not so merciful, no matter how alien may be the taste and inclination. No young lady, now-a-days, is "finished," unless, with the rest of her numerous (and useless) accomplishments, she has "taken music." I follow back the thread of years till it becomes knotted and snarled, and I pause in a confusion of crochets and quavers. It is useless to dwell on the weary nights, in which the pigmy demons with "black heads" and "white heads, one hook and four hooks," danced and tumbled over the coverlet in inexhaustible confusion; how they tripped on ledger lines—and how they bound me down with "double bass," in fiendish exultation—I think my childish brain must have been in a state bordering on madness—I had a vague idea of an uncertain place where I should, some day, find rest (a "whole rest," I had almost said, but the subject is too ghastly to admit the shadow of a jest), but as my knowledge of books and the world increased, visions of a celestial city, in which golden harps and singing angels are so conspicuous, filled me with new doubts and uneasiness. Veni, vidi, vici—I have at length reached a proficiency that enables me to bang at popular operas, and ——I live at a musical house!

From my room, when twilight creeps in, the hour that *should* be sacred to quiet or thought, I hear four young men "with ears," pouring forth the woes of their sighing hearts and disordered livers, respectively on the guitar, violin, or flute. Four young men nightly return from the Academy of Music, singing or whistling operatic "gems" in such a diabolical manner, that I wonder the shades of Donezitti and Bellini do not appear with their veritable *batons* to belabor the offenders.

Musical soirees, are "all the rage;" at certain times (the exact antipodes of those angelic visitations we often hear mentioned,) our little parlor is the scene of these select gatherings. I seek the friendly embrace of some protecting armchair, retire into a fortress of window curtain with "Lallah Rookh," and am comparatively——happy. Short-lived beatitude! My name is pronounced, a hum of voices announces the approach of the enemy, my stronghold is ruthlessly invaded; I am dragged forth, a victim to the slaughter. Any resistance, on the part of the captured, is regarded as affectation or downright ill-breeding, (I wonder if any lady ever thought it rude thus to insist and persist, against all laws of common decency.) The piano-stool is reached; my trembling hands rush off at a John Gilpin pace—chords reel and stagger like drunken men, the perspiration stands in beads upon my forehead, the very keys mock my misery, and seem convulsed with discordant laughter at the bare idea of my guiding them into anything like harmony—during all this time the sense of hearing is becoming painfully acute: the lady at the end of the piazza taps her foot impatiently, there is whispering and smothered laughter across the room.

"Away went Gilpin, neck or naught;" the blood is bounding through every vein—a few more stammering notes—the finale crash—and a sigh of relief, echoed by——everybody; the friendly chair and curtain are reached again. Some one, with more boldness or less regard of veracity than the rest (the record of which crime I believe, will be blotted out), exclaims "Very nice!" Another flutter. "Will Miss B— favor us?" "Certainly," Miss B— despises all such trifling affectations. (It is an old saying that "comparisons are odious," I believe it), there is music in the very rustle of her soft silk, as she—no not walks—floats to the piano. A low tremulous vibration, like the sighing of leaves before a summer shower—a deeper wave—that almost wafts the cool wind to your face—and then—the welcome shower falls. Now the white fingers trip over the keys like a troop of fairies—hither and thither, dripping melody everywhere, and diamonds glitter and flash out a myriad rainbows. No whispering or tittering now—indeed, I am beginning to look for signs of suffocation in my friends, when the enchantress ceases, and they breathe again.

Not long since a new member was added to "our circle." I think I may truly say, he is the most thoroughly musical person I ever met with, and I do not yet understand the unfortunate circumstance that metamorphosed him into a human being. He is a highly intellectual looking gentleman possessed of "polished door-knobs"—much in the style of that philanthropic youth in "Bleak House"—with a lofty brow extending somewhere to the region of the organ of philoprogenitiveness. He always counts four in bed, and rises on the "down beat," his head is full of crotchets, and there is even a slight quaver in his voice. Notwithstanding all these infirmities of genius, I will confess that upon first acquaintance, I found my heart not altogether impervious to the darts of the wicked little god. We were reveling in all the delights of a silent wooing. We talked poetry, moonshine and music. He wore a bunch of faded violets in the vicinity of his left breast pocket, and I cherished a No. 7¾ glove in my top drawer. But alas! we couldn't run the gamut of true love any smoother than other folks. One memorable night, "From which the silken sleeps—were fretted out"—I mistook (oh awful to tell!) the Addio Leonora for "Old Dog Tray!" We met last night. I beheld the "door-knobs," the organ of philoprogenitiveness—above other heads—"proudly eminent," but no kind glance fell from those once soft eyes. We are strangers now. I fell asleep reading Burton's "Jealousy as a cause of Melancholy," and dreamed that Paradise was only to be reached by ascending a ladder of *e* strings, and the gateway was guarded by a flaming tuning fork.

B. V. F.

San Francisco, July, 1867.

Californian Forethought.—Time was when Californians took no thought for the morrow, and were proverbially reckless in their expenditures. Now this is somewhat changed. Californians are settling down and saving money. They exercise considerable prudence also, in choosing a fit depository for their savings. They are not content that money brokers and bankers should use their money and give them nothing in return. Thus banking institutions paying interest on deposits have become popular. The Farmers' and Mechanics' Bank of Savings, in the Fireman's Fund Building, at the corner of Sansome and California streets, opened for the receipt of deposits on the first of July. Deposits will be received the same as in other banks, subject to withdrawal at any time; but the depositor will have the benefit of the accumulation of interest on all deposits, and in this consists the advantages the Farmers' and Mechanics' Bank offers over other banks. A glance at the names of the Directors will give confidence to all of the stability of the institution; and the provident farmers, mechanics and workingmen generally, will gladly avail themselves of the advantages offered.

The *Tribune* commenting upon the subscription of $5,000 by the good people of Central City, Colorado, to be expended in bounties for Indian scalps "with the ears on," at the rate of $20 per scalp, says: "From all appearances Gen. Sherman will have to fight with a two-edged sword, and it may be questioned whether the white or the red savages are the more lawless and brutal." From the harshness of this comment, it would seem that Greeley is not a believer in Dr. Draper's theory that climate and location make men what they are, in spite of themselves. Otherwise, he might have accounted for the phenomenon of the men of Central City acting like savages, on the ground that they lived in a savage country.

We reprinted, last week, from *All the Year Round*, a touching tribute to the late Clarkson Stanfield, written by Charles Dickens. Mr. Stanfield in part illustrated some of Mr. Dickens' Christmas books, and was, for thirty years, a great friend of the novelist, for whose amateur performances at Tavistock House and elsewhere, he painted some of the scenery. It may not be generally known, says the *London Review*, that, in early life, Stanfield and Douglas Jerrold served on board the same ship, and that, having parted, they did not meet again for sixteen years, when they encountered on the stage of Drury Lane Theatre, on the first night of the production of Jerrold's "Rent Day."

The remarkably clever and sparkling sketch, in our present issue, entitled "The Pains and Penalties of Music," reads like a veritable experience, rather than a product of the fancy. Indeed, the *vraisemblance* is so strong, that we have no doubt many of our readers will have no difficulty in definitely locating the "musical circle," so graphically and gracefully described, or possibly, even in identifying the young enthusiast with the "door-knobby cerebral devlopment, in the region of his bump of philoprogenitiveness.

Benefit.—The benefit tendered to the First Hebrew Benevolent Society, by the members of the B'nia Berith Literary and Social Circle, will take place on Tuesday week, August 6th, at the Academy of Music. The *Marble Heart*, performed by the amateur members of the circle, will constitute the attraction.

BARBARA.

On the Sabbath day,
Through the churchyard old and gray;
Over the crisp and yellow leaves, I held my rustling way;
And amid the words of mercy, falling on my soul like balms,
'Mid the gorgeous storms of music—in the mellow organ-calms,
'Mid the upward streaming prayers, and the rich and solemn psalms.
I stood careless, Barbara.

My heart was otherwhere,
While the organ shook the air,
And the priest, with outspread hands, blessed the people with a prayer;
But when rising to go homeward, with a mild and saint-like shine
Gleamed a face of airy beauty with its heavenly eyes on mine—
Gleamed and vanished in a moment—O that face was surely thine
Out of heaven, Barbara!

O pallid, pallid face!
O earnest eyes of grace!
When last I saw thee, dearest, it was in another place.
You came running forth to meet me with my love-gift on your wrist;
The flutter of a long white dress, then all was lost in mist—
A purple stain of agony was on the mouth I kissed
That wild morning, Barbara.

I searched in my despair,
Sunny noon and midnight air;
I could not drive away the thought that you were lingering there.
O many and many a winter night I sat when you were gone.
My worn face buried in my hands, beside the fire alone,
Within the dripping churchyard, the rain splashing on your stone,
You were sleeping, Barbara.

'Mong angels do you think
Of the precious golden link
I clasped around your happy arm, while sitting by you brink?
Or when that night of gliding dance, of laughter and guitars,
Was emptied of its music, and we watched, through latticed bars,
The silent midnight heaven creeping o'er us with its stars,
Till the day broke, Barbara?

In the years I've changed,
Wild and far my heart hath ranged,
And many sins and errors now have been on me avenged;
But to you I have been faithful, whatsoever good I lacked;
I loved you, and above my life still hangs that love intact—
Your love the trembling rainbow, I the the reckless cataract—
Still I love you, Barbara.

Yet, love, I am unblest;
With many doubts oppress,
I wander like a desert wind, without a place of rest.
Could I but win you for an hour from off that starry shore,
The hunger of my soul were stilled, for Death has told you more
Than the melancholy world doth know; things deeper than all lore
You could teach me, Barbara.

In vain, in vain, in vain!
There droops upon the dreary hills a mournful fringe of rain;
The gloaming closes slowly round, lone winds are in the tree,
Round selfish shores forever moans the hurt and wounded sea,
There is no rest upon the earth, peace is with Death and thee,
Barbara!

ORIGINALITY.

A COMPLAINT is often heard at the present day, from the mouths of literary critics, that there is little or no originality in the world of letters. Poets are especially accused of having nothing to say that has not been better said before, and of serving up over and over again the bake meats of past times. The accusation is by no means confined to the case of poets. It is laid with less justice at the door of almost every school. Philosophers and historians, novelists and theologians, sculptors and painters, are all included in the same sweeping disparagement; and the ingenious analysts who dissect the current works of the age believe themselves able, in many cases, to pronounce upon the parentage and origin of the several ideas of which each work is composed. And some cynical people carry their belief in novelties so far as to assert, not merely that originality is rare, but it is almost impossible. The materials on which poetry in particular depends are, they say, limited, and cannot be multiplied indefinitely. The number, they think, of human passions is, after all, not so great; and the situations to which their play gives rise are to be counted on the fingers. Love returned and love unrequitted, jealousy and anger, pride and avarice, selfishness and generosity, go far to make up the tale. There is less variety in human nature than there is in the landscape scenery; and one impetuous lover, except for the difference in the color of his hair or the circumstances in the midst of which he is placed, is very like another.

Every faithless beauty is only an inappreciable variation upon Helen or Clytemnestra; all disappointed passion may borrow its language from Sappho, and after the narrative of Dido and Æneas every anecdote of seduction and treachery must be expected to be monotonous. Othello and Iago, Romeo and Juliet, make modern pictures of revenge, suspicion, and romantic affection dull and tame. Plautus and Terence are an epitome of all men and women ever since, only that the dresses and manners are archaic and antiquated; and there is nothing new in the world except perhaps the costumes of its inhabitants. Such critics are not therefore surprised at a want of originality, any more than they are surprised at the emptying of a mine whose treasures have already been dug up and used.

In discussing such a question it is desirable to be quite sure about the precise significance of words which one is employing constantly and freely, and "Originality" is a term frequently handled to and fro, but not altogether satisfactorily defined. Perhaps there is a little confusion of thought observable in the manner in which it is used. Occasionally it is applied to the mind of the producer; at other times to the literary result which he produces. In common parlance the writer is condemned as unoriginal whose creation reminds us of what we have seen before.

In the narrower sense of originality, it must be admitted that there is some monotony in the effect produced by many of the literary efforts of modern times. The monotony no doubt may be overrated. There has been a vast amount of life and variety in the literature both of England and of other countries in the last eighty years. No one, for example, can maintain that Mr. Carlyle's books, apart from any question of Mr. Carlyle's genius, are not in themselves novel and startling. Society has not been accustomed to have such writings presented to it, and was partly charmed, and still more astonished and confounded, when it saw them first. What is true of Mr. Carlyle is true in a less degree of others. The method in which history has been treated by Niebuhr Grote, Buckle, and Macaulay—to take four widely dissimilar instances—has nothing trite or effete about it.

Passing from history to romance we find again, that in the novel a new class of work has risen into existence, marked by immense vigor and full of living interest. They are indicative of a peculiar kind of mental power, which neither wholly imagination nor wholly observation, but something half way between the two. There is nothing monotonous about Sir Walter Scott, or Balzac, or Mr. Thackeray, or Mr. Dickens. It is not, however, in such a description of literature that poverty of invention would naturally show itself. Novels are not, as we have said, made up of mere imagination. They are mainly composed of description, though humor and imagination exercise an important influence upon the selection and arrangement of such incidents of daily life and of such types of contemporary manners as the artist determines to portray.

If poverty of invention is really a disease with which the age is stricken, we should rather look to find its traces in the species of literature which depends more directly upon imaginative force. And when we turn to poetry, there does seem to be some ground for the assertion that original thought is on the wane. No sacred poem of a modern date bears marks of the strength and sublimity that attract us in Milton. Shakspeare of course may be treated as a phenomenon with whom it is unfair to contrast the luminaries of any single generation. But independently of Shakspeare the earlier English drama has no rival. The lyric contemporaries of whom we are justly proud emulate their predecessors both in melody of verse and purity of sentiment, but are not their superiors in power. Even in comedy we have not of late years equalled Sheridan, any more than Sheridan himself was the equal of Molière. Meanwhile the mass of the poetry writers of the day are infected by an epidemic plague of imitation. They display their talents chiefly in reproducing the rhythms, the sentiments, and the mannerisms of others. They are always exploring Parnassus to pick up what bygone explorers have left behind, but they cannot be said to plant the sacred hill with any fresh laurels of their own.

The charge that has been made against modern poetical literature would seem capable of application to nine-tenths of the whole poetical literature of the world. There has been few poets who have not laid themselves open to it. We talk of Moliere, but Moliere is only Plautus in a French court-mask. His humor, his plots, his characters shine with a very borrowed light. We praise the English dramatists, but without the classical drama the English drama would never have existed, at all events in its present shape. No poet is fuller of plagiarisms, or, to use a more polite expression, of adaptions, than Milton. Without the shepherds of Theocritus, and of his imitator Virgil, the pastoral romances of Europe and of the Elizabethan era would have been unknown. Pope owes his form, and something of his raciness, to Ovid, to Horace, and to Juvenal. And, however far back we carry the investigation, the same result strikes us everywhere. Virgil and Horace pride themselves, not on having invented, but on having transplanted from elsewhere the thoughts for which they have been famous. Thus the golden chain of imitators has no end and no beginning. Go back as far as we may, we find scholars and students, and not teachers or originators. The very artists whom we regard as pre-eminently classical, seem, when we touch them, to be only a composite *rechauffé* of certain artists still. Literature consists rather of the learning than of the inventions of the past; and the end of all research lands the student in the natural conviction that most things which have been well said were said very long ago, and have been repeated with varied success ever since, in thousands of volumes hid away in the dust of a hundred shelves.

For Surgeons.—A Frenchman has invented a new paper which instantly stops the hemorrhage caused by wounds.

SIZE AND COST OF THE GREAT PYRAMID.

THE Great Pyramid originally occupied an area equal to 588,939,595 feet, or almost thirteen and a half English acres, the side of the square being 767,424 feet. The original height of this structure was 479 feet, and the total contents of solid masonry equal to 89,418,806 cubic feet, weighing 6,878,369 tuns. Taking the masonry at only twenty-five cents a cubic foot, including carriage, materials, and workmanship, the cost of such a structure would be $22.354,700. Again the masonery of the Great Pyramid would be sufficient for the erection of over 1,000 columns, each twenty feet square and of the height of the Bunker Hill monument; or if cut into paving stones four inches in thickness, would cover a space equal to 6,158 acres.

The blocks of which this great work is composed are roughly squared, but built in regular courses, varying from two feet two inches to four feet ten inches in thickness, the joints being properly broken throughout. The stone used for casing the exterior, and for the lining of the chambers and passages, was obtained from the Gebel Mokattam, on the Arabian side of the Valley of the Nile. It is a compact limestone, called by geologists "swine-stone," or "stink-stone," from emitting, when struck, a fetid odor, whereas the rocks on the Lybian side of the valley, where the pyramids stand, are of a loose, granulated texture, abounding with marine fossils, and consequently unfit for fine work, and liable to decay. The mortar used for casing and for lining of the passages was composed entirely of lime; but that in the body of the pyramid was compounded of ground red brick, gravel, Nile earth and crushed granite, or of calcareous stone and lime, and in some places a grout or liquid mortar of desert sand and gravel has been used. It is worthy of especial notice, that the joints of casing-stones, which were discovered at the base of the northern front, as also in the passages, are so fine as to be scarcely perceptible. The casing-stones, roughly cut to the required angle, were built in horizontal layers, corresponding with the courses of the pyramid itself, and afterward finished as to their outer surface, according to the usual practice of the ancients. In order to insure the stability of the superstructure, the rock was leveled to a flat bed, and part of the rock was stopped up in horizontal beds, agreeing in thickness with courses of the artificial work.

Without an Enemy.—Heaven help the man who imagines he can dodge enemies by trying to please everybody. If such even succeeded we should be glad of it—not that we believe in a man going through the world trying to find beams to knock his head against, disputing every man's opinion, fighting and elbowing and crowding all who differ with him. That, again, is another extreme. Other people have a right to their opinion; so have you. Don't fall into the error of supposing that they will respect you less for maintaining it, or respect you more for turning your coat every day to match the color of theirs. Wear your own colors, in spite of wind and weather, storms or sunshine. It costs the vascillating and irresolute ten times the trouble to wind and shuffle and twist that it does honest, manly independence to stand its ground.

Electricity Applied to Ringing of Bells.—In the London and Paris hotels, the bells are not rung by mechanical force, but by the pressing of a small button in the wall; this connected by an electric wire with a little alarm, the clapper of which keeps on jingling so long as the button is pressed. Lift the hand and the alarm ceases. This principle a French jeweler has adapted to cravat pins. The knob of the pin is of various devices. It is a hare with a tabor, or a drummer with his drum, or a death's head with a loose under jaw, or a dog. Whoever chooses to wear such a pin has connected with it by a wire a small electrical battery in one of his pockets. He puts his hand in his pocket, touches a button there and off goes the pin. The hare begins to patter on the tabor, the drummer to beat his drum, the death's head to chatter and roll its horrid eyes, or the dog to bark and snap. When the hand is lifted from the button instantly all is quiet.

A bashful young man escorted an equally bashful young lady. As they approached the dwelling of the damsel, she said entreatingly, "Jehiel, don't tell anybody you beaued me home." "Sary," said he, emphatically, "don't you mind; I'm as much ashamed of it as you are."

A Conductor of a newspaper, speaking of a contemporary, says, "He was formerly a member of Congress, but rapidly rose till he obtained a respectable position as an editor—a noble example of perseverance under depressing circumstances."

Mr. Quilp modestly asks why is the country in winter like the Black Crook? Because there are so many bare limbs to be seen.

It is rather remarkable that while several thousand feet are required to make one rood, a single foot, properly applied, is sufficient to make one civil.

Apology is egotism turned wrong side out. Generally, the first thing a man's companion knows of his shortcomings is from his apology.

FOR CABINET PHOTOGRAPHS, or enamcled Cards of the very host quality, you must go to the NEW YORK GALLERY, Nos. 25 and 27 Third street. Every picture warranted to give perfect satisfaction.

B. F. HOWLAND, Artist.

MILLINERY AND HEAD-DRESSES.—Mrs. Winship has just received, per last steamer, the latest Parisian Millinery Goods and Laces for HEAD-DRESS, consisting in part of Breakfast Caps, Point Application, Lace Valenciumes, and the Widow's Rooche, worn by the crowa heads of Europe, and the only first imported to the Pacific Coast. Queen Emma, while here, replenished her wardrobe from the stock then and now on hand, at MRS. WINSHIP, No. 23 Post Street, under the Mechanics' Institute. Through the influence of Queen Emma, Mrs. Winship has filled quite a number of orders for the foreign population of Honolulu. The ladies of San Francisco should call and examine these beautiful Goods, by which means they will secure the Latest Fashionable Styles.

MAYER'S BAZAAR.—R. Mayer offers at his Bazaar, corner Pine and Montgomery streets, the greatest variety of jewelry, watches, silver plated ware, guitars, music boxes; concertinas, accordeons, opera glasses, etc., etc., to the public of San Francisco, and to the country trade, at prices that defy competition, and is determined to close out his present stock at greatly reduced rates. His heavy case silver watches from the American Watch Company are superior to anything ever before offered to the public. These watches are taking the place of heavy gold watches from the fact that the workmanship is superior, the castings pure silver, and the prices low. The sale of these watches is very extensive on the Pacific coast. Another proof that American manufactures can beat the world. The works are made of platina and never get out of repair. French opera glasses of great power for sale or hire, and all kinds of musical instruments, eight day family clocks, etc. This is a rare chance to invest your money to advantage, at Mayer's Bazaar, southeast corner of Montgomery and Pine streets.

N. B.—An immense assortment of Japanese curiosities for sale.

WAGONS.

MILLS & EVANS, IMPORTERS OF THOROUGH-BRACE Wagons, light express, two and three spring Wagons, suitable for milk-men and furniture dealers, and others wishing light and durable Wagons. Their Wagons are made expressly for the California market, and Mills & Evans' is the only firm which receives Wagons from the celebrated manufactory of A. W. Sanborn & Co., Manchester, N. H. This latter firm stands A No. 1 in the east, and their wagons have stood the test of our California climate, and are sold by Mills & Evans fifty per cent. lower than any other establishment on the Pacific coast. Call and examine their Wagons, at No. 587 Market street, opposite the Metropolitan market. *

MEDICAL.—"YOUNG MAN'S FRIEND AND PROTECTOR," an Association for benefiicent objects, Young men should inform themselves in relation to it, and by applying to, the ACTUARY, Dr. Bonrno, 10 Masonic Temple, Post street, they will be furnished with Prospectus.

☞ WONDERFUL BUT TRUE.—MADAME REMINGton, the world-renowned Astrologist and Somnambulistic Clairvoyant, while in a clairvoyant state, delineates the very features of the person you are to marry, and by the aid of an instrument of intense power, known as the Psychomotrope, guarantees to produce a perfect and life like picture of the future husband or wife of the applicant, with date of marriage, occupation, leading traits of character, etc. This is no imposition, as testimonials without number can assert. By stating place of birth, age, disposition, color of eyes and hair, and enclosing fifty cents and stamped envelope addressed to yourself, you will receive the picture by return mail, together with desired information.

Address in confidence, MADAME GERTRUDE REMINGTON, P. O. Box 297, West Troy, N. Y.

MEDICAL ADVICE.

DR. WM. K. DOHERTY'S Medical and Surgical Institute is becoming a *sine qua non* to the welfare of our State and health of our citizens; and his rapidly spreading reputation, although it may excite surprise, is but the signal of skill, and follows as the natural effect of such a cause. We are personally acquainted with gentlemen who had suffered for years under chronic disease, and who had taken advantage of every available means that promised relief, but without success, until they called upon Dr. Doherty, who, in an incredibly short space of time, has given them entire relief. It is gratifying to announce this fact, because the Doctor is a gentleman who seeks, not by defamation of others, to establish his reputation, or to rear the superstructure of his own upon the ruin of another's fame. The Doctor conducts his Institute in a manner that must be gratifying to all his patients. He examines, hears, advises, and recommends, without charge, and the patient, after hearing his terms for treatment, can accept or reject at pleasure. In no case does the Doctor make a charge unless he effects a cure. This he is able to do, because he feels the confidence which long experience has given, and no doubt the consolation which appertains to that confidence. Persons afflicted with either acute or chronic disease, would do well to consult the Doctor; at all events, it can do no harm, as for consultation he asks no fee; nor does he insist on obedience to his advice unless the patient places himself under his care. His offices are on Sacramento street, opposite the Pacific Mail Steamship office.—*San Francisco News.*

PHILADELPHIA BREWERY,

Corner Second and Folsom streets,

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W. G. JONES - PROPRIETOR.

BOWMAN & CO.,

Dealers in Stoves and Tin Ware,

Main street, Petaluma

TOWNE & BACON,

Book and Job Printers,

Have the Largest Office,

Do the most work,

And do it better

Than other offices

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Try them

With a Job,

And you will be

Satisfied the above

Statements are facts.

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Between Montgomery and Sansome Sts.,

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CUBERY & CO., No. 536 Market street, Opposite Second, San Francisco, are now prepared to execute all kinds of BOOK and JOB PRINTING. Having superior facilities for printing every description of work, we respectfully solicit the patronage of friends and the public generally.

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Auburn, Golden, Flaxen and Silken Curls,

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One application warranted to curl the most straight and stubborn hair of either sex into wavy ringlets, or heavy massive curls. Has been used by the fashionables of Paris and London, with the most gratifying results. Does no injury to the hair. Price by mail, sealed and post-paid, $1. Descriptive circulars mailed free. Address

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TRUNKS, VALISES, CARPET BAGS, ETC.,

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BOYS! BOYS! BOYS!

NOW IS THE TIME

H. M. LOCKWOOD & CO.,

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Have received a Large Stock of

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FURNISHING GOODS,

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Every Garment warraated. All are invited to call examine our goods.

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ITALIAN RESTAURANT,

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Taglierini, Maccaroni, Risotto and Ravioli, In the Italian Style.

MEALS FIFTY CENTS, OR TO ORDER.

Rooms for private parties up stairs.

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Successors to L. Gamba,

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MEALS 50 CENTS, or to order. Good Cooks and Polite Waiters. Choice Italian and French dishes. Best Wines, Liquors and Cigars on hand. Private Rooms up stairs.

NOTICE.

J. Branger Will Open To-Day

THE LOUISIANA ROTISSERIE,

DUPONT STREET, CORNER WASHINGTON.

I BEG TO INFORM MY FRIENDS AND the public that TO-DAY, (SATURDAY), June 1st, I will re-open the above Restaurant. Everything will be done to satisfy those who favor me with their patronage. Large Saloons for parties. House will be open all night. All orders for the city will be promptly attended to, and with the utmost care.

Ladies' entrance on Washington street, one door above Dupont

J. BRANGER.

Washington Restaurant

AND COFFEE SALOON,

No. 304 California Street, Above Battery.

"NICK" IN THE FIELD AGAIN.

"NICK" of the formerly well-known Washington Restaurant and Coffee Saloon, on Sacramento Street, (between Battery and Front,) in the years 1852 to 1860,

HAS REMOVED,

(which took him only SEVEN YEARS!) to No 304 California Street, where he will be pleased to see and wait upon all his old patrons, and the public in general, and flatters himself to be able to give satisfaction to all who may favor him with a call.

MARTIN'S RESTAURANT,

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Above Montgomery. Meals at all hours. The best of Wines, Oysters, Game, and all the delicacies of the season always on hand. Private Saloons up stairs for Dinner and Supper Parties.

LEON DINGEON, Proprietor.

WALTER S. PIERCE,

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Pianos at prices from $150 to $700.

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Cal. Grape Brandy Bitters!

Are pronounced the best in the State. They invigorate strengthen and give elasticity and tone to the system.

Try them! They are for sale everywhere.

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THE MECHANICS' INSTITUTE OF SAN FRANcisco hereby OFFER A PREMIUM OF ONE THOUSAND ($1,000) DOLLARS FOR THE BEST ESSAY ON THE "RESOURCES OF CALIFORNIA, AND BEST METHOD OF DEVELOPING THE SAME," under the following conditions:—One half of the premium in cash on the certified award of the Committee of Judges, and the balance from the first proceeds of sales of the successful work, which is to belong to, and will be published by, the Institute.

The Essays are to be handed into the Librarian of the Institute on or before the FIRST DAY OF JUNE, 1868, and the award to be made by the Judges at the opening of the Industrial Exhibition, which is to be held in August or September following. The Essay should be divided into three heads, viz: Mineral, Agricultural and Industral Resources, with proper subdivisions of each subject. It should be sufficient in quantity to form a duodecimo (12mo) volume of from 250 to 300 pages long primer type solid.

Writers will sign their articles in cypher, and send their names and address in sealed envelopes, which will be kept in a secure place by the Institute, and only be opened when the award is made. The manuscripts of unsuccessful writers will be returned to them without publicity.

The Committee of Judges have the right to reject all Essays, in case they do not consider them worthy of publication or the premium. No further instructions than are contained in this advertisement will be given to the Committee, nor will they be subjected to any advice from the officers or members of the institute in regard to their proposed action. All manuscript submitted must be in clear, legible writing, so as to admit of easy reading.

The following named gentleman, who have been selected for their well-known ability, public spirit and integrity of purpose, will compose the Committee of Judges:

Hon. FRED'K. F. LOW,	Maj.-Gen. H. W. HALLECK, U. S. A.,
Prof J. D. WHITNEY,	Prof. WM. B. EWER,
JAMES OTIS,	B. N. BUGBY.
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San Francisco, June 12, 1867.

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It saves one-half the time and labor of ordinary Soaps. Does not injure the Clothing. Get a package and give it a trial. Sold by all Grocers.

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Our only profit being the small per cent. allowed by buying in large quantities.

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The Proprietor of the above-named Hotel wishes to inform his patrons and the Travelling Public that he has opened that elegant Brick Fireproof Hotel, on the

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With all the modern conveniences attached to it.

Gas and water are supplied throughout the House. The Rooms are well ventilated, and the Public will find in this Hotel all the comforts of a home. The Hotel is spacious, and well adapted for the use of Families. Suits of Rooms can be had on reasonable terms.

A Large Reading Room is attached to the Hotel,

Containing 500 Volumes of Standard Works,

Which is entirely for the use of patrons.

THE CITY COACH, with the name of the Hotel on it, will be in readiness at the Wharf, on the arrival of each steamer, to convey passengers and baggage to the Hotel, free of charge. JOHN KELLY, Jr., Proprietor.

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B. M'DOUGALL. J. MARQUIS.

REFERS TO Messrs. Elam & Howes, Clay street, below Battery; Messrs. Hatch & Co., (R. W. Brangou & T. H. Hatch,) Washington street below Battery; A. J. Coghill, Esq., Front street, corner of Clay; Wm. J. Adams, Esq., (Adams, Blinn & Co.,) Piers 17 and 19, Stewart street; Joseph Rich, Esq., Bush street below Turnverein Hall; Hon. M. S. Latham, London and San Francisco Bank; Wm. B. Johnston, Esq., Insurance Building, 412 and 414 Montgomery street; James Brooks, Esq., Editor "Golden Era."

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BOOT AND SHOE STORE,

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The Finest quality of CUSTOM WORK neatly executed. Always on hand other fine work ready made.

THE YOUNG WIDOW.

She is cunning—sometimes witty,
Free and easy, but not bold;
Like an apple, ripe and mellow,
Not too young, and not too old;
Half-inviting, half-repellant
Now advancing, and now shy;
There is mischief in her laughter,
There is danger in her eye.

She has studied human nature;
She is schooled in every art,
She has taken her diploma,
As the mistress of the heart!
She can tell the very moment
When to sigh and when to smile!
Oh! a maid is sometimes charming,
But a widow all the while!

Are you sad? oh then how serious
Will her pretty face become!
You are angry; she is wretched,
Saddened, friendless, tearful, dumb.
Are you mirthful? how her laughter,
Silver-sounding, will ring out!
She can lure, and catch, and play you,
As an angler does a trout!

Ah! "old fossils," nearly fifty,
Who are plotting, deep and wise;
Ye "Adonises," of twenty,
With the love-light in your eyes!
You may practice all the lessons
Taught by Cupid since the fall;
But I know a little widow,
Who can win and fool you *all!*

A WITTY gentleman speaking of a friend who was prostrated by illness, remarked that "he could hardly recover, since his constitution was all gone."

"If his constitution is all gone," said a by-stander, "I do not see how he lives at all."

"Oh," responded the wag, "he lives on the by-laws."

"JEANNIE," said a venerable Cameronian to his daughter, who was asking his consent to accompany her urgent and favored suitor to the altar, "it is a very solemn thing to get married."

"I know it, father," replied the sensible damsel, "but it is a great deal solemner not to."

THE Democrats once held a grand rally and barbecue. An Irishman went to the Democratic leaders and said: "An' sure and didn't ye know better than to have a barbecue on Friday, when two-thirds of the party can't ate mate?"

AN Indiana paper says that ladies out here who wear number seven, eight and nine boots—and such are the majority—oppose the new short dress style.

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MARINE AND STATIONARY ENGINES,

Quartz Machinery, Saw, Flour and Sugar Mills, Mining Pumps, Hoisting Gear, Agricultural Implements, etc.

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Wine, Cider, Cotton and Tobacco Presses of the latest Improved Patterns.

STEAM ENGINES AND BOILERS,

Of all sizes, constantly on hand; Quartz Mill Shoes and Dies warranted to be made of the best white iron.

Dunbar's Improved Self-Adjusting Piston-Packing, requires no springs or screws; is always steam-tight; without excessive friction, and never gets slack or leaky.

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Established 1849.

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Doors and Shutters,

Bank Vaults, Balconies, Gratings, Prison Cells, Awnings, Stairs, Iron Fence, etc.,

Corner of California and Drumm Streets,

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Constantly on hand a large assortment of second hand Fire Proof Doors and Shutters.

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RUSS BLOCK.....SAN FRANCISCO.

Watches repaired with Particular Attention, and strictly warranted for one Year.

California Wines.

Vintage 1862.

THE UNDERSIGNED OFFERS FOR SALE SOME very choice Wines, of the above named vintage. That connoisseurs, all interested in the development of this magnificent resource of our State, and the public generally, may be convinced that California is able to produce as good Wine (when properly treated and of sufficient age) as other parts of the Wine producing regions of the globe, attention is respectfully called to these Wines, by A. S. LOWNDES, Wine Merchant,
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Wine and Brandy Bitters,

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RED AND WHITE WINES,

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ALWAYS ON HAND, Wholesale and Retail, Westphalia Hams, Russian CAVIAR, Sardines, Anchovies, Swiss and Limburg Cheese, and other European Delicacies. ☞ The finest brands of Liquors, Wines and Cigars; Seltzer Water.

FISHING AND HUNTING PARTIES fitted out at the shortest notice.

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UNION SALOON.—C. H. Cordes is the proprietor of the Union Saloon, Market street, a few doors south of Fremont, where is to be found the choicest wines and liquors. Mr. Cordes prides himself on his Kentucky Whisky, which is very old and oily. The "Davis" brand whisky drinkers should by all means call and test this whisky. Hot lunch is set on the table from 10 till 2.

AUSTIN KEELY. WM. HODGKINS.

Hodgkins & Keely's

UNION HALL EXCHANGE,

S. W. Corner Howard and Third Streets, San Francisco,

Dealers in fine Wines, Liquors and Cigars. Oysters, Clams, Chops and Steaks, cooked to order at all hours.

☞ House open all night.

MARTIN GROSTETTA,

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Would respectfully inform his friends and the public that he has purchased the WELL-KNOWN SALOON previously occupied by THOS. DOYLE, 535 SACRAMENTO ST., above the What Cheer House. The best kind of Wines, Liquors and Cigars always on hand. Passengers' Stores carefully put up to order.

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SAWING AND PLANING MILLS,

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DOORS, SASHES, BLINDS AND MOULDINGS,

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Finishing Work for Buildings constantly on hand, and got up to order.

BOWMAN & CO.,

Dealers in Stoves and Tin Ware,

Main street, Petaluma

Petroleum Stoves.

THE ATTENTION OF HOUSEKEEPERS AND PEOPLE rooming is called to the use of

MORRILL'S

PETROLEUM STOVES,

Which can be used in any room with or without chimneys, as

IT EMITS NO SMOKE, SOOT OR ASHES.

It is a superior Cook. In fact, it does all kinds of Stove work as well as any (and better than most) stoves. It is perfectly safe. The State Assayor having thoroughly tested these Stoves, pronounced them non explosive. For sale at No. 13 Kearny street.

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M. B. B. is also agent for MORRILL'S

UNIVERSAL OIL STOVE

Which burns COAL OIL, BENZINE, or NAPTHA, with blue flame, non-luminous, intense heat. There are seven sizes. No. 1 is adapted to boiling water, heating glue, and Dentist's work, etc. No. 2, with Urn for hotels, saloons, boarding-houses, barbers, etc. No. 3 to 8 for all kinds of cooking, which they do in a superior manner. They are as easily managed as a lamp, perfectly safe and economical. They can be seen and are for sale at 13 Kearny street

LAMPS.

I have PATENT BURNERS that can be used with any lamp to burn Coal Oil, or the lighter products of Petroleum, with PERFECT SAFETY, and GREAT ECONOMY. I have also a HAND LAMP (to carry about the house) that will burn a flame equal to a candle, with no more smoke or odor, at an expense of ONE CENT for EIGHT HOURS.

N. B.—I am also agent for Huck's celebrated Self-Generating Gas Lamps. M. B. BULLARD.

W. K. Dietrich,

Nos. 54, 55 and 56 Washington Market,

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CURER AND PACKER OF

Sugar-Cured Hams, Smoked Beef,

Bacon, Pork, Lard, and Tongues,

FOR SHIPPING AND FAMILY USE.

ORDERS WILL RECEIVE PROMPT ATTENTION.

OCCIDENTAL

Insurance Company,

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INDIVIDUAL LIABILITY.

Capital Stock, - - - $300,000

LOSSES PAID IN UNITED STATES GOLD COIN.

THIS COMPANY will insure against loss by Fire on any Dwelling House, Buildings, Merchandise or other property, situated in the State of California. The largest sum they will take on any one risk is thirty thousand dollars.

C. CHRISTIANSEN, Pre'st.
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B. ROTHSCHILD, Secretary.

McDOUGALL & MARQUIS,

Architects,

328 Montgomery street, San Francisco.

R. M'DOUGALL. J. MARQUIS.

REFERS TO Messrs. Elam & Howes, Clay street, below Battery; Messrs. Hatch & Co., (R. W. Brangon & T. H. Hatch,) Washington street below Battery; A. J. Coghill, Esq., Front street, corner of Clay; Wm. J. Adams, Esq., (Adams, Blinn & Co.,) Piers 17 and 19, Stewart street; Joseph Rich, Esq., Bush street below Turnverein Ball; Hon. M. S. Latham, London and San Francisco Bank; Wm. B. Johnston, Esq., Insurance Building, 412 and 414 Montgomery street; James Brooks, Esq., Editor "Golden Era."

A. J. BRYANT & CO.,

IMPORTERS OF LIQUORS,

518 Front Street, San Francisco.

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Sole Agents for Pacific Coast,

—OF—

BLACKBURN'S CELEBRATED

BBB BOURBON WHISKEY,

Bowling Green, Kentucky.

THE

Bank of California

HAS REMOVED

TO THEIR NEW BUILDING CORNER OF

CALIFORNIA AND SANSOME STS

WANTED AGENTS.—$250 per month THE YEAR ROUND, OR 900 PER CENT PROFIT ON COMMISSION. We *guaranty* the above salary or commission to active industrious agents at their own homes, to introduce an article of *indispensable utility* in every household. For full particulars call on, or address

G. W. JACKSON & CO., 11 South St., Baltimore, Md

THE CALIFORNIAN'S
SAN FRANCISCO BUSINESS DIRECTORY

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS

J. D. Arthur & Co., corner of California and Davis.

ARCHITECTS.

HOAGLAND & NEWSOM, Sw. cor. Kearny and Sac
Townsend & Wyneken, 405 California.

AUCTIONEERS.

Cobb & Sinton, 407 California street.

BALL AND RACKET COURT.

Thomas Kelly, 846 Boward street.

BILLIARD SALOONS.

A. B. Brown, 328 Montgomery street.

BOWLING ALLEYS.

Wholers & Steil, Pine and Montgomery, (Russ House

BOOKS.

E. F. Arnold, 538 Market street near Montgomery.
A. Roman & Co., 417 and 419 Montgomery street.

BOOTS AND SHOES.

Wentworth, Hobart & Co. (wholesale manufac.) 210 Pine

CARPETS.

P. F. Loughran & Co., 407 Sansome street.

CLOTHING.

H M. Lockwood & Co., 624 Clay street.
J. R. Mend & Co., corner Montgomery and Bush streets
William Shorman, 412 Sansome, corner Commercial.
Quincy Hall, 545, 547, and 549 Washington street.

COAL OIL, LAMPS, ETC.

Dell, Cranna & Co. (wholesale) 513 Front street.
A. C. Dietz & Co., (wholesale,) 521 Front street.

DENTISTS.

Dr. Blake, removed to 645 Clay street.
Dr. Wm. B. McAllister, removed 18 Third street.
N. T. Whitcomb, 205 Third, near Howard.

DANCING ACADEMY.

Coghill's, Congress Hall, Bush, above Montgomery.
Fuller & McCarthy, 727 Market, near Third.

DRY GOODS.

Meagher, Taaffe & Co., 9 Montgomery street.
Mosgrove & Blakely, 222 Third, near Howard.
Buyer & Reich, S W corner Jackson and Stockton.

DRUGGISTS.

Waters & Dillon, (Billiard Saloon,) 314 Montgomery st
G. G. Burnett, (Apothecary,) 330 Montgomery.
Shepardson & Gates, (successors to R. Hall & Co.,) corner Sansome and Commercial.

EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTIONS.

Pacific Business College, 751 Market street, above Third.
Prof. Williams' Commercial Academy, 869 Mission st.

FURNITURE.

Goodwin & Co., 510 and 528 Washington streets.
N. P. Cole & Co., 21 Sutter and 524 Market streets.

GROCERS.

McKee's Family store, 31 Kearny, near Post
Haskell & Co., Market and Sutter sts, below the Market
W. M. Noble & Co., cor Howard and Twelfth streets

HATTER.

Lamott (wholesale and retail) 227 Montgomery street

HAY AND GRAIN.

J. B. Holmes & Co., 110 Market street.

HOTELS.

Brooklyn, John Kelly, Jr., Sansome, corner Pine.
Chicago, E. W. Heimburg & Co., 220 Pacific street.
John Steinmann, 323 Pine.

INSURANCE.

Accidental and Casualty, R. L. & F. Ogden, Montgomery street, corner California.
Brooklyn Life, S T Klug, Agent, S E cor Montg'y & Pine
Equitable Life, R. L. & F. Ogden, Montgomery, corner California.
Manhattan, R. B. Swain & Co., Agents, 206 Front, cor Cal
Firemens Fund Ins. Co., S.E. cor. Montg'y and Pine
Occidental Ins. Co., S.W. cor. Montgom'y and California,
Pacific Ins. Co., 436 California street.

LADIES' BIJOUTERIE, CLOAKS, ETC.

Roseublatt's, 123 and 125 Montgomery street.

LIVERY AND SALE STABLE.

Phillp Morshead, removed to Howard, near Fifth.
White & Young, 211 Pine street.

LUMBER.

Armstrong, Sheldon & Co., corner Mission and Spear streets.

MILITARY GOODS AND REGALIA.

T. Rodgers Johnson, Odd Fellow's Hall, 325 Montg'ry st,

NOTARY PUBLIC,

H. S. Tibbey, 604, Montgomery street.

PHOTOGRAPHIC GALLERIES.

New York, B. F. Howland proprietor, 25 Third street, below Market.

PIANOS, MUSIC, ETC.

M. Gray, 613 Clay street.
W. S. Pierce, removed to 534 Market, opposite Second
C. Welderhold & Co., 685 Market near Third.

PHOTOGRAPHS, CUTLERY, SPECTACLES, ETC.

Lawrence & Houseworth, 317 and 319 Montgomery st

REAL ESTATE AGENTS.

Daly & Hawkins, 220 Montgomery street.
Dam & Sutherland, 320 Montgomery.
Geo. W. Chapin, 338 Montgomery.
John Pforr, 328 Montgomery.

RESTAURANTS.

Bivalve, Nolting & Spreen, 640 Market, near Kearny.
Ladies' Refreshment Saloon, Swain & Brown, 636 Market
Magnolia, 143 Third street.
Market, by Felix and Gustave Besson, 520 Merchant.
Helvetia, Johnjury & Bros., 524 Merchant street.
Sav[illegible]ann's, 506 Montgomery street.

SALOONS.

Russell & Holding's Exchange, 622 Market street.
Charter Oak, Frank Kelly, N.E. cor Third and Howard
Razzetti & Co.'s, 527 Washington, above the Market.
Jones' Sample Rooms, S.E. cor. Montgomery and Cal.
V. Squarza, 44 Leidesdorff street.
Coates & Henderson, 37 Sutter street.

SCALES.

Fairbanks & Hutchinson, Depot for Fairbanks' Scales 120 California street.

SEWING MACHINES.

Grover & Baker, R. G Brown, 116 Montgomery.
The Florence, office 111 Montgomery street.
Wheeler & Wilson, corner Montgomery and Sacramento

STOVES AND TIN WARE.

A. Swigert, corner Fifth and Folsom.

TOYS, ETC.

Feldbush & Co., 207 Montgomery street
A. Kohler, 620 Washington street.

WATER-CURE INSTITUTE.

Dr Bourne's Pioneer, 10 Post, near Mont[illegible]er

JOSH BILLINGS' SLIVERS OF THOUGHT.—The heart ov a tru friend iz like a mirror: if you look into it you see yourself there.

Wisdom that dont make us happier aint worth plowing for.

It is a good plan to know menny people, but to let only a few know you.

I have no more respekt for those who cater to mi imaginashun, than I have for the man who first invented gingerpop.

I never knu a man ov mutch wisdum who could sing a song well, or pla on a fiddle.

I dont care how mutch a man talks, if he will only say it in a few words.

Rewards deferred makes us miserable; it iz jist so with punishments. When i was a boy i had rather be lickad twice than tew be postponed once.

I think it reduces the stummick ake to holle; so i think it lessens awl kinds ov anguish, jist az it does sin, by owning it.

We are awl willing tew pay more for being amused than instrukted.

How meny folks do you serpoze there iz in the world who are satisfied with things az far az they hav got? No more than 6, i'll bet. This looks rather dusty for the rest ov the trip.

There aint no general rule for happiness; a man haz to be measured for his happines, jist az he does for his boots, and even then he dont always get a good fit.

If a yung man kant find ennything else that he iz fit for, i like to see him carry a gold-headed cane.

The top rounds of a ladder are always the most dangerous.

I beleaf in the final salvashun ov men, but i want the privilege of picking the men.

There is just this difference between a success and a failure—quarter ov an inch.

It iz a great deal eazier tew beat natur than it iz tew equal her—so it is easier tew bile an egg tew much, than jist enuff.

IN a certain railroad depot is a placard announcing "No smoking," posted over an oil lamp. Two Irishmen appear, one smoking. "Pat," says the other, "ye're transgressin' the rules of the establishment, ye are." "How's that?" says the smoker. "Don't ye see there—no smoking?" "Yis; but can't ye see, ye spalpeen, the remark is addressed to the lamp?"

Market Street Homestead Asiociation, J. S. Luty, Secretary, Office, 305 Moutgomery street, corner of Pine.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENT.

THIS is to testify that I have this day recolved from the BUILDERS' INSURANCE COMPANY Fifteen Hundred Dollars, being the amonnt of my policy in full, insured on my house in Fremont street, which was destroyed hy fire yesterday, 22d July. I havo to express my siucero thanks to the Company for the prompt and satisfactory manner of this settlement of my claim.

OLIVER WYMAN.

Witness: ANDREW SMITH.
San Francisco, July 23, 1867.

Tyler Brothers,

691 Market st., cor. Third,

SAN FRANCISCO,

Importers, Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
SCHOOL BOOKS,
STATIONERY,
PHOTOGRAPH ALBUMS,
BLANK BOOKS,
PORTFOLIOS,
JUVENILE BOOKS,
CHILDREN'S PICTURE BOOKS,
FANCY ARTICLES, Etc.

ESPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO
LADIES' STATIONERY,

Which we Stamp with Initials
WITHOUT EXTRA CHARGE.
WEDDING AND VISITING CARDS
Engraved, Written or Printed.

J. R. PATTON,
TAILOR,
535 MERCHANT STREET,
Between Montgomery and Sansome, San Francisco.
REPAIRING AND CLEANING NEATLY DONE.

NATHANIEL GRAY & CO.,
UNDERTAKERS,
CITY AND COUNTY SEXTON,
641 SACRAMENTO STREET, CORNER OF WEBB
Sole agents for BARSTOW'S PATENT METALLIC BURIAL CASES and CASKETS.

PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.'S
STEAMSHIPS FOR
NEW YORK, JAPAN AND CHINA,
WILL BE DISPATCHED AS FOLLOWS:

Leave Brannan-street Wharf at 11 o'clock A. M. of the following dates, for PANAMA, connecting *via* Panama Railroad, with one of the Company's splendid steamers from ASPINWALL for NEW YORK.

On 10th, 18th, and 30th of each month that has 30 days.
On 10th, 19th, and 30th of each month that has 31 days.

When the 10th, 19th and 30th fall on Sunday, they will leave on Saturday preceding; when the 18th falls on Sunday, they will leave on Monday following.

Steamer leaving San Francisco on the 10th touches at Manzanillo. All touch at Acapulco.

Departure of 19th connects with French Transatlantic company's steamer for St. Nazaire, and English steamer for South America.

Departure of 10th connects with English steamers or Southampton and South America, and P. R. R. Co.'s steamer for Central America.

STEAMERS FOR JULY.

July 30—GOLDEN CITY, Capt. W. F. Lapidge, connecting with the OCEAN QUEEN, Capt. Conner.

Passengers will he berthed through. Baggage checked through—100 pounds allowed each adult.

Surgeon on board. Medicine and attendance free.

These steamers will positively leave at 11 o'clock. Passengers are requested to have their baggage on board before 10 o'clock.

Through tickets to Liverpool by the "Cunard," "Inman" and "National" Steamship Lines can be obtained P. M. S. S. Co.'s office in San Francisco.

For Merchandise Freight apply to Wells, Fargo & Co.

The splendid steamship GREAT REPUBLIC will he dispatched on September 3d, and will be followed by the CHINA, on October 14th, from wharf, corner of First and Brannan streets, for YOKOHAMA and HONGKONG; connecting at Yokohama with the steamer COSTA RICA, for SHANGHAI.

For Passage and all other information, apply at Pacific Mail Steamship company's office, corner of Sacramento and Loidesdorff streets.

OLIVER ELDRIDGE, Agent.

If there is a Florence Sewing Machine within a thousand miles of San Francisco, that is not giving entire satisfaction, if I am informed of it, it will be attended to without express charge or expense of any kind to the owner. Samuel Hill, Agent, 111 Montgomery St., San Francisco.

CALIFORNIA BRASS FOUNDRY,
No. 125 First street, opposite Minna,
SAN FRANCISCO

All kinds of Brass, Composition, Zinc, and Babbitt Meta Castings, furnished at the shortest notice. Brass Ship-Work o all kinds, Spikes, Sheathing Nails, Rudder Braces, Hinges, etc., constantly on hand and made to order. Also, manufacture Ship and Steamboat Bells and Gongs of superior tone.

All kinds of Steam, Liquor, Water, Oil, and Flange Cocks and Valves made and repaired.

Hydraulic Pipes and Nozzles, and Hose Couplings and Connections of all sizes and patterns, furnished with dispatch. *PRICES MODERATE.*

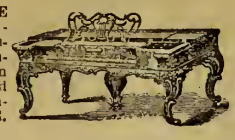
V. KINGWELL. JOS. H. WEED, SAM'L WHITE.

Great Reduction in Prices at Rosenblatt's PALACE OF FASHION, opposite Occidental Hotel. The large and elegant assortment of Velvet, Cloth and Silk Cloaks, Long and Square Brocho Shawls, Real Lace Collars, Sleeves, Point Handkerchiefs, etc., are now being sold at the following remarkable low rates:

Silk and Cloth Cloaks.....Worth $15; sold for $10
Silk and Cloth Cloaks.....Worth $25; sold for $15
Broche Shawls.....Worth $50; sold for $25
Brocho Shawls.....Worth $75; sold for $40
Lace Window Curtains.....Worth $20 a pair for $12
Real Chantilla Veils.....Worth $5 sold for $2 50
French Corsets, $1. All other goods in proportion.

S. ROSENBLATT,
123 and 125 Montgomery st, Opposite Occidental Hotel.

Chickering & Sons' Pianos
RECEIVED THE
FIRST PREMIUM,
(GOLD MEDAL,)
At the Paris Exposition.



FURTHERMORE, THE Improvements, Workmanship, and General Superiority of those instruments over all others on exhibition, was so marked and important, the Emperor created Mr. T. E. CHICKERING
KNIGHT OF THE LEGION OF HONOR.

KOHLER, CHASE & CO.,
421 Montgomery street.

ST. MARY'S COLLEGE,
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA.

THE FIFTH SESSION OF THE ABOVE INSTITUtion will commence on the THIRTEENTH OF JULY, 1867.

The cost of Tuition and Board for the Scholastic Year of from ten to eleven months will be only one hundred and seventy-five dollars ($175), and twenty-five dollars ($25) for washing and mending of linen, etc.

No extra charges of any kind, except for Music and Drawing, which are five dollars ($5) a month each.

In cases of withdrawal (except for sickness or parents leaving the country), the parties will forfeit a Quarter Session, or the remaining portion of the Half Term.

The Pension to he paid at least half-yearly in advance; also, such sum deposited as will he sufficient to pay the traveling expenses of each student to his place of residence, and other contingent expenses such as hooks, clothes, etc.

No student will he received without such deposit.

For further information, application can he made to
P. J. GREY, President,

George P. Kimball & Co.,
MANUFACTURERS

....OF....

CARRIAGES, BUGGIES, STAGE AND THOROUGH BRACE WAGONS,

Market street, near corner of Fourth, San Francisco.

WM. O. BREYFOGLE.
(Successor to WARE & MOSHER,)
NO. 26 CALIFORNIA STREET,
Manufacturer and Dealer in
SASH, DOORS, BLINDS & SHUTTERS,
From Kiln-Dried Lumber—at the Lowest Rates.
Orders from the country will receive prompt attention

CORNS!
DR. V. POPPER,
Surgeon Chiropedist
No 20 Montgomery street, between Post and Sutter, San Francisco. Office hours from 9 A. M to 5 P. M.
Offers his services to the public as an Operator on such excrescences as hard and soft corns, enlarged joints, club nails, bunions, nails penetrating the flesh, warts, etc.

ZEITSKA & SHEPPARD,
Merchant Taylors,
NO. 610 CLAY STREET,
Near Montgomery,
SAN FRANCISCO.

WM. WORTHINGTON,
House and Sign Painter,
Dealer in
PAINTS, OILS, GLASS, &C., &C.,
735 Market Street.
Between Third and Fourth streets, San Francisco.

T. R. CHURCH,
FASHIONABLE
Clothing Emporium,
NO. 203 MONTGOMERY STREET,
(Russ Block.)
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN
FINE CUSTOM-MADE CLOTHING,
AND GENTS FURNISHING GOODS,
TRUNKS, VALISES, CARPET BAGS, Etc.

BROOKLYN HOTEL,
1852. SAN FRANCISCO. 1866.

The Proprietor of the above-named Hotel wishes to inform his patrons and the Travelling Public that he has opened that elegant Brick Fireproof Hotel, on the
S. E. Corner of Pine and Sansome streets,
With all the modern conveniences attached to it.

Gas and water are supplied throughout the House. The Rooms are well ventilated, and the Public will find in this Hotel all the comforts of a home. The Hotel is spacious, and well adapted for the use of Families. Suits of Rooms can he had on reasonable terms.

A Large Reading Room is attached to the Hotel,
Containing 500 Volumes of Standard Works,
Which is entirely for the use of patrons.

THE CITY COACH, with the name of the Hotel on it, will be in readiness at the Wharf, on the arrival of each steamer, to convey passengers and baggage to the Hotel free of charge. JOHN KELLY, Jr., Proprietor.

GRAND TRIAL
....OF....
SEWING MACHINES,

CONTEST BETWEEN THE
FLORENCE AND WILLCOX & GIBBS.

THE
WILLCOX & GIBBS
TRIUMPHANT!

At the Great UNION FAIR, held at Island Park, between Albany and Troy, in September, two Premiums were offered on Sewing Machines, one for the BEST and the other for the "Second Best"—competition being open to the State.

On the first day of the Fair, the Troy Agent of Florence Sewing Machine Company, having, jointly with the Albany Agent of the same Machine, entered it for competition, published in the Troy Daily Times a challenge to Agents of other Sewing Machines, to meet them at said Fair and compete with them for the Premium.

The challenge was accepted by the Troy and Albany Agents of the Willcox and Gibbs Machine.

Each party was to prepare and subject to the judges a "list" of the several "points of merit" on account of which "superiority" was claimed. These "points" were to he separately considered, thoroughly investigated and practically tested, by work done then and there, upon each of the machines; and then decided in favor of the machine which was adjudged to excel on that "point."

Finally it was agreed that the machine which, at the conclusion of the trial, should he found to have the greatest number of those "points" decided in its favor should he decided the "BEST SEWING MACHINE," and awarded the FIRST PREMIUM,

The result of the trial was, that the

WILLCOX & GIBBS WON THE VICTORY

and the prize, by the extraordinary superiority of thirty-five points, decided in its favor, against two points in favor of the Florence.

Full notes were taken of the trial.

It is a fact worthy of remark, that during the entire trial—which continued without intermission for nearly seven hours—not a stitch was missed, nor the thread once broken, nor a needle broken or bent, by the Willcox and Gibbs machine. No kind of work was attempted to be done on it that was not accomplished, and done in a perfect and workmanlike manner; and no effort was made on it that was not entirely successful; while neither of these statements can he truly made in favor of the Florence.

This remarkable trial can not fail, through the facts developed by it, to he productive of important results. It has raised the veil and exposed to public view the true character of the opposition, who will no longer he able to deceive the public by misrepresenting the character and merits of the Willcox and Gibbs machine.

It is an improvement on double thread machines; and its "stitch," which was severely tested by the Judges, was decided to he much stronger and less liable to rip in use or wear than the "Lock Stitch."

It is the simplest in construction—does the greatest variety of work—makes no noise—is not liable to get out of order—costs the least money, and gives the best satisfaction.

☞ Full reports of this trial sent free to any address.

☞ **Country Agents solicited.**

SAMUEL SWIFT,
General Agent for the Pacific Coast,
203 Kearny Street,
San Francisco.

ADVERTISING BY THE ANCIENTS.—The Romans largely advertised private as well as public matters, and by writing as well as by word of mouth. They had their *præcones*, or criers, who not only had their public duties, but announced the time, place and conditions of sales, and cried things lost. Hawkers cried their own goods. Thus, Cicero speaks of one who cried figs: *Cauneas clamitabat* ("he cried out Figs!") But the Romans also advertised, in a stricter sense of the term, by writing. The bills were called *libelli*, and were used for advertisiug sales of estates, for absconding debtors, and for things lost or found. The advertisements were often written on tablets, which were affixed to pillars. On the wall of Pompeii have been discovered various advertisements. There will be a dedication, or formal opening of certain baths. The company attending are promised slaughter of wild beasts, athletic games, perfumed sprinkling, and awnings to keep off the sun. One other mode of public announcement employed by the Romans shold be mentioned, and that was by signs suspended, or painted on the walls. Thus, a suspended shield served as the sign of a tavern; and nuisances were prohibited by a painting of two sacred serpents.

IN Paris it is announced that the road-mending is done by steam rollers of abont 27 tuns weight, fine sifted gravel being plentifully scattered over the surface of the road metal, and the latter being broken small. The road-mending is generally carried on at night, and one may often find in the morning some 250 or 300 yards of fresh roadway made during the night, and smooth and fit for traffic.

Fire Extinguisher.

THE GREATEST INVENTION OF THE AGE.

PUTS OUT FIRE INSTANTLY. Harmless to Health and Property. Always ready for instaut use Soportable that it can he carried hy man or boy without hindrance to active exertion. It is indispensible for public Buildings, hotels and private residences; for steam and sailing vessels it is as necessary as a life-boat or a life-preserver.

It is endorsed hy the Government, as likewise hy the Chiefs of the Fire Departments of New York, Boston, etc., etc., olc.

Office of the United States Fire Extinguisher Company 304 Montgomery street.

EDWARD L. LEVEY
General Agents.

HENRY MAYERS,

Importer and Dealer in

WATCHES, SILVERWARE AND FINE JEWELERY.

205 Montgomery Street, Russ Block,

SAN FRANCISCO.

A Fine Assortment of Clocks. Watches carefully repaired by the most experieuced workmen.

THE UNDERSIGNED WOULD RESPECTFULLY INform his friends and the public generally, that he has returned to this city from the Atlantic States, and has re-purchased his old interest in the carriage manufacturing business, at No. 717 Market str et, from Mr. H. H. Black, and all business will he conducted, as heretofore, under the old firm name of BLACK & MILLER, commencing from the 1st day of July 1867.

D. D. MILLER.

NOTICE.—I HAVE THIS DAY SOLD A ONE HALF interest in my business to my former partner D. D. Miller, and in future the firm will he as formerly, viz: Black & Miller 717 Market street. H. M. BLACK.
July 1st, 1787.

PRO BONO PUBLICO.

LACOUR'S

SARSAPARIPHERE

BITTERS

POSSESS INVALUABLE PROPERTIES.

They give Health to the Sick,

Strength to the Weak,

Joy to the Afflicted.

☞SOLD EVERYWHERE.☜

Peet & Son,

IMPORTERS AND MANUFACTURERS OF

SADDLERY AND HARNESS

No. 315 BATTERY STREET,

Nex Door to Commercial Street,

SAN FRANCISCO.

Adams, Dentist, 423 Montgomery

ESTABLISHED IN 1851.

Lawrence & Houseworth,

317 AND 319 MONTGOMERY STREET,

OPTICIANS

THE LARGEST OPTICAL INSTRUMENT Establishment on the Pacific Coast. Import all their own goods direct from European and American manufacturers, and have a larger and more complete assortment than all other dealers combined.

SPECTACLES and EYE-GLASSES warranted to suit the sight in every particular.

Double sighted Spectacles, Tinted Spectacles and Brazilian Pebble Spectacles of the most approved form.

Those who have been disappointed at other establishments will certainly be pleased with the Spectacles they purchase from us.

N. B.—Inferior Glasses are not sold by us to the unwary for Brazilian Pebbles.

LAWRENCE & HOUSEWORTH,

OPTICIANS,

317 *and* 319 *Montgomery Street,*

SAN FRANCISCO.

Complete Catalogues of Optical Instruments furnished free.

D. GHIRARDELLI & CO.'S

Italian Manufactury,

415 and 417 JACKSON ST., SAN FRANCISCO,

Manufacturers and Dealers in

PLAIN, SWEET, CINNAMON AND VANILLA CHOCOLATES;

PREPARED COCOA, COCOA PASTE, CRACKED COCOA, COCOA SHELLS, etc., etc.

PURE GROUND OLD JAVA COFFEE AND COSTA RICA COFFEE;

CHARTRES AND RIO COFFEE; GREEN COFFEE OF EVERY QUALITY.

CHOICE WINES AND LIQUORS:

N. B.—Ghirardelli's Chocolate is manufactured by steam from Cocoa of the finest quality, imported direct. In excellence and delicacy of flavor, it is superior to any imported Chocolate.

THE CALIFORNIA

Building and Savings Bank,

CALIFORNIA ST., ONE DOOR FROM SANSOME.

Capital and Deposits, - - - - - $600,000

WHICH IS LOANED ON PROPERTY.

LOANS MADE on CITY REAL ESTATE

HOUSES, SHIPS, FACTORIES

AND MERCHANDISE.

Deposits received at one per cent. per month.

Money transmitted from the Interior, by Express or Mail, passed to interest from the day of arrival, and a Certificate returned in course of post.

Strangers may deposit Bonds, Gold Dust, Coin, or Valuable Papers in the Vault, for long or short periods, at a small rate, for which valuables the Company will be accountable, THOMAS MOONEY, President.

Whiskers and Mustaches!

FORCED TO GROW UPON THE SMOOTHEST FACE face in from three to five weeks by using Dr. SEVIGNE'S RESTAURATEUR CAPILLAIRE, the most wonderful discovery in modern science, upon the Beard and Hair in an almost miraculous manner. It has been used by the elite of Paris and London with most flattering success. Names of all purchasers will be registered, and if entire satisfaction is not given in every instance, the money will be cheerfully refunded. Price by mail, sealed and post paid, $1. Descriptive circulars and testimonials mailed free. Address

BERGER, SHUTTS & CO., Chemists,
No. 285 River street, Troy, N. Y.,
Sole Agents for the United States.

REMOVAL. REMOVAL.

Larkins & Co.,

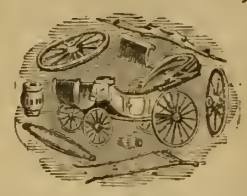
Manufacturers of every description of

CARRIAGES.

CONCORD WAGONS, Ranch Wagons and Buggies made to order. ☞All kinds of Jobbing and Carriage Painting done at the shortest notice.

☞New Manufactory Nos. 631 and 633 Howard street, corner of Hubbard, between Second and Third, San Francisco.

A. FOLSOM,



Carriage Manufacturer,

No. 531 CALIFORNIA STREET,

Between Montgomery and Kearny streets, San Francisco

EVERY DESCRIPTION OF CARRIAGES, EXPRESS Wagons, Buggies, etc, made to order, of the best materials and workmanship.

Repairing and General Blacksmithing done with promptness, and at prices to suit the times.

SAUL & McARRON,

Manufacturers of

STAGE AND THOROUGHBRACE WAGONS,

NO. 579 AND 581 MARKET STREET,

Near Second Street, San Francisco.

Makes to order all kinds of Carriage and Buggy Work, Express and Thoroughbrace Wagons and Stage Work.

A general assortment of new and second-hand Wagons on hand. Jobbing done with neatness and dispatch.

Asphaltum Roofing.

PAVEMENTS, ROOFING,
CELLAR FLOORS, WATER HOUSES,

And all kinds of

Asphaltum Work,

Done at shortest notice, and at moderate prices, by
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NOTICE.

WE TAKE OCCASION TO INFORM OUR FRIENDS and customers that we have sold our entire stock in warehouse also Invoices to arrive to Messrs. N. COLE & CO., 312 and 314 Pine street. The whole forms a most complete and desirable assortment of FURNITURE, and well merits attention before purchasing elsewhere.

J. PIERCE & CO.

FURNITURE.

WE beg leave to call the attention of the public to our warerooms,

Nos. 312 and 314 Pine Street.

Having purchased the entire stock of Messrs. J. Pierce & Co., and in addition to our large invoice from our factory at the East, we are prepared to fill all orders promptly, both wholesale and retail, and call the attention of the public to our salesroom, as containing the most complete assortment of desirable goods on this coast. N. P. COLE & CO.

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GROCERS,

Tea and Wine Merchants,

S. E. cor. Montgo'ry and California,

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Wholesale Store,

204 Front Street.

C. MAIN. E. H. WINCHESTER. T. B. HAYES.

Main & Winchester,

Manufacturers and Importers of

Harness, Saddles, Bridles, Whips, Collars, Saddlery Ware, etc.

Nos. 214 and 216 Battery Street,
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N.B.—Good assortment Concord Stage Harness constantly on hand.

FIREMAN'S FUND

Insurance Company.

Office, S. W. cor. California and Sansome steets, San Francisco.

CAPITAL AND SURPLUS, JANUARY 1, 1867,

$680,000.

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Desirable Risks taken at LOW RATES.

The greatest amount taken on any one risk is $50,000. When the risks are considered too large, a portion will be re-insured in responsible Companies.

LOSSES PAID IN U. S. GOLD COIN!

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INDIVIDUAL LIABILITY.

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THIS COMPANY will insure against loss by Fire on any Dwelling House, Buildings, Merchanise or other property, situated in the State of California. The largest sum they will take on any one risk is thirty thousand dollars.

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CURER AND PAKCER OF

Sugar-Cured Hams, Smoked Beef,

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FOR SHIPPING AND FAMILY USE.

ORDERS WILL RECEIVE PROMPT ATTENTION.

Petroleum Stoves.

THE ATTENTION OF HOUSEKEEPERS AND PEOPLE rooming is called to the use of

MORRILL'S

PETROLEUM STOVES,

Which can be used in any room with or without chimneys, as

IT EMITS NO SMOKE, SOOT OR ASHES.

It is a superior Cook. In fact, it does all kinds of Stove work as well as any (and better than most) stoves. It is perfectly safe. The State Assayor having thoroughly tested these Stoves, pronounced them non explosive. For sale at No. 13 Kearny street.

M. B. BULLARD, Proprietor.

M. B. B. is also agent for MORRILL'S

UNIVERSAL OIL STOVE

Which burns COAL OIL, BENZINE, or NAPTHA, with blue flame, non luminous, intense heat. There are seven sizes No. 1 is adapted to boiling water, heating glue, and Dentist's work, etc. No. 2, with Urn for hotels, saloons, boarding-houses, barbers, etc. No. 3 to 8 for all kinds of cooking, which they do in a superior manner. They are as easily managed as a lamp, perfectly safe and economical. They can be seen and are for sale at 13 Kearny street

LAMPS.

I have PATENT BURNERS that can be used with any lamp to burn Coal Oil, or the lighter products of Petroleum, with PERFECT SAFETY, and GREAT ECONOMY. I have also a HAND LAMP (to carry about the house) that will burn a flame equal to a candle, with no more smoke or odor, at an expense of ONE CENT for EIGHT HOURS.

N. B.—I am also agent for Huck's celebrated Self-Generating Gas Lamps. M. B. BULLARD.

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Practical Card and Seal Engraver,

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No. 505 Montgomery stree over Tucker's

MOYNIHAN & AITKIN,

Portland Boiler Works,

311 AND 313 MISSION STREET,

Between Beale and Fremont streets, San Fraacisco.

Manufacturers of Steam Boilers, high or low pressure—Cylinder, Tubular or Flue; Sheet Iron Work; Steam and Water Pipe of the best quality, and at more reasonable prices than any other establishment on the Pacific Coast.

Being Practical Boiler Makers, of long experience, confining our whole time and attention to our branch of business, and having enlarged our works, and also added the most improved tools in the country, we are enabled to turn out Boilers more expeditiously than any other establishment on the Pacific Coast—using none but the best quality and brands of Boiler and Sheet Iron and Boiler Tubes. Those in want of anything in the above line will do well to give us a call. Orders from the country will receive prompt attention.

All work warranted according to order. Particular attention paid to Repairing Steam Boilers.

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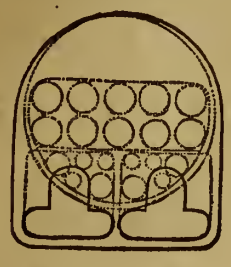
NEPTUNE IRON WORKS.



Corner Mission and Fremont streets, San Francisco.

MARINE, LOCOMOTIVE AND ALL KINDS OF

HIGH-PRESSURE STEAM BOILERS

Manufactured.

The proprietor imports his own C. H. and B. Iron across the Isthmus, and Tubes of every size. Other parties can never blockade the market. He has made arrangements with the best houses in the East to furnish him with everything in the shape of Iron he wants.

All Boilers guaranteed and tested by U. S. Boiler Inspector before they are sent out of the shop, at my expense. ☞ All kinds of Sheet Iron and Water Pipe, Coal Oil Stills, Wrought Iron Worms, etc., manufactured to order. OLD BOILERS REPAIRED.

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Removal.

THEODORE KALLENBERG,

Machinist,

Has removed from No. 416 Market street, to No. 10 Stevenson street, next to the corner of First,

Maker of Models for Inventors, Drawing Instruments, Small Machines, Philosophical Instruments, Scales and Weights, all kinds of Brass and Iron Work.

REPAIRING PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

I. H. SMALL,

Machine Shop,

BUILDER OF

Steam Engines, Saw Mills, Mining Machinery,

Also, I. H. Small's Patent Boot Screwing Machine

Gears of all kinds Cut at Short Notice,

And at Greatly Reduced Prices.

Repairing of all kinds done with Promptness and Dispatch.

Corner of Market and Beale Streets,

SAN FRANCISCO.

DR. N. T. WHITCOMB,

DENTIST,

No. 205 Third Street, San Francisco.

Teeth filled with fine gold, artificial bone and platina. All plate work made and repaired, of the best material, at the shortest notice and warranted. None cheaper or better on the coast. Call and examine specimens.

North Beach and South Park Cars pass the door.

N. T. WHITCOMB.

STEINWAY & SON'S

Piano-Fortes!

AT THE PARIS EXPOSITION.

Copy of telegram relating to them—New York, July 8, 1867—Received at San Francisco July 9, 1867, 7 P. M.

MATHIAS GRAY, 613 Clay street—By despatch from Paris, Steinways were awarded FIRST Gold Medal of Merit, for highest perfection and most valuable inventions, showing greatest progress in Pianos.

STEINWAY & SONS,

CANTY & WAGNER,

(SUCCESSORS TO J. REGAN,)

113 *Montgomery street, bet. Bush and Sutter*

N. B.—All candles sold by us are warranted to be manufactured from Stewart's double refined Sugar, and to be equal to any manufactured in the State. Country merchants solicited to examine our stock and prices. Goods delivered to any part of the city free of charge.

TO THE UNFORTUNATE.

NEW REMEDIES! NEW REMEDIES!

Dr. Gibbon's Dispensary.

ESTABLISAED IN 1854,
616 Kearney street, corner of Commercial, San Francisco.

For the treatment of Sexual and Seminal Diseases, such as gonorrhœa, gleet, strictnre, syphilis in all its forms, seminal weakness, impotency, &c. Skin Diseases, (of years' standing,) and Ulcerated legs, successfully treated.

HORRIBLE DISEASES.

How many thousands of persons both male and female are there who are suffering out a miserable existence from the effects of secret indulgence, or from virus absorbed into the system. Look at their pallid, emaciated and disfigured faces, and their broken constitutions, disqualifying them for the happiness of marriage or the enjoyment of life. In this horrid situation thousands suffer until death closes the scene. Let parents, guardians and friends, attend to those who are suffering with any of these horrible, life-destroying maladies—see that they are cared for and cured before it be too late. Send them to Dr. Gibbon, a physician who has made private diseases his especial study for years, and who is certain to cure the most inveterate cases without mercury or any injurious drugs. It is important to those who are afflicted, to be careful of the many pretended Doctors who infest all cities, publishing their skill in curing all diseases in a few days, imposing upon the public by using the names of eminent physicians from Europe and other places. Be therefore careful and make strict inquiry, or you may fall into the hands of these charlatans.

Syphilis is syphilis the world over; so is small pox, consumption, and other diseases, to the contrary of what quacks may say.

SEMINAL WEAKNESS.

Seminal weakness the consequent of self abuse. This solitary vice, or depraved sexual indulgence, is practiced by the youth of both sexes to an almost unlimited extent, producing with unerring certainty the following train of morbid symptoms, unless combatted by scientific medical measure; sallow countenances, dark spots under the eyes, pain in the head, ringing in the ears, noise like the rustling of leaves and rattling of chariots, uneasiness about the loins, weakness of the limbs, confused vision, blunt intellect, loss of confidence, diffidence in approaching strangers, a dislike to form new acquaintances, a disposition to shun society, loss of memory, hectic flushes, pimples and various eruptions about the face, furred tongue, fetid breath, coughs, consumption, night sweats, monomania, and frequent insanity. If relief be not obtained, should apply immediately, either in person or by letter, and have a cure effected by his new and scientific mode of treating this complaint, which never fails of effecting a quick and radical cure. Dr. G. will give $100 to any person who will prove satisfactorily to him that he was cured by either of the San Francisco quacks.

Dr. Gibbon is responsible, and will give each patient a written instrument binding himself to effect a radical and permanent cure or make no charge.

Persons at a distance may be cured at home by addressing a letter to Dr. Gibbon, stating case, symptoms, length of time the disease has continued, and have medicine promptly forwarded, free from damage and curiosity, to any part of the country, with full and plain directions for use, for ten dollars, sent in a registered letter, or through Wells, Fargo & Co.

Address DR. J. F. GIBBON, 616 Kearney street, corner of Commercial, San Francisco, Postoffice Box 252.

CAUTION TO THE UNFORTUNATE.

Beware of the San Francisco quacks and pretenders who with bogus sworn-to certificates, dupe the unwary. Some of the self styled doctors whose names are to be found in all the daily and weekly papers of San Francisco and other places, are tradesmen, and become too lazy to work at their trade. Some are tinsmiths, shoemakers, newspaper carriers, intelligence offices keepers, etc. Look over the San Francisco City Directory and you will find their former occupation in it. Look at the Directory for 1862-63. The only way to avoid imposition is make inquiry—it will cost you nothing and may save you many regrets, for advertising physicians in eight cases out of ten are bogus, there is no safety in trusting any of them till you know who and what they are. Dr. Gibbon does not deceive people by exhibiting bogus titles, certificates, pretended patients' letters, etc. Dr. Gibbon will satisfy persons who may call at his office of his ability to treat diseases that he proposes to cure.

☞ Persons writing to Dr. Gibbon will Please state the name of the paper they see his advertisement in.

Excelsior! Excelsior!!

CHASTELLAR'S

HAIR EXERMINATOR, FOR REMOVING SUPERFLUOUS HAIR.

TO THE LADIES ESPECIALLY, THIS INVALUABLE depilatory recommends itself as being an almost indispensable article to female beauty, is easily applied, does not burn or injure the skin, but acts directly on the roots. It is warranted to remove superfluous hair from low foreheads, or from any part of the body, completely, totally and radically extirpating the same, leaving the skin soft, smooth and natural. This is the only article used by the French, and is the only real effectual depilatory in existence. Price 75 cents per package, sent post-paid, to any address, on receipt of an order by

BERGER, SHUTTS & CO., Chemists,
285 River street, Troy, N. Y.

There cometh glad tidings of joy to all,
To young and old, to great and to small;
The beauty which was once so precious and rare,
Is free for all, and all may be fair.

By the use of

CHASTELLAR'S

WHITE LIQUID ENAMEL,

FOR IMPROVING AND BEAUTIFYING THE COMplexion.

The most valuable and perfect preparation in use, for giving the skin a beautiful pearl-like tint, that is only found in youth. It quickly removes Tan, Freckles, Pimples, Blotches, Moth Patches, Sallowness, Eruptions, and all impurities of the skin, kindly healing the same, leaving the skin white and clear as alabaster. Its use cannot be detected by the closest crutiny, and being a vegetable preparation is perfectly harmless. It is the only article of the kind used by the French, and is considered by the Parisian as indispensable to a perfect toilet. Upwards of 30,000 bottles were sold during the past year, a sufficient guarantee of its efficacy. Price only 75 cents. Sent by mail, post-paid, on receipt of order, by

BERGER, SHUTTS & CO., Chemists,
285 River street, Troy, N. Y.

TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.—NOTICE IS hereby given that the undersigned, CHARLOTTE A. GILDERSLEEVE, is a married woman; that she is the wife of Geo. W. Gildersleeve; that she and her said husband are citizens of and residing within the City and County of San Francisco, State of California; that she is desirous to avail herself of the benefit of the Act of the Legislature of this State, entitled "An Act to authorize married women to transact business in their own names as sole traders," passed April 12th, 1852, and the Act passed by said Legislature, April 8th, 1862, "Amendatory of and supplemental to" the Act aforementioned; that it is her intention to make application to the District Court of the Fourth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, on the 5th day of August, A. D. 1867, at 10 o'clock, A. M. of that day, for an order of said Court permitting her to carry on and transact business in her own name and on her own account, in accordance with the provisions of said Acts, as a sole trader; that the business she intends to carry on is dealing in real estate, farming—including keeping cows, pigs poultry, rabbits, etc.

Dated San Francisco, June 27th, A. D. 1867.

CHARLOTTE A. GILDERSLEEVE.

James McCabe, attorney for petitioner.

IN THE PROBATE COURT of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the estate of JOHN BARKER, deceased.

In reading and filing the petition of Grace Barker, Administratrix, of the estate of John Barker, deceased, showing that her final account of her administration has been duly filed, allowed, confirmed, and settled: and praying for an order of distribution of the residue of said estate among the persons by law entitled thereto, to wit: to said petioner.

It is ordered, that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased, be and appear before this Probate Court, at the Court Room thereof, in the City Hall, in said City and County, on TUESDAY, the 13th day of August, A. D., 1867, at 11 o'clock, A. M., of that day, then and there to show cause, if any they have, why an order of distribution should not be made of the residue of said estate, according to law.

It is further ordered, that a copy of this order be published at least four successive weeks before said 13th day of August, A. D. 1867, in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published in said city and county.

M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

Dated July 3d, A. D. 1867.

Office of the County Clerk of the City and County of San Francisco.—I, Wm. Locwy, County Clerk of the city and county of San Francisco, and ex-officio Clerk of the Probate Court thereof, do hereby certify the foregoing to be a full, true and correct copy of an order duly made and entered upon the minutes of the said Court.

Witness my hand, and the seal of said Court, this 5th day of July, A. D. 1867.

[SEAL AND STAMP] WM. LOEWY, Clerk.
jy6 5t By A. J. JEGHERS, Deputy Clerk.

J. B. TOWNSEND, Esq., Attorney for petitioner.

IN THE PROBATE COURT OF THE CITY AND County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the Estate of GEORGE E. PATTERSON, deceased.

Order to show cause why order of distribution should not be made.

On reading and filing the petition of J. W. Brumagin, the administrator of the estate of George E. Patterson, deceased, setting forth that he has filed his final account of his administration of the estate of said deceased, in this Court, and that the same has been duly settled and allowed; that all the debts and expenses of administration have been duly paid; and that a portion of said estate remains to be divided among the heirs of said deceased, and praying among other things for an order of distribution of the residue of said estate among the persons entitled:

It is Ordered, that all persons interested in the estate of said George E. Patterson, deceased, be and appear before the Probate Court of the city and county of San Francisco, at the Court room of said Court, in the City Hall in said city and county, on MONDAY, the twelfth day of August, Anno Domini 1867, at eleven o'clock, A. M., then and there to show cause why an order of distribution should not be made of the residue of said estate among the heirs of the said George E. Patterson, deceased, according to law.

It is further Ordered, that a copy of this order be published for four successive weeks, before the said twelfth day of August, A. D. 1867, in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published in the said city and county.

M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

Dated July 5th, 1867. jy6-5t

CALIFORNIA Steam Navigation Company.

STEAMER CAPITAL.....CAPT. E. A. POOLE.
" CHRYSOPOLIS.CAPT. A. FOSTER.
" YOSEMITE.....
" CORNELIA....CAPT. W. BROMLEY.
" JULIA.....CAPT. E. CONCKLIN

One of the above steamers leave BROADWAY WHARF, at 4 o'clock P. M., *EVERY DAY*, (Sundays excepted,) for Sacramento and one for Stockton, the Sacramento steamer connecting with light-draft steamers for Marysville, Colasa, Chico and Red Bluff.

Office of the Company, northeast corner of Front and Jackson streets.

B. M. HARTSHORNE, President.

JOHN HAGAN, Marble-Worker,

MARKET ST., OPPOSITE LINCOLN SCHOOL HOUSE, between Fifth and Sixth.

Marble Mantels, Grates, Monuments, Headstones, Cemetery Copings, and all kinds of Marble Work executed on most reasonable terms. Particular attention paid to the placing of Tombstones at Lone Mountain or Calvary Cemeteries. N. B.—Country orders promptly attended to.

COCK OF THE WALK!

This Favorite Brand,

THE FIRST

That has Been Received in this Market,

JUST RECEIVED AND FOR SALE

....BY....

J. C. HORN & CO.,

Corner Front and Clay streets, San Francisco.

BABBITTONIAN,

OR SELF-TEACHING

PENMANSHIP!

The System of Babbitonian Penmanship is pre-eminently self-instructing. With its ample explanations of right and wrong forms—its sixty wood cuts—its plain intelligent rules, one may sit down by his own fireside and become a finer Penman than he could at much greater cost in the usual way with a living teacher.

There is a great demand for fine Penmen in the commercial world, and this system, at a trifling expense, imparts a skilful command of the Pen, worth hundreds of dollars to the fortunate possessor.

Penmanship is an indispensable accomplishment to Ladies, and this system is elaborate in a series of elegant copies in the Ladies' Style.

Business men have sometimes lost thousands of dollars from ignorance in regard to Business forms, and there is furnished in a set, without additional charge, a fine variety of Business Forms and Abbreviations. To sum up the Excellencies of this System, it is—

1—Scientific in its Arraugement of Principles;
2—Artistic in its Movements and Flourishes;
3—Practical in its Combinations and Applications;
4—Stylish in its neat and chaste Gracefulness;
5—Superior for Legibility, Rapidity and Beauty;
6—Most Disciplinary for fingers, Arms and Muscles.
7—Unexcelled for Comprehensiveness and Simplicity.
8—Complete and Self-Teaching for Private Learners;
9—Time, Labor and Expense Saving for Pupils and Teachers.

The Babbitonian Penmanship

Is published on durable card-board slips, ninety-two copies illustrated, put in a neat package with a Chart, the whole completo at the low price of $1 50.

Babbittonian Pens.

One reason why the country is flooded with poor Pens is that they are generally made by mechanics, rather than by artistic and experienced Penmen, the only parties really understanding the requirements of a good article.

The Babbittonian Pens,

Made in the most finished style, by skilful artisans, after models prepared according to the combined wisdom and experience of several amateurs and old Professors of Penmanship, are admirably adapted to meet the public wants.

The Babbittonian Ladies' Pen,

Is one of the most exquisite little instruments for delicate writing ever constructed.

The Babbittonian Extra Fine Pen,

Is pronounced by a large number of Penmen to be more free, more durable, and more varied in capacity for either fine or coarse strokes than any foreign Pen whatever. Suitable for elegant writing, it is a great favorite with the ladies and gentlemen.

The Babbittonian Business Pen,

Having great freedom and variety of movement, is unequaled for general business or school purposes. Somewhat coarser than the Extra Fine, it wears longer and moves more easily on paper.

☞ This Pen is now in use in the large countinghouses and banks in this city.

WARREN HOLT, General Agent,
305 Montgomery Street, San Francisco.

A RARE GEM OF ART.

"The Lord's Prayer,"

A pen drawing, by Mr. D. F. Brown, is one of the most remarkable works of art ever exhibited in this country. By patient labor he has succeeded in producing a design which for skill and beauty of execution, exquisite softness and delicacy of finish, and general merit, it would seem scarcely possible to surpass. The central figure—the face of our savior—is one of marvelous power and beauty. This and the faces of the Twelve Apostles, forming the border of the piece, are faithful copies from Leonardo da Vinci's famous painting of the

LAST SUPPER,

Re-producing, with the softest and most perfect shadings, the conceptions and characteristic expressions of the originals. Within this enclosure the words of the Lord's Prayer, in ornamental letters of various original designs and exquisite finish, are an interesting study of art in themselves; while appropriately distributed among these, miniture groups and scenes of marked events of Savior's life, copied from the great masters—five of them from Raphel's celebrated designs—form a harmonious completion of this unique, beautiful and truly wonderful work. The faces of

OUR LORD AND HIS APOSTLES.

Alone, so finely copied, would be a treasure in any house, and worth the full price of subscription.

W. HOLT, General Agent,
305 Montgomery street.

Newly Opened.

McKee's

NEW GROCERY AND FAMILY FURNISHING

Store,

No. 31 KEARNY STREET,

Third Door South of Post Street,

NOW RECEIVING ORDERS FOR GROCERIES, PROvisions, Table Luxuries, and all Housekeeping articles of the best quality at low prices.

J. C. E. KLEPZIG,

MANUFACTURER

—AND—

DEALER IN

GUNS, PISTOLS,

Sporting Apparatus,

AMMUNITION AND GUN MATERIALS,

No. 733 Washington Street, San Francisco.

Gilding and Silver Plating of all kinds of metals; also, Silver or Plated Ware refurnished.

MAGUIRE'S OPERA HOUSE.

THOMAS MAGUIRE,.....Sole Proprietor
CARS. TIBBETTS,.....Business Manager
C. L. GRAVES,.....Stage Manager
WM. STEVENSON,.....Treasurer

GRAND SEASON
....OF....
TRAGEDY AND COMEDY.

Engagement of
EDWIN ADAMS!

SUPPORTED BY
THE STAR DRAMATIC COMPANY

Edwin Adams' Matinee to day,
MARBLE HEART.

This Evening, July 27th,
RICHARD III.

Monday Evening,
HAMLET.

Tuesday Evening,
OTHELLO.

PRICES OF ADMISSION:

Dress Circle	$1 00	Orchestra	$1 00
Parquette	50	Upper Circle	25

MAGUIRE'S ACADEMY OF MUSIC

THOMAS MAGUIRE.....Sole Proprietor
CHARLES TIBBETTS.....Business Manager

Grand Opera Matinee To-day,
SATURDAY, JULY 27,
(For the Accommodation of Ladies and Families,)
The Grand Opera (for the Fifth time in California) of

IONE.

Conductor.....MR. GEO. T. EVANS,

"L'AFRICAINE," and "SAFFO," will positively be given during the season.

☞Box Office now open.

NOTICE—Cars will leave the corner of Pine and Sansome streets for North Beach, and the corner of Pine and Montgomery for South Park, every evening, at the close of the Opera.

METROPOLITAN THEATRE.

Directress.....MISS EMMA HOWSON
Lessee and Manager.....MR. FRANK HOWSON
Treasurer.....MR. A. BIRRELL

ENGAGEMENT OF
THE MARTINETTI FAMILY
AND TROUPE,
....IN CONJUNCTION WITH....
Howson Opera and Burlesque Company.

SATURDAY MATINEE, JULY 27,
The Operatic Ballet of
GISELLE, OR THE NIGHT DANCERS.

This Evening,
KATE KEARNY,
GRAND PAS DE QUATRE.
To Conclude With,
THE KISS IN THE DARK.

Monday Evening,
MR. J. H. VINSON
Will make his first appearance here as
GRIMALDI,
Supported by MR. and MRS. HARRY JACKSON,
—AND THE—
GREAT COMBINATION COMPANY.

PRICES OF ADMISSION.
Dress Circle and Orchestra Seats.....One Dollar
Parquet.....50 cts | Gallery.....25 cts
No Extra Charge for Reserved Seats.
Doors open at 7 o'clock; to commence at 8.

THE CENTRAL PARK OF THE PACIFIC.

WOODWARD'S GARDENS,

Art Gallery,
Museum, Gymnasium
.....AND.....
ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

THESE BEAUTIFUL GARDENS ARE VISITED DAILY by hundreds of the pleasure seeking public, and all agree in pronouncing them the best and only first class suburban resort on the Pacific coast.

The extensive grounds are covered with the rarest trees and shrubbery, making it a most desirable spot for small parties wishing to enjoy a Pic-Nic.

New attractions are being constantly added.

These Gardens are accessible by the Howard, Market and Folsom street cars. Entrances on Mission and Valencia streets, between Thirteenth and Fourteenth. OPEN EVERY DAY.

Admission 25 cents: Children under 12 years, half price.

UNION CANDIDATE
—FOR—
MAYOR,
THOMAS YOUNG.

UNION CANDIDATE
—FOR—
DISTRICT ATTORNEY,
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UNION CANDIDATE
—FOR—
ASSEMBLYMAN,
H. T. GRAVES.

UNION CANDIDATE
—FOR—
ASSEMBLYMAN,
C. L. WIGGINS.

UNION CANDIDATE
—FOR—
COUNTY RECORDER,
LOUIS COHN.

UNION CANDIDATE
—FOR—
CORONER,
DR. S. R. HARRIS.

IN THE PROBATE COURT of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.
In the matter of the Estate of GEORGE ROBINSON, deceased.

Order to show cause why order of distribution should not be made.

On reading and filing the petition of Howard Chapman and Joseph Gordon, the Executors of the last will of George Robinson, deceased, setting forth that they have filed their final account of their administration of the estate of said deceased, in this Court, and that the same has been duly settled and allowed; that all the debts and expenses of administration have been duly paid; and that a portion of said estate remains to be divided among the devisees and legatees of said deceased, and praying among other things for an order of distribution of the residue of said estate among the persons entitled:

It is Ordered, that all persons interested in the estate of the said George Robinson, deceased, be and appear before the Probate Court of the city and county of San Francisco, at the Court Room of said Court, in the City Hall, in said city and county, on MONDAY, the twenty-six day of August, A. D. 1867, at eleven o'clock, A. M., then and there to show cause why an order of distribution should not be made of the residue of said estate to the devisees and legatees of the said deceased, according to law:

It is further Ordered, that a copy of this order be published for four successive weeks, before the said twenty-six day of August A. D. 1867, in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published in the said city and county.

M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

Dated July 25th, A. D. 1867.

OFFICE OF THE COUNTY CLERK, OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO } ss.

I, Wm. Loewy, County Clerk of the City and County of San Francisco, and ex-officio Clerk of the Probate Court thereof, do hereby certify the foregoing to be a full, true and correct copy of an order duly made and entered upon the minutes of said Court.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court, this 26th day of July, A. D. 1867.

[Seal and Int. Rev. stamp 50 cts., cancelled.]

WM. LOEWY, Clerk.
By A. J. JEGDERS, Deputy Clerk.

D. P. BARSTOW, Esq., Att'y for Petitioner. jy27-5t

WONDERS OF WONDERS!

TO BE SEEN ONLY AT THE
Pacific Museum of Anatomy and Science,
Eureka Theatre, Montgomery street,
between California and Pine

LUKIN'S

Wines and Liquors,
332 Montgomery Street,
SAN FRANCISCO.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

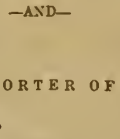
BENEFIT OF THE
First Hebrew Benevolent Society,
TENDERED BY THE MEMBERS OF THE
B'NAI BERITH LITERARY AND SOCIAL CIRCLE,
WILL TAKE PLACE ON
TUESDAY EVENING, AUGUST 6,
—AT THE—
ACADEMY OF MUSIC.
On Which Occasion
THE MARBLE HEART,
Will be Performed.

Tickets of Admission.....One Dollar.
Private Boxes.....Ten Dollars

The performance will commence at eight o'clock precisely.

Removal! Removal!

A. J. PLATE,
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
Guns, Rifles and Pistols.
—ALSO—
COLT'S AND DERINGER PISTOLS,



Powder, Shot, Lead, Caps, and Gun Trimmings, etc., etc.
—HAS REMOVED TO—
NO. 510 SACRAMENTO STREET,
Between Sansome and Leidesdorff Streets, San Francisco.

☞New Work made to order, and Repairing executed in the neatest manner.

WALTER S. PIERCE,

MANUFACTURER

—AND—
IMPORTER OF
PIANOS.

Old Pianos supplied with new and improved action. Repairing of every description and varnishing attended to with dispatch; also
Agent for Hallet & Cumston's new Concert Scale Pianos.
Pianos at prices from $150 to $700.
Factory and Wareroom, No. 536 Market Street, opposite Second.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

ESTATE OF JULIUS KINCHELOE, DECEASED.

NOTICE is hereby given by the undersigned administrator of the estate of JULIUS KINCHELOE, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them, with the necessary vouchers, within two months after the first publication of this notice, to the said administrator, at his office, No. 4 Odd Fellows Hall, 323 Montgomery street, in the city and county of San Francisco.

jy27-5t] WASHINGTON BARTLETT, Administrator.

NOTICE.

IN CONSEQUENCE OF THE VERY GREAT DEMAND FOR
GASSIN'S
Grape Brandy Bitters!!
we have been obliged to rent a LARGER BUILDING, and are now removing to Sullivan & Cashman's Block, No. 523 FRONT STREET, opposite our old establishment.
F. & P. J. CASSIN, 520 Front street.

OPPOSITION TO NEW YORK

VIA NICARAGUA,
THROUGH AHEAD OF THE MAIL!
Shortest and Only Healthy Route!

THE NORTH AMERICAN S. S. CO.'S STEAMER
MOSES TAYLOR,
Will sail for SAN JUAN DEL SUR, Nicaragua, from MISSION STREET WHARF, at 11 o'clock, A. M., on
MONDAY, - - AUGUST 5th, 1867.
Connecting at Greytown with the magnificent Steamship NEVADA 3,000 tons, for NEW YORK.
No expense on the Isthmus—100 lbs. baggage free.
An experienced surgeon on board; medicine and attendance free.
As there is no Yellow Fever nor other epidemic in Nicaragua, passengers by this route will not be detained by Quarantine in New York.
For further information, apply to
I. W. RAYMOND, Agent,
Northwest corner Battery and Pine streets, up stairs.

AMERICAN HOTEL,
Main street, . . Petaluma.
EMERSON & LAMBERTON, Proprietors.

THE CITY GARDENS,

CORNER OF TWELFTH AND FOLSOM STREETS.
Now Open to the Public!

☞The Folsom St. Cars run every five minutes.
☞The Howard St. Cars run within one block.

Constant additions will be made to the collection of ANIMALS, BIRDS and FISH.

The Grounds are being more highly ornamented and new and healthful Games and Amusements introduced especially for Ladies and Children, free of charge.

GRAND INSTRUMENTAL CONCERT
—ON—
SATURDAY AFTERNOON.
A Grand Concert of Sacred Music,
Adapted to the day, by efficient performers,
EVERY SUNDAY.

Admission.....25 Cents.

AYER'S AGUE CURE,

FOR THE SPEEDY CURE OF

Intermittent Fever, or Fever and Ague, Remittent Fever, Dumb Ague, Periodical Headache, or Bilious Fevers, Indeed for the whole Class of Diseases originating in Biliary Derangement, Caused by the Malaria of Miasmatic Countries.

No one remedy is louder called for by the necessities of the American people than a sure and safe cure for Fever and Ague. Such we are now enabled to offer, with a perfect certainty that it will eradicate the disease, and with assurance founded on proof, that no harm can arise from its use in any quantity.

That which protects from or prevents this disorder must be of immense service in the communities where it prevails. *Prevention* is better than cure, for the patient escapes the risk which he must run in violent attacks of this baleful distemper. This "Cure" expels the miasmic poison of Fever and Ague from the system, and prevents the development of the disease, if taken on the first approach of the premonitary symptoms. It is not only the best remedy ever yet discovered for this class of complaints, but also the cheapest. The large quantity we supply for a dollar brings it within reach of every body, and in the bilious districts, where Fever and Ague prevails, everybody should have it and use it freely both for cure and prevention. A great superiority of this remedy over any other ever discovered for the speedy and certain cure of Intermittents is, that it contains no Quinine or mineral, consequently it produces no quinism or other injurious effects whatever upon the constitution. Those cured by it are left as healthy as if they had never had the disease.

Fever and Ague is not alone the consequence of the miasmatic poison. A great variety of disorders arise from its irritation, among which are Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Gout, Headache, Blindness, Toothache, Earache, Catarrh, Asthma, Palpitation, Painful Affection of the Spleen, Hysterics, Pain in the Bowels, Colic, Paralysis, and Derangement of the Stomach, all of which, when originating in this cause, put on the intermittent type, or become periodical. This "Cure" expels the poison from the blood, and consequently all alike.

Prepared by DR. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, and sold by all Druggists, everywhere.

CRANE & BRIGHAM, San Francisco,
Wholesale Agents.

E. M. O'BRIEN,
Butcher,
Stalls 3 and 4 California Market.

PHILADELPHIA RESTAURANT.
MULLER & BERGOLD,
408 Pine Street,
Next door to the new California Market.

SAVINGS BANK.

THE FARMERS' AND MECHANICS' BANK OF SAVINGS,
ON SANSOME, CORNER CALIFORNIA STREET, will open for the receipt of deposits, and the transaction of business, JULY 1, 1867.

CAPITAL STOCK, - - - - - - $150,000.

Directors,

N. C. FASSETT,	JAMES LAIDLEY,
H. DUTTON,	B. H. FREEMAN,
ISAAC E. DAVIS,	R. MORTON,
GEO. M. CONDEE,	SAMUEL L. PALMER,
G. H. WHEELER.	

N. C. FASSETT, President.
G. H. WHEELER, Cashier.

CALIFORNIA MARKET.

PARTIES INTERESTED ARE NOTIFIED to have their STALLS READY for occupation by

Monday, July 29, 1867,

As the Market will be opened on that day.

WM. KENNEDY, Supt.

NATURE UNVEILED,
AT THE
PACIFIC MUSEUM OF ANATOMY AND SCIENCE
Eureka Thea Montgomery street,
Between California and Pine

The California.

"SURELY THERE IS A VEIN FOR THE SILVER AND A PLACE FOR GOLD WHERE THEY FINE IT."

VOLUME VII., No. 11. OFFICE, No. 532 MERCHANT STREET. | SAN FRANCISCO, AUGUST 3, 1867. | TERMS, $5 A YEAR, BY MAIL, IN ADVANCE. 50 CENTS A MONTH, BY CARRIER.

CONTENTS:

ORIGINAL: Reviews of Old Books, by Dogberry; An Indignant Savant on the "Order of Nature." Literary Gleanings. LION'S MOUTH: City Gossip; Editors in Japan; The Conscientious Reporter; On Parties, by a Gloomy Wretch; The *Times* Correspondent behind the Times. Dramatic Affairs; The Opera; Paragraphs, etc. SELECTED: How Lafitte's Treasure was Found; What Tom Maxwell Did; Great Lion Fight in England; Gossip About French Comic Actors; The Boa and the Rabbit; Louis Napoleon; About fishing, by John Quill, etc.

THE LION'S MOUTH.

"THE gravest beast is an ass, the gravest bird is an owl, the gravest fish is an oyster, and the gravest man is a fool." SYDNEY SMITH.

"I WILL roar, that I will do any man's heart good to hear me." A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

"I WILL aggravate my voice so, that I will roar you as gently as any sucking dove; I will roar you an 't were any nightingale." IBID.

"*Nil falsi audeat, nil veri non audeat dicere.*" CICERO.

Editors in Japan.

There are at present in San Francisco, eight Japanese, who came here by permission of the Japanese government, for the purpose of being instructed in the English language and the arts and sciences of America; two of them are retainers of princes.

The other day, Oa-da See-is-kee, and Ku-boomera Ju-ne-ski, accompanied by their interpreter, Forbes Maitland, Esq., paid us a visit. They could talk but little English, but Ku-boomera read a funny paragraph in the Lion's Mouth, with such good emphasis, laughed so heartily at the jokes (it was about the 10 tons of school books sent to Japan) that we immediately set him down as a most intelligent man. After examining the maps, engravings, and numerous curiosities in our gorgeous sanctum, our visitors took their leave. After leaving, Ku-boomera asked what position we held in the office. Mr. Maitland told him "writer," "editor." "Then," replied Ku-boomera, "he is an officer." "Oh no," said the interpreter. "But," persisted the Japanese seeker after knowledge, "you told me he wrote for the paper." "Yes." "Then he *must* be an officer."

The fact is, that none but a government officer is, in Japan, permitted to write for a newspaper. It was explained to Ku-boomera that this law was not in force in California. He expressed much surprise, saying: "What, anyone can write for a newspaper, here?" "Yes," replied Mr. Maitland "You can write for a newspaper?" "Yes, if I choose." "Then," said Ku-boomera, filled with a noble ambition, "I will write for a newspaper." We trust that he will carry out this resolution, and trust shortly to be able to present our readers with a series of papers from the pen of Kuboomera Ju-ne-ski. In the meanwhile, it would perhaps be as well for the Legislature of California to take a hint from the Japanese, and adopt some measures to check the alarmingly rapid increase of writers, in this State, where at present, every one who can read, write and spell, considers himself able to instruct the public, through the columns of a newspaper.

On Parties—By a Gloomy Wretch.

We have several times been asked to attend small parties. Friends we cannot do this thing, We dislike to refuse; it seems churlish and unsocial, but to sit in a room and be expected to be agreeable and say "somethiug" when there is nothiug to say, when the heart is down to zero, and the spirit won't move. O, we can't and we shan't and we won't. We prefer to bury our misanthropy in our own room, and amuse ourselves with our own ghosts and skeletons. Why should we take them out and air them in company? Why should we cast a gloom over the heart of any young female, deluded, perhaps, into the belief that she is to be entertained by us, haunting her with the grizzly phantoms of our vaporish moods. We dislike gloomy people, yet we ourself are a gloomy wretch. But we do not go about dumping our hypochoudriacism into everybody's lap. We will not be a torment to society if our phiz does carry shrouds, coffins and skull-bones in its expression. Not we. But don't ask us to parties if you would save your guests from the infection which pervades a gloomy wretch. Don't.

Our Sickness.

The sickness noticed last week as prevailing to such an alarming extent among THE CALIFORNIAN'S corps, is not entirely over yet. Nobody has died, however, a most fortunate occurrence as it is much less expensive to keep a dozen or two of us alive than decently to inter one. What's the use of dying at all, when one has nothing to leave behind them, save worn-out clothes and characters? No such good luck for us. There is said to be rest in the grave, and rest would be too good a boon for us.

City Gossip.

The homicidal and suicidal tendency, during the last week, has been remarkable. These things are epidemical Murders never come single. So with extensive conflagrations. Didn't you ever notice seasons when great fires prevailed in various cities and towns. The deliberation with which people commit suicide, now-a-days, is also worthy of notice. So many letters, directions, etc. They are even particular regarding the fashion of the weapon with which they propose to dispatch themselves They find amusement in exhibiting the rope, by which they intend to hang, to their friends. These peculiarities were shown us during the present week. It is awful, surprising, and curious.

The new market, between California and Pine streets, was opened on Wednesday night. Going through it, on Thursday morning, we saw the old faces of young and old market men, once common to Washington market, now behind their new stalls, chopping and cutting away at roast and sirloin as if no change had occurred.

But this is a world of changes, and the change most acceptable to us all is a little loose change. California street, is a peculiar thoroughfare. The lower portion is crowded with the temples of Mammon; further up the new market for sustaining the flesh; then comes the *Alta* establishment which has a place in the nourishment of the city's intellect and lastly we have Dr. Stone's Church and St. Mary's Cathedral—for our souls.

Gorham is in danger of being martyred by some of his ultra temperance friends, Did he treat that convention to those twenty baskets of champagne or not? Temperance in the use of stimulant is a good thing, a very good thing, but it does not embrace all the cardinal virtues. A non-whisky-drinking man can be a brute in the family circle and not half try. He can get into a foolish passion at an infinitesimal annoyance. He can lie and cheat and yet never touch a drop.

Creation, it is said, is always preceded by chaos. Merchant street now undergoing an extensive process of repair is an illustration of the truth of this maxim. Lumbered up as it is with piles of brick, dirt, boards, stone and mortar, it is a fearful place for the wandering and unsteady editor to be overtaken at nightfall.

Dr. Rowell is sounding the alarm bell. The cholera is coming. We must set our houses in order, lest we die. How about those who have'n't any houses? O, go to the alms house, the station house or the house of refuge. Dr. Rowell's advice is intended for respectable people, people of means, not mean people. Wonder where the Docter picked up that scriptual text?

How devious, and, indeed, quite past finding out are the ways of politicians. The Hon. J. G. McCallum belonged to the National Republicans, but it has been chronicled that on Monday evening, at seven o'clock, he was seen in front of Sime's Bank engaged in a peculiar whispering conversation with George Gorham. the skillful, astute, fearful George, and then he didn't attend the ratification meeting of those whose caputs are aching, which took place an hour afterward. What a political Rarey our George is. He merely whispers in their ears, and leads them afterwards without bridle or halter—by the nose.

What a jolly trio is that just now stumping the state, Gorham, Pixley, and Cox, Cox, pastor of a Methodist Church in this city. It is a queer mixture of politics, law and divinity!

We have been studying juvenile domestic training for a few days past from our window, which over-looks a number of back yards, generally tenanted by children os various ages and all sorts of tempers. At least once an hour, a peculiarly sharp sound and a vigorous squalling give evidence that condign punishment is being somewhere inflicted by an enraged parent. The children loose their tempers first, and the parents afterward. This brings the parent lower than the child. When will those donated with offspring learn to govern their own tempers. and by this means govern those of their children?

The "Times" Correspondent Behind the Times.

That wonderful individual, "the correspondent of the London *Times*" is supposed to know all past history, and certainly to be well posted on the events and fashions of the day. The *Times'* correspondent at Paris is a mole, a dormouse, a Rip Van Winkle. Speaking of the English princes at a ball, he says:

"They both had a rosebud in a button-hole, the freshness of which throughout the evening is, I understand attributable to a new and ingenious tailor's contrivance, by means of which the rose stalk is placed in a little vial of water hidden in a pocket made expressly for it.

"They both had a rose in a button-hole" is not good English. The *Times* should teach its correspondent to write "each had a rose in a button-hole." The whole paragraph is ungrammatical, but let that pass. This "new and ingenious tailor's contrivance" was invented, and has been in vogue in London for ten years past. This we know, although we are unable to give the name of the "new and ingenious tailor" who invented it. The *Times* is, by some persons, supposed to be infallible. it is therefore worth while to point out such stupid blunders. This correspondent is a lively sort of bird to send to Paris to examine the new inventions in the Exposition.

The Conscientious Reporter.

Gorham draws. It is evident he draws the *Bulletin* after him, for they must have sent a reporter, and a conscientious one at that, to look after the smart little man at Placerville. It is the aim of the *Bulletin* to be exact and just, not extravagantly abusive like the Democratic journals. Relative to the applause with which Gorham was greeted at Placerville, the conscientious reporter says first, "when he alighted from his buggy (at Placerville), there was not an attempt to cheer until he was on the sidewalk, when some one called for three cheers, which was answered by half a dozen people." You see three cheers were called for, which was answerd by six people, which was half a cheer per man. When introduced at the meeting, the conscientious reporter says, "he was treated to considerable but not extravagant applause." This is drawing the lines very fine. Again at the close, we are informed that it was evident he had made a favorable impression on the people by the increased heartiness of the cheers, but it was far from an enthusiastic reception, even allowing for "the difference between applause in the open air and applause in a building." This is treating the science of applause in a scientific and philosophical manner. The conscientious reporter shows great investigation and minuteness. They "discharged a small cannon," not a big one, for Gorham. The platform contained "fifteen plank seats, each capable of holding twelve persons." When Conness commenced, there were 180 men seated, 450 to 480 standing, and 250 at the verandahs and windows. This closeness is intended to counteract against the statement, made by some mischievous telegraph operator, who said that the "greatest enthusiasm prevailed, and that there were at least 1800 or 2000 people present. Yet says our conscientious man, "We must say the meeting was a very large one for a town of 2000 population, men, women and children, and where a great number of the inhabitants come under the latter head." That man has a conscience, and it is to be believed that even now he is suffering agonies for fear of having done Gorham some slight injustice, or of not having told the exact truth about the quantity of applause, and the number of people present.

The Cartes de Visite Dodge.

When Miss Adah Isaacs Menken was performing in this city she realized a considerable sum from the sale of her cartes de visite representing her in various stages of nudity. It is now quite the fashion for actresses to have their likenesses sold in the theatres in which they are performing. We notice that "Dr. J. P. Bryant, the healer," who cures all diseases by stroking and pawing his patients, has taken a hint from this. The following advertisement appears in the *Banner of Progress*:

"CARTES DE VISITE of DR. BRYANT may be obtained at this office—price twenty-five cents."

We fear that those cartes will not go off as fast at twenty five cents each as did Menken's. To increase the sale we would suggest that "the Healer" advertise that neuralgia will be infallibly cured if the patient sleeps with one of these likenesses under his pillow, and that lumbago will in like manner be cured by applying one to the afflicted part.

The Enrolling Clerk of the Ninth Ward.

This gentleman has been complained of in a prominent evening journal for asking applicants such impertinent questions as the following: "Do you work every day?" Are you married?" Now, we being no voter or registered citizen, and what is more, never expecting to be one, consider this quite correct. If a man be married he ought to work every day—or he has no business to be married. This enrolling clerk is evidently a conscientious man who wants to do his duty to his country and the gentler and more deserving sex. But he is not understood or comprehended.

Big Gun.

The *Bulletin* incurred the trouble and expense of sending a "special reporter" to Placerville, to report Gorham's speech. The reporter was a careful and conscientious man. He evidently wanted to discharge his duty to the paper that paid his expenses, without compromising his honest convictions. In his anxiety not to represent Gorham as "a great gun," he was very particular to state that the piece of ordnance which they discharged in his honor, was "a small cannon."

The Long Room.

The "Long Room" in the New Merchant's Exchange, is an apartment devoted to transactions in brokerage, and is so called because the character of the business carried on therein requires long pockets, and often causes long faces.

Infamous Conundrums.

Why is a rhinoceros like a mosquito? Because you cannot kill either of them with a revolver.

Why is an aching corn like a giant? Because they are both heavy on the feet.

HOW LAFITTE'S TREASURE WAS FOUND.

BY A. W. DILLARD, OF ALABAMA.

FROM the dawn of recollection I was a most devout believer in dreams, and this feeling has exerted a most potent influence on my life. Even at the tender age of ten, my belief in dreams was deeply rooted and firmly fixed in my mind. My father, a really intelligent and observing man, had a deep repugnance to every kind of superstition, and he regarded a belief in dreams as pre-eminently superstitious. He argued with me often on this topic; and, although I was unable to refute his arguments, my mind never wavered for a moment. Finding his logical thunders had failed to shake my belief, he changed his tactics and assailed me with ridicule and banter sufficient to have demolished half the *savans* of the *Sorbonne*. I felt the sting and the smart of these pungent attacks, yet my belief in dreams knew no abatement.

I read with avidity every book I could procure touching this theme. I made it a point to search out all works on the subject. I was soon conversant with all that had been written on dreams; more especially with such books as were devoted to the interpretations of those visions of sleep. My friends often twitted me about my hobby; but, though he gave me many a fall, wherein I received various bruises, I continued to ride him. The more giddy of my friends, of both sexes, amused themselves by writing out their dreams and sending them to me for interpretation, and I have now on hand many of these manuscripts, which I once thought of editing.

If Pharoah, Belshazzar, etc., had dreams which were verified, why also should not my dreams come to pass? I could not give any vivid reason against my theory, consequently I adhered to it "through evil and good report" with what some of my friends styled obstinacy, and another class whispered was downright folly.

My heir apparent—I am a bachelor—a wild, rollicking, harum-scarum fellow, who seemed never likely to grow weary of "sowing his wild oats," and was no sooner out of one scrape than he plunged pellmell into another, having run short of cash, hit upon a brilliant plan for replenishing his empty pockets. It was no less than an attempt to prove me to be *non compos mentis*, and to secure the position of guardian for himself. The matter was solemnly investigated in court, and excited a profound interest in the community. My whole life, even from childhood, was laid bare to the jeering lawyers and the gaping crowd, with a freedom that outraged every feeling of delicacy. Every giddy word ever uttered by me—every blunder ever committed by me, was mercilessly dragged before the court. The truth is, I scarcely recognized myself in the person thus presented to the court, and was half tempted to believe that it was a dream. My life-long belief in dreams was the "trump card" in the hands of my prosecutors, and they rung all their changes upon it. Physicians were examined by the dozens, but hardly any two concurred; their uncouth technicalities and hard words caused me to stop my ears to keep out so horrid a din, and even this act was lugged in by the ears by the lawyers to prove my mental unsoundness. And so greatly were the phosibians incensed at this contempt for their technicalities, that I verily believe, had they been re-examined, they would for once have agreed, and have pronounced me hopelessly deranged.

The lawyers opened the case, and pelted me till I was sore from head to foot. I was satirized, ridiculed, laughed at; I was excoriated, mangled, and torn; my poor hobby was kicked cuffed and pummeled until it could hardly keep its legs; my trades were arraigned, and represented as blunders into which no sane man would ever have fallen—my whole life was painted in colors more applicable to a demon than to a quiet citizen. Old Dunderhead surpassed all his previous efforts at the bar, and rioted in vituperation.

Luckily for me, the jury was composed of sensible men, and they decided I was sane. On hearing the verdict, old Dunderhead spitefully declared, lunatic asylums ought to be abolished and the men confined in them ought to be made professors in our colleges. There is no end to his venom.

Being disgusted with these proceedings, I determined to pass the next six months in traveling, and having made my will, by which the kinsman who had dragged me before the court and subjected me to the fierce vituperation of Dunderhead was disinherited, I set out on my travels.

While in New Orleans awaiting a St. Louis boat, I had a most singular dream. It ran as follows: I was walking along in a meditative mood on the island of Barataria, the former rendezvous of the noted Lafitte, when I was startled by the sudden appearance in a few feet of me of a venerable looking man attired within a sailor's dress. He saluted me politely, and informed me that if I followed his directions strictly he could put me in possession of immense wealth.

I readily promised to obey him, and besought him to proceed with his disclosures. He directed me to go at low tide to the extreme eastern point of the Island of Barataria, measure six hundred and ten yards from thence in a due west course; then to run three hundred yards, due north, and make this the center of a paralellogram twenty-five feet long. I was then to search in the southwest corner for the end of a spar, and dig down to the depth of ten feet for the hidden treasure, which consisted of Spanish doubloons, bullion and jewels of all kinds. As soon as he had imparted this information to me, he vanished from sight so quickly as to leave me in doubt whether he had not sunk into the ground

I found it impossible to get this dream out of mind.

By day and by night it haunted me. It could hardly be said to be out of my mind a moment during the day. Now, I had not thought of Barataria or Lafitte for many years. I had never read but very little concerning either, and that little had been read in boyhood I had never been near the island, nor conversed with any one that had visited it. Why, then, had I dreamed about them? I was not at all intoxicated—indeed, I had not touched a drop of alcoholic or vinous liquor; nor was I delirious from fever. What subtle cause had occasioned this dream? I felt sure it was not caused by nightmare. My health was unusually good, my digestion was excellent, my mind was free from al perturbation, and my supper had consisted of a cup of tea and a cracker. It was in vain that I endeavored to account for this. But, strange and inexplicable as it was, the dream was engraven on my mind—burned into my memory, and nothing could remove it.

One night, just after the boat had passed Memphis, I had precisely the same dream. In every particular—the starting point—the distances—the directions—the spar sunk in the ground—the parallelogram—the corner—the features, voice, and dress of the old man, it was the same as my former dream. The old man looked like one I had known for years.

If the first dream had sorely puzzled me, this last one bewildered and astonished me. Why did I dream two dreams exactly alike in the minutest particular? I could not account for it.

I reached St. Louis, and determined to remain there a couple of weeks. The third night succeeding my arrival, I retired to bed at an early hour. My health was robust, and my mind undisturbed by care and trouble of any kind, as my life-long rule had been never to borrow trouble—never to take any care of business to bed with me. Very soon I fell into a sweet and refreshing slumber. The same dream flitted through my mind. It was in all respects identical, with the exception that everything appeared far more plainly to me than on the former occasions.

Why had this dream come to me three different times? Could it be devoid of all meaning and significance? If it was only a vagary of sleep—the illusion of an over-active imagination released from the control of reason—why had I dreamed the *same* dream so often? Now, some of the cardinal canons in the interpretation of dreams is, that where we have the same dream three different times, it is bound to be true.

I now began to attach considerable importance to my dream, and to reflect upon it in all seriousness. Finally, I regarded it as being full of truth and significance, as the communication of some one from the spirit land; and so deeply was I impressed with this idea, that I returned to New Orleans on the first boat.

My first business on reaching it was to charter a schooner in which to visit the Island of Barataria, and my next to purchase all the books relating to Lafitte or the island, and to ascertain, from the oldest inhabitants, all they knew on this subject. I would have been pronounced a monomaniac, so intently did I meditate on this topic. So keen and vivid was my recollection of the philipic of old Dunderhead, that I used every precaution to prevent all suspicion of my purposes. I supplied myself with a compass and tape line and sailed for Barataria. On reaching it I went ashore, and directed the boat to pull back to the shoonor and return for me at the end of four hours.

I was aglow with excitement, yet full of trust, hope and faith. Reaching the extreme eastern point of the island, I measured off six hundred and ten yards, in a due west course, using every imaginable point to attain complete exactitude, both in the direction and measurement. Prior to sailing I had carefully ascertained the variations of the compass between 1810 and 1860, by experiment, as well as conversation with surveyors. I was satisfied with the correctness of the first time. I then proceeded to run three hundred yards due north, and made the point reached the center of a parallelogram, twenty-five feet long, agreeably to the directions given by the man who appeared to me in my dream. My next step was the ascertainment of the southwest corner of the parallelogram I had laid off with labored precision. I removed the sand with my hands, to the depth of six inches, from a space of about six feet square, and, lo! there was the end of the spar! I became so nervous that I was forced to sit down for some minutes. Thus far my dream had been realized In three most important particulars it had been certainly verified; the distance of six hundred and ten yards due west, and of three hundred yards due north, had proved correct, and the finding of the spar at the southwest corner of the parallelogram, demonstrated the truth of my dream up to this point.

Having none of the implements for excavating to the depth of ten feet, and being, moreover, physically unable to perform the manual labor involved in such a task, I returned to the place appointed for the long boat to meet me, and rowed back to the schooner. I returned to New Orleans, and after a stay of only a few hours, I started for my home.

It was now absolutely necessary that I should procure the assistance of at least two reliable men in order to complete my search for hidden treasure. I selected two gentlemen, whom I had known from boyhood, but on broaching the subject to them in a guarded manner, and soliciting their aid, they gave way to a violent fit of laughter, and then earnestly besought me to relinquish so absurd a project, and also reminded me what ridicule and derision I had already drawn on myself by my superstitious belief in dreams. This unlooked for repulse from two of my most attached friends, whom I wished to share in my treasures, was intensely mortifying to my feelings, but it utterly failed to shake my faith in my dream.

I was more successful with the next two, whom I sounded, as I agreed to defray all expenses, and to give them jointly one-third of all the treasure discovered. I spoke of the matter with so much coolness and plausibility, dwelt on the complete verification of my dream up to a certain point with so much pertinacity, and dilated on the untold wealth in store for us with so much rhetorical richness, that I succeeded in infusing into them a part of my own sanguine and undoubting faith.

The necessary preparations were pushed forward with such energy that everything was in readiness at the end of a week. We proceeded to New Orleans and chartered a schooner. We purchased and sent aboard a block and tackle for hoisting the treasure, three wheelbarrows for transporting it to the beach, spades, shovels and pickaxes, together with very strong boxes, for the more effectual security of the treasure.

I was now primful of the affair. My appetite failed me entirely—sleep set at defiance all my wooings. I was nervous, restless and abstracted. I felt, like Napoleon must have felt at Waterloo, on which he staked his fortunes. This expedition would either turn the laugh against such as had diverted themselves by heaping ridicule and derision on me, or confirm the belief, generally entertained, that I was a monomaniac. I can say with perfect conscientiousness that my course was not prompted by covetousness; as I had already more money than nine men out of a thousand possess, and, indeed, had lost, as much more without one pang of regret. No, my motive was far higher and nobler. It was to demonstrate the truth of dreams and to vindicate my own character.

We reached the island, and hastened to the spot where I found the spar on the former occasion. My companions gave way to the most extravagant joy on beholding the spar, which bore traces of having been buried for many years. We at once set to digging, and worked with a will. The sand was loose and our progress was rapid. When a depth of ten feet had been reached, our spades struck against something hard, and when the sand was cleared away we beheld three large chests such as sailors use on shipboard. We hastily opened them with palpitating hearts and tremulous hands. The chests contained Spanish doubloons, bars of gold and silver, diamonds, pearls, rubies, gold crucifixes, gold images of the Saviour and many of the saints, breastpins, bracelets, ear rings and shoe buckles, with a few medals, on which were engraven curious hieroglyphics, which proved them to have belonged to the Aztecs.

My companions were almost frantic with joy, they tossed their hats up in the air, they danced, they shouted, they laughed, they wept, they hugged me, they embraced each other, and, in short, they were violently extravagant, so wildly joyous that I apprehended they might lose their senses and frustrate all my plans.

For my part, I was entirely happy and perfectly contented. I was no longer a monomaniac. I was no longer a target for the envenomed shafts of satirists and witlings; my dream had been completely and brilliantly verified. Language is too tame to describe my joy, my triumph and my happiness at this result, yet I indulged in no extravagant display of my feelings.

The treasure was placed in the boxes that we had brought with us, and wheeled down to the beach, and carried on board of the schooner. We postponed the division, until we should have reached New Orleans, as we feared to excite the cupidity of the captain and crew, by a display of so much treasure.

A fair division was made as soon as we arrived at New Orleans. My companions were extremely happy, as they were now enormously rich. The doubloons that fell to my share amounted $3,495,236, and my share of the bullion and jewelry amounted to at least $1,000,000 more. Upon making a careful examination of the jewelry, I lighted upon a large gold watch which, from the engraving, seemed to have been presented by the burghers of Ghent to Charles V. in the year——, and a handsome medal presented by Louis XIV. to Iberville, as the inscription declared. I appropriated these precious relics of antiquity and now own them.

I returned to my home, loaded with wealth, yet I took little pleasure in it. I invited a large company to my house to dinner and exposed my treasure to them, at the same time informing them how and where it had been discovered. At my request my companions did the same thing. This was tangible and palpable proof of the truth of my dream, and the

most skeptical were reduced to sileoce by the sight of my treasure. I procured from my compaoions the following certificate, which I puolished in the New Orleans *Delta* of July 20, 1860:

B——, Miss., July 10, 1860.

Mr. Charles Lucas, Sir: At your request we hand you the following statement: On the 9th May ultimo, you stated to us that you had dreamed three times that by starting at the extreme eastern end of the Islaod of Barataria, measuring thence 610 yards, in a due west course, thence 300 yards due north, aod making this the center of a parallelogram 25 feet long, and digging io the southwest corner, around a ship's spar, to the depth of 10 feet, you would find an immense treasure. You also stated that you had visited the island, run out the distances, aod fonod the spar. At your request we visited the islaod in your company and discovered the treasure precisely in the spot and maoner foretold in your dream. We have received the share promised us, aod invite all who doubt our truth to call and see for themselves.

JOHN A. SINCLAIR,
THOMAS W. WILSON.

Sworn to and subscribed before me July 10, 1860.

Edward Graham, J. P.

I also published the followiog certificate from my two friends, who had refused to assist me:

B——, Miss., July 10, 1860.

Dear Sir: In reply to your note we beg leave to state that about the 1st of last May you informed us that you had dreamed, on three different occasions, where a large treasnre was buried on the Island of Barataria, and that you had verified your dream in part by a visit to the spot. You urged us to accompany you on an expedition to Barataria and aid you in digging for this treasure, but we only laughed at you. We have seen and handled your treasure, and are satisfied you discovered it in Barataria. Many of the doubloons were coined in the reigns of Philip II and his successor.

Yours, etc., BEN. F. ROGERS,
JAMES THOMPSON.

These publications turned the tide of popnlar feeling in my favnr, and I was now as much lauded as I had formerly been ridiculed. My affectionate relative grew very solicitous to renew friendly relations with me, but my resentment for his former unkindness caused me to repel all his advances toward reconciliation, as well as to signify to him my determination to disinherit him. I carried old Dunderhead home with me by main force, and exhibited to him all my treasures to him, assuring him I owed it all to a "dream." He looked both envious and crestfallen, but has since treated me with marked respect. For several weeks Duoderhead was observed to take long walks alone, and he was at length detected in digging for hidden treasure on a knoll on which the Indians had formerly lived.

I have endeavored to make a proper use of my wealth. As I coosider it is only a loan from Providence, I am resolved to bestow it during my life upon deserving objects. I am now educating one hundred young men, whom I selected on account of their display of native talent, and I often reflect what an immense service I may render the human race by this system. It is my purpose to maintain the same system doring life. I have already saved several hundred worthy men from failure and ruin by a little timely assistance. I have furnished one hundred honest and industrious young men with sufficient capital to start them in business on a small scale.

These sums are loaned to them for five years, without interest; and I feel certain of being able to do a vast amount of good by this system of loans. Would to heaven the Astors, Stewarts, Lawrences, Vanderbilts, Laws and Jeromes, could be induced to adopt the same plan, instead of bestowing donations on colleges, etc., by last will and testament.

[The abnve pages were deposited with me by my friend (Mr. Lucas) with instructions not to publish it until after his death. That lamentable event occurred on the 15th April, 1867, at 2¼ o'clock, P. M. His estate was appraised at $500,000; he appointed all who owed him any money his trustees, and directed them to continue the same system of loans, and at their death to appoint all—then owing these loans—trustees of the same fund.—Editor.]

—*N. Y. Sunday News.*

European Ingenuity.—The New York *Evening Post* has the annexed in this connection:

The old world is trying its best to keep up with the new in industrial inventions, and the Paris Exhibition affords a fine field for ingenuity to display the results of its talent and perseverance. There is a machine in operation there at present, from Wurtemburg, for making paper from wood, which is said to be the most extensive apparatus in the whole Exposition. A tree, cut into convenient blocks, is put in at the top of the mountain of continuous and gradually descending rollers and grinders, and comes out quite rapidly at your feet in the shape of a fine, white, soft, pulp, ready to be pressed into any form of paper desired. A machine accomplishing the same result in a somewhat different manner, as far as may be judged from the above vague description of a Paris letter writer, has been in practical operation for some months—a year or more—in this country. Indeed, there are several factories here where paper is made from woody fiber, aud a number of the daily and weekly papers use it exclusively. Whether the Wurtemburgers have a just title to the original idea is uncertain. The French were trying a number of similar experiments some years ago, but with what final success we do not know. But, at all events, the German machine, as described above, is ahead of any other yet invented in simplicity of methnd and vastness of result. It reminds the writer of the celebrated "mutton mill," by which, putting a live ram in at the top, you were in a few moments presented at the bottom of the apparatus with all the "best cuts" of mutton, ready dressed, together with an elegant pair of carved powder horns, a flask of neatsfoot oil, a keg of bone dust, a finely finished dozen of sheep's wool stockiogs, and a pair of sheepskin breeches of approved pattern and make.

"DON'T STAY LONG."

A LOOK of yearning tenderness
Beneath her lashes lies,
And hopes and love unutterable
Are shadowed in her eyes,
As in some deep nnruffled stream
Are clouds and Summer skies.

She passed to early womanhood,
From dreamy, sweet girl life.
And crossed the rosy threshold but
To find herself a wife;
Oh! gently should he lead her steps
Along the path of life!

And as she clasped her small white hands
Upon his arms so strong,
How often, like a summer sigh,
Or a sweet pleading song,
She whispers, with a parting kiss,
"Beloved one, don't stay lnng."

It's almost always on her lips,
Her gentlest parting words,
Sweet as the fragrance from rose leaves
When by soft zephyrs stirred,
And lingering in the memory,
Like songs of summer birds.

And in his heart they nestle warm,
When other scenes amid;
He stays not till she weary grows,
And her fond eyes are hid
In tears, which lie in bitterness
Beneath each veiling lid.

And oh, how many hearts are kept
By that love-nttering song!
There's scarcely one who on life's waves
Is swiftly borne along,
Bnt what has heard from some dear lips
Those sweet words—"Don't stay long."

GREAT LION FIGHT IN ENGLAND.

BATING THE KING OF THE FOREST.

IT had been more than two centuries since a lion fight had taken place in England; the encounter in the reign of James I, when mastiffs were matched against a lion for the entertainment of the court, haviog been the last exhibition of this kind. Some naturalists there were who altogether lost sight of the inhumanity of the spectacle, in the ardor of their desire to know the relative degree of superiority possessed by the lion over the mastiff and bull dog.

The most celebrated of Wombwell's lions was Nero, a tame and inoffensive creature, though of great stature and majestic appearance; and it was this aoimal that was reported to have been matched by Wombwell against six dogs. He was whelped in the capital of Scotland, and had been brought up tame as a lap dog. Wallace, another of Wombwell's lions, was a smaller, but a much more savage aod formidable animal.

By many it was supposed that the reported net of five thousaud pouuds, said to have been made by Wombwell, was a fabrication, and little donbts of this was afterward entertained. As the day of the fight approached, public excitement became extreme; humanity was more urgent io its appeal; and indignation louder in its thunders. Private individuals used their influence to dissuade Wombwell from his purpose, and the press redoubled its importunity and condemnation; but the lion-owner was obdurate to entreaty and reproach.

The place fixed upon for the fight was a hollow square enclosure in the snburbs of Warwick, on the road to Northampton, called "the old Factory Yard." Two sides of this hollow square were occupied by the empty workshops of the old factory, many stories high, the windows of which were fitted up and furnished with seats, and the other two sides were filled up with caravans of wild beasts. The cage formed of iron bars, in which the combat was to take place, stood in the middle of the enclosnre. It was about fifteen feet square, aod ten high, with room between the bars for the dogs to run in and out, while the floor of it was elevated as much as four or five feet from the ground.

Wombwell's expectations of profit must havo been unreasomable, for the charges at first demanded were—half a guinea for standing places, seats at remote windows, a guinea; fourth floor seats, twn guineas; and seats on the first, second and third floors, three guioeas each. These prices, however, could not be sustained. Whether it was that the disgust which the announcement of the fight had called forth, or some other cause, had operated to prevent many from being present who would willingly have attended, certain it is that the gathering fell far short of what had been anticipated. Too many there were present, but not enough to be an encouragement to sn barbarous an enterprise.

A fit sort of prelude to the iohnman spectacle which was about to take place occurred on the night before the combat, for eight dogs intended to be opposed to the lion, having been placed together by their bntal guardian, instead of being kept asnnder, their natural ferocity produced a general fight, in which one dog was killed outright, aod another lost an ear and a part of his cheek. Their keeper said it was not his fault, but the dogs'; for they "didn't ought to quarrel," being "all on the same side."

During the morning of the day on which the combat was to take place, the dogs that were to fight were made a show of at the "Green Dragoo," at an admittance price of sixpeoce. In the caravans round the yard, besides the lion Nero, the hero of the day, were three other lions, a lioness, a she-wolf with cubs, two leopards with cubs, a white bear, a hyena, two zebras, wild assess, monkeys, and a multitude of other ceatures. Nero lay quiet in his caravan, looking unconcernedly at the preparation making for his own annoyance.

Wombwell's trumpeters, arrayed in gaudy colors and mounted on horses, were sent forth through the streets of Warwick, Leamiogton, aod the villages near, to announce the coming fight. Seven o'clock in the evening was the hour fixed for the cammencemeot of the combat. Accommodations were made for a thousand people to witness the fight, and about five hundred attended. The money taken may be roundly stated to be £400, and the expenses were about £100. The £300 profit were but a miserable indemnity for so much inhumanity, sin, and disgrace.

Of the six dogs which were to fight, Turk and Tiger were brown; Captain, fallow aod white; Rose, skewbald; Nettie, brindle, with a black head; and Nelson, white, with brindled spots. Many had foretold that the lion Nero was too tame to fight, aod this proved to be correct. Nero having entered the iron cage from his own caravan, all was at length ready for the cruel combat; the lion himself seemed to be the only creature unconscious of what was about to take place. The spectators both above and below had their eyes riveted on the cage. There crouched Nero, king of the brute creation; there near the cage, waited the inhuman handlers of the dogs; and there stood, licking their black lips, and struggling to be let loose, the mastiff bull-dogs, thirsting for the forest monarch's blood.

Captain, Tiger and Turk were first slipped at the lion, who by some was expected to seize and shake and tear them, as a terrier dog does a rat which he has caught on a barn floor. Nothiog of the kind took place, however; Nern permitted all the dogs to seize him—iodeed, he seemed not to understand how to protect himself from his tormentors, who bit, and mauled, and pulled at him at their pleasure. Had he been a lamb instead of a lion, he could hardly have acted a tamer part. After a time, he shook off the dogs at once; but even then he did not attempt to hurt them, but kept flying about the cage, endeavoring to make his escape.

It was a miserable and disgusting sight to see the dogs hanging to the lips of the agonized aoimal, seizing him by the under jaw, and pinning him by the nose; the lion roaring with pain, but not enraged. Several times, he tore off the dogs with his claws, but never once used his formidable teeth. Captain, the fallow-colored dog, was at last taken away, lamed and much distressed; and Tiger and Turk continued to fight. next crawled out of the cage dreadfully maimed, leaving Turk alone. This dog the lightest of the three, though wonnded and bleeding from all parts of his body, still contended with the lion, which was twenty times his weight, pinning him by the nose at least a dozen times over. When Turk was withdrawn from the cage, mangled and bleeding, he seemed more dead than alive, and it was some time before he exhibited any symptoms of life.

Duriog the twenty minutes' respite that followed, poor Nero (after being sluiced with a pail of water by Wombwell, who at once went into his cage) rubbed his wounded head with his paws, like a cat; he then lapped for some time from a fresh pan of water, and was patted and caressed by a keeper, through the bars of the cage. The savage throng being now impatient for a renewal of the combat, three fresh dogs, larger than the others—Nelson, Rose and Nettie—were let loose.

The cage had been rendered slippery by the water thrown dowu, so that the poor lion, partly exhausted, could not keep his feet when attacked by the three dogs. They fastened upon him at once, while he, as before, only tried to get away from them. When the dogs were taken away, the people cried out for them to be brought again to the fight, as they were not beaten. The dogs were again brought forward, and the same heart-sickening scenes of cruelty prevailed. At length the strife was ended; the dogs, wounded and maimed, and the lion, torn and bleeding, were separated. The first fight lasted eleven minutes, and the last five; aod this, by the merciless assembly, was called "sport" aud "pastime."

In spite of the disgust and indignation called forth in the public mind by this inhuman spectacle, dnring the same week in which it occurred, a second lion fight was announced by Wombwell, who seemed bent on acquiring a lasting reputation for inhumanity. He matched his lion Wallace, cubbed in Scotland, against six of the best dogs that could be found. Wallace had much the ferocity of a forest lion; he was put into the same cage in which Nero had been so cruelly baited. Spectators were admitted to the Old Factory Yard at five shillings a head, and several well dressed women viewed the contest from the factory windows.

Three couples of dogs were slipped at Wallace—Tinker, Ball, Sweep, Turpin, Billy and Tiger—one couple at a time; but Wallace made quick work of them, he clapped his paw upon Ball, took Tinker in his teeth, walking about with him like a cat with a mouse. Turpin and Sweep were treated in much the same manner, and Tiger aod Billy had no better success. Turpin ran away, Sweep was half killed; Tiger made his escape just in time; and Billy, said to be the best dog in England, was wounded iu the head, and severely maimed. If in the former bait the dogs had the better of the lioo, in the latter the lion had the mastery over the dogs. Both combats, however, were equally discreditable, and called forth the most unsparing reprobation.

LITERARY GLEANINGS.

THE RITUALISTIC CONTROVERSY.

NOTWITHSTANDING the "declaration" of the twenty-eight bishops, the advocates of ritualism, at the East, do not seem to be at all abashed or discouraged. On the contrary, not content with with maintaining the defensive, they have assumed an aggressive attitude. charging the "twenty-eight" with being "busybodies in other men;' matters" when they remonstrated against usages which do not obtain in their own dioceses. And, in fact, this charge does not seem to be altogether without foundation, when we remember that the Bishop of the diocese in which the usages complained of were practised, was on the spot to interfere himself, in case he should deem it wise and proper to do so.

This remonstrance, however, against the ceremonial introduced into one of the churches of New York, has elicited a pamphlet, entitled, "Conversations on Ritualism," in which the whole subject is discussed, betwcen a rector and one of his parishioners, the former being didactic and a little dogmatic, after the manner of the average rector, and the latter being rather more wooden headed, we should hope, than the average parishioner.

Concerning the weight to be attached to the remonstrance. the two converse as follows:

PAR.—Surely, they must have forgotten themselves; but will you tell me what importance is to be attached to this declaration?

REC.—It has no authority whatever. It has no canonical weight. It is not law, neither is it any interpretation of law.

PAR.—You surprise me. Pray explain your meaning more fully.

REC.—The only way in which our bishops can act except as the Ordinaries of their respective dioceses, is in their united corporate, collegiatc character as a *House of Bishops*. Even here they can only express their opinions: they cannot define the doctrines or make laws. The laws or canons of the Church can only be made by the General Convention, and you know that the House of Bishops is only one part of the General Convention. This declaration of the 'Twenty-eight,' is not the action of the law-makiwg power of the Church: neither is it an authoritive expression of opioion on the subject of which it treats. It is simply a declaration of the individual opinions of the signers. So far as the secret history of it is known, it lacks the dignity which their *concurrent* action would have given to it, for it seems to have gone circulating around the coun'ry, begging for signers, and failing to secure the names of some of those who are confessedly the most learned of our prelates.

PAR.—What weight then should it have with those who wish to be informed upon this matter?

REC.—Simply so much as would be given to the opiuions of as many other men; and the value of their opinions would be measured by their knowledge of the subject. It is pretty well understood that but few of our bishops or clergy are well informed with regard to Ritualism, it not having entered very largely into the course of their theological studies; and the low. loose, and irregular usages tolerated in some of their dioceses, show that their practice is on the same level with their learning.

PAR.—Well, I am greatly relieved. I was really fearful that some terrible evil was impending over the Church; but it seems to me that the greatest evil is that so many of our bishops could be found who would forget the bounds of their Episcopal authority.

The parishioner's concluding slur at "the Bishops," seems to be quite characteristic of the ritualist mind, which is not particularly reverent, so far at least as *persons* are concerued. In regard to the charge that ritualism has any affinity with "Popery," the conversation is as follows:

REC.—Alas for poor human nature! I went through all this ordeal many years ago, and now I pay no attention to the silly clamor. I have lived long enough to see much improvement in the order of the Church's worship, and to see many things which twenty years since were rated at as Popish, now very generally acccpted, I remember when a friend of mine was building a church, the good people begged him not to put a cross on it; he did it, however, and now almost every church has a cross within or without. Even St. George's Church' the pet of Dr. Tyng, has its two stone spires surmounted with the symbol of Redemption. You remember what an outcry was made a few years ago about preaching in the surplice; now it is very common and excites no remarks. Fifteen year since the introductiou of flowers at Easter was horribly Popish; now it is a very general custom, and even Dr. Butler, in his 'Ritualism of law,' 'does not despise but relish God's own emblems of the flowers at Easter with the greenery of Christmas.' I might go on and give you many instances of this kind, but some experience in this direction will teach one to be somewhat indifferent to this weak and contemptible cry. No! let people once understand that Popery does not consist in Ritual beauty and reverent solemnities in the worship of God, but that it has deep, dark, and damning characters which are its *real* marks, and we will not be troubled with this idle clamor.

PAR.—What do you understand by Popery?

REC.—I will read you a short paragraph which I have just met with which will answer your question (*Reads*): "'Popery,' or *modern* Romanism, *really* consists in certain modern departures from ancient Catholic practice; and those additions to the ancient faith, by *synodically* adopting which at the Council of Trent the Church of Rome has virtually separated itself from the rest of the Catholic Church, (which requires as necessary to be believed for salvation *only* the *ancient* creeds of the universal Church.) These 'additions' to the faith and other errors are *such as*—The 'cultus' of the Blessed Virgin; adoration of the cross, images, and relics; forbidding its clergy to marry; doctrine of purgatory; that the Church of Rome is the mother and mistress of all churches; obedience due from all churches to the Patriarch of Rome, who of late centuries has styled himself '*the* Pope' or 'Papa' as though there were no other in Christendom—the fact being that in early Christian days *all* Bishops were called, by a term of endearment, 'Papas;' denial of the cup to the laity, and Transubstantiation; the doctrine of supererogatory merits; the doctrines of Papal pardons, indulgences, and dispensations; affirming the Apocrypha to be inspired Scripture; the interdiction of the reading of the Bible, except by special permission. In such 'particular points' as these the Church of Rome 'is fallen from itself in its ancient puriety,' as declares the 30th English canon of 1603. Such errors as these we 'forsook and rejected' at the Reformation, but not the Church of Rome itself, or any other branch of the Catholic Church, as the same Canon *emphatically* declares. The present separation of the Roman from the English Church was the act of the then Roman Patriarch himself in the 11th year of the reign of Queen Elizabeth. I have thus explained what the English Church declares to be 'Popery.'—not from any unchristian feeling toward Roman Catholics, but in self-defense against misrepreseutation.'

PAR.—You consider then that Popery consists in doctrinal and practical corruptious of Catholic Christianity, and not in the mere fact of a beautiful and seemly order of worship.

REC.—Exactly so: of course there *may* be a Romish Ritual; there may be a Ritual which sets forth and symbolizes the peculiarities of the Papacy, just as there may be a Ritual which symbolizes and sets forth the peculiarities of Presbyterianism or Quakerism, and I should strenuously oppose the introduction of either into our Church. What we want is a Ritual which is appropriate to our position as a true branch of the One Catholic and Apostolic Church, which enables us to worship God in 'the beauty of holiness;' which symbolizes the great Catholic truths we hold in common with the rest of Catholic Christendom; but which rejects every addition, whether from Rome, Geneva, Oxford, Boston, New York, Baltimore, or Alexaudria. In one word, we want a Ritual which will be the outward and visible manifestation of our faith as Catholic Christians.

To those who feel interested in the discussion, the publication will prove acceptable. It can be procured at Roman & Co's.

A LITERARY CURIOSITY.

Nearly a year ago, we saw a strange poem, entitled "The Ghost at the Funeral," in the Poets' Corner of one of the San Francisco dailies—the *Call* to the best of our recollection —where it was credited to Longfellow. Sometime afterwards, a correspondent of THE CALIFORNIAN's addressed to us a communication inquiring in regard to the authorship of the poem, which we ackuowledged our inability to answer. A few days since, we were not a little surprised to find the same piece published in the New York *Citizen* of June 15th as *as an original contribution to that paper*, "By Millie W. Carpenter." There is some mystery about this, which requires to be cleared up. The poem is as follows.

THE GHOST AT THE FUNERAL.

The funeral pageant fills the aisles;
Slowly they come all robed in black,
Behind her coffined form, whose smiles
Drew my heart tortured to the rack,
In those sad years of mine when earth
Beside those smiles held little worth.

How brief the time now seems, since I
With shroud and pall was lying here,
And did they think that she could die,
And be entombed, and I not near?
I, who despite her rank and pride
Knelt for her love, and failed—and died!

A sunbeam from the narrow pane
Slants, and falls on the saintly face
That seems so like a child's again,
In snowy frame of flowers and lace;
While from the cold hands, shapely small,
The sweet tube-roses droop and fall.

How still she sleeps! ah, too much grace
To lie within the grave's restraint:
How calm the look and pure the face
That Raphael would have loved to paint,
Had she lived in those other years
When artists were of gods the peers.

The organist now takes his seat,—
The seat that I filled long ago—
And they a funernal strain repeat
That shakes the roof with sounds of woe.
The carved old saint upon the wall,
Seems ready on his knees to fall.

Nay, let me touch the keys once more;
My hand can draw forth mightier tones—
For all the zeal of years before
Has gathered fire within my bones,
To give voice now to this weird gloom,
And bid her welcome to her tomb.

Beneath his hands I touch the keys,
And sobs, and sighs, and tempest tears
Wail out, that make the warm blood freeze—
The outcry of my martyred years,
Nor dream they of the ghostly form
That rocks and bows beneath the storm.

Well may they wonder what new fire
Their organist to-day hath found,
That makes the half-affrighted choir
Tremble beneath the rush of sound,
The grand, bewildering burst of song,
Imprisoned in the tomb so long.

And half I fear and wonder lest
She rise, and come with stately tread
To bid me break no more her rest;
But no, they bear away their dead.
And while their sombre draperies wave
I'll creep back to my dusty grave.

"WAYSIDE FLOWERS."

We huve received from the authoress, Carrie Carlton ("Topsy Turvy,") a volume entitled "Wayside Flowers," a collection of all her earlier poems. The book has had an extensive sale in the Eastern States. It contains many poems of merit. It may be obtained by addressing "Carrie Carlton care of Roman & Co;" the price is $1.25. Had we space to spare, we should feel inclined to publish a poem entitled "The Conductor's story" as a favorable specimen, but must content ourselves and our readers with the following, which will give some idea of the merit of the work.

LITTLE FLOY.

Open wide the golden portals,
Swing the pearly gates afar;
Hail her coming with glad music,
Light up every twinkling star,
Lo! she comes, returning homeward,
Cherubs, wave your wings for joy—
Comes the little truant Angel,
Star-eyed, white-robed little Floy.

Downward on a mission went she,
With her playmate, gentle Spring;
Hand in hand they wandered earthward,
She with closely folded wing.
Earthly eyes with love were blinded,
Earthly hearts were filled with joy,
And they never knew, an Angel
Was the fairy, little Floy.

But the little feet grew weary,
Drooped their blossom day by day,
And with aching hearts they watched her,
Knowing well, she could not stay.
We can pity earthly sorrow,
But with us there's naught but joy,
Open wide the golden portals,
Welcome, welcome, little Floy.

Carrie Carlton, has, for some years past, been an active contributor to the literature of the Pacific Coast, and we trust that this, her earliest literary attempt, will meet with a ready sale among those who have read and admired her later productions.

DO I MISS YOU?

"DO you miss me the same love, oh! say that is true!"
Is asked in the poem dear Sadie from you,
But I know in the depths of your dear loving heart,
The question was answered ere it did depart.

Do I miss you? Ah love! What a question, but then
I know it comes but from the lips of your pen,
Those cold iron lips, with their ebony blood,
And not from your heart with its warm crimson flood,

Do I miss you? Ah me! Would my heart miss its blood,
My eyes miss the light should the sun cease to flood
The hill-tops, the valleys, the rivers, the plain,
And ne'er till the skies with glad sunshine again?

Do I miss thee? each second, each minute, each hour,
I miss thy sweet presence, thy magical power,
To calm my vexed spirit and make me forget
All else, save my love for my beautiful pet.

—R. B. M.

San Francisco, July, 1867.

IMPROVEMENTS.—The Dry Goods firm, of Messrs. J. W. Davidson & Co., No. 19, Montgomery street, have been quietly at work for several weeks past, in making an extensive improvement in the business capacity of their store, by cutting through the partition which divides it from the fine store that fronts on Sutter street, one door above the Ladies' entrance to the Lick House, thus joining the two stores into one. The new addition has been fitted up with excelleut taste, and stocked with recent importations of the newest style goods, and choicest dress fabrics, purchased by Mr. J. W. Davidson, the senior partner, who is now in Europe, attending personally to the purchases of this house. With a new and splendid stock of dry goods, selected especially to meet the wants of the ladies of San Francisco, by one whose taste and experience in such matters, is unquestionable, and with enlarged business capacity, this old-established house now puts forth its claim to the title, not yet awarded, of being the Dry Goods House of San Francisco. Though that is a claim that the ladies and not the newspapers, must decide.

CALIFORNIA ROADS.—The roads of California are not the best in the world. In many parts of the State McAdam is unknown, and deep ruts try the strength of vehicles severely. Saul & McArron, manufacturers of stage and thorough-brace wagons, 579 and 681 Market street, turn out carriages, buggies, express, thorough-brace and stage wagons, which will last for years though driven over the roughest roads.

ABIDE YOUR TIME.—Messrs. Fitch & Little have fulfilled the above maxim by securing six months ago a snug place on Summer street adjoining the New Market. Their Liquors are the best this market can afford. They will be pleased to see their old friends and patrons. Entrance from Montgomery street, on Summer street, and the Market.

"STAPLETON'S."—Visitors to the California Market should by all means drop into "Stapleton's," next door. In this well arranged refreshment saloon they can find a capital lunch, a good cigar, and the finest wines, spirits and ales in San Francisco.

CALIFORNIA MARBLE.—California produces some of the most beautiful marble, in the world. Fine specimens of marble worked into counters, may be seen in the new market. These came from the well-known marble works of John Daniel, 421 Pine street.

THE SWEET HAVANA WEED.—Connoisseurs in cigars should call on Anthony Pargo in "Stapleton's" next door to the California Market There they can get a pure, fine-flavored Havana cigar.

CURES GUARANTEED TO THE SICK.—No medicine. Quick and pleasant. By Dr. Bonrno, 10 Masonic Temple, Post street.

FOR new legal advertisements, see 12th page.

ABOUT FISHING.

BY JOHN QUILL.

THIS thing of going a-fishing, you know, and calling it sport, is about played out. Old Isaac Walton was a decciver, and his Complete Angler is calculated to pervert public morals, and lead the unsuspecting astray. In my opinion, it's an over-rated book, and ought to be suppressed. It encourages the idea that fishing is a genteel pastimé, which affords time for meditation, and cultivates a love for the beautiful in nature. That this is all nonsense, every man knows who ever went a fishing in his life. I leave it to the sufferers if it ain't.

Don't you know that you go out and nearly burst a blood vessel digging worms for bait, and then you have to dig a hole as big as a rifle-pit before you can lay your hands on one solltary worm? Then when yon get to the water, you very likely sit down on some bush or other, and undergo nearly as much physical suffering as you do when you stick the fish-hook into your hide while you are trying to put the bait on.

When you ouce throw in, you begin to watch the cork, and you look at it hour after hour, until you nearly go blind, and you think you see about twenty corks, and as it never budges one inch all the time, you conclude that there ain't any fish about, until you pull up, when you find that some well balanced and insidious member of the finny tribe has sucked all the bait off.

After enough patient endurance to start eight or nine Christian martyrs in life, you get a nibble. Yes, the cork moves slightly, and you think you are at last going to get a fish. You watch it elosely, while your mind runs over the big fish you have heard of. You think of Jonah, of whaling voyages and of the sturgeons you have seen around in the markets. Perhaps this is one of the large size, and you wonder if you hadn't better go home and get a dray to fetch it. Suppose you were to catch the sea serpeut, or a thousand pound snapper? and you involuntarily suggest soup to yourself, while all the time the cork keeps bobbing up and down, until at last she gives one jerk and goes under. Got him, by George! Pull up, and there is a wretced little fish on the hook, that wouldn't satisfy the appetite of a sick sardine, and he cost you just fourteen worms, enough to bait a school of mackerel.

Throw in again, wait for an hour, and you don't get a single nibble.

Then you think you are safe, let go and light you pipe. No sooner do you get the match lit, and you can't throw it down, for it's the last one you've got, than you get a splendid bite: the cork goes clear out of sight, and before you have have a a chance to pick up the rod, the fish gets off.

Any man who says this isn't aggravating, onght to die; he ain't fit to associate with ordinary human beings.

But you try to encourage yourself by saying that while there's life there's hope, and that perseverance and patience overcome all things, and by getting off a lot more of old second-class lies, and throw in again. Wait for several centuries, if you calculate according to your sufferings, and never get any bites but one in the calf of your leg for some nine-legged spider who has been on an exploring expedition up your pantaloons.

Then yon pull out and spit on the bait for luck; maybe you blow on it if you are superstitions, and you throw in and get a bite. You pull up several hundred times, and never catch him.

Then yon get mad, you believe it is an eel, and yon swear to catch that eel or die. You feel that life will be perfectly joyless and destituto of happiness, unless you get a chance to put your grip onto that eel.

At last, you hook him and draw him out. He is active, and playful and vivacious. He is on the wiggle, and combines himself into letters S and C and X, and runs through the alphabet generally, and slaps you in the face, and gets around your leg and covers you all over with slime.

Then he tangles your line into a hard knot, and when you get your foot on him you find he has swallowed the hook, and just as likely as not you've got to rip that eel clear open from head to tail to get it out, and when you do he will wiggle away from you and annoy you as long as you stay there.

Eels never die; immortality is their stroug point, and they lay themselves out to make you abjectly miserable.

When yon get all straightened out and throw in again, you begin to ponder. Imagination comes to your aid, and you wonder why you can't have just the same luck as other men have, or as that man had down at Cape May, who went a fishing and pulled up a flounder, and he hadn't got him more than half way out before a sturgeon jumped up and swallowed him, so he kept jerking at the sturgeon, and was just about to lift him in when a shark happened to pass by, and stooped to take in the sturgeon at a gulp. So he canght them all three, and he said he dare say if there had been a whale anywhere in that vicinity he would have froze on to him also.

And so you wonder why you can't have the same partiality shown you as that man had; for you only get about one first-class bite during the day, and you pull up and you have an enormous fish, and before you get him near the shore he quietly lets go his hold and drops back into his native element. It is rough on you, I admit, but when you go a fishing you've got to take it as it comes without growling,

There is a kind of subdued melancholy about it; a regretful disappointment that is pleasant. How interesting it is when you have dropped the last one off, and you get another bite, to make up your mind to get this one anyhow, and then to concentrate all your strength and pull up with a violent jerk, and sling your line back on to a tree, and have it wind around the branches as tight as if it had been pulled by a steam engine, and in such a bewildering condition that you can't get it loose in a week.

This is calculated to make you use hard expressions, but not any more so than it is to have your cork drawn under gently and steadily, and go down, down, down, until it is out of sight. "A catfish, most probably," you say, "they always pull in that manner." You draw your line in gently, and the catty tugs at the other end. "They always do this," you observe. You pull up slowly so as to keep him on the hook, and when you get your line out, you most probably find an old snag with about a hundred branches and covered with mud, and nary a fish in the neighborhood, while all the time there is a boy with a fish hook and an old hank of twine who is catching them so fast that he can't bait his hook, and the ground is white with them all around him.

I don't advocate profane swearing; indeed I am down on it; but if there ever is an occasion when the ten commandments are temporarily suspended, this is it. A man is legally entitled to relieve his pent up feelings, and the more so, because when he gets up to go home he finds that his fish hook has caught him by the shirt, and that there is a puddle deep enough to float a canal boat just where he has been sitting.

Of course you can't go home without fish, to be laughed at so you go over and try to buy them of the boy, who not only tries to insult you by asking yon if you "ketched any?" but feels that he has you in his power, and makes you pay more money than you could buy out a whole oyster sloop for.

No, I don't see any sport in it, and if I wanted to make a man utterly wretched; if I wanted to hurt his feelings, and break down his spirits, and ruin his morals, I would get him to go a fishing about once a week. I approve of abolishing penitentiaries and jails, and making convicts fish for the benefit of the State.

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.—One hundred years ago there was not a single white man in Kentucky, Ohio, Indiana or Illinois Territories. Then, what is now the most flourishing part of America, was as little known as the mountains of the moon. It was not until 1796 that the hunter of Kentucky, the gallant and adventurous Boone, left his home in North Carolina, to become the first settler of Kentucky. The pioneer of Ohio did not settle till twenty years afterward.

A hundred years ago Canada belonged to France, and the whole population of the United States did not exceed a million and a half. A hundred years ago the great Frederick of Prussia was performing those exploits which have made him immortal in military annals, and with his little monarchy was sustaining a single-handed contest with Russia, Austria and France, the three great Powers of Europe combined.

A hundred years ago, the United States was the most loyal people of the British Empire, and on the political horizon no speck indicated the struggle which, within a hundred years thereafter, established the greatest Republic in the world.

A hundred years ago, there were but four newspapers in the United States—with a combined circulation not exceeding two thousand. Steam engines and cylinder presses had not been imagined, and railroads and telegraphs had not entered the remotest conceptions of man.

DECLIVITY OF RIVERS.—A very slight declivity suffices to give the running motion to water. Three inches per mile, in a smooth, straight channel, gives a velocity of about three miles an hour. The Ganges, which gathers the waters of the Himalaya Mountains, the loftiest in the world, is, at 1,800 miles from its mouth, only about 800 feet above the level of the sea, and to fall these 800 feet in the long course the water requires more than a month. The great river Magdalena, in South America, running for 1,000 miles between two ridges of the Andes, falls only 500 feet in all that distance; above the commencement of the 1,000 miles, it is seen descending in rapids and cataracts from the mountains. The gigantic Rio de la Plata has so gentle a descent to the ocean that, in Paraguay, 1,500 miles from its mouth, large ships are seen which have sailed against the current all the way by the force of the wind alone—that is to say, which on the beautiful inclined plane of the stream, have been gradually lifted by the soft wind, and even against the current, to elevation greater than that of our loftiest spires.

ONE result of the war is said to be that Washington now contains nearly double the population it had in 1860, and that the public business done there is more than twice as large.

PREJUDICES are like rats, and a man's mind like a trap; they get in easily, and then perhaps can't get out at all.

THE PACIFIC MUSICAL GAZETTE.

WE have received the *Pacific Musical Gazette* for August. This is a highly interesting number, and reflects credit on its editor, James F. Swift. It contains four pages of music. Among the compositions is a quartette for male voices, entitled, "Am I Dreaming?" by Geo. T. Evans. The libretto of *L'Africaine*, is published in this issue, also a resumé of the musical events of last month, and well-written editorials. One of these contains a suggestion that we should be glad to see carried out. In order to do all we can to bring the matter prominently before the musical people of San Francisco, we transfer the article in question to our columns:

SHALL WE HAVE A CONSERVATORY.

So many circumstances combine to encourage the, perhaps erroneous, but very prevalent idea that San Francisco does not occupy a front rank in the list of great cities, that the proposition to establish a Conservatory of Music here will perhaps startle the timid, evoke doubts from the skeptical and excite the risibilities of those more mirthfully inclined. That the idea will be scouted by many, perhaps at first by a majority, of those who are presumed to take any interest in the subject can hardly be doubted. Such, at least, has been the experience of many cities in the Eastern States where simlar enterprises have, notwithstanding, proved eminetly successful With a full knowledge of the risk we incur of meeting with all kinds of objections, we nevertheless entertain a profound conviction that such a project is not only feasible, but that it would be attended with more than moderate success.

Assuming the importance of musical culture, it follows that we ought not to remain satisfied with that merely superficial taste which is a reproach to our so called musical circles. That the noble art, at present, is cultivated merely as an amusement, without regard to those higher esthetical laws which constitute its great charm and beauty, is too apparent, both in our social circles and the public places of amusement. So far from ignoring the sevices of our resident professors, we only echo the sentiments of many of them when we state that private tuition is altogether inadequate to produce the desired results. They believe with Mendelssohn that "An institution such as the Conservatory, whose object is to give its pupils an opportunity of making themselves thoroughly acquainted with all those branches of study, the knowledge of which is necessary and indispensable to the educated Musician, and to educate them theoretically and practically in the same, has this advantage over the private instruction of the individual, that by the participation of several in the same lessons and in the same studies, a true musical feeling is awakened and kept fresh among the pupils; that it promotes industry and spurs on to emulation; and that it is a preservative against one-sidedness of education and taste—a tendency against which every artist, even in the student years, should be upon his guard.

That such an institution must be established here, sooner or later, is evident, when we consider the peculiar circumstances of our geographical position. San Francisco is, in a far wider sense, the metropolis of the Pacific coast, than are many older communities in other localities, which claim to be the centers of material prosperity and of cultivated ideas. A conservatory, once established here, would attract pupils not only from the city but from all those adjacent and many distant points which pay tribute to us as a mercantile emporium. We have also an abundance of teachers fully capable of presiding over the different departments, and could easily name, were it necessary, those who are eminently fitted to instruct the various classes, which would include elemcutary instruction, vocal and instrumental, composition, instrumentation, notation, the formation of the voice and a normal department;

We are so fully convinced of the feasibility of such an enterprise, that we intend to agitate the subject until it is brought to a practical test. Meanwhile, who will undertake the delicate task of uniting the principal teachers of the city and secure their co-operation in an undertaking, which will not only contribute to a better knowledge of the art, but which will, at the same time, be a source of profit to themselves?"

M. PROSPER MERIMEE, in a recent article, after exhibiting the advantages of society in the eighteenth century possessed over contemporary French society, adds: "But I think the most fatal blow our drawing-rooms received was given by luxury, which was unknown to our fathers. The parties and suppers which were formerly so gay, were but a pretext for conversation. Now-a-days people rarely open house except to have numerous witnesses of the expense indulged in them. The drawing-rooms are crowded, nobody talks, few dance; people are suffocated in the dining-room, but what a display of flower and silver, and what light *a giorno*! The Duke de Pasquier said to me, 'Nothing could be more modest than our suppers in the olden time; we had a few candles, two substantial dishes, and rarely more than one sort of wine; but on the the hand conversation was general, each one tried to pay his share by amusing the others, nobody tried to astound by his wealth and everybody tried to please.'"

ILLUSTRATIVE.—A French journal says: "The favorite Chinese beverage in the Chinese *café* of the Universal Exhibition is the Sher-Ry-Cob-Bler. It is made of a wine called Xeres in France, some lemon, sugar, and powdered ice. The mysteries of its brewing were taught by "Brigham" to some Californian, who taught some Chinaman, who taught some Frenchman, and armed him with the necessary straw."

WHAT TOM MAXWELL DID.

"WHO was that young fellow who seemed to be rather *épris* with your rector's pretty daughter?" said I to my friend Marcus Jermyn, as I settled myself down comfortably to a pipe and a chat in his cosy smoking-room, after a dinner party which he had given to some of the village magnates.

"What! Tom Maxwell, d' you mean?—the youngster who sat opposite to you?"

"Yes," said I; "there was something about his appearance I rather liked. Who is he?"

"He's a deuced plucky fellow, I can tell you," said Jermyn. "Why, did you never hear what Tom Maxwell did last winter?—it was in all the papers."

"Not I," said I. "I was in New York, you know, and missed a good deal of English news."

"Well, look here, old fellow; just get into that shooting-jacket, and brew yourself what you like, and I'll tell you the story."

Since I had seen Jermyn last he had succeeded to his father's property at Coxton, a pretty village on the east coast, and had settled down, very comfortably, to the ordinary routine of a country gentleman's life. I had been roving all over the world, partly on business and partly on pleasure, and having a few weeks before returned from a lengthened tour in the United States, I had run against Jermyn in the Strand, and he had made me promise to spend a few days with him at Christmas. Consequently, I found myself at the end of Christmas week, in his comfortable country-house.

"What will you drink, Fred?" said Jermyn. "Brandy? Try the whisky. It's rather a special good thing. Well," continued he, "you'd like to hear what Tom Maxwell did; but first you ought to know something about him. He's a pupil of old Sawyer, the vicar of Middleham, a village about a mile from here. Sawyer, who has a good deal in that ancient brain of his, but very little in his pocket, adds to the some hundred and fifty per annum, which draws from the Middleham tithe-payers, by taking a pupil or two.

At the time Maxwell came to Sawyer, about eighteen months ago, he had but one other pupil, a tall young fellow called Denton, most abominably conceited, and no favorite of us. I don't know what Denton did, except dwadle about and gossip, for he had as genuine a liking for scandal as any old woman in the place. Somehow or other he gave us all a general impression that the new pupil, Maxwell, was a regular milksop, fresh from his mother's apron-strings, and up to none of the ordinary pursuits of other youths. Of course such a character did him no good among the young ladies, and they need to pity one another when Maxwell fell to their lot at a dinner-party or dance. He certainly had very little to say for himself, and was uncommonly shy, and was therefore a great contrast to Denton; who would have thought nothing of strolling up to her Majesty at a *levée*, and advising her to let Buckingham Palace. In this way it got to be considered that Maxwell was a muff; and as he did nothing particular to remove this impression, it clung to him until the incident took place of which I am going to tell you,

It was on the 20th of January, that these two young fellows had been dining with us, and it being a fearful night, we had persuaded them both to stay all night, a thing they were often in the habit of doing, and which, we knew well, would give old Sawyer no anxiety. The sound of the wind and rain, and the distant roaring of the sea, made us all uncommonly glad to remain under a good roof. During dinner, in the intervals of talk, we could hear the rain beat against the windows with such force that I really thought they would be driven in, and many a time, often did one or the other of us say, 'What will the poor fellows at sea do to-night?' and look grave, as we thought of the too-likely possibility of some unfortunate vessel being off the coast. We all went to bed in very good time, that night, and were uncommonly glad to listen to the storm, through the medium of two or three thicknesses of stout blankets. I had been asleep about two hours when Mary awoke me and said she had heard the front door bell ring. I guessed at once what it was. I had given directions to the fishermen to send up to the Hall, whenever there was a ship on shore, and I felt certain that this was a message of that import. Accordingly, I slipped on my dressing-gown and went down to the door, and without opening it, asked who was there?

"'Tom Purvis,' was the answer.

"'What is it, Tom?' I said.

"'There's a ship on the Black Steal, sir.'

"'God help them, then, was my first ejaculation. 'I'll be down directly, Tom.' I said, and went up stairs to dress. Before doing so, however, I thought that these two lads might possibly like the excitement of the scene; and so I went into the double-bedded room where they were sleeping. Upon hearing my errand, Denton said that he had a cold, and that he had seen wrecks before, and that he thought he wouldn't come; but young Maxwell immediately began to dress, saying, that he didn't think he could sleep comfortably, knowing that some unfortunate sailors were perishing so near to us

"'Will they be able to do anything for them, do you think?' he asked me.

"'I fear not,' said I. 'The life-boat won't have a chance in such a sea as there must be, and I fear she may have struck too far off to be reached by a rocket. But be quick with your things, and we'll go down and see.'

"In five minutes we were both down at the hall door, well wrapped up in pilot-coats and mufflers; and good need we had of them, I can tell you, for the moment we opened the door the wind and rain rushed in with such force as to nearly blind us, and it required all our united strength to shut it again. Having at last, however done, so, we turned round, and faced the tempest. It was, in truth, a fearful night, and we could scarcely make any way against the wind, which blew certainly far stronger than I had ever known it do before. We linked our arms together and managed at last to reach the beach. The night was so dark that we could see nothing from the fishermen's cottages.

"'Where is she?' said I, to an old man who at one of the doors.

"'She's on the south of the Steal, sir,' said he. 'They're trying to reach her with a rocket from the jetty-end.'

"This jetty was formed on wooden piles, and ran a short way out to sea, It was only used by the fishing boats in certain states of the tide, to land their cargoes, and was a black, slimy, tumble-down affair at best. As we were making our way down the cliff, a matter of no little difficulty, we saw a stream of fire shoot in a curved direction, and knew that they had fired a rocket. Getting on to the beach, we made the best of our way through fishing boats, anchors, buoys, etc., and at last got on to the small, frail jetty, which seemed to stir and tremble with the force of the gigantic waves, which threw themselves furiously against it. Hurrying to the end, we found a tolerably large group of fishermen surrounding the two coastguardsmen who had charge of the rocket apparatus.

"'Do you make anything out of her, Harvey?' said I to one of the coastguard, who lived in the village, and who was a great ally of mine in fishing and boating expeditions.

"'Well, sir,' said he, 'I think she'll be a big French lugger that was knocking about, off and on, this afternoon. I said when I see'd her I wouldn't give much chance for her getting into harbor. It's so fearful dark, sir, that we can scarcely make her out a bit; but I fancy I picked out three masts, such as them great ugly French colliers have. We have missed her twice with the rockets—they both fell to the leeward of her, but we'll allow enough for this one, sir.'

"As he spoke, they got ready to fire another rocket, and this time, as far as they could guess, it went right over the unfortunate vessel. We had now begun to get our eyes accustomed to the darkness, and fancied we could make out a black, shapeless mass, about fifty or eighty yards before us. We could hear the cries of the poor fellows on board clearly enough, and the crushing grinding sound of the vessel on the rocks; and by the latter sound we knew that, unless something was quickly done, they would all perish.

"Just then, to the great delight of us all, some one on board fixed a lantern in the rigging, and by its light we could see that the coastguard had been right in their conjectures, and that it was one of those unwieldy luggers that trade between our northern coal-ports and France. We could also see that there was a group of people clustered amidships, who were evidently engaged in some operation, and directly afterwards the tightening of the rocket line showed us that it was being hauled in from the ship. A stronger line having been attached, on board, with clear directions in French, as to the management of the apparatus, was sent off, and then the cradle slid away on its errand of mercy. All this time the wind had continued to blow so hard that we had great difficulty in keeping our feet, added to which every now and then a wave broke over the jetty and deluged us with water. We were, however, too much interested in the fate of the French crew to think much of our personal inconveniences. At last, after what seemed to us an immense time, we could just make out that a man was getting carefully over the side of the ship and pulling the rope he came toward us into the darkness, and in a few minutes we were able to haul up upon the jetty a miserable half-drowned Frenchman, who very soon had the neck of a bottle of better coguac than he had ever before tasted thrust into his mouth.

"Off went the cradle again, and back it returned with the same result, until we soon had quite a little French colony, shivering and shaking on the jetty beside us. There only remained now the captain to be brought off, and, to our very great consternation, we made out from one of the crew, that he had announced his determination to 'stick by the ship,' and wait until morning, when, he imagined, the sea would go down. His reason for this was an idea he had got into his chivalric and foolish head that it was his duty as captain to do so, and that upon his leaving his deck he lost all claim to his vessel, which at once became the property of perfidious Albion.

"It was a marvel to all the experienced sailors on the jetty that she should have held together so long as she had done, and she was expected to break up every minute. What was to be done then for this foolish Frenchman, to compel him to save his life?

"We did not know what to do, and began to think that he must be left to his fate, when one of the fishermen was heard to say to another—

"'If some fellow, now, had pluck to go off and fetch him! If it wasn't for the wife and bairns, I'd go.'

"'And what would be the good of that,' said another, 'when you can't jabber a word of his confounded lingo?'

"There was a pause; and then, to my consternation, I heard a quiet voice at my elbow say—

"'That'll be the only plan. I understand French, and will go off to him and explain the matter.'

"'You, Maxwell?' I said. 'Stuff and nonsense, my dear fellow! I won't allow it for a moment!'

"'Excuse me, Mr. Jermyn, I do intend to go.'

"'No. I'll be hanged if you shall go!' said I. 'Good gracious me! are you to risk your life because a confounded, thick-headed old French skipper chooses to be an obstinate old mule? You shan't do it, Maxwell, I tell you.'

"His only reply was the taking off his watch, which he quietly handed to me.

"'The wet will injure it,' said he.

"'Now, Maxwell, do be reasonable,' said I. 'For God sake don't do this foolish thing. It's all very well being Quixotic, and all that sort of thing, but there is a limit to that, and this is beyond it. Come, let's go home; we can do no good here.'

But I had mistaken my man and my power over him. He took me aside and spoke so seriously and sensibly, that I had no argument with which to confute his, and at last was compelled to give in, protesting all the while against it.

I give you my word, Fred, that I was never so miserable in my life before. Here was a boy who was virtually, if not actually, in my charge, going into the most fearful danger, and and I was powerless to stop him. If anything happened to this boy what was I to say to his parents, and what would they say to me?

"However, the thing was evidently unavoidable, and I bestirred myself to see that all that was possible to secure his safety should be done. By this time it became known among the men on the pier that the lad had volunteered for the duty, which, no doubt, some one might have done but for their ignorance of the French. Some of them were very much against it, and at one time there seemed a chance of it being prevented; but Maxwell said a few words to them, and they gave a cheer, and set about getting him into the cradle. This was soon done, and with another ringing British cheer, the young fellow went off on his perilous expedition.

"We could just make out that he had reached the vessel and then a very long time went by without any sign whatever. The excitement in all our minds, and in mine especially, was painful in the extreme. The coastguardsmen, old experienced men-of-war's men, and the fishermen, were all in a state of wonder that the vessel had held together so long, and we all expected that every minute would be the last. At length, after what seemed at least an hour, but which, I fancy, could really only have been about ten minutes, we saw a man get over the side of the vessel, and soon the cause of all our anxiety—a fat, pudgy, elderly Frenchman—was hauled on to the jetty; and if he did get a little roughly handled and shaken in getting him clear of the ropes, why I don't think he was much to be pitied. I need not say that the cradle was sent off again as quickly as possible, and we saw, to our great delight, that young Maxwell was getting into it. We haul in with a will, when all of a sudden the vessel seemed to collapse and go completely to pieces. A great cry arose from all on the jetty, and we thought Maxwell lost, when, to our infinite delight, we heard his voice close to us. He had just reached the jetty, when the rope gave way, from the vessel breaking up; but he clung tightly to it, and in a moment he was pulled up among us, and was almost devoured by the delighted fishermen, who crowded round to shake hands and ply him with brandy.

"It was undoubtedly one of the narrowest escapes that was ever heard of. Nothing could have saved him, if the waves had dashed him against the jetty. But he fell just clear of the sea, and we had him up before one of the large waves could come.

"I need not say that Master Maxwell was the hero of the neighborhood for some time to come. But, bless you instead of giving himself airs about it, as Denton would have done, and putting himself in the way of being complimented, nothing seemed to worry him more than hearing it talked about: and I have often known that the story was being told, although I could not hear it, from the way Maxwell used to fidget about, and his unhappy expression of countenance. He's nearly as shy as ever, although he's been considerably petted by all the girls about ever since."

"He should have that new decoration," said I.

"Ah! I wish it had been instituted then," said Jermyn; "no one could have better deserved it. We got him the Humane Society's medal, but I don't know what he has done with it. No one has ever seen it since he received it. And now," said Jermyn, yawning, "I must be off I'm not used to this sort of thing now, and feel rather demoralized already from the society of such a rolling-stone as you are, old-fellow. Good night."

I left Coxton the next day, but thought the story of "What Tom Maxwell did" worth recording.—*All the Year Round.*

SEA MUSIC.

BY EDMUND THORBALD.

THE gray unresting sea,
Adown the bright and belting shore,
Breaking in untold melody,
Makes music evermore.

Centuries of vanished time
Since the glad earth's primeval morn,
Have heard the grand unpausing chime,
Momently, aye new-born.

Like us in cloistered piles,
Rich bursts of masive sonnd upswell,
Ringing along dim-lighted aisles
With spirit-trancing spell;

So on the surf-white strand;
Chants of deep peal the sea-waves raise,
Like voices from a viewless land,
Hymning a hymn of praise.

By times, in thunder notes,
The booming billows shoreward surge;
By times, a silvery laugh infloats;
By times, a low soft dirge.

Souls more ennobled grow,
Listing the wordless anthem rise;
Discords are drowned in the great flow
Of Nature's harmonies.

Men change, and "cease to be,"
And empires rise and grow and fall,
But the weird music of the sea
Lives, and outlives them all.

That mystic song shall last
Till time itself no more shall be;
Till seas and shores have pass'd,
Lost in eternity.

GOSSIP ABOUT FRENCH COMIC ACTORS.

THE other night a painful incident interrupted the performance of "La Grande Duchesse de Gerolsteio" at the Varietes Theatre. In the midst of a *galop*, Grenier, the actor, fell and screamed in a lamentable voice, "I have broken my leg." The audience roared with laughter. His fellow actors themselves said, "Just like Grenier—always full of fun! Now we are going to laugh!" Nevertheless, it became necessary to lower the curtain, and Grenier, still attired in his grotesque costume of Prince Paul, was carried home on a litter.

The public refuse to believe that those droll fellows, whose trade is to make men laugh, can be subject to the common infirmities and woes of humanity. Everybody has heard the story of Dominique, who amused the Paris of the 17th century. One day a sombre and wretched man called on the leading physician of the day. The Doctor asked him, "What is the matter with you?"

"I know not. I am oppressed by the heaviest spirits. The most sombre thoughts constantly cloud my mind, and there is scarcely an hour of my life—so wretched am I—in which I am not tempted to commit suicide."

"Then, my dear fellow, the best thing you can do is to go and see Dominique play."

"Doctor I am Dominique."

The physician could believe neither his eyes nor his ears! How was it possible so funny a fellow could be so gloomy!

By a law, contrary to that which the vulgar believe prevails, it may with truth be said comic actors are commonly melancholic men. Observations made on comic actors of our day confirm in general this theory.

The illustrious Potier was not exactly melancholic, we are told by those who knew him, but he was always uneasy. Note the word, it has a deep meaning. It was this *uneasiness* which destroyed Bouffé's career. One day he began to doubt his action on the public. Now, if you ever saw your audience cold and grave while telling them a funny story, you may understand how disheartened a comic actor is in the presence of a public which is unmoved by his pleasantries. Then there is an end of laughter, and the stage numbers another sad comic actor. Tiercelin, the modern Taconnet, had his profession in horror. After he retired from the stage no consideration could induce him to walk by the Theatre des Varietés. Brunet, whom we knew very well, was a very grave fellow. He produced a great deal of laughter, without ever thinking of laughing himself at his drollery. He played Schaabaham with as much gravity as Talma ever played his most tragical parts. Brunet respected the text of the authors of the Varietes Theatre as scrupulously as if it had been the text of Racine or Corneille. An interpolation of his own fun would have seemed profanation to him. Brunet's life was ended by a great many domestic sorrows; his family caused him much grief; but the theatre was always foremost in his thoughts. He did really consider his profession a sort of priesthood. His candor, which was proverbial, constantly betrayed the tension of his mind. One day in the green-room of the Varietés, in the height of the most violent emotions of the Revolution of July, the persons present talked about politics, war, an European coalition, riots and the like themes, and somebody said, "King Louis Phillippe must feel extremely embarrassed."

Brunet exclaimed, "How would he feel had he three parts to play every evening?"

Monrose, the best Figaro and the most illustrious Mascarille, who ever appeared at the French comedy, was a man of very agitated temperament. He died insane. Arnal has been an odd fish all his life. His comrades and managers have always said "he was a hard fellow to get along with." He seems wounded by the prejudice which sticks to his profession, and flies society when he is welcomed only to raise laughter. Odry, whom I likewise knew very well, expressed in his way this Philistine stupidity, which supposes a comic actor can never assume a grave attitude in company. Odry said to me in the country-house to which he had retired, "I go nowhere because everybody thinks I can say nothing without provoking peals of laughter. A short time since I determined to go the funeral of an old friend of forty years' standing. When I entered the church I went to my friend's son-in-law and asked, "What was the matter with our poor friend?" The son-in-law recognized me, took his handkerchief, clapped it on his mouth to repress the peals of an indecent gayety, and I heard him say to his neigbbor, "'Tis that infernal Odry,—what a d—l of a joker!"

Alcide Tonsez was likewise a melancholic fellow. Sainville, during the last years of his life, was a martyr to the gout and rheumatism. "That joyous comic actor," as the newspapers called him, was filled with funereal presentiments, when you met him in the morning, scarcely able to draw one leg after the other. Passers said, "There is Sainville; he is a fellow who leads a gay life." Vernet's life was afflicted and abridged by the gout. Villars, an excellent actor, well-known to all frequenters of the Varietés and Gymnase, was sad unto death he committed suicide. In the last generation, I remember a very comic actor of the Gaité, named Basnage, who blew his brains out. One of the most popular and applauded actors of Paris said to me a few days since, "If I knew how to do anything else I should never play on the stage again." There are comic actors who have a good social position, who lead regular, methodical lives; but they too are victims of the professional sadness. One of them said to me, "My children have never seen me on the stage."

"Why not?"

"Because I am afraid they would no longer respect me."

The stage includes too a peculiar sort of martyrs, namely, the actor who, having discarded Jocrisse's yellow fluxen wig, has retired to the country, married a Philistine's daughter, blushes at his old profession, and becomes as embarrassed as an escaped felon, when an unexpected meeting, the passage of an old comrade through town, may betray his incognito. I have known this class of martyrs. I went to a small town one day. The mayor invited me to dine with him. While I was dressing I received in my hotel the visit of the chief physician of the town. In his younger days this doctor had played country bumpkins on the stage. He knew we were to meet at the mayor's house, and he came to ask me to make no allusion to the follies of his youth.

Still more delicate is the position of a woman, who, after having shone on the stage of the Palais Royal and Varietés, at the race-field and at the Cafe Anglais, retires to the provinces and marries a sub-treasurer, goes regularly to church, and is recommended to public esteem by her decorous bearing and her scruples in everything appertaining to religion and morals. If, unfortunately, Bilboquet should come strolling through the village, you may imagine the terror of Zephyrine, *thou-d* every other word, and caressed by the big red hands of a strolling player, who had as lief as not say before all the church wardens and the municipal council, "O, my little beauty, and this is the secret of thy sale? We melted all the trinkets and jewels to make us an income of $1,200 a year; and we found a shareholder in the provinces, eh? All the better! all the better, my darling! Youth soon slips away, and a fat turkey like thee can't dance the cachuka. Besides, men have become deceitful rogues at Paris. They spend all their money on the Queen of Diamonds. To be sure there are little rogues, who manage to wing a carriage and pair out of young chaps; but more show than substance. They have a servant in their ante-chamber, but they have still more sheriffs after them. And yet, after all, fat turkey, if thou wilt play on my benefit night, hang me if I sha'n't put you in capitals on the bill."

As may easily be supposed Zephyrine prefers giving fifty francs to Bilhoquet rather than to play at his benefit. This reappearance would assure her disappearance from the fashionable society of her village.—*Translated from Every Saturday from Le Soleil.*

CRETAN WOMEN.—Two women went with a late detachment, with rifles on their shoulders. "If," they said, "we are in camp, we will work for you; if the Turks are near, we know how to shoot." Another, with all her worldly goods in a little bag on her back and a rifle on her shoulder, was chased by some Turks. One Turk got near her and cried out in Greek, "Drop your bag." She dropped it, and, kneeling behind it, shot the pursuer through the heart. Then, picking up her pack, she escaped to her friends.

BAILY—STANFIELD—ALISON.

THREE eminent men of England, all born in the last century, have just died. Baily, R. A., the sculptor; Stanfield, R. A., the marine painter; and Alison, the historian of Europe. Baily, born in Bristol in 1788, was intended for trade, and at the age of fourteen was placed in a counting-house; but the attractions of art were too great for him, and after a probation of two years, he left his situation and became a wax-modeller of portraits. Stimulated, it is said, however, by the sight of Bacon's monument to the memory of Stearne's "Eliza," in Bristol, he soon gave up wax and adopted clay as the material for his art. The result justified the confidence he had displayed in himself. He married, came to London, and by the kind interposition of a friend, was received into the studio of Flaxman. This was the beginning of a career which was closed only a few days ago. The sculptor of "Eve at the Fountain" was beloved by all who knew him.

Clarkson Stanfield, ten years younger than his fellow academician, had been a sailor, having served in the same ship of war as Douglas Jerrold. When the latter produced his well-known drama, "The Rent Day," at Surrey Theatre, he met on the boards for the first time after sixteen years Clarkson Stanfield, who, like himself, had deserted the sea for a more congenial pursuit. Meantime the one had become a famous scene painter, the other a successful dramatist. Stanfield's first large picture, "Wreckers off Fort Rouge," was exhibited at the British Institution in 1827. In 1832 the artist was elected an associate of the Royal Academy, and three years afterwards attained to the full dignity of his profession. His marine paintings are the best in England.

The author of "A History of Europe from the Commencement of the French Revolution to the Battle of Waterloo," and of a continuation "to the Accession of Louis Napoleon," had for some time been ailing; and, although a day or two before his death he was pronounced better, no hope was entertained of his recovery. The deceased baronet was a prolific writer. In addition to the works enumerated, he was the author of numerous legal treatise and literary and periodical articles, of the "Life of the Duke of Marlborough," of "Principles of Population," a reply to Malthus, and of "England in 1815 and 1845, or a Sufficient or Contracted Currency." Sir Archibald was the son of the author of an "Essay on Taste." In 1834 he was appointed sheriff of Lanarkshire, and, on the accession to power in 1858 of Lord Derby and Mr. Disraeli, a baronetcy was conferred on him by the Queen. At the time of his death he was in his 75th year.

WRESTLING MATCHES BETWEEN GIRLS.—The Japanese and the Arabs have recently given our amusement-loving public some extraordinary entertainments, but none of them, we should think, can equal an exhibition lately witnessed by an English traveler at the Rapp Theatre in Stockholm, Sweden. This was a series of wrestling matches between girls, and is thus described: "They were apparently of the class called extras at theatres, and were dressed in long-sleeved shirts fastening around the throat, the short loose trousers of the deboardeur, tights, of course, and boots. They had been instructed in certain rules for the strife (which defined the space of the adversary's body for the gripe, and forbade pinching and kicking,) all duly set forth in the playbills; and with the pay of a rixdollar a night apiece, and a prize of four rixdollars for the winner, were left to fight it on the stage. The principal dancer picked out four couples one after the other, and as the fate of each pair was decided, the vanquished girl retired to the back of the stage; while the winner stood on one side to wrestle again with the others equally fortunate as herself. It was a thoroughly genuine thing, and really well worth seeing. The girls dodged, and gripped, and struggled in good earnest, and many were the mishaps to hair and garments, and many the strong white limb exposed; while the ever-changing attitudes of their lissom forms, so unconsciously significant and graceful, deserved the lens of the photographer or the sculptor's chisel to confer undying immortality on Herr Rappo, the manager. As the ties were worked off the excitement grew very severe; and when the last couple, blown, dishevelled, and flushed, stood up for the four rix, the backing of green breeches or red breeches was like the clatter of a betting-ring when the odds are rising on the favorite, and the "professionals" find themselves on the gridiron.

"This extremely æsthetic exhibitian, with tableaux vivants, pantomimic ballet, performances on the trapez, and a presentation of the immortal fight of Sayers and Heenan between a couple of wretched Whitechapel acrobats, was all to be seen for the highest price of two rix-dollars—and no smoking allowed!"

EXCESS of ceremony shows a want of breeding. That civility is best which excludes all superfluous formality.

"WE see," says Swift, in one of his most sarcastic moods "what God thinks of riches by the people he gives them to."

NOTICE.

The publication of "THE CALIFORNIAN" *takes place on Saturday mornings, and copies may be obtained in the City at all News stands, and of our News-agents through the country. It will also be served by carriers on the morning of publication.*

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THE CALIFORNIAN.

SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, AUGUST 3, 1867.

WANTED.—An intelligent boy to learn the printers' trade. Apply at this office between 12 and 1 o'clock.

AN INDIGNANT SAVANT ON THE "ORDER OF NATURE."

SINCE the time when Bishop Watson made his well-known attempt to frame a satisfactory reply to Hume's famous "Argument against Miracles," the contest between the men of science who insist upon the absolute and necessary uniformity of "the Order of Nature," and the theologians who maintain that that order has, at certain times, and for certain purposes been interrupted, has never entirely subsided, substantially the same question being constantly revived in one shape or another, at short intervals. But though the possibility of miracles has generally been the starting point of the discussion, it is in reality, like the kindred one in regard to the Principle of Causality, purely speculative and philosophical in its character, having no necessary connection with theology. But, as the vast majority of mankind take little interest in metaphysical disputes, none, except the comparatively small class of persons addicted to speculative studies, have any distinct idea of the various theories of "Causation" and the "nexus" that have from time to time been elaborated, or of the nature of the conflict which has been waged by generation after generation of eager metaphysicians on this still contested battle-ground. The discussion in regard to the order of nature, would have proved as uninteresting to the world at large, and would have remained as little known, had it retained its abstract character. But when it came in contact with theology, and was applied to the question of the credibility of the New Testament naratives of miraculous occurrences, it assumed a practical shape, and from being a speculative subject, interesting only to philosophers, became a popular one that vitally concerned every believer in the supernatural power and character of Christ, and in the Special Providence of God. Accordingly, while the debate that has raged around the Principle of Causality has been left to the metaphysicians, and has never intruded itself into the field of popular literature. The question in regard to the permanence of the Order of Nature is, in some of its aspects at least, familiar to all intelligent persons, and occasionally crops out in the popular magazines and even in the newspapers,

Accordingly, we are not at all surprised to find in a recent number of Messrs, Ticknor & Field's *Every Saturday*, an article entitled "Miracles and Special Providences," copied from the London *Fortnightly Review*, in which Professor Tyndal, a man of physical Science, undertakes to refute and rebuke, Mr. Mozley, a theologian and a "Brampton Lecturer," for the energetic and somewhat disdainful attack, made by the latter, upon the "Argument from Experience, as a philosophical foundation for the belief in "The Order of Nature." The essay of Mr. Mozley which provoked Professor Tyndal's attempt at, refutation, occurs in the volume of "Brampton Lectures" for 1865. These lectures, like the more celebrated course by Mr. Mansel, delivered ten years earlier, upon the same foundation, on "The limits of Religious Thought," are characterized by great boldness, and rare intellectual subtlety, evincing at the same time that thorough mastery of all the weapons of metaphysical dialectics for which the severely trained logicians of Oxford and Cambridge have long been noted

This volume, Professor Tyndal took with him, as he informs us, as the companion of a summer tour among the Alps, There, during the wet and snowy days, he tells us he "made himself thoroughly conversant" with the book, which he found "clear and strong—an intellectual tonic, as bracing and pleasant to the mind, as the keen air of the mountains was to the body." From time to time, he "jotted down his thoughts regarding it, intending afterwards, if time permitted, to work them up into a coherent whole." The article in the *Fortnightly Review* is the outcome of these meditations and jottings.

It is only that portion of the discussion that involves the question of the value of the "argument from experience" that we propose at present to concern ourselves with. On this point Mr. Mozley is perfectly explicit. He insists that experience can only deal with the past, and that the moment we attempt to project it a single step beyond the point it has at any moment reached, we are condemned by reason, Miracles, it is urged, are incredible, because contrary to the order of nature. But what do we mean by our belief in this order? Simply replies the Baampton Lecturer, *our belief that the future will be like the past;* and for this belief though he admits its existence as a kind of unreasoning instinct, he insists there is not the slightest rational basis. We have no evidence that any cause in nature is more permanent than its known effects, that it will produce other instances additional to those produced already. Such is substantially his proposition. By way of illustration, he supposes the case of the occurrence of a particular physical phenomenon for the first time. The witnesses of that single occurrence would have, he thinks, "but the very faintest expectation of another. If it did occur again, once or twice, so far from counting on *another* occurrence, a cessation would occur as the most natural event to us, But let it continue one hundred times and we should find no hesitation in inviting persons from a distance to see it; and if it occurred every day for years, its occurrence would be a certainty to us, its cessation a marvel."

Such are the facts in regard to the effect produced upon the mind by witnessing the regular recurrence of natural phenomena. But what do these facts prove? What ground of *reason* can be assigned for the expectation that the course of nature will continue to be the next moment what it has been up to this moment? To this interrogatory Mr. Mozley does not hesitate to reply decidedly that no such ground can be assigned. "No reason," he declares, "can be given for this belief. It is without reason. It rests upon no rational grounds, and can be traced to no rational principle."

In developing his argument on this point, Mr. Mozley says some things that are not only striking, but startling; some things that could not fail to seem repellant and offensive to a certain class of the devotees of physical science, and which have evidently been taken by Professor Tyndal, as something in the nature of a personal affront. Our nature, according to the Brampton Lecturer, though endowed with reason, contains "large irrational departments;" and it is to one of these "irrational departments" that he refers the instinctive belief in the order of nature. Acknowledging that this belief, however irrational, is widely diffused, he suggests the following bold theory in explanation of the fact; "It is necessary, all-important for the purposes of life, but solely practical, and possesses no intellectual character. . . . . The proper function of the inductive principle, the argument from experience, the belief in the order of nature—by whatever phrase we designate the same instinct—is to operate as a practical basis for the affairs of life and the carrying on of human society.

In short, Mr. Mozley, while conceding that the belief in the "order of nature," is general, maintains that it is an unintelligent instinct or impulse, of which we can give no rational account, an instinct designed for purely practical purposes, to induce us to till our fields, to provide our winter food and fuel, and adapt ourselves to the exigencies of life. "Thus, step by step," says our author, "has philosophy loosened the connection of the order of nature, with the ground of reason, befriending in exact proportion as it has done this, the principle of miracles." Inasmuch as the belief in question being itself destitute of any foundation in reason, "the ground is gone, upon which it could be maintained that miracles, as opposed to the order of nature, are opposed to reason." Again; when we analyze this belief in its relation to science, as the so-called "inductive principle," we find that it is only an unreasoning impulse applied to a scientifically ascertained fact. Science has led up to the fact, but there it stops, and for the purpose of converting this *fact* into a *law*, "a totally unscientific principle comes into play, the same as that which generalizes the commonest observations of nature."

Such is substantially the ground assumed by Mr. Mozley; and it is set forth with sufficient directness to make it easily intelligible. What is Professor Tyndal's mode of meeting the argument? It is curious, and also perfectly characteristic of the school of which he is a representative. He does not even so much as attempt a reply upon logical and philosophical grounds. But instead of any such attempt, he furnishes us with a number of striking illustrations of the progress of physical science. Unable, or reluctant, to encounter Mr. Mozley upon his own ground, he furnishes us with a quite irrelevant history of the successive steps by which the weight of the atmospheric column was ascertained, by which Newton arrived at his theory of gravitation, and by which astronomers are enabled to calculate eclipses. Mr. Mozley demands some ground in reason, for the belief that the future will correspond to the part, for the belief that because the sun has risen every morning during every day of the historic period, it will rise to-morrow. Professor Tyndal, declining to meet him upon his own ground, simply accumulates evidences of the uniformity of the "order of nature," within the period of which we have any knowledge. But it is evident that those evidences fall short of proof, and that they still leave the expectations that are based upon them, "without any rational ground." Professor Tyndal, seems himself to feel, not without a certain impotent irritation, that the ground taken by his opponent, is logically impregnable, for in concluding his "argument," he breaks forth into a most remarkable apostrophe, which is quite unprecedented in philosophical discussion. The apostrophe alluded to, is as follows:

"To the theologian, with his wonderful theories of the 'odor of nature,' I would in conclusion say, 'Keep to the region—not, however, exclusively *yours*—which is popularly known as the human heart: the region, I am willing to confess, of man's greatest nobleness and most sublime achievements. Cultivate this, if it be in you to do so; and it *may* be in you; for love and manhood are better than science, and they may render you three times less unworthy than many of those who possess ten times your natural knowledge. But, unless you come to her as a learner, keep away from physical nature. Here, in all frankness I would declare, that at present you are ill-informed, self-deluded, and likely to delude others. Farewell!"

A careful perusal of Professor Tyndall's reply to Mr. Mozley's argument, has satisfied us that the question under discussion, is one that will never be definitively settled; that there are two distinct classes of minds so essentially differing in their modes of thought that they never can be at one so far as questions involving the recognition of the supernatural is concerned. The difference appears to us, to be one of natural constitution and temperament, and one that can never be reconciled by any logical process. There are minds to which the idea of a God outside of Nature, and prescribing her laws is utterly repugnant, and another class of minds to which this idea is congenial and acceptable. These classes are not to be distinguished by any difference in force of intellect, or extent of acquirement. Men of equal intellectual power, and equal in training and learning are to be found on both sides. The difference must be sought in the kind and quality of the intellectual power, rather than in their force and quantities. There seem to be minds that naturally gravitate to an acceptance of the supernatural, and others, to which from their very constitution, and congenital peculiarities, it is an absolute impossibility to accept such a belief. In short, as it seems to us, the Voltaires, Comptes, Buckles, Drapers, and Tyndall's, do not differ so much in intellectual force or scholastic acquirements, from the Miltons, Butlers, Guizots, Bunsens, Arnolds, Mansells, and Mozleys, as they do in the natural bias of their minds, and the constitutional peculiarities of their intellects. Hence we infer that the questions in regard to which they differ, will never be settled so authoratively as to result in a unanimity of opinion and belief.

CARLYLE AND THE CHELSEA ROUGHS.—The London *Review* remarks "that the reason why the Chelsea riff-raff insult Mr. Carlyle as he rides or walks about the streets, according to the rather startling relation of Mr. Ruskin, is that he adopts singular costume, and in particular that he wears a huge [illegible] hat, of peculiar shape, which renders him an object of remark and a butt for ridicule. Undoubtedly it is a very shameful thing for the Chelsea rapscallions to revile a philosopher on the score of his clothes; but it may also be a question whether it is not a foolish thing on the part of Mr. Carlyle to affect singularity in a matter which, after all, is an affair of no moment. If we are not mistaken, it is in his admirable essay on Jean Paul Ritcher that Mr. Carlyle remarks that, in proportion as a man feels himself compelled to oppose society on serious grounds, he should avoid giving it offence in trivial concerns. And he makes this remark with reference to some affected oddity of costume in which his hero for a time indulged. It is true that the Chelsea roughs can hardly be accepted as "society;" still, it is perhaps a mistake to provoke their foolish intolerance for the very small pleasure of wearing a grotesque hat.

INDEPENDENT CANDIDATES.—Mr. Henry S. Davis, the present sheriff, and Mr. John C. Pelton, present Superintendent of Public Schools, have placed their names before the public as independent candidates for the coming election, for the offices they now hold. We do not know whether Mr. Davis' name was before the Union convention as a candidate for nomination for the shrievalty, or not. Mr. Pelton publicly refused to submit his name before the convention, and preferred to appeal direct to the public, to substantiate his claim to their support. Both gentlemen have filled their offices with ability, and to the general satisfaction of the public. It is certainly an evil, and more than a political one in its consequences, to demand a continual change of officers in positions whose duties are so intricate, multitudinous, and diffused as those of the Sheriff and Superintendent of Public Schools of our city. Those offices, above all others, should be made tenable for four years by an especial enactment, as it takes nearly half that time for their incumbents to become familiar with their manifold duties. Routine in office, in place of being good policy, is a very bad one.

UNDER the captions of "Religious sects and the Pockets of the People," the New York *Herald* argues that no more appropriations of the people's money be made, for the support of sectarian institutions. The *Herald* expresses itself to the effect, that every dollar invested from the public treasury, for the support of religious institutions, plants a seed for a future religious war, building up moneyed monopolies, that finally forget their religious creed, or only remember it to make the people accept it at the point of the sword.

REVIEWS OF OLD BOOKS.

BY DOGBERRY.

MOTHER GOOSE. By a fool.
A new edition of this volume is just out, and preserves its usual characteristic of having apparently been edited by some one out of his head. There is, however, an exquisite tenderness and fidelity to nature in the lines,

"Jack Spratt could eat no fat,
His wife could eat no lean,
So twixt them both they cleared the cloth
And licked the platter clean."

The poet has evidently moved in the more humble walks of life, and it is more than evident that he has been a witness to scenes similar to that described.

The imagination of the true poet often soars to such a height even in the description of the common events and affairs of ordinary life as not to be comprehended save by those on the same mental plane as himself. But the author of the lines has committed no such fault and while giving play to his imagination, has never for a moment transcended the bounds of probability.

Leaving the domestic and connnbial we come to verse bringing to our minds the pomp and grandeur of the warlike hero:

"Who comes here? A grenadier.
What d'ye want?
A pot of beer.
Where's your money?
I forgot!
Get you gone
You drunken sot."

Herein are at once displayed the faults and pecuniary vicessitudes to which the disciples of Mars are so frequently exposed. The hero, returning from the wars and wishing to solace himself with the delights of temporary inebriation is repulsed, abused and refused limited credit by those whose lives and property he has so bravely defended.

Here is depicted another phase of existence:

"See saw, Margery Daw,
Sold her bed and laid on straw;
Wasn't she a shiftless flirt,
To sell her bed and lay in the dirt?"

What more forcible description could be given of the lamentable consequences of a lack of thrift, foresight and frugality? The committal to memory and recitation of these lines will, in the future, save many a human being from the disagreeable contingencies imposed upon Margery Daw, who, unable to set any bounds to her extravagance, disposed of her couch for a consideration, and was then obliged to seek repose in unpleasant and unclean localities. But we are unable to review this work any further, so much do we feel imbned with the spirit of the author. It may be had at any of our principal book stores.

THE CALIFORNIA MARKET.—On Wednesday evening, the new market on California street between Montgomery and Kearny strects, was thrown open for public inspection, and was thronged from the hour of its opening until it was closed, by a crowd of visitors. On the following morning it was opened for business. The California market is a fine building, and is well adapted to the purpose for which it was erected. It consists of three wide aisles, on either side of which are handsome stalls. All the untidy portion of the market business, such as picking poultry, preparing joints, etc., are transacted in the spacious basement, and the upstairs department will always present a neat and cleanly appearance. The occupants are all pleased with their new location, and the public must certainly appreciate the change. A glance at the directory, which appears on our sixteenth page, will give some idea of the number and variety of businesses represented in the California Market.

THE proper treatment of the Indians, is being discussed extensively by the influential press of the country. The question appears to be viewed in two very different aspects, going the entire length of two extremes, one party counselling leniency, the other, extermination. History seems to indicate, that a large majority of the American aborigines, cannot exist in contact with the white race, that their extinction sooner or later, under the circumstances, is a law of Nature.

DIAMONDS.—A recent English work on diamonds and other precious stones says that but a small portion of the gems sold and worn are genuine. The diamond mines of Golconda are giving out, and those of India are rapidly failing. The scarcity of real gems has been met by the ingenuity of counterfeiters, who manufacture spurious gems that frequently deceive expert connoisseurs. Large quantities of false gems are made in Birmingham and Paris, and shipped East, where the Orientals sell them to credulous European travelers as the real article.

A BERLIN newspaper publishes this card: "I hear Prussia is about to send to the Paris Exhibition a model school-house. If Prussia desires to complete the specimen by sending at the same time a schoolmaster dying of hunger, I offer to represent to the life that other model for a very low rate of pay.—BACULUS, a schoolmaster with a salary of $30 a year."

DRAMATIC AFFAIRS.

ON Monday, Mr. Edwin Adams appeared as "Hamlet," a character in which he has gained immense reputation. Maguire's Opera House was, as a matter of course, crowded. On Tuesday, *Othello* was produced with Mr. Adams in the title role. I cannot speak well of Mr. Adams' impersonation of "Othello." The character is one to which he is peculiarly unsuited. If there is one thing which Mr. Adams is unable to do effectively it is rant. "Othello" is required by the text to rant, and rant most furiously at times. He is a rough soldier who suspects his wife of inconstancy, and his rage is brutal, bloody, noisy. Mr. Adams presents far too quiet an "Othello." In the first act he was quite at home, and the speech before the senate was most effectively delivered. Mr. McCullough lacked earnestness in the part of "Iago;" he made it too much a light comedy role; he was an indifferent villain; there was too little devil in him. Miss Sallie Hinckley played "Desdemona" very well in some scenes, especially that after she has been charged by "Othello" with unchasteness; the bewildered, half-insane air with which she appealed to "Emilia" and "Iago" was very well simulated; the part was as a whole however, too heavy for her. Mrs. Sophie Edwin played "Emilia" with great force, and was heartily applauded. Mr. Edwards played "Cassio" extremely well, and Barry was of course good as Roderigo, This play could be produced splendidly with Mr. Edwards as "Othello," Mr. Adams as "Iago" and Mr. McCullough as "Cassio;" with such a cast each part would he played perfectly. On Wednesday, *The Marble Heart* was played with Mr. Adams in the role of "Volage," Mr. John McCullough assuming the role of "Raphael." Mr. Adams played "Volage" splendidly, and appeared to enjoy his part much more than he did the melancholy one of "Raphael." Mr. John McCullough rendered his part very effectively, and the play was well performed throughout. On Thursday evening, *Damon and Pythias* was presented with Edwin Adams as "Pythias" and John McCullough as "Damon." Mr. Adams performed "Pythias" very effectively. Mr. McCullough tried his voice too severely; it sounded harsh and discordant in the passionate passages. Mrs. Sophie Edwin was excellent as "Hermion," and Miss Sallie Hinckley played "Calanthe" very well indeed. Last night, Edwin Adams took his second benefit, appearing as "Rover" in the ever popular comedy of *Wild Oats*. This capital play will be performed this afternoon. The entertainment this evening will consist of *Othello*, with a change in the cast, Mr. McCullough playing the title role, and Mr. Adams "Iago," this is an improvement. Mr. Adams is sure to make a good "Iago."

On Monday the military drama of *Ours*, which had such a successful run in New York will be produced. It has been carefully rehearsed and will be presented in excellent style. Kidd's splendid brass band has been engaged, and will add much to the effect of the grand finale. This piece was written by T. W. Robertson and Artemus Ward, and is founded on incidents which actually occurred during the Crimean War The popularity of Mr. Adams continues undiminished, and a constant succession of novelties has the effect of crowding the house nightly.

The Metropolitan Theatre inaugurated a new order of things, on Monday night. The company at this theatre, has been so much strengthened, that it is now capable of producing almost any style of play well. On Monday, the veteran actor, James H. Vinson, famed for his clever impersonations of old men and character parts, and Mr. and Mrs. Harry Jackson joined the company. Bouciault's capital play of *Grimaldi* was performed, and afforded Mr. Vinson an opportunity of at once firmly establishing himself in the favor of the public. The cast was a strong one, and the piece was capitally played. On Wednesday evening, the play of *Masks and Faces* was presented, for the benefit of the Union Guard. The house was crowded, and the performance went off splendidly. The entertainment commenced with *The Old Guard*, in which Mr. Vinson played "Haversac" very well, and Mrs. Harry Jackson was very good as "Milane."

In *Masks and Faces*, Mr. Vinson charmed the audience by the natural manner in which he impersonated "Triplet." I think that he was, however, sometimes almost too natural, and displayed too little art in making points. Mr. Harry Jackson's "Peg Woffington" was a very fine piece of acting, and her reading of the few serious passages which occur in the part was thrilling. Miss Emma Howson lacked vitality sufficient to play "Mabel Vane;" she was terribly tame and displayed so little emotion, that one scene at least, was rendered ridiculous. Miss Howson sings charmingly, looks very pretty in burlesque, but she lacks the force necessary to success in dramatic parts. Miss Clelia, who had the small role of Kitty Clive," is a most promising young actress; she throws her whole soul into her part, whatever it may be, and always plays it well. Harry Jackson's "Colly Cibber," was a clever piece of acting. Between the first piece and the drama, the favorite tenor, Henri Herberte, sang a ballad in splendid style, and was greatly applauded. *Masks and Faces* was repeated on Thursday night. Last night *Grimaldi* was performed. To-night Boucicault's drama of *The Willow Copse* will be presented. On Monday a startlingly sensational drama entitled *The Incendiaries*, will be produced. On Tuesday, Philippe and Julien Martinetti will take their farewell benefit. A new pantomime will be produced, and the members of the Turn Verein who have volunteered their services will assist. There is no lack of novelty at the Metropolitan, and a company which includes the Howson's, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Jackson, Mr. Vinson, Mrs. C. R. Sannders, H. D. Thompson, Pierpont Thayer and S. W. Leach is undeniably a strong one; one or two additional members will make it one of the strongest ever bronght together on the San Francisco boards.

Ralph Keeler delivered his lectnre entitled "Views Barefooted," on Tuesday evening, to a fair audience. The lecturer gave a gossipping account of how he traveled through Europe and only spent $181 in gold and silver, that amount being supplemented by a fair supply of brass. The audience was a good humored one, and ever ready to applaud when the lecturer made a point.

TOUCHSTONE.

ITALIAN OPERA.—The experiment of an operatic *matinée* last Saturday, with *Ione*, its fifth representation, was remarkably successful, the performance being, we are told, one of the finest of the season, and the house crowded. *Il Trovatore*, in which the present troupe have never been equalled here, will be given at 2 o'clock this afternoon, with reduced prices of admission, as on last Ssturday. *Ernani* was performed on Monday evening, and *Lucia di Lammermoor* on Wednesday, to moderately full houses; and Signor Limberti presented *La Traviata*, and the grand Trio from the third act of *I Lombardi* for his benefit, on Thursday evening, which was attended by a numerous audience. The artists have in general, during the week, acquitted themselves admirably, and we regret very much the comparative apathy of the public. On Monday evening, however, *L'Africaine* will be produced, and we may expect crowded houses for some time. Great care, frequent rehearsals and the expenditures of much money, should insure the success of this opera. The scenery is very beautiful, and the ship scene in which the vessel is seen tossing about on the waves, is most effectively produced. Every one is anxious to hear *L'Africaine*, of which they have read so much, and we trust that it will prove as great a success here, as it has in every other city in which it has been produced.

FIRST HEBREW BENEVOLENT SOCIETY'S BENEFIT.—The benefit tendered to the First Hebrew Benevolent Society by the members of the B'nai Berith Literary and Social Circle, which was announced to take place on Tuesday, August 6th, at the Academy of Music, has been postponed until Wednesday, August 7th. The play of *The Marble Heart; or, The Sculptor's Dream* will be performed. "Phidias" and "Raphael Duchalet" will be played by Sam Leszynsky, A. Weiner will fill the roles of "Diogenes" and "Volage." Miss Annie Goldstein will perform "Marco," and Miss Augusta Livingstone will appear as "Mario." The entertainments given by this society have always attracted large and fashionable audiences, and the worthiness of the object for which it is given should ensure a good attendance.

THE CITY GARDENS.—Since these beautiful gardens have been thrown open to the public, crowds have flocked thither daily to enjoy a ramble through the shady groves and participate in the many amusements provided. Sailing on the lake is a very favorite pastime, and the two toy steamers are always loaded with passengers. The tame seal is a great pet with the ladies, and all the birds and beasts are rapidly becoming on good terms with their visitors.

WOODWARD'S GARDENS.—The numerons attractions in these delightful pleasure grounds attract crowds of visitors. The gardens never looked more lovely than at the present time, and the conservatories are gay with thousands of rare flowers. The grape honse attracts much attention at present. Grapes in all stages of devlopment may be seen here, and rich bunches of ripe fruit adorn every vine.

ANATOMICAL MUSEUM.—The new models lately added to this splendid collection are well worthy of inspection. Much pleasure, entertainment and instruction may be gained by a visit.

TAX THE BACHELORS.—Buckle's theory that the price of corn regulates the marriage of nations, and consequently their population, seems to be not far wrong. The dullness of the times just now is affecting the matrimonial market, and few marriages are taking place. If Congress would only tax the bachelors, it would improve hymenial products wonderfully. The Romans gave bachelors no legacy. Corinth denied them sepulchre. In Plato's commonwealth, at the age of thirty-five, they were fined. But in this country, so far, no tax has been imposed on them. In Philadelphia there are more homes, in proportion to the popnlation, than in New York or Boston. Hence its superior morality.

WHEN a man wants money or assistance, the world, as a rule, is very obliging and indulgent, and—lets him want it.

THE BOA AND THE RABBIT.

SOME of those industrious persons who use the columns of the *Times* as a vent for periodical bursts of their indignation have lately discovered a new grievance; it is not a very big one, but it involves some nice points of casuistry. Ought boas in the Zoological Gardens to be allowed live rabbits for dinner? It is of course assumed that they will not eat dead rabbits. With an energy and obstinacy which trade-unionists might envy, they deliberately prefer death by starvation to any deterioration of their daily allowance. We give them full credit for their unflinching courage; but perhaps we ought to warn them that, as in the other cases, their refusal of all compromise must turn out to be suicidal. The boas are doing something far more dangerous than they can at all realize. They are shocking the propriety and the sympathies of the most respectable and tender-hearted people in Europe. They are in danger of summary abolition for the disgusting nature of their tastes. A British public will not stand their epicurean cruelty. They will be stuffed with straw instead of guinea-pigs, and their skins hung up for a perpetual warning, like the heads of traitors over Temple Bar. So perish all animals who dare to commit a breach of the laws of propriety.

A few rather feeble answers have been forwarded by way of apology for the snakes. For example, there is the argument from final causes, which, as is usually the case, rather breaks down. Boas were made to eat rabbits, and we ought not to interfere with the divine arrangements. That is all very well; but, then, what is the office which men were intended to discharge in respect to boas? Would a theological Boa say that men were made in order to exterminate his race, or in order to lock them up in glass-cases and supply them with live rabbits? Probably the boa would consider man in his proper place only when made into food for gigantic snakes, whilst many men would argue that their true functions was to improve all noxious animals off the face of earth. Such questions are too high for us, and, until we are permitted to see further into the inscrutable designs of Providence, we must attempt to solve the problem presented to us from a lower standing-point. We must content ourselves with the utilitarian argument of what is on the whole most improving for the parties concerned—spectators, and their prey.

To take the last first, it would doubtless appear at first sight that the interests of rabbits and boas are as irreconcilably opposed as those of capitalists and laborers; but a fuller examination may in both cases lead us to see that their interests are identical. People who are most ostentatiously kind to animals are not always the greatest benefactors. We fully admit, or rather we most strongly assert, that wanton cruelty to the brute creation ought to be severely punished. Morally speaking, cruelty to animals is an indication of character almost worse than cruelty to men. There is a brutal hardness of disposition displayed in bullying defenceless creatures which is a qualification for the worst crimes; a love of animals, like a love of children, is generally characteristic of the most amiable natures, and its antithesis is one of the most unfavorable symptoms. A boy who begins by torturing a cat is in as fair a road to the gallows as he can very well strike out, and it is long odds that a costermonger who will maltreat his donkey will also beat his wife. We should therefore punish cruelty to the brute creation, in spite of any sneers about sentimentality, both in defence of our dumb dependents, and because it naturally leads to other crimes more serious, if not more disgusting. But, granting all this, the kindness of some persons is rather apt to clear its object out of the world. People forget that, after all, the sheep's friend is the butcher, as the fox's only friend is the sportsman. If beasts are permitted to live on condition of being sent out of the world without unnecessary torture, they make on the whole a very good bargain.

In spite of various aphorisms about "blending our pleasure and our pride with sorrow of the meanest thing that lives," the meanest things not only have a very good time of it in this world, but really find their best friends in their pursuers. The wanton slaughter of beasts for the simple pleasure of slaughter, after Mr. Gordon Cummings' fashion, or the senseless massacre of every rare bird that comes to our shores, is grossly stupid, and exalts indiscriminate killing at the expense of an intelligent pursuit of natural history. But, after all, man's dominion over beasts is founded upon systematic slaughter, and the system is good both for the slayer and the slain, so long as it is exercised with moderation. A true sportsman learns to be humane, and the beast has what beasts ought to have—a short life and a merry one. Hence, if we might be allowed to reason with the guinea-pig, we should point out to him that, if it were not for the boas, the demand for guinea-pigs would fall off by the necessary amount, and consequently the number of guinea-pigs in existence would decline. We should, as sincere friends, recommend him rather to encourage than to prohibit the importation of boas, and to submit to his fate with that decency and courage which becomes men and guinea-pigs who have lived their alloted time in peace and happiness. The would-be defender of his race should pass from the snake-house to the pen where guinea-pigs pass their tranquil existence, and reflect that to destroy the one would imply breaking up the happy home of the others.

But we admit that is only one, and the smallest part of the question. We have to consider the effect upon spectators, and to ask whether, admitting that a sportsman may be humane after putting innumerable beasts to death in a fair fight, a sight-seer can possibly preserve the fine edge of his sensibility who has seen warm-blooded animals engulfed by scaly serpents. War, with all its faults, has something ennobling about it; but no one now argues that it is a good thing to have a taste for executions. And here we must admit that the snakes have at last a universal prejudice weighing against them. There is, it would be useless to deny it, a prevalent objection to snakes.

Exquisitely graceful as are some of their motions, and in some cases their coloring, they somehow disgust people. They have been worshipped in past ages, though that circumstance is not altogether creditable to their characters, but ever since the Book of Genesis was written the weight of opinion has been against them. They are unlucky enough to be the objects of a kind of a theological hatred. The fact that they have to do without legs, and on the whole do remarkably well, should give them a claim upon our compassion; but by an unfortunate inverson, we throw it, so to speak, in their teeth, and taunt them with their unlucky personal peculiarity of having to go upon their bellies and eat dust. There are persons who are superior to this weakness. Mr. Frank Buckland is capable of feeling a personal friendship for a viper, and admitting a cobra to Christian forgiveness for trying to bite him. Such amiable feeling, however, is rare, and is regarded by the majority with a disgust such as is excited by theories of miscegenation.

The snake is to other animals what the nigger is to superior races of humanity. When he eats his rabbit or guinea-pig we feel that the prey belongs to the same order of created beings with ourselves, and his devourer to a lower order. We acknowledge a tie, which is generally weak enough. Instead of considering the rabbit as a possible dinner (though, by the way, a very nasty one), we think of him as more or less a mammal and a brother. As we see the lump which was a rabbit moving slowly down the snake's throat, we feel that sort of loathing which the *picœvre* excites in the *Travailleurs de la Mer*. It is the low, slimy organization, belonging to the horrors and tragic influences of creation, which is destroying the higher; chaos and deformity is gaining the upper hand, and we naturally shiver at the process. Yet, admitting that much may be said against snakes, it seems to be really a false sentiment; it amounts to Manicheeism—to the theory that God made the guinea-pig and the Devil the boa-constrictor—a doctrine which we believe to be distinctly heterodox. The snake certainly takes the terrible part of the preaching which we listen to on Sundays at the Zoological Gardens; he suggests to us some of the unpleasant aspects of nature; the hyena does the broad farce; the lion takes the heroic parts, and the elephant the heavy fathers and respectability generally; whilst the serpent comes out as Iago or Richard III. It would be very unreasonable to hate the actors who are kind enough to perform the unpleasant characters, for their expressed sentiments are not really theirs; and it would be equally unreasonable to hate the snakes, for their character is not really immoral.

The Zoological Gardens are certainly one of the most pleasing, and perhaps one of the most improving shows in London. One of their great sources of power is in taking us in imagination away from our streets to the desert or the forest whence the creatures have come. If is a bit of poetry in flesh and blood; and is felt as such by people who do not analyze their emotions, and who would be incapable of appreciating their poetry if taken neat. Now, to remove the serpants would be to take the vinegar out of the salad; we should spoil the harmony by removing the discords; the most effective part of the performance would lose its point if we insisted on representing the villains by dummies stuffed with straw, instead of living and moving creatures. In short, we cling to our snakes; we would as soon have beef without mustard as mere kangaroos and doves with no boa-constrictors. As for the miserable suggestion of stuffed snakes—poor, colorless, motionless, stretched skins—we reject it with contempt. A wild animal in a cage is inferior enough to a wild animal in a forest, but he is infinitely superior to his own skin filled with rubbish. And to make one appeal founded on experience, let us remember how much pleasure the snakes have given within a few years to a discerning public. We say nothing of the cobra who killed the keeper, which was certainly an error on the part of the keeper; but think of the boa who laid the eggs, and of the still more illustrious boa who swallowed the blanket! What other animals, we ask unhesitatingly, have contributed so much to the public amusement? The bulletins about the health of these pleasing creatures excited far more interest than those about the health of any foreign potentate, and gave all London innocent pleasure for weeks. That one blanket should count against thousands of guinea-pigs. And a stuffed boa could neither lay eggs nor swallow blankets.

Hence, in the interest of snakes, rabbits, and spectators equally, we should say it was essential that our snakes should be kept alive; but we admit that the style of eating of the former is not altogether pleasant; and it might be a question, if it is practicable consistently with the good health of the snakes, whether it might not be done at a time when the spectators are absent. On this practical point we pronounce no judgment. It is true that the sight might be nasty for humane people, and bad for children; but why don't humane people keep themselves and their children out of the way? At any rate let us have our snakes, and let them feed in a way as little calculated as possible to shock a public of refined sensibilities. It is a pity that they will not take buns, like almost any other creature known to science; but we see no chance of their accepting so judicious a compromise.—*Saturday Review.*

LOUIS NAPOLEON.

AT the first glance Louis Napoleon, in his military costume, looked like a mere soldier; his moderate stature and an utter absence of anything like elegance in his carriage did not suggest rank. The light color of his hair and complexion indicate a German origin. A stiff, constrained, undemonstrative air, however appropriate to martial character is essentially the reverse of that which belongs either to the attractive companion or the man of genius. The only trace of the great Corsican was discernable in the manner in which the head is set on the shoulders, or rather the breadth and back inclination of the latter. He moved slowly, but the calm action was less that of habitual dignity than artificial constraint. A more cold face it is difficult to imagine; a remarkable trait of the uncle was a power to discharge his features of all expression; but in the true outline and latent intensity of his extraordinary countenance, this occasional blankness was effective; in the nephew, it does not seem will alone that renders expression inscrutable, but nature. It is next to impossible to catch his eye, which lacks both fire and softness, while a thick brown moustache entirely conceals the lines and workings of the mouth. There is muscle enough, but no tokens of nervous sensibility; the natural language of the face and figure would be heavy, were it not for something sinister and determined obvious in both. His maxim that the lymphatics rule the world, is obviously derived from consciousness. Thus the gait, manner and physiognomy, by their complete want of freedom and vivacity, gave the impression of an actor, which the showy and glittering rooms confirmed; and when he bowed sturdily to some keen-eyed ambassador, took the hand of an old *militaire*, attempted a wan smile, led out Lady Conway or the Princess Mathilde and walked a quadrille, or seated himself on a divan—acts of play suggested themselves to the imagination; he seemed to be performing the king or duke of an opera, and not quite at home in the part at that, though anxious to be correct even to pedantic formality. It was curious to note the observations in the crowd. "Just the man for France," observed a student; "I saw him dismount at a guard-house last week, courteously take a musket from a soldier's hand, and shoot a bird on the wing. He knows how to make the army love him." "Just the man for France," said one of his physicians; "he does not know what fear means; riding out daily in an open wagon, mingling here with a promiscuous throng—above precaution, though fully aware of danger. The other morning I was in attendance very early. He came out of his chamber, and, for the benfiet of light, took a chair within two feet of the window. As we conversed, a man's head suddenly appeared on the other side of the glass. I could not restrain an exclamation, and instinctively sprang aside—the idea of assassination flashing on my mind. The Emperor never started; or even looked surprised but asked, in his usual tone, 'What do you suppose that fellow wants?' It turned out, when the servants were called, that he was a window cleaner, and, ignorant of which apartments were occupied by his majesty, had set his ladder first against the casement where we were." "He is just the man for France," observed a wealthy lace merchant, wiping the perspiration from his forehead; "see how he has improveed the city. What a splendid street is the Rue Rivoli, and how fast the Louvre is approaching the Tuileries!" "He is just the man for France," repeated a young officer; "how generously he treats us!" and he pointed to an order in his button-hole. "The best ruler we ever had," echoed a pretty woman, daintily arrayed; "how splendid were those *fetes*, last summer, at St. Cloud, and is not this charming?" "He preserves law and order," said a banker; "trade flourishes." "They are a fickle people and need the curb," remarked an Englishman. "It's Providence," declared a baroness of nobility; "Bonaparte's star is in the ascendant." "It was a question between anarchy and despotism," remarked a journalist. "Everybody is content," said an abbe, "except atheists and authors." "The Faubourg-St. Germain," chimed in a fair denizen of the Chausse d' Autin," is obsolete; the Emperor recognizes merit before birth." "Jamais bal plus beau," announced the next morning's journal, "n'avait eu lieu; les dispositions avaient eté admirablement prises et la fete ordonneé avec un gout parfait. Sa Majesté a danse plusieurs fois."—*Tuckerman's Papers about Paris.*

FOR CABINET PHOTOGRAPHS, or enameled Cards of the very best quality, you must go to the NEW YORK GALLERY, Nos. 25 and 27 Third street. Every picture warranted to give perfect satisfaction.

B. F. HOWLAND, Artist.

MILLINERY AND HEAD-DRESSES.—Mrs. Winship has just received, per last steamer, the latest Parisian Millinery Goods and Laces for HEAD-DRESS, consisting in part of Breakfast Caps, Point Application, Lace Vallenciumes, and the Widow's Rooche, worn by the crown heads of Europe, and the only first imported to the Pacific Coast. Queen Emma, while here, replenished her wardrobe from the stock then and now on hand, at MRS. WINSHIP, No. 23 Post Street, under the Mechanics' Institute. Through the influence of Queen Emma, Mrs. Winship has filled quite a number of orders for the foreign population of Honolulu. The ladies of San Francisco should call and examine these beautiful Goods, by which means they will secure the Latest Fashionable Styles.

MAYER'S BAZAAR.—R. Mayer offers at his Bazaar, corner Pine and Montgomery streets, the greatest variety of jewelry, watches, silver plated ware, guitars, music boxes; concertinas, accordeons, opera glasses, etc., etc., to the public of San Francisco, and to the country trade, at prices that defy competition, and is determined to close out his present stock at greatly reduced rates. His heavy case silver watches from the American Watch Company are superior to anything ever before offered to the public. These watches are taking the place of heavy gold watches from the fact that the workmanship is superior, the casings pure silver, and the prices low. The sale of these watches is very extensive on the Pacific coast. Another proof that American manufactures can beat the world. The works are made of platina and never get out of repair. French opera glasses of great power for sale or hire, and all kinds of musical instruments, eight day family clocks, etc. This is a rare chance to invest your money to advantage, at Mayer's Bazaar, southeast corner of Montgomery and Pine streets.

N. B.—An immense assortment of Japanese curiosities for sale.

WAGONS.

MILLS & EVANS, IMPORTERS OF THOROUGH-BRACE Wagons, light express, two and three spring Wagons, suitable for milk-men and furniture dealers, and others wishing light and durable Wagons. Their Wagons are made expressly for the California market, and Mills & Evans' is the only firm which receives Wagons from the celebrated manufactory of A. W. Snuhorn & Co., Manchester, N. H. This latter firm stands A No. 1 in the east, and their wagons have stood the test of our California climate, and are sold by Mills & Evans fifty per cent. lower than any other establisbment on the Pacific coast. Call and examine their Wagons, at No. 587 Market street, opposite the Metropolitan market. *

MEDICAL.—"YOUNG MAN'S FRIEND AND PROTECTOR," an Association for beneficent objects, Young men should inform themselves in relation to it, and by applying to, the ACTUARY, Dr. Bourne, 10 Masonic Temple, Post street, they will be furnished with Prospectus.

DR. N. T. WHITCOMB,

DENTIST,

No. 205 Third Street, San Francisco.

Teeth filled with fine gold, artificial bone and platina. All plate work made and repaired, of the best material, at the shortest notice and warranted. None cheaper or better on the coast. Call and examine specimens.

North Beach and South Park Cars pass the door.

N. T. WHITCOMB.

STEINWAY & SON'S

Piano-Fortes!

AT THE PARIS EXPOSITION.

Copy of telegram relating to them—New York, July 8, 1867—Received at San Francisco July 9, 1867, 7 P. M.

MATHIAS GRAY, 613 Clay street—By despatch from Paris, Steinways were awarded FIRST Gold Medal of Merit, for highest perfection and most valuable inventions, showing greatest progress in Pianos.

STEINWAY & SONS.

CANTY & WAGNER,

(SUCCESSORS TO J. REGAN,)

113 *Montgomery street, bet. Bush and Sutter*

N. B.—All candies sold by us are warranted to be manufactured from Stewart's double refined Sugar, and to be equal to any manufactured in the state. Country merchants solicited to examine our stock and prices. Goods delivered to any part of the city free of charge.

J. CUTBERLET,

CUSTOM

BOOT AND SHOE STORE,

—ALSO—

FRENCH SCREWED BOOTS AND SHOES,

No. 546 Washington Street, near Montgomery Street

The Finest quality of CUSTOM WORK neatly executed. Always on hand other fine work ready made.

PHILADELPHIA BREWERY,

Corner Second and Folsom streets,

SAN FRANCISCO.

HOELSCHER & WIELAND,

Proprietors

DEXTER STABLES,

Bush Street, between Occidental and Cosmopolitan Hotels, San Francisco.

W. G. JONES : PROPRIETOR.

TOWNE & BACON,

Book and Job Printers,

Have the Largest Office,

Do the most work,

And do it better

Than other offices

536 In this City,

Try them

With a Job,

And you will be

Satisfied the above

Statements are facts.

Their office is at 536

Clay St., below Montgom'y,

Over Pacific Fruit Market.

EDWARD BOSQUI & CO.,

PRINTERS,

And Blank Book Manufacturers,

517 CLAY STREET,

Between Montgomery and Sansome Sts.,

SAN FRANCISCO.

TO PATRONS OF THE PRINTERS ART.

CUBERY & CO., No. 536 Market street, Opposite Second, San Francisco, are now prepared to execute all kinds of BOOK and JOB PRINTING. Having superior facilities for printing every description of work, we respectfully solicit the patronage of friends and the public generally.

BRIEFS and TRANSCRIPTS correctly printed according to legal requirements.

WM. M. CUBERY,
F. W. VAN REYNEGOM.

FOR POSTERS, HANDBILLS,

AND

Show Work of All Kinds,

GO TO THE

COMMERCIAL PRINTING HOUSE

OF

FRANCIS & VALENTINE,

517 Clay street, and 510, 512 and 514 Commercial street.

W. K. Dietrich,

Nos. 54, 55 and 56 Washington Market,

SAN FRANCISCO,

CURER AND PAKCER OF

Sugar-Cured Hams, Smoked Beef,

Bacon, Pork, Lard, and Tongues,

FOR SHIPPING AND FAMILY USE.

ORDERS WILL RECEIVE PROMPT ATTENTION.

San Francisco Mill.

HOBBS, GILMORE & CO.,

MANUFACTURERS OF

BOXES,

Market Street, between Beale and Main,

SAN FRANCISCO.

For Sale, Mahogany, Spanish Cedar, and other Fancy Woods.

JOSEPH FREDERICKS

CARPET AND UPHOLSTERY STORE,

PAPER HANGINGS, ETC.,

123 Kearny St., between Sutter and Post, San Francisco

FAMILIES ARE INVITED TO EXAMINE

OUR VARIED ASSORTMENT

Of the Finest Carpeting in the State. The best of taste displayed in Decoration and the unique Upholstering of Rooms, Halls and Public Buildings, and at prices conforming to the times. Call and examine goods.

LUKIN'S

Wines and Liquors,

332 Montgomery Street,

SAN FRANCISCO.

J. R. MEAD & CO.,

Importers, Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

FINE CLOTHING,

AND

Gents' Furnishing Goods,

TRUNKS, VALISES, CARPET BAGS, ETC.,

200 & 202 MONTGOMERY STREET,

Corner of Bush,

SAN FRANCISCO

BOYS! BOYS! BOYS!

NOW IS THE TIME

H. M. LOCKWOOD & CO.,

New No. 624) CLAY STREET, (Old No

Have received a Large Stock of

GENTS' AND BOYS' CLOTHING

—AND—

FURNISHING GOODS,

Which they are selling

AT VERY LOW PRICES.

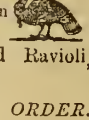
Every Garment warranted. All are invited to call examine our goods.

H. M. LOCKWOOD & CO.

624 Clay street, San Francisco

ITALIAN RESTAURANT,

No. 515 Merchant Street,



Between Montgomery and Sansome, San Francisco.

Taglierini, Maccaroni, Risotto and Ravioli, In the Italian Style.

MEALS FIFTY CENTS, OR TO ORDER.

Rooms for private parties up stairs.

G. LAZZAREVICH.

ITALIAN RESTAURANT,

A. BONZI & CO.

Successors to L. Gamba,

512 Sacramento Street,

Between Montgomery and Sansome.

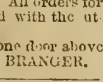
MEALS 50 CENTS, or to order. Good Cooks and Polite Waiters. Choice Italian and French dishes. Best Wines, Liquors and Cigars on hand. Private Rooms up stairs.

NOTICE.

J. Branger Will Open To-Day

THE LOUISIANA ROTISSERIE,

DUPONT STREET, CORNER WASHINGTON.



I BEG TO INFORM MY FRIENDS AND the public that TO-DAY, (SATURDAY), June 1st, I will re-open the above Restaurant. Everything will be done to satisfy those who favor me with their patronage. Large Saloons for parties. House will be open all night. All orders for the city will be promptly attended to, and with the utmost care.

Ladies' entrance on Washington street, one door above Dupont

J. BRANGER.

Washington Restaurant

AND COFFEE SALOON,

No. 304 California Street, Above Battery.

"NICK" IN THE FIELD AGAIN.

"NICK" of the formerly well-known Washington Restaurant and Coffee Saloon, on Sacramento Street, (between Battery and Front,) in the years 1852 to 1860,

HAS REMOVED,

(which took him only SEVEN YEARS!) to No 304 California Street, where he will be pleased to see and wait upon all his old patrons, and the public in general, and flatters himself to be able to give satisfaction to all who may favor him with a call.

MARTIN'S RESTAURANT,

623 COMMERCIAL STREET.

Above Montgomery. Meals at all hours. The best of Wines, Oysters, Game, and all the delicacies of the season always on hand. Private Saloons up stairs for Dinner and Supper Parties. LEON DINGEON, Proprietor.

CASSIN'S

CELEBRATED

Cal. Grape Brandy Bitters!

Are pronounced the best in the State. They invigorate to strengthen and give elasticity and tone to the system.

Try them. They are for sale everywhere.

Depot, 523 Front Street, San Francisco.

OCCIDENTAL

Insurance Company,

Southwest corner Montgomery and California streets.

INDIVIDUAL LIABILITY.

Capital Stock, - - - $300,000

LOSSES PAID IN UNITED STATES GOLD COIN.

THIS COMPANY will insure against loss by Fire on any Dwelling House, Buildings, Merchanise or other property, situated in the State of California. The largest sum they will take on any one risk is thirty thousand dollars.

C. CHRISTIANSEN, Pre'st.
J. GREENEBAUM, Vice President,
B. ROTHSCHILD, Secretary.

Mechanics' Institute

RESOURCES OF CALIFORNIA.

THE MECHANICS' INSTITUTE OF SAN FRANcisco hereby OFFER A PREMIUM OF ONE THOUSAND ($1,000) DOLLARS FOR THE BEST ESSAY ON THE "RESOURCES OF CALIFORNIA, AND BEST METHOD OF DEVELOPING THE SAME," under the following conditions:—One-half of the premium in cash on the certified award of the Committee of Judges, and the balance from the first proceeds of sales of the successful work, which is to belong to, and will be published by, the Institute

The Essays are to be handed into the Librarian of the Institute on or before the FIRST DAY OF JUNE, 1868, and the award to be made by the Judges at the opening of the Industrial Exhibition, which is to be held in August or September following. The Essay should be divided into three heads, viz: Mineral, Agricultural and Industrial Resources, with proper subdivisions of each subject. It should be sufficient in quantity to form a duodecimo (12mo) volume of from 250 to 300 pages long primer type solid.

Writers will sign their articles in cypher, and send their names and address in sealed envelopes, which will be kept in a secure place by the Institute, and only be opened when the award is made. The manuscripts of unsuccessful writers will be returned to them without publicity.

The Committee of Judges have the right to reject all Essays, in case they do not consider them worthy of publication or the premium. No further instructions than are contained in this advertisement will be given to the Committee, nor will they be subjected to any advice from the officers or members of the institute in regard to their proposed action. All manuscript submitted must be in clear, legible writing, so as to admit of easy reading.

The following named gentleman, who have been selected for their well-known ability, public spirit and integrity of purpose, will compose the Committee of Judges:

Hon. FRED'K. F. LOW, | Maj. Gen. H. W. HALLECK
Prof J. D. WHITNEY, | U. S. A.,
JAMES OTIS, | Prof. WM. B. EWER,
WM. GOVERNEUR MORRIS, | B. N. BUCHY.

By order of the Board of Directors.

D. E. HAYES, Secretary.

San Francisco, June 12, 1867.

TRY IT!

STANDARD SOAP CO.'S

WASHING POWDER.

It saves one-half the time and labor of ordinary Soaps. Does not injure the Clothing. Get a package and give it a trial. Sold by all Grocers.

AT THE REGULAR

RETAILING AMERICAN WATCHES

C. E. COLLINS & CO.,

603 MONTGOMERY STREET,

SAN FRANCISCO.

Nos. 42 and 44 Nassau Street,

NEW YORK.

Dealers in American, Swiss and English WATCHES,

JEWELRY AND MATERIALS.

We have made arrangements to buy AMERICAN WATCHES in large quantities from the Factory, and will receive a discount on the regular Wholesale Prices. We will hereafter

Retail the American Watches

AT

The Regular Wholesale Prices.

Our only profit being the small per cent. allowed by buying in large quantities.

WHOLESALE PRICES.

Petroleum Stoves.

THE ATTENTION OF HOUSEKEEPERS AND PEOPLE rooming is called to the use of

MORRILL'S

PETROLEUM STOVES,

Which can be used in any room with or without chimneys, as

IT EMITS NO SMOKE, SOOT OR ASHES.

It is a superior Cook. In fact, it does all kinds of Stove work as well as any (and better than most) stoves. It is perfectly safe. The State Assayer having thoroughly tested these Stoves, pronounced them non explosive. For sale at No. 13 Kearny street.

M. B. BULLARD, Proprietor.

M. B. B. is also agent for MORRILL'S

UNIVERSAL OIL STOVE

Which burns COAL OIL, BENZINE, or NAPTHA, with blue flame, non-luminous, intense heat. There are seven sizes. No. 1 is adapted to boiling water, heating glue, and Dentist's work, etc. No. 2, with Urn for hotels, saloons, boarding-houses, barbers, etc. No. 3 to 8 for all kinds of cooking, which they do in a superior manner. They are as easily managed as a lamp, perfectly safe and economical. They can be seen and are for sale at 13 Kearny street

LAMPS.

I have PATENT BURNERS that can be used with any lamp to burn Coal Oil, or the lighter products of Petroleum, with PERFECT SAFETY, and GREAT ECONOMY. I have also a HAND LAMP (to carry about the house) that will burn a flame equal to a candle, with no more smoke or odor, at an expense of ONE CENT for EIGHT HOURS.

N. B.—I am also agent for Huck's celebrated Self-Generating Gas Lamps. M. B. BULLARD.

J. LIPPMAN,

IMPORTER OF

WATCHES, DIAMONDS, FINE JEWELRY AND SILVERWARE,

NO. 203 MONTGOMERY STREET,

(Second door from Bush street,)

RUSS BLOCK.....SAN FRANCISCO.

Watches repaired with Particular Attention, and strictly warranted for one Year.

THE CITY GARDENS,

CORNER OF TWELFTH AND FOLSOM STREETS,

Now Open to the Public!

☞ The Folsom St. Cars run every five minutes.
☞ The Howard St. Cars run within in one block.

Constant additions will be made to the collection of ANIMALS, BIRDS and FISH,

The Grounds are being more highly ornamanted and now and healthful Games and Amusements introduced especinlly for Ladies and Children, free of charge.

GRAND INSTRUMENTAL CONCERT
—ON—
SATURDAY AFTERNOON.

A Grand Concert of Sacred Music,
Adapted to the day, by efficient performers,
EVERY SUNDAY.

Admission.....25 Cents.

THE CENTRAL PARK OF THE PACIFIC.

WOODWARD'S GARDENS,

Art Gallery,
Museum, Gymnasium
.....AND.....
ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

THESE BEAUTIFUL GARDENS ARE VISITED DAILY by hundreds of the pleasure seeking public, and all agree in pronouncing them the best and only first class suburban resort on the Pacific coast.

The extensive grounds are covered with the rarest trees and shrubbery, making it a most desirable spot for small parties wishing to enjoy a Pic-Nic.

New attractions are being constantly added.

These Gardens are accessible by the Howard, Market and Folsom street cars. Entrances on Mission and Valencia streets, between Thirteenth and Fourteenth. OPEN EVERY DAY.

Admission 25 cents: Children under 12 years, half price.

IN THE PROBATE COURT OF THE CITY AND County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the Estate of OTTO W. BECKMAN, deceased.

Order to show cause why order of distribution should not be made.

On reading and filing the petition of J. W. Brumagim, the administrator of the estate of Otto W. Beckman deceased, setting forth that he has filed his final account of his administration of the estate of said deceased, in this Court, and that the same has been duly settled and allowed; that all the debts and expenses of administration have been duly paid; and that a portion of said estate remains to be divided among the heirs of said deceased, and praying among other things for an order of distribution of the residue of said estate among the persons entitled:

It is Ordered, that all persons interested in the estate of said Otto W. Beckman, deceased, be and appear before the Probate Court of the city and county of San Francisco, at the Court room of said Court, in the City Hall in said city and county, on MONDAY, the second day of September, Anno Domini 1867, at eleven o'clock, A. M., then and there to show cause why an order of distribution should not be made of the residue of said estate among the heirs of the said estate, according to law.

It is further Ordered, that a copy of this order be published for four successive weeks, before the said second day of September A. D. 1867, in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published in the said city and county.

M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

Dated August 1st, 1867. aug3-5t

IN THE PROBATE COURT of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the estate of LOUIS CHRISTIN, deceased.

Order to show cause why order of distribution should not be made.

On reading and filing the petition of Charles Christin, Administrator of the estate of Louis Christin, deceased, setting forth that he has filed his final account of his administration of the estate of said deceased, in this Court, and that the same has been duly settled and allowed; that all the debts and expense of administration have been duly paid; and that a portion of said estate remains to be divided among the heirs of said deceased, and praying among other things for an order of distribution of the residue of said estate among the persons entitled:

It is ordered, that all persons interested in the Estate of the said Louis Christin, deceased, be and appear before the Probate Court of the City and County of San Francisco, at the Court-room of said Court, in the City Hall in said city and county, on MONDAY, the second day of September 1867, at eleven o'clock, A. M., then and there to show cause why an order of distribution should not be made of the residue of said Estate among the heirs of the said deceased, according to law.

It is further ordered, That a copy of this order be published for four successive weeks before the said 2d day of September A. D. 1857, in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published weekly, in the said city and county.

M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

Dated August 1st, 1867. aug3-5w

C. TEMPLE EMMET, Esq., Atty for Administrator.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF BENJAMIN M. CLARK, deceased.—Notice is bereby given by the undersigned, Administratrix of the above named Estate of Benjamin M. Clark, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against said deceased, to exhibit the same with the necessary vouchers, within ten months from the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix, at No. 24 Exchange Building, northwest corner Washington and Montgomery streets, which is hor place for the transaction of business, in the city and county of San Francisco.

Dated at San Francisco, August 1st, 1867.

aug3-5t DORCAS CLARK, Administratrix.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF FRANCOIS GRANDEAU, deceased. Notice is bereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the estate of FRANCOIS GRANDEAU, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator, at his office 520 Montgomery street, in the city and county of San Francisco.

Dated July 29th, 1867.

WILLIAM A. QUARLES,
Administrator of the estate of Francois Grandeau, deceased. aug3-5t

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UNION CANDIDATE
—FOR—
MAYOR,
THOMAS YOUNG.
(PRESENT COUNTY RECORDER.)

UNION CANDIDATE
—FOR—
DISTRICT ATTORNEY,
W. C. BURNETT.

UNION CANDIDATE
—FOR—
ASSEMBLYMAN,
H. T. GRAVES.

UNION CANDIDATE
—FOR—
ASSEMBLYMAN,
C. L. WIGGINS.

UNION CANDIDATE
—FOR—
CORONER,
DR. S. R. HARRIS.

REGULAR UNION TICKET
—FOR—
COUNTY RECORDER,
LOUIS COHN.

REGULAR UNION TICKET.
—FOR—
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE,
JOHN M. VERDENAL.

OPPOSITION TO NEW YORK

VIA NICARAGUA,
THROUGH AHEAD OF THE MAIL!

Shortest and Only Healthy Route!

THE NORTH AMERICAN S. S. CO.'S STEAMER

MOSES TAYLOR,

Will sail for SAN JUAN DEL SUR, Nicaragua, from MISSION STREET WHARF, at 11 o'clock, A. M., on

MONDAY, - - - AUGUST 5th, 1867.

Connecting at Greytown with the magnificent Steamship NEVADA 3,000 tons, for NEW YORK.

No expense on the Isthmus—100 lbs. baggage free.

An experienced surgeon on board; medicine and attendance free.

As there is no Yellow Fever nor other epidemic in Nicaragua, passengers by this route will not be detained by Quarantine in New York.

For further information, apply to
I. W. RAYMOND, Agent,
Northwest corner Battery and Pine streets, up stairs.

J. LIPPMAN,

IMPORTER OF

WATCHES, DIAMONDS, FINE JEWELRY AND SILVERWARE,

NO. 203 MONTGOMERY STREET,

(Second door from Bush street,)

RUSS BLOCK.....SAN FRANCISCO.

Watches repaired with Particular Attention, and strictly warranted for one Year.

California Wines.

Vintage 1862.

THE UNDERSIGNED OFFERS FOR SALE SOME very choice Wines, of the above named vintage. That connoisseurs, all interested in the development of this magnificent resource of our State, and the public generally, may be convinced that California is able to produce as good Wine (when properly treated and of sufficient age) as other parts of the Wine producing regions of the globe, attention is respectfully called to these Wines, by A. S. LOWNDES, Wine Merchant,
311 Battery Street, S. F.

G. GROEZINGER,

DEALER IN

Native California

RED AND WHITE WINES,

Brandies, Port, Sherry, Angelica, Etc.,

N. W. CORNER OF BATTERY AND PINE STREETS,

SAN FRANCISCO.

"OUR OPERA."

CAPT. JOHN H. MAY,

615 WASHINGTON STREET, 615,

SAN FRANCISCO,

Opposite Maguire's Opera House.

JOHN TAYLOR,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN

WINES AND LIQUORS.

NO. 16 THIRD STREET,

Between Market and Stevenson Streets.. San Francisco.

WINE SALOON.

UNION SALOON.—C. H. Cordes is the proprietor of the Union Saloon, Market street, a few doors south of Fremont, where is to be found the choicest wines and liquors. Mr. Cordes prides himself on his Kentucky Whisky, which is very old and oily. The "Davis" brand whisky drinkers should by all means call and test this whisky. Hot lunch is set on the table from 10 till 2.

AUSTIN KEELY. WM. HODGKINS.

Hodgkins & Keely's

UNION HALL EXCHANGE,

S. W. Corner Howard and Third Streets, San Francisco,

Dealers in fine Wines, Liquors and Cigars. Oysters, Clams, Chops and Steaks, cooked to order at all hours.

☞ House open all night.

NOTICE.

IN CONSEQUENCE OF THE VERY GREAT DEMAND FOR

CASSIN'S

Grape Brandy Bitters!!

we have been obliged to rent a LARGER BUILDING, and are now removing to Sullivan & Cashman's Block, No. 523 FRONT STREET, opposite our old establishment.

F. & P. J. CASSIN, 520 Front street.

FAUST CELLAR,

Beer and Wine Saloon,

Southeast corner of Clay and Montgomery streets,

San Francisco.

A. L. THIELE, - - - - - - Proprietor

ALWAYS ON HAND, Wholesale and Retail, Westphalia Hams, Russian CAVIAR, Sardines, Anchovies, Swiss and Limburg Cheese, and other European Delicacies. ☞ The finest brands of Liquors, Wines and Cigars; Seltzer Water.

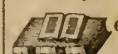
FISHING AND HUNTING PARTIES fitted out at the shortest notice.

MARTIN GROSTETTA,

LATE OF VIRGINIA CITY,

Would respectfully inform his friends and the public that he has purchased the WELL-KNOWN SALOON previously occupied by THOS. DOYLE, 535 SACRAMENTO ST., above the What Cheer House. The best kind of Wines, Liquors and Cigars always on hand. Passengers' Stores carefully put up to order.

Tyler Brothers,



691 Market st., cor. Third,
SAN FRANCISCO,

Importers, Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
SCHOOL BOOKS,
STATIONERY,
PHOTOGRAPH ALBUMS,
BLANK BOOKS,
PORTFOLIOS,
JUVENILE BOOKS,
CHILDREN'S PICTURE BOOKS,
FANCY ARTICLES, Etc.

ESPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO

LADIES' STATIONERY,

Which we Stamp with Initials

WITHOUT EXTRA CHARGE.

WEDDING AND VISITING CARDS

Engraved, Written or Printed.

THE CALIFORNIAN'S

SAN FRANCISCO BUSINESS DIRECTORY

ARCHITECTS.
Hoagland & Newsom, Sw. cor. Kearny and Sac.

BAKERIES.
Dempsey's Bakery, 127 Fourth street,

BOOTS AND SHOES.
Wentworth, Hobart & Co. (wholesale manufac.) 210 Pine
P. Kelly, Prize Boot Maker, 323 Bush, above Montg'y

BUTCHERS.
I. Gans, "New York Market," Fourth st, near Market.
J. P. Molt, "South Park Market," Third st., op. S. Park.

CIGARS AND TOBACCO.
G. H. Behrens, 4 Kearny street, near Market.

CLOTHING.
S. O. Alexander, 126 Third, bet. Minna and Everett.
H. M. Lockwood & Co., 624 Clay street.
J. R. Mead & Co., corner Montgomery and Bush streets
William Sherman, 412 Sansome, corner Commercial.

COAL OIL, LAMPS, ETC.
Dell, Cranna & Co. (wholesale) 515 Front street.
A. C. Dietz & Co., (wholesale,) 521 Front street.

COAL DEALERS.
L. Jaffe, Sutter, between Montgomery and Kearny.

CONFECTIONERS.
N. B. Booth & Co., 20 Kearny, near Market.
Baldwin & Lawlers, South Park Store, 418 Third st.
M. H. Garland, 828 Market street.
Warren Jones, (and Fruit Dealer,) 73 Fouuth street.

DENTISTS.
Dr. Blake, removed to 645 Clay street
N. T. Whitcomb, 205 Third, near Howard.

DRY GOODS.
Abrams & Markewitz, 34 Kearny street, near Post.
Buyer & Reich, S W corner Jackson and Stockton.
Irving, Landers & Co., No. 4 Third street.
Meagher, Taaffe & Co., 9 Montgomery street.
H. Rothschild (Variety Store), 112 Third street.

FURNITURE.
Goodwin & Co., 510 and 528 Washington streets.
N. P. Cole & Co., 21 Sutter and 524 Market streets.

FRUIT STORES.
S. P. Iewell, 118 Fourth street, near Minna.
C. W. Mack, Produce Store, 247 Fourth street.

GROCERS.
McKee's Family store, 31 Kearny, near Post
Haskell & Co., Market and Sutter sts, below the Market.

HATTERS.
Lamott (wholesale and retail) 227 Montgomery street.
M. H. Quinn, 127 Fourth street.

HAY AND GRAIN.
J. B. Holmes & Co., 110 Market street.

HOTELS.
Brooklyn, John Kelly, Jr., Sansome, corner Pine.
Chicago, E. W. Heimburg & Co., 220 Pacific street.
William Tell House, 317 Bush street, above Montg'y.

HAIR DRESSING SALOONS.
Fred. Grote, No. 3 Fourth street.

HARDWARE AND CUTLERY.
J. S. Sesser, 138 Fourth st, bet. Mission and Howard

INSURANCE.
Manhattan, R. B. Swain & Co., Agents, 206 Front, cor Cal.
Firemens Fund Ins. Co., S.E. cor. Montg'y and Pine.
Occidental Ins. Co., S.W. cor. Montgom'y and California.

LADIES' BIJOUTERIE, CLOAKS, ETC.
Rosenblatt's, 123 and 125 Montgomery street.

LADIES' FURNISHING GOODS.
Thomas Collinson, 160 Third, near Howard street.
Mrs. J. Egan, 32 Third street, near Market.
S. Summerfield, 20 Second street, and 116 Kearny.

LIVERY AND SALE STABLE.
White & Young, 211 Pine street.

LUMBER.
Armstrong, Sheldon & Co., cor. Mission and Spear sts.

MILITARY GOODS AND REGALIA.
T. Rodgers Johnson, Odd Fellow's Hall, 325 Montg'ry st.

NOTARY PUBLIC,
H. S. Tibbey, 604, Montgomery street.

MILLINERS.
Mrs. Keifer, 256 Third street.

PHOTOGRAPHIC GALLERIES.
H. Bush, corner Post, Market and Montgomery streets.
Hicks & Staring, 143 Fourth street.
New York, B. F. Howland proprietor, 25 Third street.

PIANOS, MUSIC, ETC.
M. Gray, 613 Clay street.
W. S. Pierce, removed to 534 Market, opposite Second
C. Weiderhold & Co., 685 Market near Third.

PHOTOGRAPHS, CUTLERY, SPECTACLES, ETC.
Lawreuce & Houseworth, 317 and 319 Montgomery st

PLUMBERS AND GAS FITTERS.
Chas. Barman, 121 Fourth street, near Minna.
Freeman & Wrin, (and Stove Dealers), 342 Third st.

REAL ESTATE AGENTS.
Dam & Sutherland, 320 Montgomery.
Geo. W. Chapin, 338 Montgomery.
John Pforr, 328 Montgomery.

RESTAURANTS.
Bivalve, Nolting & Spreen, 640 Market, near Kearny.
Ladies' Refreshment Saloon, Swain & Brown, 636 Market
Market, by Felix and Gustave Besson, 520 Merchant.
Helvetia, Johnjury & Bros., 524 Merchant street.

SALOONS.
Charter Oak, Frank Kelly, N.E. cor Third and Howard
Coates & Henderson, 37 Sutter street.
Cleveland's Sample Rooms, 318 Bush, above Montg'y.
A. Farr, "Bourbon Saloon," Long Bridge.
J. Dillon, "Fourth St. Exchange," cor. Fifth and Mkt.
King & McCormick, "Rotunda," junction Market & O'Farrell streets.
Meyer & Quaid's Saloon, cor. Market and Fourth sts.
J. Siebe & Co., "Potrero Change," Long Bridge.
Russell & Holding's Exchange, 622 Market street.

SCALES.
Fairbanks & Hutchinson, Depot for Fairbanks' Scales 120 California street.

SEWING MACHINES.
Grover & Baker, R. G. Brown, 116 Montgomery.
The Florence, office 111 Montgomery street.

STOVES AND TIN WARE.
A. Swigert, corner Fifth and Folsom.

WATER-CURE INSTITUTE.
Dr Bourne's Pioneer, 10 Post, near Montgomery.

WAX FLORIST.
Mrs. M. E. Gerrish, 11 Post street.

NATURE UNVEILED,

AT THE

PACIFIC MUSEUM OF ANATOMY AND SCIENCE

Eureka Theatre Montgomery street,
Between California and Pine

ENTOMBMENT OF A BUILDING.—On Friday afternoon, May 10th, a singular and startling accident happened near Girardville, at the foot of Mahanoy Plane, about six miles from Mahanoy City, Schuylkill county, Penn. It seems that at that point a "breast" of the Boston and Mahanoy Coal Company's colliery, had been worked to within abont twenty feet of the surface of the earth, and that located just above it stood a two story frame building occupied by Mr. Thomas T. Myers, a breaker-boss at the colliery, and his family. He also had a number of boarders whose clothing, etc., were in the house. About three o'clock on Friday afternoon, as Mrs. Morris Robinson, wife of the superintendent of the colliery, who was on a visit to the house, and Mrs. Myers were in the kitchen, they felt the house moving and rushed in haste into the open air. Two minutes had hardiy elapsed after they left the house before it sank with a sorging, swaying motion into a huge chasm, to the depth of about eighty feet. Large masses of earth and rock from the sides of the chasm, immediately closed in upon the house burying it almost completely from view. The crash when it went down, was tremendous. The complete entombment of the dwelling which was about thirty-five feet long, may be imagined, says the *Miner's Journal*, when we state that the chasm formed by the sinking of the mine, would have readily have admitted a building over one hundred feet in length. The house contained seven beds and bedding, four stoves, bureans, and other furniture, besides a considerable quanity of clothing, a Snnday school library and some money. There was fire in several of the stoves, and shortly after the occurrence smoke was seen issuing from the earth which covered the roof, rendering it almost certain that the house had been set on fire. Streams of water were directed into the chasm, and it was hoped that the house would not be entirely destroyed. Fortunately, the startling occurrence was not attented by loss of human life. Had it taken place at night ten lives might have been lost. But it took place in an hour when some of Mr. Myers' children had gone to school, while the others were playing outside.

THE latest style of bonnet has just made its appearance. It is called the "Revenue cutter," and consists of a two cent internal revenue stamp, worn on the head and tied under each ear with a horse-hair. It presents a very pretty appearance at a distance, and must be very comfortable in the warm season of the year.

EDITORS CALIFORNIAN—Sirs—I take leave through your paper to report the business of the BUILDERS' INSURANCE COMPANY for the month of July:

Number of policies issued	1,006
Average amount of each risk	$856 88-100
Average per cent	$ 2 31 100
Net amount of Premiums received	$19, 885 86
Losses paid	8,937 75
Balance in favor of the Company	$10,984 11

All of which, I trust, will he satisfactory to the public and my friends. Respectfully,

THOMAS MOONEY, Prosident.

California Street, near Sansome, August 1, 1867.

A CARD.

We, the undersingned sufferers hy the fire of this morniug, on Drumm and Sacramento streets, return our sincere thanks to the Directors of the BUILDERS INSURANCE COMPANY for the very prompt and satisfactory manner in which we have been fully compcusated for our losses by said fire.

FRANCIS McKENZIE, $250.
MBS. B. CARSON, $1,000.

San Francisco, July 31st, 1867.

THE CALIFORNIA

Building and Savings Bank,

CALIFORNIA ST., ONE DOOR FROM SANSOME.

Capital and Deposits, - - - - $1,000,000

WHICH IS LOANED ON PROPERTY.

LOANS MADE on CITY REAL ESTATE HOUSES, SHIPS, FACTORIES

AND MERCHANDISE.

Deposits received at full interest per month.
Last Dividend paid—one per cent. per month.
Money transmitted from the interior, hy Express or Mail, passed to iutcrest from the day of arrival, aud a Certificate returned in course of post.
Strangers may deposit Bonds, Gold Dust, Coin, or Valuable Papers in the Vault, for long or short periods, at a small rent, for which valuables the Company will be accountable, THOMAS MOONEY, Prosident.

NATHANIEL GRAY & CO.,
UNDERTAKERS,
CITY AND COUNTY SEXTON,
641 SACRAMENTO STREET, CORNER OF WEBB

Sole agents for BARSTOW'S PATENT METALLIC BURIAL CASES and CASKETS.

If there is a Florence Sewing Machine within a thousand miles of San Francisco, that is not giving entire satisfaction, if I am informed of it, it will be attended to without express charge or expense of any kind to the owner. Samuel Hill, Agent, 111 Montgomery St., San Francisco.

Great Reduction in Prices at Rosenblatt's PALACE OF FASHION, opposite Occidental Hotel. The large and elegant assortment of Velvet, Cloth and Silk Cloaks, Long and Square Broche Shawls, Real Lace Collars, Sleeves, Point Handkerchiefs, etc., are now being sold at the following remarkable low rates:

Silk and Cloth Cloaks	Worth $15; sold for $10
Silk and Cloth Cloaks	Worth $25; sold for $15
Broche Shawls	Worth $50; sold for $25
Broche Shawls	Worth $75; sold for $40
Lace Window Curtains	Worth $20 a pair for $12
Real Chantilla Veils	Worth $5 sold for $2 50
French Corsets, $1.	All other goods in proportion.

S. ROSENBLATT,
123 and 125 Montgomery st, Opposito Occidental Hotel.

WALTER S. PIERCE,
MANUFACTURER
—AND—
IMPORTER OF

PIANOS.

Old Pianos supplied with new and improved action. Repairing of every description aud varnishiug attended to with dispatch; also
Agent for Hallet & Cumston's new Concert Scale Pianos. Pianos at prices from $150 to $700.
Factory and Wareroom, No. 536 Market Street, opposite Second.

M. KELLER,
PROPRIETOR OF THE
RISING SUN AND LOS ANGELES VINEYARDS.
DEPOT FOR THE SALE OF HIS
NATIVE WINES AND BRANDIES,
Wine and Brandy Bitters,
BASEMENT OF MERCHANTS' EXCHANGE,
Corner of Battery and Washington Streets,
SAN FRANCISCO.

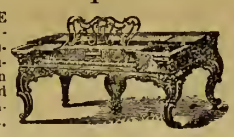
ZEITSKA & SHEPPARD,
Merchant Taylors,
NO. 610 CLAY STREET,
Near Montgomery,
SAN FRANCISCO.

J. R. PATTON,
TAILOR,
535 MERCHANT STREET,
Between Montgomery and Sansome, San Francisco.

REPAIRING AND CLEANING NEATLY DONE

WONDERS OF WONDERS!
TO BE SEEN ONLY AT THE
Pacific Museum of Anatomy and Science,
Eureka Theatre, Montgomery street,
between California and Pine.

Chickering & Sons' Pianos
RECEIVED THE
FIRST PREMIUM,
(GOLD MEDAL,)
At the Paris Exposition.



FURTHERMORE, THE Improvements, Workmanship, and General Superiority of those instruments over all others on exhibition, was so marked and important, the Emperor created Mr. T. E. CHICKERING
KNIGHT OF THE LEGION OF HONOR.

KOHLER, CHASE & CO.,
421 Montgomery street.

George P. Kimball & Co.,
MANUFACTURERS

....OF....

CARRIAGES, BUGGIES, STAGE AND THOROUGH BRACE WAGONS,

Market street, near corner of Fourth, San Francisco.

WM. O. BREYFOGLE.
(Successor to WARE & MOSHER,)
NO. 26 CALIFORNIA STREET,
Manufacturer and Dealer in
SASH, DOORS, BLINDS & SHUTTERS,
From Kiln-Dried Lumber—at the Lowest Rates.
Orders from the country will receive prompt attention

CORNS!
DR. V. POPPER,
Surgeon Chiropedist

No 20 Montgomery street, between Post and Sutter, San Francisco. Office hours from 9 A. M to 5 P. M.
Offers his services to the public as an Operator on such excrescences as hard and soft corns, enlarged joints, club nails, bunions, nails penetrating the flesh, warts, etc.

WM. WORTHINGTON,
House and Sign Painter,
Dealer in
PAINTS, OILS, GLASS, &C., &C.,
735 Market Street.
Between Third and Fourth streets. San Francisco.

T. R. CHURCH,
FASHIONABLE
Clothing Emporium,
NO. 203 MONTGOMERY STREET,
(Russ Block.)
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN
FINE CUSTOM-MADE CLOTHING,
AND GENTS FURNISHING GOODS,
TRUNKS, VALISES, CARPET BAGS, Etc.

PRIVATE MEDICAL AID.

QUICK CURES AND MODERATE CHARGES.

DR. W. K. DOHERTY,

PRIVATE MEDICAL AND SURGICAL INSTITUTE,
Sacramento Street, below Montgomery, Opposite Pacific Mail Steamship Co's Office, Private Entrance on Leidesdorff Street,
San Francisco.

Established expressly to afford the afflicted sound and scientific Medical Aid, in the treatment and cure of all Private and Chronic Diseases, cases of Secresy and all Sexual Disorders.

IMPOTENCE OR STERILITY.

A short treatise of Spermatorrhea or Seminal Weakness, Impotence, the vice of onanism, masturbation or self-abuse, and other diseases of the sexual organs, by William King Doherty, Physician and Surgeon, San Francisco, Cal.
This book contains information of the utmost value to all married or single, and will be sent FREE by mail on receipt of six cents in postage stamps for return postage.
Address W. K. DOHERTY, M. D.,
San Francisco.

BROOKLYN HOTEL,
1852. SAN FRANCISCO. 1866.

The Proprietor of the above-named Hotel wishes to inform his patrons and the Travelling Public that he has opened that elegant Brick Fireproof Hotel, on the
S. E. Corner of Pine and Sansome streets,
With all the modern conveniences attached to it.
Gas and water are supplied throughout the House. The Rooms are well ventilated, and the Public will find in this Hotel all the comforts of a home. The Hotel is spacious, and well adapted for the use of Families. Suits of Rooms can be had on reasonable terms.
A Large Reading Room is attached to the Hotel,
Containing 500 Volumes of Standard Works,
Which is entirely for the use of patrons.
THE CITY COACH, with the name of the Hotel on it, will be in readiness at the Wharf, on the arrival of each steamer, to convey passengers and baggage to the Hotel free of charge. JOHN KELLY, Jr., Proprietor.

Market Street Homestead Association, J. S. Luty, Secretary, Office, 305 Montgomery street, corner of Pine,

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GRAND TRIAL
....OF....
SEWING MACHINES.

CONTEST BETWEEN THE
FLORENCE AND WILLCOX & GIBBS.

THE
WILLCOX & GIBBS
TRIUMPHANT!

At the Great UNION FAIR, held at Island Park, between Albany and Troy, in September, two Premiums were offered on Sewing Machines, one for the BEST and the other for the "Second Best"—competition being open to the State.

On the first day of the Fair, the Troy Agent of Florence Sewing Machine Company, having, jointly with the Albany Agent of the same Machine, entered it for competition, published in the Troy Daily Times a challenge to Agents of other Sewing Machines, to meet them at said Fair and compete with them for the Premium.

The challenge was accepted by the Troy and Albany Agents of the Willcox and Gibbs Machine.

Each party was to prepare and subject to the judges a "list" of the several "points of merit" on account of which "superiority" was claimed. These "points" were to be separately considered, thoroughly investigated and practically tested, by work done then and there, upon each of the machines; and then decided in favor of the machine which was adjudged to excel on that "point."

Finally it was agreed that the machine which, at the conclusion of the trial, should be found to have the greatest number of those "points" decided in its favor should be decided the "BEST SEWING MACHINE," and awarded the FIRST PREMIUM.

The result of the trial was, that the

WILLCOX & GIBBS WON THE VICTORY

and the prize, by the extraordinary superiority of thirty-five points, decided in its favor, against two points in favor of the Florence.

Full notes were taken of the trial.

It is a fact worthy of remark, that during the entire trial—which continued without intermission for nearly seven hours—not a stitch was missed, nor the thread once broken, nor a needle broken or bent, by the Willcox and Gibbs machine. No kind of work was attempted to be done on it that was not accomplished, and done in a perfect and workmanlike manner; and no effort was made on it that was not entirely successful; while neither of these statements can be truly made in favor of the Florence.

This remarkable trial can not fail, through the facts developed by it, to be productive of important results. It has raised the veil and exposed to public view the true character of the opposition, who will no longer be able to deceive the public by misrepresenting the character and merits of the Willcox and Gibbs machine.

It is an improvement on double thread machines; and its "stitch," which was severely tested by the Judges, was decided to be much stronger and less liable to rip in use or wear than the "Lock Stitch."

It is the simplest in construction—does the greatest variety of work—makes no noise—is not liable to get out of order—costs the least money, and gives the best satisfaction.

☞ Full reports of this trial sent free to any address.

☞ **Country Agents solicited.**

SAMUEL SWIFT,
General Agent for the Pacific Coast,
203 Kearny Street,
San Francisco.

"IF WE KNEW."

If we knew the woe and heart-ache
Waiting for us down the road,
If our lips could taste the wormwood,
If our backs could feel the load;
Would we waste the day in wishing
For a time that ne'er can be;
Would we wait in such impatience
For our ships to come from sea?

If we knew the baby fingers
Pressed against the window pane
Would be cold and stiff to-morrow—
Never trouble us again;
Would the bright eyes of our darling
Catch the frown upon our brow?
Would the print of rosy fingers
Vex us then as they do now?

Ah, those little ice-cold fingers
How they point our memory back
To the hasty words and actions
Strewn along our backward track!
How those little hands remind us,
As in snowy grace they lie,
Not scatter thorns—but roses—
For our reading by and by!

Strange we never prize the music
Till the sweet-voiced bird has flown;
Strange that we should slight the violets
Till the lovely flowers are gone;
Strange that Summer skies and sunshine
Never seemed one-half so fair
As when Winter's snowy pinions
Shake the white down in the air!

Lips from which the seal of silence
None but God can roll away
Never blossomed in such beauty
As adorns the mouth to-day;
And sweet words that freight our memory
With their beautiful perfume,
Come to us in sweet accents,
Through the portals of the tomb.

Let us gather up the sunbeams
Lying all along our path;
Let us keep the wheat and roses,
Casting out the thorns and chaff;
Let us find our sweetest comfort
In the blessings of to-day;
With a patient hand removing
All the briars from our way.

Fire Extinguisher.

THE GREATEST INVENTION OF THE AGE.

PUTS OUT FIRE INSTANTLY. Harmless to Health and Property. Always ready for instant use. Sportable that it can be carried by man or boy without hindrance to active exertion. It is indispensible for public Buildings, hotels and private residences; for steam and sailing vessels it is as necessary as a life-boat or a life-preserver.

It is endorsed by the Government, as likewise by the Chiefs of the Fire Departments of New York, Boston, etc., etc., etc.

Office of the United States Fire Extinguisher Company 304 Montgomery street.

EDWARD L. LEVEY
General Agents.

HENRY MAYERS,
Importer and Dealer in
WATCHES, SILVERWARE AND FINE JEWELERY.
205 Montgomery Street, Russ Block,
SAN FRANCISCO.

A Fine Assortment of Clocks. Watches carefully repaired by the most experienced workmen.

THE UNDERSIGNED WOULD RESPECTFULLY INform his friends and the public generally, that he has returned to this city from the Atlantic States, and has re-purchased his old interest in the carriage manufacturing business, at No. 717 Market street, from Mr. H. H. Black, and all business will be conducted, as heretofore, under the old firm name of BLACK & MILLER, commencing from the 1st day of July 1867.

D. D. MILLER.

NOTICE.—I HAVE THIS DAY SOLD A ONE HALF interest in my business to my formor partner D. D. Miller, and in future the firm will be as formerly, viz: Black & Miller 717 Market street. H. M. BLACK.
July 1st, 1787.

PRO BONO PUBLICO.

LACOUR'S
SARSAPARIPHERE
BITTERS

POSSESS INVALUABLE PROPERTIES.

They give Health to the Sick,

Strength to the Weak,

Joy to the Afflicted.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

AMERICAN HOTEL,
Main street, . . Petaluma.
EMERSON & LAMBERTON, Proprietors.

ESTABLISHED IN 1851.

Lawrence & Houseworth,

317 AND 319 MONTGOMERY STREET,

OPTICIANS

THE LARGEST OPTICAL INSTRUMENT ESTablishment on the Pacific Coast. Import all their own goods direct from European and American manufacturers, and have a larger and more complete assortment than all other dealers combined.

SPECTACLES and EYE-GLASSES warranted to suit the sight in every particular.

Double sighted Spectacles, Tinted Spectacles and Brazilian Pebble spectacles of the most approved form.

Those who have been disappointed at other establishments will certainly be pleased with the Spectacles they purchase from us.

N. B.—Inferior Glasses are not sold by us to the unwary for Brazilian Pebbles.

LAWRENCE & HOUSEWORTH,
OPTICIANS,
317 *and* 319 *Montgomery Street,*
SAN FRANCISCO.

Complete Catalogues of Optical Instruments furnished free.

D. GHIRARDELLI & CO.'S
Italian Manufactury,
415 and 417 JACKSON ST., SAN FRANCISCO,
Manufacturers and Dealers in
PLAIN, SWEET, CINNAMON AND VANILLA CHOCOLATES;
PREPARED COCOA, COCOA PASTE,
CRACKED COCOA, COCOA SHELLS, etc., etc.
PURE GROUND OLD JAVA COFFEE AND COSTA RICA COFFEE;
CHARTRES AND RIO COFFEE:
GREEN COFFEE OF EVERY QUALITY.
CHOICE WINES AND LIQUORS.

N. B.—Ghirardelli's Chocolate is manufactured by steam from Cocoa of the finest quality, imported direct. In excellence and delicacy of flavor, it is superior to any imported Chocolate.

ST. MARY'S COLLEGE,
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA.

THE FIFTH SESSION OF THE ABOVE INSTITUtion will commence on the THIRTEENTH OF JULY, 1867.

The cost of Tuition and Board for the Scholastic Year of from ten to eleven months will be only one hundred and seventy five dollars ($175), and twenty-five dollars ($25) for washing and mending of linen, etc.

No extra charges of any kind, except for Music and Drawing, which are five dollars ($5) a month each.

In cases of withdrawal (except for sickness or parents leaving the country), the parties will forfeit a Quarter Session, or the remaining portion of the Half Term.

The Pension to be paid at least half-yearly in advance; also, such sum deposited as will be sufficient to pay the traveling expenses of each student to his place of residence, and other contingent expenses such as books, clothes, etc.

No student will be received without such deposit.

For further information, application can be made to
P. J. GREY, President,

Peet & Son,
IMPORTERS AND MANUFACTURERS OF
SADDLERY AND HARNESS
No. 315 BATTERY STREET,
Nex Door to Commercial Street,
SAN FRANCISCO.

W. E. GOLDSMITH,
Practical Card and Seal Engraver.
AND PLATE PRINTER,
No. 505 Montgomery stree over Tucker's

REMOVAL. REMOVAL.

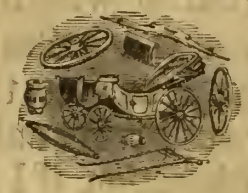
Larkins & Co.,

Manufacturers of every description of
CARRIAGES.

CONCORD WAGONS, Rauch Wagons and Buggies made to order. All kinds of Jobbing and Carriage Painting done at the shortest notice.

New Manufactory Nos. 631 and 633 Howard street, corner of Hubbard, between second and Third, San Francisco.

A. FOLSOM,



Carriage Manufacturer,
No. 531 CALIFORNIA STREET,
Between Montgomery and Kearny streets, San Francisco

EVERY DESCRIPTION OF CARRIAGES, EXPRESS Wagons, Buggies, etc, made to order, of the best materials and workmanship.

Repairing and General Blacksmithing done with promptness, and at prices to suit the times.

SAUL & McARRON,
Manufacturers of
STAGE AND THOROUGHBRACE WAGONS,
NO. 579 AND 581 MARKET STREET,
Near Second Street, San Francisco.

Makes to order all kinds of Carriage and Buggy Work, Express and Thoroughbrace Wagons and Stage Work.

A general assortment of new and second-hand Wagons on hand. Jobbing done with neatness and dispatch.

Asphaltum Roofing.

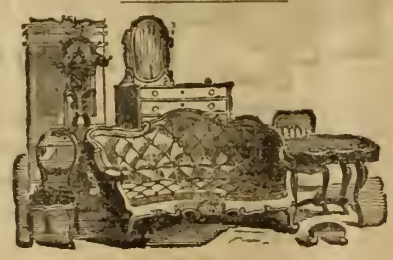
PAVEMENTS, ROOFING,
CELLAR FLOORS, WATER HOUSES,
And all kinds of
Asphaltum Work,

Done at shortest notice, and at moderate prices, by
M. BONNET,
Office—Express Building (upstairs),
N. E. cor. Montgomery and California sts., San Francisco

NOTICE.

WE TAKE OCCASION TO INFORM OUR FRIENDS and customers that we have sold our entire stock in warehouse also invoices to arrive to Messrs. N. COLE & CO., 312 and 314 Pine steeet. The whole forms a most complete and desirable assortment of FURNITURE, and well merits attention before purchasing elsewhere.

J. PIERCE & CO.



FURNITURE.

WE beg leave to call the attention of the public to our warerooms,
Nos. 312 and 314 Pine Street.
Having purchased the entire stock of Messrs. J. Pierce & Co., and in addition to our large invoice from our factory at the East, we are prepared to fill all orders promptly, both wholesale and retail, and call the attention of the public to our salesroom, as containing the most complete assortment of desirable goods on this coast.

N. P. COLE & CO.

BOWEN BROS.

GROCERS,
Tea and Wine Merchants,
S. E. cor. Montgo'ry and California,
San Francisco.

Wholesale Store,
204 Front Street.

C. MAIN. E. B. WINCHESTER. T. R. HAYES.

Main & Winchester,

Manufacturers and Importers of
Harness, Saddles, Bridles, Whips, Collars, Saddlery Ware, etc.
Nos. 214 and 216 Battery Street,
San Francisco.

N. B.—Good assortment Concord Stage Harness constantly on hand.

FIREMAN'S FUND
Insurance Company.

Office, S. W. cor. California and Sansome steets, San Francisco.

CAPITAL AND SURPLUS, JANUARY 1, 1867,

$680,000.

DIRECTORS.

D. J. Staples,	John O. Earl,
G. T. Lawton,	Alpheus Bull,
W. M. Hixon,	C. T. Forrest,
John Bartou,	W. B. Bourn,
W. H. Lyon,	Joseph Peirce,
Chas. Wolcott Brooks,	M. A. Braly,
I. B. Purdy,	David Dick,
A. Himmelmann,	A. Blackwood,
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J. E. de la Montagnie,	H. L. Lewis,
W. H. Paterson,	John Morton,
T. L Baker,	Henry Dutton,
Alex. Weil,	
Asa Harker, Portland, Oregon.	

Desirable Risks taken at LOW RATES.

The greatest amount taken on any one risk is $50,000. When the risks are considered too large, a portion will be re-insured in responsible Companies.

LOSSES PAID IN U. S. GOLD COIN!

J. D. STAPLES, President,
HENRY DUTTON, Vice President.
CHAS. R. BOND, Secretary.

AYER'S
AGUE CURE,

FOR THE SPEEDY CURE OF

Intermittent Fever, or Fever and Ague, Remittent Fever, Dumb Ague, Periodical Headache, or Bilious Fevors, indeed for the whole Class of Diseases originating in Biliary Derangement, Caused by the Malaria of Miasmatic Countries.

No one remedy is louder called for by the necessities of the American people than a sure and safe cure for Fever and Ague. Such we are now enabled to offer, with a perfect certainty that it will eradicate the disease, and with assurance founded on proof, that no harm can arise from its use in any quantity.

That which protects from or prevents this disorder must be of immense service in the communities where it prevails. *Prevention* is better than cure, for the patient escapes the risk which he must run in violent attacks of this baleful distemper. This "Cure" expels the miasmic poison of Fever and Ague from the system, and prevents the development of the disease, if taken on the first approach of the premonitory symptoms. It is not only the best remedy ever yet discovered for this class of complaints, but also the cheapest. The large quantity we supply for a dollar brings it within reach of every body, and in the bilious districts, where Fever and Ague prevails, everybody should have it and use it freely both for cure and prevention. A great superiority of this remedy over any other ever discovered for this speedy and certain cure of Intermittents is, that it contains no Quinine or mineral, consequently it produces no quinism or other injurious effects whatever upon the constitution. Those cured by it are left as healthy as if they had never had the disease.

Fever and Ague is not alone the consequence of the miasmatic poison. A great variety of disorders arise from its irritation, among which are Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Gout, Headache, Blindness, Toothache, Earache, Catarrh, Asthma, Palpitation, Painful Affection of the Spleen, Hysterics, Pain in the Bowels, Colic, Paralysis, and Derangement of the Stomach, all of which, when originating in this cause, put on the intermittent type, or become periodical. This "Cure" expels the poison from the blood, and consequently cures them all alike.

Prepared by DR. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, and sold by all Druggists, everywhere.

CRANE & BRIGHAM, San Francisco.
Wholesale Agents.

SAVINGS BANK.

THE FARMERS' AND MECHANICS' BANK OF SAVINGS,

ON SANSOME, CORNER CALIFORNIA STREET, will open for the receipt of deposits, and the transaction of business, JULY 1, 1867.

CAPITAL STOCK, - - - - - - $150,000.

Directors,

N. C FASSETT,	JAMES LAIDLEY,
H. DUTTON,	B. H. FREEMAN,
ISAAC E. DAVIS,	R. MORTON,
GEO. M. CONDEE,	SAMUEL L. PALMER,
G. H. WHEELER.	

N. C. FASSETT, President.
G. H. WHEELER, Cashier.

A. J. BRYANT & CO.,
IMPORTERS OF LIQUORS,
518 Front Street, San Francisco.

G. L. BRADLEY. THEO. G. COCKRILL.

Sole Agents for Pacific Coast,
—OF—
BLACKBURN'S CELEBRATED
BBB BOURBON WHISKEY,
Bowling Green, Kentucky.

Adams, Dentist, 423 Montgomery

MOYNIHAN & AITKIN,

Portland Boiler Works,

311 AND 313 MISSION STREET,

Between Beale and Fremont streets, San Francisco.

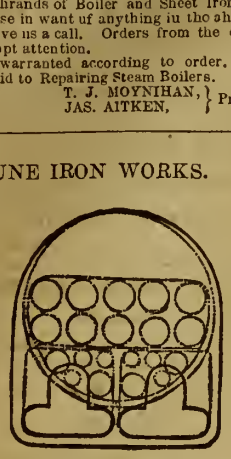
Manufacturers of Steam Boilers, high or low pressure—Cylinder, Tubular or Flue; Sheet Iron Work; Steam and Water Pipe of the best quality, and at more reasonable prices than any other establishment on the Pacific Coast.

Being Practical Boiler Makers, of long experience, confining our whole time and attention to our branch of business, and having enlarged our works, and also added the most improved tools in the country, we are enabled to turn out Boilers more expeditiously than any other establishment on the Pacific Coast—using none but the best quality and brands of Boiler and Sheet Iron and Boiler Tubes. Those in want of anything in the above line will do well to give us a call. Orders from the country will receive prompt attention.

All work warranted according to order. Particular attention paid to Repairing Steam Boilers.

T. J. MOYNIHAN, JAS. AITKEN, } Proprietors.

NEPTUNE IRON WORKS.



Corner Mission and Fremont streets, San Francisco.

MARINE, LOCOMOTIVE AND ALL KINDS OF

HIGH-PRESSURE STEAM BOILERS

Manufactured.

The proprietor imports his own C. H. and B. Iron across the Isthmus, and Tubes of every size. Other parties can never blockade the market. He has made arrangements with the best houses in the East to furnish him with everything in the shape of Iron he wants.

All Boilers guaranteed and tested by U. S. Boiler Inspector before they are sent out of the shop, at my expense. ☞ All kinds of Sheet Iron and Water Pipe, Coal Oil Stills, Wrought Iron Worms, etc., manufactured to order. OLD BOILERS REPAIRED.

D. CAMERON.

SAN FRANCISCO

Foundry and Machine Works,

Northeast corner Fremont and Mission streets,

Manufacturers of

MARINE AND STATIONARY ENGINES,

Quartz Machinery, Saw, Flour and Sugar Mills, Mining Pumps, Hoisting Gear, Agricultural Implements, etc.

ALSO,

Wine, Cider, Cotton and Tobacco Presses of the latest Improved Patterns.

STEAM ENGINES AND BOILERS,

Of all sizes, constantly on hand; Quartz Mill Shoes and Dies warranted to be made of the best white iron.

Dunbar's Improved Self-Adjusting Piston-Packing, requires no springs or screws; is always steam-tight; without excessive friction, and never gets slack or leaky.

MACHINERY, OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS, Bought, sold, or exchanged. Bolt Cutting and Castings at the lowest market rates.

DEVOE, DINSMORE & CO.

PIONEER IRON SHUTTER WORKS.

Established 1849.

John Upstone,

MANUFACTURER OF FIRE-PROOF

Doors and Shutters,

Bank Vaults, Balconies, Gratings, Prison Cells, Awnings, Stairs, Iron Fence, etc.,

Corner of California and Drumm Streets,

SAN FRANCISCO.

Constantly on hand a large assortment of second hand Fire-Proof Doors and Shutters.

Removal.

THEODORE KALLENBERG,

Machinist,

Has removed from No. 416 Market street, to No. 10 Stevenson street, next to the corner of First.

Maker of Models for Inventors, Drawing Instruments, Small Machines, Philosophical Instruments, Scales and Weights, all kinds of Brass and Iron Work.

REPAIRING PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

I. H. SMALL,

Machine Shop,

BUILDER OF

Steam Engines, Saw Mills, Mining Machinery,

Also, I. H. Small's Patent Boot Screwing Machine

Gears of all kinds Cut at Short Notice,

And at Greatly Reduced Prices.

Repairing of all kinds done with Promptness and Dispatch.

Corner of Market and Beale Streets,

SAN FRANCISCO

TO THE UNFORTUNATE.

NEW REMEDIES! NEW REMEDIES!

Dr. Gibbon's Dispensary.

ESTABLISHED IN 1854,
616 Kearney street, corner of Commercial, San Francisco.

For the treatment of Sexual and Seminal Diseases, such as gonorrhœa, gleet, stricture, syphilis in all its forms, seminal weakness, impotency, &c. Skin Diseases, (of years' standing,) and Ulcerated legs, successfully treated.

HORRIBLE DISEASES.

How many thousands of persons both male and female are there who are suffering out a miserable existence from the effects of secret indulgence, or from virus absorbed into the system. Look at their pallid, emaciated and disfigured faces, and their broken constitutions, disqualifying them for the happiness of marriage or the enjoyment of life. In this horrid situation thousands suffer until death closes the scene. Let parents, guardians and friends, attend to those who are suffering with any of these horrible, life-destroying maladies—see that they are cared for and cured before it be too late. Send them to Dr. Gibbon, a physician who has made private diseases his especial study for years, and who is certain to cure the most inveterate cases without mercury or any injurious drugs. It is important to those who are afflicted, to be careful of the many pretended Doctors who infest all cities, publishing their skill in curing all diseases in a few days, imposing upon the public by using the names of eminent physicians from Europe and other places. Be therefore careful and make strict inquiry, or you may fall into the hands of these charlatans.

Syphilis is syphilis the world over; so is small pox, consumption, and other diseases, to the contrary of what quacks may say.

SEMINAL WEAKNESS.

Seminal weakness the consequent of self abuse. This solitary vice, or depraved sexual indulgence, is practiced by the youth of both sexes to an almost unlimited extent, producing with unerring certainty the following train of morbid symptoms, unless combatted by scientific medical measure; sallow countenances, dark spots under the eyes, pain in the head, ringing in the ears, noise like the rustling of leaves and rattling of chariots, uneasines about the loins, weakness of the limbs, confused vision, blunt intellect, loss of confidence, diffidence in approaching strangers, a dislike to form new acquaintances, a disposition to shun society, loss of memory, hectic flushes, pimples and various eruptions about the face, furred tongue, fetid breath, coughs, consumption, night sweats, monomania, and frequent insanity. If relief be not obtained, should apply immediately, either in person or by letter, and have a cure effected by his new and scientific mode of treating this complaint, which never fails of effecting a quick and radical cure. Dr. G. will give $100 to any person who will prove satisfactorily to him that he was cured by either of the San Francisco quacks.

Dr. Gibbon is responsible, and will give each patient a written instrument binding himself to effect a radical and permanent cure or make no charge.

Persons at a distance may be cured at home by addressing a letter to Dr. Gibbon, stating case, symptoms, length of time the disease has continued, and have medicine promptly forwarded, free from damage and curiosity, to any part of the country, with full and plain directions for use, for ten dollars, sent in a registered letter, or through Wells, Fargo & Co.

Address DR. J. F. GIBBON, 616 Kearney street, corner of Commercial, San Francisco, Postoffice Box 252.

CAUTION TO THE UNFORTUNATE.

Beware of the San Francisco quacks and pretenders who with bogus sworn-to certificates, dupe the unwary. Some of the self-styled doctors whose names are to be found in all the daily and weekly papers of San Francisco and other places, are tradesmen, and become too lazy to work at their trade. Some are tinsmiths, shoemakers, newspaper carriers, intelligence offices keepers, etc. Look over the San Francisco City Directory and you will find their former occupation in it. Look at the Directory for 1862-63. The only way to avoid imposition is make inquiry—it will cost you nothing and may save you many regrets, for advertising physicians in eight cases out of ten are hogus, there is no safety in trusting any of them till you know who and what they are. Dr. Gibbon does not deceive people by exhibiting bogus titles, certificates, pretended patients' letters, etc. Dr. Gibbon Will satisfy persons who may call at his office of his ability to treat diseases that he proposes to cure.

☞ Persons writing to Dr. Gibbon will Please state the name of the paper they see his advertisement in.

IN THE PROBATE COURT of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the Estate of GEORGE ROBINSON, deceased.

Order to show cause why order of distribution should not be made.

On reading and filing the petition of Howard Chapman and Joseph Gordon, the Executors of the last will of George Robinson, deceased, setting forth that they have filed their final account of their administration of the estate of said deceased, in this Court, and that the same has been duly settled and allowed; that all the debts and expenses of administration have been duly paid; and that a portion of said estate remains to be divided among the devisees and legatees of said deceased, and praying among other things for an order of distribution of the residue of said estate among the persons entitled:

It is Ordered, that all persons interested in the estate of the said George Robinson, deceased, be and appear before the Probate Court of the city and county of San Francisco, at the Court Room of said Court, in the City Hall, in said city and county, on MONDAY, the twenty-six day of August, A. D. 1867, at eleven o'clock, A. M., then and there to show cause why an order of distribution should not be made of the residue of said estate to the devisees and legatees of the said deceased, according to law:

It is further Ordered, that a copy of this order be published for four successive weeks, before the said twenty-six day of August A. D. 1867, in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published in the said city and county.

M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

Dated July 25th, A. D. 1867.

OFFICE OF THE COUNTY CLERK, OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO } ss.

I, Wm. Loewy, County Clerk of the City and County of San Francisco, and ex-officio Clerk of the Probate Court thereof, do hereby certify the foregoing to be a full, true and correct copy of an order duly made and entered upon the minutes of said Court.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court, this 26th day of July, A. D. 1867.

[Seal and Int. Rev. stamp 50 cts., canceled.]

WM LOEWY, Clerk.
By A. J. JEGHERS, Deputy Clerk.

D. P. BARSTOW, Esq., Att'y for Petitioner. jy27-5t

WANTED AGENTS.—$250 per month THE YEAR ROUND, OR 900 PER CENT PROFIT ON COMMISSION. We *guaranty* the above salary or commission to active industrious agents at their own homes, to introduce an article of *indispensable utility* in every household. For full particulars call on, or address

G. W. JACKSON & CO., 11 South St., Baltimore, Md

TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.—NOTICE IS hereby given that the undersigned, CHARLOTTE A. GILDERSLEEVE, is a married woman; that she is the wife of Geo. W. Gildersleeve; that she and her said husband are citizens of and residing within the City and County of San Francisco, State of California; that she is desirous to avail herself of the benefit of the Act of the Legislature of this State, entitled "An Act to authorize married women to transact business in their own names as sole traders," passed April 12th, 1852, and the Act passed by said Legislature, April 8th, 1862, "Amendatory of and supplemental to" the Act aforementioned; that it is her intention to make application to the District Court of the Fourth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, on the 5th day of August, A. D, 1867, at 10 o'clock, A. M. of that day, for an order of said Court permitting her to carry on and transact business in her own name and on her own account, in accordance with the provisions of said Acts, as a sole trader; that the business she intends to carry on is dealing in real estate, farming—including keeping cows, pigs poultry, rabbits, etc.

Dated San Francisco, June 27th, A. D. 1867.

CHARLOTTE A. GILDERSLEEVE.

James McCahe, attorney for petitioner.

IN THE PROBATE COURT of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the estate of JOHN BARKER, deceased.

In reading and filing the petition of Grace Barker, Administratrix, of the estate of John Barker, deceased, showing that her final account of her administration has been duly filed, allowed, confirmed, and settled: and praying for an order of distribution of the residue of said estate among the persons by law entitled thereto, to wit. to said petioner.

It is ordered, that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased, be and appear before this Probate Court, at the Court Room thereof, in the City Hall, in said City and County, on TUESDAY, the 13th day of August, A. D., 1867, at 11 o'clock, A. M., of that day, then and there to show cause, if any they have, why an order of distribution should not be made of the residue of said estate, according to law.

It is further ordered, that a copy of this order be published at least four successive weeks before said 13th day of August, A. D. 1867, in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published in said city and county.

M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

Dated July 3d, A. D. 1867.

Office of the County Clerk of the City and County of San Francisco.—I, Wm. Loewy, County Clerk of the city and county of San Francisco, and ex-officio Clerk of the Probate Court thereof, do hereby certify the foregoing to be a full, true and correct copy of an order duly made and entered upon the minutes of the said Court.

Witness my hand, and the seal of said Court, this 5th day of July, A. D. 1867.

[SEAL AND STAMP] WM. LOEWY, Clerk.
jy6 5t By A. J. JEGHERS, Deputy Clerk.

J. B. TOWNSEND, Esq., Attorney for petitioner,

IN THE PROBATE COURT OF THE CITY AND County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the Estate of GEORGE E. PATTERSON, deceased.

Order to show cause why order of distribution should not be made.

On reading and filing the petition of J. W. Brumagin, the administrator of the estate of George E. Patterson, deceased, setting forth that he has filed his final account of his administration of the estate of said deceased, in this Court, and that the same has been duly settled and allowed; that all the debts and expenses of administration have been duly paid; and that a portion of said estate remains to be divided among the heirs of said deceased, and praying among other things for an order of distribution of the residue of said estate among the persons entitled:

It is Ordered, that all persons interested in the estate of said George E. Patterson, deceased, be and appear before the Probate Court of the city and county of San Francisco, at the Court room of said Court, in the City Hall in said city and county, on MONDAY, the twelfth day of August, Anno Domini 1867, at eleven o'clock, A. M., then and there to show cause why an order of distribution should not be made of the residue of said estate among the heirs of the said George E. Patterson, deceased, according to law.

It is further Ordered, that a copy of this order be published for four successive weeks, before the said twelfth day of August, A. D. 1867, in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published in the said city and county.

M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

Dated July 5th, 1867. jy6-5t

CALIFORNIA Steam Navigation Company.

STEAMER CAPITAL.....CAPT. E. A. POOLE.
" CHRYSOPOLIS..CAPT. A. FOSTER.
" YOSEMITE.....
" CORNELIA....CAPT. W. BROMLEY.
" JULIA.....CAPT. E. CONCKLIN

One of the above steamers leave BROADWAY WHARF, at 4 o'clock P. M., *EVERY DAY*, (Sundays excepted,) for Sacramento and one for Stockton, the Sacramento steamer connecting with light-draft steamers for Marysville, Colusa, Chico and Red Bluff.

Office of the Company, northeast corner of Front and Jackson streets.

B. M. HARTSHORNE, President.

JOHN HAGAN,

Marble - Worker,

MARKET ST, OPPOSITE LINCOLN SCHOOL HOUSE, between Fifth and Sixth.

Marble Mantels, Grates, Monuments, Headstones, Cemetery Copings, and all kinds of Marble Work executed on most reasonable terms. Particular attention paid to the placing of Tombstones at Lone Mountain or Calvary Cemeteries. N. B.—Country orders promptly attended to.

CALIFORNIA BRASS FOUNDRY,

No. 125 First street, opposite Minna,

SAN FRANCISCO

All kinds of Brass, Composition, Zinc, and Babbitt Meta Castings, furnished at the shortest notice. Brass Ship-Work of all kinds, Spikes, Sheathing Nails, Rudder Braces, Hinges, etc., constantly on hand and made to order. Also, manufacture Ship and Steamboat Bells and Gungs of superior tone.

All kinds of Steam, Liquor, Water, Oil, and Flange Cocks and Valves made and repaired.

Hydraulic Pipes and Nozzles, and Hose Couplings and Connections of all sizes and patterns, furnished with dispatch. *PRICES MODERATE.*

V. KINGWELL. JOS. H. WEED, SAM'L WHITE.

BABBITTONIAN,

OR SELF-TEACHING

PENMANSHIP!

The System of Babbitonian Penmanship is pre-eminently self-instructing. With its ample explanations of right and wrong forms—its sixty wood cuts—its plain intelligent rules, one may sit down by his own fireside and become a finer Penman than he could at much greater cost in the usual way with a living teacher.

There is a great demand for fine Penmen in the commercial world, and this system, at a trifling expense, imparts a skilful command of the Pen, worth hundreds of dollars to the fortunate possessor.

Penmanship is an indispensable accomplishment to Ladies, and this system is elaborate in a series of elegant copies in the Ladies' Style.

Business men have sometimes lost thousands of dollars from ignorance in regard to Business forms, and there is furnished in a set, without additional charge, a fine variety of Business Forms and Abbreviations. To sum up the Excellencies of this System, it is—

1—Scientific in its Arrangement of Principles;
2—Artistic in its Movements and Flourishes;
3—Practical in its Combinations and Applications;
4—Stylish in its neat and chaste Gracefulness;
5—Superior for Legibility, Rapidity and Beauty;
6—Most Disciplinary for fingers, Arms and Muscles.
7—Unexcelled for Comprehensiveness and Simplicity.
8—Complete and Self-Teaching for Private Learners;
9—Time, Labor and Expense Saving for Pupils and Teachers.

The Babbitonian Penmanship

Is published on durable card-board slips, ninety-two copies illustrated, put in a neat package with a Chart, the whole complete at the low price of $1 50.

Babbittonian Pens.

One reason why the country is flooded with poor Pens is that they are generally made by mechanics, rather than by artistic and experienced Penmen, the only parties really understanding the requirements of a good article.

The Babbittonian Pens,

Made in the most finished style, by skilful artisans, after models prepared according to the combined wisdom and experience of several amateurs and old Professors of Penmanship, are admirably adapted to meet the public wants.

The Babbittonian Ladies' Pen,

Is one of the most exquisite little instruments for delicate writing ever constructed.

The Babbittonian Extra Fine Pen,

Is pronounced by a large number of Penmen to be more free, more durable, and more varied in capacity for either fine or coarse strokes than any foreign Pen whatever. Suitable for elegant writing, it is a great favorite with the ladies and gentlemen.

The Babbittonian Business Pen,

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A pen drawing, by Mr. D. F. Brown, is one of the most remarkable works of art ever exhibited in this country. By patient labor he has succeeded in producing a design which for skill and beauty of execution, exquisite softness and delicacy of finish, and general merit, it would seem scarcely possible to surpass. The central figure—the face of our savior—is one of marvelous power and beauty. This and the faces of the Twelve Apostles, forming the border of the piece, are faithful copies from Leonardo da Vinci's famous painting of the

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

ESTATE OF JULIUS KINCHELOE, DECEASED.

NOTICE is hereby given by the undersigned administrator of the estate of JULIUS KINCHELOE, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them, with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice, to the said administrator, at his office, No. 4 Odd Fellows Hall, 323 Montgomery street, in the city and county of San Francisco.

jy27-5t] WASHINGTON BARTLETT, Administrator.

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TO THE LEGAL VOTERS OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO.

☞ Prompted alike by a sense of duty to myself and to the public, and in compliance with the request of several hundred citizens, taxpayers, and friends of the Public Schools, representing the different political sentiments, religious creeds, nationalities and classes of the San Francisco community, I hereby announce myself an independent Candidate, at the approaching election, for the office of Superintendent of Public Schools. In so doing, I deem it proper to say that I do not thereby appeal from the decision of any party or convention, but simply think it a matter of right, and, under the circumstances, eminently fit to refer the subject of my candidacy directly to the people, the parties really interested; and, I think I may properly solicit, and with reason expect, the continued support of the friends of education, and that of all others who think I have faithfully and usefully discharged my duties during the past two years, in the office to which I seek re-election.

I am induced to ask your support, and the more readily comply with the wishes of personal friends, and the friends of our Public Schools, in becoming a candidate, since I am invited to do so "without respect to political considerations, which it is thought should be disregarded in the choice of school officers." Having devoted the best years of my life to the education of the young and to the interests of this city and the State in that connection, I feel it but just to myself and to the public which I have served, if success has attended my labors, that I should not be thrown out of a position of public usefulness and from needed employment, for no better reason than that another, however competent, wants my position, and seeks to be placed on it through preliminary political management and the discipline of a party organization. Such others as think with me in that respect, and believe a change of officers in the position I occupy is uncalled for at the present time, and that my re-election would subserve the interests of the Public School Department of this city, are respectfully requested to give utterance to that effect by casting their votes for me at the approaching election.

Profoundly thankful for your generous support in a former election, I remain respectfully,

J. C. PELTON.

San Francisco, July 29th, 1867.

A CARD TO THE PUBLIC.

BELIEVING that my fidelity to the Government of the United States is entirely beyond question, and that no political issue is necessarily involved in the selection of the local officers of this city and county; knowing that great dissatisfaction with the manner in which party Conventions have been manipulated and controlled, and with the results of their action during the present year, is felt and expressed throughout the community; having been assured by representatives of every class of our citizens with whom I have been brought in contact, that the manner in which I have discharged my duties during the present year, is felt and expressed throughout the community; having been assured by representatives of every class of our citizens with whom I have been brought officially into contact, that the manner in which I have discharged my duties during the ten years that I have been successively connected with every department of the Shrievalty, and especially during the three years that I have been at the head of that office, is an ample guarantee for my fitness and usefulness; preferring not to embarrass myself by any pledges which, in the event of my election, might interfere with the fair and just administration of the duties of that important branch of the city government, but relying solely upon the public and private reputation which I may have had the good fortune to acquire; I beg respectfully to offer myself as an independent candidate for the position of Sheriff at the coming Municipal election, and to ask the suffrages of the public in my behalf.

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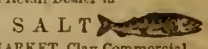

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VOLUME VII., No. 12.
OFFICE, No. 532 MERCHANT STREET.

SAN FRANCISCO, AUGUST 10, 1867.

TERMS, $5 A YEAR, BY MAIL, IN ADVANCE. 50 CENTS A MONTH, BY CARRIER.

CONTENTS:

ORIGINAL: Five Years in Japun, by Forbes Maitland; The Champagne We Drink; Religions Appropriations by the State; "Prentice" and "Dogberry;" A Compliment Protested. Literary Gleanings; A Mean Poet; English Comic Songs; Ambition of Parents; Battle Pictures; Lion's Mouth; Political Fluctuations; A New Paddy's Land. Dramatic Affairs, etc. SELECTED: Wild Life in the South Pucific Coast; Ben Serraq; How I Became Mrs. Randolph; No Cards, etc.

THE EMPTY SLEEVE.

I WANT no pity, ask no alms;
Give me some work for this one hand;
The other, 'neath the Southern palms,
Is rotting in the shining sand.
I left a home, a child, a wife,
As dear to me as yonrs to yon,
And freely offered up my life,
To aid a cause I knew was trne;
And so, my friend, with your good leave,
No pity for this empty sleeve.

I could not rest in idle ease,
And rend of fiery deeds each day;
Althongh she, weeping, clasped my knees,
And earnest plend that I might stay.
"Dear heart," I said, "with steel and ball,
Beneath the banner of the free
I'll take my chance, for should it fall,
What would be my home to me
Without the flag whose sacred dyes
Are pictured in God's lovely skies?"

Begrimmed by smoke and torn by shell,
But each star standing in its pluce,
More holy for the hearts that fell,
To shield it from disgrace;
It waves in glory once aguin,
As in the bright old days before
Its honored folds received the strain
Of kindred blood at Baltimore—
Ere that old emblem sunk. believe,
I'd wish a shroud to wrap this sleeve.

When the keen saw rasped through the bone,
From my pale lips there hurst a cry;
'Twas not the stinging pain alone
That caused that moan of agony:
But thoughts of home smote on my bruin—
Good reason had I to deplore—
For 'gainst two hands the wolf will gain
Oft' times a seat at Labor's door;
How should I then their wants relieve—
A soldier with an empty sleeve?

"Nay, don't despair; take courage, lad,"
The busy surgeon kindly suid;
"Be sure, to lose an arm is bad,
But better 'tis than lose your head;
Why, all our tongues love well to wag
Of color-sergeant Richurd Todd,
Whose arm was first to plant onr flag
Above grim Wagner's smoking sod;
Think of the glory, man, don't grieve,
You are doubly paid for the empty sleeve."

But glory will not fill the hands,
Of those who wait at home for bread;
Upon our hearth a spectre stands,
That fills our hearts with dread.
Seeking for work day after day,
And gaining naught but cold replies;
At night I see her turn away
To hide the tears that fill her eyes,
And almost wish death might relieve
My paiu, as I toy with the empty sleeve.

Daily are places filled by those
Who cursed the cause for which I bled,
Two years ago our deadliest foes,
Now on the public bonnty fed.
Must we who breasted rebel steel,
And bore "Old Glory" through the land,
Now ask of passers-by a meal,
Abject and humble, hat in hand?
Republic, can you thus disgrace
The hearts that held you in your place?

Does it not tell of hardships passed—
This useless swinging sleeve of mine?
Dread marches in December's blast,
In pelting rain and shiue;
Of glory fields and ghastly slain,
Whose faces make the senses reel,
And maim'd men shrieking in their pain,
Where thundering squadrons churge and wheel;
Whose fierce hoofed steeds, in the wild strife,
Crushed out the little left of life.

For what is past I yet can say,
I cherished not one vuin regret;
Do not, then, make me curse the day
My old blue coat with blood was wet;
Spare me your pity, if you please,
And give me work for this one hund;
The other 'neath the green palm trees,
Is rotting in the shifting sand;
O, grand Repnblic, give me leave
To proudly flaunt this empty sleeve.

—*New York Citizen.*

THE LION'S MOUTH.

"THE gravest beast is an ass, the gravest bird is an owl, the gravest fish is an oyster, and the gravest man is a fool." SYDNEY SMITH.

"I WILL roar, that I will do any man's heart good to hear me."
A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

"I WILL aggravate my voice so, that I will roar you as gently as any sucking dove; I will roar you an 't were any nightingale." IBID.

"*Nil falsi audeat, nil veri non audeat dicere.*" CICERO.

Political Fluctuations.

We find things political so peculiarly muddled, that though laudably anxious to make a little money, or a pair of boots, or a hat, or some addition to our wardrobe ont of rash and unwary individuals possessing a smaller share of political perspicocity than ourself, we have found the task attended by serious and perplexing embarassments.

When Gorham was nominated, we considered him of "no account." The *Bulletin* asked, "who *is* this Geo. C. Gorham any way?"

This impressed us profoundly. Constitutionally, and by education, we are "respectable." Consequently, we have a huge respect for the *Bulletin*, which is nothing, if not "respectable." Accordingly we spoke of "little Georgy" on the streets, as a most preposterous candidate. *He* Governor of California forsooth! *He*, u mere private secretary to "His Accidency," as Frank Pixley used irreverently to characterize one of the most dignified gentlemeu that ever filled the gnbernatorial chair. *He* candidate for governor! O, pshaw! It's too ridiculous. Besides, the *Bulletin* says, (and we *can't* help being impressed by the *Bulletin*, it's so respectable) that Gorham is a very naught, fellow, a "manipulator," a "lobbyist" etc., etc., and of course the enlightened people of California will never vote for "manipulation" und a "lobbyist." That's the way we thought and talked. We thought Gorham's goose was cooked and suid so. One day—on Montgomery street, where we were looking ont eagerly for some green Gorhamite whom we might devour, we unexpectedly struck him in the shape of a country editor. Of course he was green—all country editors are. His nume is De Long, A. A. De Long of the Woodland *Messenger*, or the Woodville *News*, or the Woodbridge *Messenger* or *News* (wo can't remember which—there are so many of those country papers you know, that it requires quite an effort to keep run of 'em.) Well, this verdant provincial, scemed to have a sort of simple child-like faith in Gorham, and we saw that he was our meat. So we hantered him for a het, and made a suit of clothes out of him, poor fellow!—that is, we *shall* when the election is over, and Huight or Fay is elected, which all the respectable and influential pupers, including the *Bulletin*, *Union*, und *Call* say is a sure thing.

Well, a few days afterwards, as we were perambulating Montgomery street, stopping at all the corners where the local statesmen were "hnzzing," and all the while keeping a sharp look ont for Gorham greenies, with the enterprising hope of supplementing our new suit with a hat and a pair of boots at the expense of the enemy, we met Upson, formerly of the Sacramento *Union*, and now occupying the herth (more bonorahle and responsible than lucrative) of Survey or General of this gorgeous golden State. Upson, is generally supposed to be pretty well posted on onr State politics; and we hud long been accustomed to regard him as an old Nester who "knew it all." So we told him what a good thing we had on De Long—how we had taken advantage of the Woodville, or Woodland, or Woodbridge editor's simplicity, and "struck him" for a sixty dollar suit of Sunday dry goods. Old Upson, however, didn't seem to see things from onr point of view. He didn't appear to feel qnite as sorry for the country editor as we had expected. In fact, he rather intimated that in his opinion the boot was on the other leg, or rather, that the "store clothes" pertained to the other man. He commenced talking figures and statistics (things we never had any genius for) told us what the Republican majority was at the last State election (what the d—l did we care about the *last* election? how many votes the sore heads were likely to draw away from Gorham; how this thing and that thing, and the other thing was likely to work, and wound up by telling us that "in his opinion" the little lobbyist would carry the State. "by from five to nine thousand majority." We now began to feel rather faint; went up to Weston's, on Jackson street, took a look at those young canaries without feet refreshed ourself with a glass of "Old Rye," met a Haight man who wanted to bet u pair of sixteen dollar boots that his candidate would carry the State; thought it best to hedge, and took him up. We then cruised around to Stapleton's where we saw the Bar-room Statesman, who demonstrated that the interior was full of sore heads, and that Gorhum hadn't a living show. Took divers glasses of lager, and concluded that we had been rash in hedging, and bet an eight dollar hat and a gold-headed cane on Gorham. Stopped in at Marton & Horton's and took a whisky punch with a delegate to the "National Republiian Convention," who convinced us that Haight would carry the State, and Fay come in second best. Went out and met a Gorham man on the corner, and wagered a month's salary that Haight would be next Governor. Looked in at the Bank Exchange, and took something with Harry Baker and Zeke Wilson, who proved that Gorham was bound to carry the State hy from twelve to fifteen thousand majority. Took something more, made more bets. Went somewhere else; took something else; bet something or other; went to bed somewhere, and woke up in a strange place in the morning, without any small change to pay for our breakfast. Walked out and posted ourself on the corner of Montgomery and Clay streets. Stopped the first Gorham man that came along and borrowed two and a half. Chuckled at the idea of levying on the enemy. Went to the Rotisserie, and meditated over our eggs and coffee, on the fluctuatione of things political.

Ben Nickerson's Face.

Ben Nickerson got into a terrible rage on Tuesday evening, at the National Republican Convention, because the reporter of the *Alta* had, in speaking of him, said that he possessed mobile features. He said;

"Whether my face is mobile or not, or whether it is phlegmatic or, if you like, saturnine, or cadaverous, it is no concern of yours. It is the best face that the Almighty God saw fit co give me. If he had given me a had given me a handsomer one I might not be proud of it, but if I had stch a convict face as that one over the way—If I hud such a face as that I would imitate the example of Judas, and go out into thto a field and hang myself."

Whatever may be the quality or quantity of Ben Nickerson's face all must confess that he showed considerable cheek in daring to thus assail u member of the Press. We move that a public meeting be called to decide which is the homeliest Ben Nickerson or the reporter of the *Alta*, u horse collar for them to grin through, to be provided at the expense of the Republican National Convention. Then let the one who is the worst looking follow the example of Judas Iscariot.

A New Paddy's Land.

In the highly interesting article on Japan, which appears on another page, we find reference made to "lovely valleys clothed with the waving cotton plant or the still lovelier green of the Paddy." It appears from this that there is no law in Japan to prevent Paddy from "wearing of the green," and no doubt a large immigration of Paddies will take place in Japan. We notice that many of the Paddies who come to this country partake of the hue of their native isle—that their greenness is really delightful—but alas! they soon get over it. As it is impossible for every Irishman in the United States to obtain an office we would suggest that disappointed candidates go to Japan and undertake the management of the government in thut country.

Pious Old Gentleman.

All right minded men must grieve and lament, with tears in their eyes, the fact that General Bidwell has declined the nomination which was never tendered him. That sweet and touching letter of his must have caused many a case-hardened and pity-proof Democrat to waver in his faith. What a noble example does General Bidwell set before the selfish politicians who seek merely to gratify their lust of power and of gain! He says; "As far as I am concerned, I am trytrying to lay aside all personal feelings and considerations. In fact, I have done so as far as human nature is capable of under similar circumstances. I profess not to be perfect." He profosses not to be perfect. Ah! but he is—or very nearly so. If ever there was a blessed saint on earth, Governor Bidwell is one.

A Great Relief.

The city of San Francisoo was plunged into grief last week in consequence of the unreliable reporters of the daily press having stated that Mrs. Blitz, the wife of "the active and energetic police officer Blitz," who engages cabmen in single combat ut the risk of his life, and exercises a supervision over the Supervisors, died on board the steamship *Montana* on her way to this port from New York. The public were much relieved when the next day the reporters announced that instead of Mrs. Blitz, the wife of the aforesnid policeman Mrs. E. A. Bliss, of Troy, was the person who died. There was no sympathy for Mr. Bliss, and but few shed tears over the death of an accomplished lecturer and talented woman. Truly it is a high honor to be a policeman's wife!

An Ungrateful Farmer.

An exchauge says: "A farmer living near Iowa Falls had twenty hogs killed by lightning on the 14th. The saddest part of the story is, that he had been fattening them on corn worth $1 50 a bushel." If the hogs were fat there is nothing very sad in tho lightning having killed them. The farmer was saved the trouble of slaughtering them, and should have been grateful for the lightening of his labors. If any object that hogs killed by lightning are unwholesome, we ask, "have they ever eaten hogs so blasted?" The time may come when electricity may be employed in all slaughter houses as the most humane method of dispatching animals.

A Literary Sharpshooter.

While the majority of the daily papers actively engaged in the political campaign advance ponderous columns against those to whom they are opposed, the *Flag* adopts a more effective mode of attack. Its editor is an accomplished literary sharpshooter, und picks off a man or two every day with a well directed shot. A politician often experiences more damage from being peppered with half a dozen stinging paragraphs than from a savage leaded leader;

BEN SERRAQ.

THE French-Algerian magistrate's chaouch or sheriff's-officer, Djilali by name, was recovering a little from the out-of-countenance condition into which he had been thrown by his failure in giving a miraculous turn to the embezzlement of a couple of sacks of wheat from the backs of a pair of donkeys: he straightened his back, stood stiff on his legs, and abruptly entered with ineffable seal on the discharge of his functions as chief constable and crier-of-the-court. He was an eight day clock wound up again, when just at the point of running down and coming to a stop, As he opened and shut the police-room doors with the loudest bangings and clappings—shouting for the plaintiffs to appear, and hustling everybody who stood in his way as he swaggered about the antechamber—the assembly present, still impressed with the sack and donkey scene they had witnessed, whispered from mouth to mouth and from ear to ear that, in the memory of mekrazeni, so accomplished a chaouch had never been seen,

Suddenly, a confused noise was heard out of doors. As it approached, the sounds grew louder; and at last the ear could distinguish the most energetic oaths in the Arab language, and the music which proceeds from fisticuffs and kicks when applied to divers parts of the human body. Djilali's voice rose above the tumult, and his stick accompanied the melody of his voice. Finally the door opened and a group of men, singularly interlaced together, rolled into, rather than entered, the room. When Djilali, by a succession of the most skillful movements, had succeeded in putting a little restraint and order into this tempestuous storm of arms and legs, the eye could manage to distinguish a group of five men, four of whom had quite enough to do to enforce on the fifth a little respect. The last named worthy was of lofty statue and vigorously limbed. His garments torn to shreds, and his sorry face attested participation in a recent struggle; but his hands tied behind his back and fastened by a rope to his neck, were evidence that he had not been victorious. His companions held him fast with a degree of caution which showed that even in the state to which he was reduced, they were not quite sure he would not make his escape. Four rope's-ends, which dangled from his wrists and his neck, were tightly grasped with exaggerated uneasiness and tenacity. Scarcely had the five new-comers subsided into calmness, when an unanimous exclamation arose from the midst of the audience, "'Tis Ben Serraq! What has he been doing now?"

M. Richards, the presiding magistrate, inquired, somewhat severely:

"What has the man done, that you should bring him bound in that cruel way?"

"'Tis Ben Serraq!" was the answer he received from the quartette of voices.

"Ah, Ben Serraq! A professional robber belonging to the Sefhha, is he not?"

"The very same!' said the Coryphæus of the associated plaintiffs.

"Yes, sure enough; 'tis I, Ben Serraq," growled the prisoner, in a voice which reminded you of a wild beast roaring at night.

"But I was informed that he had amended his mode of life, and that lately he has been living at peace with his neighbors?"

"I have always lived at peace with my neighbors. I am a good Mussulman, fearing Allah and the law. I am calumniated.,'

"Hold your tongue," said the court, "and do not speak till you are spoken to."

"It is true." explained the plaintiff number one, 'that, for some time past, he has let us be quiet, and only committed distant robberies; but a few days since, he stole one of our bullocks."

"Sidi Bou Krari!" roared the savage. "How dare they slander a poor innocent creature like me in that way?"

"But is the fact clearly proved?" the president inquired. "How did it occur?"

"It is plain as can be," said plaintiff number two. "There is not the least doubt about the matter."

"That's what you get by serving the French!" muttered Ben Serraq, with the air of a Cato. "What ingratitude, gracious Allah, Lord of the universe!"

At this juncture, Djilali received orders to prevent the accused, by any means whatever, from making lengthy interruptions to the recital of the plaintiffs' wrongs. As to short exclamations that will break forth, the chaouch might allow them to burst from their safety-valve, seeing the material impossibility of confining them within the lips of a subject like the present defendant.

"Come, then," said the court decidedly, "one of you explain the business."

"Don't mind what they say," Ben Serraq roared out. 'They are liars. They have a spite against me!"

"As I said just now," the complainant stated, "the case is plain. Our herds were grazing in the neighborhood of Ben Serraq's tent. On driving them home in the evening we discovered that a bullocks was missing. My brethren and myself immediately took the field, to discover some trace of the robbery, but we could discover nothing. At last, after several days of fruitless search, it entered into our heads to have a look at Ben Serraq's tent. We had suspected him, in consequence of what had happened some months previously.'

"Barbarians!" yelled the untamed innocent; "to violate the tent of an honest Mussulman!"

"But we had no need to enter it; which, moreover, we should not have done without the kaids authorisation."

"Quite right," said the magistrate, approvingly.

"We met his wife as she was coming from the water."

"What an abomination?" howled the biped brute; "to stop a woman on the road?"

"And who, for the promise of trifling reward, told us the whole affair."

"A capital witness—a she-beggar, who betrays me!"

"She explained that it was her husband that stole our bullock, in order to provide himself with a store of salt meat."

"Sidi Bou Krari! That a woman should lie like that!"

"She then showed us several goat-skins filled with the meat."

"As if a Mussulman were not allowed to keep salted meat in his tent!"

"And, to remove all doubt as to where the meat came from, she showed us the bullock's head lying in one corner of the tent, still in a state sufficiently preserved to enable us to recognise the animal."

"What a horrible she-vagabond! But her evidence is good for nothing; I had given her a beating not two days before."

"Our only thought then was to seize the wild-boar who is now before you. There was the difficulty; for this son of Satan is as strong as no one else, and can knock down a camel with a blow of his fist."

"What a joke! I am as mild as a sheep."

"Twenty of us met in company, and at dawn of day, informed by his wife—"

"What a pity I did not strangle her, as I meant to!"

"Informed by his wife that he was still asleep, we rushed down upon him; and, after a hard struggle, contrived to bind him in the way you see, as he lay on his mat."

"Sidi Abd-Allah! What treachery! To attack a good Mussulman as he lay asleep!"

"And a good thing it was that we did attack him in that way; for, although he was hardly awake, he managed, while he was wrestling with us, to break one of Olid Sekrad's legs, and to put out one of Ali Oud Ama's eyes. He smashed in five or six of poor Bou Senan's teeth, and bit Otsman Oud Messassit's back savagely."

"Justice of the Master of the World! is it possible to lie in this way? On the contrary, I have been half killed by you. Don't you see my face is covered with blood?"

"Son of a dog! you well know the blood is from poor Oud Messassit's body."

"Sidi Abd-Allah!" exclaimed Ben Serraq. But it was no use invoking the saints. Djilali called for a towel and a basin of water, and with them washed Ben Serraq's face. The experiment established the fact that that interesting individual had not received the slightest scratch. and that the bite on unfortunate Oud Messassit's back must have been the only source of the stains."

"Well, Ben Serraq," said the president; "although I cannot entertain any reasonable doubt of your guilt, you are nevertheless, at liberty to speak—let us hear what you have to say in justification."

"Ah! I am allowed to explain! Well; you will soon see! In the first place my wife is a she-vagabond—everybody knows it, don't they Djilali?"

"But Djilali, who was particularly anxious to conceal all cognisance of the defendant's affairs only replied—"May your tent catch fire! Pray what connection have I ever had with you, that I should know how your wife employs herself?"

"Very well; 'tis of no consequence. But, the fact is notorious and incontestible—the she-dog betrays my honour."

"I will take your word for it," said the court; "and then!—

"She has taken a fancy to Oud Rai, whose people's shepherds have treated me so shamefully. I have often said to her, 'Fatima. my darling, things cannot go on in this manner; your improper conduct sets everybody talking, and a modest and virtuous man, like myself, will soon be the laughing-stock of the whole country, and that on your account. Mind what you are about, else I shall be obliged to beat you; and you are aware, my beloved, that when I do hit, I hit rather hard."

"But I do not see what reference your matrimonial tribulations have to the business now before us."

"I beg your pardon—you will see directly. I admonished her, therefore, with the utmost gentleness, in accordance with my natural disposition. But it was a waste of time and breath. She persevered in her infamous conduct till I was obliged, as a gentleman, to administer to her and the Oud Rai, one day, a considerable number of kicks and thumps."

"But again I ask, what have these details to do with the theft of which you stand accused? Explain yourself more clearly."

"What, cannot a man of your great genius see now, how things have been managed?"

"I have an idea I can; but probably not in the same light as you do."

"What! don't you see that Oud Rai and my wretch of a wife, to be avenged of the beating I gave them, have subtracted the bullock in question without my knowledge, and have cut it up in my tent, in order to compromise me with the authorities! Sidi Bou Krari! it is as clear as the sun, that Don't you see that I am a virtuous husband calumniated by a criminal wife?"

A subdued murmur, mingled with stifled laughter arose in the assembly at the victim air which Ben Serraq tried hard to assume, and also at listening to the singular pleading which he had improvised.

"Ben Serraq," said the magistrate in a sceptical tone, your case must be a very bad one, to compel you to employ such poor arguments for its defence. How could your wife play you such a trick as you describe without your knowledge, since your accusers found your tent filled with the animal's remains, the head particularly being so conspicuous and recognisable an object?"

"What is there extraordinary in that?" asked Ben Serraq, not in the slightest degree disconcerted. "My wife is so artful, and I am so simple and innocent, that she could easily contrive to conceal the matter."

"Come; these are wretched arguments. For a man like you, who has had so many transactions with the authorities, it is not a clever way to get out of a scrape."

"I invoke Allah and his justice!" screamed Ben Serraq with the throat of a wild boar. "I am a poor persecuted innocent; there is nothing proved against me, absolutely nothing. The case at least is doubtful,—that is incontestible,—and in cases of doubt the law requires me to take an oath. Put me on my oath; I will swear on the Koran, on Sidi Bou Krari, on whatever book you please, I am as innocent as a suckling."

No doubt. You will take a hundred oaths as readily as one. But unfortunately for you, I have not forgotten your previous character, and must consider the charge as completely established."

"Allah! Lord of the Universe! Justice is not to be had in this country."

"Honest men will say to the contrary, when they hear you are caught, and especially when they see you transported to France: whither I intend requesting you to be sent."

"That's the reward people get for serving the French!" swaggered Ben Serraq, as Coriolanus might have done when banished by ungrateful Rome.

"Not bad by my faith! You doubtless consider that you are rendering people a service by easing them of their purses."

"I have been of service to you in time of warfare, by marching constantly at the head of your columns."

"True; you have sometimes marched at the head of our columns as a guide; but most assuredly you insisted on heavy wages, as far as I can recollect. Besides, that is no reason why you should be allowed in recompense, to plunder the whole human race. You ought to have reformed, as you promised you would, and then we should have forgotten the past."

"I am slandered! I am a victim!"

"Retain that idea for your consolation, and hold your tongue. Djilali, take some of the men on guard and lead this fellow to prison."

"Sidi, Sidi!" pleaded Ben Serraq, "can you not deliver me from these bonds, which give me horrible pain?"

"Very well; I will. Djilali, unfasten the ropes, which, in fact, are a little too tight. It is impossible for him to make his escape now; only, take some of the cavalry with you, and keep a sharp eye on him on the way to prison."

"O, Sidi! such precautions are unnecessary. I am as gentle as a lamb." And Ben Serraq made his exit escorted by a numerous suite of mekrazenis, at the head of whom was Djilali, and who feeling the greatness of his responsibility, marched as if he were carrying the world. But an Arab chief in alliance with the French, named Ben Safi, whispered to the president as soon as the prisoner had disappeared.

"Perhaps you were wrong to let his arms be untied."

"That is rather good," the magistrate replied. "How do you suppose, can he contrive to escape from the custody of ten soldiers, and in the midst of the town?"

"I have seen him escape," Ben Safi explained, "under circumstances that would make one believe there was something diabolical in his composition. One night when he had the impudence to come and rob in my own smala, we contrived to seize him by killing the horse he had stolen from us, and under which it chanced that he was caught as it fell. I had his hands tied behind his back, and ordered one of my men to kill him like a dog from behind, with a pistol-shot. The shot was fired; but my gentleman instead of dropping down dead as he ought to have done, jumped up as lively as a grasshopper, and disappeared as if a flash of lightning had carried him off. The bullet had only cut the chords which bound him, and had been flattened on the palm of his hand. We were stupefied with astonishment."

"And well you might be!" said the official head of the Arab bureau, beginning to feel a little fidgety. "I now believe I should have acted more prudently if I had forbidden his being unpinioned till he was safely lodged in prison."

"I am sure you would;" interposed Ben Tekrouide, a second friendly chief. "I have always been told that this fellow is a perfect demon in human shape. At the market of Kremis, he once robbed a man of his ass, without his being aware of the theft, although he was sitting on its back at the time."

"Indeed!" said the magistrate, in a fidget. "I should be very glad to know that he was definitely in custody under lock and key."

"He has the strength of twenty men," observed Ben Maoudj, a third philo-Gallic chieftian. He once stole a camel laden with wheat from a caravan proceeding to the south; and, as the animal was unable to travel over the rocky road by which he wanted to pass, he took it on his back, wheat and all, and carried it in that way for half-a-night's march."

"That must be a slight exaggeration," remarked the President, now feeling horribly uncomfortable. "Nevertheless, I should like to be quite sure that he had reached the inside of the prison walls. They are very long about it, they ought to be back by this time."

"Do you wish that I should go and see?" asked Ben Safi, pitying his friend's uneaseness.

"I shall be much obliged to you."

At the moment when Ben Safi was leaving the court, a distant clamour was heard from without, followed by several successive gunshots. A sound of many footsteps was audible as if a crowd of men were approaching. The doors were thrown open violently, and Djilali made his appearance. His clothes were torn and soiled with dirt, and his right eye seemed to have suffered severely.

"Ouf" he puffed out, "my back is broken! May Sidi Abd-Allah burn me, if he is a man."

"Explain yourself. Tell me!" said the court, on thorns. "Ben Serraq?—"

"Ben Serraq, indeed? If ever you contrive to get him into prison, I will consent to be roasted alive.

"He has escaped, then?"

"How should it be otherwiso; he is the devil in person?"

"Have the goodness to tell me how you could have been so stupid as to let a single man break away from ten of you."

"The thing was very simple, and he was not long about it. When we got to the prison, at the same instant when they opened the door, he unceremoniously seized the sentinel's gun; he twisted it round like the sails of a windmill, and threw down three-fourths of our number flat on our backs. I immediately rushed upon him; together with the rest who were still on their legs, and you see"—here he exhibited his exterior, including his black and swollen eye—"what I got by it. After having nearly felled me by putting his ,doubled fist into my eye, he seized me by the skin and threw me, like a bundle of old clothes, on the top of my comrades. We were all left rolling pell-mell together, and when I got up, I saw that demon already landed on the other side of the river. The guard came out and fired more than thirty musket shots at him while he was climbing up the bank; but, bless me! they might just as well have dusted his back with pepper and salt. The bullets were flattened without hurting him."

"The thing is prodigious!"

"After he got to the other side of the river, no one knows what became of him. Some say that he burrowed into the ground, whilst others declare that he took flight with a couple of great black wings that suddenly grew out of his sides and unfolded wide. The soldiers belonging to the guard will have it that he laid hold of a horse that was grazing there, that he jumped on its back, and set off at full gallop."

Here is a newspaper denial by Thomas Carlylo of some statement dorogatory to himself:

"Sir—The thing now 'going the rounds' is untrue, diverges from the fact throughout, and in essentials is curiously the reverse of the fact; and 'incredible' (and at one forgetable) 'thing.' That is the solution of your difficulty.

T. Carlyle."

Was ever a lie so thoroughly drenched with Carlyleism?

In a trial of speed at a race in Benniugton between a famous walker and a fast horse of that place, in which the man was to walk a quarter of a mile in less time than the horse trotted one half a mile, the first heat was won by the horse, but the man took the next two with ease, in 1:23 and 1:25.

If ill-luck befall you, think that it may be a blessing to somebody else, and that your turn may come next.

Folly has more commentators than wisdom—perhaps because her works are more numerous.

Women, we sometimes think, more easily pardon faults in men than excellences in each other.

Every time you avoid doing wrong, you increase your inclination to do that which is right.

THE CROWDED STREET.

LET me move slowly through the street,
Filled with an ever shifting tram,
Amid the sounds of steps that beat
The murmuring walks like Autumn rain.

How fast the flitting figures come!
The mild, the fierce, the stony face—
Some bright with thoughtless smiles, and some
Where secret tears have left their trace.

They pass to toil, to strife, to rest—
To halls in which the feast is spread—
To chambers where the funeral guest
In silence sits beside the dead.

And some to happy homes repair,
Where children, pressing cheek to cheek,
With mute caresses shall declare
The tenderness they cannot speak.

And some who walk in calmness here,
Shall shudder as they reach the door
Where one who made their dwelling dear,
Its flower, its light, is seen no more.

Youth, with pale cheek and slender frame,
And dreams of greatness in thine eye!
Go'st thou to build an early name,
Or early in the task to die?

Keen son of trade, with eager brow!
Who is now fluttering in thy snare?
Thy golden fortunes, tower they now,
Or melt the glittering spires in air?

Who of this crowd to night shall tread
The dance till daylight gleam again?
Who sorrow o'er the untimely dead?
Who writhe in throes of mortal pain?

Some, famine-stricken, shall think how long
The cold dark hours, how slow the night;
And some who flaunt amid the throng
Shall hide in dens of shame to night.

Each where his tasks or pleasures call,
They pass, and heed each other not.
There is who heeds, who holds them all
In His large love and boundless thought.

These struggling tides of life, that seem
In wayward, aimless course to tend,
Are eddies of the mighty stream
That rolls to its appointed end.

—*William Cullen Bryant.*

POETRY OF THE INDIAN.

KENDALL, of the New Orleans *Picayune*, who feels that unless the government adopts more active measures against the Indians of Texas, the little hair left on the top of his head is in peril while he remains on his ranch near New Braunfels, thus writes: "Throwing aside as bosh all the sickly sentiment and trifling twaddle which it is fashionable to indulge in about the Indian, he really has a species of poetry about him—I mean the prairie Indian. We will suppose a band of Comanches on a reservation, bound over as the government fondly but foolishly thinks, to keep on their good behavior on the strength of having their animal wants provided for. The deer, antelope, and other game soon is killed off, within the limits of the reservation—that we all know; the young braves and hunters have done this, and all for grandeur and pastime. What next are the young and active men of the tribe to do? I will suppose a highly painted and beaded belle among them of eighteen summers, with three sprightly aspirants anxious to draw her off to their blanket and board, such as they are or it is. She wishes to have a catalogue of their claims spread before her betore she decides. One says: 'During the last moon I have loafed about in the shade, have slept eighteen hours out of the twenty-four, have killed two coons and one mule-eared rabbit, the skins of which I present to you, and won a buffalo skin in a horse race.' This is a schedule duly, delivered, of what he has done, and for which humbly sues for smiles and favor. The next brave comes up and submits his case. He says: 'I, too, have slept—slept a heap. I have regularly drawn government rations of mess pork and hard biscuit, except on several occasions, when I was snoozing and did not know that the commissary had opened. I killed a polecat the other night which was prowling about camp, but lost three arrows in the grass which it took me two weeks to make. The moon was clouded, or I should have killed the animal at the first shot.' Aspirant No. 2 stands aside or rolls himself up in his buffalo robe and goes to sleep, and suitor No. 3 appears for a hearing. 'What have you done during the last moon?' inquires the copper-colored fair one. 'I slipped off and went down to the Texas settlemeuts, killed an old man and two children that I caught out unarmed, stole seven horses, was pursued, but threw all off on a cold trail, got safely back, and here I am. The horses I stole are all staked in front of your father's wigwam, and there are the scalps,' throwing them into the girl's lap. The first words she would utter would of course be, 'Come rest in this bosom,' with the accompaniments, and it is needless to say that the loafing lovers would be left out in the cold. What chance would the workers in mess pork, hard sleep, coon skins and such like stand against three scalp and seven stolen horses?

NO CARDS.

MARRIED, in Saint Cranberry church, on the 16th ult., by the *write* Rev. Charles Augustus Donnelly, D. D., M. D., assisted by the Pater Familias, Johnny Cake, in the 28th year of his age, to Sal Soda, only sister of Cream of Tartar, age unknown. Peace to their ashes, in memoriam, "no cards." Reverend Jackson Whittlesby, sole agent. For further particulars, see *small* bills.

This was a regular "no card" affair, a regular "know nothing." Sal was almost my next of kin. I knew her so well, I used to see her every wash-day at mother's, and her sister, Cream of Tartar, used to come bake days. Sal used to wear lots of pink ribbon, and had lots of base balls, made of chalk, which she used to grind down on her neck. Then she'd scratch her cheeks with red flannel until she would look proper nice, and I'd sometimes get spooney like, and wish we might "bile" together through life in the same dish. Then I'd be taken with a spasm of getting along without her, and I concluded to make nary a "pop." She used to stick up her nose and say, "There wasn't a man on earth she'd have." She couldn't come that on me. I was afraid to ask her, so I'd say, "Softly, Sal, softly, he is around somewhere; your affinity lingers in the suburbs, and he'll have you yet." Then she'd call me a "hateful old thing," but I didn't make a cravat of my arm, and put it around her neck, for play eating oranges with her lips, because I was "a well-to-do fellow," and didn't care about having a dividend declared in her favor in "a breach of promise" arrangement. If she had any love for me, it could congeal on her cheek, and shrivel tho ticking instrument in her left side as much as it please, for me. I said, "let 'em congeal and shrink, she'll get over it," and she did. She ran the point of a parasol in a "feller's" eye. She said, "Forgive me," and he did it. They took many pleasant excursions by the sea-side, crossing Fulton Ferry. She came the old game over him—got him, in a moment of derangement, to whimper—

"Have me, sweet one, to travel life's thorny pathway together?"

He'd learnt this from a spelling-book, but she said yes so quick it made his ears ache; so he had her, and she had him, and both had each other. The moonlight walks, Billy-dues, and going to circuses stopt, and the stern realities of life commenced, and in two weeks they were having their breakfast duetts and spats, like all sensible married folks. Old "no cards" was at the wedding. That old cuss goes to too many weddings. It is a cheap way of doing it to invite that "old bummer." Marriage and economy don't mix, and a wedding is a poor place to start in on the cheap John line. Brides don't think of Economy at the altar; they only think of keeping your clod-hoppers of their lace vails, of the orange blossoms on their "top-knots," and looking graceful. Half the gals in the world get married to get a new white silk dress and ten yards of vail, and make a splurge as the "company front" up the middle aisle of a church, to the tune of "Hark! the conquering shero comes," from an organ blowed by water-power.

Gals, in their girlhood are queer things. They think much of their "*tout ensemble.*" A married one is a "big thing" to have in the house, though they have such a sweet way of saying; "Huppy I require twenty dollars, that's a good dear," that any hemale, unless he has an anvil where his heart ought to be, will down with the "spondulix." I pity any man of twenty-eight that has't a pair of neat little duxynuxy gaiters, leaning up against his boots nights. He that has't is an unsociable old cuss; but I am down on "no cards" Out of one hundred cases of "no cards" tested by proper authorities, only 7 8-7 have prospered, while the old style gets along bully. Getting married is like starting business; it is a partnership affair, only there is never a *silent partner*. Gals, don't never give a "no card" wedding. If you can't afford cake and wine, give gingerbread and cider. Have something, it it is only a quart of milk and a biled cracker. They say cold water is better than nothing; but I prefer nothing; it set better, and is easer digested. "Liker" only makes the head swim, while water will swim the whole body. Water is only good to grow fish in, and make fountains and shower-baths of. Just think of water on the brain, and don't get up a wedding on it. And, hubs, when you get your gal all to yourself—when you have a prior claim, like Claude Melnotte, &c,—sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish, never, no, never, wish you had the ten dollar gold piece you paid the minister back again. Hold your head high, roll up your shirt-sleeves, and work hard for the "spondulix," for you will need it for little shoes, first and secoud readers, geographies, arithmetics, and sich like, and remember that if the paper did say "no cards," it did't say *no baby*.

Love is the shadow of the morning, which decreases as the day advances. Friendship is the shadow of the evening, which strengthens with the setting sun of life.

The great source of pleasure is variety. We love to expect; and when expectation is disappointed or gratified, we want to be again expecting.

LITERARY GLEANINGS.

A MEAN POET.

WE have always been inclined to the opinion that the author of the "Pleasures of Memory" owed his fame, more to his wealth and social position, than to the intrinsic merits of his literary productions. The best of his poems, if published at the present day, for the first time, would attract little attention, and most assuredly would not make a reputation. A paper that recently appeared in the London *Art Journal*, written by Mr. S. C. Hall, who, at one time, contemplated writing Rogers' biography, and seems to have made himself familiar with his subject, while it confirms our opinion that the poet was not a man of genius, directly contradicts the general impression that he was liberal in his style of living, in his patronage of art and literature, and in the general use of his wealth. As there is no biography of Rogers, that we are aware of, except such slight sketches as are prefixed to the various editions of his works, and as there is much in Mr. Hall's article that is new and interesting—to us, at least—we give a few excerpts:

HIS PERSONAL APPEARANCE.

"His countenance was the theme of continual jokes. It was 'ugly,' if not repulsive. The expression was in no way, nor under any circumstances, good; he had a drooping eye and a thick under lip; his forehead was broad, his head large—out of propotion, indeed, to his form; but it was without the organs of benevolence and veneration, although preponderating in that of ideality. His features were cadaverous. Lord Dudley once asked him why, now that he could afford it, he did not set up his hearse; and it is said that Sydney Smith gave him mortal offence by recommending him, 'when he sat for his portrait, to be drawn saying his prayers, with his face hidden by his hands.' Moore thus alludes to Rogers as a critic:—'He only finds fault with every part in detail; and this, you know, is the style of his character.' And Lady Donegal, in reply, speaks of his 'sickly and discontented turn of mind, which makes him dissatisfied with everything, and disappointed in all his views of life;' speaking, also, of his 'unfortunate habit of dwelling upon the faults and follies of his friends."

HIS PARSIMONY.

"Rogers was rich, had few claimants on his 'much,' and his personal wants were limited; he seems, indeed, to have had no great relish for the luxuries that money supplies, and which it is a duty to obtain on the part of those to whom wealth is allotted. He saw little company at his own house; giving breakfasts frequently, the cost of which was small, and seldom entertaining at dinner above two or three at a time. Moreover, they were dinners of no very *recherché* character; at all events, none of his guests ever spoke of them as feasts of a Sybarite. He never, I believe, kept a carriage—certainly, if he did, he seldom used it. On occasions, when he attended meetings of the Royal Society, and other assemblages of that kind, at the close, let the night be ever so severe, if rain or snow were falling, he was invariably seen buttoning up his great-coat in preparation for a walk home. On one occasion I ventured to say to him (it was an evening at Lord Northampton's, in Connaught Place:) 'Mr. Rogers, it is a very wet night, have a fly at the door, may I have the honor to leave you at your house?' but the invitation was declined; the old man faced the weather from which younger and stronger men would have wisely shrunk.

When Turner illustrated his poems, the artist was to have fifty pounds apiece for the drawings. But Rogers objected to the price, which he had 'miscalculated,' and Turner agreed to take them all back, receiving five pounds each for the use of them. The banker did not foresee a time when the purchase would have been a very good speculation indeed; if he had, there is little doubt he would have paid for them. He made other bargains that were remunerative: the famous 'Puck,' of Sir Joshua Reynolds, he purchased for two hundred and fifteen pounds five shillings."

"No doubt, he was often worried by application for aid; some from fraudulent petitioners, but some from persons to whom timely helps might have been great blessings—probably saved the lives, possibly the souls, of those who asked it.

He writes;—'The letters I received from people of both sexes, (people I have never heard of,) asking me for money, either as a gift or a loan, are really innumerable;' but it is evident from the context that such 'begging epistles' produced no results to the writers. It is recorded that Murphy owed him two hundred pounds; the poet became 'uneasy,' and accompanied Murphy to his chambers to be paid. Once there, however, Murphy, instead of paying the existing debt, laboured hard to borrow more—an attempt which the poet successfully resisted. Rogers afterward took as security an assignment of the whole of Murphy's works, (including his 'Tacitus,) but found they had been previously disposed of to a bookseller. And in the 'Table Talk' there is a note that Shelley called upon Rogers—introducing himself—to request the loan of some money which he wished to present to Leigh Hunt, offering Rogers a bond for it. Rogers says, 'having numerous claims upon me at that time, *I was obliged to refuse the loan.*'"

MADAME DE STAEL AND CAMPBELL.

"Rogers, himself states that Madame de Staël once said to him: 'How very sorry I am for Campbell! His poverty so unsettles his mind that he cannot write.' This was the answer of Rogers:—'I replied. 'why does he not take the situation of a clerk? He could then compose verses during his leisure hours;'' and he adds, '*I* shall never forget the delight with which, on returning home (from his bank to his mansion,) I used to read and write during the evening;' moralizing thus: 'When literature is the sole business of life, it becomes a drudgery: when we are able to resort to it only at certain times, it is a charming relaxation."

"When Rogers uttered these words in protest against the generous sympathy of Madame de Staël, there were men starving in London streets, whose minds were pregnant with even greater creations than the 'Pleasures of Memory,' or 'Human Life,' and who gave them to the world before they left it. Crabbe may, by that time, have found means to buy and pay for food and clothes; Campell may have been on the eve of rescue from poverty by the pension he earned and gained; Southey may have had his home fireside cheered by a remittance from Murray; and Leigh Hunt may have stayed the cravings of angry creditors by aid of some sympathizing friend; but there were scores of great men obscurely hidden in mighty London, whose struggles with penury would appall those whom 'plenure, ease, and affluence surround'—enduring 'all the sad varieties of woe,' some of whom may have made their wants known, while others triumphantly averted the bitter end; though others were voluntary victims before their work was half done."

HIS GUESTS.

"His house had been full of art-luxuries, gathered by judicious expenditure of wealth, and by highly cultivated taste; they were scattered by the hammer of the auctioneer after his death, and are the gems of a hundred collections. Yet the house will be always one of the memorable dwellings of London. 'It was.' I borrow the eloquent words of Mr. Hayward, 'here that Erskine told the story of his first brief, and Grattan that of his last duel; that Wellington described Waterloo as a 'battle of giants;' that Chantrey, placing his hand on a mahogany pedestal, asked the host he then honored by his presence:—'Do you remember a workman who, at five shillings a day, came in at that door to receive your orders? I was that workman!' There had assembled Byron, Moore' Scott, Campbell, Wordsworth, Washington Irving, Coleridge, Sydney Smith, Sheridan, and a host of other immortal men, who gave renown to the nineteenth century, and 'live for aye in Fame's eternal volume.'"

POPULAR ENGLISH COMIC SONGS.

According to the London *Orchestra*, the kind of songs now most acceptable to that portion of the London public that affect "minstrelsy" and frequent Music Halls, are not at all above our own melodeon standard. In fact, they are, judging from the specimens given by the *Orchestra*, far below it. "Jessie, the Belle at the Rail Bar," which is said to be amazingly popular at the Hall, opens thus:

"'Twas at the Moorgate Station, in pursuit of my vocation,
I saw a tall and handsome girl behind the Railway Bar:
I heard some one call her Jessie—perhaps 'twas Spiers and Pond the lessee—
And her diamond eyes were twinkling just like an evening star.
I found this pretty dame made love to all that came,
In a quiet sort of way with her eyes so soft and bright;
She had lovers half a score, always some one to adore,
From the first train in the morning till the last train out at night.
A tinker and a tailor, and a soldier and a sailor,
And a swell who used to talk about his pa and his ma,
A butcher and a baker, and a quiet-looking Quaker,
All courted pretty Jessie at the Railway Bar."

Another one of these effusions entitled "Johnny the Engine Driver," which enjoys a large share of public favor, seems to be designed for a female singer, whose *forte* it is to make bold appeals to secure the admiration of her audiences. The song glorifies the engine driver, and indeed everything connected with engines, in the spirit of the frankest hero-worship:

Oh! my Johnny is the driver of a big Engine,
On the railway line, oh he looks so fine,
And on pancake day he's to be mine,
Is Johnny the Engine driver.

This story is not a narrative, but dilates on the praises of Johnny. The capital letters in the concluding verse are quoted literally, and evidently indicate the author's idea of the points to be made:

One day he quickly asked if I'd
His "STOKER" be for life,
Or, rather to be plainer, would
I be his darling wife?
So I promised to be his "TENDER" half,
And he vowed by "SMOKE" and "STEAM,"
We ne'er should RAIL, but keep in line,
And make LIFE pass LIKE A DREAM!

The following is an extract from a song known as "He's a Pal o' Mine," which the *Orchestra* says is "at present in the mouth of every street boy." It represents the manners and social customs of the aristocracy from the Music Hall point of view. Here is the conception of the "stylo" of the Belgravian ladies that seems to be general with the classes with whom this kind of musical literature is popular:

When the feed's over then we go
Bent on the dance somewhere in Belgravia,
On the light fantastic toe,
With this pal o' mine!
The ladies simper, "Naughty man,
Why do you come so late?"
And tap us gently with their fan,
And say we are their fate!

In a song, recommended on the tittle page as "suitable for ladies," occurs the following gem:

I never was cut out to be
An old maid full of grief,
With only parrots, cats, and dogs
To give my mind relief.
Don't think me fast or forward, but,
I'm not ashamed to tell,
To take me out and roam about
I like a lover well!

CHORUS.

I like a lover well—
A rich and charming swell;
Young, dark, or fair, I little care,
So that he treats me well.

Evidently, unless the *Orchestra* has purposely selected the very lowest and most wretched specimens of these "favorite song," the London music hall audience, is a very great way below the standard of that of the corresponding class of population in New York or San Francisco.

AMBITION OF PARENTS FOR THEIR CHILDREN.

The New York *Albion*, in a thoughtful disquisition upon "The Degeneracy of Young Men," says:

"The ambition of parents in the lower walks of life to place their sons in a more elevated position is certainly most laudable. Indeed, it has been always the boast of America that her institutions favored the advancement of all classes to the most eligible positions. It is doubtless true, however, that many mistake their vocation, and make their lives failures simply because they attempted to be that which their mental calibre positively forbade. Numbers who would have excelled in a mechanical trade, fail utterly in attempting to be clergymen, lawyers or doctors. But this is no reason why an uneducated laboring man should not, if he can afford it, give his children the education of which he was himself deprived in early life. The error lies to some extent in the parent failing to discover the bent of his child's mind, and place him in the position which he can fill most creditably and with most advantage to himself. One child may have a natural taste for mechanics, and another for letters. Each is equally useful to the community. But if the former is compelled to pore over Latin and Greek, and the latter is apprenticed to a wheel-wright's or a machine shop, there will probably be another wretched mechanic, and another weak professional man, added to the poor ones that already exist."

RAIL-TRACK LAYING MACHINE.—This machine, which has been in course of construction for some time in an enclosed lot on Market street, below Beale, is nearly completed. The machinery is now in working order, and was tried with complete success several days since. Sometime during the coming week a public trial will be made of this track-laying machine on the lower end of Market street; after which it will be shipped to Cisco to commence the contract for laying the track of the Central Pacific Railroad, from thence over the Sierra Nevada. The machine has been constructed under the supervision of its inventor, Mr. Wm. D. Robertson. The boiler, engine and machinery were furnished by Mr. I. H. Small, one of our best resident machinists. Of its success there can be no doubt. It is bound to supplant the manual labor of track-laying in the same manner that the steam-paddy has that of the excavator.

THE FALL.—The Fall of Man led to the institution of new fashions and dress, in which Eve was especially interested. The Fall season of each year brings new fashions. All ladies are especially interested in the fact that Meagher Taaffe & Co., have just received large invoices of Fall goods consisting of rich Silks, Poplins, Ottoman and Empress cloths and other beautiful fabrics. Meagher Taaffe & Co., have long enjoyed the reputation of leading the fashionable dry goods trade of this city, and the announcement that the new fashions have arrived always brings crowds of ladies to No. 9 Montgomery street.

REGENERATOR.—Bonnet has been in Merchant street, laying his asphaltum sidewalks in that busy thoroughfare, from Montgomery to Sansome street, during the present week. Bonnet is apt to create a little smoke and confusion, while he is at work, yet, the benefits of smooth hard sidewalks derived therefrom, in place of the rickety old wooden ones, that were suffered to exist previous, are incalculable. Politically, we are in favor of asphaltum sidewalks, and reduction of taxes. Make Bonnet street commissioner, and pass an universal asphaltum side-walk law, and we shall be perfectly happy.

IN BUSINESS.—The popular newsboy, he of the sonorous voice and courteous demeanor, we mean, who has for years past proclaimed the merits of THE CALIFORNIAN, every Saturday, in his perorations, has established himself in the News and Stationery business on Washington street, one door below Stockton street. We bespeak for him a good run of custom from the residents of that vicinity, and the good wishes for his success from all who know his history.

"THE CHRYSTAL."—Thomas H. McCann & Co. will open to-day at 10 o'clock on the N. W. Corner of Montgomery and Merchant streets with a fine stock of Wines and Liquors. An invitation to call is extended to the public, as well as to old friends and patrons. Hot Lunch will be served daily at 10 o'clock.

RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, fever and ague, dyspepsia, dropsy, etc., cured for a stipulated, reasonable fee, in almost all cases, by Dr. Bourne, 10 Masonic Temple, Post street.

CURES GUARANTEED TO THE SICK in almost all cases—no medicines—quick and pleasant—by Dr. Bourne, No. 10 Masonic Temple, Post street.

DRAMATIC AFFAIRS.

ON Monday, the military drama, by T. W. Robertson and Artemus Ward, entitled *Ours* was produced at Maguire's Opera Honse to a crowded house. This drama has had quite a successful run wherever it has been produced, and San Francisco has proved no exception. *Ours* depends, to a great extent for its success, on its sprightly dialogue. The plot is slight. Hugh Chalcote (Edwin Adams) is a rich young man without an object in life; Mary Netle (Mrs. Sophie Edwin) is companion to Lady Shendryn (Mrs. Judah); Mary Netley endeavors, by constant irritation, to rouse the energy of Hugh Chalcote, and, on the breaking out of the Crimean war, fired by her enthusiasm, he buys a commission in "Ours" (i e "our regiment") and proceeds to the seat of war. The Colonel of "Ours" is Sir Alexander Shendryn (H. Edwards). Angus McAllister, (John McCullough) of "Ours," is in love with Blanche Haye, (Miss Sallie Hinckley) the rich ward of Sir Alexander Shendryn. Prince Peroosky, (H. Sinclair) a Russian nobleman, is also in love with Blanche. In the first act, the dramatis personæ wander about the park at Shendryn grange, and much lively dialogue takes place as they pair off together. The wife of Sergeant Jones, of "Ours," has just had twins, and the inmates of Shendryn Grange evince much interest in the event. I am sorry to say that some of the critics of the daily press considered the allusion made to the twins "coarse," indelicate," "almost indecent." Hugh Chalcote expresses his opinion that such women as Mrs. Jones "should not be encouraged]" but he does not go to the length of considering the twins an improper subject of conversation. It does not speak well for the morals of a community when little jokes about babies are considered too broad for the stage. I heard nothing said about the twins which could shock my modesty; I could stand any joke about twins except the practical joke of my better half doing as Mrs. Jones, of "Ours," did. Lady Shendryn is jealous of Sir Alexander Shendryn in consequence of having discovered he had, since his marriage, made a *faux pas*. He has repented, but is still constantly taunted and suspected. The quarrels of the elderly couple form a capital foil to the love scenes between Angus and Blanche, while the sharp skirmishes between Hugh and Mary add to the animation of the play. The second act closes with a capital scene representing the departure of "Ours" for the Crimea, where the troops, headed by a brass band, are seen, through the windows of Sir Alexander's drawing-room, marching through St. James' Park. (The scenery from the *Long Strike* representing the factories of Manchester didn't look much like St. James' Park; with this exception everything was perfect). In the last act all the dramatis personæ are brought together in a hut at Sebastopol, and the play ends with the announcement that peace has been proclaimed. Hugh Chalcote, whose experience in the Crimea has much improved him, proposes to Mary Netley and is accepted. Angus McAllister is, by the generosity of Prince Peroosky, enabled to marry Blanche Haye. Sir Alexander's character is cleared, Lady Shendryn asks forgiveness, Hugh promises to educate Sergeant Jones' boy twin and buy him a commission, and everyone is happy. The chief fault of this play consists in its lack of action; that it is well written and cleverly constructed was proved conclusively by the fact the audience on every night of its representation were most liberal of their applause, and laughed heartily. There is very little "sensation" in it, and common-place incidents are made to cause laughter; this proves the skill of the author, and the talent of the actors. Mr. Adams' "Hugh Chalcote" was a finished impersonation; he was especially good in the scene in the Crimean hut, and caused much laughter by the manner in which he conducted his cooking operations. Mrs, Sophie Edwin was very vivacious as "Mary Netley," and caused much laughter in the drill scene in the last act. H. Edwards' "Sir Alexander Shendryn" was a capital piece of acting; he represented the character to the life, and displayed an earnestness in his discussions with his jealous better half which delighted everyoue. Miss Sallie Hinckley is devoting herself so assiduously to the study of her profession, and evinces so much talent in characters suited to her, that she deserves more than the mild praise which some critics are fond of giving her. Her acting in the character of "Blanche Haye" was very good; it was natural and never over-strained. John McCullough played "Angus McAllister" in his usual even manner, and was particularly happy in the love-making scenes. W. Barry's "Sergeant Jones" was perfect; he made every point in a quiet, artistic manner which never failed to bring down the house. Mrs. Judah was excellent in the character of "Lady Shendryn." The piece was, in fact, very well cast throughout. It has drawn good houses every night this week, it will be performed this afternoon and also in the evening. On Monday, *Wild Oats* will be played in order to gratify a very generally expressed wish on the part of the part of the part of the public. The engagement of Mr. Adams is drawing to a close; it bids fair to prove the most successful played by any actor in this city.

On Friday next, John McCullough, who has, in many plays, almost equally shared the laurels with Edwin Adams, will be the recipient of a complimentary benefit tendered him by that liberal-minded actor. *Damon and Pythias* will be played, and the entertainment will terminate with the comedy of *The Honeymoon*. Mr. McCullough has deserved well at the hands of the public, and is sure to have a bumper benefit.

At the Metropolitan Theatre, the sensation drama of *The Incendiaries* was produced, on Wednesday, and gave general satisfaction. On Tuesday, Julien and Phillippe Martinetti had a good benefit, and played a good bill, consisting of the drama of *The Old Guard*, gymnastic performances, a ballad by Henri Herberte, the pantomime of *The Magician's Gift*, a chorus by the Lafayette Philharmonic Society, and a tablean representing "The Death of Abel," by the Martinettis. On Wednesday, the fairy play entitled *Kate Kearney; or, The Fairy of the Lakes of Killarney* was presented. In this, Miss Emma Howson and Henri Herberte sang beautifully; Miss Clelia Howson acted in her usual arch and charming manner, H. D. Thompson was quite at home in the character of a villainous Landlord, and the piece throughout was capitally acted. The entertainment concluded with the clever burlesque entitled *Ill-Treated Il Trovatore* in which all engaged in the representation appeared to advantage. Miss Emma Howson sang sweetly, and acted very cleverly in the role of "Manrico," and gained much applause. Frank Howson's "Count de Luna" was a very amusing piece of acting, and Miss Clelia Howson as "Leonora" was, as usual, excellent. John Howson's "Azucena" is an admirable burlesque impersonation, and he uses his falsetto with much effect. Altogether this piece, as played by the Metropolitan company, is one of the most amusing burlesques ever produced in this city. It will be played this afternoon in conjunction with *The Old Guard*. Last night, a new local play entitled *Life in California*, was produced for the benefit of the Scandinavian Society's Relief Fund. The company did their best to make something out of it, but it was wretched trash, without plot or situations; the dialogue was tedious, and there was far too much of it. However, it did well enough for a benefit night. To-night, Mrs. Harry Jackson will appear in one of her best impersonations—"Lady Audley" in *Lady Audley's Secret*. By the way, this accomplished actress, concerning whose merit there can be but one opinion, will be the recipient of a benefit on Tuesday evening; *Janet Pride* will be performed; it is to be hoped the house will be crowded in every part.

The British vessel *Douglas*, which arrived at this port on Thursday, 81 days from Sydney, brought Mr. Alexander Fitzgerald, who comes under the engagement to Manager Howson, of the Metropolitan Theatre. Mr. Fitzgerald was formerly leading man at several of the New York and Boston theatres, and is now returning home after a most successful tour through the Australasian Colonies. He is said to be an accomplished Irish comedian, somewhat after the style of the lamented G. V. Brooke. He will commence his engagement shortly.

On Tuesday, one of our most accomplished Californian musicians died. Christian Stadfeldt, who came to this country at the age of sixteen years, had attained great proficiency in his profession as a pianist, when he was called away. He was only 29 years, 11 months, and 6 days old, at the time of his death. His unitmely decease is much regretted by all who knew him; he was a genial, whole-souled fellow, had few enemies, and a host of friends. The body was committed to the grave with full musical honors on Wednesday afternoon.

The Martinetti Troupe leave this morning on the *Constitution, en route* for Australia. Andrew Birrell, who has for the past six years filled the position of treasnrer at the Metropolitan Theatre in which he holds interest, has entered into partnership with the Martinettis, and will act as their manager and agent in Australia. Mr. Birrell has resided for seventeen years in this State, and leaves behind him many friends who will regret his departure. His absence from California will, however, be only temporary, and its duration will depend upon the amount of success with which he and the troupe meet in Australia. G. Mitchell takes Mr. Birrell's place in the box-office,

TOUCHSTONE.

ITALIAN OPERA.—The Academy of Music was thronged last night, when the celebrated opera of *L'Africaine* was produced. The early hour at which we go to press, precludes the possibility of giving a criticism in this issue. It will be repeated this evening; on Monday and Tuesday evenings of next week, and on Wendesday for the benefiit of Madame Stella Bonheur.

THE B'NAI B'RITH THEATRICAL PERFORMANCE.—The performance of the *Marble Heart*, at the Academy of Music, on Wendesday was a decided success. The entertainment was given by the B'nai B'rith Social Circle, for the benefit of the First Hebrew Benevolent Society. A large audience was present. Mr. Sam. Lezynski acted "Phidias" in the prologue, and afterwards "Raphael" in a very creditable manner. Mr. Lezynski with more experience, would become a very good actor; he has most of the required natural qualifications. Miss Anna Goldstein's "Marco" was a graceful and self-possessed rendition, though not a very artistic one; Miss Augusta Livingston quite gained the hearts of the audience by the manner in which she played "Marie." Mr. Weiner's conception of the character of "Volago" was correct and he carried it out skillfully. Altogther, the performance was a very good one; all present were pleased and an admirable charity was benefitted.

WOODWARD'S GARDENS.—These beautiful gardens never presented a more attractive appearance than at the present time. Thousands of rare plants are in full bloom, the grape houses are filled with vines loaded with grapes of every variety, while in the hot-houses pine apples, oranges, lemons and limes are ripening. An attractive feature has been added to the Zoological collection in the shape of a "happy family"—a cage containing bears, rabbits, cats, dogs, monkeys and birds of various kinds. A beautiful fawn has lately been born, and a pair of Mexican antelopes and a three legged sheep are among the new attractions.

ANATOMICAL MUSEUM.—Numerous additions have been made to this fine collection of models, Dr. Jordan having returned from Europe. Lectures on subjects interesting to every one are delivered at eight o'clock in the evening. Persons visiting the city should not leave without having inspected these beautiful and instructive works of art.

PRACTICAL PATRIOTISM.

WE publish below a letter of Mr. Thos. Mooney to Messrs. Rector & Co., of the Oakland Woolen and Cotton Factory; a letter which might pass unregarded, were simple, good sense and reason over common among men. Mr. Mooney acknowledges receipt of a piece of goods from the factory of Rector & Co., and commends its good qualities, as any other man might do. So far the matter is one of mere giving and taking; but when Mr. Mooney goes on to recommend the establishment of factories and the investment of money *at home*, he speaks golden words; and gold is rare, even in California. What can be sounded or truer than this? 'There is no 'royal road' to national prosperity; it can be reached only by toiling intelligently, by discouraging idlers, and by honoring industry.' If it is in this spirit that the Builders' Insurance Company is managed, who can deny that such an institution is of great usefulness to the State? Mr. Mooney has advanced to Messrs. Rector and Co., the sum of twenty thousand dollars, and in so doing has shown that large liberality in aid of every home enterprise, which has always characterized the capitalists of California.

To Messers. Rector & Co., Proprietors Oakland Woolen and Cotton Factory—Gentlemen: I have to thank you for a piece of your excellent Oakland Tweed, made by you from California Wool, mixed with California grown Cotton, in the manufacture of which, white labor only is employed. I have got it made into an overcoat and like it well; it is light and warm and will wear—no baneful shoddy in this coat—its cheapness must beget for it an entensive demand. The coat I previously wore was of foreign material, and cost me some forty dollars. The coat made from your material stands me only in fifteen dollars; and I am convinced snch coats can be made up for ten dollars. It is excellent material for boys' clothing and ladies' street jackets, this Oakland Tweed. Here are inducements enough for our California people to use extensively your (their own) manufacture. We shall require twenty factories to supply it. Every coat, or pants, or vest of this material used by our people, gives employment to some one amongst themselves, and augments the common stock of wealth of the whole community. Sending our earnings to foreign workmen for that which we can oursleves produce is a sign of either ignorance or insanity. It is by helping to establish manufactures in this country that we can best develop its resources; find home customers for the farmers' produce; find constant employment for the laborer; find a fair and *certain* return for cash capital. There is no "Royal Road" to national prosperity: it can be reached only by toiling intelligently; by discouraging idlers; by honoring industry, and by loving the product of our own hands.

In this spirit I offer you my support. I shall lend you money and wear your manufactures, as long as you use native grown material and employ white labor: when you change, I shall change.

On those conditions, I request you to send me material for for twenty suits of clothes for the use of the employées in the California Building and Savings Bank, and in the Builders' Insurance Company, over both of which I have the honor to preside as President. Repsectfully, gentlemen,

Your sinsere friend.

THOMAS MOONEY.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 24th, 1867.

TAYLOR'S SALOON.—This quiet retreat on Third street, a few doors from Market, has long been the most popnlar resort for gentlemen of *taste* in liquid lnxuries of any saloon south of Montgomery street. Taylor has achieved more than mere local fame for the purity of his beverages and the superiority of his brands of ale.

EXCELS THEM ALL.—The pictnrcs taken at Godeus' South Park Gallery, 444½ Third street, near Bryant, defy competition In finish, artistic merit, and cheapness. Call and look at his work and prices, and be convinced of this fact.

WILD LIFE IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC.

ARDENT and eager minded men are always ready to start on the most perilous enterprise at the risk of life and of everything else that is dear to them. Whether the object be the discovery of a passage at the North Pole, or of the source of the Nile, or of the mysteries of Mecca, of the unknown tracks in the interior of Africa, or of the remains of Nineveh —a Franklin, a Baker, a Burton, a Livingstone, a Layard, are at hand to start, backed by some geographical or other society, and the result to science, history, and geography, has been great. Other men, either by accident or from personal enterprise, have done good service in the same cause without any claim to national reward. The adventures of a Robinson Crusoe are of universal interest, and it is in this latter category that we must place the recital by E. H. Lamont of his personal adventures in the South Pacific Islands, or Polynesia. The story is a romance of real life, graphically told. Shipwrecked and a prisoner, Lamont gradually becomes a friend and chieftain of the natives.

But we will let Lamont tell his own tale. Settled in California for trading purposes, and business being slack in the winter months, he arranged with his partner to make a trading voyage through some of the islands of the South Pacific, which he estimated would occupy not more than four months, permitting their return in time for spring trade. They were joined by a California gentleman who professed an intimate knowledge of the islands, and they chartered a fast sailing clipper-brig, called the Chatham, of some three hundred tons burden, for the expedition. George Snow, an old whaler, a native of Nantucket, was installed as captain. The captain turned out a drunkard, and the crew were not to be relied upon. This was found out too late; the final result was the loss of the vessel. The Chatham started on her trip on the 14th of October, 1852. After a passing visit to the French settlement at the Marquesas, the Chatham arrived without any incident worth relating off the Bay of Hana-ti-Tapa.

"This bay," says our author, "is small, and sheltered on all sides, except the west, from which point the wind rarely blows. There is good anchorage in it, but room only for three or four vessels to swing at a time. We had not yet dropped our anchor, when we observed the beach crowded with natives, and, from the display of white tapa, the fair sex evidently formed a large portion of the multitude. Several canoes were already pulling out toward us. In one of the first of these was a figure arrayed in bright scarlet, who the interpreter informed us was the king, and in a moment he and his native courtiers were on board."

Kings and queens abound in these islands, and the following description may serve for nearly all of them:

"His majesty's robes consisted of a small scarlet blanket fastened with a wooden skewer across his neck, and a tapa girt around his loins. The queen, who also came on board, was clothed in the usual sheet of white tapa, which, leaving the right arm bare, is cast over the left shoulder, and completely envelopes the form to the ankles. Her hair, raised entirely up round her head, was folded on one side into a kind of pinnacle, which was swathed in a roll of very fine tapa like muslin. Her ears were perforated, and ornamented with curiously cut bones or ivory, and around her neck were some strings of scented nuts and wreaths of flowers. The arm was tattoed elaborately, from the finger-ends to near the shoulder, with a deep-blue tinge, which was not unbecoming. Her feet and ankles seemed to be covered with beautifully worked blue stockings, and as I stooped to admire them, her majesty, flattered by the attention, rather shocked my modsety by suddenly, amid the uproarious mirth of her court, lifting the drapery to such a height that I observed the same delicate tracery, which was evidently due to the art of the tattoer, extending above the knee.

Throughout the whole of the group of islands the females are described as of beautiful form and of gentle manners. The Chatham paid a visit in turn to the different islands, trafficking with the natives, taking in sandal wood and live stock in exchange for old guns, flints, powder, and blankets.

Tahiti is the next point visited, now inseparably connected with the names of Pritchard and Queen Pomare. The natives have nearly all embraced Christianity. The morality of the Tahitian nymphs, however, is anything but exemplary, and the inhabitants are proverbially idle; many miles of the richest land are allowed to run waste. The island has been so often described that it is needless to dwell upon its natural beauties.

During the short stay of a few days at Tahiti, the Chatham did a good business in disposing of the stock procured at the Marquesas; she was repainted, and laid in merchandise suited for "the Harvey group." She first touched at Huahine to take in cocoa-nuts as food for live stock. The Chatham was delayed here for some time owing to the drunken habits of the captain, and everything on board appears to have been in a state of utter confusion and disgraceful disorder. At last she puts off to sea again, making for the Harvey group.

"We now proceeded again to sea," says Lamont, 'steering our course to Manke, or Parrey's Island, one of the Harvey group. These islands, ten in number, are situated between nineteen degrees ten seconds to twenty two degrees twenty seconds south latitude, and one hundred and fifty-five degrees to one hundred and sixty-one degrees west longitude. The great navigator, Cook, whose name they sometimes bear, had the honor of first discovering them as early as 1777. Rorotonga, containing a population of some five or six thousand, and measuring about thirty miles round, is the principal island of the group, not only in extent and population, but in fertility of soil and beauty of scenery. It has one or two harbors for small craft, which the others are deficient in. Cook never saw this island. The Reverend Mr. Williams, the indefatigible Polynesian missionery, is said to have first discovered the lovely spot. Some teachers from the Society Islands were placed on it by him, and in about two years the whole population was converted to Christianity. Mangaia, or Mangier, is some twenty-five miles in circumference, and it has about two thousand inhabitants. The population of Aiutake is about the same number, and that of Atien, which has a circuit of about twenty miles, one thousand five hundred. Manke, or Parry's Island, which is not mentioned by Cook, is said to have been discovered by the missionaries in 1823. It is not more than sixteen miles round, with a decreasing population of two or three hundred. Mitiaro, near it, is still smaller. Palmerston's, considerably to the westward (by some hydrographers included in the group,) is a low cocoa nut island, and uninhabited. This, with two other small uninhabited islands, concludes the number."

Kings abound in Polynesia like cockroaches. Manke and Mitiaro are subject to the three kings of Atien. Lamont's description of these islands, and of the habits of the natives, is not the least interesting portion of his book. It is a pity that he has not added a map of the islands, which would greatly enhance the value of the work; and we also find fault with him for not giving dates of sailing, though we make out that he sailed on the 14th of October, 1852, on his expedition, and was wrecked on the 7th of January, 1853.

Tomano-wood was the chief object of his visit to the Harvey Islands. It resembles mahogany, is most beautifully waved, and is capable of a high polish, but very hard and rather difficult to work. It is found in large quantities at Menke.

Aitutaké was the place which it was intended to visit last, and with a pleasant breeze the head of the Chatham was turned once more toward California. On the night of the 6th of January, or rather on the morning of the 7th, 1853, the vessel became a total wreck; and we now come to the wonderful adventures of Lamont and his party among the Pacific islanders.

"I had retired to rest early," says Lamont. "I was a light sleeper, especially in the neighborhood of land, having no confidence in either the master or officers; and as we were passing some islands laid down upon our chart, (although, according to the captain's observations, we should have been far out of sight of any of them,) I felt uneasy. At four o'clock A. M. the changing of the watch awoke me, and as it was Mr. Snow's watch on deck, I did not feel again inclined to sleep. As the mate was turning in, he told the captain that he saw something like a dark cloud ahead, and warned him to look out for a squall. It appears, from the statement of one of the boys in this watch, that shortly after he went on deck he saw Captain Snow come out of his cabin, whisper for a short time with his brother, and then retire. This he might have done the back door of the cabin without my observing it On this occasion the oldest and safest hand of the watch was never brought on deck; and the lookout forward consisted of two inefficient hands, one a Kanaka and the other a mere lad. The man at the wheel could not see ahead, on account of the house on deck, immediately in front of him. About twenty minutes afterwards, as I looked through the cabin door out on deck, a shock like that produced by a collision passed through the vessel, and I thought I beheld land close to us. The ship's head, however, rose on the wave toward the sky, and I waited for an instant till she dipped again, when I beheld a long line of black low coast stretching far on either side, girt with a circle of foaming breakers, the roar of which was already in my ears. A westerly wind blew dead ashore; we were running right before it, and were not a gun-shot from the reef. I sprang at once on deck, followed almost immediately by all the crew. 'Hard up!' some one shouted, and up went the wheel, the yards were trimmed to the wind, and the good vessel, obedient to her command, worked round, giving us yet a chance, when another voice called out 'Hard down,' and the mate at the helm obeyed too faithfully the order, depriving us of the last hope of saving the ship. The next moment her bottom struck a sunken rock, making the vessel real, and almost throwing us off our feet. A white-crested wave, rising us on its top, bore us onward with impetuous force, and dashed us amid the boiling foam on the rugged walls of coral. Fortunately, we went head on, and our bow struck into a little bight of the rock, where it was firmly bedded, About midships we rested on a rock below, on which each wave that dashed on our stern and broke over us raised the vessel, and let her drop with such force that we feared she would part in two. The spars swung and shivered with the concussion, threatening to fall about our ears, and the sails, which no one ventured aloft to furl, began to lash the yards and fly in shreds, whilst the parting stays menaced us with tottering masts. Our only trust was that the vessel would hold together until daylight. The supposed cloud seen by the mate proved to be the Penryhn, Islands laid down on every chart, and mentioned particularly by Wilks."

The native board the vessel; the crew get safely to shore, but are not ill treated. Gradually they become friends with these primitive people. Lamont is soon a general favorite, and, seeing no chance of escape, gives it up after several attempts, and makes himself at home as best he can, becoming the adopted son of one of the chieftains. The name of that portion of the island upon which the Chatham was wrecked is called Mangerongaro, The island is from four to five miles long, and about a quarter of a mile broad. The description of the habits and customs of these islanders cannot fail to be read with interest; but we have only space for a few extracts Gradually Lamont, who had been adopted by a chief, with his numerous savage relations, visits all the islands, helps his friends in their warfare, and keeps his dignity by occasionally them treating contempt. Here is not a bad description of a young savage's home:

"I had scarcely left my hut," he says, "when Turua (a young chief) came running forward, and pressed me, with his winning smile, to accompay him. This I did with pleasure, and he led the way by a path I had not before seen, through the centre of the island. The densest portion of the grove he pointed to with evident marks of satisfaction, as the trees were all loaded with fruit; and the district through which I was passing I was informed was mine, *because I knew it was his.*' Lamont had already succeeded in understanding the natives, and making himself understood. What high standard of civilzation can beat those hospitable words of Turua, a young naked savage of the Penryhn Islands?

"So dense was the shade here, that the sky was completely obscured from our view, and it was only when I had arrived at a neatly graveled space that I observed a house, to which our path led. A little girl was busily engaged preparing a native oven, and a young woman was sitting in front of the house, with her head down, scraping some fruit. Neither observed us till we were close upon them. On seeing us the young woman, who proved to be Ocura (the young chieftain's wife), dropped the food she was preparing, and, clapping her hands, advanced timidly, and saluted me. She then ran into the house, and spread mats for us to sit on.

"Ocura, when she married Turua, was one of the richest heiresses in Omoka, being the daughter of a great chief, not only in that place but also in Mattonga. All the property came from her; for Turua, being a younger son, was not at all wealthy. Ocura was very ambitious, and was always stimulating her husband to take a more leading part in the affairs of the nation than he felt his position warranted, or his natural diffidence would allow.

"Supper was at last announced by the little girl. Turua sprang up one of the nearest trees like a monkey. These people climp better than any of the other islanders I had seen; and soon a few shocks on the ground told the little girl that the 'muco mucos' had fallen, when she immediately ran and fetched them to the house. These young nuts are easily skinned, and, the tops being broken off, a delicious beverage is ready prepared by the hand of nature; for there is no more refreshing drink than the water of the young green cocoa-nut, with its cool and slightly tart vegetable taste. The blackened fish-bowls were opened, and proved to contain my favourite ruché. A shell of 'neu oora' smoking hot, was brought in, and when the upper cover was removed, the little leaf was seen spread on the top to prevent the dust entering by the eye of the upper shell—a precantion that is taken only by very exemplary housekeepers. After washing her beautiful little hands in water poured on them from the eye of a large entire shell, used as a water-jug, Ocura brought down a small bag of fine matting, and from a number of pearl tués, or Penryhn spoons, selected one brightly polished on the back as as well as front, but not much improved by some rude carving on it. A greater treat was in reserve for me, namely, a couple of cooked 'utos' (apple of the growing nut), which I pretended not to know. After trying a piece, however, I suddenly clapped my hands in their own fashion, and, placing one hand over my mouth, exclaimed, 'Ka oaia, su more!' (Good Heavens, how delightful!), at which Turna burst into a loud laugh, and Ocura, in her delight, threw herself before me and kissed my feet."

At Tokerau our narrator is offered a fine buxom young woman, of about twenty, Roberau She, as a wife, and has some difficulty in avoiding matrimony.

At last he is driven into that happy state, and marries "Haka Moé Kokara," alias "the Sweet Sleeper." She is thus described: "She had large dark eyes, animated with a brilliant expression; her nose was small and straight, and when her bright lips were parted showed exquisite teeth, whilst her long black dishevelled tresses fell over and partially enveloped her graceful form."

Rubbing noses is the friendly mode of greeting between

lovers and acquaintances. Our author's nose must have suffered considerably. The protrait of Chera Puma is a pretty picture; but in his third wife, Haka Puta, Lamont found a devoted companion.

Matrimony in the Penryhn Islands is as serious a business as it is in civilized countries, and requires some consideration. It is true, no clergymen is required; but if you rub your nose against your bride elect's nose, pat her on the head, and call her wife in the presence of witnesses, it holds good as it would in Mormondom. There is no court of probate and divorce, no damages asked or given; but if you marry into a tribe you become one of it, and your father-in-law, who generally uses a sharp-pointed spear instead of the little cane carried by more civilized men, would unhesitatingly run you through the back, or knock your brains out, if you did anything against the regulations of his tribe. Our author was forced into this third marriage. The young lady was violently in love with him, and the tribe wished it. We quote his own words:

"I felt sorry for her, but I was inexorably hard-hearted, and told her I should leave that evening. I tried to disengage myself from her, but, throwing herself on the ground, she clung to me, exclaiming, 'Cary coi ahana! Cary coi ahana!' (You shall not go.) She screamed for help, and not without success, for several women—amongst the rest, her mother—attracted by her shricks, rushed to her assistance. All things considered, why not take unto myself another wife? Having two already, I need not scruple about a third, and, so resolving, I raised my dark-skinned beauty from her recumbent position, patted her on the head, and, calling her my wife, said I would take her to Matunga; whereat, in testimony of delight she brought her nose in contact with mine, and treated me to an amount of friction which was more flattering than agreeable. Our party continued to swell till nearly the whole village had congregated; and when they heard the result of all the noise, the entire crowd returned in great joy to the hamlet. As for the little girl, she seemed overjoyed beyond all proper decorum, dancing along before the party, and performing her merriest antics for my amusement. Couriers were dispatched to bring in all the kith and kin of the bride and their friends. The marriage breakfast was not magnificent, although in the royal family. It is not usual for these people to make much, if any distinction on such occasions; and they have nothing corresponding to our bridecake—in fact, it was strictly an ordinary meal, the same as on any other day. The bride herself was not visible, custom, rather than modesty, compelling her to remain in retirement. After the morning meal, the different groups assembled round the chief's tent, where the groom and his friends were already seated. The men formed in a row for the pehu (ceremony), and the women, before sitting down, arranged their titches, that they might not crumple them, as they prepared to join the chant. The bride, meanwhile, had not appeared; and it was not till she had been angrily called, that, from a closed tent, some young girls emerged with what seemed to be a bundle of mats in the centre. This, however, was really the young bride, who, coming forth, ran toward the tent where I was seated, and then, darting back, was again enveloped in the mats and withdrawn to the remotest corner of the house. The bride does not entirely disrobe herself of the matting for several days after the marriage, when she appears with the titché, which she wears constantly for the remainder of her life. Whilst the young lady hides her maiden blushes under the matting, and the gentleman sits demurely, but more confidently, in front of the hut, the ceremony of the pehu commences, accompanied by rather an extra amount of crying, scratching, and bleeding, making a most melancholy affair of the happy event. The bride is then handed over to the oldest relatives or friends present for some future ceremonies, which over, the happy couple retire to their new abode."

Haka Puta makes an excellent housekeeper, but gets jealous of Chera Puna. She tells her husband she will leave him, when he observes she has no canoe. The brave girl replies:

"No canoe! No, true; but I can swim; the girls of Tantua can swim better than the men of Omuka, and I will swim back (ten miles.) You wouldn't give me a canoe, even to save me from the sharks; but you can keep your canoe for Chera Puna, and your fish for Chera Puna. Wa, wa, piki!—and you can leave me. Why did you not stay with her when you presented her with fish and cocoa-nuts? Why did you not keep her in your arms? Why come back to me? I don't wan't you. For shame! Go off to her now!"

We candidly own, as disinterested critics, that we entirely side with Haka Puta's sentiments.

We have not touched upon the adventures of the other members of the unfortunate Chatham, or on Lamont's desperate attempts to escape in a canoe of his own fabrication. The desire to return to a civilized land drowned every other consideration.

"During all this time," says Lamont, "I had never ceased to keep my daily watch for the ship that never came. It was approaching the season when whalers from the north frequently take a voyage through the southern latitudes to fill up with sperm oil after their cruise among the regions of the bight whale, which produces the common whale oil. . . . One day, as I was staggering along under the weight of a huge plank for building purposes, I heard, some way off, yet distinct enough to make my heart bound with hope, the long wished-for words, 'Te caka nue' (the great ship). The sound to me was a promise of redemption. Home, lost friends, past scenes, crowded on my mind, almost overwhelming my reason. Casting my plank from my shoulder, I rushed towards the village, where I found the natives running to and fro in almost as great excitement as myself, rapidly arming, to be prepared for any emergeucy. I was informed that a large ship had been reported by a canoe as having been seen passing the island of Tepuka. I begged the natives to launch a canoe on the ocean side, but could not get a man to lend a hand in transporting one across the island from the lagoon, where they were commonly kept. They availed themselves of every ridiculous excuse for their passive detention of me. Suddenly, I recollected having seen in Haka-Shusha, near the dangerous outlet to the south, a large canoe in such a position that I thought I might be able to get it into the water. Half frantic, I ran along the now naked sands of the inner reef, regardless of the prickly coral points and shells. When I got to the spot, a sail was distinctly visible keeping along the coast. The sight added fresh energy to my exertions, and, with the assistance of some broken pandanas boughs as rollers, I succeeded in getting the cumbrous machine into the water. Alas! all my toil was in vain. The canoe leaked so badly, and as the ship already stood well up to the southern end of Haka Shusha, my labors seemed doomed to be fruitless. Some natives approaching, I desired them to make a fire, and, having collected great piles of the withered leaves of the pandanas, I kindled them into flames, hoping to attract notice from the vessel. I also went out to some rocks at the extreme end of the island, and attaching my shirt to a spar, waved it to and fro in the expectation of its being seen by some one on board. When the noble vessel came towards the spot where I stood, I shouted at the top of my voice, which, however, was lost in the sound of the breakers. Oh! how my heart sank, and hope died in my breast, as I saw her glide rapidly from me. When she had well cleared the land, she again rounded to, and stood up along the western shore toward Sararak. An idea now flashed across my mind that some of our people residing in Tepuka might have got on board, and were bringing the ship round to Mangerongaro to my rescue. The wind was on her quarter, and though she swept along more rapidly than I could run, I pursued her with all the anxiety of despair. The sun had already set, but the crimson sky still showed the ship in black relief, when, panting with fatigue, I reached the Mangerongaro village. . . . . The light from her quarter, that for some time had flickered like a guiding-star across the wave, gradually disappeared. Fatigued in mind and body, I threw myself down on the beach, a prey to grief. A drowning man will catch at a straw to save himself from sinking. Fearing that the vessel might lose the bearings of the island during the night, I kept the whole coast in flames with pandanas, hara leaves, and boughs of palm. The long looked-for moru appeared at length, but no ship. The day brightened, and passed; the evening set in, and still there was no appearance of her. As she might have run more off in the night than she could make up in the day, I still kept the beacon-fires bright during the night; but the ship was gone. The disappointment completely overwhelmed me, and I became so savage that the natives feared to approach me. When I slept, they stole to the entrance of my hut, and, placing food before me, would sit down at a distance and watch till I had taken it."

Fortune favours Lamont at last, and he succeeds in getting on board another ship, the John Appleton, whale ship, of New Bedford, Captain Isaac Taylor commander: not, however, without a desperate struggle to get away from his dark relations.

The Lilliputian Fleet.—The current of blood in the body is the great inland route over which travels a fleet of vessels laden with cargoes of oxygen for interior use. It serves at once for export and import. The little red capsules are continually coursing in the stream, laden with oxygen for use in the most interior recesses of the body. Part of the load of this subtle life supporter, imported from the atmosphere, is at once consumed for work in the manufactured activity, while another part is stored up and accumulated for future use. The carbonic acid is the return load, put on those Lilliputain vessels, each of which is only visible under the microscope. In spite of their size—so tiny as to be invisible except *en masse* they are able to transport backward and forward four pounds and a half of oxygen and carbonic acid in twenty-four hours, without noise or commotion—to condense within themselves more than four hundred litres of oxygen from the atmosphere, and at the same time to give off nearly as much carbonic acid. And this speedy and airy work is not so much as guessed at by the observer. They export much more carbonic acid during the day than they import oxygen, and during the night, in quietude and rest, they bring back rich treasures of oxygen to supply the expenditures of the next day.

CARRIED BACK.

BY "GRIS."

It is pleasant to meet old friends, but exceedingly trying to meet an old sweetheart. Lavender isn't more trying to the complexion of a brunette. 'Twas in life's early forenoon that you knew her, when existence wore nice new clothes, dyed at the establishment of the rainbow. You quoted poetry to her by the hour, during moonlight strolls and drives, and recited various complimentary verses addressed to night's luminary by the poets, which you found in the Dictionary of Poetical Quotations, and committed to memory after hours of patient study. Sweetheart was in raptures, and said you had *such* a memory, you remembered everything that you read.

You wore Byron's collar's in those days, cultivated a raven moustache, spent a good deal of time with your hair, which was inclined to curl, and was mildly given to gin and water. Sweetheart used to pout with sweet reproachfulness as she mildly chided you for the latter habit, but it was evident to you that you wouldn't be half the romantic hero to her you was, without a little dissipation, so you never got a medal. You wrote unutterable poetry in her album, for which you was under lasting obligations to the dictionary above alluded to, and gave her your miniature in a crimson velvet case. You dreamed away hours and days in building atmospheric country seats, where sweetheart and you were the only residents, with nothing to do but wander amid flowery paths in unending moonlight, and quote from those impracticable writers styled poets.

"Years have outstretched their shadowy wings between." You didn't marry sweetheart somehow, and life's stern realities drove all thoughts of her from your head. You have only been reminded of her once, and that was when you read in some paper, long ago, a notice of her marriage. Having worn the yoke matrimonial yourself for some time, what you read caused no pang of grief. But now you are brought together again quite unexpectedly, and memory, expert telegraph operator that he is, puts you in instant communication with the olden time. Sweetheart has faded, of course; and so have you. As you doff your hat in salutation, you read a slight surprise in her look, and then remember that your hair don't curl any more, the cares of life have plouged deep furrows in your "Grecian forehead," as she once delighted to call it, and the scythe of Time has mowed away quite a clearing on the top of your head. You haven't an empty hair-dyo bottle even to remind her of the raven moustache of earlier days, and your sandy beard needs trimming sadly. As sweetheort laughs at some poorly executed joke (ghost of that once captivating wit) you perceive that she has lost a front tooth, and you never noticed before what a homely profile she had. You are suddenly and forcibly reminded that Time is "outo the wing,' and that you are growing old.

Sweetheart introduces husband to you, and tells him with a titter, which is a painful caricature of the girlish laugh once so musical and fasciuating—you compared it to the dipping of pliant willows in the running brook, don't you remember?—that you are "one of her old beaux;" then, turning suddenly toward you, she asks whether you love poetry as much as you did. Poetry! Stuff. You could put your hand on a volume of the Congressional Globe, and swear you hadn't read a line of poetry in years.

Sweetheart goes her way, and you go yours. During that day you attend your business in a wandering manner; you are scarcely yourself. The old days come back again, and you live in the past. But at night you go home, and the presence of your family, not at all visionary or unreal, dispels the unsubstantial fancies conjured up by unexpectedly encountering an old sweetheart.—*Cincinnatti Times.*

Uncle Sam in Paris.—Chom, the famous French caricaturist, in a recent number of the *Paris Charivari*, has made some capital hits on our wandering fellow countrymen. One cartoon represents a scene of desolation at a dinner table where a strong Northener and a fire eating Southerner are supposed to fight their battles over again on neutral ground. The knives, forks and champagne bottles are dancing around in the air, to the dismay of the other guests.

Another represents a downeaster in a private box at the Chamber of Deputies, who says to the janitor: "I mean to see everything during the Exhibition. Here are $50: just hire Mr. Thiers to make a speech now, while I sit here."

Another represents a long haired inventor, who is witnessing the fatal effects produced by the explosion of one of his torpedos on the river Seine. The experiment seems to be rather destructive of life and property, to judge from the wreck in the air. Another represents one of Uncle Sam's colored citizens, who comes out of the Exhibition every few minutes to have his boots blacked by Frenchmen, by way of humiliating the white race.—*N. Y. Post.*

The wheel of fortune must have belonged originally to an omnibus, for it is continually "taking up" and "putting down" people.

NOTICE.

The publication of "THE CALIFORNIAN" *takes place on Saturday mornings, and copies may be obtained in the City at all News stands, and of our News-agents through the country. It will also be served by carriers on the morning of publication.*

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J. P. BOGARDUS,
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THE CALIFORNIAN.

SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, AUGUST 10, 1867.

DR. ADONIS is the authorized special traveling correspondent of "THE CALIFORNIAN," and is empowered to receipt for subscriptions, and make collections as our agent.

THE CHAMPAGNE WE DRINK. AN ILLUSION DESTROYED.

MR. TOMES, in his pleasant and instructive volume on "The Champagne Countries," which was noticed in a recent number of THE CALIFORNIAN, gives us a vast deal of information highly interesting to the lovers of sparkling wines on this side of the Atlantic, together with some opinions and facts that are rather calculated to put them out of conceit with their favorite beverage. He declares, among other things, that he has the testimony of all the chief exporters of champagne, to prove that the wine they send to the United States is of inferior quality to that generally sent elsewhere, and *always* to that kept at home. At Rheims he had abundant opportunities—of which he frankly states he pretty freely availed himself—to verify this statement for himself. "Brought," he says, "by my official duties into direct and constant association with the wine manufacturers, and partaking of their hospitality, I had frequent occasion to test, at their convivial tables, the quality of their champagne. I had hardly turned off the first glass, when I remarked a flavor of which my palate, though not unused to the best of Heidsieck Mumm, and Moet & Chandon, in America, had been hitherto unconscious. It was the first time in my life that I had enjoyed a glass of champagne, as wine. Before, I had drunk it as a not unpleasant beverage, being palatable from its sweetness and effervescence, and exhilarating in its effect. I could not distinguish the wine of one brand from that of another; and all—Heidsieck, Mumm, Moet & Chandon, Clicquot, and Roederer, seemed to me to have been brewed in the same vat, of the same proportions of syrup, brandy, and soda-water." Now, for the first time he recognized in a glass of champagne, the flavor of a really fine wine. His host, noticing his look of enjoyment mingled with surprise, said: "You don't get such wine in America;" adding with a roguish twinkle in his eye, "we keep it for ourselves and friends." Elsewhere, Mr. Tomes tells us that all the wine that comes even from the champagne country is by no means genuine, a fact which we should have inferred from what he had already said. There are manufacturers in the neighborhood of Rheims who fabricate wines from grapes never grown in the district which alone produces the real fruit. These will sell their concoctions at three or four dollars a dozen, give them as jaunty a look in bottle as the choicest Clicquot or Consular Seal, and call them by any name the purchaser may fancy within the limit of the law." But it is not to the manufacture of champagne wines alone that these ingenious artificers limit their skill; they make all descriptions of wines and spirits to order. While acting as consular agent at Rheims, Mr. Tomes tells us that he legalized "many an invoice of 'Madeira,' 'Sherry,' 'Port,' 'fine old Cognac,' and the 'best Holland Gin,' and of all sorts of *liqueurs*, 'Chartreuse,' 'Curocoa,' and 'Kirsch,' exported to the United States from Epernay, by an expert manufacturer of that place." The author adds that he knows the name of the agent in the United States, of this enterprising manufacturer and accomplished chemist, and that he would no more think of swallowing the contents of his varicolored bottles, than he would those of an apothecary shop

If, however, we untraveled Americans are not vouchasfed the privilege of tasting the finer brands of sparkling wine on our own soil, there is at any rate some consolation in the knowledge that what we do get is as good as we can appreciate, that in fact, the inferior stuff consigned to the American market, is better suited to the indigenous taste than that exquisite tipple, the first glass of which caused Mr. Tomes to experience sensations so novel and delightful, and to become so suddenly aware that all the "champagne" he had drunk up to that happy moment, was a mere sweet sickish "brew" of poor wine, syrup, and spirits. For Mr. Tomes is quite explicit in his statement that the wines most popular with us are invariably the worst, and he even lays it down as a practical rule that the consumer wishing to procure a really good wine should avoid those that are most in vogue, and seek some of the less esteemed brands. Clicquot, the favorite of our most knowing connoisseurs, he tell us is "highly brandied and sugared," and not at all adapted to the taste of "discriminating modern drinkers." In the like ruthless spirit of inconoclasm, he dethrones those other popular idols, Heidsieck and Mumm, the former of which is not in his estimation, fit for a civilized man to drink. But, as upon Mr. Tomes' own showing, we get the very article that we can appreciate, and that suits us, we cannot reasonably complain of the merchants of Rheims for not sending us something better, at least until we shall have developed our taste and educated our palates up to the European standard by a visit to the Paris Exposition—or what remains of it—and a tour through the Champagne Country. In the meantime, we cannot complain of being swindled or even humbugged by the wine merchants. They merely supply us with the article best suited to the undeveloped American *gout*. It is an undeniable fact that we relish our effervescent "concoction of sugar, candy, white wine, and *esprit de Cognac*," as Mr. Tomes himself did until he became suddenly endowed with "a palate" at the table of the hospitable wine merchant of Rheims. As, however, he admits that the champagnes sent here, though inferior in quality, are not deleterious, and are manufactured in the usual manner, we cannot help wishing that he had refrained from enlightening an ignorance which in a case like the present may be considered blissful, and left us still free to wax genial over our Mumm, and to eye with complacency the sparkle of our Clicquot, in undiminished enjoyment of the pleasing illusion that we were quaffing the same seductive beverage upon which it is the privilege of the aristocracy and the majesty of the old world to get boozy.

RELIGIOUS APPROPRIATIONS BY THE STATE.

THE practice of making appropriations of money by State Legislatures in the aid of religious incorporations, or for the promotion of denominational objects, is entirely opposed to the spirit of our institutions, and should be firmly opposed by all who believe in maintaining with consistency and rigor the American principle of the complete separation and mutual independence of Church and State. No matter how excellent in themselves may be the objects for which aid of this kind is invoked at the hands of the Legislature, the consequences of refusing it will be trifling indeed, when compared with those that must result from the overthrow of the principle involved. On this ground, our Legislators should take their stand when importuned for donations or appropriations in the aid of schools, hospitals, or other benevolent or educational institutions which have been founded by, and are under the control of any particular denomination or religious body. To this rule there should be absolutely no exception. Every departure from it is accompanied by a danger proportioned to the authority it may carry with it as a precedent. The principle of the rule is too plain for argument. It requires simply to be stated, in order to make the inconsistency of such donations with the spirit of our institutions and government palpable to every understanding. Our Constitution undertakes to secure not only perfect religious toleration, but perfect equality of priveleges, among all sects and denominations. To discriminate between them for the advantage of one over the others, is precisely as unconstitutional as to prohibit the public worship of others; and whenever a State Legislature makes an appropriation in aid of a Jewish, Catholic, Methodist, or Presbyterian college, or benevolent institution of whatever kind, it taxes a portion of the citizens for the support of a creed to which in conscience, they are opposed. It is in vain to urge that hospitals or orphan asylums under the control of particular sects do not come within the scope of this principle because no "creed" is taught and no sectarian influence exerted in institutions of this kind. Even if we admit the fact to be as stated, it is plain that the donation is an addition to the general resources and strength of the religious body to whom it is given, no matter in what particular manner it is applied. Five thousand dollars appropriated to aid a hospital, or an orphan asylum sustained by the funds of Baptists, or of Roman Catholics, sets free a like amount to be devoted to supporting a Baptist missionary, or building a Catholic convent. The particular object to which the particular sum is to be appropriated does not affect the matter. The five thousand dollars is in effect a gift out of the public treasury to a religious denomination.

We are glad to learn that this subject will be brought prominently before the New York Constitutional Convention, where we trust that it will be thoroughly discussed, and a provision inserted in the fundamental law prohibiting all appropriations of the kind alluded to, whether by State Legislatures, Common Councils, or Boards of Supervisors. The example will undoubedly have great influence in other States. To the example, set at her last Constitutional Convention, California owes the permicious system of an elective judiciary holding office for short terms by the precarious tenor of the political ascendancy of the party by whom they were chosen. If the present Convention should abolish that system, and also provide a remedy for the evil we have been discussing, it may be reasonably hoped that California will speedily imitate her, New York, in both these great reforms.

"PRENTICE" AND "DOGBERRY."

QUITE a number of humorous sketches, of sufficient merit to attract a considerable share of attention both here and at the East, have appeared in the columns of THE CALIFORNIAN during the present year under one or the other of the above *noms de plume*. The sketches entitled "Ravages of a Bore," "Travels In Africa," and those describing experiences in the mines, have been widely copied; and in the last number of the New York *Weekly Review* we find another of "Prentice's" humoristic pieces, "Our Dog," with an editorial comment to the effect that a new humorist has "sprung up in California," whose writings resemble in their spirit, those of Frank Bret Harte. So far as this remark might be understood as suggesting the idea of such a resemblance between the two writers, as is incompatible with the individual and distinctive character of both, it is not just. "Prentice's" vein is as strongly distinguished from that of Mr. Harte on the one hand, as it is from that of "Mark Twain" on the other, and it is impossible not to feel the original and individual element in the writings of each. Several of "Prentice's" earlier sketches were published in the *Golden Era* some years since under the signature of "Dogberry," and recently the same *nom de plume* has been attached to a number of his contributions to THE CALIFORNIAN. Of the sketches by "Dogberry," "Barney McBriar the Shootist" is the most salient and the most ludicrously extravagant. It also proved the most popular, and has been extensively republished in weekly and daily papers nearly all over the United States. The *American Flag*, a few days since, alluded to these humorous writings, and after stating the literary identity of "Prentice" and "Dogberry," added: "They, (the sketches,) belong to Prentice Mulford, Esq., a young gentleman who otherwise makes very little noise in the world. He is quiet, modest, and as solemn-looking as a deacon, but is, withal, the truest humorist belonging to our community of letters. That we are correct in this opinion is fully attested by the great popularity of his sketches on the other side of the country." We have made this mention of Mr. Mulford's writings under his two *noms de plume*, because we think it a mistake in a young writer to dissipate and fritter away his literary reputation by attaching various signatures to his different productions, unless there exist exceptional reasons for pursuing such a course. We would advise, therefore, that a "consolidation" be effected between "Prentice" and "Dogberry," and that in future Mr. Mulford attach his own name to all his humerous efforts that he deems worthy of publication.

A COMPLIMENT PROTESTED.

THE *Flag* pays THE CALIFORNIAN the highly flattering compliment of pronouncing its literary notices "the best reviews published in Californiа," declaring them "elaborate, scholarly, and elegant in construction," and "entitled to be accepted as standard authority." The *Flag* adds: "In fact THE CALIFORNIAN is a journal of position in any literary republic of the world. It is, perhaps, too refined and classic for general popularity; but if it be intended to attract the attention of literary men, and other persons of mental cultivation, its purpose is eminently fulfilled," together with some other words of praise which our modesty prompts us to accept rather as evidence of an appreciation of what we aim at and aspire to, than as an indication of what we have actually attained. Under favorable circumstances and with reasonable encouragement, we may hope that THE CALIFORNIAN will one day deserve so high an encomium; but we are sensible that to accomplish this will require larger resources than are at our command, and the support of a more numerous class of our citizens than seem at present prepared to appreciate such a journal as our unstinting eulogist describes. Could we clearly perceive the evidences of any extensive demand for a Californian critical and literary journal of so high a character as to dispense entirely with "stories," sentimental poetry, "gossip," and other kindred features, we should know no greater pleasure than to employ our utmost energy and skill in the attempt to supply the want. But we fear that no strong encouragement to any enterprise so ambitious, will be afforded until long after our fingers shall have ceased to hold the pen, and our place shall be occupied by successors belonging to the generation now in bondage to the schoolmaster.

"CRITICAL and Social Essays," is the title of a small volume published by Leypoldt and Holt, New York, and consisting of articles contributed to the first three volumes of the New York *Nation*. The range of subjects discussed is wide enough to embrace the National Debt and the International Copyright, tombstones and Timothy Titcomb, hymns and horse-racing. The articles are uniformly well written, and are characterizeb by a candid and impartial spirit. Some of the "critical" essays, are perhaps open to the charge of hypercriticism; but this is merely the natural result of a little too much zeal in a good cause—an excessive reaction in a right direction. There are, also, a few of them that seem a little hard and cynical; but the *Nation*, in its ambition to be considered a sort of American *Saturday Review*, seems to affect this spirit.

[For the Californian]

FIVE YEARS IN JAPAN.

BY FORBES MAITLAND.

NO 1.

The islands of Japan, four in number, viz: Nyphon, Qu Shoo and Scbo Ko Kee aud Yesso, the latter being the most northerly, lie between latitudes 30 and 40 north, and longitudes 130 and 140 east. They are a continuation of the group of islands known as the Looehoo, eommeneing in the China Sea with Formosa, which lies in latitude 24 north, and longitude 121 east. Of the Japan Islands, Nyphon is the largest and most important; of it, therefore, I shall treat first.

On the Island of Nyphon, are situated the two Capitals of Japan, Meako and Yeddo; tbe former being the Spiritual and the latter the Temporal Capital. Meako being the plaee of residenee of the Mekado, or Spiritual Emperor, and Yeddo that of the Tycoon or Emperor; when we add to the above mentioned advantages that of a superior climate, and a soil adapted to cereal cultivation, and an easy transportation of their prodnee to the largest foreigu settlement in Japan, viz: Kanagawa, my readers will at onee perceive the great advantages which the Island of Nyphon holds over its sister Islands Qu Shoo, Scho Kee Ku and Yesso. The Islands of "Heavenly Airs" is tbe translation of the word Nyphon; and a more heavenly island tban that of Nyphon would, indeed, be difficult to find.

On entering the Bay of Yeddo, its sbores lie on your left, while on your rigbt you have the Island, or rather volcano, of Ooshima, for it is entirely of volcanic origin. In the distance you ean distinctly discern the snow-capped, towering, inactive volcano Fusi Yama (17,000 feet above the level of the sea). It well repays one for leaving his comfortable bunk to watch the sun rising on snow-clad "Fusi" with its surrounding mountains clad witb verdure to the very summit, and the lovely valleys, clothed with the waving cotton plant, or the still lovelier green of tbe Paddy. On looking to the right you can just diseern the heavy volumes of smoke hanging over the summit of Oosbima. This island is rctained by Government as a State Prison, or more properly speaking, a refuge for sueh offenders against the laws of Japan as prefer to linger out a miserable existenee on this barren island to performing tbe operation of Hari Kari. On entering the straits of Uranga, one cannot but be enehanted by the magnificeuce of the prospect eombinlng as it does the truly grand seenery of Switzerland, with the verdure clad plaius of the Rhine, it is at this point the traveler first gets a full view of a Japanese village, with its snug little thatched cottages, each with its tastefully arranged garden, in the eentre of which is the universal fish pond, grotto, and rustic bridge, the delight of the younger and the pride of the elder members of the family, for however poor the cottage or its inmates may be, you are sure to find the tastefully arranged pleasure ground; perhaps it scarcely deserves so dignified a title, as in many instances the so-ealled pleasure ground might easily be sbaded from the effeets of the sun, by the outspreading of a medium-sized umbrella. The village of Uranga is not of much note, being merely a fishing station; the chief thing one observes on entering this, or indeed, any Japanese village, is tbe cleaulinoss of the people and the great number of children. Unimportant as the village of Uranga is, still here you will find all the dignataries of a city, it bas its Governor or Mayor, its Commissioner of Customs, and its regular police force. About half a mile from the village is a large Magdalene Asylum, erected sometime about the commencement of the last century bp a body of Jesuit Priests of the order of the "Heart of Jesus," it is now, however, entirely under the management of the Japanese Government, and to the best of my belief is the only institute of the kiud in the country. We now have a view of tbe Bay of Yeddo, without doubt the largest if not the finest Bay in the world, there is safe anchorage for vessels of any draft of water from the entranee of the Straits of Uranga right up to the city of Yedo, a distance of forty miles, while tbe breadth varies from twenty to twenty-five miles. During my five years' resideuce, I never knew of but one instance of a vessel drifting from her moorings, notwitbstanding we experienced several typhoons.

Tbe point now looming in the distance is Treaty Point where Commodore Perry in the *Susquehana*, along with the *Missisippi*, anchored in 1853, and here was signed the, by the Japanese, never-to-be-forgotten treaty of Hon. Townsend Harris, the cleverest and most unscrupulous diplomatist ever sent to an unenlightened, by an enlightened Country. Here was made the first false step in American relations with Japan; here the Japanese first learned the fatal truth that diplomacy was merely an elegant term for the most barefaced falsehood; here Mr, Harris assured the Japanese, "If you grant me a Commereial Treaty with your country I will protect you from the eneroachments of France and England; refuse my Treaty, and observe the consequences; Franee and England have a large land and maritime force in China. As soon as the war with China is quelled, they will at once place their combined force against Japan, wbicb, having no foreign power to intereede on her behalf, they will demand, and compell you, by force of arms, to grant such a Treaty as will bring sorrow and desolation on your land, and make your priests and staiesmen weep for very shame; on the other hand, grant me my Treaty and I, the representative of the Amerieau Commonwealth, I, the representative of a people whose country extends over an area far larger than that of Franee and England eombined, will intereede for you. I will persuade Franee and England to grant you time before you coneede further treaties, and, should diplomacy fail, I will protect you at all risks, and, depend upon it, Franee and England will think well and deeply before they risk a war with a eountry like the United States." Mr. Harris obtained his Treaty, and how far he performed his part of the eontract is pretty plainly seen from the faet that in a few months from the date of this being signed, France and England had similar treaties granted them on their own terms.

The settlement now opening out to view is the foreign portion of Yokohama, or, as it is styled in the Treaty, Kanagawa. Kanagawa was the port intended for the seat of foreign eommeree, but was deemed impractieable on aecount of tbe distance at whieh merchant vessels would have to anchor from the shore, and the consequent diffieulty in landing or sending off merchandise. Yokohama, a small fishing village at the time the Treaty came into operation, was adopted for the site of the future foreign settlement, not only because vessels could anchor within a quarter of a mile off the shore, whereas had Kanagawa been chosen as the commereial port vessels would, on account of the shallowness of tbe water at the this particular place, have bad to anchor at least two miles and a half off, not only for this reason, which was in itself sufficient to render Yokohama the more desirable spot of the two on whieh to commence a settlement which might, in a few years, commercially, compete with any city in China or India, bnt beeause it also offered greater facilities for building; there was a valley of some five miles in extent on whieh to build a city, sbould business increase to such an extent as to demand the extension of the settlement. Another, and perhaps still more weighty reason existed why Yokohama should be prefered, viz: its distance from the Tokaido or main government road. Yokohama is nearly four miles from the Tokaido, and consequently entirely out of the direct route of the large bodies of soldiers, offieials, etc., wbo are continually traveling along the Tokaido, either escorting some prinee or other high dignatary to or from Yeddo; whereas, had Kanagawa been adopted as the site for the future European settlement, foreigners would have been placed directly on the Tokaido, and consequently in a most perilous position, as in the most trivial matters of business they would have bad to run the risk of encountering the filthy abuse, or equally likely, the deadly attack of some drnnken offieial (Yakaneen,) passing to or from Yeddo. This is no matter of supposition, the danger which foreigners would have been exposed to, has been but too often, and alas, far too fatally proven during the past nine years to require any further remarks from me.

Yokohama was, therefore, although mnch against the wish of Mr. Alcock, the British Minister, adopted as tbe site for the future European settlement. Tbis port was opened to trade in 1858. Little or no business was done for the first six months further than the exebange of itziboos, or in the buying of kobangs and copper cash. A considerable business was done by one or two mercantile firms, who bad brought large amounts of Mexican dollars over from China witb tbem, and finding no produee in whieh to invest their funds, naturally enough invested tbem in that whieh showed the best per centage on the credit side of the cash book, although the artiele was, according to Japanese laws, contraband, and the dealer in it risked his head should he be so unlucky as to be discovered. As I shall, however, have in future frequently to refer to the native currency, I shall take this opportunity of informing my readers of the relative valuc of the Japanese eoins to the Mexiean dollar. Regarding the value of the coinage, my readers will please bear in mind, I speak of it as it was at the opening of the port nine years ago: Oobang, $10; Ko-bang, 1 30; Nee-boo, $0 70; Itziboo, $0 33; Nee-shee, $0 16½; Ee-Sbee, 0 8 1-4; Tempo, 02; Mong, (cash,) 1-3 of a cent.

I will now explain how the exchange business was conducted in Kanagawa, and how the foreigners profited by the iguoranee of the Japanese Custom House offieials. According to Treaty, eaeh merehant was allowed to exchange $20 per diem, at the rate of 311 itziboos to the hundred dollars, Mexican, whieh itziboos he could readily disposc of at 250 itziboos per $100, leaving a net profit of 50 itziboos, or $16 07 on every hundred dollars exehanged, so that allowing be only exehanged the legitiuate $20 per diem, be made daily the sum of 10 itziboos or $3 21, which gave him an income of $96 20 per month, or $1,155 60 per annum derived from the small capital of $20, and witb nothing to do for it but make out his application, take it to tbe Custom House and get his itziboos—a very comfortable little income to receive for doing wbat?—actually nothing. And wonld you believe it, the community of Kanagawa—I say community, because I do not except one treaty nation,—one and all complained of the smallness of the amonnt allowed to be exchanged! The universal cry the live-long day was, wby did our Ministers not make the amonnt $50 in place of $20? Then commeneed that system of false applieations, lying, and bribery, whieb was in itself enough to damn any eouutry in the eyes of a semi-enligbtened, but intelligent people like the Japanese. I, myself, know of first elass English and American houses having exehanged in plaee of $20, $2,000 per day; this was done through bribing the exehange offieers with a pinebbeck wateh, or still worse, with a worn-out Colt's revolver whieh, should the unfortunate reeipient have the temerity to fire, would, in all probability explode and maim him for life; but what was bribery, falsehood, or even life, in eomparison with almighty dollar? However, such a eourse of bribery and eorruption could not long eseape notiee, and the Ministers, after eight months, adopted the only course left them to pursue, viz: stop exehange entirely, and the outery was long and loud against sueh a measure; but what was the first shout of indignation in comparison with what followed when it beeame known that tbe offieials were to continue drawing their exchange; that the naval and military as well as the attachées of tbe different legations, were to continue to have the privilege of tbe exehange as heretofore. Then, indeed, burst forth such a roar from the Britisb Lion, and such a shriek from the American Eagle as never fell on the ears of a minister before; but the roar of the lion did not reach Lord Palmerston; neither did tbe eagle's shriek disturb the President's slumbers. The itziboo exchange was finished so far as the mercantile community were concerued; bnt the officials did, and do still, continue to enjoy the fnll benefit arising from the exchange business.

The above partieulars conuected with the opening of the first Japanese ports to foreigners, are given as a neeessary introduction to an account of the manners and customs of the Japanese which I shall give in future papers.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

THE HISTORY OF PENDENNIS. HIS FORTUNES AND MISFORTUNES, His Friends and His Greatest Enemy. By William Makepeace Thackeray. With Illustrations by the Author. Two Volumes Complete in One. Vol. 1. New York: Harper & Brothers, Publishers, Franklin Square. 1867. San Francisco: A. Roman & Co., 417 Montgomery street.

WORKS OF CHARLES DICKENS. GLOBE EDITION. Illustrated from Designs by Darley and Gilbert. MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT. Four Volumes in One. New York: Published by Hurd & Houghton, 459 Broome street. 1897. San Frauciseo: A. Roman & Co., 417 and 419 Montgomery street.

THE LAST CHRONICLE OF BARSET. By Anthony Trollope, Author of "The Claverings," "The Small Honse At Allington," "Orley Farm," etc., etc. With Illustrations By George H. Thomas. New York: Harper & Brotbers, Publishers, Hamilton Square. 1867. San Franciseo: H. H. Bancroft & Co., 609 Montgomery street.

LITTLE BROTHER, AND OTHER GEMS, PICTURES. By Fitz Hugh Ludlow, Author of "The Hasheesh Eater," "Among the Mormons," "Seven Weeks In The Great Yo-Semite," etc., etc. *Maxima reverentia pueris debetur.*—Juvenal. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1867. San Francisco: H. H. Baucroft & Co., 609 Montgomery street.

A VINDICATION OF THE CLAIM OF ALEXANDER M. W. BALL, of Elizabeth, N. J., to tbe Authorship of THE POEM, ROCK ME TO SLEEP MOTHER. By O. A. Morse, of Cherry Valley, N. Y., With An Introductory Note From Luther R. Marsh. New York: M. W. Dodd, 506 Broadway. 1867. San Francisco: A Roman & Co., 417 Montgomery street.

CO-OPERATIVE STORES, THEIR HISTORY, ORGNIZATION AND MANAGEMENT. Based on the Recent German Work of Eugene Riehter. Witb annotations and amendments rendering the work Specially Adapted For use in the Uuited States. New York: Leypoldt & Holt. 1867. San Francisco: A Roman & Co.

THE BIRTH OF PLEASURE. The Story of Cupid and Pyscbe. From Apnleius. New York: Publieation Office, Bible House. James Porteus, General Agent. 1867. A. Roman & Co., 417 Montgomery street.

STORIES AND SKETCHES BY OUR BEST AUTHORS. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1867. San Francisco: A. Roman & Co., 417 Montgomery street.

CAMP-FIRE AND COTTON FIELD. Southern Adventure in time of War—Life in the Union Armies. By Thomas W. Knox, *Herald* eorrespondent. Witb Illustrations. Philadelphia: Jones, Bros. & Co. San Franciseo: E. E. Shear, No. 8 Montgomery street, general agent for the Pacific Coast.

THE CITY GARDENS.—The City Gardens, at tbe corner of Twelfth and Folsom streets, are becoming a favorite promenade. New additions to tbeir attractions are being made daily. Tbe green-houses are filled with beautiful flowers, the collection of wild animals and birds is being coustantly increased, the croquet ground and bowling alleys afford much amusement, and everyone appears to enjoy a sail on the lake. Every Saturday afternoon a grand instrumental concert is given by Chris. Andres' band, and on Sunday there is a concert of sacred music by the same performers.

SONG OF SUMMER.

LEAF by leaf is Summer creeping
Flower by flower her glory reaping—
Harvest of the rolling spheres;
Cloud by cloud the sky is freighted,
And to every bud belated
They have stoop'd in dewy tears.

Day by day the flocks are keeping
Watch upon the silent hills,
And the noon-breeze there is sleeping
To the cradle song of rills.
Beam by beam the sun is stealing
Into hearts of all the flowers,
And those crimson hearts revealing
Something that's akin in ours.

Bird and bee have spread the tidings
Meadoward in golden swarms,
And the season's first rude chidings
Wanton now in wealth of charms;
All things worship, e'en the flower
Folds at eve its crimson palms.

Month by month the moon's intrusion,
As a spectre in the dark,
Moves in phantom-like illusion
All the vernal bloom to mark:
And the azure arch of hours
Measures out the Summer's dowers.

Night by night the sea of darkness,
Drifting shoreward to the sun,
Marks the earth with silent beauty
Ere the dusky round is run;
And the eye beholds in waking
New perfections just begun.

Pulse by pulse our life is fleeting
Where unclouded mornings beam—
Down the vale of years retreating
Like a white mist o'er a stream;
Soon a grave-mist will be veiling
All things in a long death-dream!

—HENRY H. CLEMENTS.

HOW I BECAME MRS. RANDOLPH .

I WAS in the garden, busily engaged in gathering a boqnet, when suddenly and unconsciously, I burst into singing some silly old love ditty which Hannah had taught me in my childhood. Never dreaming of a listener, I sang away with great expression and emphasis, when a light laugh from the front-chamber window floated down to me, and a masculine voice took up the same strain, trembling and quavering with mock earnestness. That provoking Mr. Randolph! I hid myself in the rose-bushes, and was silent.

"Oh, Miss Nannie," said he, "you mustn't end there; see how much more effective your song will be as a duet."

I made an attempt to escape from my hiding-place and run into the house; but misfortune attended me. My dress was completely entangled in a thousand briers, and it would not even tear and release me. I struggled away a few moments with angry energy, knowing that the young gentleman above was enjoying it thoroughly; and then, most provoking of all, he must come down to my assistance, trying vainly to repress his laughter, while I stood solemn and red, watching him as he slowly disengaged the folds of my muslin dress from the clinging thorns; and then I was obliged to leave not a few pink shreds hanging to the trees.

"What did you creep into such a bramble's nest as this for?" asked he, looking roguishly into my face.

"Why, for roses, of course," said I.

"But the roses were all gone a fortnight ago," said he, laughing again, until the garden rang.

And I walked, with a very hot face, into the house and up-stairs, finding the solitude of my own room agreeable.

"Oh, dear, how much I do dislike that Mr. Randolph!" said I to Aunt Phœbe, how in the world have I endured his presence so long, and how in the world shall I ever be able to endure it a whole month longer?"

Aunt Phœbe looked surprised.

"Why," she said, "I thought that you and Mr. Randolph were great friends."

"I don't know what led you to suppose that," I answered, hotly. "We ain't friends, and never have been, and are never likely to be. He's the most disagreeable person I ever saw."

But the disagreeable person for a wonder neither laughed nor said anything disagreeable at the tea-table; and seemed to have forgotten the garden scene entirely, to resume the thread of my story, and I was in a vastly more composed state of mind.

I was standing in the porch a moment, after tea, watching the sunset through the poplars, when down came Mr. Randolph hat in hand, and invited me to walk with him, which pleasure I declined curtly. But as soon as he was fairly over the hill, I ran for my hat and started away alone in another direction; for it was a lovely evening, soft and fragrant, and I always enjoyed twilight promenades. The evening primroses were just lighting their fairy lamps in the wayside grass, and the wild clematis creeping over the hedges filled all the air with sweets. I plucked a spray and twined it about my hat, and hummed a light-hearted song, as I paced slowly along, trying to deceive myself into the belief that I was really light-hearted, and thinking always of Mr. Randolph. Oh, Mr. Randolph! why could I not keep him one instant from my mind, when I disliked him more than all the world?

But let me tell you who Mr. Randolph was, and how it happened that he had taken up his abode under our quiet roof for the summer.

He was a young gentleman from New York, who came down to Roseville, in May, in search of country lodgings for himself and an invalid brother, during the summer months, and came by chance across our little nook in a far-away corner of a quiet old town; and he was so pleased with its healthful, airy situation, and the picturesque old gabled house, away from the road, up a daisy-dotted lane, with its wealth of roses and the silver poplars in front, that he begged Aunt Phœbe to take them in, for he had been told in the village that we had taken boarders the summer before. After due deliberation she consented, although it seemed very unpleasant to admit gentlemen strangers into the household. The two ladies who boarded with us last year were old friends of ours. But our purse was growing shorter and shorter, and the dear old place was burdened with a mortgage, and we felt that it would be best for us to do so. Aunt Phœbe would have shuddered at the very thought of taking borders five years ago; but since Uncle Ralph had died things were very different with us.

Mr. Lawrence Randolph, the invalid, kept his own room almost entirely, but the other Mr. Randolph, was everywhere; a handsome, merry young gentleman, and Aunt Phœbe thought there never was his equal in the world—so frank, so genial, so entertaining; but I disliked him from the very first.

One day, soon after his arrival, I overheard a fragment of a very entertaining conversation between him and his brother. The two came sauntering through the long barn while I was seated in my favorite nook on the hay, with a book, quite hidden from sight. It was the pleasantest place imaginable, that old barn where the swallows were whirling about in the sunshine, and the wind blew so fragrantly through the wide open doors, and I spent a great deal of time there, feeling so delightfully apart from everybody and everything, save my own pleasant thoughts, hidden in the soft, fragrant hay. I was aroused by hearing my own name spoken by Mr. Lawrence, distinguishing that from the rest of the sentence which I could not hear. Then Mr. George Randolph's laugh rang out merrily; and as they came opposite my perch, I heard him say:

"Imagine my falling seriously in love with a little country girl with auburn hair! I should have given you credit for more sense than that. She is very amusing, to be sure—pretty, fresh, and original. I shouldn't object to a nice little flirtation with her at all; but—"

And here they passed through the door, and I heard no more.

My cheeks fairly burned with indignation. What right had Mr. Randolph to speak of me in that way? Who expected him to fall in love with me?

"Amusing, indeed!" I thought, "Perhaps it would avail you very little, sir, if you were to fall seriously in love with me. I'd as soon think of marrying the man in the moon. Well let's see you enjoying your nice little flirtation!"

A city belle, under like circumstances would have forthwith laid subtle snares to entrap the heart of her unwilling victim, and, succeeding, would have cast it away with the most ineffable scorn, thereby achieving a most satisfactory revenge. But I was a little fool, simple, and unsophisticate. I tried to be stately to Mr, Randolph, but felt that I was making myself ridiculous, and it seemed to amuse him exceeding. Then I grew carelessly indifferent; I avoided him as much as possible without seeming to avoid him; and when we were thrown together I talked and laughed with him as naturally as possible. In those old days he was much more endurable than now. Now he was often moody and cross, and in his gayer humors he seemed only delighted to tease, and the angrier I grew the more pleased he grew.

One rainy day he had been reading to Aunt Phœbe and me in the sitting room from a volume of poems, and something that he read led to the unfortunate subject of love. Aunt Phœbe, who was a maiden lady, was slow to speak of it, but Mr. Randolph persisted.

"What do you think of it, Miss Nannie?" he asked suddenly.

Whatever evil influence sent up that burning flush to my cheek, I do do not know, but I felt myself blush deeper and deeper, and there were tears in my eyes; and filled with confusion at the thought that I was blushing so needlessly and foolishly, I could not speak for a moment, but at last I managed to stammer out—that I did not know.

What would Mr. Randolph think of me? And stealing a sly glance upward I met his eyes, which were fixed upon my face with a most singular expression, half-amused, half-serious. I expected a merry peal of laughter, but it did not come; and still I grew more and more confused, and pushed my needle through my finger instead of the cloth I was sewing; and glad of an excuse, I jumped up and ran away to wash the blood off for my work was dotted with little red marks. I did not choose to encounter Mr. Randolph's eyes for the remainder of that day. I wondered if Aunt Phœbe noticed my confusion. She must have done so, I thought, for she was possessed of very sharp eyes, but she did not speak of it.

Mr. Randolph very feelingly inquired after my wounded finger the next morning. I was sure at the time that I should hear of it again. Truly he was a most vexatious person; it was impossible for me to act myself in his presence.

In the evening I went out for a long walk by myself. It was almost dark when I reached home again; and at the gate I met Mr. Randolph with a great nosegay in his hand. Thrusting it upon me that moment, and without saying a word, he ran up-stairs.

"He is doubtless offended," I thought.

In a few minutes his step was on the stairs again, and I heard him tell his brother that he was going to the postoffice, which was half a mile distant in the town.

I entered the dim, unlighted parlor; and opening my old piano, I sat down to it with a sense of relief. I could play anything without being listened to or laughed at, now Mr. Randolph was away. It was a quaint, old-fashioned instrument, and had a pathetic, sorrowful tone, like the tremulous quiver in an old person's voice, which did not chime well with airy polkas, and tinkling waltzes, or gay, light-hearted songs, but was delightful in old airs like "Bonny Doon," "Robin Adair," "Highland Mary," "Auld Robin Gray," and a hundred other old things all "love and grief and sorrow," which I found in my mother's old music books.

Those containing the tenderest of love, and the bitterest of the sorrow, had always been my favorite; and I sang them with the most dolorous expression. I wailed out "Highland Mary" with broken-hearted emphasis. How Mr. Randolph would have laughed if he could have heard it! Then I took up "Banks of Allan water" in the same strain, and was just in the midst of a new melody, which I had caught somewhere, when I heard a step behind me, and, rising suddenly, I encountered Mr. Randolph.

"'The summer, it said, 'it will not stay,
And love will be left behind—'"

I had just been singing.

"Oh, I hope it will not be so in our case, Miss Nannie," he said.

"Hope that what will not be so?" asked I, confusedly.

"Why, you were singing that love will be left behind."

I tried to escape from the room, but he detained me.

"Nannie," said he, "I have received letters which call me immediately home, and I must speak to you before I go."

And so I stood and listened, wonderingly tearing the leaves which reached in at the open window with my nervous hands. I could never remember how he said it, or what I said in reply; but he asked me in some way to become his wife. If I had been a sensible woman, I should have told a hundred fibs in a breath, and sent him away with the bitterest scorn, to repent in sackcloth and ashes ever afterwards. But I was not; I was only exceeding foolish at the time. Of course I reminded him of his old speech in the barn, about a certain "little country girl with auburn hair;" but in spite o all, before we separated the next day, I unreservedly promised to become Mrs. Randolph.

And had I not surmised before this day that what I had felt for Mr. Randolph was love mistaken for hate?

ABOUT BEDS.—In France there are no feather beds—only mattresses, very soft and elastic, of carded wool; but the objection to them is that they are hot to sleep upon in warm weather. In England, among the middle and lower classes, feather beds constantly are the rule. A working man or a servant, when he is "about to marry," considers a feather bed one of the grand articles of furniture to be provided; and though, when the expenses increase, and poverty comes, it is pretty sure to be sent to the pawnbroker's, still it is the last thing to go—the bedstead generally is sent before the feather bed, and the family repose on the floor. Among the higher classes, feather beds are now disappearing fast; medical authority pronounces them unwholesome for children; and children are cared for sufficiently to insure that their beds should be what are most suitable. As these children grow up they keep to the habits of their childhood; and when their new houses and establishments are provided, feather beds are avoided.

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[*From testimony taken before the U. S. Commissioner of Patents, on the application for the extension of the patent for the Grover & Baker Sewing Machine.*]

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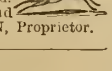

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The Essays are to be handed into the Librarian of the Institute on or before the FIRST DAY OF JUNE, 1868, and the award to be made by the Judges at the opening of the Industrial Exhibition, which is to be held in August or September following. The Essay should be divided into three heads, viz: Mineral, Agricultural and Industral Resources, with proper subdivisions of each subject. It should be sufficient in quantity to form a duodecimo (12mo) volume of from 250 to 300 pages long primer type solid.

Writers will sign their articles in cypher, and send their names and address in sealed envelopes, which will be kept in a secure place by the Institute, and only be opened when the award is made. The manuscripts of unsuccessful writers will be returned to them without publicity.

The Committee of Judges have the right to reject all Essays, in case they do not consider them worthy of publication or the premium. No further instructions than are contained in this advertisement will be given to the Committee, nor will they be subjected to any advice from the officers or members of the institute in regard to their proposed action. All manuscript submitted must be in clear, legible writing, so as to admit of easy reading.

The following named gentleman, who have been selected for their well-known ability public spirit and integrity of purpose, will compose the Committee of Judges:

Hon. FRED'K. F. LOW,	Maj.-Gen. H. W. HALLECK, U. S. A.,
Prof J. D. WHITNEY,	Prof. WM. B. EWER,
JAMES OTIS,	B. N. BUGBY.
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"Another o' Them Kings."—The filagship of our sqnadron, which lay last winter, a few days at Genoa, was visited by the King of Bavaria with his numerons and resplendent suite. The visitors were received with due style and speedily distributed themselves about the vessel, while the King himself sat below in the Captain's cabin. One of the gold-laced attendants stroled on deck and, to the astonishment of an old tar on watch, went up and leaned against the canvass ventilator which came up through the hatchway from the regions below. Before the sailor could say a word, that which the gold-lace man took to be a mast had yielded to his weight and let him ungently, down the hatchway. Jack was horrow struck, but dared not report the circnmstance to the officer on dedk for fear of consequences to himself, so he went on with his work. The next time he looked up, horror upon horror! it was to see the same thing repeated and another cocked hat and gold-laced coat disappeard abruptly by the same trap door of doom. This was too much; defying results and ignoring self, Jack went straight to the officer, and, as calmly as he conld, but with voice all tremulous, said, touching his cap: "Please sir—sorry sir—but sir—*'nother o, them Kings down the hatchway, sir!*"

A career of crime must come to a halt or halter.

If a horse says neigh when you offer him oats, he don't meau it.

IN THE PROBATE COURT OF THE CITY AND County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the Estate of OTTO W. BECKMAN, deceased.

Order to show cause why order of distribution should not be made.

On reading and filing the petition of J. W. Brumagim, the administrator of the estate of Otto W. Beckman deceased, setting forth that he has filed bis final account of his administration of the estate of said deceased, in this Court, and that the same has been duly settled and allowed; that all the debts and expenses of administration have been duly paid; and that a portion of said estate remains to bo divided among the heirs of said deceased, and praying among other things for an order of distribution of the residue of said estate among the persons entitled:

It is Ordered, that all persons interested in the estate of said Otto W. Beckman, decoased, he and appear before the Probate Court of the city and county of San Francisco, at the Court room of said Court, in the City Hall in said city and county, on MONDAY, the second day of September, Anno Domini 1867, at eleveu o'clock, A. M., then and thero to show cause why an order of distribution should not be made of the residue of said estate among the heirs of the said estate, according to law.

It is furthor Ordered, that a copy of this order be published for four successive weeks, before the said second day of September A. D. 1867, in The Californian, a newspaper printed and published in the said city and county.

M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

Dated August 1st, 1837 aug3-5t

IN THE PROBATE COURT of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the estate of LOUIS CHRISTIN, deceased.

Order to show cause why order of distrihution should not he made.

On reading and filing the petition of Charles Christin, Administrator of the estate of Louis Christin, deceased, setting forth that he has filed his final account of his administration of the estate of said deceased, in this Court, and that the same has been duly settled and allowed; that all the debts and expense of administration have been duly paid; and that a portion of said estate remains to he divided amoug the heirs of said deceased, and praying among other things for an order of distribu tion of the residue of said estate among the persons entitled:

It is ordered, that all persons interested in the Estate of the said Louis Christin, deceased, be and appear beforo the Probate Court of the City and County of San Francisco, at the Court-room of said Court, in the City Hall in said city and county, on MONDAY, the second day of September 1867, at eleven o'clock, A. M., then and there to show cause why an order of distrihution should not he made of the residue of said Estate among the beirs of the said deceased, according to law.

It is further ordered, That a copy of this order bo published for four successive weeks before the said 2d day of September A. D. 1857, in The Californian, a newspaper printed and published weekly, in the said city and county.

M. C. BLAKE, Prohate Judge.

Dated August 1st, 1867. aug3-5w

C. Temple Emmet, Esq., Atty for Administrator.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF BENJAMIN M. CLARK, deceased.—Notice is herehy given by the undersigned, Administratrix of the above named Estate of Benjamin M. Clark, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against said decensed, to exhibit the same with the necessary vouchers, within ten months from the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix, at No. 24 Exchange Building, northwest corner Washington and Montgomery streets, which is her place for the transaction of business, in the city and county of San Francisco.

Dated at San Francisco, August 1st, 1867.

aug3-5t DORCAS CLARK, Administratrix.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF FRANCOIS GRANDEAU, deceased. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the estate of FRANCOIS GRANDEAU, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator, at his office 520 Montgomery street, in the city and county of San Francisco.

Dated July 29th, 1867.

WILLIAM A. QUARLES,

Administrator of the estate of Francois Grandeau, deceased. aug3-5t

---

W. E. GOLDSMITH,

Practical Card and Seal Engraver,

AND PLATE PRINTER,

No. 505 Montgomery stree over Tucker's

UNION CANDIDATE

—FOR—

MAYOR,

THOMAS YOUNG.

(PRESENT COUNTY RECORDER.)

UNION CANDIDATE

—FOR—

DISTRICT ATTORNEY,

W. C. BURNETT.

UNION CANDIDATE

—FOR—

ASSEMBLYMAN,

H. T. GRAVES.

UNION CANDIDATE

—FOR—

ASSEMBLYMAN,

C. L. WIGGINS.

UNION CANDIDATE

—FOR—

CORONER,

DR. S. R. HARRIS.

REGULAR UNION TICKET

—FOR—

COUNTY RECORDER,

LOUIS COHN.

REGULAR UNION TICKET.

—FOR—

JUSTICE OF THE PEACE,

JOHN M. VERDENAL.

PRO BONO PUBLICO.

LACOUR'S

SARSAPARIPHERE

BITTERS

POSSESS INVALUABLE PROPERTIES.

They give Health to the Sick,

Strength to the Weak,

Joy to the Afflicted.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

AMERICAN HOTEL,

Main street. - Petaluma.

EMERSON & LAMBERTON Proprietors.

NATHANIEL GRAY & CO.,

UNDERTAKERS,

CITY AND COUNTY SEXTON,

641 Sacramento street, Corner of Webb

Sole agents for BARSTOW'S PATENT METALLIC BURIAL CASES and CASKETS.

G. GROEZINGER,

DEALER IN

Native California

RED AND WHITE WINES,

Brandies, Port, Sherry, Angelica, Etc.,

N. W. CORNER OF BATTERY AND PINE STREETS,

SAN FRANCISCO.

"OUR OPERA."

CAPT. JOHN H. MAY,

615 WASHINGTON STREET, 615,

SAN FRANCISCO,

Opposite Maguire's Opera House.

JOHN TAYLOR,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN

WINES AND LIQUORS.

NO. 16 THIRD STREET,

Between Market and Stevenson Streets., San Francisco.

MARTIN GROSTETTA,

LATE OF VIRGINIA CITY,

Would respectfully Inform his friends and the public tha he bas purchased the WELL-KNOWN SALOON previously occupied by THOS. DOYLE, 535 SACRAMENTO ST., above the What Cheer House. The best kind of Wines, Liquors and Cigars always on hand. Passengers' Stores carefully put up to order.

LUKIN'S

Wines and Liquors,

332 Montgomery Street,

SAN FRANCISCO.

AUSTIN KEELY. WM. HODGKINS.

Hodgkins & Keely's

UNION HALL EXCHANGE,

S. W. Corner Howard and Third Streets, San Francisco,

Dealers in fine Wines, Liquors and Cigars. Oysters, Clams, Chops and Steaks, cooked to order at all hours.

House open all night.

BROOKLYN HOTEL,

SAN FRANCISCO.

Elegant Brick Fireproof Hotel, on the

S. E. Corner of Pine and Sansome streets,

With all the modern conveniences attached to it.

Gas and water are supplied throughout the House. The Rooms are well ventilated, and the Public will find in this Hotel all the comforts of a home. The Hotel is spacious, and well adapted for the use of Families. Suits of Rooms can be had on reasonable terms.

A Large Reading Room is attached to the Hotel,

Containing 500 Volumes of Standard Works,

Which is entirely for the use of patrons.

THE CITY COACH, with the name of the Hotel on it, will he in readiness at the Wharf, on the arrival of each steamer, to convey passengers and haggage to the Hotel free of charge. JOHN KELLY, Jr., Proprietor.

NOTICE.

IN CONSEQUENCE OF THE VERY GREAT DEMAND FOR

CASSIN'S

Grape Brandy Bitters!!

we bave heen obliged to rent a LARGER BUILDING, and are now removing to Sullivan & Cashman's Block, No. 523 FRONT STREET, opposite our old establishment.

F. & P. J. CASSIN, 520 Front street.

If there is a Florence Sewing Machine within a thousand miles of San Francisco, that is not giving entire satisfaction, if I am informed of it, it will be attended to without express charge or expense of any kind to the owner. Samuel Hill, Agent, 111 Montgomery St., San Francisco.

THE CALIFORNIAN'S

SAN FRANCISCO BUSINESS DIRECTORY

ARCHITECTS.

Hoagland & Newsom, Sw. cor. Kearny and Sac.

BAKERIES.

Dempsey's Bakery, 127 Fourth street,

BOOTS AND SHOES.

Wentworth, Hobart & Co. (wholesale manufac.) 210 Pine

P. Kelly, Prize Boot Maker, 323 Bush, above Montg'y

BUTCHERS.

I. Guns, "New York Market," Fourth st, near Market.

J. P. Molt, "South Park Market," Third st., op. S. Park.

CIGARS AND TOBACCO.

G H. Behrens, 4 Kearny street, near Market.

CLOTHING.

S. O. A'exander, 126 Third, bet. Minna and Everett.

H M. Lockwood & Co., 624 Clay street.

J. R. Mead & Co., corner Montgomery and Bush streets

William Sherman, 412 Sansome, corner Commercial.

COAL OIL, LAMPS, ETC.

Dell, Cranna & Co. (wholesale) 513 Front street.

A. C. Dietz & Co., (wholesale,) 521 Front street.

COAL DEALERS.

L. Jaffe, Sutter, between Montgomery and Kearny.

CONFECTIONERS.

N. B. Booth & Co., 20 Kearny, near Market.

Baldwin & Lawlers, South Park Store, 418 Third st.

M. H. Garland, 828 Market street.

Warren Jones, (and Fruit Dealer,) 73 Fouuth street.

DENTISTS.

Dr. Blake, removed to 645 Clay street

N. T. Whitcomb, 205 Third, near Howard.

DRY GOODS.

Abrams & Markewitz, 34 Kearny street, near Post.

Buyer & Reich, S W corner Jackson and Stockton.

Irving, Landers & Co., No. 4 Third street.

Meagher, Taaffe & Co.. 9 Montgomery street.

H. Rothschild (Variety Store), 112 Third street.

FURNITURE.

Goodwin & Co., 510 and 528 Washington streets.

N. P. Cole & Co., 21 Sutter and 524 Market streets.

FRUIT STORES.

S. P. Jewell, 118 Fourth street, near Minna.

C. W. Mack, Produce Store, 247 Fourth street.

GROCERS.

McKee's Family store, 31 Kearny, near Post

Haskell & Co., Market and Sutter sts, below the Market.

HATTERS.

Lamott (wholesale and retail) 227 Montgomery street.

M. H. Quinn, 127 Fourth street.

HAY AND GRAIN.

J. B. Holmes & Co., 110 Market street.

HOTELS.

Brooklyn, John Kelly, Jr., Sansome, corner Pine.

Chicago, E. W. Heimburg & Co., 220 Pacific street.

William Tell House, 317 Bush street, above Montg'y.

HAIR DRESSING SALOONS.

Fred. Grote, No. 3 Fourth street.

HARDWARE AND CUTLERY.

J. S. Sesser, 135 Fourth st, bet. Mission and Howard

INSURANCE.

Manhattan, R. B. Swain & Co., Ag ts, 206 Front, cor Cal.

Firemens Fund Ins. Co., S.E. cor. Montg'y and Pine.

Occidental Ins. Co., S.W. cor. Montgom'y and California.

LADIES' BIJOUTERIE, CLOAKS, ETC.

Rosenblatt's, 123 and 125 Montgomery street.

LADIES' FURNISHING GOODS.

Thomas Colliuson, 160 Third, near Howard street.

Mrs. J. Egan, 32 Third street, near Market.

S. Summerfield, 20 Second street, and 116 Kearny.

LIVERY AND SALE STABLE.

White & Young, 211 Pine street.

LUMBER.

Armstrong, Sheldon & Co., cor. Mission and Spear sts.

MILITARY GOODS AND REGALIA.

T. Rodgers Johnson, Odd Fellow's Hall, 325 Montg'ry st.

NOTARY PUBLIC,

H. S. Tibbey, 604, Montgomery street.

MILLINERS.

Mrs. Keifer, 256 Third street.

PHOTOGRAPHIC GALLERIES.

H. Bush, corner Post, Market and Montgomery streets.

Hicks & Staring, 143 Fourth street.

New York, B. F. Howland proprietor, 25 Third street.

PIANOS, MUSIC, ETC.

M. Gray, 613 Clay street.

W. S. Pierce, removed to 534 Market, opposite Second

C. Weiderhold & Co., 685 Market near Third.

PHOTOGRAPHS, CUTLERY, SPECTACLES, ETC.

Lawrence & Houseworth, 317 and 319 Montgomery st

PLUMBERS AND GAS FITTERS.

Chas. Barman, 121 Fourth street, near Minna.

Freeman & Wrin, (and Stove Dealers), 342 Third st.

REAL ESTATE AGENTS.

Dunn & Sutherland, 320 Montgomery.

Geo. W. Chapin, 338 Montgomery.

John Pforr, 328 Montgomery.

RESTAURANTS.

Bivalve, Nolting & Spreen, 640 Market, near Kearny.

Ladies' Refresbment Saloon, Swain & Brown, 636 Market

Market, by Felix and Gustave Besson, 520 Merchant.

Helvetia, Johnjury & Bros., 524 Merchant street.

SALOONS.

Charter Oak, Frank Kelly, N.E. cor Third and Howard

Coates & Henderson, 37 Sutter street

Cleveland's Sample Rooms, 318 Bush, above Montg'y.

A. Farr, "Bourbon Saloon," Long Bridge.

J. Dillon, "Fourth St. Exchange," cor. Fifth and Mkt.

King & McCormick, "Rotunda," junction Market & O'Farrell streets.

Meyer & Quaid's Saloon, cor. Market and Fourth sts.

J. Siebe & Co., "Potrero Change," Long Bridge.

Russell & Holding's Exchange, 622 Market street.

SCALES.

Fairbanks & Hutchinson, Depot for Fairbanks' Scales 120 California street.

SEWING MACHINES.

Grover & Baker, R. G. Brown, 116 Montgomery.

The Florence, office 111 Montgomery street.

STOVES AND TIN WARE.

A. Swigort, corner Fifth and Folsom.

WATER-CURE INSTITUTE.

Dr Bourne's Pioneer, 10 Post, near Montgomery.

WAX FLORIST.

Mrs. M. E. Gerrish, 11 Post street.

NATURE UNVEILED,

AT THE

PACIFIC MUSEUM OF ANATOMY AND SCIENCE

Eureka Theatre Montgomery street,

Between California and Pine

REMARKABLE DISCOVERY.—A few days ago, while some workmen were excavating a cellar in Polk township, Monroe county, Ind., the workmen struck what at first appeared to be a solid ledge of rock, and, sitting down to rest, one of their number began idly to pick at an apparent fissure, when a block of stone, nearly two feet square, disappeared with a dull thump. The men set eagerly to work, and removing the bottom of the pit disclosed a chamber with a six-foot ceiling, and eighteen by twenty-five feet within the walls, which are of solid, neatly seamed stone work. Ranged in rows' on rudely constructed platforms were twelve skeletons, each with tomahawk and arrow-heads at their sides, ear-rings and bracelets of solid silver lying where they dropped, and piles of what appeared to have been furs, in the center of the platform, each pile crumbling to dust as soon as exposed to the light. A number of tools, made of copper, and hardened equal to the best cast-steel, were also unearthed, and fresh discoveries are constantly being made.

While trudging along one day, all alone, a soldier met a Methodist circuit rider and at once recognized him as such, but affected ignorance of it.

Preacher—What command do you belong to?

Soldier—I belong to the—th Texas regiment, Van Dorn's army. What army do you belong to?

Preacher (very solemnly)—I belong to the army of the Lord!

Soldier—My friend you've got a very long way from headquarters!

Little girls believe in the man in the moon—big girls believe in a man in the honeymoon.

Few of our ladies have traveled extensively, but nearly all of them have taken tea in China.

It is proposed to make the Brokers' Board a round table, so that nobody need get cornered.

THE CALIFORNIA

Building and Savings Bank,

CALIFORNIA ST., ONE DOOR FROM SANSOME.

Capital and Deposits, - - - - $1,000,000

WHICH IS LOANED ON PROPERTY.

LOANS MADE on CITY REAL ESTATE HOUSES, SHIPS, FACTORIES AND MERCHANDISE.

Deposits received at full interest per month.
Last Dividend paid—one per cent. per month.
Money transmitted from the interior, by Express or Mail, passed to interest from the day of arrival, and a Certificate returned in course of post.
Strangers may deposit Bonds, Gold Dust, Coin, or Valuable Papers in the Vault, for long or short periods, at a small rent, for which valuables the Company will be accountable. THOMAS MOONEY, President.

Tyler Brothers,

691 Market st., cor. Third, SAN FRANCISCO,

Importers, Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
SCHOOL BOOKS,
STATIONERY,
PHOTOGRAPH ALBUMS,
BLANK BOOKS,
PORTFOLIOS,
JUVENILE BOOKS,
CHILDREN'S PICTURE BOOKS,
FANCY ARTICLES, Etc.

ESPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO
LADIES' STATIONERY,
Which we Stamp with Initials
WITHOUT EXTRA CHARGE.
WEDDING AND VISITING CARDS
Engraved, Written or Printed.

TRY IT!
STANDARD SOAP CO.'S
WASHING POWDER.
It saves one-half the time and labor of ordinary Soaps. Does not injure the Clothing. Get a package and give it a trial. Sold by all Grocers.

DIRECTORY
—OF THE—
CALIFORNIA MARKET,

California and Pine Streets,

(Between Kearny and Montgomery Streets.)

BUTCHERS.

GEO. M. GARWOOD & CO.,
STALLS 17, 18 AND 19,
Pine Street Entrance.

GEO. J. HAXE,
STALLS 13 AND 14
Pine Street Entrance.

FRED'K. KATZ,
STALLS 97 AND 99,
Pine Street Entrance.

S. MILLER & CO.,
STALLS 94 AND 95, Pine Street Entrance,
and STALL 5, California Street Entrance

RICHARD O'NEIL,
STALLS 1 AND 2,
California Street Entrance.

E. M. O'BRIEN,
STALLS NO. 3 AND 4,
California Street Entrance.

JACOB WRAY,
STALLS 8 AND 9,
Corner Summer Street.

BUTTER, CHEESE, EGGS, ETC.

WM. A. BATEMAN,
(Also pure milk, cream, buttermilk, etc.)
STALL 64,
Pine Street Entrance.

BENWARE & MOODY,
STALL 63,
Pine Street Entrance.

BLACKBURN & HOFFMAN,
STALL 53,
Pine Street Entrance.

BRYANT & HATCH,
STALL 73,
California Street Entrance.

CASTOR & BAKER,
STALLS 47 AND 48,
California and Summer Street Entrances.

W. H. ELDRIDGE,
STALL 32,
California and Summer Street Entrances.

M. B. FRENCH & CO.,
(Successors to French & Hall.)
STALLS 23, 24 AND 25,
Pine Street Entrance.

PETER GAUGHRAN,
STALLS 35 AND 36,
California Street Entrance.

HENDLY & CO.,
STALL 67,
Corner Summer Street.

LOENARD & CHALAS,
STALL 28,
Pine Street Side.

LYSETT & VIZNA.
STALL 52,
Pine Street Side.

SANDELIN & WENNER,
STALLS 44 AND 45,
California Pine Street Side.

JOSEPH ZAMMIT,
STALL 54,
Pine Street Entrance,

FRESH, SALT AND SMOKED FISH.

J. T. BORCHERS & H. GHRT,
STALL 91,
Pine Street Entrance.

GEO. HORTON & CO.,
STALL 89,
Pine Street Entrance.

TESMORE & MAYES,
STALLS 101 AND 102,
Pine Street Entrance.

HAMS, BACON, LARD, ETC.

AURADOU & BUNKER,
STALLS 74 AND 75,
California Street Entrance.

BURKHARD & KEONING,
STALL 66,
Pine Street Entrance.

GEO. CAMPTON,
STALL 62,
Pine Street Entrance.

OYSTERS, CLAMS AND SHELL FISH.

MORGAN & CO.,
STALL 87,
Pine Street Entrance.

WM. ROALFE,
STALLS 40, 41 AND 42,
California Street Entrance.

M. WINANT & CO.,
STALL 56,
Pine Street Entrance.

PRODUCE, FRUITS AND VEGETABLES.

O. W. AMES & CO.,
STALLS 50 AND 51,
Pine and Summer Street Entrances.

HALL & BRIGHAM,
STALLS 21, 22 AND 23,
Pine Street Entrance.

GEO. HOHENSCHILD,
STALLS 33 AND 34,
California Street Entrance.

POULTRY AND WILD GAME.

R. CARD & CO.,
STALLS 83, 84 AND 85,
Pine and Summer Streets Entrance.

HART & GOODMAN,
STALLS 76, 77 AND 78,
Pine Street Entrance.

ANDREW A. LOUDERBACK,
STALLS 103 AND 104,
Pine and Summer Street Entrances.

Joseph Catania & Co.,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
FRESH AND SALT
STALL NO. 48 FISH MARKET, Clay Commercial and Leidesdorff Streets.

A large supply of fresh fish always on hand. Shipping, Restaurants, Hotels and Families supplied at short notice, and on the most reasonable terms.
N. B.—Fish sent to any part of the city free.

STAPLETON'S
Refreshment Saloon,
ON CALIFORNIA STREET,
Adjoining the Market, San Francisco.

The very best Wines, Liquors and Cigars will always be found here.

PHILADELPHIA RESTAURANT.
MULLER & BERGOLD,
408 Pine Street,
Next door to the new California Market.

GRAND TRIAL
....OF....
SEWING MACHINES,

CONTEST BETWEEN THE
FLORENCE AND WILLCOX & GIBBS.

THE
WILLCOX & GIBBS
TRIUMPHANT!

At the Great UNION FAIR, held at Island Park, between Albany and Troy, in September, two Premiums were offered on Sewing Machines, one for the BEST and the other for the "Second Best"—competition being open to the State.

On the first day of the Fair, the Troy Agent of Florence Sewing Machine Company, having, jointly with the Albany Agent of the same Machine, entered it for competition, published in the Troy Daily Times a challenge to Agents of other Sewing Machines, to meet them at said Fair and compete with them for the Premium.

The challenge was accepted by the Troy and Albany Agents of the Willcox and Gibbs Machine.

Each party was to prepare and subject to the judges a "list" of the several "points of merit" on account of which "superiority" was claimed. These "points" were to be separately considered, thoroughly investigated and practically tested, by work done then and there, upon each of the machines; and then decided in favor of the machine which was adjudged to excel on that "point."

Finally it was agreed that the machine which, at the conclusion of the trial, should be found to have the greatest number of those "points" decided in its favor should be decided the "BEST SEWING MACHINE," and awarded the FIRST PREMIUM.

The result of the trial was, that the

WILLCOX & GIBBS WON THE VICTORY

and the prize, by the extraordinary superiority of thirty-five points, decided in its favor, against two points in favor of the Florence.

Full notes were taken of the trial.

It is a fact worthy of remark, that during the entire trial—which continued without intermission for nearly seven hours—not a stitch was missed, nor the thread once broken, nor a needle broken or bent, by the Willcox and Gibbs machine. No kind of work was attempted to be done on it that was not accompliseed, and done in a perfect and workmanlike manner; and no effort was made on it that was not entirely successful; while neither of these statements can be truly made in favor of the Florence.

This remarkable trial can not fail, through the facts developed by it, to be productive of important results. It has raised the veil and exposed to public view the true character of the opposition, who will no longer be able to deceive the public by misrepresenting the character and merits of the Willcox and Gibbs machine.

It is an improvement on double thread machines; and its "stitch," which was severely tested by the Judges, was decided to be much stronger and less liable to rip in use or wear than the "Lock Stitch."

It is the simplest in construction—does the greatest variety of work—makes no noise—is not liable to get out of order—costs the least money, and gives the best satisfaction.

Full reports of this trial sent free to any address.

Country Agents solicited.

SAMUEL SWIFT,
General Agent for the Pacific Coast,
203 Kearny Street,
San Francisco.

JUDY (a literary thorn in Mr. Punch's side) publishes the following Tom Hoodish ballad o "John Guinness, or the Railway Porter":—

JOHN GUINNESS was an Irishman,
About five foot or shorter;
He was stout of limb, and he was called
The little Dublin porter.
Now, John he loved Maria Brown,
And louged oft to he hy her;
"How happy would I be," said he,
"If I could wed Maria."

But when he tried to tell her so.
He found his spirit failed him;
Aud then he drank such lots of heer,
That people asked what ailed him?

It happ'd that, with her traps and trunk,
Once came Maria fair,
To travel hy the Duhlin line,
To get some chauge of air.

On her the porter fixed his eyes
(His heart was reut with pain),
Aud douhlin' up his courage, ran
And caught her hy the train.

She jumped inside, and screamed aloud,
"Begone! I care not for thee";
He stood heside the door and cried,
"Maria, I a-door thee!"

He heeded not the station-bell,
But got inside the carriage;
He hoped to ring a sweeter helle,—
His thoughts were all of marriage.

"Thou knowest," said he, "I love the well;
Why need I this repeat?
And, on my sole, I lay, to boot,
My fortuue at thy feet!

"Maria, love, thou art hy far
The sweetest lass that could be,
And, by the light of Lucifer,
O! what a match we should he!"

"O! John," she cried, "this is some trap
For me to tumhle in."
"By Jove!" cried he, "although't is rum,
I swear it is no gin;
"By thy dear sacred self, I swear,
There is no art in me,
Except the 'eart hencath this shirt,
That heats aud pants for thee."

"Thy words," quoth she, "are all iu vain;
Thou hast been far miscarried;
For, hy St. Bride, I'll speak the truth:
I'm married, John, I'm married!"

"O! cruel, false, and fickle maid,
By thee, a-lass! I'm undoue."
The train heside the platform stood,
And, lo! they were in Londou.

Great Reduction in Prices at Rosenblatt's PALACE OF FASHION, opposite Occidental Hotel. The large and elegant assortment of Velvet, Cloth and Silk Cloaks, Long and Square Broche Shawls, Real Lace Collars, Sleeves, Point Handkerchiefs, etc., are uow being sold at the following remarkable low rates:

Silk aud Cloth Cloaks.....Worth $15; sold for $10
Silk and Cloth Cloaks.....Worth $25 sold for $15
Broche Shawls.....Worth $50; sold for $25
Broche Shawls.....Worth $75; sold for $40
Lace Window Curtains.....Worth $20 a pair for $12
Real Chantilla Veils.....Worth $5 sold for $2 50
French Corsets, $1. All other goods in proportion.

S. ROSENBLATT,
123 and 125 Montgomery st, Opposite Occidental Hotel.

Fire Extinguisher.

THE GREATEST INVENTION OF THE AGE.

PUTS OUT FIRE INSTANTLY. Harmless to Health and Property. Always ready for instant use Soportable that it can be carried by man or boy without hindrance to active exertion. It is indispensible for public Buildings, hotels and private residences; for steam and sailing vessels it is as uecessary as a life-boat or a life-preserver.

It is endorsed by the Government, as likewise by the Chiefs of the Fire Departments of New York, Boston, etc., etc., etc.

Office of the United States Fire Extinguisher Company 304 Montgomary street.

EDWARD L. LEVEY
General Agents.

HENRY MAYERS,

Importer and Dealer in

WATCHES, SILVERWARE AND FINE JEWELERY.

205 Montgomery Street, Russ Block,

SAN FRANCISCO.

A Fine Assortment of Clocks. Watches carefully repaired by the most experienced workmen.

THE UNDERSIGNED WOULD RESPECTFULLY INform his frieuds and the public generally, that he has returned to this city from the Atlantic States, and has re-purchased his old interest in the carriago manufacturing business, at No. 717 Market street, from Mr. H. H. Black, aud all business will be conducted, as heretofore, under the old firm name of BLACK & MILLER, commencing from the 1st day of July 1867.

D. D. MILLER.

NOTICE.—I HAVE THIS DAY SOLD A ONE HALF interest in my business to my former partuer D. D. Miller, and in future the firm will be as formerly, viz: Black & Miller 717 Market street. H. M. BLACK.
July 1st, 1787.

D. GHIRARDELLI & CO.'S

Italian Manufactury,

415 and 417 JACKSON ST., SAN FRANCISCO,

Manufacturers and Dealers in

PLAIN, SWEET, CINNAMON AND VANILLA CHOCOLATES;
PREPARED COCOA, COCOA PASTE,
CRACKED COCOA, COCOA SHELLS, etc., etc.
PURE GROUND OLD JAVA COFFEE AND COSTA RICA COFFEE;
CHARTRES AND RIO COFFEE;
GREEN COFFEE OF EVERY QUALITY.

CHOICE WINES AND LIQUORS:

N. B.—Ghirardelli's Chocolate is manufactured by steam from Cocoa of the finest quality, imported direct. In excellence and delicacy of flavor, it is superior to any imported Chocolate.

ST. MARY'S COLLEGE,

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA.

THE FIFTH SESSION OF THE ABOVE INSTITUtion will commence on the THIRTEENTH OF JULY, 1867.

The cost of Tuition and Board for the Scholastic Year of from ten to eleven months will be only one hundred and seventy five dollars ($175), and twenty-five dollars ($25) for washing and mending of linen, etc.

No extra charges of any kind, except for Music and Drawing, which are five dollars ($5) a month each.

In cases of withdrawal (except for sickuess or parents leaving the country), the parties will forfeit a Quarter Session, or the remaining portion of the Half Term.

The Pension to be paid at least half-yearly in advance; also, such sum deposited as will be sufficient to pay the traveling expenses of each student to his place of residence, and other contingent expenses such as books, clothes, etc.

No student will be received without such deposit.

For further information, application can be made to
P. J. GREY, President.

OPPOSITION TO NEW YORK
VIA NICARAGUA,
THROUGH AHEAD OF THE MAIL!

Shortest and Only Healthy Route!

THE NORTH AMERICAN S. S. CO.'S STEAMER
MOSES TAYLOR,

Will sail for SAN JUAN DEL SUR, Nicaragua, from MISSION STREET WHARF, at 11 o'clock, A. M., on

MONDAY, - - - AUGUST 5th, 1867.

Connecting at Greytown with the magnificent Steamship NEVADA 3,000 tons, for NEW YORK.

No expense on the Isthmus—100 lbs. baggage free.

An experienced surgeon on board; medicine and attendance free.

As there is no Yellow Fever nor other epidemic in Nicaragua, passengers by this route will not be detained by Quarantine in New York.

For further information, apply to
I. W. RAYMOND, Agent,
Northwest corner Battery and Pine streets, up stairs.

J. LIPPMAN,

IMPORTER OF

WATCHES, DIAMONDS, FINE JEWELRY AND SILVERWARE,

NO. 203 MONTGOMERY STREET,

(Second door from Bush street,)

RUSS BLOCK.....SAN FRANCISCO.

Watches repaired with Particular Attention, and strictly warrantedfor one Year.

Peet & Son,

IMPORTERS AND MANUFACTURERS OF

SADDLERY AND HARNESS

No. 315 BATTERY STREET,

Nex Door to Commercial Street,

SAN FRANCISCO.

W. E. GOLDSMITH,

Practical Card and Seal Engraver.

AND PLATE PRINTER,

No. 505 Montgomery stree over Tucker's

AMERICAN HOTEL,
Main street. - - Petaluma.
EMERSON & LAMBERTON Proprietors.

REMOVAL. REMOVAL.

Larkins & Co.,

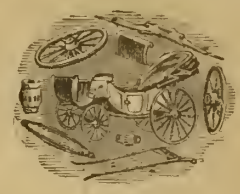
Manufacturers of every description of

CARRIAGES.

CONCORD WAGONS, Ranch Wagons and Buggies made to order. ☞ All kinds of Jobbing and Carriage Painting done at the shortest notice.

☞ New Manufactory Nos. 631 and 633 Howard street, corner of Hubbard, between Second and Third, San Francisco.

A. FOLSOM,



Carriage Manufacturer,

No. 531 CALIFORNIA STREET,

Between Montgomery and Kearny streets, San Francisco

EVERY DESCRIPTION OF CARRIAGES, EXPRESS Wagons, Buggies, etc, made to order, of the best materials and workmanship.

Repairing and General Blacksmithing done with promptness, and at prices to suit the times.

SAUL & McARRON,

Manufacturers of

STAGE AND THOROUGHBRACE WAGONS,

NO. 579 AND 581 MARKET STREET,

Near Second Street, San Francisco.

Makes to order all kinds of Carriage and Buggy Work, Express and Thoroughbrace Wagons and Stage Work.

A general assortment of new and second hand Wagous on hand. Jobbing done with neatness and dispatch.

Asphaltum Roofing.

PAVEMENTS, ROOFING,
CELLAR FLOORS, WATER HOUSES,

And all kinds of

Asphaltum Work,

Done at shortest notice, and at moderate prices, by
M. BONNET,
Office—Express Building (upstairs),
N. E. cor. Montgomery and California sts., San Francisco

NOTICE.

WE TAKE OCCASION TO INFORM OUR FRIENDS and customers that we have sold our entire stock in warehouse, also invoices to arrive to Messrs. N. COLE & CO., 312 and 314 Pine street. The whole forms a most complete and desirable assortment of FURNITURE, and well merits attention before purchasing elsewhere.

J. PIERCE & CO.

FURNITURE.

WE beg leave to call the attention of the public to our warerooms,

Nos. 312 and 314 Pine Street.

Having purchased the entire stock of Messrs. J. Pierce & Co., and in addition to our large invoice from our factory at the East, we are prepared to fill all orders promptly, both wholesale and retail, and call the attention of the public to our salesroom, as containing the most complete assortment of desirable goods on this coast.

N. P. COLE & CO.

BOWEN BROS.

GROCERS,
Tea and Wine Merchants,
S. E. cor. Montgo'ry and California,
San Francisco.

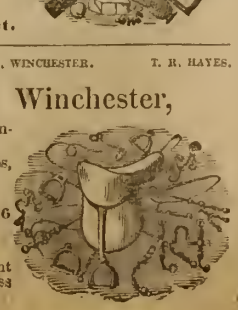
Wholesale Store,
204 Front Street.

C. MAIN. E. H. WINCHESTER. T. R. HAYES.

Main & Winchester,

Manufacturers and Importers of
Harness, Saddles, Bridles, Whips, Collars, Saddlery Ware, etc,
Nos. 214 and 216 Battery Street,
San Francisco.

N. B.—Good assortment Concord Stage Harness constantly on hand.



FIREMAN'S FUND

Insurance Company.

Office, S. W. cor. California and Sansome streets, San Francisco.

CAPITAL AND SURPLUS, JANUARY 1, 1867,

$680,000.

DIRECTORS.

D. J. Staples,	John O. Earl,
G. T. Lawton,	Alpheus Bull,
W. M. Hixon,	C. T. Forrest,
John Bartou,	W. B. Bonru,
W. H. Lyon,	Joseph Peirce,
Chas. Wolcott Brooks,	M. A. Braly,
I. B. Purdy,	David Dick,
A. Himmelmann,	A. Blackwood,
W. C. Ralston,	F. P McMahon,
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Lewis Sober,	R. J. Tobin,
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Irving H. Knowles,	E. V. Hathaway,
C. G. Allcarn,	J. H. Redington,
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James Pollock, Benicia.	
A. Block,	Fitel Phillips,
A. L. Tubbs,	C. Spreckles,
W. T. O'Brien,	J. B. Stetson,
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W. H. Paterson,	John Morton,
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Desirable Risks taken at LOW RATES.

The greatest amount taken on any one risk is $50,000. When the risks are considered too large, a portion will he re-insured in responsible Companies.

LOSSES PAID IN U. S. GOLD COIN!

J. D. STAPLES, President,
HENRY DUTTON, Vice-President.
CHAS. R. BOND, Secretary.

AYER'S

AGUE CURE,

FOR THE SPEEDY CURE OF

Intermittent Fever, or Fever and Ague, Remittent Fever, Dumb Ague, Periodical Headache, or Bilious Fevers, indeed for the whole Class of Diseases originating in Biliary Derangement, Caused by the Malaria of Miasmatic Countries.

No one remedy is louder called for by the necessities of the American people than a sure and safe cure for Fever and Ague. Such we are now enabled to offer, with a perfect certainty that it will eradicate the disease, and with assurance founded on proof, that no harm can arise from its use in any quantity.

That which protects from or prevents this disorder must be of immense service in the communities where it prevails. *Prevention* is better than cure, for the patient escapes the risk which he must run in violent attacks of this baleful distemper. This "Cure" expels the miasmic poison of Fever and Ague from the system, and prevents the development of the disease, if taken on the first approach of the premonitary symptoms. It is not only the best remedy ever yet discovered for this class of complaints, but also the cheapest. The large quantity we supply for a dollar brings it within reach of every body, and in the bilious districts, where Fever and Ague prevails, every body should have it and use it freely both for cure and prevention. A great superiority of this remedy over any other ever discovered for the speedy and certain cure of Intermittents is, that it contains in Quinine or mineral, consequently it produces no quinsmo or other injurious effects whatever upon the constitution. Those cured by it are left as healthy as if they had never had the disease.

Fever and Ague is not alone the consequence of the miasmatic poison. A great variety of disorders arise from its irritation, among which are Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Gout, Headache, Blindness, Toothache, Earache, Catarrh, Asthma, Palpitation, Painful Affection of the Spleen, Hysterics, Pain in the Bowels, Colic, Paralysis, and Derangement of the Stomach, all of which, when originating in this cause, put on the intermittent type, or become periodical. This "Cure" expels the poison from the blood, and consequently cures them all alike.

Prepared by DR. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, and sold by all Druggists, everywhere.

CRANE & BRIGHAM, San Francisco,
Wholesale Agents.

SAVINGS BANK.

THE FARMERS' AND MECHANICS' BANK OF SAVINGS,

ON SANSOME, CORNER CALIFORNIA STREET, will open for the receipt of deposits, and the transaction of business, JULY 1, 1867.

CAPITAL STOCK, - - - - - - $150,000.

Directors,

N. C FASSETT,	JAMES LAIDLEY,
H. DUTTON,	B. H. FREEMAN,
ISAAC E. DAVIS,	R. MORTON,
GEO. M. CONDEE,	SAMUEL L. PALMER,
G. H. WHEELER.	

N. C. FASSETT, President.
G. H. WHEELER, Cashier.

A. J. BRYANT & CO.,

IMPORTERS OF LIQUORS,

518 Front Street, San Francisco.

G. L. BRADLEY. THEO. G. COCKRILL.

Sole Agents for Pacific Coast,

—OF—

BLACKBURN'S CELEBRATED

B B B BOURBON WHISKEY,

Bowling Green, Kentucky.

Adams, Dentist, 423 Montgomery

MOYNIHAN & AITKIN,

Portland Boiler Works,

311 AND 313 MISSION STREET,

Between Beale and Fremont streets, San Fraocisco.

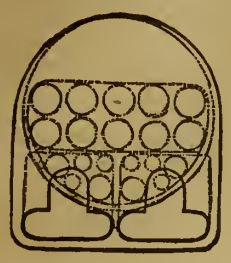
Maoufacturers of Steam Boilers, bigh or low pressure—Cylinder, Tubular or Flue; Sheet Iron Work; Steam and Water Pipe of the best quality, and at more reasonable prices than any other establisbment on the Pacific Coast.

Being Practical Boiler Makers, of long experieoce, confining our whole time and attention to our branch of business, and having enlarged our works, and also added the most improved tools in the country, we are enabled to turn out Boilers more expeditiously than any other establishment on the Pacific Coast—using nooe but the best quality and brands of Boiler and Sheet Iron and Boiler Tubes. Those in want of anything in the above line will do well to give us a call. Orders from the country will receive prompt atteotion.

All work warranted according to order. Particular attention paid to Repairing Steam Boilers.

T. J. MOYNIHAN, JAS. AITKEN, } Proprietors.

NEPTUNE IRON WORKS.



Corner Mission and Fremont streets, San Francisco.

MARINE, LOCOMOTIVE AND ALL KINDS OF

HIGH-PRESSURE STEAM BOILERS

Manufactured.

The proprietor imports bis own C. H. and B. Iron across the Isthmus, and Tubes of every size. Other parties can never blockade the market. He has made arrangements witb tbe best houses in the East to furnish him with everything in the shape of Iron be wants.

All Boilers guaranteed and tested by U. S. Boiler Inspector before they are sent out of the shop, at my expense. ☞ All kinds of Sheet Iron and Water Pipe, Coal Oil Stills, Wrought Iron Worms, etc., maoufactured to order. OLD BOILERS REPAIRED.

D. CAMERON.

SAN FRANCISCO

Foundry and Machine Works,

Northeast corner Fremoot and Mission streets,

Manufacturers of

MARINE AND STATIONARY ENGINES,

Quartz Machinery, Saw, Flour and Sugar Mills, Mining Pumps, Hoisting Gear, Agricultural Implements, etc.

ALSO,

Wine, Cider, Cotton and Tobacco Presses of tho latest Improved Patterns.

STEAM ENGINES AND BOILERS,

Of all sizes, coostantly on hand; Quartz Mill Shoes and Dies warranted to be made of tbe best white iron.

Dunbar's Improved Self-Adjusting Piston-Packiog, requires no springs or screws; is always steam-tight; without excessive friction, and oever gets slack or leaky.

MACHINERY, OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS,

Bought, sold, or exchangod. Bolt Cutting and Castings at the lowest market rates.

DEVOE, DINSMORE & CO.

PIONEER IRON SHUTTER WORKS.

Established 1849.

John Upstone,

MANUFACTURER OF FIRE-PROOF

Doors and Shutters,

Bank Vaults, Balconies, Gratings, Prison Cells, Awnings, Stairs, Iron Fence, etc.,

Corner of California and Drumm Streets,

SAN FRANCISCO.

Constantly on hand a largo assortment of second hand Fire-Proof Doors and Shutters.

Removal.

THEODORE KALLENBERG,

Machinist,

Has removed from No. 416 Market street, to No. 10 Stevenson street, next to tbe corner of First.

Maker of Models for Inventors, Drawing Instruments, Small Machines, Philosophical Instruments, Scales and Weights, all kiods of Brass and Iron Work.

REPAIRING PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

I. H. SMALL,

Machine Shop,

BUILDER OF

Steam Engines, Saw Mills, Mining Machinery,

Also, I. H. Small's Patent Boot Screwing Machine

Gears of all kinds Cut at Short Notice,

And at Greatly Reduced Prices.

Repairing of all kinds done with Promptness and Dispatch.

Corner of Market and Beale Streets,

SAN FRANCISCO

TO THE UNFORTUNATE.

NEW REMEDIES! NEW REMEDIES!

Dr. Gibbon's Dispensary.

ESTABLISAED IN 1854,
616 Kearney street, corner of Commercial, Sao Francisco.

For tho treatment of Sexnal and Seminal Diseases, snch as gonorrbœa, gleet, stricture, syphilis in all its forms, seminal weakness, impotency, &c. Skin Diseases, (of years' standing,) and Ulcerated legs, successfully treated.

HORRIBLE DISEASES.

How many thousaods of persons both male and female are there who are suffering out a miserable existence from the effects of secret indulgence, or from virus absorbed into the system. Look at their pallid, emaciated and disfigured faces, and their broken constitutions, disqualifying them for the happiness of marriage or the enjoyment of life. In this horrid situation thousands suffer until death closes the scene. Let parents, guardians and friends, attend to those who are suffering with any of these horrible, life-destroying maladies—see that they are cared for and cured before it be too late. Send them to Dr. Gibboo, a physician who has made private diseases bis especial study for years, aod who is certain to cure the most inveterate cases without mercury or any injurious drugs. It is important to those who are afflicted, to be careful of the many pretended Doctors who infest all cities, publishing their skill in curing all diseases in a few days, imposing upon the public by using the names of eminent physicians from Europe and other places. Be therefore careful and make strict inquiry, or you may fall into the hands of these charlatans.

Syphilis is syphilis the world over; so is small pox, consumptioo, and other diseases, to the contrary of what quacks may say.

SEMINAL WEAKNESS.

Seminal weakness the consequent of self abuse. This solitary vice, or depraved sexual indulgence, is practiced by the youth of both sexes to an almost unlimited extent, producing with unnering certainty the following train of morbid symptoms, unless combatted by scientific medical measnre; sallow countenances, dark spots under the eyes, pain in the bead, ringing in the ears, noise like the rustling of leaves and rattling of chariots, uneasines about the loins, weakness of the limbs, confused vision, blunt intellect, loss of confidence, diffidence in approaching strangers, a disliko to form new acquaintances, a disposition to shun society, loss of memory, bectic flushes, pimples and various eruptions about the face, furred tongue, fetid breath, coughs, consumption, night sweats, monomania, and frequent insanity. If relief be not obtained, should apply immediately, either in person or by letter, and have a cure effected by his new aod scientific mode of treating this complaint, which never fails of effecting a quick and radical cure. Dr. G. will give $100 to any person who will prove satisfactorily to him that he was cured by either of the San Francisco quacks.

Dr. Gibbon is responsible, and will give each patient a written instrument binding himself to effect a radical and permanent cure or make no charge.

Persons at a distance may be cured at bome by addressing a letter to Dr. Gibbon, stating case, symptoms, length of time the disease has continued, and have medicine promptly forwarded, free from damage and curiosity, to any part of the country, with full and plain directions for use, for ten dollars, sent in a registered letter, or through Wells, Fargo & Co.

Address DR. J. F. GIBBON, 616 Kearney street, corner of Commercial, Sao Francisco, Postoffice Box 252.

CAUTION TO THE UNFORTUNATE.

Beware of the San Francisco quacks and pretenders who with bogus sworn-to certificates, dupe the unwary. Some of the self styled doctors whose names are to be found in all the daily and weekly papers of Sau Francisco and other places, are tradesmen, and become too lazy to work at their trade. Some are tinsmiths, shoemakers, newspaper carriers, intelligence offices keepers, etc. Look over the San Francisco City Directory and you will find their former occupation in it. Look at the Directory for 1862-63. The only way to avoid impositioo is make inquiry—it will cost you nothing and may save you many regrets, for advertising physicians in eight cases out of ten are bogus, there is no safety in trusting any of them till you know who and what they are. Dr. Gibbon does not deceive people by exhibiting bogus titles, certificates, pretended patients' letters, etc. Dr. Gibbon Will satisfy persons who may call at his office of his ability to treat diseases that he proposes to cure.

☞ Persons writing to Dr. Gibbon will Please state the name of the paper they see his advertisement in.

IN THE PROBATE COURT of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the Estate of GEORGE ROBINSON, deceased.

Order to show cause why order of distribution should not be made.

On reading and filing the petition of Howard Chapman and Joseph Gordon, the Executors of the last will of George Robinson, deceased, setting forth that they have filed their final account of their administration of the estate of said deceased, in this Court, and that the same has been duly settled and allowed; that all the debts and expenses of administration have been duly paid; and that a portion of said estate remains to be divided among the devisees and legatees of said deceased, and praying among other things for an order of distribution of the residue of said estate among the persons entitled:

It is Ordered, that all persons interested in the estate of the said George Rohlosoo, deceased, be and appear before the Probate Court of the city and county of San Francisco, at the Court Room of said Court, in the City Hall, in said city and county, on MONDAY, the twenty-six day of August, A. D. 1867, at eleven o'clock, A. M., then and there to show cause why an order of distribution should not be made of the residue of said estate to the devisees and legatees of the said deceased, according to law:

It is further Ordered, that a copy of this order be published for four successive weeks, before the said twenty-six day of August A. D. 1867, in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published in the said city and county.

M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

Dated July 25th, A. D. 1867.

OFFICE OF THE COUNTY CLERK, OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO } ss.

I, Wm. Loewy, County Clerk of the City and County of San Francisco, and ex-officio Clerk of the Probate Court thereof, do hereby certify the foregoing to be a full, true and correct copy of an order duly made and entered upon the minutes of said Court.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court, this 26th day of July, A. D. 1867.

[Seal and Int. Rev. stamp 50 cts., canceled.]

WM. LOEWY, Clerk.

By A. J. JEGHERS, Deputy Clerk.

D. P. BARSTOW, Esq., Att'y for Petitionor. jy27-5t

WANTED AGENTS.—$250 per month THE YEAR ROUND, OR 900 PER CENT PROFIT ON COMMISSION. We *guaranty* the above salary or commission to active industrious agents at their own homes, to introduce an article of *indispensable utility* in every household. For full particulars call on, or address

G. W. JACKSON & CO., 11 South St., Baltimore, Md

IN THE PROBATE COURT of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the estate of JOHN BARKER, deceased.

In reading and filing the petitioo of Grace Barker, Admioistratrix, of the estate of John Barker, deceased, showiog that her final account of her administration has been duly filed, allowed, confirmed, and setled; and praying for an order of distribution of the residue of said estate among the persons by law entitled thereto, to wit, to said petioner.

It is ordered, that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased, be and appear before this Probate Court, at the Court Room thereof, in the City Hall, in said City and County, on TUESDAY, the 13th day of August, A. D., 1867, at 11 o'clock, A. M., of that day, then and there to show cause, if any they have, why an order of distribution should not be made of the residue of said estate, according to law.

It is further ordered, that a copy of this order be published at least four successive weeks before said 13th day of August, A. D. 1867, in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published in said city and county.

M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

Dated July 3d, A. D. 1867.

Office of the County Clerk of the City and County of San Francisco.—I, Wm. Loewy, County Clerk of the city and county of San Francisco, and ex-officio Clerk of the Probate Court thereof, do hereby certify the foregoing to be a full, true and correct copy of an order duly made and entered upon the minutes of the said Court.

Witness my hand, and the seal of said Court, this 5th day of July, A. D. 1867.

[SEAL AND STAMP] WM. LOEWY, Clerk.

jy6 5t By A. J. JEGHERS, Deputy Clerk.

J. B. TOWNSENO, Esq., Attorney for petitioner.

CALIFORNIA Steam Navigation Company.

STEAMER CAPITAL.....CAPT. E. A. POOLE.
" CHRYSOPOLIS. CAPT. A. FOSTER.
" YOSEMITE.....
" CORNELIA.....CAPT. W. BROMLEY.
" JULIA.....CAPT. E. CONCKLIN

One of the above steamers leave BROADWAY WHARF, at 4 o'clock P. M., *EVERY DAY*, (Sundays excepted,) for Sacramento and one for Stockton, the Sacramento steamer connecting with light-draft steamers for Marysville, Colusa, Chico and Red Bluff.

Office of the Company, northeast corner of Froot and Jackson streets.

B. M. HARTSHORNE, President.

CALIFORNIA BRASS FOUNDRY,

No. 125 First street, opposite Minna,

SAN FRANCISCO

All kinds of Brass, Composition, Zinc, and Babbitt Meta Castings, furnished at the shortest notice. Brass Ship-Work o all kinds, Spikes, Sheathing Nails, Rudder Braces, Hinges, etc., constantly on band and made to order. Also, manufacture Ship and Steamboat Bells and Gongs of superior tone.

All kinds of Steam, Liquor, Water, Oil, and Flaoge Cocks and Valves made and repaired.

Hydraulic Pipes and Nozzles, and Hose Couplings and Connections of all sizes and patterns, furnished with dispatch. *PRICES MODERATE.*

V. KINGWELL. JOS. H. WEED, SAM'L WHITE.

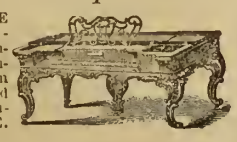
Chickering & Sons' Pianos

RECEIVED THE

FIRST PREMIUM,

(GOLD MEDAL,)

At the Paris Exposition.



FURTHERMORE, THE Improvements, Workmanship, and General Superiority of those instruments over all others on exhibition, was so marked and important, the Emperor created Mr. T. E. CHICKERING

KNIGHT OF THE LEGION OF HONOR.

KOHLER, CHASE & CO.,
421 Montgomery street.

George P. Kimball & Co.,

MANUFACTURERS

....OF....

CARRIAGES, BUGGIES, STAGE AND THOROUGH BRACE WAGONS,

Market street, near corner of Fourth, San Francisco.

WM. O. BREYFOGLE.

(Successor to WARE & MOSHER,)

NO. 26 CALIFORNIA STREET,

Maoufacturer and Dealer in

SASH, DOORS, BLINDS & SHUTTERS,

From Kiln-Dried Lumber—at the Lowest Rates.

Orders from the country will receive prompt atteution

CORNS!

DR. V. POPPER,

Surgeon Chiropedist

No 20 Montgomery street, between Post and Sutter, San Francisco. Office hours from 9 A. M to 5 P. M.

Offers his services to the public as an Operator on such excrescences as hard and soft corns, enlarged joints, club nails, bunions, nails penetrating the flesh, warts, etc.

WONDERS OF WONDERS!

TO BE SEEN ONLY AT THE

Pacific Museum of Anatomy and Science,

Eureka Theatre, Montgomery street, between California and Pine.

BABBITTONIAN,

OR SELF-TEACHING

PENMANSHIP

The System of Babbitonian Penmanship is pre-eminently self-instructing. With its ample explanations of right and wrong forms—its sixty wood cuts—its plain intelligent rules, one may sit down by his own fireside and become a finer Penman than he could at much greater cost in the usual way with a living teacher.

There is a great demand for fine Penmen in the commercial world, and this system, at a trifling expense, imparts a skilful command of the Pen, worth hundreds of dollars to the fortunate possessor.

Penmanship is an indispensable accomplishment to Ladies, and this system is elaborate in a series of elegant copies in the Ladies' Style.

Business men have sometimes lost thousands of dollars from ignorance in regard to Business forms, and there is furnished in a set, without additional charge, a fine variety of Business Forms and Abbreviations. To sum up the Excellencies of this System, it is—

1—Scientific in its Arrangement of Principles;
2—Artistic in its Movements and Flourishes;
3—Practical in its Combinations and Applications;
4—Stylish in its neat and chaste Gracefulness;
5—Superior for Legibility, Rapidity and Beauty;
6—Most Disciplinary for fingers, Arms and Muscles.
7—Unexcelled for Comprehensiveness and Simplicity.
8—Complete and Self-Teaching for Private Learners;
9—Time, Labor and Expense Saving for Pupils and Teachers.

The Babbitonian Penmanship

Is published on durable card-board slips, ninety-two copies illustrated, put in a neat package with a Chart, the whole complete at the low price of $1 50.

Babbittonian Pens.

One reason why the country is flooded with poor Pens is that they are generally made by mechanics, rather than by artistic and experienced Penmen, the only parties really understanding the requirements of a good article.

The Babbittonian Pens,

Made in the most finished style, by skilful artisans, after models prepared according to the combined wisdom and experience of several amateurs and old Professors of Penmanship, are admirably adapted to meet the public wants.

The Babbittonian Ladies' Pen,

Is one of the most exquisite little instruments for delicate writing ever constructed.

The Babbittonian Extra Fine Pen,

Is pronounced by a large number of Penmen to be more free, more durable, and more varied in capacity for either fine or coarse strokes than any foreign Pen whatever. Suitable for elegant writing, it is a great favorite with the ladies and gentlemen.

The Babbittonian Business Pen,

Having great freedom and variety of movement, is unequaled for general business or school purposes. Somewhat coarser than the Extra Fine, it wears longer and moves more easily on paper.

☞ This Pen is now in use in the large counting-houses and banks in this city.

WARREN HOLT, General Agent,
305 Montgomery Street, San Francisco.

A RARE GEM OF ART.

"The Lord's Prayer,"

A pen drawing, by Mr. D. F. Brown, is one of the most remarkable works of art ever exhibited in this country. By patient labor he has succeeded in producing a design which for skill and beauty of execution, exquisite softness and delicacy of finish, and general merit, it would seem scarcely possible to surpass. The central figure—the face of our savior—is one of marvelous power and beauty. This and the faces of the Twelve Apostles, forming the border of the piece, are faithful copies from Leonardo da Vinci's famous painting of the

LAST SUPPER,

Re-producing, with the softest and most perfect shadings, the conceptions and characteristic expressions of the originals. Within this enclosure the words of the Lord's Prayer, in ornamental letters of various original designs and exquisite finish, are an interesting study of art in themselves; while appropriately distributed among these, miniture groups and scenes of marked events of Savior's life, copied from the great masters—five of them from Raphel's celebrated designs—form a harmonious completion of this unique, beautiful and truly wonderful work. The faces of

OUR LORD AND HIS APOSTLES.

Alone, so finely copied, would be a treasure to any house, and worth the full price of subscription.

W. HOLT, General Agent,
305 Montgomery street.

Newly Opened.

McKee's

NEW GROCERY AND FAMILY FURNISHING

Store,

No. 31 KEARNY STREET,

Third Door South of Post Street,

NOW RECEIVING ORDERS FOR GROCERIES, PROvisions. Table Luxuries, and all Housekeeping articles of the best quality at low prices.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

ESTATE OF JULIUS KINCHELOE, DECEASED

NOTICE is hereby given by the undersigned administrator of the estate of JULIUS KINCHELOE, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them, with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice, to the said administrator, at his office, No. 4 Odd Fellows Hall, 323 Montgomery street, in the city and county of San Francisco.

jy27-5t] WASHINGTON BARTLETT, Administrator.

BOWMAN & CO., Dealers in Stoves and Tin Ware, Main Street, Petaluma

MAGUIRE'S OPERA HOUSE.

THOMAS MAGUIRE,.....Sole Proprietor
CARR. TIBBETTS,.....Business Manager
C. L. GRAVES,.....Stage Manager
WM. STEVENSON,.....Treasurer

Engagement of

EDWIN ADAMS!

SUPPORTED BY

THE STAR DRAMATIC COMPANY

Edwin Adams' Matinee to day,

OURS.

This Evening, August 10,

OURS.

Monday Evening,

WILD OATS.

PRICES OF ADMISSION:

Dress Circle.....$1 00 | Orchestra.....$1 00
Parquette..... 50 | Upper Circle..... 25

MAGUIRE'S ACADEMY OF MUSIC

THOMAS MAGUIRE.....Sole Proprietor
CHARLES TIBBETTS.....Business Manager

SATURDAY EVENING, AUGUST 10,
The Grand Opera,
L'Africaine.

Conductor.....MR. GEO. T. EVANS,

MONDAY AND TUESDAY EVENINGS,
"L'AFRICAINE,"

NOTICE—Cars will leave the corner of Pine and Sansoms streets for North Beach, and the corner of Pine and Montgomery for South Park, every evening, at the close of the Opera.

METROPOLITAN THEATRE.

Directress.....MISS EMMA HOWSON
Lessee and Manager.....MR. FRANK HOWSON

MR. JAMES H. VINSON,
MR. AND MRS. HARRY JACKSON,
THE HOWSON TROUPE,
MRS. C. R. SAUNDERS.
HENRI HERBERTE,

SUPPORTED BY

AN EXCELLENT STOCK COMPANY.

SATURDAY MATINEE, AUGUST 10,
THE OLD GUARD,
AND
ILL TREATED TROVATORE.

This Evening,
LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET.

Tuesday Evening,
BENEFIT OF MRS. HARRY JACLSON.

PRICES OF ADMISSION.

Dress Circle and Orchestra Seats.....One Dollar
Parquet.....50 cts | Gallery.....25 cts
No Extra Charge for Reserved Seats.
Doors open at 7 o'clock; to commence at 8.

THE CITY GARDENS,

CORNER OF TWELFTH AND FOLSOM STREETS,
Now Open to the Public!

☞ The Folsom St. Cars run every five minutes.
☞ The Howard St. Cars run within in one block.

Constant additions will be made to the collection of ANIMALS, BIRDS and FISH.

The Grounds are being more highly ornamanted and new and healthful Games and Amusements introduced especially for Ladies and Children, free of charge.

GRAND INSTRUMENTAL CONCERT
—ON—
SATURDAY AFTERNOON.

A Grand Concert of Sacred Music,
Adapted to the day, by efficient performers,
EVERY SUNDAY.

Admission, 25 cents, Children, half-price.

THE CENTRAL PARK OF THE PACIFIC.

WOODWARD'S GARDENS,

Art Gallery,
Museum, Gymnasium
.....AND.....
ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

THESE BEAUTIFUL GARDENS ARE VISITED DAILY by hundreds of the pleasure seeking public, and all agree in pronouncing them the best and only first class auhurhan resort on the Pacific coast.

The extensive grounds are covered with the rarest trees and shrubbery, making it a most desirable apot for small parties wishing to enjoy a Pic-Nic.

New attractions are being constantly added.

Thess Gardens are accessible hy the Howard, Market and Folsom street cars. Entrances on Mission and Valsncia streets, between Thirteenth and Fourteenth. OPEN EVERY DAY.

Admission 25 cents; Children under 12 years, half price.

MAGUIRE'S OPERA HOUSE.

Benefit of John McCullough,

TENDERED BY

EDWIN ADAMS,

Friday Evening, August 16th, 1867.

On which occasion will be performed

DAMON AND PYTHIAS,

and the Comedy of the

HONEYMOON.

Mr. Adams and Mr. McCullough in both pieces.

Golden Era and Sunday Mercury copy.

NEW FALL DRY-GOODS!

MEAGHER, TAAFFE & CO.,

Are daily receiving Large Invoices of

Rich Silks, Poplins,
Oottoman and Empress Cloths,
Merinos, Prints, Laces,
Cloaks, Shawls,
Mantillas, etc.

....ALSO....

HOUSEKEEPING AND FAMILY DRY GOODS

of every description.

All of which they are offering

AT GREAT BARGAINS.

MEAGHER, TAAFFE & CO.,

9 MONTGOMERY STREET,
Under Lick House.

PRIDE OF THE UNION
TOBACCO!

THIS IS TO CERTIFY THAT MESSRS. L & E. WERTHEIMER, of San Francisco, California, are the Sole Agents for the Sale of the celebrated

WM. GREANER & SON'S

"PRIDE OF THE UNION" BRAND

of quarter pounds Tobacco.

GREANER & WINNE.

Richmond, Va., June 1, 1857.

☞ The Above celebrated Tobacco is in store and for sale in lots to suit the trade.

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N. W. corner Front and Sacramento sts.

THE "GROTTO,"

JOHN DUNCAN, Proprietor.

530 Sacramento street, opposite What Cheer House,
FINE WINES, LIQUORS, ALES AND PORTER,
Wholesale and Retail.
Importer of Wise's Celebrated Irish Whisky.

TEUTONIA SALOON.

Corner of Montgomery and Summer streets.

HEIMBURG, SCHRODER & CO.,
PROPRIETORS.

The best kinds of WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS constantly on hand.
☞ Give us a call.

F. DIXEY,
Merchant Tailor,

625 WASHINGTON STREET.

Cloths, Cassimeres for Vestings, always on hand and made to order in the most
Fashionable Styles.
Satisfaction Gnaranteed.

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WATCHES, DIAMONDS, FINE JEWELRY AND SILVERWARE,

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(Second door from Bush street,)
RUSS BLOCK.....SAN FRANCISCO.

Watches repaired with Particular Attentiou, and strictly warrantedfor one Year.

Peet & Son,

IMPORTERS AND MANUFACTURERS OF

SADDLERY AND HARNESS

No. 315 BATTERY STREET,
Nex Door to Commercial Street,
SAN FRANCISCO,

ELECTION PROCLAMATION,

FOR THE MUNICIPAL ELECTION.

PUBLIC NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT THE Municipal Election in and for the City and County of San Francisco, will be held on WEDNESDAY, September 4, 1867, and the qualified voters of said city and county are hereby called to meet in their respective wards for the purpose of electiog the following named officers at said election, to wit:

Mayor,
Sheriff,
County Clerk,
Recorder.
Treasurer,
Assessor,
District Attorney,
Superintendent of Common Schools,
Surveyor,
Harbor Master,
Coroner.

One Supervisor and one School Director in each of the following wards for a full term: Second, Fourth, Sixth, Eighth, Tenth and Twelfth Wards.

Also, one Supervisor for the Third Ward, for the unexpired term; one School Director for the Seventh Ward and one School Director for the Twelfth Ward for the unexpired term.

Also, five Justices of the Peace, to be elected by the city and county at large.

Witness my hand and the seal of the city and county of San Francisco, this seventh day of August, 1867.

[Seal.]
H. P. COON, Mayor.
Attest: CHAS. L. WIGGIN, Clerk.

HAMBURG, BREMEN,
Fire Insurance Company.

CAPITAL, - - - - $1,000,000

MORRIS SPEYER, Agent.

OFFICE—526 Washington Street, a few doors below Montgomery.....San Francisco.

Being no longer governed by the Tariff of the Board of Underwriters, this Company will effect Insurances at as LOW RATES as those of any other responsible Company.

PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.'S

STEAMSHIPS FOR

NEW YORK, JAPAN AND CHINA,

WILL BE DISPATCHED AS FOLLOWS:

Leave Brannan-street Wharf at 11 o'clock A. M. of the following dates, for PANAMA, connecting *via* Panama Railroad, with one of the Company's splendid steamers from ASPINWALL for NEW YORK.

On 10th, 18th, and 30th of each month that has 30 days.
On 10th, 19th, and 30th of each month that has 31 days.

When the 10th, 19th and 30th fall on Sunday, they will leave on Saturday preceding; when the 18th falls on Sunday, they will leave on Monday following.

Steamer leaving San Francisco on the 10th touches at Manzanillo. All touch at Acapulco.

Departure of 19th connects with French Transatlantic company's steamer for St. Nazaire, and English steamer for South America.

Departurs of 10th connects with English steamers or Southampton and South America, and P. R. R. Co.'s steamer for Central America.

STEAMERS FOR AUGUST.

August 19th—SACRAMENTO. Capt. J. M. Cavalry, connectiug with HENRY CHAUNCEY, Capt. Gray.
August 30th—MONTANA, Capt. E. S. Farnsworth, connecting with ARIZONA, Capt. Maury.

Passengers will be berthed through. Baggage checked through—100 pounds allowed each adult.

Surgeon on board. Medicine and attendance free.

These steamers will positively leave at 11 o'clock. Passengers are requested to have their baggage on board before 10 o'clock.

Through tickets to Liverpool by the "Cunard," "Inman" and "National" Steamship Lines can be obtained of P. M. S. S. Co.'s office in San Francisco.

For Merchandise Freight apply to Wells, Fargo & Co.

The splendid steamship GREAT REPUBLIC will be dispatched on September 3d, and will be followed by the CHINA, on October 14th, from wharf, corner of First and Brannan streets, for YOKOHAMA and HONGKONG; connecting at Yokohama with the steamer COSTA RICA, for SHANGHAI.

For Passage and all other information, apply at Pacific Mail Steamship company's office, corner of Sacramento and Leidesdorff streets.

OLIVER ELDRIDGE, Agent.

OPPOSITION TO NEW YORK

VIA NICARAGUA,

THROUGH AHEAD OF THE MAIL!

Shortest and Only Healthy Route!

THE NORTH AMERICAN S. S. CO.'S STEAMER

AMERICA,

Will sail for SAN JUAN DEL SUR, Nicaragua, from MISSION STREET WHARF, at 12 o'clock, M., on

SATURDAY, - - AUGUST 24th, 1867.

Connecting at Greytown with the magnificent Steamship SANTIAGO, 3,000 tons, for NEW YORK.

No expense on the Isthmus—100 lbs. baggage free.
Surgeon on board; medicine and attendance free.

As there is no Yellow Fever nor other epidemic in Nicaragua, passengers hy this route will not be detained by Quarantine in New York.

For further information, apply to
I. W. RAYMOND, Agent,
Northwest corner Battery and Pine streets, up stairs.

C. ROBERTS,

CARRIAGE AND WAGON MAKER,

HORSE SHOEING AND JOBBING

PROMPTLY EXECUTED.

Fourth Street, between Howard and Folsom, San Francisco.

All styles of Carriages, Wagons and Carts made to order, and Repaired,

IN THE PROBATE COURT of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the Guardianship of the person and estate of WILLIAM CHARLES HOLLINSEAD, Minor.

On reading and filing the petition of Jeremiah V. Hollinshead, Guardian on the person and Estate of William Charles Hollinsead, Minor, praying for an order of sale of the real estate therein described, and it appearing to this Court that said lot constitutes the entire estate of the said Minor, and that there is no personal estate, or money with which to provide for the maintenance and education of the said Minor, or to pay taxes and street assessments levied upon said real estate hereafter, and that it is for the best interest of the estate of the said Minor, that the said real estate should be sold.

It is ordered, That all persons interested in the said estate appear before this Court, at the Courtroom thereof, at the City Hall, in the City and County of San Francisco, on Monday, the 9th day of September, A. D., 1867, to show cause, if any they have, why an order should not be granted to said Jeremiah V. Hollinsead to sell the interest of the said Minor in the said real estate described in the petition, at private sale for the purpose of the maintenance and education of the said Minor.

And it is further ordered, that a copy of the foregoing order be published once a week for four weeks, in the CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper published in the city and county aforesaid. M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

Dated August 9th, A. D. 1867.

State of California, City and County of San Francisco, ss.—I, Wm. Loewy, County Clerk of said City and County, and ex-officio Clerk of the Probate Court thereof, certify the foregoing to be a true copy of the original order on file and of record in my office.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Probate Court this 9th day of August, A. D., 1867.

Attest: WM. LOEWY, Clerk,
By A. J. JEGHERS, Deputy Clerk.
I. N. THORNE, Esq., Attorney for Petitioner. au 10 5t

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF JUSTUS D. MILLER, deceased.—Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administratrix of the estate of Justus D. Miller, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administratrix at her place of residence, No. 740, Mission street, in the City and County of San Francisco.

Dated at San Francisco, August 8th, A. D. 1867.
aug 10 5t ELIZA MILLER.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF CHRISTIAN ERICKSEN, deceased.—Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the Estate of Christian Ericksen, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator, at his office and place for the transaction of his business, No. 520 Montgomery street, in the City and County of San Francisco.

Dated August 6th, 1867.

WILLIAM A. QUARLES,
Administrator of the Estate of Christian Ericksen,
aug 10-5t deceased.

RE-OPENING

....OF THE....

Cosmopolitan Hotel Baths.

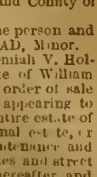
THE PUBLIC ARE INFORMED THAT THIS POPULAR Bathing Establishment has been refitted, Improved in many respects, and is now well provided with everything coudncive to the comfort and satisfaction of its patrons.

As before, nothing will be omitted in the manner of attendence and the measure of supplies needed in First-class Bathing Rooms.

JOHN COOK, Proprietor.

JOHN DANIEL,
Marble Works,

421 *PINE STREET,*



(Between Kearny and Montgomery.)

MANTELS, MONUMENTS, TOMBS, PLUMBERS' SLABS, ETC.,

On hand and manufactured to order.

Orders respectfully solicited.

Bradley & Rulofson's

MAGNIFICENT ESTABLISHMENT.

Has more room, larger lights, greater facilities, and

PRODUCES FINER PHOTOGRAPHS

Than any other in the City.

STERETT'S
STEAM
PRINTING HOUSE,
533
CLAY STREET.

Cards, Billheads Circulars, Books, Briefs, Transcripts, Posters, Bills of Fare Envelopes, Letter and Note Headings, Tickets, Pamphlets, and all Legal Papers printed at short notice, and upon reasonable terms.

Removal! Removal!

A. J. PLATE,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in

Guns, Rifles and Pistols.

—ALSO—

COLT'S AND DERINGER PISTOLS,

Powder, Shot, Lead, Caps, and Gun Trimmings, etc., etc.

—HAS REMOVED TO—

NO. 510 SACRAMENTO STREET,

Between Sansome and Leidesdorff Streets, San Francisco.

☞ New Work made to order, and Repairing executed in the neatest manner,

The California.

"SURELY THERE IS A VEIN FOR THE SILVER AND A PLACE FOR GOLD WHERE THEY FINE IT."

VOLUME VII., No. 13. OFFICE, No. 532 MERCHANT STREET. | SAN FRANCISCO, AUGUST 17, 1867. | TERMS, $5 A YEAR, BY MAIL, IN ADVANCE. 50 CENTS A MONTH, BY CARRIER.

CONTENTS:

ORIGINAL: History of Peleg Cowcopper's Voyage and Experience in California, by Dogherry; Five Years in Japan, by Forbes Muitland; Petaluma Correspondence, by Dr. Adonis; Ecclesiastical Clothes; Poker and Journalism; Review of New Publications; "Lion's Mouth;" Town Gossip; The Torch-light Procession; Who Writes for the Papers; The Musical Candidate; Universal Suffrage; Interior News; Literary Gleanings; Jean Ingelow's New Book: Battle Pictures; By the Seaside; Hawaiinn Poetry; Dramatic Affairs, by Touchstone: Italian Opera, etc. SELECTED. Old Stories Re-told—The French in Ireland; Economy and Suicide, by C. H. Webb; The Overtasked Boy—Restaurant Story; Poetry, etc.

THE LION'S MOUTH.

"THE gravest beast is an ass, the gravest bird is an owl, the gravest fish is an oyster, and the gravest man is a fool." SYDNEY SMITH.

"I WILL roar, that I will do any man's heart good to hear me." A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

"I WILL aggravate my voice so, that I will roar you as gently as any sucking dove; I will roar you an 't were any nightingale." IBID.

"*Nil falsi audeat, nil veri non audeat dicere.*" CICERO.

City Gossip.

We took a stroll on Long Bridge, a few nights since, and found it quite deserted of promenaders. You see it got into bad repute, so everybody left it, and consequently, it is now quite respectable again. The moon shone, the waves rippled and glittered in its beams, the little fishes below, had gone to sleep, the Potrero cars rumbled and thundered over the structure, the crabs crawled listlessly and languidly on the bottom, and a beautiful and heaveuly quiet generally prevailed.

No actress in New York, would consent to play with Ira Aldridge, the famous colored member of the histrionic art. Queer country this, that has laid itself out so heavily for the negro and yet refuses to play with him.

"What will be the result if the Copperheads carry California?" asks the *Times*. Why, a revival of the copper interests, of course.

A cigar store, on the corner of Kearny and California streets was destroyed by fire this week, and many thousands of cigars were prematurely smoked.

Tom Maguire caused the imprisonment of little "All Right's" uncle, for the larceny of $35,000. The Japan speculator was, however, discharged, and Tom rebuked by the court. So, to Tom, it was evidently "All Wrong."

A great many people went to see the big steamer Great Republic. After all, what more should there be about big ships than little ones, that we should so flock to see them? Well, why is a big man more wonderful than a small man? It is merely a question of size and tonage. And as a general thing, small men "stand the racket" and accomplish more than big men. So with ships. The Great Eastern was an unlucky monster. The Government felt quite sheepish over their great ram, the Dunderberg, and glad enough to ship her over to Louis Napoleon.

Great discrepancy exists in the accounts of the late Gorham demonstation. The torch light procession was grand, says one journal—it wasn't half so grand as one headed once on a time by Major Stratman, says another. The cheering was enthsiastic on the line of march—the people looked on with apathy. Curious we can't all see alike.

Keeler discharges himself barefooted again at Lincoln Hall next Monday night.

We passed our worthy Police Judge walking up Pine street the other day backward. "You appear to be backing up," said a passing acquaintance. "Yes," replied the Judge, "I never back down." Pretty good for the cadi. Hope he'll remember us favorably for this notice the next time we appear before him for libel, assault and battery, bigamy or any other little peccadillo.

At the late Union meeting at Platt's Hall the police arrested a man for picking pockets. On his person was found a portemonnaie containing a fifty cent piece. If this is evidence of the crime in question we shall not be arrested at present.

What pretty little sentiments were those borne on the transparancies in the late torch light procession.

"True Blues vote the Union straight,
They will never throw their man for Haight."
Charles Warren Stoddard.

"If you vote for the Democrats and Harry H. Haight,
The future is dark for our growing State."
John R. Ridge.

"The Democrats brought on the war,
Of course oppose the Registry Law."
Frank Bret Harte.

"The Democrats with money inclined to Bidwell,
Got hold of 'Pitch.' Money will tell."
James W. Cofforth.

"The Democrats, so very hungry for office,
Will make short work of the State affairs."
W. A. Kendall.

"The Union Party is *young* and full of *pluck*,
The opposite side is *Muck-a-Muck*."
J. F. Bowman.

"If Gorham and the Union party will steal $5,000,000, Haight and the Democrats are ripe for $10,000,000."

We know not to whom this last should be credited. Rumor divides it between McCarthy, Pixley and Cox, chaplain of the stump brigade. The inference is certainly not very favorable to Gorham and his party, intimating, as it does, that they *may* possibly steal $5,000,000, if successful, because Haight and the Democrats would steal $10,000,000, should they get in power.

Mr. McGinnis got drunk in Oakland, was brought before the Court, and being found impecunious, was put on the train and sent home to San Francisco. So if, while on a pleasure excursion to the city of cows and hoarding schools, you become impecunious and want to get home, get drunk and home you will go.

Last Saturday night a police officer brought to the Station House a common dunghill fowl having four legs, instead of two. So says the *Alta*. Did he arrest that hen for having four legs? Hasn't a common dunghill a right to roam abroad with four legs as much as a horse or a cow? Why, our vigilant police will be arresting three legged stools next!

The *Bulletin* heads an editorial, reflecting on Gorham and his partisans, thus: "An uncleanly canvass." And Gorham calls the *Bulletin* "a dirty sheet," or something next to it!

The persons who disturbed the outside Union meeting at Platt's Hall on Tuesday evening, belonged to the Young Mens' Democratic Christian Bad Egg and Dead Cat Association, formed for the purpose of carrying the war into Africa at all Republican demonstrations. Mr. Haight is not president of this association, nor does he gladly countenance them, but they are resolved not to have him elected if possible.

Thursday's *Flag* has an editorial entitled "Who are the Men for the *Times*." Judging from the frequency with which the *Times* changes its editors, this is a very hard matter to decide.

Divorces seem on the increase. There must be a sell somewhere about matrimony. All goes well till the minister or justice pronounces the two one, and very soon, in many cases, they don't seem to be one at all, but two, and sometimes three, or at least a third party on one side or other of the house causes a vast amount of trouble. We don't know much about these things. Married men tell no tales. They are as mum as a newly fledged Odd Fellow or Mason regarding the secrets of his initiation. Like old fashioned dead people, they never come back to reveal aught concerning the mysteries of that bourne from whence no matrimonal traveler returns, save through much expense, trouble, and litigation. Married women say—but we must be discreet.

For the first time in many years a number of our citizens were able to make the round trip to Oakland without expense on the occasion of the Union meeting Thursday evening, an opportunity which many unterrified Unionists did not allow to pass unimproved. There was some fright in Oakland among the respectable, quiet citizens in anticipation of the expected invasion. Some familes moved temporarily out of town, and others fortified their dwellings. Yet all passed off quietly and another feather waves in the Republican cap.

Universal Suffrage.

Soon will the glorious day, when the right of suffrage shall be, indeed, universal, dawn upon this country. Negroes, throughout the land, are in a fair way to obtain votes, Chinamen may have them by-and-by, the hopes of Indians are not by any means desperate, and women must certainly, ere long, become politically the peer of man. There is, however, another large class of human beings in the United States, toward whose enfranchisement no steps have, as yet, been taken. We mean the boys. Especially do we urge the rights of the boys of California. We are sure that Mr. Gorham, who advances the fact that he is himself "a young man," as a reason why the young men of California should vote for him, will, if the matter be properly represented to him, use his influence to procure the passage of a bill, giving votes to all California boys over eight—or say seven—years of age. No one, who has listened to the discussions which daily take place in this city between boys of ages ranging from seven to seventeen, can deny that they are likely to exercise the privileges of suffrage in a more intelligent manner than either the lately emancipated field-hands of the Southern States, or the Chinamen of this State. We shall always object to babies in arms being allowed votes, but nice, little, intelligent boys, who read the papers, might certainly be enfranchised. It may be feared that their votes will be purchased for small quantities of candy, tickets to theatres, and by means of other bribes they may be corrupted, but this is a necessary evil. When full-grown Democratic voters are valued at $75 each, it is probable that seven-year-old voters may be bought for one-tenth part of the sum, but still, let all—or nearly all—qualifications of color, sex, and age be stricken out of the Constitution, and then we shall be able to see how things will work. There is no denying the fact that hundreds of juvenile political conventions are, at the present time, held daily in San Francisco, and that blood has been drawn from juvenile noses in consequence of differences of opinion with respect to the merits of the opposing gubernatorial candidates having led to fistic combats between the two factions. Let the boys have votes. Let stools for the small ones to stand on at the polls be provided. Population is the great need of California. It is just possible that in some instances California parents may be able to influence the votes of their offspring In this case, children will be valuable as "votes," and the cry will be "blessed is the man who has his quiver full of them; he shall not be ashamed on election day."

The Musical Candidate.

During the trip of the Yosemite to Sacramento with the political crowd which went up on Monday last, Mr. Gorham made a strong point. The *Alta* says:

In the cabin of the steamer were several good singers who enlivened the homeward trip by singing patriotic and sentimental songs. In such as had a chorus accompaniment the bystanders freely joined. "Marching through Georgia," "Rally Round the Flag," "Red, White and Blue," and other songs whose origin dates from the rebellion were sung with gusto. A quartette club sung several songs very acceptably, and then followed occasional solos, Mr. Gorham admirably acquitting himself by singing "Wearing of the Green."

By singing the "Wearing of the Green," Mr. Gorham no doubt gained many a vote. That's the sort of thing that tells. We don't want a starched, stuck up man for Governor, but one who can sympathize with amusements of the people. Mr. Gorham is a young man, (this remark has been made before, but it will bear repetition). Mr. Haight would not sing "Wearing of the Green," he would see his Irish supporters the other side of the Atlantic first. Most urgent entreaties of friends who are fearful of the effect of Mr. Gorhams happy familiarity with the public have failed to induce Mr. Haight to pledge himself to dance a Virginny break down on the occasion of his next appearance in public.

Mr. Haight, we understand, can play "Home Sweet Home" on the accordian, but in the most stiff-necked manner he refuses to entertain the suggestion that he should take an early opportunity to favor the public with this popular air. All this augurs ill for the success of the Democratic ticket. We fear Mr. Haight is inclined to put on airs. Mr. Gorham is a young man, he can sing "Wearing of the Green;" Mr. Haight either won't or can't. Under these circumstances, let all the musical world of San Francisco vote for Mr. Gorham.

Interior News from Interior Papers.

"The weather has been uncommonly warm during the last week." This item of news may be found in two thirds of our interior papers eight months out the twelve.

Another interesting fact common to their local columns is this: "We received yesterday from Mr. A., of Donkey Bend, a basket of the finest peaches we ever saw. We return our sincere thanks," etc. Then, again, the public are favored with another scrap of information to this effect, "Ale. We are again laid under obligations to Messrs. B, C, and D, for an additional supply of their very superior ale. It is an excellent drink for this hot weather, and is fast becoming a favorite with the public."

And there are many people who read these things soberly and gravely, imagining that they receive back a part of their yearly subscription in the announcement that "ale is a good drink for hot weather, and is fast becoming a favorite with the public!" Besides this, we hear that "The ice man has proved himself a benefactor this week. Without his daily attendance we do not know what would have become of us."

The ice man, the beer man, the fruit man, the man with mineral specimens, the man with potatoes, pumpkins, beets, etc., figure extensively in the columns of our country papers.

Who Write for the Papers.

We "write for the papers." Ah, Yes! write for the papers. We are the loose riff-raff of the world. In debt? Yes.—Any business capacity? No.—Dissipated? Some.—Seedy? Yes.—Moral? No. Any rich friends or relatives? No.—Any poor ones? Lots, including the Smiths.—Expect to live long? No.—Expect to go to Heaven? No.—Expect to go to —? Yes.—Ever write home? No.—Ever expect to be married? No.—Ever married? Dont't know.—Ever in the Station House? Yes.—What is your greatest desire at present? Seven dollars, a dinner at the *Rotisserie*, a new pair of boots, an opera glass, a new suit of clothes, two new suits of clothes, one dozen new shirts, a gold watch and cain, board at the Occidental, credit unlimited, a horse, a horse an buggy, a basket of champage, seven dozen Mexican oysters, a fish dinner at McDonald's, a house of our own, a wife, a new writing desk, more new collars, another wife, a trip to the East, another horse, a dog, two dogs, gold sleeve buttons, a diamond breast-pin, a new hat, another wi—.

A Greedy Chinaman.

The *Territorial Enterprise* of August 11th, has the following item of news.

The Chinaman who, last winter, stole and swallowed a diamond ring, is again under arrest. This time he is charged with having stolen a watch.

We are not informed as to whether the Chinaman also swallowed the watch. If he did so, we should imagine that his sensations must have been very unpleasant during the time the watch continued running.

THE STAB.

On the road, the lonely road,
Under the cold white moon;
Under the rugged trees he strode,
He whistled and shifted his heavy load—
Whistled a foolish tune.

There was a step timed with his own,
A figure that stooped and bowed,
A cold white blade that flashed and shone,
Like a splinter of daylight downward thrown;
And the moon went behind a cloud.

But the moon came out so broad and good,
The barn fowl woke and crowed,
Then roughed his feathers in drowsy mood,
And the brown owl called to his mate in the wood
That a dead man lay on the road.

—W. W. Harney.

THE "CALIFORNIAN IN PETALUMA."

[SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF THE "CALIFORNIAN."]

The Beauties of Traveling—A Dissertation on Babies—Petaluma Honored—The City and its Surroundings—The American Hotel—About The Californian—Matters Political—A Literary Feat—Genius Cannot be Enthralled—Cyrus Ray and the Petaluma Public—Another Literary Talk—Concerning the Cow Country School of Literature—Work for the Wits and Satirists—Personal Gossip, Etc.

Bohemian Palace, August, 1867.

Messrs. Editors: I think it was the Italian poet, Ariosto, who proclaimed to the world that he felt more pleasure in reading books of travel, than in making them. Undoubtedly travel has its little inconveniences. It is certainly anything but agreeable to be awakened from slumber, at three o'clock in the morning, to take the boat or cars that are to start fifteen minutes afterwards; and, after the excitement of getting ready, find that you have just arrived one minute too late, and then plod about in a state of stupid lethargy for the twenty-four hours intervening before the next departure. Then it is not pleasant to find yourself elevated into the air some five or six hundred feet, by the explosion of a boiler; nor is it conducive to your physical happiness to find yourself with a pair of broken thighs, and a contused brain, as the result of a railroad collision. I am sometimes of the opinion that only men with wooden legs, and the smallest quantity of brains—enough to be a modern Senator, a gubernatorial candidate, a registration clerk, or the vender of pectorials and patent medicines—should travel by rail or steamboat, lest, unfortunately, an accident should happen. Again it is a fearful infliction upon the right to pursue liberty and happiness when you are compelled to ride three or four score of miles in a rickety stage, with a fat, flabby, ponderous woman on either side of you, a baby with the small-pox on your knee, a talkative, dirty tobacco chewer in front, and a small mountain of band-boxes, umbrellas and chignons in the rear of you.

Talking of babies leads me to express my confirmed belief that our women of modern times are not so fond of babies as were our good and noble mothers of old. To use an inelegant expression, they seem to shirk the baby altogether, now-a-days, and turn their leige lords into bearded nurses. Now, one of the great plagues of my own life is, that many mothers appear to guage my abilities as specially adapted to nursing, and consequently, wherever I go, I am perpetually plagued with, "Take my baby in your arms awhile. Do; that's a dear, good man." To use a phrase from one of the hymns of the historic Dashaways—"Who could resist this most plaintive of prayers?" Now, I hold that that mother has as much moral and legal right to ask me to perform the same offices for herself as for her baby. Great as my native modesty is, I believe I could sum up courage enough for the performance of such a delicate task; but, for Heaven's sake, deliver me from any more baby in my arms. To continue these tortures of traveling farther: Who has not realized the feverish uncertainty with which a man pokes his greenbacks, or his coin in between the mattress and the feather bed whereon he is to repose his weary limbs. He sensibly feels that human nature is full of moral, or rather, immoral, delinquencies, and knowing nothing of the antecedents of his room-mate or bed-fellow, he retires to sleep haunted by burglars, cut-throats and assassins. Fortunately, Bohemians have no troubles of this kind. I am only writing of that class of men who are, at times, unfortunately for themselves, compelled to sleep, or room, with gentlemen of the profession to which I allude.

But I must lessen the number of these leaves, or I shall get my readers into a forest of mental intricacies. So, merely mentioning that I took passage on the magnificent stern-wheeler, *Relief*, paid my fare, and felt happy in so doing, indulged in a fragrant Havana, perused Pope's clever satire of "The Wife of Bath," had a little nap, and finished up my recreations with hearing the woeful diatribe, "Will you, please, carry my baby ashore," I sprang ashore and jumped into a palatial buss, labeled "American Hotel."

WE HONOR PETALUMA.

We were cordially received at the "American Hotel," and then sallied out in search of Sam. Cassidy, of the *Journal and Argus*—met the genial and affable Sam, received orders to make myself at home; was asked to write a leader on "Political Immutability," but being mute on questions political, S. C. was compelled to put the harness on and get off a fierce string of invectives on the "Unterrified." By the way, I cannot help mentioning a piece of impertinence. While paying my compliments to friend Cassidy, an erratic, unshaven, uncombed, unwashed genius entered, and asked for your correspondent. On being answered, he, with a refreshing coolness and immorality, said: "Are you any relation to the old man Adonnis who had the little fuss with Venus?" Unable to master our rage, we grasped the impudent offender, and had it not been for the timely interference of my editorial brother, I am of the opinion that I would have been a whipped man.

PETALUMA AND ITS SURROUNDINGS.

This is quite a handsome little city, containing about 5,000 inhabitants, and surrounded by a splendid farming country. Among its interesting features, that is interesting to the Christian world, I will add that it supports a very good weekly newspaper—name already mentioned,—has seven churches, a college and high school, several hotels, a large number of stores, and some few manufacturing establishments, one of which is a lucifer match factory. The churches belong to the Baptist, Episcopal, Methodist (North and South), Catholic, Congregational, and African M. E. Besides these, the Spiritualists and Reorganized Church of the Latter Day Saints or Mormons, hold meetings occasionally.

The Petaluma College, under the management of the Baptist denomination, has entered on its second year. It contains 40 pupils, who are educated as they desire in the English, French and German, or classical departments. The school is presided over by Prof. Mark Bailey, and the preceptress, Mrs. Dorcas Clarke, appears to be a lady of large experience and fine attainments. The culinary departments, a very essential feature of all domestic arrangements, is attended to by Mrs. Lucy Gordon, in a style that combines taste with substantiality. Let me suggest, by way of digression, that most people have a weakness for anything pertaining to cookery. An old French philosopher once enunciated the dogma, "that the way to reach a man's heart was through his stomach"—pity he hadn't told us the better way to reach a woman's heart. Of this I am satisfied, that nobody can be a good student who is troubled with a weak stomach.

THE AMERICAN HOTEL.

While writing on the above subject, it appropriately follows that I mention how handsomely I am cared for by mine host, Emerson, of the the American, and his accomodating clerk, Mr. P. A. Paine. These gentlemen have fitted up my room editorial in a style far surpassing your best Metropolitan apartments. Everything conducive to my happiness is at hand. And I have such a splendid easy-chair to sit, loll, and write in, that I know nothing but tranquillity and peace of mind. I can safely commend the American to the traveling public as an excellent hotel, and my friend Emerson as one of the most affable of landlords.

"THE CALIFORNIAN."

It gives me pleasure to be able to state that The Californian is highly appreciated here, and its general tone and management warmly commended. The large number of new subscribers I send you is an evidence of the substantial appreciation of which I speak. Arrangements have been made by which The Californian can hereafter be found in Petaluma at the news depot of Moses Korn. Mr. K. is a thorough off-hand business man, and will especially interest himself in its wide-spread circulation.

MATTERS POLITICAL.

The political world in this vicinity is a seething cauldron in which the African, Chinaman, Digger Indian and Caucasian are mercilessly pounded by political butchers. Those intellectual gladiators and warriors who have taken to the stump seem to be profusely supplied with the choicest selections from the Rogues' dictionary, and very generously hurl them at their antagonists. Bad Grammar, bad tempers and bad whiskey have so largely entered into our politics that the most casual observer sees the necessity of some purgative measures, whereby to cleanse the Augean stables. All sensible people with whom I come in contact, appear to be really sick and tired of political warfare as waged in modern times. The indecent personalities, slanderous reports and assertions, and the general vile manner of conducting political campaigns now-a-days, brings the blush of shame to the cheeks of every honest, upright citizen. Until holding office be made honorable amongst us rather than profitable at the loss of reputation, we must bear the ills to which present political life is heir.

A LITERARY FEAT.

"Cyrus Ray," a literary gentleman, highly recommended by Brother Ridge of the Grass Valley *National*, and Brother Cassidy of the Petaluma *Journal*, essayed to speak a piece here a few evenings ago, in the shape of Readings from the male and female Poets of the Pacific, quotations from the Bible, John G. Saxe, and other celebrities. Like that modern literary lion of your city, the renowned D. Wemyss Jobson, Mr. Ray found the reading public an unappreciative, cold, clammy substance, impervious to the fire of genius, and incapable of soaring up into the great world of burning thoughts that travel round eternal ages, and grow the more transcendant as Time devastates creations not born to immortality. But our worthy friend and brother, C. R., must not be disheartened. Recommended, as he is, by a brace of well known editors, he cannot but succeed. The rays of genius are to be no more obstructed than the force of the thunderbolt—than the force of lightning that tears and tortures the very heart of nature. In the disasters which befel our friend Ray in Petaluma, he will no doubt be pleased to learn, on the evening following his lecture, quite a large and enthusiastic audience assembled on the priacipal street to witness a little unpleasantness that sprang up between a pair of quadrupeds of the canine species. Such, alas, is the weakness and perversity of poor, human nature.

ANOTHER LITERARY TALK—THE COW COUNTRY SCHOOL.

While indulging in a little literary gossip, let me suggest that we organize what is hereafter to be strictly known as the Cow Country School—of literature, and in this work of organization I hope to be ably sustained by the powerful and penetrating quill that has given such pungent vitality to the *Dramatic Chronicle*. Was it the author of "The Prisoner of Chillon" who satirized what was known as the Cockney School, and composed of Hazlett, Charles Lamb and Southey. Those gentlemen, in their day, made the Cockney School celebrated and Famous. But they looked through London spectacles, and became so saturated with Conkneyism, and so tyrannically opinionated that the wits and satirists lampooned them with caustic fervor. Now, the Cow Country School, proper, composed of Bro. Owen, of the San Jose *Mercury*, Bro. Ridge, of the Grass Valley *National*, and Bro. Gagan, of Oakland *News*, deserve a castigation. This school, too, is becoming opinionated and tyrannical. It looks down upon those pupils in the primary and more humble departments of editorial life with a shocking assumption of superiority. These gentlemen arrogate to themselves all the virtues, and credit their humbler country brothers with all the vices of editorial life. The struggle of man in this, the 19th century, is a death-like grasp for individuality, and we cannot allow the Cow Country School to swallow up, like a remorseless maelstrom, the individuality of the hundred brilliant lights now shining obscurely under editorial bushels throughout the State. We must protect genius in its infancy, or it dies from the coldness of an unfeeling world ere it reaches maturity. Lampooners, wits, satirists! Up and at the Cow Country School with a vengeance.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

Some lady, inclined to be waggish, registered her name as "Hagar" at one of our hotels, a few evenings ago, whereupon a certain ex-editor, well-known for his gallantry, called upon the fair "Hagar," but found her missing. He was somewhat dissappointed as he had brilliant hopes of meeting "Hagar" of the *Alta*.

Ex-Governor John Bigler addressed the citizens of this place, on the political issues of the day, on Wednesday evening.

In conclusion, I must add that I am deeply indebted to the Editor of the *Journal and Argus* and his co-laborers for repeated courtesies, and also to many other warm-hearted friends whom I have made and met for the first time.

Dr. Adonis.

Life's Allegory.—In the last chapter of "Norwood," Mr. Beecher's novel, Rose's father tell her the following pretty story—life's allegory: "Once upon a time a little leaf was heard to sigh and cry as leaves do when a gentle wind is about. And the twig said, 'What is the matter, little leaf?' And the leaf said, 'The wind just told me that one day it would pull me off, and throw me down to die on the ground.' The twig told it too the branch on which it grew, and the branch told it to the tree. And when the tree heard it it rustled all over, and sent back word to the leaf, 'Do not be afraid; hold on tightly, and you shall not go until you want to.' So the leaf stopped sighing, but went on nestling and singing. Every time the tree shook itself and stirred all its leaves, the branches shook themselves, and the little twig shook itself, and the leaf danced up and down merrily, it grew all summer long till October. And the bright days of Autumn came, the little leaf saw all the leaves around becoming very beautiful. Some were yellow, and some scarlet, and some striped with both colors. Then it asked the tree what it meant? And the tree said, 'All these leaves are getting ready to fly away, and they have put on these beautiful colors because of joy.' Then the little leaf began to want to go too, and it grew very beautiful in thinking of it; and when it was very gay in color, it saw the branches of the tree had no color in them, and so the leaf said, 'Oh, branches, why you are lead color, and we are golden?' 'We must keep on our work clothes, for our life is not done; but your clothes are for holiday, because your tasks are over.' Just then a little puff of wind came, and the leaf let go without thinking of it, and the wind took it up and turned it over and over, and whirled it like a spark of fire in the air, and then it fell gently under the edge of the fence among hundreds of leaves, and fell into a dream, and never waked up to tell what it dreamed about."

Superficial men have no absorbing passion; there are no whirlpools in a shallow.

AFTER THE BATH.

BY CHARLES G. HALPINE.

HER skin is moist, and cold, and pink,
But warm and red the lips I press,
And all her beauty seems to shrink
Compacter in her clinging dress;
While o'er her shoulders to the hip,
O'er swelling bust and far adown,
In trailing gold the tresses drip
Which form at night her braided crown.

No more her eyes in languor swim
But flash with keen, coquettish strife,
And every pulse in every limb
Seems kindling into radiant life;
Her cheek hath caught a ruddier stain,
And her small feet in sand that sink
Are marble-white, with many a vein
Down to the almond-nails of pink.

Her teeth are white as the shining surf,
Her eyes are blue as the bay in calm,
And her breath to the new mown clover turf
Is a rival in its fragrant balm;
O, happy sea that has held her form,
O, happy sands by her white feet pressed—
With her beauty the whole bright scene is warm,
Her beauty of gesture, and face, and breast.

Proudly she stands in her scarlet dress,
And my eyes give a quiver and then grow dim
As I gaze on her infinite loveliness
Of delicate color and rounded limb;
And the bright blue bay with its flitting sails,
And the silver sand, and the rocks of brown,
And the woods that are dark on the distant hills,
And the broad green meadows that slope adown—

All seem but a frame for my lady bright,
A frame not worthy her matchless grace—
Her lips of red, and her eyes of light,
And the wonderful charm of her winsome face;
O, here let me lie and die at her feet,
Let my soul in its sighs for her pass away,—
For my life hath its climax, and death were sweet
With her eyes gazing down on me here to-day!

My senses swoon into blissful trance
As her small, cool fingers touch my palm,
And through all of my veins the currents dance
As I feel on my cheek her breath of balm;
All the springs of my life are in her control,
For though features more perfect I know full well,—
In rich, womanly beauty of body and soul
There are none to compare with my seaside belle.

—*New York Citizen.*

ECONOMY AND SUICIDE.

BY CHARLES H. WEBB.

"LET us go and hear Beecher this evening," said a friend to me, some two or three Sundays since.

Now, going to hear Beecher is a very good thing to do, and I'd do it often if it didn't involve going to Brooklyn. But this latter is as bad as a foreign journey—worse, in fact; I know a good many young men of unperverted tastes who had much rather go to France than to Brooklyn. If Brooklyn and Beecher would only move to this side of the river, how much better it would be for both! The population of the one and the congregation of the other would be materially increased, and then they'd be so much nearer to Jones's Wood, to say nothing of Elm Park. However, the evening in question found us on our way to Plymouth Church. Wearing good clothes, we had no trouble in getting good seats. The sermon, designed to inculcate economy as a Christian duty, was an excellent one, pleasantly illuminated by the speaker with illustrations from his own life and that of the Saviour. After speaking of the miracle of the mountain, when a hungry multitude was economically fed with a few loaves and fishes, Mr. Beecher narrated an incident in his own housekeeping which particularly impressed me. It was in the early days of his career, and his income was smaller than it is now. In company with his wife he occupied two furnished rooms up three flights of stairs. Precisely what the furniture consisted of do I not now remember, nor do I know that it materially assist the denouement of the story; but the reverend gentleman ran over the list of tables, chairs and crockery in his most graphic eloquent manner. One evening, at the close of a warm, sultry day—I condense the legend somewhat—a man came driving through the town with a barrel of cider on a cart, indicating a disposition to dispose of it by the glass or gallon. Feeling like freshening his nip with the exhilarating beverage. Mr. Beecher took a white delf pitcher in one hand and a ten cent piece in the other and started for the street, intent on purchasing. But at the door he paused. Economy stayed his elbow, whispering that he could not afford it; and back went preacher and pitcher—both dry. So impressed was I by this beautiful piece of self-denial, so touchingly narrated, that I resolved to go and do likewise—or rather like Beecher—the first opportunity that offered; to make economy thenceforth the guiding star of my life.

Unfortunately I couldn't well begin that evening. Seldom without an appetite except when invited to dine out with friends who live in boarding-houses, on this occasion the brisk trot to the ferry—taken on the supposition that the cane of the man behind me was an air-gun—and the sniff of salt air caught in crossing, made me unusually hungry. The door of a restaurant stood open, the savory smell of oysters, the sweet influence of stews was in the air, and I asked myself could I afford one?

On the whole, I thought I could. Never yet did I want anything which cost two bits and have two bits in my pocket that I could not afford it. So I entered, and very soon there was a pretty stew going on in which I was immediately interested. Anon, the devil assailed me in the shape of a soft-shelled crab, and I ate five. Repentant, but satisfied, I betook myself to my chambers, thinking how easy it is to make good resolutions, how difficult to keep them. Determined to retrench, I lighted a cigar and threw myself on the lounge to debate where and how to begin.

"New cider! Ne-w c-i-d-e-r!" I was startled from my reverie by the cry. It seemed a little queer that cider should be peddled about the street at that hour of the night—Sunday night, too, and the Excise Law in full force; but I was thirsty, and without stopping to discuss side issues—the question being a cider one—I seized a pitcher, curiously enough a white delf, and started for the door. But on the threshold I paused; memory of the late sinful extravagance plucked me by the sleeves; the stew stood up and the soft shells rose in judgment against me; I thought how nobly Mr. Beecher acted under a similar temptation. The man had halted his cart. "Cider?" said he. "Can t afford it," I muttered, and marched back, thirsty but triumphant. Setting the pitcher on the table, I reached up to turn the gas down a little—just as well economize in that, whispered conscience—when a slight brush of my coat sleeve threw the pitcher to the floor, and it was broken into twenty pieces. It was a new pitcher and cost half a dollar.

Wondering whether it would have capsized so easily had there been anything in it—cider, for instance—I took a drink of water, swallowing a Croton bug or two, and betook myself to bed.

At breakfast the next morning, while glancing over the customary cheerful list of suicides, murders, burglaries and seductions which form the staple of news, my attention was attracted by a paragraph headed "Death of a Family under Singular Circumstances." As there were only five in the family the item would have had little interest had not my eye lighted on the word "cider," several times repeated. Struck by the coincidence, I read the paragraph through and found that a cider-vender, his wife and four children had been found drowned,—their bodies much swollen—in a barrel of cider.

"How this sad thing came about," wrote the reporter, "human ingenuity cannot determine. It is vain for finate man to attempt to unravel the ways of an inscrutable Providence."

Prompted by I know not what motive—it was not that I thought the cider would be sold cheaper than it was offered the previous evening in consequence of what had occurred—economy had nothing to do with the movement—I seized my hat and started for the house of the inconsiderate cider-man.

It was indeed a sorry sight that met me when arrived there. In a bare and unfurnished room of a delapidated hovel, on a darksome street, a man, a woman, two girls, aged respectively eighteen and sixteen—scarcely *sweet* sixteen, under the circumstances—and two boys, the elder twelve, the younger about five, were laid out in a ghastly row. The inevitable reporter was there, with busy, business air, and had just written, "No cause can be assigned for the rash act," when a letter addressed "to whom it may concern," sealed with shoemaker's wax, was found posted in a crack of the wall. Investigation of the document revealed that it was written on the fly-leaf of some popular tract, the fragmentary title, "—member the Poor," being just visible. Whether the injunction originally read *Re*member or *Dis*member, none could say. The handwriting was bold, but jerky and irregular, as though done under strong nervous excitement.

"H. G. again," muttered the company, uneasily; but a glance at the signature dispelling this natural suspicion, it was determined to read the letter.

"I have seen better days," it began.

"Is it not wetter days?" asked the reporter, looking over the reader's shoulder.

Regardless of the interruption, the reader went on—"but those were under another administration. Formerly I had no difficulty in getting work, but of late I've had nothing to do, and a large family to help me do it. Such was not always so. Economy has brewed this batch of bier. My wife did dress-making, and turned all her time to account until her customers, one by one, informed her that they had concluded to economize—it was a Christian duty—and do their own sewing. My elder daughter had an excellent situation as cook, housemaid and laundress in a large but pious family. True, she did not get much wages, but then she had constant employment, until one day the lady of the house gave her notice that she, with the help of her daughters and an orphan niece, who was going to make her home with them, had concluded to do the work herself and save the expense of a girl. 'Economy was a religious duty,' she said. My younger daughter was engaged as maid to a lady, but somebody pounded a pulpit cushion to pieces a-laying down the virtues of economy, and the lady thought it a Christian duty to do up her own back hair.

"'I do believe,' said poor Bessie, when telling me about it, 'that if myself and sister took to shameful ways for a living, the ladies would think it their duty to do it themselves, and just step in and take the bread out of mouths!'

"My elder boy got a box of blacking, and for a while turned a very decent penny in the Park; for all that the policemen nagged him and told him to 'move on' whenever they thought there was a chance of his getting a job; but by-and-by the fellows that he used to shine up, before they went to meeting, for five cents, found out that economy was a Christian duty, and took to blacking their own boots. Little Johnnie there—the one with the red hair—he was hired by a toyman to set in the show-window and ride a spring rocking-horse all day for a penny an hour—extra compensation if kept at it after the gas was lit. But one day the toyman came down and said that he had discovered that a penny saved was a penny earned, and that economy was a duty, and so he took his own little boy out of school and put him on the horse and Johnnie off. Johnnie felt right bad about it, too, for he had become attached to the horse, and knew his ways exactly.

"Well, for all that the family was at home on my hands, I managed to keep things going by peddling cider. But all of a sudden the trade fell off; my old customers shook their heads and said they could not afford any. This soured us. Last night, I knocked the head out of the barrel, and we all laid our heads together—and you see what came of it. Johnnie kicked a little at first—he never did like cider, and he hadn't had anything else to eat for three days—but he got used to it after a while and drowned quite decently."

A "P. S." was added, short but carnest, with the last two words in italics: "Don't let them say that my wife was *beside herself!*"

Judge of my feelings as I stood beside the remains of that unfortunate family, mingling salt tears with the cider that woefully dripped from their clothing. "Guilty of murder—an accessory before the fact," I gasped, in self-accusing horror, and, with a nervous glance over my shoulder to see if pursuit was near, plunged into a dark alley-way. Nemesis, in a blue uniform, was behind me, and shouted "Stop! I want to take *you* in!" Dodging the officer's club, I made a straight wake for the Manhattan—peelers don't invade that sanctuary much. Felled by a sudden blow, I picked myself up and squared for the fellow, intending to make a fight for it——

Of course, to find that I had been asleep on the lounge, had rolled to the floor, and was simply pegging away at my astonished room-mate, who had just come in. (A story of this kind without such an ending could scarcely be considered orthodox.) That such a catastrophe as entered into my convenient dream attended Mr. Beecher's early economy in the matter of cider, I do not believe; but the chance that it might has counteracted, to a great degree, the effect of his excellent sermon and example. I have come to believe that, though it may be well enough to black one's own boots, it is better to give the job to a ragged-nosed boy, and, while he is earning his coffee and cakes, make a dollar yourself by doing something in which you can shine to more advantage—writing for the newspapers, for instance. Each to his own vocation, and depend upon that, though saving sixpences is one way of acquiring a competence, earning shillings is better. Patronize others, in all trades and businesses, as liberally as you desire others to patronize you; make all the money you can, keep as much of it in circulation as possible, and remember that the superlative of miser is miserrimus.—*New York Citizen.*

THE DOOM OF THE WORLD.—What this change is to be, we dare not even conjecture; but we see in the heavens themselves some traces of destructive elements, and some indications of their power. The fragments of broken planets, the descent of meteoric stones upon our globe, the wheeling comets, welding their loose materials in our own satellite, the appearance of new stars, and the disappearance of others, are as the solar furnace, the volcanic eruptions, foreshadows of that impending convulsion to which the system of the world is doomed. Thus placed on a planet which is to be burned up, and under heavens which are to pass away; thus treading, as it were, on the cemeterics, and dwelling upon the mausoleums of former worlds, let us learn the lesson of humility and wisdom, if we have not already been taught in the school of revelation.—*North British Review.*

DOSES of self-knowledge must be taken as cautiously as drops of morphia—an overdose may poison. Don't we all know how many men making money and reputation, living happily on the best terms with themselves, to whom a few extra grains of self-knowledge would infallibly prove fatal, and reduce to incompetence? To have ability, and to know the fact, may be an excellent and very effective thing; but to have profound self-reliance, without any ground whatever, is often even more effective.

OFTENTIMES the most costly thing we get is that which is given us.

LITERARY GLEANINGS.

A NEW VOLUME FROM JEAN INGELOW.

"A DAY of Doom and other Poems," is the title of the volume of poems by Jean Ingelow, just published by the Longmans. Of the principal piece contained in the book, the London *Athenæum* says:

"In the poem which gives a title to the present volume, Miss Ingelow evinced qualities not more genuine, perhaps, than those which she was known to possess, but certainly of a higher kind. 'A Story of Doom' is really a fragment of an epic. The hundred pages which it occupies bring before us the closing days of the antediluvian world; while the chief figures on which its sun rises and sets for the last time are Noah, his wife Niloiya, his three sons, Amarant (a slave), the impious Giant, and the enemy of Man, with his associates.

The beings last named inevitably suggest a comparison with Satin and his peers in 'Paradise Lost.' Miss Ingelow has judiciously determined to present the arch-fiend under a phase distinct from that portrayed by Milton, and the Prince of Evil accordingly appears here as the embodiment of subtlety rather than of pride".

The following brief extract, given by the *Athenæum*, will enable the reader to judge how far the imagination of the poet partakes of those high qualities necessary to one who would enter the region in which Milton and Dante, moved as in a congenial sphere:

But the dragon, left a-tremble, called to him,
From the nether kingdom, certain of his friends—
Three whom he trusted, councilors accursed.
A thunder-cloud stopped low and swathed the place
In its black swirls, and out of it they rushed,
And hid themselves in recesses of the cave,
Because they could not look upon the sun,
Sith light is pure. And Satan called to them—
All in the dark, in his great rage he spake:
"Up," quoth the dragon; "it is time to work,
Or we are all undone." And he did hiss,
And there came shudderings over land and trees,
A dimness after dawn. The earth threw out
A blinding fog, that crept toward the cave,
And rolled up blank before it like a veil—
A curtain to conceal its habiters.
Then did those spirits move upon the floor,
Like pillars of darkness, and with eyes aglow.
One had a helm for covering of the scars
That seemed what rested of a goodly face;
He wore his vizor up, and all his words
Were hollower than an echo from the hills:
He was hight Make. And, lo, his fellow-fiend
Came after, holding down his dastard head,
Like one ashamed: now this for craft was great;
The dragon honored him. A third sat down
Among them, covering with his wasted hand
Somewhat that pained his breast.

We will give one more fine passage from "The Doom," in order to render which intelligible to the reader, it is necessary to premise that "Amarant" is a beautiful girl, the slave of Noah. Japhet desires to be betrothed; but free maidens, alarmed at the predictions of his father, shrink from him with one consent. His mother now proposes that he shall wed the beautiful slave, Amarant, who is secretly enamoured of him. The suggestion inspires Japhet with the fiercest indignation. There is deep pathos in the following scene between Japhet and the slave:

And, lo,
The misery choked him, and he cried in pain,
"Go, get thee forth;" but she, all white and still,
Parted her lips to speak, and yet spake not,
Nor moved. And Japhet rose up passionate,
With lifted arm as one about to strike;
But she cried out and met him, and she held
With desperate might his hand, and prayed to him,
"Strike not, or else shall men from henceforth say,
'Japhet is like to us.'" And he shook off
The damsel, and he said, "I thank thee, slave;
For never have I stricken yet or child
Or woman. Not for thy sake am I glad,
Nay, but for mine. Get hence. Obey my words."
Then Japhet lifted up his voice, and wept.

And no more he restrained himself, but cried,
With heavings of the heart, "O bateful day!
O day that shuts the door upon delight,
A slave! to wed a slave! O loathed wife,
Hated of Japhet's soul." And after, long,
With face between his hands, he sat, his thoughts,
Sullen and sore; then scorned himself, and saying,
"I will not take her, I will die unwed,
"It is but that," lift up his eyes and saw
The slave, and she was sitting at his feet;
And he, so greatly wondering that she dared
The disobedience, looked her in the face
Less angry than afraid, for pale she was
As lily yet unsmiled on by the sun;
And he, his passion being spent, sighed out,
"Low am I fallen indeed. Hast thou no fear,
"That thou dost flout me?" but she gave to him
The sighing echo of his sigh, and mourned,
"No."

BY THE SEASIDE.

The "bathing season," is now pretty nearly over, both here and at the East, though at Santa Cruz, there is still said to be a larger number of visitors and "regular bathers" than ever before. On the Atlantic side, all the fashionable seaside-places of resort, have enjoyed a golden harvest, (metaphorically, for they still pay hotel bills there in green backs,) quite unprecedented. We do not wonder at this, for there is a charm surrounding genuine Summer weather in such places as Nahant, Cape May, New Port, and Rockaway, that is stronger far than that of the Kattskill, Niagara, Saratoga, or the White Mountains. The same seems to hold good here, for Santa Cruz, with its fine beach and splendid surf, has "drawn" better during the season, that the Geysers, or any of the inland places of Summer resort. A correspondent of the New York *Citizen*, who has been recreating at Narragansett Bay, is quite enthusiastic in his praise of the location. A bathing ground that is all that could be wished, a smooth beach, and no undertow, so that all who are able to swim, can strike out as far and as fast as they please without fear, elicit his unstinted eulogy. There, in company with his "chum," a congenial spirit, he throughly enjoyed his holiday. That he is a man of the peculiar temperament best adapted to such enjoyment, is sufficiently proved by the following after-dinner lines forwarded to the *Citizen*:

LOAFING AS A FINE ART.

My friend, my chum, my trusty crony!
We were designed, it seems to me,
To be two happy lazzaroni,
On sunshine fed and maccaroni,
Far off by some Sicilian sea.

From dawn to eve in the happy land,
No duty on us but to lie—
Straw-hatted on the shining sand,
With bronzing chest, and arm, and hand—
Beneath the blue Italian sky.

There, with the mountains idly glassing
Their purple splendors in the sea—
To watch the white-winged vessels passing
(Fortunes for busier fools amassing),
This were a heaven to you and me!

Our meerschaums coloring cloudy brown,
Two young girls coloring with a blush,
The blue waves with a silver crown,
The mountain-shadows dropping down,
And all the air in perfect hush;—

Thus should we lie in the happy land,
Nor fame, nor power, nor fortune miss;
Straw-hatted on the shining sand,
With bronzing chest, and arm, and hand—
Two loafers couched in perfect bliss!

Of course, any person who has ever idled away a voluptuous Summer month at the sea-side, will recognize the "atmosphere" of this nonchalent screed of verse. The following, written after a morning bath "with a young Nereid, who swam like a duck," is equally strong in atmospheric effect, and could not possibly have been inspired by any inland scenery or association, however sublime. We hesitated, at first, about quoting it, but upon a careful re-reading, we find that the poet has prudently reined in his frisky pegasus just short of the point where he seemed in danger of committing an indiscretion. Still, we would caution those of our readers, if any such there be, who are scandalized by the scanty drapery of the Greek Slave, and consider crinoline indispensable to decency, to "skip it."

Her skin is moist, and cold, and pink,
But warm and red the lips I press,
And all her beauty seems to shrink
Compacter in her clinging dress;

While o'er her shoulders to the hip,
O'er swelling bust and far adown,
In trailing gold the tresses drip
Which form at night her braided crown.

No more her eyes in languor swim
But flash with keen, coquettish strife,
And every pulse in every limb
Seems kindling into radiant life;
Her cheek hath caught a ruddier stain,
And her small feet in sand that sink
Are marble-white, with many a vein
Down to the almond-nails of pink.

The termination seems somewhat abrupt, and inartistic; but still, however incomplete, every reader, of taste will admit that it is a very neat and pleasing picture "as it stands."

But the poet seems not to have been content with his work in its uncompleted state, as we found it in his correspondence. He afterwards appears to have gathered courage to make "a complete thing of it," insomuch as we find in the number of the *Citizen* succeeding that in which the fragment above quoted was published the entire poem. We do not think that it is at all improved by the addition it has received, but of this our readers may judge for themseves. They will find the revised "edition" on another page of this issue.

Poetry is not always interesting in the ratio of its intrinsic excellence. Circumstances sometimes make it an object of curiosity. As a specimen of Hawaiian verse we quote the following, recently contributed to the Hawaiian *Gazette*:

FAREWELL TO HAWAII.

Farewell! Hawaii's Isles farewell!
To-morrow's sun shall find me far from thee;
But still, in after years the spell
That hovers o'er thee, ne'er forgot shall be.

And as thy fast receding groves
Grow in the distance fainter, dimmer yet,
Yon waving palm its graceful farewell moves,
And asks me never to forget.

Yes! every breeze that fans my brow,
Brings fragrance stolen from thy spicy sweets,
And o'er thy mountain-top in glory now
The gold and azure of thy cloud-land meets.

Sure ne'er was spot, beneath yon dome,
So blest with gifts of bright and joyous skies,
The changing clouds forever moving, roam,
And smile upon thee as they sweetly fly.

Ah, sunny, bright and verdant Isle,
Of thee in other lands my dreams shall be,
Of that bright spot where nature smiles,
A gem upon the bosom of the sea.

I. A. MIX.

FINE PHOTOGRAPHS.—Mr. John D. Godeus; of the South Park Gallery, 444½ Third street, is acknowledged to be one of the very best photographic artists in San Francisco. Cabinet pictures, cartes de visite, and life size photographs are executed by him in a style not excelled by any other artist. Mr. Godeus has unusual facilities for executing good pictures of infants.—*Evening Dispatch.*

DAIRY PRODUCE.—Deliciously flavored butter, rich cheese, pure milk and cream can be obtained of Wm. A. Bateman, stall 64, in the new California Market. Mr. Bateman's extensive dairy is situated in Alameda county, where the cows have abundance of rich feed; consequently all the produce is of the best description.

ITALIAN OPERA.

L'*AFRICAINE*, the great novelty of the season, was produced on Friday night of last week, and repeated on Saturday, Monday and Tuesday evenings, drawing on each occasion a crowded and fashionable house. The opera was mounted with all the splendor of scenery, costume and stage effect which the limited stage of the Academy allowed, and the famous ship scene in particular was a brilliant success. The music, though scientifically interesting, and in many passages grand and beautiful, does not appear to reach the popular heart; and we do not suppose that *L'Africaine* will become a stock opera in San Francisco for many years, as the great expense and difficulty of its production will deter any manager from taking the risk, now that novelty has worn off, until a new and larger generation of opera-goers will justify another experiment. The members of the present troupe deserve the greatest credit for the general excellence and smoothness with which the difficult music was rendered. Signor Mancusi, as "Nelusko," had the finest part in the opera, and filled it admirably. His "Song of Adamastor" was given with thrilling effect; and his duet with the dying "Selika" in the last scene was full of a certain tenderness which we have often noticed in his voice, and in which he has had no equal here within our recollection. "Selika," the Indian Princess, was personated by Signorina Brambilla, who sang the music with her usual artistic delicacy and correctness; but the part gives her few opportunities for the display of brillant execution, and the dress and complexion are not particularly favorable to the general effect. Mme. Stella Bonheur acted and sang the part of "Inez" with great dramatic expression. Signor Milleri gave a powerful and satisfactory impersonation of "Don Pedro," and Signor Limberti was tolerable as "Vasco di Gama." The minor characters were well sustained, and the chorus and orchestra, both enlarged for the occasion, did their share of the performance in a style which deserves great praise.

On Wednesday evening *La Favorita* was given for the benefit of Mme. Stella Bonheur, to a brilliant and overflowing house. The fair beneficiary was received with tumultuous enthusiasm, and sang the part of "Leonora" with great effect. *Crispino e la Comare* was given last night, for the benefit of Signor Mancusi, to an immense audience; and constituted the closing performance of the season. We hope that further arrangements may be made with the artists, as it seems now a favorable opportunity to commence a new season, and to restore the musical credit of our city; which has suffered from the fact that an unusual number of our regular opera goers have been spending this summer in the country. We think that a season of four weeks, at least, might be given at this time, with a result equally satisfactory to the management and the public.

MARKET IMPROVEMENT.—Passages have been cut through the brick wall heretofore dividing the Metropolitan and Occidental Markets, and those two large and popular markets may now be considered as one. This improvement should have been made long before this, as it must necessarily accelerate the business of both markets. A Directory of the principal occupants of stalls in the Metropolitan and Occidental Markets can be found in our advertising columns.

REMOVAL.—The old established looking glass and picture frame store, on Clay street, below Montgomery, is closed on account of the removal of the extensive stock of looking glasses, picture frames, &c., &c., to the new store, No. 119 Sansome street, opposite Murphy, Grant & Co.—three stories and the basement are stocked with the largest and best selected stock of glass, mirrors and picture fames ever imported to California. The second floor is the show room, where is displayed the richest mirrors for hotels and family mansions.

The ladies should, by all means, visit the second story of this establishment.

THE GROTTO.—This old established saloon, 520 Sacramento street, opposite the What Cheer House, is now under the control of Mr. John Duncan, who is determined to retain for it that popularity for which the "old place" has always been noted. It has recently been renovated and supplied with some of the "choicest spirits" (in the way of Scotch and English ales, wines, liquors, etc.,) in existence. The old patrons of "the Grotto" will find everything as of old, under the proprietorship of Mr. Duncan.

CHANGE OF FIRM.—The large grocery house of Rowland, Walker & Co., will hereafter assume the firm title of Rowland, Bailey & Co., in compliance with the requirements of the new copartnership formation announced in our advertising columns. The new firm will remain in the same locality, Nos., 516 and 518 Washington street.

"PRIDE OF THE UNION."—This celebrated brand of Virginia Tobacco is for sale by L. and E. Wertheimer, Front street, corner Sacramento. Wm. Greaner & Son, pay the highest prices for the choicest leaf tobacco at the warerooms, in Richmond, and are the only manufacturers of this prime brand. Mess. L. & E. Wertheimer are the sole authorized agents for the "Pride of the Union," for California.

TEUTONIA SALOON.—This saloon has recently fallen into the hands of Messrs. Heinburg, Schroder & Co., who are also proprietors of the St. Louis Hotel, numbers 11 and 13 Pacific street. Under their management the Teutonia Saloon will succeed. They have a good location, and keep the best of Wines, Liquors and Beer. The close proximity to the new market will gain them a host of friends and patrons. The Teutonia is in the basement, southwest corner of Summer and Montgomery streets.

IMPORTANT FREIGHT TO ARRIVE.—Miller, of the firm of Black & Miller, carriage manufacturers, 717 Market street, has recently returned from the Atlantic States where he made extensive purchases. This firm have now on the way and will shortly receive a new stock of the latest style of thoroughbraced and farm wagons. Due notice will be given of their arrival.

THE ELEGANCIES OF LIFE.—Many little signs proclaim good breeding. A lady chooses neatly fitting gloves, delicate handkerchiefs, etc, Every lady is particular about the stationery which she uses. Tyler Bros., 691 Market street, corner of Third, have an elegant stock of ladies' stationery which they stamp with initials without extra charge.

CURING THE SICK WITHOUT MEDICINE is an easy affair to one who knows how. Dr. Bourne knows how, and attends to his professional duties personally. Dr. Bourne is not a horse jocky. He can be found at his office, 10 Masonic Temple, from ten o'clock morning until five evening, Sundays excepted. Guarantees cures for a stipulated fee, and is sure to cure.

DR. BOURNE guarantees cures to the sick in almost all cases, because he knows how to cure them and attends to his business. No. 10 Masonic Temple.

[For the Californian.]

FIVE YEARS IN JAPAN.

BY FORBES MAITLAND.

No. II.

ALTHOUGH it is well known that Japan has been fully open to foreigners for some twelve or thirteen years, many persons may not be aware of the fact, that Nagasaki, or rather the island of Desima,* situated on the Island of Qu Schoo, which pays tribute to the Tycoon, has been settled by the Dutch for the past hundred years. Here the unfortunate *Hollandais*—as the Japanese Frenchify the name—remained in a state of semi-imprisonment for a space of almost one hundred years, receiving their two cargoes per year, and that privilege being only granted them in consideration of their tramp. ling on the Cross of our Saviour on each Christmas day. On entering the Bay of Nagasaki, the first high land one observes is Papindike Bluff, from which the Jesuit priests were compelled to make the grand leap.

The Dutch had no communication whatever with the interior of Japan until the American Treaty of 1853.

The Dutch certainly deserve praise for the manner in which they adhered to their small island, notwithstanding the great difficulties placed in their way by the Japanese Government. In these days, when one can see Japanese dining at any restaurant, one can hardly credit that but a few short years have elapsed since Japan was a comparatively unknown country, for, as it was, the employés of the Dutch Trading Company were obliged to show even their private letters to a government interpreter before they were sent to China, lest any information regarding the country should reach the outside barbarians. In 1854, this port was opened to English and American trade. The countries did a large business for the first two years, since which time the port has gradually decreased in a commercial point.

It was from this port that a Frenchman attempted the abduction of a young lady in the dress of a China boy, nor did the Custom House officers discover the fraud practised on them until after the vessel had sailed from the port, when they requested the English Consul to send the only man-of-war in the harbor in pursuit of the runaway. The schooner, however, having some eight hours start got clear away, and the vessel of war had to make the trip to China and remain at the mouth of the Woo Sung until such a time as the *Zephyr* should arrive. The English Consul communicated the fact to the owners of the vessel, and she was sent back without discharging a pound of her cargo. The unfortunate girl was handed over to the tender mercies of the Japanese Government, by whom she was tortured to death in the most cruel manner, viz: by being lashed to a pole, exposed to a broiling sun with cold water contiuually dropping on her head. Not satisfied with her death they also killed her relatives, thereby visiting the sins of the child on the father; yes, even the grandfather of her who had been so vile as to leave her native land with a barbarian!

The principal exports from Nagasaki are tea and chow-chow, with a small quantity of silk and tobacco, the former being of an inferior quality to that exported from Yokohama.

I will now give a short description of Simoda, at which port the Hon. Mr. Harris remained until the time when his Treaty was ratified. This port is situated on the southern side of the Island of Nyphon; it is of little note, being merely a fishing village. In fact, it is a place one would never have heard of, had it not been for two great events—the earthquake of 1853, and the arrival of Mr. Harris, neither of which materially benefitted the port. It did have a very convenient harbor, and numbers of whaling vessels used to call there for supplies, but, unfortunately, the earthquake threw up a large body of rock which almost blocked up the entrance.

I visited this port in 1860; the remains of the town were still visible, as was also the flag-pole over Mr. Harris' residence, which my Japanese guide pointed out as the "American Tycoon no uchi." Having mentioned the only two events which ever did, in my belief, occur in Simoda, I will now proceed to Yokohama.

This is *the* European settlement of Japan. The principal exports are tea and silk, with small quantities of tobacco, copper, oil and wax. Matters were rather unsettled here for the first four years, partly owing to the dislike of the Japanese to foreigners, and a good deal to the mismanagement of the Consuls and Ministers. This port had far from a prepossessing appearance, when first opened, with its dozen of miserable nanties erected by government for the accommodation of Treaty powers. The Japanese opened the ball here by cutting down two Russians, one of whom was a naval officer, the other a quartermaster. The murderers, on this occasion, escaped. This was followed by the assassination of Mr. Hewlin, Dutch interpreter to the American Legation, who was cut down coming from the Dutch Legation where he had been dining, he, at the time having a guard of some twelve Japanese officials. The murderers, as on the previous occasion escaped. About twelve months after this, two Dutch captains were killed in the principal street, not more than fifty yards from the European Hotel; strange as it may seem, the murderers again escaped.

The most sad record of European pioneering in Japan is the murder of Mr. Richardson, who was cut down on the Tokaido while in company with three friends, (one a lady) who barely escaped with their lives. One of the gentlemen received some seven wounds, and the other four, one cut almost severing the left arm at the shoulder; the lady fortunately escaped with the loss of her back hair, which was cut as clean off as if it had been shaved. Never, perhaps, was such excitement witnessed in a community as there was in Yokohama on that Sunday afternoon, when the rumor arrived that three foreign gentlemen and a lady had been murdered, (for such was the first report) not eight miles from Yokohoma! Strange to say, almost at the same instant H. B. M. Sloop-of-war *Euryalus*, bearing the flag of Admiral Kuper, was signaled off Treaty Point, inward bound. About half past four o'clock Mrs. Borradale was seen riding furiously down the main street with what was left of her hair flying in the wind. Her dress was deluged in blood, and a frightful gash appeared on the hind-quarters of her horse, which was all but used up. Then the news spread that Richardson was killed, and his body left to the mercies of the Japanese, but that the other two had escaped with a few sword and spear wounds.

I do not think I shall soon forget that afternoon and night, expecting as we did, hourly, an attack on the settlement; with but a handful of men to protect us, we could have made but a poor defence against above ten thousand. In defiance, however, of the crowd we had to face, and spite our limited numbers, we were determined to recover the body of our murdered countryman. Having summoned the community together we proceeded along the Tokaid toward Yeddoo. At about six miles from Yokohama we found the body of the unfortunate gentleman, which, after being mangled in the most frightful manner, had been carried a short distance from the road and there left. The remains we brought into the settlement, and interred with military honors the next day. Many European papers have blamed Mr. Richardson and party for not leaving the road when the first Yokoneen (officor) called to them "Pecki, Pecki," (Pigion Japanese, signifying get away.) but the fact was they could not possibly get off the road at this particular spot. So much, however, has been written pro and con on this sad affair that I will not make further remarks on it, but proceed in a northerly direction to Hakodadi.

Hakodadi is the most northerly port at present open in Japan. It is situated on the Island of Yesso, and was opened to trade at the same time as Yokohama. The trade at this port has been but limited; consisting almost entirely of sea weed (for Chinese consumption,) and timber, with now and again a small quantity of silk.

On the Island of Yesso reside a tribe of Semi-Japanese called Ino's, they are subject to the Tycoon. They do not, however, resemble the Japanese either in appearance or manners. Perhaps there are few races of whom so little is known as of the Ino's, speaking as they do an entirely different language from the Japanese proper. They have no idea whatever of European commerce, and exist chiefly on fish and sea weed. As an example of how little is known of them either at home or abroad, I may mention that a London physician gave twenty pounds for the skull of one of these people a few months ago. The British Consul at Hakodadi got himself into rather a serious scrape by procuring an Ino's skull for a friend of his. He sent his constable out to the burial ground to obtain it, and he not having properly covered up the grave after disinterring the body, the sacrilege was reported to the British Minister at Yokohama, who kicked up a great fuss about it and ordered the Consul down to Yokohama to hold a court of inquiry. The most ridiculous part, however, remains to be told, the Japanese finding that an Ino's skull was so highly prized by Europeans, actually made them an article of merchandise, and at present, although not quoted in the monthly price currents, they can be bought for one dollar apiece. I shall refer more fully to characteristics of this peculiar people in a future article.

*The neck of land known as Desima was originally attached to the main ıd, and is still considered by the Japanese as part of the Island of Qu ıoo, although a broad ditch having been cut across one end, makes it, to ıntents, an Island, the only communication with the shore being over a ıe bridge, which was continually guarded, thus completely isolating the ch, and preventing them from having any intercourse with the natives, ess such as had permission from the Government.

DRAMATIC AFFAIRS.

THE popular comedy of *Wild Oats* was played on Monday at Magnire's Opera House. *Romeo and Juliet* was promised on Tuesday, but in consequence of the sickness of Mrs. Sophie Edwin *Wild Oats* was repeated, with Miss Sallie Hinckley in the part of "Lady Amaranth," which she played very well, considering the fact that she had but a few hours in which to study it. On Wednesday, *The Lady of Lyons* was presented, Edwin Adams playing "Claude Melnotte," and Miss Sallie Hinckley appearing as "Pauline." Mr. Adams is not so happy in his rendition of the part of "Claude Melnotte" as he is in many other characters. In this, the faults of his style of acting are brought prominently under observation; he too often pumps his breath up from the bottom of his chest before giving utterance to passionate passages, and indulges in too much shaking of the head. This part is seldom well-played, and when it is is not worth much. On Tuesday, *The Ticket of Leave Man* was played. This play was cast so perfectly and was so excellently played on the night of its first production at Maguire's Opera House, that no room for improvement was left. Mr. Adams is not as well suited to the character of "Robert Brierly" as is Frank Mayo. Miss Sallie Hinckley, though she played the part of "May Edwards" very well, could not, of course, be expected to equal Mrs. Sophie Edwin. McCullough, too, was not equal to Charley Thorne in "Hawkshaw." Miss Alicia Mandeville, as "Sam Willoughby," was not equal to Mrs. H. A. Perry—in fact, as I before stated, the cast was inferior to the original one in many parts. It was, however, well played, and those who had not seen it played before and were therefore unable to make comparisons, thoroughly enjoyed it. The applause was loud and frequent. John McCullough had a good benefit last night—he has well earned it by the able manner in which he has supported Mr. Adams through his engagement. *Damon and Pythias* and *The Honeymoon* constituted the bill. Mrs. Edwin having recovered from her illness, appeared last night in the characters of "Hermion" and "Juliana." This afternoon *Romeo and Juliet* will be performed. The evening's entertainment will consist of *The Ticket of Leave Man*. Next week is the last of the engagement of Mr. Adams. Every night during the week the house has been crowded.

On Monday evening *Lady Audley's Secret* was performed at the Metropolitan Theatre, when Mrs. Harry Jackson delighted all present by her inimitable impersonation of the heroine. The manner in which she accomplished the transitions from passion to calm, and simulation of incipient madness were extremely artistic. She was well supported. Miss Clelia Howson deserves credit for the power she evinced and the generally correct manner in which she performed the character of "Alicia." On Tuesday *Janet Pride* was performed for the benefit of Mrs. Harry Jackson; it was excellently played, but in consequence of the political excitement which reigned on that evening, the public did not respond in the manner which the merit of beneficiary demanded. It was repeated on the following night.

On Thursday, the capital comedy of *Married Life* was performed for the benefit of the McKenzie Zouaves. Last night, the *Willow Copse* was performed. This afternoon, a matinee will be given, when Mrs. Harry Jackson will appear in her great character of "Lady Audley." In the evening, the exciting drama of *Janet Pride*, in which all the members of the company appear to great advantage, will be performed.

On Monday, the American tragedian, Mr. Alexander Fitzgerald, will make his first appearance at this Theatre. Mr. Fitzgerald is reputed to be a talented and versatile actor; his reportory is extensive, embracing many leading characters of the standard and modern drama. He also enjoys considerable reputation as an Irish comedian. He will make his *debut* before a San Francisco audience in the fine play of *Belphegor*. The company at present engaged at the Metropolitan is undeniably a strong one, and will afford Mr. Fitzgerald efficient support.

The third of a series of three concerts will be given by the Madrigal Society of San Francisco, on Tuesday evening, August 20th, at Platt's Hall. The two former concerts were highly successful in a musical point of view. Many of the finest compositions of the old Madrigal writers being beautifully sung. On this occasion Mrs. Louisa Grotjan, Mrs. S, Leach, Mrs. Uhrig, Mrs Weston, Messrs. Herberte, Elliot, Pocock, Wunderlich and Leach, will appear, assisted by a select chorus of twenty-five voices. Mr. George Evans will preside at the piano. The programme, which is a very fair one, will be carried out under the direction of L. W. Leach.

I must acknowledge the receipt of an invitation to be present at the last of the series of the Occidental Theatricals, at the Turn Verin Hall. On Tuesday, August 20th, *Hamlet* will be performed. Mr. George M. Ciprico, the manager of the association, as the "Prince," Mr. Geo. Bonnell as "Leartes," Mr. S. S. Roberts as "Ghost," Mr. J. B. Badger as the "King," Mr. J. C. Jenkins as "Horatio," Miss Erances Simon as "Ophelia," Miss F. A. Pitts as the "Queen," and Miss Mary J. Bragg as the "Player Queen."

For many weeks past the ladies and gentlemen who are to take part in this representation have devoted themselves assiduously to study. High hopes are entertained that it will be produced in excellent style. The entertainments given by the Occidental Theatricals are always well attended by the fashion of the city.

Colonel Moustere's benefit, tendered him by the members of the Olympic Club, at their rooms on Sutter street, took place on Wendesday evening. The performance was in every way a most successful one; the most difficult and dangerous gymastic feats were performed with a degree of ease and grace which would have done credit to professional performers.

TOUCHSTONE.

REMOVAL.—Wm. B. Lake's Advertising Agency, has been removed to room 32, new Merchant's Exchange. Mr. Lake acts as agent for all the best newspapers in California and Oregon.

OLD STORIES RE-TOLD.

THE FRENCH IN IRELAND,

ON the morning of the 22d of August, 1798, the town of Killala, a seaport facing a large inlet of the Atlantic in the county of Mayo, was startled by the appearance in the bay of three frigates, showing English colors. The arrival of English cruisers seemed especially unaccountable, as the province (Connaught) was then quiet, although rebellion was raging in other parts of Ireland.

Mr. Kirkwood, a magistrate, who commanded the local yeomanry, though not much alarmed, kept his corps of thirty horsemen under arms at the castle, the residence of Dr. Stock, Bishop of Killala and so did Lieutenant Sills, of the Prince of Wales's Fencibles, his twenty militia-men from Ballina, a place seven miles and a half distant.

The next day was the visitation of the dioceses of Killala and Achonry (sees now abolished), and the sensible and good-natured bishop was entertaining three or four of the clergy and two officers of the carbineers, from Ballina, at the castle. The ladies of the family—the bishop's wife, his sister-in-law, Mrs. Cope, and eleven children—had just retired to the drawing room. The bishop and his friends had drawn closer round the claret; the pleasant after glow of a summer evening was gleaming on the ruby of the wine; the Atlantic decanting into the bay was crimson as a bowl of Burgundy; when suddenly the door flew open, and terrified messenger informed the bishop that the French had come, and that three hundred of them were within a mile of the town. General Humbert (Hoche's second in command at Bantry Bay in 1796) had, indeed, disembarked with one thousand and ninety men. The carbineer's officers instantly leaped on their horses and dashed off to carry the news to Ballina. Lieutenant Sills resolved to fight, and mustered his fifty yeomen and fencibles at the castle gate. The men then marched into the main street, which stands at right angles to the castle, and prepared to meet the French advance guard, which came on in a dark mass of blue and scarlet and sour sallow faces: the drums beating sharp, fierce and quick. In a moment two yeomen were struck dead, and the rest fled, leaving Captain Kirkwood alone to stand fifty shots before he was taken. Lieutenant Sills, retreating into the castle, was soon after obliged to surrender to General Humbert, who sent him away the next day to the ships to be taken to France, because he was an Englishman. Nineteen of the yeomen were also secured by the French, and closely imprisoned in the bishop's drawing-room. One of the bishop's guests, the Reverend Dr Thomas Ellison, of Castlebar, having formerly been an officer, could not resist the sound of the drum, and at the approach of the French shouldered a musket and joined the yeomen. He stood fire well, was wounded by a spent ball, and was one of the last to retreat into the castle. The worthy bishop retired into his garden to collect his mind while the firing went on, and succeeded in the attempt by the time the French general and staff of seventy officers arrived in the castle yard and demanded to see Monsieur l'Evêque.

The French soldiers were, except the grenadiers, generally short men; their clothes were shabby, their faces pale and sallow with the recent voyage and the fatigues of the campaigns of Italy and the Rhine. At the siege of Mentz, the winter before, many of them had suffered great privations It is only necessary to say they were French Solders, to be sure they were temperate, intelligent, self-reliant, patient and full of ardent courage. They had started eighteen days before from Rochelle, and tried unsuccessfully to land in Donegal, where a succeeding expedition afterwards failed to get footing.

General Humbert, who had distinguished himself in the desperate Vendean war, was sanguine of success. Ten more frigates and three thousand men would soon be off the coast. Ireland would be a free and happy nation, under the protection of France, within a month. A Directory was immediately to be set up in Connaught. The tricolour and the green flag would wave together, and scare the English lion. Humbert was an ignorant man of low origin, who had forced his way through the ranks by prompt decision and by physical energy. His passions were furious, his manner marked by a roughness and violence that was only assumed to carry out his own purposes. He was tall and well made, and in the vigor of life.

The bishop being a traveled man, spoke good French, and General Humbert told him to be under no apprehension. He and all his people would be treated with respectful attention. He even hoped a person of the ability and consequence of the bishop would serve himself, and help to liberate his country, by joining the new Directorate. The main army, under General Kilmaine, numbered ten thousand men, and three thousand more on board ship were ready at Brest, under General Hardy. Nothing but what was absolutely necessary for support was to be taken by the French troops. The evening was spent in giving hurried orders for the disembarkation of the men, and making arrangements for their quarters. The French officers boasted, after their manner, that they had brought arms for one hundred thousand men and nine pieces of cannon. They had really with them arms for only five thousand men and two four-pounders.

The bishop's dining-room, on the evening of the landing, half an hour before the scene of tranquil festivity, was soon turned into a noisy guard-room, crowded with gesticulating French soldiers dragging in leather valises and cases of ammunition, and with prisoners being examined by savage-looking republican officers, while in one corner a surly-looking grenadier captain was having a severe wound dressed by a surgeon and his assistant. Three hundred soldiers swore and chattered in the court-yard and offices. Immediately on entering the dining room, the bishop's butler was called for, ordered to collect all plate and secure it in his pantry. Not an article stolen, nor so much as a hat, whip, or great-coat pilfered from the hall. The yeomanry were locked in the drawing-room in the middle floor. Two bed-chambers adjoining were seized for the general and his principal officers. The attic story, a library, and three bed-rooms were reserved sacredly for the bishop and his family, and only on one occasion did the officers ever enter those rooms, and that occasion was the evening the tidings reached the French of their victory at Castlebar.

On the morning after his arrival, Humbert pushed forward to Ballina a detachment of a hundred men, forty of whom he mounted on the best horses he could find in the country. He concealed under the arch of a bridge near Killala a sergeant's guard, to watch the enemy's reconnoiterers. A shot from this ambuscade proved fatal to a brave young clergyman, the Reverand George Forteseue (nephew to Lord Clermont), who had put himself at the head of a party of observation from Ballina. That town at once fell into the hands of the French, the carbineers, the yeomanry—all but one fat, lazy fellow, who was caught in bed—taking to their heels with great unanimity. Humbert returned to Killala in triumph in poor Mr. Forteseue's two-horse curricle, with the fat yeoman (looking like a seal just awoke) by his side in full uniform. Several hundreds of rebel peasants, recruits, rent the air with their acclamations. A green flag, with the inscription "Erin go Bragh," was now mounted over the castle gate as a rallying standard for the pikemen, to whom arms, clothing, and ammunition were to be at once distributed. Ready money would arrive in the very first ships from France. In the mean time goods brought in voluntarly were to be paid for by drafts on the future Irish Directory. For the first three days the French commissary of stores spent his whole time in writing these valuable documents, but at last he began to treat the matter as a joke, and the people soon learned to consider it in that light also. Other promises were, however, more promptly fulfilled. Chests, each containing forty fusils, and boxes crammed with new French uniforms and gaudy helmets, were unlocked in the castle yard, and the contents given to the first applicants. About one thousand peasants were completely clothed; the next comers received everything but shoes and stockings; to the last arms only were given—in all, about five thousand five hundred stand, according to French reckoning. The muskets were well made, but the bore was too small for English bullets; the carbines were especially good; the swords and pistols were reserved for the rebel officers.

The country people pressed forward to snatch these fatal presents, forgetting that an English army of scarcely less than one hundred thousand men was already marching fast toward county Mayo. Many of the recruits were forced to join by the menaces of their friends and the dread of rumored Orangeman oppression. The bishop paints quite a Hogarthian picture of the vanity and ignorance of these raw, hot-blooded levies:

"The coxcombry of the young clowns in their new dress; the mixture of good humor and contempt in the countenances of the French, employed in making puppies of them; the haste of the undressed to be as fine as their neighbors, casting away their old clothes long before it came to their turn to receive the new; above all, the merry activity of a handsome young fellow, a marine officer, whose business it was to consummate the vanity of the recruits by decorating them with helmets beautifully edged with spotted brown paper to look like leopard's skin, a task which he performed standing on a powder barrel, and making the helmet fit any skull, even the largest, by thumping it down with his fists, careless whether it could ever be taken off again—these were circumstances that would have made you smile, though you had been just come from seeing your house in flames. A spectacle not less provoking to mirth presented itself to your view, if you followed the new soldiers after they had received their arms and cartridges, and observed their manner of using them. It was common with them to put in their cartridges at the wrong end; and when they stuck in the passage (as they often did), the inverted barrel was set to work against the ground till it was bent and useless. At first they were trusted with balls, as well as with powder. But this practice was not repeated, after it had gone near costing his life to General Humbert. As he was standing at an open window in the castle, the general heard a ball whistle by his ear, discharged by an awkward recruit in the yard below, whom he instantly punished with an unmerciful caning."

The French now required boats at once, to transport the artillery and stores from their ships, and carts and horses to bring them from the shore to the town. High prices were offered, but the fishermen and carmen did not respond to the call. The bishop was then arrested and marched half way to to the French ships, when the fishermen and boatmen, alarmed for their good bishop procured a supply of boats and carts.

Though the enemy was full of professions, and took nothing with them but what was absolutely necessary for the field, they nearly ruined the poor bishop. They burned thirty tons of his coal in one month, besides setting the kitchen chimney several times on fire with their ragouts. They drove away his nine horses, and six more belonging to his guests. They consumed his corn, potatoes, and cattle, before they touched those of any one else. They emptied his well-filled cellar and larder in three days. They carried off his cars, carts, and waggons, so that the worthy prelate computed his loss in thirty days only, at six hundred pounds.

Meanwhile, the enemy's main body, under Kilmaine, had landed, and had scarcely began their march, when a flag of truce arrived from Castlebar, carried by Captain Grey of the carbineers. He came, under pretence of inquiry for an officer wounded at Ballina, to discover the strength of the enemy. He privately told the bishop that a force three times Humbert's number waited at Castlebar to give a good account of the enemy.

Everywhere before the French advance fluttered the impudent proclamation of General Kilmaine. In this caricature of republican aggression he said that a band of heroes had came to liberate the Irish from the hands of tyrants, to teach them the arts of war, and to despise the "low pursuits of toil and industry," "We have made," said the gasconador, "all the nations we have conquered happy by arresting their property, by applying it to the common cause, and consecrating it to the champions of liberty. Property is a common right belonging to the valor that seizes it." (Could Canning have written a more bitter parody than this of intolerant and fanatical republicanism?) "We have always destroyed the unaspiring tranquillity of Switzerland, and the wealth, the power, and the bigotry of Italy are no more." The proclamation ended by imploring the Irish to cast off the bondage of religion, and to put down "that grand impostor, the Pope." The Irish were to "fly to the French standard, and enjoy at once the blessings of French fraternity."

The French entered Ballina with about nine hundred bayonets and two thousand pikes.

The omens that greeted them were not favorable. No disaffected Protestants joined the tri-color, no well-to do persons of any kind. On a tree, in a conspicuous place, hung a rebel agent, executed for having a French commission in his pocket. The French officers embraced the unconscious rascal, "bedewed the body with tears of sympathetic civism," exposed the corpse in the streets to excite the populace against the loyalists; and, after that, carried the dead body to the Roman Catholic chapel to lie in state surrounded by lighted candles, as that of a hero, a patriot, and a martyr.

In the mean time, Lake and Cornwallis were roused and in earnest. There were two roads (now disused) leading from Ballina to Castlebar. The lower road, by the east of Lough Conn, passes through Foxford and crosses the river Moy, a deep, wide river, by a long, narrow bridge. This road was guarded by General Taylor with the Kerry regiment, two battallion guns, some companies of the line, and some yeomanry cavalry. The upper road by the pass of Barnageeragh, running westward of Lough Conn, was considered impractible, and therefore left open. Humbert leaped at this chance; he pretended to go by Foxport, then dashed at the pass and all but surprised the unsuspecting English. An accident prevented the surprise. A small farmer, up at three to visit the cattle on his mountain-farm, observed a strong column of men dressed in dark blue winding toward the pass. He instantly galloped to Castlebar and woke up the garrison. General French road out toward the pass, but his escort being fired on by the French advance guard, he rode back to call out his forces and form them on a range of rocky heights north of the town, commanding a rising ground one thousand yards distant, which Humbert must of necessity cross. The blue and the scarlet were to meet again upon a new battle-field. It was too late now to occupy the pass that Humbert could never have forced if it had been held by only a single company. The pikemen were already hallooing and tossing their rude weapons, that thirsted for English blood; but Humbert did not believe in pikes against muskets.

The royalists were in two lines on the heights; first the Kilkenny militia, some of the 6th, and a party of the Prince of Wales' fencibles. In the second line were the Fraser fencibles and the Galway yeomanry. In a valley in the rear were four companies of the Longford militia in reserve. The cavalry, a part of the 6th Dragoon Guards and the 1st fencibles, were in the rear of the first line; the artillery were a little in advance, two curricle guns on the right of the road, and to the left two battalion guns of the Kilkenny militia.

At eight o'clock the tricolor showed, and the French drums beat aloud, as Humbert's men came on in a close driving column, covered by a clump of rebels roughly dressed in French uniform, sent forward with the agreeable object to themselves

of drawing the first heat of the artillery fire. To the swarms of noisy pikemen in his rear, Humbert—already sick of his wild allies, and their superstition, treachery, greediness and cruelty—paid no attention whatever. But woe betide the Kilkenny and Longford men if they were once broken and the pikes came down among them.

The royalist guns were coolly and cleverly served. The first round shot from Captain Shotall's six-pounder plumped full into the head of the advancing French column and broke it into two parts. Humbert drew his column back and re-formed. Again the hydra head appeared over the bridge, and a second shot struck the column in the old wound. Fifty brave Frenchmen then ran forward and got under cover of a house, but the rest retired again to re-form.

Five minutes' lull and the indefatigable column again crossed the ridge, driving cattle before them to blunt the cannonade. This was an old, wild, Irish and buccaneer trick. But, again repulsed, Humbert at once changed his tactics, and deployed rapidly from his center with open files, nearly parallel to the English position. The skill and rapidity of these manœuvres of veteran troops staggered the mere militia regiments. They began firing uselessly at a harmless distance. The French, encouraged by this alarm, ran forward en tirailleur, seized some hedges, and extended with great rapidity to outflank the royalist line.

In war, the man first frightened is first beaten. The militia wavered along its whole length, then fell back, leaving the cannon unprotected. The regular troops fled pell-mell to the town. A few of the Longford men were rallied, and fired from stone wall to stone wall to check the advance of the enemy, and afterwards on the Bridge of Castlebar, to protect a curricle gun, there still steadily served by the artillerymen. This party of brave men suffered severely, for they were galled by a cross fire from two roads and from the houses on either side. The men often fell back and were rallied by their officers. At length, nearly all the artillerymen being shot, the gun became silent, and a body of French hussars dashed forward at the charge, but were repulsed. The staunch men retreated, having lost two officers and half their number.

The French were as brave, and still more daring. Ten of their hussars hung on the rear of the fugitives, and, capturing a gun, were about to turn it on the runaways, when a large number of Lord Roden's "fox-hunters" charged back, killed five, and drove off the rest. The place where these hussars were buried is still called French hill. The carbineers fled with such extravagant haste that they achieved the sixty-three miles between Castlebar and Athlone in twenty-seven hours. The Royalists lost fifty-three men, thirty-four were wounded, and two hundred and seventy-nine were taken prisoners. Fifty-three men of the Longford militia deserted to the enemy, and, reversing their coats, were marched into Killala amid the cheers of the delighted rebels.

A more disgraceful defeat than that of the Royalists at Castlebar not even Welcheren or Bergen-on-Zoom exhibited. The rebels stormed into the town, mad with delight: but, thanks to the French, they committed no cruelties, eager as they generally were for blood. Almost the only victim was a lion of a Highlander who would not leave his post at the door of the town jail. He shot down five Frenchmen; and, while he was loading for the sixth time, a grenadier, beating out his brains, flung him down the steps with the sentry-box upon him.

The garrison of Killala was now ordered to the front, and only three French officers, Charost, Boudet and Ponson, left to drill and keep in order two hundred armed rebels. These men did their best to protect the threatened Protestants, giving them arms, and keeping up a nightly patrol. The mutinous rebels becoming infuriated at the distribution of arms, they were given up to guards appointed for each district of the town and neighborhood.

General Humbert, writting to Charost, and ordering him either to bury the powder which had been left behind, or to throw it into the sea, ninety barrels were hidden under a hot-bed in the garden, and the rest placed in a vault in a haggard under the corn-stand. On three occasions fires broke out near the powder, and it was only by the great precautions of the excellent bishop that it was eventually saved.

The rebel officers were generally great scoundrels, and kept the people of Killala in perpetual alarm by their insolence and threats. One drunkon fellow named Bellew, brother of the Bishop of Killala, was quartered at the house of a merchant, from whom he extorted money and clothes, was in the habit of tearing down slips of the wall-paper to light his pipe, and was tyrannical and unbearable. Another of these swaggerers was named O'Donnel, a young farmer and custom-house officer, who vexed the bishop by his vulgar forwardness; but who always did his best to keep the peace and restrain the insurgents. This man was afterwards shot by the English when they retook Killala, and Bellew was hanged.

In the mean time, the French had already lost all hope, and were disgusted with their allies, whom they beat and neglected, everywhere taking to themselves the best food and the best quarters. None of the gentry had joined them except two of three lost men, sottish and reprobate. The French also especially offended the peasants by resolutely preventing as much as possible the robbery or persecutions of Protestants.

The game was now nearly played out. Humbert turned from Sligo. Marching by Drummahair towards Leitrim, the French general, nearly at his last move, left behind three guns, and threw five more into the river. He was now making for Longford, where the people had risen, but the staunchest of bull-dogs were close upon his heels. The French rear guard was incessantly pressed by General Lake's cavalry, behind whom were mounted the light infantry. Humbert, at bay, halted from time to time, and grappled with his leading assailants. Half a mile from Ballynamuck, Sarazin, the second in command, at last surrendered with all the rear guard.

The Earl of Roden and Colonel Crawford, then sounding a trumpet, rode up to the French advance guard, and desired them to surrender, to save any more effusion of blood. Humbert requiring half an hour to think over it, and still retreating, Lord Roden ordered the advance; the first and second French brigade then surrendered to about three hundred of our cavalry. Humbert rallied his grenadiers and chasseurs, and made prisoners Lord Roden and twenty of his dragoons, who were taking some guns. They were prisoners exactly fifteen minutes, and during all that time the French officers kept cursing the United Irishmen for having deceived and disappoint them. The fencibles advancing in angry search for their colonel, the seven hundred and forty-eight French and ninety-six officers surrendered, or they would have been instantly cut to pieces. The French, since their landing at Killala, had lost two hundred and eighty eight men.

The revenge taken on the wretched Irish rebels was savagely cruel and brutal. About five hundred were cut down, shot, or hanged during the pursuit round Ballynamuck. They were found by dozons in the fields, drunk or worn out with fatigue. Wherever they were met, the sabre fell upon them. At Carrick-on-Shannon seventeen rebels were hanged at one time at the door of the court-house, the prisoners being compelled to draw lots from the adjutant's hat—one hundred lots being drawn, with *death* written on seventeen of them.

On the 25th, the sound of cannon and the flame of blazing cabins announced the advance of the royalists upon Killala. The town became rapidly filled with frightened fugitives from Ballina. The rebels made a stand behind some stone walls on the high ground outside the town. Their fire was ineffective, and they were at once routed and pursued by the Roxbury cavalry. Four hundred of them were cut down in the streets, or mown down by the cannon on the sea-shore. Col. Charost narrowly escaped death from the gun of a maddened Highlander who wanted to give no quarter.

So ended an irrational and useless insurrection, with the usual horrible results of more bloodshed and less liberty. General Trench instantly pushed detachments into the wild districts of Laggan and Erris, where the rebels' cabins were burnt by dozens, For years after, however, the mountain borders of Sligo and Galway were infested by deserters and outlaws, who lived by cattle-stealing, and who houghed the cattle and burnt the corn-stacks of the enemies. Two of the most notorious of these robbers, Gibbons and M'Greal (Red James), were at last seized; the former was hanged and the latter pardoned

On the 27th of October, in this same year 1798, two French frigates again entered Killala Bay with two thousand men: intending to commence operations by burning the town and carrying the bishop off to France—as they said, for betraying them. Some English cruisers; however, appearing, the frigates stood out to sea, and came no more. They were already too late, for the Brest squadron had been struck to pieces after a long and gallant fight, on the 11th of October, off Tory Island, by Sir John Borlase Warren, and there were captured one seventy-four, three vessels of thirty-six guns, and two of forty; three others escaped. Wolf Tone, captured in one of the French vessels, was tried and condemned to death, but he killed himself in prison.

Popping the Question.—All ladies know—by instinct—how the question of questions should be asked—so asked as to make it tell. But very few young men know how to ask it gracefully. Love-stricken youths often act sorrily on occasions of this kind; in fact, like the merest lubbers; and the worst of it is that those of them who would make the best husbands often spoil their chances by floundering ridiculously at the critical moment. For this reason saucy, world-hardened fellows who never stammer, blush, or falter, not unfrequently carry off the prize from unsophisticated excellence— the lady not discovering until too late that she has mistaken brass for gold. Under these circumstances, why will not some gentle creature of a "certain age," who has nothing more to hope, or fear from man, undertake to teach the young idea how to shoot dexterously at the matrimonial target? It would be a profitable business, pecuniarly, beyond a doubt; and then as philanthropic. There are multitudes of young men who would give ten dollars apiece to be able to do the thing with *éclat*, and it certainly might be taught in less than "six easy lessons." The lady preceptress should make her pupils propose to her until perfect in the art of proposition.

Retribution to the Luxemburgers—How they Sold their King for Ten Francs.—A curious incident in the modern history of Luxemburg is related by the *Kreuz-Zeitung* and other German papers, with the remark that if the Luxemburgers are being sold by their sovereign, it is only an act of strict retribution, since the Luxemburgers had begun by selling their sovereign, and very cheaply, too. The affair is told as follows: Some thirty years ago the oldest church in the country stood in the capital of Luxemburg, on the present Wilhem's Place. Being in a ruinous state, it was taken down, and its religious relics deposited in the Liebfrauen Church, situated close by. The historical monuments of the old church were not treated with equal respect, but strange to say, came under the auctioneer's hammer, and were for the most part sold for a song. A lawyer bought the coffin and the corpse of John the Blind Count of Luxemburg and King of Bohemia. Seeing that he expended on this whim only the moderate sum of ten francs, he could hardly be accused of imprudence in thus appropriating to himself the dust of royalty. After having satisfied his curiousity on the subject, corpse and coffin had to wander into a corner of the garret of the house, till it was removed, with other articles of a legacy, to Prussian territory, and came into possession of a manufacturer on the Saar, where the remains of the chivalrous king were as disrespectfully stowed out of the way as before.

Years afterwards when King Frederic Wilhelm the Fourth of Prussia traveled through the Rhine Provences, he visited this factory, which had formerly been a fine abbey. The proprietor, in showing his royal guest over the place, said, jestingly, that "he was sheltering another king," and related to his majesty the singular adventures of the royal corpse. The anger of the king was only pacified when the proprietor respectfully placed at his disposal the mortal remains, affording thus an opportunity to atone for the heavy guilt of the Luxemburg country. If the Grand Duchy of Luxemburg had sold the sole and last remains of its old counts, and had not even six feet of Luxumberg ground to spare for them, the Prussian King gave them a royal grave, such as hardly may be equalled. An old chapel, called the Klause, most picturesquely situated on a high rock above the river Saar, was renovated at great expense and consecrated as a resting place for the remains of John the Blind. Let us hope that the spirit of the ill-treated King is above human frailty, and above planning revenge on the people who sold his ashes so cheap.

Parisian Demi-monde.—There are localities in Paris where, by passing through a series of velvet-covered doors, and paying a trifling admission fee, one can get a sight of the orgies of civilized barbarism, can revel in perpetual carnival, can see men and women gone astray from the real objects of life to make pleasure the only end of existence. The lively French term for these places is hardly translatable; the demi-monde, one says, that is, perhaps, the world of the disreputable caste; and yet the respectable penetrate there every day and evening in the year. These centres of dissipation are becoming as numerous as the sands of the sea-shore this year, and are never in want of patronage. New York has nothing like them; London does not know how to maintain them; Vienna and Berlin, and Florence and Naples but faintly echo them. In the most popular of these places, concert and ball alternate during the evenings of the week. The music is always enchanting, artistic; the balls are conducted with an abandon and absence of decorum which Rabelais would have blushed to recount. Women who lead lives luxuriously miserable one month, and who suffer in pitiful poverty the next, parade their toilets and their vices there; the young Parisian comes there to slap his boots and twist his cravat under his ear in the fantastic dances; and the strangers, fresh from the steamers, in soft hats and sack coats, hie there to see life. The expenses at these places are very light, and therein lies the special danger; one is tempted to become a habitue. All that art and nature can supply to decorate are called into requisition; Mabille and the Salle Valentino testify to this. They are just the thing which we do not want in America; and between them and the cafe concerts is a barrier of respectability which cocattes and grisettes cannot break down.

The man in the moon is making faces at us. For the first time a change has been noticed in the features of the old gentleman. It seems that at the last session of the Academy of Science, a paper was read on the subject of a recent change in the moon's surface. A crater, well defined and perfectly well known to astronomers, has disappeared within a year, and its place is marked by a large white spot in the middle of a plain.

Let us carry into the world neither curiosity nor indiscretion. Curiosity is the defect of a little mind, which, not knowing how to employ itself at home, feels the necessity of being amused with the occupation of others. In relation to minute objects it is ridiculous In important affairs it becomes odious.

An inviolable fidelity, good humor, and complacency of temper in a wife, outlive all the charms of a fine face, and makes the decay of it invisible.

NOTICE.

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J. P. BOGARDUS, J. F. BOWMAN. } *Editors and Proprietors.*

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NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The Last Chronicle of Barset. By Anthony Trollope, Author of "The Claverings,' "Can You Forgive Her?" "The Small House at Allington," "Orley Farm," etc., etc. With illustrations by George H. Thomas. New York: Harper & Brothers Publishers, Franklin Square, 1867. San Francisco: H. H. Bancroft & Co.

In a more eminent degree than any other of the popular writers of English fiction, now living, Mr. Trollope possesses the art of investing an imaginary narrative with the air of a plain chronicle of facts. It may be said, indeed, we believe it has been said, that this atmosphere of realism, so perceptible in such stories as "Miss Mackenzie," the "Small House at Allington," "Barchester Towers," and nearly all of Mr. Trollope's novels is simply the result of their tameness of style, their poverty of incident, and the commonplace character of the persous introduced. Had he written nothing but such stories as the "Small House," and "Miss Mackenzie," with their most unheroic heroes, their drowsy dialoguc, and their sordid scenes and characters, all so marvellously true to the life as to produce the disagreeable effect of reality, this explanation might seem to bc sufficient. We might then say to ourselves, these stories seem wonderfully real, bccause they have no ideal quality, and evince no imagination. The characters are amazingly life-like, it is true; but they are also quite uninteresting and such as one might meet at an ordinary boarding house, and not feel particularly anxious to cultivate an intimacy with. They are drawn to the life—no doubt of that—but are they worth drawing at all? Thc skill exhibitcd in delineating Johnny Eames "the hobble-de-hoy," and Crosbie, in the "Small House," the pitiful hero of "Miss Mackeuzie"—we cannot recall his name, nor is it worth while to recall it—and in reflecting so faithfully the homely featnres of certain common phases of society, is undeniable, but is it the skill of art—or at any rate of any higher art than the Chinese faculty of literal imitation? But the insufficiency of this explanation is shown, iu part, by the fact that Mr. Trollope invariably manages to make his stories intensely interesting, and this he generally effects without the aid of a plot, a "mystery," or any sensational element whatever, Most persons of fair average culture experience more actual enjoyment in reading "Barchester Towers," or the "Small House," than in the different kind of fascination they find even in the better class of sensational novels, Mr. Wilkie Collius's for instance. It is further shown in this that, though Mr. Trollope's characters are always natural, they are often very far from being commonplace. Lady Mason, and the chivalrous old baronet in "Orley Farm," the author's nearest approach to the sensational style, are notable examples of this, and the Rev. Josiah Crawley, in the "Last Chroniele of Barset," is another, and a much more profoundly interesting one, drawn with an insight, which so far as this type of character is concerned, we had not given Mr. Trollope the credit of possessing. Thus, the realism of this writer is not of the blundering, unintelligent kind, and thongh from a critical point of view we may confound it with literal dullness, it does not produce the *effect* of dullness. Its precision is not so much Chinese as Flemish. It has touches like those of Hogarth. In short, Mr. Trollope's realism is like that of Balzac, a conscious and artistic realism, that aims intelligently at the prodnction of effects by using uuderstood means.

"The Chronicle of Barset," with which we are at present more particularly concerned, is thoroughly, aud in one sense, painfully pervaded by this realism. But the painful feelings excited in the reader's mind, are not of the natnre or quality that are repugnant to the spirit of art. There is a subtle intellectual pleasure mingled with them which jnstifies the delineation by which they are produced, and brings it within Wordsworth's æsthetic canon. The interest of the story commences with the first paragraph of the first chapter, and thenceforward seldom flags for a moment. The Rev. Josiah Crawley, an eccentric clergyman, very learned, miserably poor, inflexibly proud, and thoughly imbued with the belief that he has been hardly dealt with by the world, by his church, and by Providence itself, is the central figure of the book. Importuned and bullied by a butcher to whom he is indebted, he pays him a check of twenty pounds, which he is soon afterwards accused of having stoleu. Hc is qnite unable to account for the possession of the check, and gives in succession two different explanations of the manner in which he received it, both of which provc to be false. His wife, whose confidence iu him is unshaken, believes that his troubles have disturbed his intellect, and that he came into possesion of the paper when he was not himself and in a manner which he cannot now recall. On his preliminary examination he is committed for trial at the assizes, and bailed by a brother clergymau. And now, the only question discussed in the county is in regard to Mr. Crawley's guilt. The unfortunate man has never been a favorite with his bishop, the Dr. Proudic, of "Barchester Towers" who, as all the readers of that entertaining story will remember, was largely assisted iu administering the affairs of his dioeese by his wife. The "anti-bishop" faction which existed in the county, and looked up to Archdeacon Grantley, (also transplanted from "Barchester Towers") as its head, considering that the accused man is persecuted by the bishop, or rather by his wifc, whom they scandalously declare to be the true "power behind the throne" at the episcopal palace, take up his cause, more however, in a spirit of opposition to the bishop than from any conviction of Mr. Crawley's innocence. Mrs. Proudic, insists upon suspending the accused man from the discharge of his clerical functions until after his innocence shall havc been established by an acquittal. The bishop, knowing that he has not the power to take the step demanded by his wife, whom he is quite unable to convince that there are any limits to his episcopal authority, endeavors to preserve domestic peacc by a compromise. He accordingly dispatches a note to Crawley, "advising" him not to appear in the pulpit until his innocence shall have beeu vindicated. The latter, however, thoroughly understands his position, both with reference to the law, the community, and his ecclesiastical superior, and he peremptorily declines to act in a way inconsistent with the principle that a man is presumed to be innocent until proved to be guilty. Mrs. Proudie, indignant and outraged at the contumacy of the threadbare, and nearly starviug curate, gives her lord no respite until he cousents most reluctantly, to adopt more vigorous measures. One of the bishop's chaplains is accordingly sent on the next Sunday to officiate in Mr. Crawley's pulpit; but his mission proves an utter failure, the rebellious clergyman, sternly insisting upon discharging his official duty as usual. The messenger, quite nnequal to a contest with his resolute and indomitable opponent, contents himself with entering a weak protest by attending the service, wearing his snrplice, and occupying a conspicuous pew, in testimony of his readiness to discharge the duty which he was prevented from assuming by superior force. This new defeat, of course, produces a scenc at the episcopal palace. Mrs. Proudie becomes almost frantic, and the unhappy Bishop, as a last resource, writes to Mr. Crawley, reqnestiug an interview with him at the Palace. He is not without hope that the poverty-stricken curate may be so impressed by the state and splendor of the scene into which he will be introduced, that he may become more tractable. But he is very far from knowing his man. Josiah Crawley instead of being dismayed, is immensely exhilarated at the prospect ot an encounter with the weak bishop, who neither understands the limits of his own authority, nor the rights of his clergy. His spirit kindles within him in anticipation of the battle, and, in obedience to the summons, he walks fifteen miles, the distance between his residence and the Cathedral town, purposely choosing his way through the muddiest places, in order that he may have the satisfaction of parading his wretched poverty before the eyes of his bishop, and of treading the episcopal carpets in patched and dirty boots. The interview that succeeds, at which Mrs. Proudie is present, not by any means in the capacity of a silent spectator, and in which she experiences a terrible overthrow, is onc of the best scenes of the kind ever described by any novelist, and is entirely satisfactory.

The other chief characters of the book, are Lillie Dale, whose acquaintance we first made in "The Small House," her "hobble de-hoy lover, Johnny Eames, who has now emerged from his hobble-de-hoy-hood aud developed into quite a man of the world, who can talk small talk to ladies without blushiug, and go through a fashionable dinner and the common rontine of society without embarrassment. Lillie's mother and nncle, together with Crosbie, her recreant lover, and other subordinate characters belonging to the "Small House" or to "Barchester Towers," reappear in the present work, where we have no doubt that all the readers of those charming stories will be glad to renew an acquaintance with them.

Stories and Sketches by Our Best Authors. Boston: Lee & Shepard, 1867. San Francisco: A. Roman & Co.

The title of this volume is not only attractive intrinsically, but is especially calculated to excite the interest and curiosity of those who would like to learn, who, in these days of multitudinous authorship, are entitled to the high distinction of being classed with "our best authors." In turning over the pages of the book, we experienced a not altogether unnatural sense of disappointment, upon finding nothing from the pens of Donald G. Mitchell, William Henry Curtis, Mrs. Stowe, Harriet Prescott, Mr. Trowbridge, Bayard Taylor, or indeed from any of those whom we have been accustomed to regard as "our best writers." But we are growing old, and a new generation of writers is springing up around us, with whose name and fame we are probably not as familiar as we should be. Indeed we are constrained to the frank confession, humiliating as it is in the editors of a literary journal to make it, that the majority of these gentlemen, vouched for by Messrs. Lee & Shepard, as "our best authors" are quite unknown to us either by reputation, or through their prodnctions. With the exceptions of Mr. Fitz Hugh Ludlow and Mr. Charles Dawson Shanly, to neither of whom we should personally feel inclined to assign a classic position in our literature, there are but few of the writers whose names we are familiar with. To most of the stories we find such names attached as "Richard Wolcott," "Mrs. Galpin," "J. L. Lord," names which, so far as they revive any distinct associations in our memory, are more suggestive of the Philadelphia ladies' magazines, or of *Beadle's Monthly*, than of the *Atlantic* or the *Galaxy*. But though the title of the book is unquestionably a misnomer, and "our best writers" have contributed very little to its contents, there are, nevertheless, a number of clever stories in the collection, and we are not quite sure that as a whole it will not prove more attractive and agreeable for reading at the seaside, or the places of summer resort, than a volume of equal bulk made up of the productions of authors of wider reputation. It often happens that ladies and gentlemen who have not greatly distinguished themselves in literature, achieve an exceptionally brilliant performance, while others of established fame, do not always maintain their level. A volume of tales might easily be compiled from the magazine contributions of comparatively obscure writers, which as a whole would be more interesting than an equal number of the average pieces of our very best authors who have attempted this kind of composition. Without being prepared to affirm that we have discovered anything in the present volume so remarkably good as to drive us to adopt the hypothesis that like poor Fitz James O'Brien's "Diamond Lens," it is the author's *ultima thule* of achievement, which he is destined never to surpass or equal, we may say that taken as a whole it contains a great deal of just that kind of reading that one finds pleasant in the cars, or on the steamer, or indeed under any circumstances which are unfriendly to conscious mental exertion, or to long-continued attention to the same subject.

POKER AND JOURNALISM.

THE question, whether the proprietors of one of the leading journals of this State are addicted to "draw poker," must be regarded as one of the political events of the day, since Mr. Gorham's Placerville speech, in which the charge was made, followed by a formal denial in the editorial columns of the Sacramento *Union*. Should this important issue be decided adversely to the proprietors of the *Union*, it maybe some consolation to them to know that they are not the first distinguished journalists who have rested under a similar imputation. The New York *Citizen* states that Ben Wood, the projector of the *Evening News*, which now claims a circulation of one hundred thousand, recently met with a catastrophe at "draw poker," resulting in pecuniary damage to the extent of $45,000—the winner being "a prominent and respected member" of the Common Council. A still further source of comfortable reflection for the Sacramento gentlemen, may perhaps be found in the circumstance that while the proprietor of the *News* is said to have lost a small fortune at a single sitting, they, according to the statement of the Republican candidate for the gubernatorial chair, invariably got the better of the "clerks," whom they condescended to honor by admitting them into their "little game." As the minutest details of historical events possess a certain interest, we will add that according to the *Citizen*, Mr. Wood lost on a hand of three queens against three aces, and that the encounter took place near the Fifth Avenue Hotel, in the same room, and at the same table where the same distinguished politician and journalist had before won $128,000 from Congressman John Morissey in a single evening.

ECCLESIASTICAL CLOTHES.

THE question of costume, diplomatic and ecclesiastical, seems to be attracting an unusual share of attention on both sides of the Atlantic. Gen. Banks, not long ago, introduced it into Congress with reference to the style of coat that it is seemly for an American diplomatist to wear at European courts; the Earl of Shaftesbury brought it up in the House of Lords, with a view to prescribe the ecclesiastical garments to be worn by Anglican clergymen, and, more recently, it has been fiercely agitated among Episcopalians at the East, where twenty-eight bishops of that denomination have issued a "Declaration" against the use of certain ritualistic practices and "vestments," employed in some of the churches in the diocese of New York. A large number of publications has been issued on both sides of the controversy, here and in England, and the battle still rages with great violence, very strong feeling and equal resolution being manifested by either party. Upon the return to San Francisco, of the Rev. J. Dillon Eagan, who will arrive, it is said, in the next steamer, some similar questions are expected to arise here, in which contingency the *Spirit of the Times* and the *Morning Call* will probably once more volunteer their valuable services to aid the ecclesiastical authorities in arriving at a sound decision, in accordance with the laws and traditions of the Church.

[For the Californian.]

HISTORY OF PELEG COWCOPPER'S VOYAGE AND EXPERIENCE IN CALIFORNIA.

BY DOGBERRY.

CHAPTER I.—THE VOYAGE—THE GULF STREAM.

I LEFT my native land on the first day of January, 1850, in a good ship commanded by Captain Codfish. There were on board seventy-nine souls, forming a joint stock company for the purpose of mining, trading with the Indians, making our fortunes and getting back home as soon as possible.

On the second day out we experienced a most terrible storm in the Gulf. Captain Codfish said he had crossed the Atlantic one hundred and twenty-four times and he never saw such a a storm before.

The Gulf Stream is a most singular phenomenon. No one has as yet fairly accounted for its existence. My theory is this: the action of the moon when it is full, operates on the aqueous globules of water at the equator. Now, water, as everybody knows, is formed of two gasses. The molecular action of these gasses generates heat. When, then, the earth turns around, as it generally does once every twenty-four hours, the pressure of the vast bodies of ice at the two poles forces the water toward the Equator, and then as it must run somewhere, it runs up the coast of South America; but as water cannot always run up it runs into the Gulf of Mexico and then out again, when, having acquired new force, it runs up again, up the coast of North America until it reaches Cape Hatteras, which projecting itself into the ocean, causes it to infringe over on the Cape Verd, the home of the dusky negro, who in time past has been so cruelly dealt with, torn from his native land and forced to labor in foreign parts for the benefit of hard-hearted masters. Such are the wrongs for many years sanctioned by the Democratic party, but the spirit of progress which animates this age, at length has torn the fetters from the limbs of the slave or any other part where they happened to be, and made of him, thanks to the Emancipation Proclamation and the heroic efforts of our brave soldiers, headed by such men as Grant and Sherman and many others, bright on the roll of fame, a free man.

This is my theory of the cause of this oceanic current. I have got it as far as Cape Verd and there it may stay.

CHAPTER II.

LIFE AT SEA—ADVENTURE IN RIO DE JANERIO.

Life at sea is very monotonous, except in a storm, or when one is sea-sick, or drunk. We saw flying fish and some albatross. We also saw a school of whales. Whales go in schools in order to furnish scholars with the midnight oil. The flying fish does not roost on a perch because there are no perches in the ocean. We crossed the equator. This is an imaginary line (except on the maps) running round the earth. We also sailed round Cape Horn. Some travelers assert they have doubled Cape Horn, but we went in full sight of it, and there was but one Cape. Of course there we encountered a tremenduous storm, which Captain Codfish pronounced the severest he had ever experienced, and he had been round the Horn one hundred and twenty-four times. Our spanker boom got foul of the bowsprit, which resulted in setting the ship so far aback that we never recovered the ground, or rather water, we had lost, for three whole days. Besides this we sprung aleak just abaft the rudder.

We put in, before getting to Cape Horn, to Rio Janerio. There we found nine hundred other vessels bound for California. While our company were rambling about the city, we caught sight of the Emperor. Determined to let him know that we were citizens of the great and glorious republic whose flag was never yet furled in dishonor before a foreign foe, we drew up in a row as he passed, gave three cheers and sang the "Star Spangled Banner." For this we were arrested and taken to the calaboose. There we passed the night in killing fleas, and reviling monarchial institutions. Why will a deluded people suffer themselves to be governed by a monarch, or a king, when they can so much better govern themselves, or be governed by a certain few of their fellow-citizens, who, owing to their superior skill in manipulating the machinery of government, are able to get themselves elected to govern the people.

In the morning we sent a message to the American consul, telling him to set to work and have us liberated, or there would be war. What possessed this functionary, I do not know. He acted very strangely, sending us a note intimating that he would take all proper measures for our relief, but also insinuating that we ought to behave decently, soberly and peaceably while in a foreign country. (We had the biggest kind of a row with the guard before they subdued us.) I would like to know the benefit of being an American citizen unless one can do as one pleases on a foreign shore? Was it for this that our forefathers fought and bled in the Revolution, that their sons cannot go abroad and feel perfectly at home, no matter who is around? Did it hurt the Emperor of Brazil for us to cheer our native land, and sing the national anthem? Were the President of the United States riding down Broadway in a barouche, hay cart, or any other vehicle, could not an Englishman, in perfect safety, sing "Rule Britania," "God save the Queen," or any other woman, and call for three cheers for his sovereign, without being torn to pieces by an enraged and patriotic populace? Isn't our glorious land the freest, our rivers the longest, our women the prettiest, our men the bravest, our trees the tallest, and our homemade whisky the strongest of any on the face of the globe?

CHAPTER III.

LIFE IN THE MINES—THE PATENT INTEGRAL CUNEIFORM GOLD SEPARATOR.

Our voyage to San Francisco occupied nine months. We got short of provisions, water, and awfully tired of each other. All of us kept diaries for the first two months, but none of them survived the fifth.

Owing to a defect in Capt. Codfish's chronometer we sailed five hundred and sixty-two miles too far to the north of the Bay of San Francisco, and then our dead reckoning having given out we went four hundred and seventy-two miles too far to the southward. Captain Codfish said he had crossed the equator one hundred and twenty-four times and never got quite so far out of the way before.

Our company went directly to the Southern mines. We embarked for Stockton in a schooner. From the latter place we resolved to foot it to the diggings, only hiring a team to transport our safe, weighing two tons, and our Integral Cuneiform Gold Separator, weighing five tons. This machine was for the purpose of separating the gold from the dirt. It was manufactured by a Connecticut man, who had gained quite a reputation by the construction of a new rat trap.

Each one of us carried two pair of blankets, a rifle, two revolvers, a pick and shovel, a pair of flat irons, a small bag of shot, a clock and umbrella, and a knapsack containing provision and many useful articles, such as books, bottles of whisky, hair oil, yeast powder, etc. We walked twenty miles the first day, and the next morning twenty of our company concluded to return home, being discouraged by reports from those on their way back from the mines.

At French Camp we concluded to leave our safe. Up to that point its freightage had cost us four thousand dollars. Smith, an influential man in our company agreed that at this rate before we got fairly into the diggings, its transportation would cost more than the derned thing ever would hold. So there we left it and never sent for it. The transportation of the Patent Integral Cuneiform Gold Separator to the banks of the Tuolumne where it was finally deposited, amounted to nine thousand dollars. It exhausted the resources of the whole company, obliging us to travel after it seventeen days on foot, living on pork and crackers.

Four of us commenced digging our first hole on the Tuolumne. Two of this number were soon severely injured and laid up for some time owing to prods in the back from picks in the hands of their comrades. It was then judged expedient to reduce the number in the hole to two. There seemed to be no gold in this hole, so after digging for three days we gave it up. Some miserable wretches came along a little after, went down nine inches further and took out twenty-five thousand dollars.

Fifteen of our company then gave up the mines and went back, saying the stories about gold were all humbug.

We started another hole and got a prospect. Then we commenced working our dirt in the Patent Integral Cuneiform Gold Separator. It required thirteen men to work the machine properly. The principle on which the Eastern inventor had constructed the confounded thing was that of a sausage mill. You were to put the dirt in at the hopper at the top, turn a crank and the gold was to squirt from the discharge pipe in one continuous yellow stream into the proper receptacle, while the dirt and stones flew out at another. On the first day we managed to grind through about three buckets of gravel and panned out two cents. It took five men to work the crank, two to pour in water, one to tend the governor which regulated something or other, two to keep the machine steady, one to hold the vessel in which the gold ought to have squirted more than it did, one to write East every day to the inventor regarding the successful working of the concern, and one to superintend the whole.

On the second day after working five hours and getting two buckets through, the crank broke, and as the machine stood on a bank about ten feet above the Tuolumne, the five men pitched over into river and with some difficulty escaped with their lives.

It was impossible to move the Patent Integral Gold Separator so we were obliged to prospect and mine in its immediate neighborhood.

CHAPTER IV.

WANDERINGS AFTER NEW DIGGINGS.

Our company finally broke up and dispersed, being unable to support any longer the weight of the Patent Integral Cuneiform Gold Separater which, including transportation, had cost us altogether fifteen thousand dollars, and yielded about four cents.

I went to Bungeye Flat. In "'50," Bungeye was a lively place. There were then over five hundred miners there, one hundred and two saloons, and five women, two of them being negresses. Shooting was to be had regularly every night, and every other prospect hole had a dead man in it.

I heard, however, of big diggings at Oak Flat, and went there, but there was no water. Bigger diggings were reported in Mariposa. I went there. There was no water. It was reported they were making over a hundred dollars a day somewhere on the Merced. I started for that locality, but as I was not able to find it, I could not get there. Meeting a man in a starving condition, with whom I divided my last dollar, he told me of a great excitement over in Calaveras; hundred dollar diggings again. I went there. No water, but reports of the biggest kind of diggings again at a place called Bull Bar, on the Tuolumne. I rushed for Bull Bar. The nearer I got to it the less did I hear of any great diggings, and when finally I did get to it, found it within a quarter of a mile of the infernal Patent Integral Cuneiform Gold Separator. I suppose it was the discovery of this thing of ours which caused the report of such heavy diggings,

CHAPTER V.

DEATH IN CALIFORNIA.

It is hard work to mine when one gets no pay. I had rather tend hogs. So I did tend hogs for a person at Rat Flat. The company wasn't quite so congenial but the pay was better,

I saw a great many men killed in California. One night at Cracksnout Bar a row occurred between Strabismus eyed Jim and Three-toed Bill in a dispute over a monte game. Drawing their revolvers, they commenced firing into the crowd and the result was that seven corpses of prominent and respectable citizens, who were also engaged in similar games, were laid out for inspection on the plaza the next morning, and thirteen were more or less injured, some of them fatally. The gamblers themselves, the shooters I mean, escaped without a scratch, and, when the dead men were buried, Strabismus-eyed Jim read over their graves the burial service in a most impressive manner. It was "quite a day" at Cracksnout Bar. Business was entirely suspended, the flags were at half-mast, and minute-guns were fired from two anvils. Everybody got more or less drunk, and about midnight there was another general row, and a great cracking of pistols, for everybody felt like killing somebody else, it didn't matter who so long as he was killed.

I have forgotten how many were shot that night, but they didn't have so much of a time made at their funeral, as the people by this time had got rather tired of such ceremonies.

One night I was sleeping in a cloth shanty near a gambling house, when a bullet, discharged by a desperado named Tiger Bill, ripped open the front of my shirt, passed through the house, killed a donkey in a shed near by, and finally buried itself in a Bible which "Scotty," a South Carolina sport, always carried in his carpet-bag.

After this I got tired of staying in California, making no money, and forever afraid of being shot, so I went home as I came out, "round the Horn." Off Cape Horn we encountered a tremenduous storm which the captain said was the most severe he had ever experienced.

CHARLES HENRY WEBB, the founder of THE CALIFORNIAN, is now employing his pen on "Miles O'Reily's" paper, the New York *Citizen*, from which we republish in our present issue a characteristic sketch by "John Paul," entitled "Economy and Suicide." Most of Mr. Webb's "literary recreations," however whimsical and effervescent they may seem at first blush, have an ulterior meaning, or a critical purpose; the present sketch boasts even of a "moral," and rather a striking one, to wit: that true economy consists rather in earning shillings, than in saving sixpences.

THE New York *Weekly Review* alluding to the forthcoming volume of poems by Mr. Charles Warren Stoddard, of this city, declares its intention to "improve an early opportunity to review the book," and adds: "In Mr. Stoddard and in Mr. Frank Bret Harte, California has two writers of whom she ought to be proud;" a proposition which will be very generally and cordially endorsed in literary circles.

THE COMMERCIAL HERALD AND MARKET REVIEW.—One of the very best commercial papers published in the United States is the San Francisco *Commercial Herald and Market Review*, published by John H. Carmany & Co., and edited by H. Channing Beals. It appears every steamer-day, and contains a clear and concise resume of all commercial transactions, printed in beautiful type, on fine paper. The commercial articles written by Mr. Beals for the leading dailies, for years past, have always been accepted by the business community as thoroughly reliable.

THE religious world will look forward with much interest to the result of the council of bishops soon to be convened at Rome. It in some degree resembles the council of Nice. Then the Christain faith was declared to be the official religion of the empire. The spirit of this age calls rather for the entire separation of church and state.

THE USUAL acknowledgements of the receipt of new books, together with a large portion of Literary Gleanings and several book-notices, are deferred until next week from lack of space in our present issue.

CAPRICE.

SHE hung the cage at the window;
"If he goes by," she said,
"He will hear my robin singing;
And when he lifts his head,
I shall be sitting here to sew,
And he will bow to me, I know."

The robin sang a love-sweet song,
The young man raised his head:
The maiden turned away and blushed:
"I am a fool," she said,
And went on embroidering silk
A pink-eyed rabbit, white as milk.

The young man loitered slowly
By the house three times that day;
She took her bird from the window;
"He need not look this way."
She sat at her piano long,
And sighed and played a death sad song.

But when the day was done, she said,
"I wish that he would come!
Remember, Mary, if he calls
To-night—I'm not at home."
So when he rang, she went—the elf!
She went and let him in herself.

They sang full long together,
Their song love-sweet, death-sad;
The robin woke from his slumber,
And rang out clear and glad.
"Now go!" she coolly said, "'tis late;"
And followed him to latch the gate.

He took the rosebud from her,
While, "You shall not!" she said;
He closed her hand within his own,
And while her tongue forbade,
Her will was darkened in eclipse
Of binding love upon his lips.

THE OVERTASKED BOY—A RESTAURANT STORY.

THE boy was never strong enough for the place. His age must have been about fourteen when he went there. He was inclined to be spiderish about the legs, and wandering in his mind.

His parent (a mother, his father being dead) had asked him several times what he would like to be? She might also have asked him what he would like to do and to suffer? What could he say? They were poor, and he could not be apprenticed to any trade; and yet it was necessary that he should go to work. He made several inquiries about employment, without success, and in an evil moment he saw a bill stuck up in a restaurant window "Wanted, a boy for the kitchen." He did not quite like the job, but he thought he would try. He was always a willing boy.

They engaged him upon trial at a few dollars a week, much to the delight of himself and his mother.

He began work on a Monday at six in the morning; his duty being to assist in preparing the kitchen for the business of the day. It was a busy place, that restaurant—a rushing, tumbling, bawling, maddening, busy place—between the hours of twelve and one. Every man in the city, seemed to run in there for luncheon, and to have no time to eat in. Digestion, and the nourishment of the human body, were seemingly considered to be things of very minor importance by the side of other appointments, transactions, operations, and the saving of a few minutes of time. The marvel is, why they came in at all—why they did not hurry along the streets, cramming pieces of bread into their mouths by the way, and washing them down by drinking from a flask constructed like a pocket-book. But no, they wanted something, and they rushed into the restaurant to get it, When there, their individual tastes were as various as the cut of their coats, or the patterns of their waistcoats. If they had all been content to feed out of a huge bowl, and drink out of a huge mug, the kitchen of that restaurant—notwithstanding its large fire in the heat of summer—would have been more like Paradise, instead of its antipodes. But the variety of food and drink, which they call for, and which was supplied to them with electric rapidity, was something wonderful: while their combinations of eatables were remarkable for ingenuity, and originality.

The boy's employment at this period of the day was to attend to the sliding shelves which descended from the restaurant to the kitchen, filled with empty plates, and which ascended from the kitchen to the restaurant re-filled with the various eatables. He had another, and a more onerous duty to perform; his ear was made the responsible repository of the crowd of motley orders which raced with fearful rapidity down a speaking tube. There was no time for thought, no time for repose. The powerful lungs of the master of the establishment were incessantly in action, giving out the mandates for endless food, in a bullying tone, that he imagined to be absolutely necessary to command attention. He was a bully by nature, this restaurant-keeper, Stout, beetle-browed, and perspiring. Paid his way, and did not care for baker or butcher. Why should he care for cooks, scullions, and boys?

At twelve o'clock mid-day this stern, determined man took up his position ready for anything. Orders were shouted down the tube to be in readiness. He felt like a General directing an army. At the turn of the hour, the avalanche of hunger came down upon the devoted building. Clerks, merchants, brokers—no matter what their relative stations—small balance at bankers, large balance, or no balance—met in the temple of refreshment as on common ground, for the general craving for nourishment had made equals of them all. It is a warm day, and the occasion of the opening of a new Exchange. Woe upon the luckless boy in the kitchen below. The tempest began with a beef-steak, plum pudding, clam-pie, roast-veal and French beans. Large plate of lamb and new potatoes; small plate and old potatoes; large plate again, and no potatoes—cauliflower instead. Extra beans for roast-beef, peach dump's. Now, the steam is up, and cooks, scullions, and boy are in fearful agitation, like the cranks and wheels of a large engine, working to the top of their bent. Stern, perspiring, excited proprietor bawls down the pipe, and demands that his words shall be repeated, to make sure that the order is clearly understood.

"Doughnuts!"

A feeble echo of doughnuts comes from the depths of the kitchen up the tube. Again the boy repeats the word to the man presiding over the gridiron: a glowing, dancing being, who, with a long toasting-fork, keeps pricking, goading, and turning small steaks, lamb chops, mutton chops, kidneys, and sausages—about sixty in number, all frizzling together over the same fire. An incessant rumble is caused by the sliding shelves going up and down.

"Roast veal and ham; gooseberry pie; small plate of cold beef and horseradish; chicken roast; large plate of boiled mutton, no caper sauce; rhubarb pie; extra cauliflower; large plate of roast beef, well done; small plate of roast mutton, underdone, greens, and new potatoes; small plate of veal, no ham; currant and raspberry tart; two steaks; puddings; lamb chop and cauliflower; extra potatoes, new; mutton chop; large steak and greens; small plate of roast fowl; basin of oxtail; extra greens; two sausages; slice of boiled mutton and new; kidney; rhubarb pies; now then, that roast fowl; small steak instead of oxtail; boiled mutton, lean; extra greens; summer cabbage instead of cauliflower with that lamb chop."

One after the other, these orders pour down the pipe, coming up executed in half dozens on the shelves. Perfect Babel and pantomimic madness below—fully equalled by the Babel and pantomimic madness above. The storm increases; the call for food becomes louder; the varieties are not distinctly marked. Names of meat and vegetables, fish, flesh, and fowl, pastry and salad, are mixed up together in hopeless confusion. The machinery is going wrong. Once the shelves come up with nothing on them, to be hurled down indignantly by stern proprietor. Again they rise to the surface with everything out of order—potatoes standing in the midst of raspberry tart, and gooseberry pudding put in a butter-boat. A waiter is ordered to take charge of the position, while the bursting proprietor rushes round to the kitchen to see what is the matter. Once more the shelves go down; once more they come up, containing a scrubbing-brush a bar of soap and one pickled onion! The storm of indignation from hungry customers is overwhelming. Again the stentorian landlord nearly splits the pipe with reiterated orders, sent down in a whirlwind of rage. A sound of a riot and imbecile singing is hear below.

The proprietor goes down. He finds the kitchen a wreck The dancing maniac boy at the gridiron; the cook and two scullions fled.

The boy has given way under the pressure; his mind is a blank; he resumes his post, but "his reason is dethroned!"

City men are eccentric, and very exacting where labor is concerned; but they are kind, humane, and generous, notwithstanding. They felt that they were responsible for this sad state of things underground. A subscription was raised. The boy wanted repose. He was removed to a lonely ranche on the Sacramento, far from the sound of everything, except the sailor's song upon the river, and the washing of the water in amongst the tules on the bank. His mind sometimes wanders, and his tongue babbles of strange and unknown dishes; but he is progressing favorably.—*Pickles.*

How to Avoid Wrinkles.—The penchant of the fair sex for good living has something in it of instinct. A series of exact and rigorous observations has demonstrated that a succulent diet, delicate, and well attended to, repulses for a long time and very far, the exterior appearance of old age. It gives more brilliancy to the eyes, to the skin more freshness, to the muscle more support; and as it is certain in physiology that wrinkles—those formidable enemies of beauty—are due to the depression of the muscles, it is equally true to say, all things equal, that those who know how to eat are comparatively ten years younger than those to whom this science is a stranger. Painters and sculptors are well aware of this fact, for they never represent those who are abstinent from choice or duty, as misers and anchorites, without giving the paleness of sickness, the leanness of misery, and the wrinkles of decrepitude.

THE DEATH OF EACH DAY.

NIGHT is the death of each day, the sleep of planet earth, and how very near those brighter worlds do come! Through forest leaves we see the clinging stars, as if Hesperian fruits were ripening. Venus at anchor is just beyond our hail, and Mars makes signals from his decks of red.

It is a solemn thing to sleep, whether beneath the watching stars or at high noon. Whither shall we pass into that noiseless going, and when shall we return? From world to world is but a breath of sleep, they say—then give us pleasing dreams.

Strangest of all journeys is that of "going to sleep." The fitful pulse grows softer; the hands forgets its cunning; the daughters of music are brought low; they that look out at the windows are darkened; care's raveled sleeve is knitted up—it is almost a dying. Happy is he for whom no Glamis hath murdered sleep; whose eyelids' noiseless close is like the drop of leaflets laden down with dew; whose slumbers deep as that which fell on Eden's gardener; and whose dreams as fair as Eve, the firstborn daughter of a mortal sleep.

Ah! that "how long shall we sleep?" has been the question of all times and tongues since the morning stars were singing.

"If a man die, shall he live again?" And once a year have the daisies answered it, and spring's little infant gives its fragrant testimony; and every day has the morning testified, and yet the world is murmurming still: "If a man die, shall he live again?"

"How long shall we sleep?" asks he who has cradled a living thought upon his breast, the child of his brain and his heart, as he sends it forth orphaned in the halls of Time, turns his face to the wall and dies! "How long shall we sleep?" sighs the poet, as he lays down the harp of life, feels the daisies growing over him, and goes away, where they sing the "new song forever."

Not long, true thinker, not long sweet singer; for the thought shall rise as a giant, and break the bands of sleep and thou in it; for the song shall fly like a bird from spring to spring again, and the music and the welcome shall be thine!

And when life's reign is over and gone, and the brow of the cloud is bound with a ribbon that hope did weave in the loom of God, and the tears on the world are turned to pearls in the sunset, what words more beautiful than these can we write upon the new graves: "He giveth his beloved sleep!"

How Snails are Eaten.—A writer, who has been among them, says that the Burgundians are fond of their great big vine-snails; but their principal merit is, that they are good, strong, nourishing food. The way that snails are generally served in good houses is this: Seven or eight of them are brought on a little hot silver plate, with a tiny silver two-pronged fork made on purpose. The seven snails are by no means unpleasant to look at, their shells being beautifully white and clean. The entrance to every shell is stopped with a sort of paste pleasant to the taste. You insert the fork and pull out the inhabitant. He is a huge animal and of a dark brown color, graduating to black. The black is the best. The beast is not pleasant to look at; so you should transfer him rapidly from his shell to your mouth, and when there you find him very like an enormormous morsel of tough beefsteak. Masticate him if you can! If you are successful, and go boldly on till you have emptied the seventh shell, you must be a hungry man indeed if you have not sufficiently dined; and this not because you are made sick, but really because these big snails are strong meat.

What Jennie June says.—Mrs. J. C. Croly, (Jennie June) testifies:

Q.—Do you, or not, prefer the Grover & Baker Machine for family sewing, and if so, why? State the reason fully.

A.—I prefer it to any machine. I like the Grover & Baker Machine in the first place, because if I had any other I should still want a Grover & Baker; and, having a Grover & Baker, it answers the purpose of all the rest. It does a greater variety of work, and it is easier to learn than any other. I like the stitch because of its beauty and strength, and because, although it can be taken out, it don't rip, not even by cutting every other stitch.

Q.—Among your acquaintances state whether this machine and its work is preferred to other machines?

A.—Yes, it is, especially within the last two years. I know three other ladies who have sold off other machines—sold at reduced prices—in order to get Grover & Baker, but recently, and they are very enthusiastic about their new machines.

[*From testimony taken before the U. S. Commissioner of Patents, on the application for the extention of the patent for the Grover & Baker Sewing Machine.*]

Kindness.—The humble current of little kindness, which, though but a creeping streamlet, yet incessantly flows, although it glides in silent secrecy within the domestic walls and private walks of private life, and makes neither appearance nor noise in the world, proves in the end a more copious tribute into the store of human comfort than any sudden and transient flood of detached bounty.

FOR CABINET PHOTOGRAPHS, or enameled Cards of the very best quality, you must go to the NEW YORK GALLERY, Nos. 25 and 27 Third street. Every picture warranted to give perfect satisfaction.

B. F. HOWLAND, Artist.

MILLINERY AND HEAD-DRESSES.—Mrs. Winship has just received, per last steamer, the latest Parisian Millinery Goods and Lacos for HEAD-DRESS, consistiug in part of Breakfast Caps, Point Application, Lace Vallenciumes, and the Widow's Rooche, worn hy tho crown hesds of Europe, and the only first importod to the Pacific Coast. Queen Emma, while here, replenished her wardrobe from the stock then and now on hand, at MRS. WINSHIP, No. 23 Post Street, under the Mecnanics' Institnte. Through the influence of Queen Emma, Mrs. Winship has filled quite a number of orders for the foreign population of Honolulu. The ladies of San Franeisco should call and examine these beantiful Goods, by which means they will secure tho Latest Fashionable Styles.

WAGONS.

MILLS & EVANS, IMPORTERS OF THOROUGH-BRACE Wagons, light express, two and three spring Wagons, suitnble for milk-men and furniture dealers, and others wishing light and durable Wagons. Their Wagons are made expressly for the California market, and Mills & Evans' is the only firm which receives Wagons from the celebrated manufa tory of A. W. Sanborn & Co., Manchester, N. H. This latter firm stands A No. 1 in the east, and their wagons have stood the test of our California climate, and are sold by Mills & Evans fifty per cent. lower than any other establishment on the Pacific coast. Call and examine their Wagons, at No. 587 Market street, opposite the Metropolitan market. *

MEDICAL.—"YOUNG MAN'S FRIEND AND PROTECTOR," an Association for beneficent objects, Young men should inform themselves in relation to it, and by applying to, the ACTUARY, Dr. Bourne, 10 Masonic Temple, Post street, they will he furnished with Prospectus.

Great Reduction in Prices at Rosenblatt's PALACE OF FASHION, opposito Occidental Hotel. The large and elegant assortmeut of Velvet, Cloth and Silk Cloaks, Long and Square Broche Shawls, Real Lace Collars, Sleeves, Point Handkorchiefs, etc., are now being sold at the following remarkable low rates:

Silk and Cloth Cloaks.....Worth $15; sold for $10
Silk and Cloth Cloaks.....Worth $25 sold for $15
Broche Shawls.....Worth $50; sold for $25
Broche Shawls.....Worth $75; sold for $40
Lace Window Curtains.....Worth $20 a pair for $12
Real Chantilla Veils.....Worth $5 sold for $2 50
French Corsets, $1. All other goods in proportion.

S. ROSENBLATT,
123 and 125 Montgomery st, Opposite Occidental Hotel.

HAMBURG, BREMEN,
Fire Insurance Company.

CAPITAL, - - - - - $1,000,000

MORRIS SPEYER, Agent.

OFFICE—526 Washington Street, a few doors below Montgomery.....San Francisco.

Being no longer governed by the Tariff of the Board of Underwriters, this Company will effect Insurances at as LOW RATES as those of any other responsible Company.

PRIDE OF THE UNION
TOBACCO!

THIS IS TO CERTIFY THAT MESSRS. L. & E. WERTHEIMER, of San Francisco, California, are the Sole Agents for the Sale of the celebrated

WM. GREANER & SON'S

"PRIDE OF THE UNION" BRAND

of quarter pounds Tobacco.

GREANER & WINNE.

Richmond, Va., June 1, 1857.

☞ The Above celebrated Tobacco is in store and for sale in lots to suit the trade.

L. & E. WERTHEIMER,

N. W. corner Front and Sacramento sts.

F. DIXEY,
Merchant Tailor,

625 WASHINGTON STREET.

Cloths, Cassimeres for Vestings, always on hand and made to order in the most

Fashionable Styles.

Satisfaction Gnaranteed.

CANTY & WAGNER,

(SUCCESSORS TO J. REGAN,)

113 *Montgomery street, bet. Bush and Sutter*

N. B.—All candles sold hy us are warranted to be manufactured from Stewart's double refined Sugar, and to be equal to any manufactured in the state. Country merchants solicited to examine our stock and prices. Goods delivered to any part of the city free of charge.

J. CUTBERLET,
CUSTOM
BOOT AND SHOE STORE,

—ALSO—

FRENCH SCREWED BOOTS AND SHOES,

No. 546 Washington Street, near Montgomery Street

The Finest quality of CUSTOM WORK neatly executed. Always on hand other fine work ready made.

WM. WORTHINGTON,
House and Sign Painter,

Dealer in

PAINTS, OILS, GLASS, &C., &C.,

735 Market Street,

Between Third and Fourth streets, San Francisco.

TOWNE & BACON,
Book and Job Printers,
Have the Largest Office,
Do the most work,
And do it better
Than other offices
536 In this City,
Try them
With a Job,
And you will be
Satisfied the above
Statements are facts.
Their office is at 536
Clay St., below Montgom'y,
Over Pacific Fruit Market.

EDWARD BOSQUI & Co.,
PRINTERS,
And Blank Book Manufacturers,
517 CLAY STREET,
Between Montgomery and Sansome Sts.,
SAN FRANCISCO.

TO PATRONS OF THE PRINTERS ART.

CUBERY & CO., No. 536 Market street, Opposite Second, San Francisco, are now prepared to execute all kinds of BOOK and JOB PRINTING. Having superior facilities for printing every description of work, we respectfully solicit the patronage of friends and the public generally.

BRIEFS and TRANSCRIPTS correctly printed according to legal requirements.

WM. M. CUBERY,
F. W. VAN REYNEGOM.

FOR POSTERS, HANDBILLS,

AND

Show Work of All Kinds,

GO TO THE

COMMERCIAL PRINTING HOUSE

OF

FRANCIS & VALENTINE,

517 Clay street, and 510, 512 and 514 Commercial street.

JOSEPH FREDERICKS

CARPET AND UPHOLSTERY STORE,

PAPER HANGINGS, ETC.,

123 Kearny St., between Sutter and Post, San Francisco

FAMILIES ARE INVITED TO EXAMINE

OUR VARIED ASSORTMENT

Of the Finest Carpeting in the State. The best of taste displayed in Decoration and the unique Upholstering of Rooms, Halls and Public Buildings, and at prices conforming to the times. Call and examine goods.

RE-OPENING

....OF THE....

Cosmopolitan Hotel Baths.

THE PUBLIC ARE INFORMED THAT THIS POPULAR Bathing Establishment has been refitted, improved in many respects, and is now well provided with everything conducive to the comfort and satisfaction of its patrons.

As before, nothing will be omitted in the manner of attendence and the measure of supplies needed in First-class Bathing Rooms.

JOHN COOK, Proprietor.

JOHN DANIEL,
Marble Works,

421 *PINE STREET,*

(Between Kearny and Montgomery.)

MANTELS, MONUMENTS, TOMBS, PLUMBERS' SLABS, ETC.,

On hand and manufactured to order.

Orders respectfully solicited.

DR. N. T. WHITCOMB,

DENTIST,

No. 205 Third Street, San Francisco.

Teeth filled with fine gold, artificial bone and platina. All plate work made and repaired, of the best material, at the shortest notice and warranted. None cheaper or better on the coast. Call and examine specimens.

North Beach and South Park Cars pass the door.

N. T. WHITCOMB.

Market Street Homestead Association, J. S. Luty, Secretary, Office, 305 Montgomery street, corner of Pine.

J. R. MEAD & CO.,

Importers, Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

FINE CLOTHING,

AND

Gents' Furnishing Goods,

TRUNKS, VALISES, CARPET BAGS, ETC.,

200 & 202 MONTGOMERY STREET,

Cornor of Bush,

SAN FRANCISCO

BOYS! BOYS! BOYS!

NOW IS THE TIME

H. M. LOCKWOOD & CO.,

New No. 624) CLAY STREET, (Old No

Have received a Large Stock of

GENTS' AND BOYS' CLOTHING

—AND—

FURNISHING GOODS,

Which they are selling

AT VERY LOW PRICES.

Every Garment warranted. All are invited to call examine our goods.

H. M. LOCKWOOD & CO.
624 Clay street, San Francisco

ITALIAN RESTAURANT,

No. 515 Merchant Street,

Between Montgomery and Sansome, San Francisco.

Taglierini, Maccaroni, Risotto and Ravioli, In the Italian Style.

MEALS FIFTY CENTS, OR TO ORDER.

Rooms for private parties up stairs.

G. LAZZAREVICH.

ITALIAN RESTAURANT,

A. BONZI & CO.

Successors to L. Gamba,

512 Sacramento Street,

Between Montgomery and Sansome.

MEALS 50 CENTS, or to order. Good Cooks and Polite Waiters. Choice Italian and French dishes. Best Wines, Liquors and Cigars on hand. Private Rooms up stairs.

NOTICE.

J. Branger Will Open To-Day

THE LOUISIANA ROTISSERIE,

DUPONT STREET, CORNER WASHINGTON.

I BEG TO INFORM MY FRIENDS AND the public that TO-DAY, (SATURDAY), June 1st, I will re-open the above Restaurant. Everything will be done to satisfy those who favor me with their patronage. Large Saloons for parties. House will be open all night. All orders for the city will be promptly attended to, and with the utmost care.

Ladies' entrance on Washington street, one door above Dupont

J. BRANGER.

MARTIN'S RESTAURANT,

623 COMMERCIAL STREET.

Above Montgomery. Meals at all hours. The best of Wines, Oysters, Game, and all the delicacies of the season always on hand. Private Saloons up stairs for Dinner and Supper Parties. LEON DINGEON, Proprietor.

OCCIDENTAL
Insurance Company,

Southwest corner Montgomery and California streets.

INDIVIDUAL LIABILITY.

Capital Stock, - - - $300,000

LOSSES PAID IN UNITED STATES GOLD COIN.

THIS COMPANY will insure against loss by Fire on any Dwelling House, Buildings, Merchanise or other property, situated in the State of California. The largest sum they will take on any one risk is thirty thousand dollars.

C. CHRISTIANSEN, Pre'st.
J. GREENEBAUM, Vice President.
B. ROTHSCHILD, Secretary.

DEXTER STABLES,

Bush Street, between Occidental and

Cosmopolitan Hotels, San Francisco.

W. G. JONES - PROPRIETOR.

J. R. PATTON,
TAILOR,

535 MERCHANT STREET,

Between Montgomery and Sansome, San Francisco.

☞ REPAIRING AND CLEANING NEATLY DONE

PHILADELPHIA BREWERY,

Corner Second and Folsom streets,

SAN FRANCISCO.

HOELSCHER & WIELAND,
Proprietors

Mechanics' Institute
RESOURCES OF CALIFORNIA.

THE MECHANICS' INSTITUTE OF SAN FRANcisco hereby OFFER A PREMIUM OF ONE THOUSAND ($1,000) DOLLARS FOR THE BEST ESSAY ON THE "RESOURCES OF CALIFORNIA, AND BEST METHOD OF DEVELOPING THE SAME," under the following conditions:—One-half of the premium in cash on the certified award of the Committee of Judges, and the balance from the first proceeds of sales of the successful work, which is to belong to, and will be published by, the Institute

The Essays are to be handed into the Librarian of the Institute on or before the FIRST DAY OF JUNE, 1868, and the award to be made by the Judges at the opening of the Industrial Exhibition, which is to be held in August or September following. The Essay should be divided into three heads, viz: Mineral, Agricultural and Industrial Resources, with proper subdivisions of each subject. It should be sufficient in quantity to form a duodecimo (12mo) volume of from 250 to 300 pages long primer type solid.

Writers will sign their articles in cypher, and send their names and address in sealed envelopes, which will be kept in a secure place by the Institute, and only be opened when the award is made. The manuscripts of unsuccessful writers will be returned to them without publicity.

The Committee of Judges have the right to reject all Essays, in case they do not consider them worthy of publication or the premium. No further instructions than are contained in this advertisement will be given to the Committee, nor will they be subjected to any advice from the officers or members of the institute in regard to their proposed action. All manuscript submitted must be in clear, legible writing, so as to admit of easy reading.

The following named gentleman, who have been selected for their well-known ability, public spirit and integrity of purpose, will compose the Committee of Judges:

Hon. FREM'K. F. LOW,
Prof J. D. WHITNEY,
JAMES OTIS,
WM. GOUVERNEUR MORRIS,
Maj.-Gen. H. W. HALLECK U. S. A.,
Prof. WM. B. EWER,
B. N. BUGBY.

By order of the Board of Directors.

D. E. HAYES, Secretary.

San Francisco, June 12, 1867.

AT THE REGULAR

RETAILING AMERICAN WATCHES

C. E. COLLINS & CO.,
603 MONTGOMERY STREET,

SAN FRANCISCO.

Nos. 42 and 44 Nassau Street,

NEW YORK.

Dealers in American, Swiss and English WATCHES,

JEWELRY AND ATERIALS.

☞ We have made arrangements to buy AMERICAN WATCHES in large quantities from the Factory, and will receive a discount on the regular Wholesale Prices. We will hereafter

Retail the American Watches

AT

The Regular Wholesale Prices.

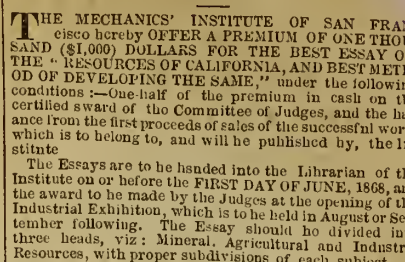
Our only profit being the small per cent. allowed by buying in large quantities.

WHOLESALE PRICES.

NOTICE.

WE TAKE OCCASION TO INFORM OUR FRIENDS and customers that we have sold our entire stock in warehouse, also invoices to arrive to Messrs. N. COLE & CO., 312 and 314 Pine steeet. The whole forms a most complete and desirable assortment of FURNITURE, and well merits attention before purchasing elsewhere.

J. PIERCE & CO



FURNITURE.

WE beg leave to call the attention of the public to our warerooms,

Nos. 312 and 314 Pine Street.

Having purchased the entire stock of Messrs. J. Pierce & Co., and in addition to our large invoice from our factory at the East, we are prepared to fill all orders promptly, both wholesale and retail, and call the attention of the public to our salesroom, as containing the most complete assortment of desirable goods on this coast.

N. P. COLE & CO.

ELECTION PROCLAMATION,

FOR THE MUNICIPAL ELECTION.

PUBLIC NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT THE Municipal Election in and for the City and County of San Francisco, will be held on WEDNESDAY, September 4, 1867, and the qualified voters of said city and county are hereby called to meet in their respective wards for the purpose of electing the following named officers at said election, to wit:

Mayor,
Sheriff,
County Clerk,
Recorder.
Treasurer,
Assessor,
District Attorney,
Superintendent of Common Schools,
Surveyor,
Harbor Master,
Coroner.

One Supervisor and one School Director in each of the following wards for a full term: Second, Fourth, Sixth, Eighth, Tenth and Twelfth Wards.

Also, one Supervisor for the Third Ward, for the unexpired term; one School Director for the Seventh Ward and one School Director for the Twelfth Ward for the unexpired term.

Also, five Justices of the Peace, to be elected by the city and county at large.

Witness my hand and the seal of the city and county of San Francisco, this seventh day of August, 1867.

[Seal.] H. P. COON, Mayor.

Attest: CHAS. L. WIGGIN, Clerk.

BOWMAN & CO.,

Dealers in Stoves and Tin Ware,
Main street, Petaluma

UNION CANDIDATE

—FOR—

MAYOR,

THOMAS YOUNG.

(PRESENT COUNTY RECORDER.)

UNION CANDIDATE

—FOR—

DISTRICT ATTORNEY,

W. C. BURNETT.

UNION CANDIDATE

—FOR—

ASSEMBLYMAN,

H. T. GRAVES.

UNION CANDIDATE

—FOR—

ASSEMBLYMAN,

C. L. WIGGINS.

UNION CANDIDATE

—FOR—

CORONER,

DR. S. R. HARRIS.

REGULAR UNION TICKET

—FOR—

COUNTY RECORDER,

LOUIS COHN.

REGULAR UNION TICKET.

—FOR—

JUSTICE OF THE PEACE,

JOHN M. VERDENAL.

PRO BONO PUBLICO.

LACOUR'S

SARSAPARIPHERE

BITTERS

POSSESS INVALUABLE PROPERTIES.

They give Health to the Sick,

Strength to the Weak,

Joy to the Afflicted.

☞SOLD EVERYWHERE.☜

AMERICAN HOTEL,
Main street, - - Petaluma.
EMERSON & LAMBERTON Proprietors.

NATHANIEL GRAY & CO.,
UNDERTAKERS,
CITY AND COUNTY SEXTON,
641 SACRAMENTO STREET, CORNER OF WEBB
Sole agents for BARSTOW'S PATENT METALLIC BURIAL CASES and CASKETS.

G. GROEZINGER,

DEALER IN

Native California

RED AND WHITE WINES,

Brandies, Port, Sherry, Angelica, Etc.,

N. W. CORNER OF BATTERY AND PINE STREETS,

SAN FRANCISCO.

"OUR OPERA."

CAPT. JOHN H. MAY,

615 WASHINGTON STREET, 615,

SAN FRANCISCO,

Opposite Maguire's Opera House.

JOHN TAYLOR,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN
WINES AND LIQUORS.
NO. 16 THIRD STREET,
Between Market and Stevenson Streets., San Francisco.

MARTIN GROSTETTA,

LATE OF VIRGINIA CITY,

Would respectfully inform his friends and the public that he has purchased the WELL-KNOWN SALOON previously occupied by THOS. DOYLE, 535 SACRAMENTO ST., above the What Cheer House. The best kind of Wines, Liquors and Cigars always on hand. Passengers' Stores carefully put up to order.

LUKIN'S

Wines and Liquors,

332 Montgomery Street,

SAN FRANCISCO.

AUSTIN KEELY. WM. HODGKINS.

Hodgkins & Keely's

UNION HALL EXCHANGE,

S. W. Corner Howard and Third Streets, San Francisco,

Dealers in fine Wines, Liquors and Cigars. Oysters, Clams, Chops and Steaks, cooked to order at all hours.
☞ House open all night.

BROOKLYN HOTEL,

SAN FRANCISCO.

Elegant Brick Fireproof Hotel, on the

S. E. Corner of Pine and Sansome streets,

With all the modern conveniences attached to it.

Gas and water are supplied throughout the House. The Rooms are well ventilated, and the Public will find in this Hotel all the comforts of a home. The Hotel is spacious, and well adapted for the use of Families. Suits of Rooms can be had on reasonable terms.

A Large Reading Room is attached to the Hotel,

Containing 500 Volumes of Standard Works,

Which is entirely for the use of patrons.

THE CITY COACH, with the name of the Hotel on it, will be in readiness at the Wharf, on the arrival of each steamer, to convey passengers and baggage to the Hotel free of charge. JOHN KELLY, Jr., Proprietor.

NOTICE.

IN CONSEQUENCE OF THE VERY GREAT DEMAND FOR

CASSIN'S

Grape Brandy Bitters!!

we have been obliged to rent a LARGER BUILDING, and are now removing to Sullivan & Cashman's Block, No. 523 FRONT STREET, opposite our old establishment.
F. & P. J. CASSIN, 520 Front street.

If there is a Florence Sewing Machine within a thousand miles of San Francisco, that is not giving entire satisfaction, if I am informed of it, it will be attended to without express charge or expense of any kind to the owner. Samuel Hill, Agent, 111 Montgomery St., San Francisco.

THE CALIFORNIAN'S

SAN FRANCISCO BUSINESS DIRECTORY

ARCHITECTS.
Hoagland & Newsom, s.w. cor Kearny and Sacrsmento.

BAKERIES.
Dempsey's Bakery, 127 Fourth street,

BOOTS AND SHOES.
P. Kelly, Prize Boot Maker, 323 Bush, above Montg'y.
Weutworth, Hobart & Co. (wholesale manufac.) 210 Pine
Z. Peters, (successor to M. Rosenthal) 406 Commercial.

BOOT POLISHERS.
M. Rynn, 204 Second street.

BUTCHERS.
J. P. Molt, "South Park Market," Third st., op. S. Park.
I. Gans, "New York Market," Fourth st, near Market.

CIGARS AND TOBACCO.
Chas. C. Lindsey, Excelsior Store, 156 Stewart street.
Chas, Schwenke & T. Meuser, 16 Stewart street.
G H. Behrens, 4 Kearny street, near Market.

CLOTHING.
H M. Lockwood & Co., 624 Clay street.
J. R. Mead & Co., corner Montgomery and Bush streets
S. O. Alexander, 126 Third, bet. Minna and Everett.
William Sherman, 412 Sansome, corner Commercial.

COAL OIL, LAMPS, ETC.
A. C. Dietz & Co., (wholesale,) 521 Front street.
Dell, Cranna & Co. (wholesale) 513 Front street.

COAL DEALERS.
L. Jaffe, Sutter, between Montgomery and Kearny.

COMMISSION MERCHANTS.
J. W. Nye & Co., 219 Washington street, corner Cedar.
W. J. Lowry & Co., S.W. corner Washington and Davis.
Thos. Newell, 62 Clay street between Drumm and East.

CONFECTIONERS.
Alex. L. Ross, 121 Third street.
Baldwin & Lawlers, South Park Store, 418 Third st.
M. H. Garland, 828 Market street.
N. B. Booth & Co., 20 Kearny, near Market.
Warren Jones, (and Fruit Dealer,) 73 Fourth street.

DENTISTS.
Dr. Blake, removed to 645 Clay street.
N. T. Whitcomb, 205 Third, near Howard.

DRY GOODS.
Abrams & Markewitz, 34 Kearny street, near Post.
Buyer & Reich, S W corner Jackson and Stockton.
H. Rothschild (Variety Store), 112 Third street.
Irving, Landers & Co., No. 4 Third street.
M. Waterman, 22 Second street, corner of Stevenson.
Mengher, Taaffe & Co., 9 Montgomery street.

FURNITURE.
Goodwin & Co., 510 and 528 Washington streets.
N. P. Cole & Co., 21 Sutter and 524 Market streets.

FRUIT STORES.
C. W. Mack, Produce Store, 247 Fourth street;
S. P. Jewell, 118 Fourth street, near Minna.

GROCERS.
Fred. Lange, Family Grocer, cor. Powell and Lombard.
Haskell & Co., Market and Sutter sts, below the Market.
McKee's Family store, 31 Kearny, near Post.
Seneca Jones, Family Grocer, 105 Third street.
T. Williams, corner Third and Tehama streets.

HAIR DRESSING SALOONS.
Fred. Grote, No. 3 Fourth street.
Prof. Smith, 114 Market street, opposite Third.

HARDWARE AND CUTLERY.
C. L. Newman, 111 Third St. bet. Mission and Minna.
J. S. Sesser, 138 Fourth st, bet. Mission and Howard.

HATTERS.
Lamott (wholesale and retail) 227 Montgomery street.
M. H. Quinn, 127 Fourth street.

HAY AND GRAIN.
J. B. Holmes & Co., 110 Market street.

HOTELS.
Brooklyn, John Kelly, Jr., Sansome, corner Pine.
Chicago, E. W. Heimburg & Co., 220 Pacific street.
Golden Gate Hotel, J. Blackmun, 728 Market street.
"Oriental," H. Saxtorph & Co., Washington & Drumm.
"St. Louis," H. Heimburg & L. Shrader, 11 & 13 Pacific.
William Tell House, 317 Bush street, above Montg'y.

INSURANCE.
Firemen's Fund Ins. cor. California and Sansome.
Manhuttan, R. B. Swain & Co., Agts, 206 Front, cor. Cal.
North British Mercantile, S. E. cor Sansome & Califor'a
Occidental Ins. Co., S.W. cor. Montgom'y and California.

LADIES' BIJOUTERIE, CLOAKS, ETC.
Rosenblatt's, 123 and 125 Montgomery street.

LADIES' FANCY GOODS AND TRIMMINGS.
Mrs. J. Egan, 32 Third street, near Market.
S. Summerfield, 20 Second street, and 116 Kearny.
Thomas Collinson, 160 Third, near Howard street.

LIVERY AND SALE STABLE.
White & Young, 211 Pine street.

LUMBER.
Armstrong, Sheldon & Co., cor. Mission and Spear sts.

MILITARY GOODS AND REGALIA.
T. Rodgers Johnson, Odd Fellow's Hall, 325 Montg'ry st

MILLINERS.
Mrs. Desmond, 157 Third street.
Miss A. A. Craddock, 4 Virginia Block, Stockton street.

MUSIC TEACHERS.
Prof. J. R. Boullet, Pianist and Vocalist, 1320 Stockton.

NOTARY PUBLIC,
H. S. Tibbey, 604, Montgomery street.

PHOTOGRAPHIC GALLERIES.
H. Bush, corner Post, Market and Montgomery streets.
Hicks & Staring, 143 Fourth street.
John D. Godeus, South Park, 444½ Bryant street.
New York, B. F. Howland proprietor, 25 Third street.

PIANOS, MUSIC, ETC.
C. Welderhold & Co., 685 Market near Third.
Kohler, Chase & Co., 421 Montgomery street.
M. Gray, 613 Clay street.
W. S. Pierce, removed to 534 Market, opposite Second.

PHOTOGRAPHS, CUTLERY, SPECTACLES, ETC.
Lawrence & Houseworth, 317 and 319 Montgomery st.

PLUMBERS AND GAS FITTERS.
Chas. Barman, 121 Fourth street, near Minna.
Freeman & Wrin, (and Stove Dealers), 342 Third st.

PRINT-SELLER AND PUBLISHER.
Thos. F. Lawlor, 614 Howard street, near Second.

REAL ESTATE AGENTS.
Dam & Sutherland, 320 Montgomery.
Geo. W. Chapin, 338 Montgomery.
John Pforr, 328 Montgomery.

RESTAURANTS.
Bivalve, Nolting & Spreen, 640 Market, near Kearny.
Ladies' Refreshment Saloon, Swain & Brown, 636 Market
Chas. Louck's "Excelsior," 25 Third street.
Helvetia, Johnjury & Bros., 524 Merchant street.
Market, by Hanzo & Besson, 520 Merchant street.
Palm's Restaurant, 127 Third street.

SALOONS.
Blaney & Carroll, "Sample Rooms," 107 Third street.
"Bourbon Saloon," A. Farr, Long Bridge.
Charley Smith's Saloon, 539 Washington street.
Charter Oak, Frank Kelly, N.E. cor Third and Howard
Coates & Henderson, 37 Sutter street.
Cleveland's Sample Rooms, 318 Bush, above Montg'y.
Hand's Exchange, John Hand, 47 Third street.
J. Dillon, "Fourth St. Exchange," cor. Fourth and Mkt.
King & McCormick, "Rotunda," Market & O'Farrell.
Meyer & Quaid's Saloon, cor. Market and Fourth sts.
"Manadnock," A. Horstkemper, Drumm & Oregon sts.
P. Johnson & J. B. Holje, 28 Clay street.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY, CONTINUED.

"Potrero Chango," J. Siebe & Co., Long Bridge.
Regatta House, Burns & McLean, foot of Third street.
Russell & Holding's Exchange, 622 Market street.
"Sample Rooms," corner Third and Stevenson streets.
Steamship Exchange, Wm. Eversard, 214 Stewart street.
"Young American," Geo. C. W. Heuer, Stewart & Howard

SCALES.
Fairbanks & Hutchinson, Depot for Fairbanks' Scales 120 California street.

SEWING MACHINES.
Grover & Baker, R. G. Brown, 116 Montgomery.
The Florence, office 111 Montgomery street.

STATIONERS AMD BOOKBINDERS.
Althof, Rose & Buhls, 423 Clay, and 512 Commercial sts.
Jas. E. Damou & Co., 521 and 423 Sansome street.

STOVES AND TIN WARE.
A. Swigert, corner Fifth and Folsom.
Blanchard Bros., 247 Third street.
M. B. Bullard, Oil Stoves, 13 Kearney street.

TRUNK MANUFACTORY.
James Longshore, 308 Sansome street.

WATER-CURE INSTITUTE.
Dr Bourne's Pioneer, 10 Post, near Montgomery.

WAX FLORIST.
Mrs. M. E. Gerrish, 11 Post street.

Tyler Brothers,

691 Market st., cor. Third,
SAN FRANCISCO,

Importers, Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
SCHOOL BOOKS,
STATIONERY,
PHOTOGRAPH ALBUMS,
BLANK BOOKS,
PORTFOLIOS,
JUVENILE BOOKS,
CHILDREN'S PICTURE BOOKS,
FANCY ARTICLES, Etc.

ESPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO

LADIES' STATIONERY,

Which we Stamp with Initials

WITHOUT EXTRA CHARGE.

WEDDING AND VISITING CARDS

Engraved, Written or Printed.

THE CALIFORNIA

Building and Savings Bank,

CALIFORNIA ST., ONE DOOR FROM SANSOME.

Capital and Deposits, - - - - $1,000,000

WHICH IS LOANED ON PROPERTY.

LOANS MADE on CITY REAL ESTATE
HOUSES, SHIPS, FACTORIES
AND MERCHANDISE.

Deposits received at full interest per month.
Last Dividend paid—one per cent. per month.
Money transmitted from the Interior, by Express or Mail, passed to interest from the day of arrival, and a Certificate returned in course of post.
Strangers may deposit Bonds, Gold Dust, Coin, or Valuable Papers in the Vault, for long or short periods, at a small rent, for which valuables the Company will be accountable. THOMAS MOONEY, President.

PRIDE OF THE UNION

TOBACCO!

THIS IS TO CERTIFY THAT MESSRS. L. & E. WERTHEIMER, of San Francisco, California, are the Sole Agents for the Sale of the celebrated

WM. GREANER & SON'S

"PRIDE OF THE UNION" BRAND

of quarter pounds Tobacco.

GREANER & WINNE.

Richmond, Va., June 1, 1857.

☞The Above celebrated Tobacco is in store and for sale in lots to suit the trade.

L. & E. WERTHEIMER,

N. W. corner Front and Sacramento sts.

F. DIXEY,

Merchant Tailor,

625 WASHINGTON STREET.

Cloths, Cassimeres for Vestings, always on hand and made to order in the most

Fashionable Styles.

Satisfaction Guaranteed.

CANTY & WAGNER,

(SUCCESSORS TO J. REGAN,)

113 *Montgomery street, bet. Bush and Sutter*

N. B.—All candles sold by us are warranted to be manufactured from Stewart's double refined Sugar, and to be equal to any manufactured in the state. Country merchants solicited to examine our stock and prices. Goods delivered to any part of the city free of charge.

J. CUTBERLET,

CUSTOM

BOOT AND SHOE STORE,

—ALSO—

FRENCH SCREWED BOOTS AND SHOES,

No. 546 Washington Street, near Montgomery Street

The Finest quality of CUSTOM WORK neatly executed. Always on hand other fine work ready made.

Market Street Homestead Association, J. S. Luty, Secretary, Office, 305 Montgomery street, corner of Pine.

Education In France.—Some curious facts relative to the state of education in France have been revealed by the reports of the committee appointed to inquire into the condition of French agriculture with special reference to the proposed military reorganization bill. It appears from these reports that in 1848 the proportion of men liable to military service who could neither read nor write was 38.12 per cent.; in 1863, 38.61, and in 1866, 24.32 per cent. The proportion of uneducated women is of course much greater; in 1866' 42.02 per cent. The amount of education varies very much in different depratments. In that of Vosges 1.76 per cent. of the able-bodied male population only are able to read or write, while in Haute-Vienne it is 45.49 per cent. The number of villiage schools is increasing. hnt 694 out of the 37,648 communes are still without schools. In 1865 there were 440,000 children hetween the ages of seven and thirteen who bad never heen to school, and of those who had 49.8 per cent. only went to school, all the year round. The Government has devoted particnlar attention to the evening schools for adnlts, of which there hut 5,623 in January, while their numher has now increased to 28,546. These schools were attended last year by 552,939 men and 42,567 women. Of these 62,212 learned to read 192,132 to read and write, 194,102 became tolerably proficient in arithmetic, 56,059 in geometry, 33,282 in book-keeping and commercial accounts, 22,340 in drawing, 13,960 in singing and 8,386 in natural philosophy.

The Bones of Bull Run. A correspondent of tbe Cincinnati *Commercial*, writing of a visit to the battle-field of Bull Run, says:

"The first sight that greeted my eyes at Manassas Junction, was a forcible reminder of the war. Two hugh piles of bones; horse bones, cattle bones, and, sad to say, human bones intermingled, lay whitening right in front of the hotel. They are picked up off the battle-field by the owners of the soil, and carted here for shipment by the cars to be ground into fertilizers, at some mill in Baltimore. The price here is "a penny a pound," one of Fairbanks's platform scales standing ready by the railway track to weigh the deliveries, and several tons of bones have heen shipped. One man with a girl to help him, collected in two days, bones enough to come to $16. My landlord, a Pensylvania Dutchman named Verner, brought out a long and powerful looking hone from behind the bar, saying: "Here now is some poor fellew's thigh bone." The sight was not one to inspire cheerful reflections. In another great heap were piled masses of camp kettles, broken musket barreles, wheel-tires solid shot, and broken shells, fragments of swords, hits of wagon gear, old rusty fire-locks and the like. This, too, is for the market, the last relics of the huge *debris* of destruction of which every battle is the fruitful parent.

Some people keep their sterling worth in all changes of fortune; others, if changed in condition, lose their character. Bars of gold are less prized than diamonds, hut gold reduced to dust is valuahle, while diamond dust is worthless.

To Epicures.—There is considerable difference hetween a *gourmand* and a *gourmet*. In the *gourmand* the animal nature predominates, while the *gourmet* cultivates the sense of taste until it is rendered susceptible of receiving the highest gratification. The *gourmand* is satisfied to swill flat beer or sour wine, to eat ill-cooked viands, provided he can get enough to gorge himself withal. Epicures, or *gourmets*, who can appreciate the delicate bouquet of a fine wine as they delight in the perfume of the violet, should pay a visit to the store of F. C. Belden, No. 612 Sacramento street, where they will find the rarest brands of wines, spirits and liqueurs, the choicest teas and an immense assortment of delicacies, such as truffles, *pate de fois gras*, Stilton cheese, caviare, etc.

Wagon Manufactory,—C. Roberts' Wagon Manufactory is located on Fourth street, hetween Folsom and Howard. Grocers and milkmen would do well to leave their orders with Mr. Roberts, who is a thorough workman. Horse shoeing is another feature of this establishment. Mr. R. has had many years' experience in this branch of his business, and treats horses with tender feet in an improved manner.

DIRECTORY
—OF THE—
CALIFORNIA MARKET,
California and Pine Streets,
(Between Kearny and Montgomery Streets.)

Butchers.

GEO. M. GARWOOD & CO.,
STALLS 17, 18 AND 19,
Pine Street Entrance.

GEO. J. HAXE,
STALLS 13 AND 14
Pine Street Entrance.

FRED'K. KATZ,
STALLS 97 AND 99,
Pine Street Entrance.

S. MILLER & CO.,
STALLS 94 AND 95, Pine Street Entrance,
and STALL 5, California Street Entrance

RICHARD O'NEIL,
STALLS 1 AND 2,
California Street Entrance.

E. M. O'BRIEN,
STALLS NO. 3 AND 4,
California Street Entrance.

JACOB WRAY,
STALLS 8 AND 9,
Corner Summer Street.

Butter, Cheese, Eggs, &c.

WM. A. BATEMAN,
(Also pure milk, cream, buttermilk, etc.)
STALL 64,
Pine Street Entrance.

BENWARE & MOODY,
STALL 63,
Pine Street Entrance.

BLACKBURN & HOFFMAN,
STALL 53,
Pine Street Entrance.

BRYANT & HATCH,
STALL 73,
California Street Entrance.

CASTOR & BAKER,
STALLS 47 AND 48,
California and Summer Street Entrances.

W. H. ELDRIDGE,
STALL 32,
California and Summer Street Entrances.

M. B. FRENCH & CO.,
(Successors to French & Hall)
STALLS 23, 24 AND 25,
Pine Street Entrance.

PETER GAUGHRAN,
STALLS 35 AND 36,
California Street Entrance.

HENDLY & CO.,
STALL 67,
Corner Summer Street.

LOENARD & CHALAS,
STALL 28,
Pine Street Side.

LYSETT & VIZNA.
STALL 52,
Pine Street Side.

SANDELIN & WENNER,
STALLS 44 AND 45,
California Pine Street Side.

JOSEPH ZAMMIT,
STALL 54,
Pine Street Entrance.

Fresh, Salt and Smoked Fish.

J. T. BORCHERS & H. GHRT,
STALL 91,
Pine Street Entrance.

GEO. HORTON & CO.,
STALL 89,
Pine Street Entrance.

TESMORE & MAYES,
STALLS 101 AND 102,
Pine Street Entrance.

Hams, Bacon, Lard, &c.

BURKHARD & KEONING,
STALL 66,
Pine Street Entrance.

GEO. CAMPTON,
STALL 62,
Pine Street Entrance.

Oysters, Clams and Shell Fish.

MORGAN & CO.,
STALL 87,
Pine Street Entrance.

WM. ROALFE,
STALLS 40, 41 AND 42,
California Street Entrance.

M. WINANT & CO.,
STALL 56,
Pine Street Entrance.

Produce, Fruits and Vegetables.

O. W. AMES & CO.,
STALLS 50 AND 51,
Pine and Summer Street Entrances.

HALL & BRIGHAM,
STALLS 21, 22 AND 23,
Pine Street Entrance.

GEO. HOHENSCHILD,
STALLS 33 AND 34,
California Street Entrance.

Poultry and Wild Game.

R. CARD & CO.,
STALLS 83, 84 AND 85,
Pine and Summer Streets Entrance.

HART & GOODMAN,
STALLS 76, 77 AND 78,
Pine Street Entrance.

ANDREW A. LOUDERBACK,
STALLS 103 AND 104,
Pine and Summer Street Entrances.

Joseph Catania & Co.,
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
FRESH AND SALT
STALL NO. 48 FISH MARKET, Clay Commercial and Leidesdorff Streets.
A large supply of fresh fish always on hand. Shipping, Restaurants, Hotels and Families supplied at short notice, and on the most reasonable terms.
N. B.—Fish sent to any part of the city free.

STAPLETON'S Refreshment Saloon,
ON CALIFORNIA STREET,
Adjoining the Market, San Francisco.
The very best Wines, Liquors and Cigars will always be found here.

PHILADELPHIA RESTAURANT.
MULLER & BERGOLD,
408 Pine Street,
Next door to the new California Market.

TRY IT!
STANDARD SOAP CO.'S
WASHING POWDER.
It saves one-half the time and labor of ordinary Soaps. Does not injure the Clothing. Get a package and give it a trial. Sold by all Grocers.

Removal! Removal!
A. J. PLATE,
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
Guns, Rifles and Pistols.
—ALSO—
COLT'S AND DERINGER PISTOLS, Powder, Shot, Lead, Caps, and Gun Trimmings, etc., etc.
—HAS REMOVED TO—
NO. 510 SACRAMENTO STREET,
Between Sansome and Leidesdorff Streets, San Francisco.
☞ New Work made to order, and Repairing executed in the neatest manner.

HAMBURG, BREMEN, Fire Insurance Company.
CAPITAL, - - - - $1,000,000
MORRIS SPEYER, Agent.
OFFICE—526 Washington Street, a few doors below Montgomery.....San Francisco.
Being no longer governed by the Tariff of the Board of Underwriters, this Company will effect Insurances at as LOW RATES as those of any other responsible Company.

BOWMAN & CO.,
Dealers in Stoves and Tin Ware,
Main street, Petaluma

GRAND TRIAL
....OF....
SEWING MACHINES.

CONTEST BETWEEN THE
FLORENCE AND WILLCOX & GIBBS.

THE
WILLCOX & GIBBS
TRIUMPHANT:

At the Great UNION FAIR, held at Island Park, between Albany and Troy, in September, two Premiums were offered on Sewing Machines. one for the BEST and the other for the "Second Best"—competition being open to the State.

On the first day of the Fair, the Troy Agent of Florence Sewing Machine Company, having, jointly with the Albany Agent of the same Machine, entered it for competition, published in the Troy Daily Times a challenge to Agents of other Sewing Machines, to meet them at said Fair and compete with them for the Premium.

The challenge was accepted by the Troy and Albany Agents of the Willcox and Gibbs Machine.

Each party was to prepare and subject to the judges a "list" of the several "points of merit" on account of which "superiority" was claimed. These "points" were to be separately considered, thoroughly investigated and practically tested, by work done then and there, upon each of the machines; and then decided in favor of the machine which was adjudged to excel on that "point."

Finally it was agreed that the machine which, at the conclusion of the trial, should be found to have the greatest number of those "points" decided in its favor should be decided the "BEST SEWING MACHINE," and awarded the FIRST PREMIUM.

The result of the trial was, that the

WILLCOX & GIBBS WON THE VICTORY

and the prize, by the extraordinary superiority of thirty-five points, decided in its favor, against two points in favor of the Florence.

Full notes were taken of the trial.

It is a fact worthy of remark, that during the entire trial—which continued without intermission for nearly seven hours—not a stitch was missed, nor the thread once broken, nor a needle broken or bent, by the Willcox and Gibbs machine. No kind of work was attempted to be done on it that was not accomplished, and done in a perfect and workmanlike manner; and no effort was made on it that was not entirely successful; while neither of these statements can be truly made in favor of the Florence.

This remarkable trial can not fail, through the facts developed by it, to be productive of important results. It has raised the veil and exposed to public view the true character of the opposition, who will no longer be able to deceive the public by misrepresenting the character and merits of the Willcox and Gibbs machine.

It is an improvement on double thread machines; and its "stitch," which was severely tested by the Judges, was decided to be much stronger and less liable to rip in use or wear than the "Lock Stitch."

It is the simplest in construction—does the greatest variety of work—makes no noise—is not liable to get out of order—costs the least money, and gives the best satisfaction.

☞ Full reports of this trial sent free to any address.

☞ **Country Agents solicited.**

SAMUEL SWIFT,
General Agent for the Pacific Coast,
303 Kearny Street,
San Francisco.

IN THE PROBATE COURT of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the estate of LOUIS CHRISTIN, deceased.

Order to show cause why order of distribution should not be made.

On reading and filing the petition of Charles Christin, Administrator of the estate of Louis Christin, deceased, setting forth that he has filed his final account of his administration of the estate of said deceased, in this Court, and that the same has been duly settled and allowed; that all the debts and expense of administration have been duly paid; and that a portion of said estate remains to be divided among the heirs of said deceased, and praying among other things for an order of distribution of the residue of said estate among the persons entitled:

It is ordered, that all persons interested in the Estate of the said Louis Christin, deceased, be and appear before the Probate Court of the City and County of San Francisco, at the Court-room of said Court, in the City Hall in said city and county, on MONDAY, the second day of September 1867, at eleven o'clock, A. M., then and there to show cause why an order of distribution should not be made of the residue of said Estate among the heirs of the said deceased, according to law.

It is further ordered, That a copy of this order be published for four successive weeks before the said 2d day of September A. D. 1857, in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published weekly, in the said city and county.

M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

Dated August 1st, 1867. aug3-5w

C. TEMPLE EMMET, Esq., Atty for Administrator.

IN THE PROBATE COURT OF THE CITY AND County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the Estate of OTTO W. BECKMAN, deceased.

Order to show cause why order of distribution should not be made.

On reading and filing the petition of J. W. Brumsgim, the administrator of the estate of Otto W. Beckman deceased, setting forth that he has filed his final account of his administration of the estate of said deceased, in this Court, and that the same has been duly settled and allowed; that all the debts and expenses of administration have been duly paid; and that a portion of said estate remains to be divided among the heirs of said deceased, and praying among other things for an order of distribution of the residue of said estate among the persons entitled:

It is Ordered, that all persons interested in the estate of said Otto W. Beckman, deceased, be and appear before the Probate Court of the city and county of San Francisco, at the Court Room of said Court, in the City Hall, in said city and county, on MONDAY, the second day of September, Anno Domini 1867, at eleven o'clock, A. M., then and there to show cause why an order of distribution should not be made of the residue of said estate among the heirs of the said estate, according to law.

It is further Ordered, that a copy of this order be published for four successive weeks, before the said second day of September A. D. 1867, in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published in the said city and county.

M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

Dated August 1st, 1867 aug3-5t

IN THE PROBATE COURT of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the Guardianship of the person and estate of WILLIAM CHARLES HOLLINSEAD, Minor.

On reading and filing the petition of Jeremiah V. Hollinsead, Guardian of the person and Estate of William Charles Hollinsead, Minor, praying for an order of sale of the real estate therein described, and it appearing to this Court that said lot constitutes the entire estate of the said Minor, and that there is no personal estate, or money with which to provide for the maintenance and education of the said Minor, or to pay taxes and street assessments levied upon said real estate hereafter, and that it is for the best interest of the estate of the said Minor, that the said real estate should be sold.

It is ordered, That all persons interested in the said estate appear before this Court, at the Courtroom thereof, at the City Hall, in the City and County of San Francisco, on Monday, the 9th day of September, A. D., 1867, to show cause, if any they have, why an order should not be granted to said Jeremiah V. Hollinsead to sell the interest of the said Minor in the said real estate described in the petition, at private sale for the purpose of the maintenance and education of the said Minor.

And it is further ordered, that a copy of the foregoing order be published once a week for four weeks, in the CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper published in the city and county aforesaid. M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

Dated August 9th, A. D. 1867.

State of California, City and County of San Francisco, ss.—I, Wm. Loewy, County Clerk of said City and County, and ex-officio Clerk of the Probate Court thereof, certify the foregoing to be a true copy of the original order on file and of record in my office.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Probate Court this 9th day of August, A. D., 1867.

Attest: WM. LOEWY, Clerk,

By A. J. JEGHERS, Deputy Clerk.

I. N. THORNE, Esq., Attorney for Petitioner. au 10 5t

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF CHRISTIAN ERICKSEN, deceased.—Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the Estate of Christian Ericksen, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator, at his office and place for the transaction of his business, No. 520 Montgomery street, in the City and County of San Francisco.

Dated August 6th, 1867.

WILLIAM A. QUARLES,

Administrator of the Estate of Christian Ericksen, deceased.

aug 10-5t

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF BENJAMIN M. CLARK, deceased.—Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administratrix of the above named Estate of Benjamin M. Clark, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against said deceased, to exhibit the same with the necessary vouchers, within ten months from the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix, at No. 24 Exchange Building, northwest corner Washington and Montgomery streets, which is her place for the transaction of business, in the city and county of San Francisco.

Dated at San Francisco, August 1st, 1867.

aug3-5t DORCAS CLARK, Administratrix.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF FRANCOIS GRANDEAU, deceased. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the estate of FRANCOIS GRANDEAU, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator, at his office 520 Montgomery street, in the city and county of San Francisco.

Dated July 29th, 1867.

WILLIAM A. QUARLES,

Administrator of the estate of Francois Grandeau, deceased. aug3-5t

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF JUSTUS D MILLER, deceased.—Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administratrix of the estate of Justus D. Miller, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administratrix at her place of residence, No. 740, Mission street, in the City and County of San Francisco.

Dated at San Francisco, August 8th, A. D. 1867.

aug 10 5t ELIZA MILLER;

IN THE PROBATE COURT of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the Estate of GEORGE ROBINSON, deceased.

Order to show cause why order of distribution should not be made.

On reading and filing the petition of Howard Chapman and Joseph Gordon, the Executors of the last will of George Robinson, deceased, setting forth that they have filed their final account of their administration of the estate of said deceased, in this Court, and that the same has been duly settled and allowed; that all the debts and expenses of administration have been duly paid; and that a portion of said estate remains to be divided among the devisees and legatees of said deceased, and praying among other things for an order of distribution of the residue of said estate among the persons entitled:

It is Ordered, that all persons interested in the estate of the said George Robinson, deceased, be and appear before the Probate Court of the city and county of San Francisco, at the Court Room of said Court, in the City Hall, in said city and county, on MONDAY, the twenty-six day of August, A. D. 1867, at eleven o'clock, A. M., then and there to show cause why an order of distribution should not be made of the residue of said estate to the devisees and legatees of the said deceased, according to law:

It is further Ordered, that a copy of this order be published for four successive weeks, before the said twenty-six day of August A. D. 1867, in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published in the said city and county.

M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

Dated July 25th, A. D. 1867.

OFFICE OF THE COUNTY CLERK, } ss.
OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO

I, Wm. Loewy, County Clerk of the City and County of San Francisco, and ex-officio Clerk of the Probate Court thereof, do hereby certify the foregoing to be a full, true and correct copy of an order duly made and entered upon the minutes of said Court.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court, this 26th day of July, A. D. 1867.

[Seal and Int. Rev. stamp 50 cts., canceled.]

WM LOEWY, Clerk.

By A. J. JEGHERS, Deputy Clerk.

D. P. BABSTOW, Esq., Att'y for Petitioner. jy27-5t

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

ESTATE OF JULIUS KINCHELOE, DECEASED

NOTICE is hereby given by the undersigned administrator of the estate of JULIUS KINCHELOE, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them, with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice, to the said administrator, at his office, No. 4 Odd Fellows Hall, 323 Montgomery street, in the city and county of San Francisco.

jy27-5t] WASHINGTON BARTLETT, Administrator.

D. GHIRARDELLI & CO.'S

Italian Manufactury,

415 and 417 JACKSON ST., SAN FRANCISCO,

Manufacturers and Dealers in

PLAIN, SWEET, CINNAMON AND VANILLA CHOCOLATES;

PREPARED COCOA, COCOA PASTE, CRACKED COCOA, COCOA SHELLS, etc., etc.

PURE GROUND OLD JAVA COFFEE AND COSTA RICA COFFEE;

CHARTRES AND RIO COFFEE;

GREEN COFFEE OF EVERY QUALITY.

CHOICE WINES AND LIQUORS:

N. B.—Ghirardelli's Chocolate is manufactured by steam from Cocoa of the finest quality, imported direct. In excellence and delicacy of flavor, it is superior to any imported Chocolate.

ST. MARY'S COLLEGE,

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA.

THE FIFTH SESSION OF THE ABOVE INSTITUtion will commence on the THIRTEENTH OF JULY, 1867.

The cost of Tuition and Board for the Scholastic Year of from ten to eleven months will be only one hundred and seventy-five dollars ($175), and twenty-five dollars ($25) for washing and mending of linen, etc.

No extra charges of any kind, except for Music and Drawing, which are five dollars ($5) a month each.

In cases of withdrawal (except for sickness or parents leaving the country), the parties will forfeit a Quarter Session, or the remaining portion of the Half Term.

The Pension to be paid at least half-yearly in advance; also, such sum deposited as will be sufficient to pay the traveling expenses of each student to his place of residence, and other contingent expenses such as books, clothes, etc.

No student will be received without such deposit.

For further information, application can be made to

P. J. GREY, President,

WANTED AGENTS.—$250 per month THE YEAR ROUND, OR 900 PER CENT PROFIT ON COMMISSION. We *guaranty* the above salary or commission to active industrious agents at their own homes, to introduce an article of *indispensable utility* in every household. For full particulars call on, or address

G. W. JACKSON & CO., 11 South St., Baltimore, Md

REMOVAL. REMOVAL.

Larkins & Co.,

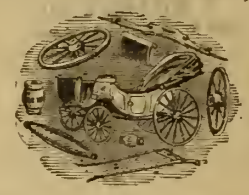
Manufacturers of every description of

CARRIAGES.

CONCORD WAGONS, Ranch Wagons and Buggies made to order. All kinds of Jobbing and Carriage Painting done at the shortest notice.

New Manufactory Nos. 631 and 633 Howard street, corner of Hubbard, between Second and Third, San Francisco.

A. FOLSOM,



Carriage Manufacturer,

No. 531 CALIFORNIA STREET,

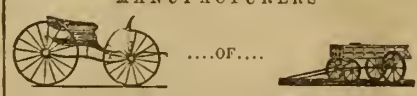
Between Montgomery and Kearny streets, San Francisco

EVERY DESCRIPTION OF CARRIAGES, EXPRESS Wagons, Buggies, etc., made to order, of the best materials and workmanship.

Repairing and General Blacksmithing done with promptness, and at prices to suit the times.

George P. Kimball & Co.,

MANUFACTURERS

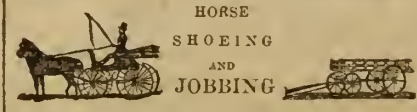


CARRIAGES, BUGGIES, STAGE AND THOROUGH BRACE WAGONS,

Market street, near corner of Fourth, San Francisco.

C. ROBERTS,

CARRIAGE AND WAGON MAKER,



PROMPTLY EXECUTED.

Fourth Street, between Howard and Folsom, San Francisco.

All styles of Carriages, Wagons and Carts made to order, and Repaired.

Peet & Son,

IMPORTERS AND MANUFACTURERS OF

SADDLERY AND HARNESS

No. 315 BATTERY STREET,

Nex Door to Commercial Street,

SAN FRANCISCO.

C. MAIN. E. H. WINCHESTER. T. R. HAYES.

Main & Winchester,

Manufacturers and Importers of Harness, Saddles, Bridles, Whips, Collars, Saddlery Ware, etc.

Nos. 214 and 216 Battery Street, San Francisco.

N. B.—Good assortment Concord Stage Harness constantly on hand.

BOWEN BROS.

GROCERS,

Tea and Wine Merchants,

S. E. cor. Montg'ry and California, San Francisco.

Wholesale Store,

204 Front Street.

ZEITSKA & SHEPPARD,

Merchant Taylors,

NO. 610 CLAY STREET,

Near Monigomery,

SAN FRANCISCO.

CORNS!

DR. V. POPPER,

Surgeon Chiropedist

No 20 Montgomery street, between Post and Sutter, San Francisco. Office hours from 9 A. M to 5 P. M.

Offers his services to the public as an Operator on such excrescences as hard and soft corns, enlarged joints, club nails, bunions, nails penetrating the flesh, warts, etc.

FIREMAN'S FUND

Insurance Company.

Office, S. W. cor. California and Sansome steets, San Francisco.

CAPITAL AND SURPLUS, JANUARY 1, 1867,

$680,000.

DIRECTORS.

D. J. Staples,	John O. Earl,
G. T. Lawton,	Alphens Bull,
W. M. Hixun,	C. T. Forrest,
John Barton,	W. B. Bourn,
W. H. Lyon,	Joseph Peirce,
Chas. Wolcott Brooks,	M. A. Braly,
I. B. Purdy,	David Dick,
A. Himmelmsnn,	A. Blackwood,
W. C. Ralston,	F. P McMahon,
Lewis Cunningham, Marysville.	
P. Sather,	S. R. Throckmorton,
James Dows,	W. W. Haney,
John H. Gardiner,	John N. Risdon,
Lewis Sober,	R. J. Tobin,
Jerome Lincoln,	M. Lynch,
Irving H. Knowles,	E. V. Hathaway,
C. G. Atheurn,	J. H. Redington,
C. L. Taylor,	J. W. Brittan,
James Pollock, Benicia.	
A. Block,	Fitel Phillips,
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W T. O'Brien,	J. B. Stetson,
J. E. de la Montagnie,	H. L. Lewis,
W. H. Paterson,	John Morton,
T. L Baker,	Henry Dutton,
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Asa Harker, Portland, Oregon.	

Desirable Risks taken at LOW RATES.

The greatest amount taken on any one risk is $50,000. When the risks are considered too large, a portion will be re-insured in responsible Companies.

LOSSES PAID IN U. S. GOLD COIN!

J. D. STAPLES, President,
HENRY DUTTON, Vice-President.
CHAS. R. BOND, Secretary.

AYER'S AGUE CURE,

FOR THE SPEEDY CURE OF

Intermittent Fever, or Fever and Ague, Remittent Fever, Dumb Ague, Periodical Headache, or Bilious Fevers, indeed for the whole Class of Diseases originating in Biliary Derangement, Caused by the Malaria of Miasmatic Countries.

No one remedy is longer called for by the necessities of the American people than a sure and safe cure for Fever and Ague. Such we are now enabled to offer, with a perfect certainty that it will eradicate the disease, and with assurance founded on proof, that no harm can arise from its use in any quantity.

That which protects from or prevents this disorder must be of immense service in the communities where it prevails. *Prevention* is better than cure, for the patient escapes the risk which he must run in violent attacks of this baleful distemper. This "Cure" expels the miasmic poison of Fever and Ague from the system, and prevents the development of the disease, if taken on the first approach of the premonitary symptoms. It is not only the best remedy ever yet discovered for this class of complaints, but also the cheapest. The large quantity we supply for a dollar brings it within reach of every body, and in the bilious districts, where Fever and Agun prevails, everybody should have it and use it freely both for cure and prevention. A great superiority of this remedy over any other ever discovered for the speedy and certain cure of Intermittents is, that it contains in Quinine or mineral, consequently it produces no quinism or other injurious effects whatever upon the constitution. Those cured by it are left as healthy as if they had never had the disease.

Fever and Agne is not alone the consequence of the miasmatic poison. A great variety of disorders arise from its irritation, among which are Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Gout, Headache, Blindness, Toothache, Earache, Catarrh, Asthma, Palpitation, Painful Affection of the Spleen, Hysterics, Pain in the Bowels, Colic, Paralysis, and Derangement of the Stomach, all of which, when originating in this cause, put on the intermittent type, or become periodical. This "Cure" expels the poison from the blood, and consequently cures them all alike.

Prepared by DR. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, and sold by all Druggists, everywhere.

CRANE & BRIGHAM, San Francisco, Wholesale Agents.

SAVINGS BANK.

THE FARMERS' AND MECHANICS' BANK OF SAVINGS,

ON SANSOME, CORNER CALIFORNIA STREET, will open for the receipt of deposits, and the transaction of business, JULY 1, 1867.

CAPITAL STOCK, - - - - - - $150,000.

Directors,

N. C FASSETT,	JAMES LAIDLEY,
H. DUTTON,	B. H. FREEMAN,
ISAAC E. DAVIS,	R. MORTON,
GEO. M. CONDEE,	SAMUEL L. PALMER,
G. H. WHEELER.	

N. C. FASSETT, President.
G. H. WHEELER, Cashier.

A. J. BRYANT & CO.,

IMPORTERS OF LIQUORS,

518 Front Street, San Francisco.

G. L. BRADLEY. THEO. G. COCKRILL.

Sole Agents for Pacific Coast,

—OF—

BLACKBURN'S CELEBRATED

BBB BOURBON WHISKEY,

Bowling Green, Kentucky.

Adams, Dentist, 423 Montgomery St

PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.'S

STEAMSHIPS FOR

NEW YORK, JAPAN AND CHINA,

WILL BE DISPATCHED AS FOLLOWS:

Leave Brannan-street Wharf at 11 o'clock A. M. of the following dates, for PANAMA, connecting *via* Panama Railroad, with one of the Company's splendid steamers from ASPINWALL for NEW YORK.

On 10th, 18th, and 30th of each month that has 30 days.
On 10th, 19th, and 30th of each month that has 31 days.
When the 10th, 19th and 30th fall on Sunday, they will leave on Saturday preceding; when the 18th falls on Sunday, they will leave on Monday following.

Steamer leaving San Francisco on the 10th touches at Manzanillo. All touch at Acapulco.

Departure of 19th connects with French Transatlantic Company's steamer for St. Nazaire, and English steamer for South America.

Departure of 10th connects with English steamers or Southampton and South America, and P. R. R. Co.'s steamer for Central America.

STEAMERS FOR AUGUST.

August 19th—SACRAMENTO, Capt. J. M. Cavalry, connecting with HENRY CHAUNCEY, Capt. Gray.
August 30th—MONTANA, Capt. E. S. Farnsworth, connecting with ARIZONA, Capt. Maury.

Passengers will be berthed through. Baggage checked through—100 pounds allowed each adult.

Surgeon on board. Medicine and attendance free.

These steamers will positively leave at 11 o'clock. Passengers are requested to have their baggage on board before 10 o'clock.

Through tickets to Liverpool by the "Cunard," "Inman" and "National" Steamship Lines can be obtained of P. M. S. S. Co.'s office in San Francisco.

For Merchandise Freight apply to Wells, Fargo & Co.

The splendid steamship GREAT REPUBLIC will be dispatched on September 3d, and will be followed by the CHINA, on October 14th, from wharf, corner of First and Brannan streets, for YOKOHAMA and HONGKONG; connecting at Yokohama with the steamer COSTA RICA, for SHANGHAI.

For Passage and all other information, apply at Pacific Mail Steamship company's office, corner of Sacramento and Leidesdorff streets.

OLIVER ELDRIDGE, Agent.

OPPOSITION TO NEW YORK

VIA NICARAGUA,

THROUGH AHEAD OF THE MAIL!

Shortest and Only Healthy Route!

THE NORTH AMERICAN S. S. CO.'S STEAMER

AMERICA,

Will sail for SAN JUAN DEL SUR, Nicaragua, from MISSION STREET WHARF, at 12 o'clock, M., on

SATURDAY, - - AUGUST 24th, 1867.

Connecting at Greytown with the magnificent Steamship SANTIAGO, 3,000 tons, for NEW YORK.

No expense on the Isthmus—100 lbs. baggage free.
Surgeon on board; medicine and attendance free.

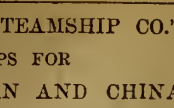
As there is no Yellow Fever nor other epidemic in Nicaragua, passengers by this route will not be detained by Quarantine in New York.

For further information, apply to

I. W. RAYMOND, Agent,
Northwest corner Battery and Pine streets, up stairs.

STEINWAY & SON'S

Piano-Fortes!



AT THE PARIS EXPOSITION.

Copy of telegram relating to them—New York, July 8, 1867—Received at San Francisco July 9, 1867, 7 P. M.

MATHIAS GRAY, 613 Clay street—By despatch from Paris, Steinways were awarded FIRST Gold Medal of Merit, for highest perfection and most valuable inventions, showing greatest progress in Pianos.

STEINWAY & SONS.

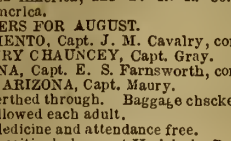
Chickering & Sons' Pianos

RECEIVED THE

FIRST PREMIUM,

(Gold Medal,)

At the Paris Exposition.



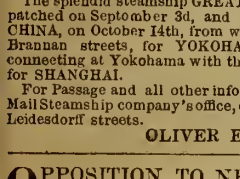
FURTHERMORE, THE Improvements, Workmanship, and General Superiority of those instruments over all others on Exhibition, was so marked and important, the Emperor created Mr. T. E. CHICKERING

KNIGHT OF THE LEGION OF HONOR.

KOHLER, CHASE & CO.,
421 Montgomery street.

WALTER S. PIERCE,

MANUFACTURER



—AND—

IMPORTER OF

PIANOS.

Old Pianos supplied with new and improved action. Repairing of every description and varnishing attended with dispatch; also
Agent for Hallet & Cumston's new Concert Scale Pianos. Pianos at prices from $150 to $700.
Factory and Wareroom, No. 536 Market Street, opposite Second.

T. R. CHURCH,

FASHIONABLE

Clothing Emporium,

NO. 203 MONTGOMERY STREET,

(Russ Block.)

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN

FINE CUSTOM-MADE CLOTHING,

AND GENTS FURNISHING GOODS,

TRUNKS, VALISES, CARPET BAGS, Etc.

MOYNIHAN & AITKIN,

Portland Boiler Works,

311 AND 313 MISSION STREET,

Between Beals and Fremont streets, San Francisco.

Manufacturers of Steam Boilers, high or low pressure—Cylinder, Tubular or Flue; Sheet Iron Work; Steam and Water Pipe of the best quality, and at more reasonable prices than any other establishment on the Pacific Coast.

Being Practical Boiler Makers, of long experience, confining our whole time and attention to our branch of business, and having enlarged our works, and also added the most improved tools in this country, we are enabled to turn out Boilers more expeditiously than any other establishment on the Pacific Coast—using none but the best quality and brands of Boiler and Sheet Iron and Boiler Tubes. Those in want of anything in the above line will do well to give us a call. Orders from the country will receive prompt attention.

All work warranted according to order. Particular attention paid to Repairing Steam Boilers.

T. J. MOYNIHAN, } Proprietors.
JAS. AITKEN, }

NEPTUNE IRON WORKS.

Corner of MISSION and FREMONT streets,

SAN FRANCISCO.

MARINE,

LOCOMOTIVE,

And all kinds of

HIGH-PRESSURE

STEAM BOILERS

Manufactured.

The proprietor imports his own C. H. and B. Iron across the Isthmus, and Tubes of every size. Other parties can never blockade the market. He has made arrangements with the best houses in the East to furnish him with everything in the shape of Iron he wants.

All Boilers guaranteed and tested by U. S. Boiler Inspector before they are sent out of the shop, at my expense. ☞ All kinds of Sheet Iron and Water Pipe, Coal Oil Stills, Wrought Iron Worms, etc., manufactured to order. OLD BOILERS REPAIRED.

D. CAMERON.

SAN FRANCISCO

Foundry and Machine Works,

Northeast corner Fremont and Mission streets,

Manufacturers of

MARINE AND STATIONARY ENGINES,

Quartz Machinery, Saw, Flour and Sugar Mills, Mining Pumps, Hoisting Gear, Agricultural Implements, etc.

ALSO,

Wine, Cider, Cotton and Tobacco Presses of the latest Improved Patterns.

STEAM ENGINES AND BOILERS,

Of all sizes, constantly on hand; Quartz Mill Shoes and Dies warranted to be made of the best white iron.

Dunbar's Improved Self-Adjusting Piston-Packing, requires no springs or screws; is always steam-tight; without excessive friction, and never gets slack or leaky.

MACHINERY, OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS,
Bought, sold, or exchanged. Bolt Cutting and Castings at the lowest market rates.

DEVOE, DINSMORE & CO.

PIONEER IRON SHUTTER WORKS.

Established 1849.

John Upstone,

MANUFACTURER OF FIRE-PROOF

Doors and Shutters,

Bank Vaults, Balconies, Gratings, Prison Cells, Awnings, Stairs, Iron Fence, etc.,

Corner of California and Drumm Streets, San Francisco.

Constantly on hand a large assortment of second hand Fire-Proof Doors and Shutters.

Removal.

THEODORE KALLENBERG,

Machinist,

Has removed from No. 416 Market street, to No. 10 Stevenson street, next to the corner of First.

Maker of Models for Inventors, Drawing Instruments, Small Machines, Philosophical Instruments, Scales and Weights, all kinds of Brass and Iron Work.

REPAIRING PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

I. H. SMALL,

Machine Shop,

BUILDER OF

Steam Engines, Saw Mills, Mining Machinery,

Also, I. H. Small's Patent Boot Screwing Machine

Gears of all kinds Cut at Short Notice,

And at Greatly Reduced Prices.

Repairing of all kinds done with Promptness and Dispatch.

Corner of Market and Beale Streets,

SAN FRANCISCO

WM. O. BREYFOGLE.

(Successor to WARE & MOSHER,)

NO. 26 CALIFORNIA STREET,

Manufacturer and Dealer in

SASH, DOORS, BLINDS & SHUTTERS,

From Kiln-Dried Lumber—at the Lowest Rates.

Orders from the country will receive prompt attention

TO THE UNFORTUNATE.

NEW REMEDIES! NEW REMEDIES!

Dr. Gibbon's Dispensary.

ESTABLISHED IN 1854,
616 Kearney street, corner of Commercial, San Francisco.

For the treatment of Sexual and Seminal Diseases, such as gonorrhœa, gleet, stricture, syphilis in all its forms, seminal weakness, impotency, &c. Skin Diseases, (of years' standing,) and Ulcerated legs, successfully treated.

HORRIBLE DISEASES.

How many thousands of persons both male and female are there who are suffering out a miserable existence from the effects of secret indulgence, or from virus absorbed into the system. Look at their pallid, emaciated and disfigured faces, and their broken constitutions, disqualifying them for the happiness of marriage or the enjoyment of life. In this horrid situation thousands suffer until death closes the scene. Let parents, guardians and friends, attend to those who are suffering with any of these horrible, life-destroying maladies—see that they are cared for and cured before it be too late. Send them to Dr. Gibbon, a physician who has made private diseases his especial study for years, and who is certain to cure the most invetcrate cases without mercury or any injurious drugs. It is important to those who are afflicted, to be careful of the many pretended Doctors who infest all cities, publishing their skill in curing all diseases in a few days, imposing upon the public by using the names of eminent physicians from Europe and other places. Be therefore careful and make strict inquiry, or you may fall into the hands of these charlatans.

Syphilis is syphilis the world over; so is small pox, consumption, and other diseases, to the contrary of what quacks may say.

SEMINAL WEAKNESS.

Seminal weakness the consequent of self abuse. This solitary vice, or depraved sexual indulgence, is practiced by the youth of both sexes to an almost unlimited extent, producing with unnering certainty the following train of morbid symptoms, unless combatted by scientific medical measure; sallow countenances, dark spots under the eyes, pain in the head, ringing in the ears, noise like the rustling of leaves and rattling of chariots, uneasiness about the loins, weakness of the limbs, confused vision, blunt intellect, loss of confidence, diffidence in approaching strangers, a dislike to form new acquaintances, a disposition to shun society, loss of memory, hectic flushes, pimples and various eruptions about the face, furred tongue, fetid breath, coughs, consumption, night sweats, monomania, and frequent insanity. If relief be not obtained, should apply immediately, either in person or by letter, and have a cure effected by his new and scientific mode of treating this complaint, which never fails of effecting a quick and radical cure. Dr. G. will give $100 to any person who will prove satisfactorily to him that he was cured by either of the San Francisco quacks.

Dr. Gibbon is responsible, and will give each patient a written instrument binding himself to effect a radical and permanent cure or make no charge.

Persons at a distance may be cured at home by addressing a letter to Dr. Gibbon, stating case, symptoms, length of time the disease has continued, and have medicine promptly forwarded, free from damage and curiosity, to any part of the country, with full and plain directions for use, for ten dollars, sent in a registered letter, or through Wells, Fargo & Co.

Address DR. J. F. GIBBON, 616 Kearney street, corner of Commercial, San Francisco, Postoffice Box 252.

CAUTION TO THE UNFORTUNATE.

Beware of the San Francisco quacks and pretenders who with bogus sworn-to certificates, dupe the unwary. Some of the self styled doctors whose names are to be found in all the daily and weekly papers of San Francisco and other places, are tradesmen, and become too lazy to work at their trade. Some are tinsmiths, shoemakers, newspaper carriers, intelligence offices keepers, etc. Look over the San Francisco City Directory and you will find their former occupation in it. Look at the Directory for 1862-63. The only way to avoid imposition is make inquiry—it will cost you nothing and may save you many regrets, for advertising physicians in eight cases out of ten are bogus, there is no safety in trusting any of them till you know who and what they are. Dr. Gibbon does not deceive people by exhibiting bogus titles, certificates, pretended patients' letters, etc. Dr. Gibbon will satisfy persons who may call at his office of his ability to treat diseases that he proposes to cure.

☞ Persons writing to Dr. Gibbon will Please state the name of the paper they see his advertisement in.

PRIVATE MEDICAL AID.

QUICK CURES AND MODERATE CHARGES.

DR. W. K. DOHERTY,

PRIVATE MEDICAL AND SURGICAL INSTITUTE,

Sacramento Street, below Montgomery, Opposite Pacific Mail Steamship Co's Office, Private Entrance on Leidesdorff Street, San Francisco.

Established expressly to afford the afflicted sound and scientific Medical Aid, in the treatment and cure of all Private and Chronic Diseases, cases of Secresy and all Sexual Disorders.

IMPOTENCE OR STERILITY.

A short treatise of Spermatorrhea or Seminal Weakness, Impotence, the vice of onanism, masturbation or self-abuse, and other diseases of the sexual organs, by William King Doherty, Physician and Surgeon, San Francisco, Cal.

This book contains information of the utmost value to all married or single, and will be sent FREE by mail on receipt of six cents in postage stamps for return postage.

Address W. K. DOHERTY, M. D., San Francisco.

CALIFORNIA BRASS FOUNDRY,

No. 125 First street, opposite Minna,

SAN FRANCISCO

All kinds of Brass, Composition, Zinc, and Babbitt Meta Castings, furnished at the shortest notice. Brass Ship-Work o all kinds, Spikes, Sheathing Nails, Rudder Braces, Hinges, etc., constantly on hand and made to order. Also, manufacture Ship and Steamboat Bells and Gongs of superior tone.

All kinds of Steam, Liquor, Water, Oil, and Flange Cocks and Valves made and repaired.

Hydraulic Pipes and Nozzles, and Hose Couplings and Connections of all sizes and patterns, furnished with dispatch. *PRICES MODERATE.*

V. KINGWELL, JOS. H. WEED, SAM'L WHITE.

BABBITTONIAN,

OR SELF-TEACHING

PENMANSHIP

The System of Babbitonian Penmanship is pre-eminently self-instructing. With its ample explanations of right and wrong forms—its sixty wood cuts—its plain intelligent rules, one may sit down by his own fireside and become a finer Penman than he could at much greater cost in the usual way with a living teacher.

There is a great demand for fine Penmen in the commercial world, and this system, at a trifling expense, imparts a skilful command of the Pen, worth hundreds of dollars to the fortunate possessor.

Penmanship is an indispensable accomplishment to Ladies, and this system is elaborate in a series of elegant copies in the Ladies' Style.

Business men have sometimes lost thousands of dollars from ignorance in regard to Business forms, and there is furnished in a set, without additional charge, a fine variety of Business Forms and Abbreviations. To sum up the Excellencies of this System, it is—

1—Scientific in its Arrangement of Principles;
2—Artistic in its Movements and Flourishes;
3—Practical in its Combinations and Applications;
4—Stylish in its neat and chaste Gracefulness;
5—Superior for Legibility, Rapidity and Beauty;
6—Most Disciplinary for fingers, Arms and Muscles.
7—Unexcelled for Comprehensiveness and Simplicity.
8—Complete and Self-Teaching for Private Learners;
9—Time, Labor and Expense Saving for Pupils and Teachers.

The Babbitonian Penmanship

Is published on durable card-board slips, ninety-two copies illustrated, put in a neat package with a Chart, the whole complete at the low price of $1 50.

Babbittonian Pens.

One reason why the country is flooded with poor Pens is that they are generally made by mechanics, rather than by artistic and experienced Penmen, the only partics really understanding the requirements of a good article.

The Babbittonian Pens,

Made in the most finished style, by skilful artisans, after models prepared according to the combined wisdom and experience of several amateurs and old Professors of Penmanship, are admirably adapted to meet the public wants.

The Babbittonian Ladies' Pen,

Is one of the most exquisite little instruments for delicate writing ever constructed.

The Babbittonian Extra Fine Pen,

Is pronounced by a large number of Penmen to be more free, more durable, and more varied in capacity for either fine or coarse strokes than any foreign Pen whatever. Suitable for elegant writing, it is a great favorite with the ladies and gentlemen.

The Babbittonian Business Pen,

Having great freedom and variety of movement, is unequaled for general business or school purposes. Somewhat coarser than the Extra Fine, it wears longer and moves more easily on paper.

☞ This Pen is now in use in the large counting-houses and banks in this city.

WARREN HOLT, General Agent,
305 Montgomery Street, San Francisco.

A RARE GEM OF ART.

"The Lord's Prayer,"

A pen drawing, by Mr. D. F. Brown, is one of the most remarkable works of art ever exhibited in this country. By patient labor he has succeeded in producing a design which for skill and beauty of execution, exquisite softness and delicacy of finish, and general merit, it would seem scarcely possible to surpass. The central figure—the face of our savior—is one of marvelous power and beauty. This and the faces of the Twelve Apostles, forming the border of the piece, are faithful copies from Leonardo da Vinci's famous painting of the

LAST SUPPER,

Reproducing, with the softest and most perfect shadings, the conceptions and characteristic expressions of the originals. Within this enclosure the words of the Lord's Prayer, in ornamental letters of various original designs and exquisite finish, are an interesting study of art in themselves; while appropriately distributed among these, miniture groups and scenes of marked events of Savior's life, copied from the great masters—five of them from Raphel's celebrated designs—form a harmonious completion of this unique, beautiful and truly wonderful work. The faces of

OUR LORD AND HIS APOSTLES.

Alone, so finely copied, would be a treasure in any house, and worth the full price of subscription.

W. HOLT, General Agent,
305 Montgomery street.

Newly Opened.

McKee's

NEW GROCERY

AND

FAMILY FURNISHING

Store,

No. 31 KEARNY STREET,

Third Door South of Post Street,

NOW RECEIVING ORDERS FOR GROCERIES, PROVISIONS. Table Luxuries, and all Housekeeping articles of the best quality at low prices.

CALIFORNIA

Steam Navigation Company.

STEAMER CAPITAL.....CAPT. E. A. POOLE.
" CHRYSOPOLIS. CAPT. A. FOSTER.
" YOSEMITE.....
" CORNELIA.....CAPT. W. BROMLEY.
" JULIA.....CAPT. E. CONCKLIN

One of the above steamers leave BROADWAY WHARF, at 4 o'clock P. M., *EVERY DAY*, (Sundays excepted,) for Sacramento and one for Stockton, the Sacramento steamer connecting with light-draft steamers for Marysville, Colusa, Chico and Red Bluff.

Office of the Company, northeast corner of Front and Jackson streets.

B. M. HARTSHORNE, President.

MAGUIRE'S OPERA HOUSE.

THOMAS MAGUIRE,.....Sole Proprietor
CARR. TIBBETTS,.....Business Manager
C. L. GRAVES,.....Stage Manager
WM. STEVENSON,.....Treasurer

LAST WEEK OF
EDWIN ADAMS!

SUPPORTED BY
THE STAR DRAMATIC COMPANY

Edwin Adams' Matinee to day,
ROMEO AND JULIET.

This Evening, August 17,
TICKET-OF-LEAVE MAN.

Monday Evening,
HAMLET.

PRICES OF ADMISSION:

Dress Circle	$1 00	Orchestra	$1 00
Parquette	50	Upper Circle	25

METROPOLITAN THEATRE.

Directress.....MISS EMMA HOWSON
Lessee and Manager.....MR. FRANK HOWSON

MR. JAMES H. VINSON,
MR. AND MRS. HARRY JACKSON,
THE HOWSON TROUPE,
MRS. C. R. SAUNDERS,
SUPPORTED BY
AN EXCELLENT STOCK COMPANY.

SATURDAY MATINEE, AUGUST 17,
LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET.

This Evening.
JANET PRIDE.

Monday Evening,
The First Appearance of the Eminent American Tragedian,
ALEXANDER FITZGERALD,
In the beautiful Drama of
BELPHEGOR, THE MOUNTEBANK.

PRICES OF ADMISSION.

Dress Circle and Orchestra Seats			One Dollar
Parquet	50 cts	Gallery	25 cts

No Extra Charge for Reserved Seats.
Doors open at 7 o'clock; to commence at 8.

OCCIDENTAL THEATRICALS.

THE SUBSCRIPTION LIST FOR THE LAST OF THIS series is CLOSED.

GEO. M. CIPRICO, Manager.

THE CITY GARDENS,

CORNER OF TWELFTH AND FOLSOM STREETS,
Now Open to the Public!

☞ The Folsom St. Cars run every five minutes.
☞ The Howard St. Cars run within in one block.

Constant additions will be made to the collection of
ANIMALS,
BIRDS and
FISH.

The Grounds are being more highly ornamanted and new and healthful Games and Amusements introduced especially for Ladies and Children, free of charge.

GRAND INSTRUMENTAL CONCERT
—ON—
SATURDAY AFTERNOON.

A Grand Concert of Sacred Music,
Adapted to the day, by efficient performers,
EVERY SUNDAY.

Admission, 25 cents, Children, half-price.

THE CENTRAL PARK OF THE PACIFIC.

WOODWARD'S GARDENS,

Art Gallery,
Museum, Gymnasium
AND
ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

THESE BEAUTIFUL GARDENS ARE VISITED DAILY by hundreds of the pleasure seeking public, and all agree in pronouncing them the best and only first class suburban resort on the Pacific coast.

The extensive grounds are covered with the rarest trees and shrubbery, making it a most desirable spot for small parties wishing to enjoy a Pic-Nic.

New attractions are being constantly added.

These Gardens are accessible by the Howard, Market and Folsom street cars. Entrances on Mission and Valencia streets, between Thirteenth and Fourteenth. OPEN EVERY DAY.

Admission 25 cents: Children under 12 years, half price.

SOLOMON GUMP,
(Successor to D. HAUSMANN & Co.,)
IMPORTER AND MANUFACTURER OF
MIRRORS, LOOKING GLASSES,
LOOKING GLASS PLATES, PLATES,
Picture Frames, Photograph Ovals, Mouldings, Etc., Etc.
119 Sansome street, between Bush and Pine,
San Francisco,

NEW FALL DRY-GOODS!

MEAGHER, TAAFFE & CO.,
Are daily receiving Large Invoices of
Rich Silks, Poplins,
Ootttoman and Empress Cloths,
Merinos, Prints, Laces,
Cloaks, Shawls,
Mantillas, etc.

....ALSO....

HOUSEKEEPING AND FAMILY DRY GOODS
of every description.

All of which they are offering
AT GREAT BARGAINS.

MEAGHER, TAAFFE & CO.,
9 MONTGOMERY STREET,
Under Lick House.

THE "GROTTO,"
JOHN DUNCAN, Proprietor.
530 Sacramento street, opposite What Cheer House,
FINE WINES, LIQUORS, ALES AND PORTER,
Wholesale and Retail.
Importer of Wise's Celebrated Irish Whisky.

IN THE PROBATE COURT of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the Guardianship of the person and estate of WILLIAM CHARLES HOLLINSEAD, Minor.

On reading and filing the petition of Jeremiah V. Hollinsead, Guardian of the person and Estate of William Charles Hollinsead, Minor, praying for an order of sale of the real estate therein described, and it appearing to this Court that said lot constitutes the entire estate of the said Minor, and that there is no personal estate, or money with which to provide for the maintenance and education of the said Minor, or to pay taxes and street assessments levied upon said real estate hereafter, and that it is for the best interest of the estate of the said Minor, that the said real estate should be sold.

It is ordered, That the next of kin of the said Minor, and all persons interested in the said estate appear before this Court, at the Court room thereof, at the City Hall, in the City and County of San Francisco, on Monday, the 16th day of September, A. D., 1867, to show cause, if any they have, why an order should not be granted to said Jeremiah V. Hollinsead to sell the interest of the said Minor in the said real estate described in the petition, at private sale for the purpose of the maintenance and education of the said Minor.

And it is further ordered, that a copy of the foregoing order be published once a week for four weeks, in the CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper published in the city and county aforesaid. M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

Dated August 9th, A. D. 1867.

State of California, City and County of San Francisco, ss.—I, Wm. Loewy, County Clerk of said City and County, and ex-officio Clerk of the Probate Court thereof, certify the foregoing to be a true copy of the original order on file and of record in my office.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Probato Court this 10th day of August, A. D., 1867.

Attest: WM. LOEWY, Clerk,
By A. J. JEGHERS, Deputy Clerk.

I. N. THORNE, Esq., Attorney for Petitioner. au 17 5t

DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE
FOR MAYOR,
FRANK McCOPPIN.

DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE
FOR SHERIFF,
P. J. WHITE.

DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE
FOR COUNTY TREASURER,
OTTO KLOPPENBURG.

DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE
FOR COUNTY CLERK,
WASHINGTON BARTLETT.

DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE
FOR COUNTY RECORDER,
E. W. LEONARD.

DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE
FOR DISTRICT ATTORNEY,
HENRY H. BYRNE.

DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE
FOR COUNTY SURVEYOR,
WM. P. HUMPHREYS.

JOHN DURIS,
LAUREL HALL,
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
Fine Brandies. Wines and Liquors,
No. 414 PINE STREET,
Next to California Market, San Francisco.
☞ All Goods guaranteed Pure, and delivered free of charge to any part of the City

OFFICIAL.

Paris Exposition, - - 1867.

ADVICES JUST RECEIVED BY MAIL ENABLE US to announce positively that the only gold medal for American Sewing Machines was awarded to Elias Howe, Jr., as the manufacturer of the best Sewing Machine that was exhibited There were eighty-two different Machines in competition for the prize, and Mr. Howe received the additional award of the Cross of the Legion of Honor, as manufacturer and inventor. The exact wording of the award is as follows:

HOWE MACHINE.	WHEELER & WILSON.
"Co operateur Elias Howe, Jr., promoteur de la Machine a coudre, Medaille d'or."	"Wheeler & Wilson, pour la machine a boutonniere, Medaille d'or."
TRANSLATION.	TRANSLATION.
Co-operator Elias Howe, Jr., improvement on Sewing Machines, Gold Medal.	Wheeler & Wilson, for Buttonhole Machine, Gold Medal.

The official list of those who were made Knights of the Legion of Honor, as published in the Paris papers, reads thus: "Mons. Elias Howe, Jr., fabricant de machines a coudre exposant." Which, translated into English, reads: "Elias Howe, Jr., maker of Sewing Machines, exhibiting."

From this it will be seen that the medal awarded to Wheeler & Wilson was for a "Buttonhole Machine," AND NOT FOR THE SEWING MACHINE.

H. A. DEMING, Agent,
No. **137 Kearny street**, near Sutter.

An American Knight of the Legion of Honor—Among the many who have been the recipients of medals and honors at the Exhibition at Paris, none stand so high on the list as the celebrated inventor and manufacturer of Sewing Machines, Elias Howe, Jr. The Emperor, who shows great tact and discrimination in these matters, has made Mr. Howe a Knight of the Legion of Honor, and the jury on Sewing Machines, who had the task of testing and awarding prizes for excellence, unanimously decided that Mr. Howe was not only entitled to great honors as the inventor of the Sewing Machines, but that he carried off the palm as a manufacturer as well, and to him was awarded accordingly the first of the only two gold medals assigned this class. The numbers who have called upon Mr. Howe, at his office, No. 64 Regent street, to offer their congratulations, prove that many besides the Emperor and the jury acknowledge the justice of the claim.—The Courier, London, England.

Dissolution of Copartnership.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT THE PARTnership lately subsisting between RICHARD E. ROWLAND, ANDREW WALKER, and MARTIN KLINKOFSTROM, of San Francisco, under the firm of ROWLAND, WALKER & CO., was dissolved by mutual consent on the first day of August, 1867. Richard E. Rowland is authorized to settle all debts due to and by the company.

In bidding adieu to our former customers, we beg to tender them our thanks for their generous patronage, and trust that they will bestow a like liberality upon ROWLAND, BAILEY & CO., our successors.

RICHARD E. ROWLAND,
MARTIN KLINKOFSTROM,
ANDREW WALKER,
(By his Attorney in fact, Annis Merrill.)

COPARTNERSHIP NOTICE.—The undersigned having this day formed a copartnership, under the style of ROWLAND, BAILEY & CO., for conducting a general Grocery and Provision Store.

As successors to the old firm of Rowland, Walker & Co., they respectfully solicit a continuance of the patronage so liberally bestowed upon that firm, pledging every effort to give satisfaction.

RICHARD E ROWLAND,
CHAS. H. BAILEY,
V. V. WILSON,
Nos: 516 and 518 Washington street.
San Francisco, August 1st, 1867.

TEUTONIA SALOON,
Corner of Montgomery and Sumner streets.
HEIMBURG, SCHRODER & CO.,
PROPRIETORS.

The best kinds of WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS constantly on hand.
☞ Give us a call.

STERETT'S
STEAM
PRINTING HOUSE,
533
CLAY STREET.

Cards, Billheads, Circulars, Books, Briefs, Transcripts, Posters, Bills of Fare Envelopes, Letter and Note Headings, Tickets, Pamphlets, and all Legal Papers printed at short notice, and upon reasonable terms.

WONDERS OF WONDERS!
TO BE SEEN ONLY AT THE
Pacific Museum of Anatomy and Science,
Eureka Theatre, Montgomery street,
between California and Pine.

OCCIDENTAL MARKET DIRECTORY,

Market and Sutter Streets, below Montgomery.

S. C. STORY,
Butcher,
STALL 98, Opposite Second street.

B. M. ATCHINSON,
Butter, Cheese, Eggs, Hams, Bacon,
ETC.....ETC.....ETC.,
STALL 7.

BROWN & CLOUGH,
Butter, Cheese, Eggs, Hams, Bacon,
ETC.....ETC.....ETC.,
STALL 29, Opposite Second street.

P. DONNELLY & BRO.,
Butter, Cheese, Hams, Eggs & Bacon,
STALL 20, Sutter street side.

C. & L. KANE,
Butter, Cheese, Eggs, Hams, Bacon,
ETC.....ETC.....ETC.,
STALL 24.

J. J. SMITH & CO.,
Poultry, Game, Butter, Eggs, etc.,
STALLS 44 AND 45, Sutter street Entranco.

BERNHARD & LOUDON,
Produce, Vegetables, Fruits, etc.,
STALL 16, Sutter street side.

P. T. GAVEN,
Vegetables, Fruit, Pickles,
AND PRESERVES,
STALLS 25 AND 26, Market street side.

FREDERICK WITTKOPP,
Vegetables, Fruit, Pickles,
AND PRESERVES,
STALL 18, Sutter street side.

METROPOLITAN MARKET DIRECTORY,

Market and Sutter Streets, below Montgomery.

C. BOSH,
French Stall,
STALL No. 9.

P. F. WARD,
Poultry, Game, Eggs, etc.,
STALL 14, Sutter street side.

B. CARLTON,
Fresh, Salt and Smoked Fish,
STALL 34, Sutter street side.

W. MAESSEN,
Smoked and Corned Meat,
STALL No. 3.

P. RICAUD & J. MEROUX,
Produce, Fruits and Vegetables,
STALL 36.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF THOMAS SMITH, deceased. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, the Administrator of the Estate of Thomas Smith, deceased, to the creditors, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator, at his office and place of transaction of business, No. 520 Montgomery street, in the City and County of San Francisco.

Dated August 14th, 1867.

WILLIAM A. QUARLES,
Public Administrator and the Administrator of the Estate of Thomas Smith, deceased. aug17 5t

W. E. GOLDSMITH,
Practical Card and Seal Engraver,
AND PLATE PRINTER,
No. 505 Montgomery stree over Tucker's

J. LIPPMAN,
IMPORTER OF
WATCHES, DIAMONDS, FINE JEWELRY AND SILVERWARE,
NO. 203 MONTGOMERY STREET,
(Second door from Bush street,)
RUSS BLOCK.....SAN FRANCISCO.
Watches repaired with Particular Attention, and strictly warranted for one Year.

Bradley & Rulofson's
MAGNIFICENT ESTABLISHMENT.
Has more room, larger lights, greater facilities, and
PRODUCES FINER PHOTOGRAPHS
Than any other in the City.

NATURE UNVEILED,
AT THE
PACIFIC MUSEUM OF ANATOMY AND SCIENCE
Eureka Theatre Montgomery street,
Between California and Pine

The California.

"SURELY THERE IS A VEIN FOR THE SILVER AND A PLACE FOR GOLD WHERE THEY FINE IT."

VOLUME VII., No. 14. OFFICE, No. 532 MERCHANT STREET.

SAN FRANCISCO, AUGUST 24, 1867.

TERMS, $5 A YEAR, BY MAIL, IN ADVANCE. 50 CENTS A MONTH, BY CARRIER.

CONTENTS:

ORIGINAL: The Culinary University, by Prentice Mulford; Rose and Thorn, by W. A. Kendall; THE CALIFORNIAN in Healdsburg, by Dr. Adouis; Politicians and the People; A Fair Hit; A Journalistic Monopolist. Literary Gleanings; An English Criticism of Longfellow; Southern Literature; Miscellanea; "Lion's Mouth." City Gossip; Fitch's Station; Our Pertroleum Stove; How Many Tickets? Condition of the Interior Clergy: Youth and Pie; Speech-making; That Strong Boy Again; Dramatic Affairs, by Touchstone; the Opera etc. SELECTED: A Midnight Adventure; Inhabited Planets; Resurecting, by Jnbn Quill; The Gray Monk; Mrs. Wang, an Adventure in Ghinese Waters; Poetry, Paragraphs, etc.

THE LION'S MOUTH.

"THE gravest beast is an ass, the gravest bird is an owl, the gravest fish is an oyster, and the gravest man is a fool." SYDNEY SMITH.

"I WILL roar, that I will do any man's heart good to hear me." A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

"I WILL aggravate my voice so, that I will roar you as gently as any sucking dove; I will roar you an 't were any nightingale." IBID.

"*Nil falsi audeat, nil veri non audeat dicere.*" CICERO

City Gossip.

FITCH'S STATION.—Going on board the Alameda boat last Sunday morning, at nine o'clock, we found the usual crowd of Sabbath-breakers bound for their Sunday airing across the Bay. There were men and women dressed in their Sunday clothes: uncomfortable objects to look at because such people are so apt to carry on their faces that expression arising from the fear of soiling their broadcloth and fine inou. There were little children dowdily and negligently attired, and little children dressed with a fanciful degree of precision and nicety. There were Germans who take to recreatinn on the Sabbath as naturally as a young duck wanders from its first habitation, the fragile egg-shell, into its native element. There were men with guns and dogs, intent on the murder of the feathered and gizzard creation foolish enough to take up temporary quarters in Alamedn county. There are clerks, freed from the thraldom of the desk and the counter. On nearing the Alameda wharf, all this mass clustered about the gangway and eagerly awaited for the putting ont of the plank. All of us wished to save time and step on shore from two to ten seconds before the rest. This is natural. It is human. It tends to create a great calm of the mentality to get on shore a second or two before our brother. And then we scrambled into the cars as though that locomotive was intent on leaving each particular one of us behind. This is also natural and human. And then we sat and stared at each other, and waited for the train to start. The grand hustle, hurry and confusion of landing was over. There was nothing to do save to sit and think, and thinking is not so agreeable an employment to all of us as——well, as trying to get ahead of each other.

Fitch's Station, where we disembarked, consists at present of a simple platform situated between Alameda and San Leandro. Some day a large town may settle down there—indeed, for the sake of some kind people living near, we hope it will soon settle, and, after settling, stay. At present, it is chiefly inhabited by mosquitoes, who, in one case, failed not to give a stranger a bloody reception. There was also a cow tethered in our path. We went round that cow. Her horns were sharp, and she shook them. Pride dictated that it would be more valiant that the cow should go round us, but prudence said it was only a cow after all, and it were better to humor her and allow her to keep the road if she wanted it. If it had only been a bull though—some of the spirit which animated our various fathers in '76, would have resulted in great bravery or a clean pair of heels. Some day we will go on with a further account of this trip to Fitch's Station.

CONDITION OF THE INTERIOR CLERGY.—We learn from the Copperopolis *Courier* that a clergyman was run away with by his team, and thrown out near Knight's Ferry, getting seriously injured. This is a sad commentary on the manner in which the people in that part of the country provide for their ministers. The clergyman referred to, was probably hauling wood. They allow them to do such things in order to eke out their scanty salaries. They allow them to kill hogs, herd battle, tend quartz mills, mine, and dry up in procuring a subsistence for themselves and families on arid ranches. The condition of Protestant divines in that region is terrible. We have lived among them, and have witnessed it with our own eyes. That population like well enough to have preaching, but how they do hate to pay for it. And the poor minister gets poorer and poorer, and as he gets poorer he keeps moving with his family farther and farther south until he arrives at a locality a few miles below Snelling, Merced county, known as Forlorn Hope. We visited Forlorn Hope some three years since, and found five of these suffering divines living and preaching within an area of ten square miles. Think of that, ye metropolitan clergy! Why, the sufferings and trials of the interior clergy are not half known. When they move from Forlorn Hope they travel still further south into Tulare, and then no one ever knows what becomes of them.

OUR PETROLEUM STOVE.—We have bought a petroleum stove. It is an epitome of the utilitarianism of the age. There is no coal to black one's fingers, no kindlings to cut, no neighbor's gates or fences to steal to furnish kindlings, no ashes to be carried out and thrown away and fly back in one's eyes, realizing the idea of dust returning to dust, no stovepipes to clean and get angry while cleaning. It is almost a reasoning, conscientious cooking animal. The man who brought it showed us how to work it. You pour the petroleum in a reservoir at the top of a long iron pole. Then you squirt some petroleum into a hole at the bottom and light it. Then there are four wheels which regulate things. After lighting the fire at the bottom you wait five minutes and touch her off somewhere else. Then you turn one of the wheels (we've forgotten which,) to regulate the supply. N. B. We've breakfasted at a restaurant ever since the thing came. The cooking apparatus is ingenious and complicated. The man who brought the stove showed us how everything worked, but we forgot all as soon as he left, and have been obliged to hire him two hours every day as a petroleum stove teacher. Besides, we have two hours drill in lighting the fire and getting the run of the strange and diabolical apparatus. We expect to be able to cook sometime next month. The run of conversation during drill is something as follows: A proceeds to turn a wheel.

B.—"Say, that ain't the right one; its the other."

A.—"That's the one he turned."

C goes to work on his own responsibility at another part of the machine.

"A.—Here C, let that screw be. This is the one."

C says nothing, and stolidly proceeds to light the fire. It puffs like an explosion of gunpowder. All rush to the other end of the apartment.

A and B.—"Look here, C, you'll have us all blown up if you ain't more careful."

C.—"That's the way Mrs. Scroggins lit her machine."

B.—"Yes, but this is another kind. This is the Angel Gabriel patent."

The fire burns with a blue and red flame. A, B and C gradually draw near, when it gives another snort. They run back again and tumble over each other. The petroleum stove laughs in its sleeve.

YOUTH AND PIE.—Our family being broken up and scattered in various portions of the country, and nought being left us save our two boys, we tried restaurant life for a while, being their first experience at these public mangers. To the youthful mind the bill of fare is attractive, but most tantalizing. The human stomach, even in a growing boy, has capacity for only a few dishes at a time. What to choose is the puzzle. The first morning, some fifteen minutes were occupied in looking at the catalogue. Samuel finally selected mince pie and tea. William wanted squash pie and coffee. Rather a queer choice for breakfast, but there is a sort of embargo laid on pie at home; so we allowed them full range for a time in the kingdom of piedom. At dinner, another onslaught on pie was contemplated. This, unwillingly, we checked. We are fearful of bad results. We had charge of the health of these two rulers of the Republic. Could we be a passive murderer of a future Congressman, or mayhap President of these United States with pies? Not by any means. So we mildly recommended a change to more solid diet, which was adopted with the happiest results, and the health of the future Congressmen was preserved.

WHAT IS HAPPINESS?—Such is the question asked by a contemporary. Happiness comes to humanity in fragments. A company of Diggers surfeiting on horseflesh are supposed to be happy. So will Gorham be for a time when certain of his election. So will be the man who wins a new hat—by the same. For other examples of fragmentary happiness may be mentioned, a woman with a new sewing machine, Keeler reading notices of his lecture in the dailies, a dying editor, a third-rate actor or actress at sight of a favorable line from a confused critic, an entomologist on finding a new bug, a talker when he can talk, and a bore with *carte blanche* to bore a sailor on his first night ashore certain of ten hours' consecutive sleep and soft tack for breakfast, Gorham abusing the *Bulletin*, the *Bulletin* abusing Gorham, and Major Stratman pounding loyalty into pugilistic people. These are a few thin slices of human happiness.

HOW MANY TICKETS?—"How many tickets are there in the field?" asked a friend of us not long since. He imagined we could tell. There are, said we, authoritatively, three State tickets, viz: Democratic, National Republican, and Gorhamite Union. Four Legislative tickets, viz: Democratic, National Republican, Independent Union, and Gorhamite Union. Five City tickets, viz: Democratic, People's—here the complication, commences to stagger us. Democratic, National Republican, Gorhamite Independent, Independent—Democratic—no—let's commence again: Democratic, Democratic Gorhamite, Independent Haight, National Gorhamite Independent People's, People's Democratic, then there's the Pixley-Cox ticket, the Axtell-Sam Platt, the—O, come to-morrow!

THE SOCIAL EVIL.—Laura Cuppy handled this delicate subject in a most delicate manner, on Sunday evening last at her church. She deems that "fallen women" should have equal social privileges with "fallen men." Should fallen women be compelled to slink into a back seat at the theatre, while equally fallen men sit in the dress circle and fan the delicate daughters of the land? Man is allowed to fall whenever he sees fit, and society is always ready to lift him up again; but when woman slips down the steep and slippery declivility, there is no scrambling up again for her. She talks awfully, dreadfully, and severely, about our weak and unfortunate sex.

DETENTION OF WITNESSES.—There is certainly no great inducement to witness scenes of murder in this city, or at least to testify to such, after witnessing them. Manuel Josephs killed a man on the 21st of March last. He has been tried and sentenced to seven years' imprisonment. Two laboring men witnessed the deed. Being too poor to give bail, they have been in confinement about five months, and on being released are allowed $100 each as compensation for their detention. The law is a fearful and mysterious monster.

OUR BOYS IN BLUE.—Much complaint is being made this week regarding the conduct of the soldiers from the Presidio. The most commonly noted offence is that of forays on Pacific street dens, involving a large consumption of liquor without paying therefor. In this regard these sons of Mars do themselves more injury than anyone else. Pacific street whisky is not sanitary. Let them drink it up, all of it if possible. It will tend to make the "boys in blue" bluer still.

ONE DRUNK.—The local column of the Oakland *News*, five times out of six, contains an account of the arrest, trial, sentence and confinement of one solitary drunkard. We believe Oakland maintains a perpetual drunkard just to give an air of liveliness to the city, and more especially to the *News*. San Francisco counts her drunks by the dozen, daily. Why cannot Oakland have one?

THE FLAG AND THE SKIES.—Said Axtell, in his speech, on Thursday night, "He was proud to see the flag cheered when it appeared in the Hall. It is the banner of the eagle and loves the sky."

Yes, and some people say that some of Axtell's present supporters had no objections, a few years since, to have blown that "starry flag" sky high.

GRANT DOGGED.—General Grant is said to be dogged by a detective, a shadow furnished him by his warm friend Butler. Nearly all American travelers have brought home their little batch of stories concerning the spies and informers peculiar to European Monarchies. We have not to go so far to witness such "doings" now.

GLUMFUNGUS.—The leading spirit of the *Flag* exhibits great talent in the invention of sounds, to designate his adversaries. He alluded recently to Mr. Conness as the Great Glumfungus. There is genius and inspiration in this rumbling combination of syllables.

Speech-making.

The Gold hill *News* referring to the fact that two Ohio members of Congress once purchased the same speech from a Bohemian, who made it his business to sell brains to Congressmen whom nature had not literally supplied with that commodity says:

"We have the proof from a late territorial Judge and others of some such "impostures" in behalf of Pacific coast delegates at Washington. Speeches and lectures written by Bohemians, and paid for with gold watches, have been delivered by Pacific coast Congressional bore-constructionists, at the Federal Capitol and in San Francisco."

Well, what of it? Considering the number of bad speeches which are made by uneducated men, we think that those "written by Bohemians" ought to be welcomed. A stupid man has a perfect right to employ a man of talent and education to put his few ideas into decent language and supply more. It is too bad of the *News* to attempt to spoil business just about election time. Such speeches are not impostures. The man who buys a good speech shows respect for his audience. We don't object to gold watches, and think that some of the candidates for position would act wisely in sending round a few and getting some really first class speeches written. Confound the Gold Hill *News!* "Impostures" forsooth! We are in the speech-making business. "Speeches for sale ready made, or made to order! Speeches of all sizes constantly on hand! Speeches of a hundred different shades of opinion! Old speeches cleaned, altered, and repaired." There, if the Gold Hill *News* doesn't like that style of card we can't help it. We are on it.

That Strong Boy Again.

About once a month an advertisement appears in a daily paper setting forth the fact that "a strong boy is wanted in a candy store." This horrible advertisement appeared once more on Tuesday. Thus it ran:

WANTED—A strong boy 17 to 20 years old, to learn the Candy Manufacturing Business.

A terrible suspicion haunts our mind. Is it possible that a boy a month is used up in that candy store? Where are all those other strong boys? Does a strong boy die from the effects of an over consumption of candy in the short space of four weeks? Alas! Perhaps those other boys were young little boys who speedily lost their strength. Perhaps they were nice little strong boys of about nine or ten years of age, healthy little boys at first, but who at length undermined their constitutions by eating peppermint lozenges, and committed suicide with burnt almonds. Now, this candy-man wants an old boy, a strong boy, a boy of from 17 to 20 years of age. How long will that boy of 20 years of age last. Not long. In four short weeks that candy man will once more advertise "Wanted, a strong boy!"

THE CONSUMPTIVE.

IN vain the morn unbends her brows;
A shadow all the sunshine shrouds;
The moon at evening vainly ploughs
Her golden furrows in the clouds.

In vain that moon her splendor hath—
The stars in vain their gracious cheer;
There moves a phantom on my path—
A shapeless phantom, that I fear.

The summer wears a weary smile;
A weary hum the woodland fills;
The dusty road looks tired the while—
It climbs along the steepy hills.

Still do I strive to build my song
Against this grim, aggressive gloom;
O hope! I say, be strong, be strong!
Some special saving grace must come.

I sit and talk of sunnier skies,
Of flowers with healing in their gleams;
But still the shapeless shadow flies
Before me to the land of dreams.

"O friends of mine! why sit dismayed
And watch," I cry, with bated breath?
Yet from their answering shrink, afraid
Lest that they name the name of DEATH.

A MIDNIGHT ADVENTURE.

"GOING up to-night, Frank?"

How quick a man discovers the friendly outlines of a familiar face, even amidst the confusion and tumult of a crowded railway depot! I had fancied myself unrecognised, as I leaned against the arched brick doorway nearly shrouded in shadow, watching the hurried, anxious faces that came and went, under the flickering gas-lights: yet here was Carew's hand on my shoulder, and Carew's genial countenance looking into mine. We had been close friends and allies two years ago, when he had been conductor, and I was engineer on the same train. Tempted by a more liberal offer, I had left my post on the "Lady Franklin" and undertaken the supervision of a large machine-ship; yet I still retained a pleasant recollection of my railway days, and to-night, as I stood on the old familiar ground, with the well-known sights and sounds around me, and the "Lady" gliding out of her place of shelter with burnished sides and flaming headlights, I almost wished myself back again in my old post.

"Yes, I thought I should. How's the old Lady? Holds her own pretty well?"

"Better than the new ones a deal!" said the conductor, enthusiastically viewing the fiery-throated monster as she puffed and groaned, ran backward a few steps, and then darted forward, in a manner entirely enigmatical to any but our initiated selves.

"She looks as trim as a city belle!"

"Yes, MacLeod keeps her well up. I say, Frank, MacLeod's wife is going through to-night."

I knew he was looking closely at me, scrutinizing my countenance; but I managed with an effort to say, quite carelessly and unconcernedly: "Is she?"

Carew had known all about the one disastrous love-affair of my youth; he knew perfectly well that pretty Isabel Martin had suddenly turned round and married John MacLeod after encouraging my suit for nearly a year; and he knew, also, how sensitive I still was on the subject. I had not blamed Isabel so much as some might have been disposed to; she was very young, and entirely under the influence of her father, with whom MacLeod was a great favorite. But none the less I had received a great and enduring shock.

"Poor little Isabel," said Carew, as he reached up to turn down a long jet of gas that threatened to crack its glass globe—"I rather think she has got pretty well sick of MacLeod by this time."

"Why? Does he ill-treat her?"

"Well, I don't suppose he either locks her up on bread-and-water, or beats her; but I *do* suppose that in every other particular in which a man can neglect or ill-treat a woman, she is neglected and ill-treated."

"The old brute!" I muttered between my teeth.

"Well—I shall see you again," said Carew, vanishing into the crowd with a sinuous ease and swiftness peculiar, I believe, to the race of conductors.

It was a tempestuous night in March—the wind howling and shrieking like an infuriated demon, and the rain beating a stormy fugue on the depot roof, as I advanced to help a woman in who carried a heavy basket.

"Excuse me, madam, but that is too heavy for you to lift!"

She looked up to thank me, but the words died on her lips as her eyes met mine. It was Isabel MacLeod, the lost love whom I still cherished in my heart of hearts, and the wife of the engineer on the Night Express. I was the first to recover my composure; for this, be it remembered, was the first time we had met since her marriage, more than three years before.

"Here is a vacant seat, Isabel; do you wish to sit near the stove?"

"It makes no difference," said Isabel hurriedly. "I am very much obliged to you, Mr. Atwater."

"How does it happen that you are going through such a stormy night?" I asked, unmindful of her evident anxiety to be left alone.

"I do not know myself, except that John wishes it."

Still I lingered. "Is there anything more I can do for you, Isabel?"

There was no answer. I stooped my head a little lower.

"Isabel, you are crying! What has grieved you? Tell me what the trouble is?"

"Nothing—nothing," she sobbed behind her veil. "Only—I had not seen you in so long a time, and it was like the old days once more; and—and I am very foolish. Please leave me now, won't you?"

I obeyed her, puzzled and indignant. Carew was right. A happy wife does not burst out crying when she meets the friends of her girlhood; a happy wife's look is far different from that pale, frightened face. I felt strongly inclined to go straight out to John MeLeod's post on the "Lady Franklin" and administer a summary thrashing then and there.

But I checked my rising choler, and contented myself instead with a leisurely saunter through the train, now under full motion. It was very pleasant to find myself once again on the old familiar ground. The brakemen all had a word of respectful greeting for me; the baggage-master insisted on ensconsing me in the single arm chair which graced his car, while he himself sat on a pile of trunks and asked more questions than I could have answered in a week; the express agent issued from his den and demanded to know "where I had been lurking all this time," and even the news-boys grinned as they slid past and accosted me with "How d'ye do, Mr. Atwater?"

But all at once our train slackened its motion, moved more slowly still, and came to a dead stand. I knew that we were an express that stopped but twice before we reached our final destination, and this lonely pine-barren was certainly neither of our stopping places.

"What is it, Carew?" Confound that Warren! What made him report 'all sound' with such a worn box as that? These patent boxes are continually getting hot in the shortest runs, ain't fit for expresses at all."

"We can cool in fifteen minutes, sir," said one of the brakemen, who had his tow and water all ready for backing it anew.

"Fifteen minutes! and we just running on time with the lightning train to catch us at B——."

"It's to bad to get in behind the lightning train," I said.

"Worse for me than McLeod, for though Warren's to blame, I catch the curses. Well, Truefit, do the best you can."

In spite of Truefit's sanguine policy, it was full twenty-five minutes before we were again under way. I had gone back to Isabel MacLeod, whose dilated blue eyes were glancing from one to another in the apprehensive agony of terror that no one but a nervous woman can fully appreciate.

"Frank— Mr. Atwater! do tell me what is the matter!"

"Only a 'hot box'—there is no occasion for uneasiness."

"Upon your sacred honor?"

"Upon my sacred honor. Why, Isabel how frightened you are. I can see you tremble even here. What is the matter, child?,'

"Sit down and I will tell you," she said, hurriedly motioning me toward a vacant seat directly back of her. "I know it is a piece of mad folly—a—a—delusion; but I *must* tell somebody or I shall go mad."

I sat down, leaning forward with my elbows on the top of the seat she occupied, so that my face nearly touched her heavy black veil.

"First promise never to tell *him*—John."

"I promise."

"Well, then," she went on, speaking in a husky, nervous whisper, "*he* is very peculiar—full of the strongest fancies. When I first married him I thought it was superstition merely—now—"

"Well, now?" I questioned.

"Now, I do not know what to think. Oh, Mr. Atwater, I ought not to say so, I know, but I am the most miserable creature in the world."

"Isabel."

"I am. He threatens sometimes to shut me up in a madhouse, and perhaps I should be happier there than subject to his whims and cruelties. Why do you suppose he brought me here to-night?"

"I am sure I do not know."

"He told me," she whispered, clasping her hands tightly together as she spoke, "that we were coming out to see death to-night, and I must come. Oh, Frank, what do you suppose he means?"

"Only to terrify you," I said soothingly. "He is a bundle of old Scotch superstitions, and always was."

"And, Frank, once when I thought I heard footsteps close behind us, and turned my head to see, he jerked my arm and told me not to look—that—oh, Frank, it makes my blood run cold now—that it was Death walking at our side!"

"But, Isabel, surely you will not allow yourself to be influenced by such folly as this?"

"I told you it was folly," she answered, dejectedly; "but——"

A hand was laid on my arm at this moment—the hand of Carew, the conductor.

"Frank, look here, I want to speak to you," he said hurriedly. "Come here—out on the platform."

I followed him out into the stormy darkness of the March night, where his lantern gleamed like a sullen, shifting eye.

"What is it? Anything wrong?"

"Yes and no. Of course you know we're nearly half an hour behind time, with not quite thirty minutes between us and the lightning train."

"Yes. What of that?"

"Well, that old fool, MacLeod, has turned crusty, and says if we don't run out on the side track at Speedville, the next station, and wait for the 'lightning' to pass, he'll not be answerable for the consequences."

"Who wants him to be answerable?" I demanded, with considerable acerbity, not to say disdain.

"Well, he says it's a bad night, track slippery, and all that sort of thing; and I suppose it's all very true. But you know the 'Lady Franklin' of old. She'll keep the thirty minutes between us and the 'lightning,' won't she?"

"I should say there was no kind of doubt as to that. Ain't you going to make up that lost time?"

"That's just the trouble. That crack-brained old Scotch fool wants to stop and lose another half hour, which we may just as well gain, and run into B——on time, as to come trailing along behind the 'lightning.' But MacLeod refuses to run her unless I consent to his conditions. Frank, why can't *you* take the old 'Lady' into B——?"

"I'll do it with all the pleasure in life."

Carew's face brightened at once.

"What a lucky thing it is you chanced to be on the train!" he said. "I should have been entirely at Mac's mercy if it hadn't been for you. Come on: there's no time to be lost."

I followed him through the long train to the engine, and entered the little enclosed compartment where MacLeod sat among his screws and valves and dials, like some magician of old surrounded by the abstruse implements of his art. How like home the tiny place appeared to me! It seemed almost as if the "Lady Franklin" shot more swiftly over the track as I stepped upon her. MacLeod inclined his head stiffly in answer to my greeting. He was a tall, spare Scotchman, with deep-set blue eyes, thatched with shaggy brows, and hair already sprinkled with gray, though he could scarcely have been more than thirty years old. His face was cold and repulsive, and his manner forbidding in the extremest degree. Moreover, he had a way, exceedingly unpleasant to the spectator of continually looking over his shoulder with a sort of spasmodic motion, as if he had suddenly seen or heard something close behind him. As I threw myself down beside him he pointed to the place beyond.

"Sit *there*, if you please, Mr. Atwater."

I wondered, but complied, and Carew spoke pleasantly.

"Well, MacLeod, shall we put on steam and drive her ahead?"

"No, Mr. Carew," said the Scotchman, cold and firmly. "Either we run out on the side track three miles ahead, as I have explained, or I leave the engine."

"But why are you so determined?" I asked.

"I don't conceive it to be my business to answer any of *your* questions, Francis Atwater," said MacLeod, "but I have no objection to gratify your curiosity. I am 'so determined' because I see further than you or Mr. Carew here, and I see danger—danger!"

"How? and where?"

"You are a practical engineer, and ask where is the danger on such a night as this, with the 'Lightning Express' close behind, and we twenty-five minutes after our time? Do you know that we are not only responsible for Atwater and Carew and John MacLeod, but for all the passengers on this train? Do you want the sin of a murder on your soul?"

He spoke in a sharp voice that was almost a scream.

"That is not the question," said Carew, "and all nonsense besides. Isn't the light hung out behind, and can't you tell when we are gaining or losing time? Once for all, will you or will you not do your best to gain time and keep ahead of the 'Lightning?'"

"No; I will *not*," he answered sullenly.

"Very well, here is a substitute that will. Make room for Mr. Atwater!"

"He can do as he pleases," said Mr. MacLeod, stiffly, rising to yield me his place. "I wash my hands of the whole thing, now and hereafter. Bear witness, Carew and Atwater, that I protest against this rash and fool-hardy thing?"

Not a word more did he utter, but sat down silent and rigid as a galvanized corpse, watching me with his deep-set eyes until the very consciousness of that steady surveillance made me uncomfortable. Uncomfortable, but not nervous. I never, in the whole course of my life, was more entirely in possession of all my faculties, or more composed than at that moment, as I mechanically examined screws and valves and satisfied myself as to the correctness of every detail. All was right;

MacLeod was a good engineer if not an agreeable companion.

"Now then, my 'Lady,'" I said to myself, "we'll see if you keep up all your old pluck!"

I turned to give some directions to the fireman, and when I was about to sit down MacLeod seized my arm.

"Not there? I tell you not there!"

"And why not there?" I demanded, with a momentary fear crossing my mind that the man was deranged.

"Because another already occupies the place," he cried in the shrill, shrieking voice he often used when much excited. "Death is a passenger on this train with us, and Death sits there ghastly and still! No, I know you don't see him; but second sight is a gift in the family I come from, and *I* see him. I would have warded off his fell errand, but you—you and that cursed Carew wouldn't let me. Now go your own mad, reckless way, and see where it will bring you. And remember, Frank Atwater, that its not your own worthless life that hangs in the balance, but the lives of all who travel on this train."

Argument with a man in this excited frame of mind would have been but folly. I sat down without a word, smiling in spite of myself, and resumed my intent supervision of the engine while MacLeod sat silently by with folded arms.

"Never did the "Lady Franklin" show finer mettle than on that night. The machinery was perfect, the cranks well oiled, the heat steady and intense. The firemen worked in concert with me, fully comprehending my intention, and the "Lady" rushed over the rails like a living, breathing thing.

"How are you getting along, Frank?" asked Carew, coming forward with his lantern as we left our stopping-place.

"Oh, splendidly!" I answered.

"I have just telegraphed back to Seldtown; we have gained five minutes on the 'Lightning' already."

"I thought we were gaining," I replied, quietly. But I was very much excited. The idea of pressing this magnificent piece of machinery to its utmost speed I of eluding the lightning pursuit of the express which followed—pursued us; of identifying my own nerves and sinews with the iron and steel of the "Lady Franklin," was exciting in itself, nor had MacLeod's wild talk been entirely without effect on me.

"I wish we were at B——," I thought, leaning my elbows on the wood-work and gazing out into the stormy night athwart which our huge headlight threw a streaming banner of lurid light as it rushed along. At this instant my shoulder was touched.

"Atwater," said MacLeod, in a husky, unnatural voice, "Death is very, very near to you!"

A cold chill ran through me.

"I am always prepared to meet death," I answered, trying to speak composedly.

"Death? yes, but not death by suicide. *You* will be a suicido, Francis Atwater."

"Oh, MacLeod, don't talk nonsense. Go back to the baggage-car and sleep the liquor off."

"Liquor? You think I'm drunk. You think I'm mad. You think me to be superstitious. I heard you—I heard you talking to her. You'd best keep clear of her, young man. You see this, eh?" and he drew a huge knife from his bosom.

"Yes, I see it," I answered, laying my hand on the brake, as if I could use it for defence.

"With this I could have sacrificed you long ago, and saved the victims you are sacrificing. But I preferred not. What is to be is to be; as well might I endeavor to stem the current of the Mississippi with a straw as to check the tide of Fate with my feeble hand!"

My heart seemed to stand still with deadly terror. Was I indeed shut up in this narrow spot with a maniac? Would I be murdered before I could call for help? But I remembered that in coolness and presence of mind lay my only chance of safety, and resolved to abide the result. We were now pulling on the brakes for our second and last stopping place ere we reached B——. MacLeod sprang out upon the platform as we stopped, and went into a bar-room adjoining the station. I went back and spoke to one of the brakemen, an athletic Maine man, with thews and sinews of iron, and the stature of a giant.

"Jim," I said in a low voice—his name was Jim Torrence—"I want you to keep your eye on MacLeod, and come on the locomotive with me. He talks and acts very strangely to-night; and he may attempt some violence."

"I saw him draw out that outlandish knife o' his, sir, a minute or two ago," said Jim, shrewdly. "I could easily jerk it away from him when we're movin' again."

"No, I do not wish you to use force of any kind unless it is absolutely necessary. I think he is harmless, but it's just as well to keep a little watch over him."

"He's queer," said Jim "I'll keep an eye on him."

Once more, after a ten minutes' stop, the little signal-bell sounded "Go-ahead!" the brakes moved noisily, and the wheels began to revolve. MacLeod had not returned to his place by my side, and I began heartily to hope that he designed to favor me with no more of his society. I was overjoyed to feel this, and in much lighter spirits than usual I let on the steam, and was soon going at a rapid rate. Three or four hundred yards from the depot the road ran through a deep cut, and just beyond it was a corresponding "fill" or embankment about ten feet high. The engineers, that is, the "surveyors," as we mechanical engineers insist, half-sneeringly, in calling them, had, with very bad taste, made a "compound curve" here, so that, before entering the "cut," I could see nothing *in* it, and when I was in the "cut" I could see nothing beyond it. So, of course, we had to go through with whistle blowing and usually at a slow gait. But feeling in good spirits at MacLeod's absence, the prospect of a good run, having the "Lady" in fine condition, with the trains we were to meet reported "all right" and the track clear, I "let the dogs loose," opened the valves, dashed through the cut and—

Very, very nearly into eternity. Danger is said to be very fascinating; it is particularly so when you see it coming, have time to reflect upon it, and plan and execute a rescue or what you hope to prove so. I saw it plainly this night, the rail half removed, the figure of the man still bent on his hellish work. I saw him as he completed it, saw him shake his fist savagely at me and jump aside to watch the slaughter he had plotted. I was not a second in sounding "down brakes," not an instant in reversing the engine, but nothing could have saved that train except the mad-man's "lack of method," or want of skill of the despised surveyors. The absence of this knowledge, perhaps for want of time, MacLeod had removed but one rail, and that the *inside one of the curve*. I knew if I could check the "Lady's" speed she would not leave the track, as the outside one is the one which guides the train on a curve, and this was intact. Jim Torrence had come on the locomotive with me, and I turned to tell him to jump for his life when I saw him standing upright in the centre of the tender, grasping a huge block of wood and his eyes gleaming like coals. It was no time to look after his safety; I saw him hurl the stick of wood at MacLeod as he ran down the embankment, and the next minute we struck the ground, and plunged into the bank.

My calculations had been correct. Jolting violently over several cross-ties, shattering "cowcatcher" and "headlight," smashing the baggage and first passenger car; throwing Jim Torrence with great violence from the tender on the locomotive, leaving him senseless by the shock, and nearly throwing me on to the boiler, the "Lady" stuck and stopped without leaving the track, except upon the side where MacLeod had removed the rail. We were disabled for the time, with nobody but Jim seriously injured.

Except MacLeod. Jim's aim had been too true, and the block of wood, hurled with all his force, gaining additional velocity from that of the train, had struck MacLeod as he ran, and felled him senseless—the fact is, as we soon found, dead. The billet had struck him and killed him. Jim Torrence was never tried for it on earth; poor fellow, he's gone since, and I don't much think they recorded any verdict against him in Heaven.

After Jim was taken care of, the lanterns put out ahead and behind us to warn approaching trains, and the disabled train was gone through to see after the wounded, John MacLeod's corpse was taken up and carried back to the station which he had just left.

"Frank" said Carew, when matters were slightly settled again, "who is to tell the story to Mac's wife?"

"She does not suspect anything—that is, she don't know *how* it occurred."

"She knows there has been an accident, but she doesn't know that Mac was thrown out of the locomotive, and is the only one killed."

Good! Even carew did not suspect how MacLeod had been felled by Torrance's blow and killed.

"I will tell her," I said, determined that she should never know his crime, nor learn how he had been terribly and suddenly punished.

Her grief was terrible to witness. She lay on my shoulder and sobbed half the night away, but it was less from love of the man who had always been cruel to her, than from her woman's nervousness. At the inquest next day, when she identified his body, and told the story of his misanthropy and superstition to the jury, she was more collected, and surprised me by her calmness. The jury thought its course in the matter plain sailing—no suspicion of the man's crime arose; Torrance and myself were not examined; we kept our secret to ourselves, and the jury brought in its verdict of "Death by accident." They knew nothing of his chief incentive to the crime—the chief cause of his death—jealousy.

I have told the story of my midnight trip on the "Lady Franklin." Is it necessary to tell any more? Sudden transition from death-scenes to marriage ceremonies are always as offensive in the telling as in the hearing; and therefore I think it useless as well as in bad taste to waste further words in saying, that just one year and a half after the fatal accident I took Isabel home as my wife, and that ever since, by God's help, I've made her a happy wife, and repaired the wrongs of her youth by being a good and kind husband to her.

THE best penance we can do for envying another's merit is to endeavor to surpass it.

HOW WE GET SARDINES.

INSTEAD of employing nets, the French use bait for catching the millions of sardines which they annually take from the sea, and cure for the gratification of epicurean tastes. This makes the fishery a very expensive one, more especially as they use only the roe of the codfish. On the shores of the North Sea, fisheries have been established solely for the purpose of providing the eggs of the codfish as bait for the French sardines. The roe costs fifty francs (£2) per barrel; each boat employed in the sardine fishery will use about fifteen barrels every season, and, as there are about three thousand sardine boats on the coast of Brittany, the money paid for bait is enormous. The number of codfish killed to furnish the bait is immense. The capture and cure of the sardines is a great business in France, especially at Concarneau, where as many as thirteen thousand men are engaged in it, directly and indirectly. There are no statistics to show the number of sardines caught and cured, but it is wonderful. Besides the large quantity exported, as many as four million boxes are cured in oil for home consumption, while enormous quantities are sold fresh, and in tins and barrels. The curers buy from day to day what they want, and no more; they do not generally make contracts with boats, and only a few firms own boats. As soon as the fishermen come in with their fares, the sardines are put in train for cure by being beheaded, sorted into sizes and whashed, which is mostly done by women, who earn about fourteen or sixteen shillings a week. The cure is begun by drying the fish in the open air, after which they are placed in great pans over furnaces and boiled in oil. Into this the fish are plunged, two rows deep, arranged on wire gratings. In this oil (the very finest olive) they remain for a brief period, till, in the judgment of the cook, they are done. Then they are placed to drip, the drippings being carefully saved, after which they are packed by women and girls into the little boxes in which they are sold. Again they are allowed to drip, by the boxes being sloped, and after that each box is filled with pure olive oil. The boxes are hermetically sealed by soldering, and boiled in a steam chest. The debris of the sardines are sold for agricultural purposes, and a large quantity of oil is exuded during the cure, which is of considerable value.

PERSIAN SMOKING ETIQUETTE.—As the Persian is, on all occasions, a careful observer of etiquette, he has numberless ceremonies to be observed with regard to the pipe. He has summer pipes and winter pipes; pipes for different ranks, ages and sexes. When a party is given, for instance, it is *de rigueur* that pipes be offered to the whole company simultaneously. The servants approach in line, each offers his pipe to the smoker for whom it is destined, at one and the same moment, and it is only when they have retired that the master of the house opens the gurgling concert, all the guests carefully keeping time with him. After a few pulls the pipes are exchanged, both parties observing set formalities, and making many bows as they mutually give and receive this token of esteem and confidence. Neglect in this ceremony is the height of bad breeding, and to put the pipe more than half an inch in the mouth is a mark of great greediness. It must, however, be observed that these niceties of behavior are mentioned not merely by the higher and better educated classes, but are in vogue among the lower orders also, for every Persian wishes to be considered polite. The ladies, who, in Persia, enjoy considerable more freedom than in Turkey, can indulge themselves with smoking with less *gene* than in the latter country. Young girls and elderly matrons alike spend hours over their pipes, the richer ones accompanying every third whiff with a bit of sugar. As smoking out of the same pipe is accounted a sign of friendly feeling and confidence, the pipe plays an important part in interviews of a tender nature. The expression "to eat out of the same dish" is, in Persia, applied to the pipe. As the fair sex here are even more assidously devoted to the practice of smoking than in Turkey, the mouths of princesses and peasant women alike have a very strong odor.

MEN AMD WOMEN—Men love things—as facts, possessions, and estates; and women, persons; and while a man regards only abstract scientific facts, a woman looks only at the person in whom they are embodied. Even in childhood the little girl loves imitation of humanity, her doll, and works for it; the boy gets a hobby-horse or tools, and works with them. But the noblest quality wherewith nature has endowed woman for the good of the world is love—that love which seeks no sympathy and no return. The child is the object of love and kisses and watching, and answers them only by complaint and anger; and the feeble creature that requires the most repays the least. But the mother goes on; her love only grows stronger the greater the need and unthankfulness of its object, and while fathers prefer the strongest of their children, the mother feels more love for the feeble and garrulous.

THERE are some who, as long as they continue in prosperity scorn good admouitions. Their souls cannot take the good seed without being harrowed by affliction and watered with tears.

LITERARY GLEANINGS.

THE last number of the *North British Review* contains an article on "American literature," mainly devoted to a discussion of the poetry of Longfellow, Lowell, Whittier, and Bryant. The first named, who is pronounced the greatest of all, is thus characterized:

His works are entirely free from the special defects that stamp the national literature of his country. He has none of the somewhat uncouth power and spasmodic exaggeration of his Western cotemporaries; he is all grace and polish and inexhaustible sweetness. One of his earliest books, "Hyperion," strikes the key-note of the majority of his minor poems. The source of their inspiration is Outre Mer, among Rheuish feudal towers, Flemish towns, and Alpine passes. Like Irving in the variety and extent of his culture, and superior to him in genius, his imagination is rather Teutonic than English. Cut Germany out of his volume, and you cut out nearly half. He lingers in Nuremburg, Bruges, and Prague, and chooses for his emblem of life's river, not the Ohio, nor the Hudson, nor the Assabeth, but "the Moldau's rushing stream." He has given us the best translation in the world from Swedish, German, Spanish, and Italian authors, and many of his best verses are avowedly suggested by old proverbs, or sentences, or bits of old romance. A few words from an old French author give him the burden of the "Old Clock on the Stair;" a leaf out of Mather's *Magnalia Christi* is rhymed into "The Phantom Ship;" the ballad of the Count Arnaldos sets him dreaming over the "Secret of the Sea;" a verse of Enripides is the overture to his "Voices of the Night;" a few lines from Goethe gather up the essence of the "Psalm of Life." In the New World, but not wholly of it, he dwells with almost wearisome fondness on the word "old." Volumes of old days, old associations that we cannot buy with gold, quaint old cities, old poets and painters, sweet old songs old haunted houses, dear old friends, the gray old manse, Nature the dear old nurse, dear old England—on phrases and thoughts like these his fancy broods. American verse is frequently rough-hewn and audacious, sometimes obscure and pedantic, and its novelty is often more startling than its truth. Every sentence that Longfellow has penned is as clear as crystal and as pure as snow. He wears his weight of learning "lightly as a flower," and though he rarely creates, he cannot touch without adorning. He puts our best thought into the best language, with that high art which conceals itself.

Longfellow's command of verse alone proves him to be a genuine poet. There are passages in the "Arsenal," the "Occultation of Orion," the "Building of the Ship," and the Household Poems, unsurpassed in melody by any in cotemporary English verse. The introduction to "Hiawatha," the closing lines of "Evangeline," and some of the character sketches which preface the tales of the "Wayside Inn," have a music equally attractive and more decidedly original. The hightest flights of Mr. Longfellow's imagination are in the strange old-world story of the "Golden Legend;" but his fame most securely rests on "Hiawatha." This poem, in which a series of idylls are strung together on a thread of an idea common to Indian and Scandinavain legend, has that refreshing flavor of nationality wanting in many of the author's works, and it yields to none of them in artistic finish. The monotony of the verse is like that of the bird's song which has only two or three notes, and yet, from its everlasting freshness, never palls upon the ear. Most modern attempts to produce old ballads put new wine into old bottles; but the American poet has thrown himself as completely into the spirit of aboriginal Western life as he has into that of Gothic Paganism in the "Challenge of Thor." Like Chibabos the musician, he is at home among the pine-groves and the prairies, and "great lakes of the nothlaad," and

"All the many sounds of natures
Borrow sweetness from his singing."

Longfellow's descriptions charms us more than they astonish. Inferior in luxuriance to those of "Enoch Arden," in subtility to Browning's Italian pictures, they are superior in simplicity. They do not adorn nature as a mistress with the subjective fancies of a lover; they bring her before as a faithful nurse careful for her children. In "Evangeline" the poet follows the wheels of the emigrant's wagon through "billowy bays of grass, ever rolling in sunshine and shadows," and "over them wander the buffalo herds, and the elk, and the roebuck." "Hiawatha" speaks of natare with the familiarity of an inhabitant; there is no trace of the graadiose style of the tourist. In the best episodes of the volume, as the account of the hero's childhood and his friends, of the wooing of Mianehaha, of the Son of the Evening Star, of the Ghost and the Famine—the parable of human life, with its incidents of birth, love and death, of civilization and decay, is told in a narrative of childlike tenderness and masculine grasp.

This English estimate of our favorite singer, seems all the more gracious, since the half disdainful criticism of "Flower de Luce" in the *Saturday Review*, in which the poet was treated very much as if he were a sort of American Tapper, with a trifle more of culture and a trifle less of puerility than the great Brightonian philosopher.

SOUTHERN LITERATURE.

In the same article there is some allusion to the literature of the Southern States, with which, however, the writer does seem to be very intimately acquainted. He seems to consider Mr. Calhoun its only representative, never having heard, apparently, of William Gilmore Simms, Doctor Kennedy, Albert G Pike, Miss Augusta J. Evans, and "Bill Arp." The reviewer says:

The boasted culture of the South has always been limited in extent and in degree. The rare hot house fruit of wealth and luxurious leisure, it has been displayed in an appreciation of the advantages of education in the Northern schools—schools which it is impossible to over-praise. In the world of letters, at least, the Southern States have shown by reflected light; nor is it too much to say, that mainly by their connection with the North the Carolinas have been saved from sinking to the level of Mexico and the Antilles. Since the revolution days, it is amazing how few of the thinkers of America have been born south of Mason and Dixon's line. The almost solitary name of Calhoun is a poor equivalent for those of Prescott, Motley, Bancroft, Webster, Lowel, Bryant, Emerson, Sumner, Dana, Holmes, and Hawthorn, which belong to the single state of Massachusetts. Whether we look to India or Louisiana it would seem that there is something in the fire of a tropical sun which takes all the poetic fire out of Anglo-Saxon veins, and the indolence which is the natural concomitant of despotism has the same benumbing effect. Like the Spartan marshaling his Helots, the planter lounging among his slaves was made dead to art by a paralyzing sense of his own superiority. Some years ago a scheme to establish a Southern University was abandoned, because the 'cuticular aristocracy' refused to associate with the teachers. All genuine Transatlantic Literature is inspired by the spirit of confidence in labor. It can only flourish in a free soil, and for all its vitality, all its aspirations, its scant performance and large promise, we must turn to New England. Its defects and merits are those of the national character as developed in the Northern States, and we must explain its peculiarities by reference to the physical and moral conditions by which they are environed.

BATTLE PICTURES.

The London *Court Journal* says: "Whoever cares to look through the battle pictures in illustrated serials will find much food for astonishment. Though the contest may rage at its climax, no disagreeable smoke clouds the combatants, but every object is revealed with obliging clearness. Some firing may go on here and there, but the field is principally occupied by infantry charging with the bayonet. In precision so beautifully do the troops move that a straight line drawn from the tip of the bayonet of the first man on the left would graze every intervening point, not one weapon being a hair's breadth beyond the line or short of it Every left hand grips the barrel at the same distance from the hands; every right hand exactly clutches the small of the piece; every but protrudes to the same distance to the rear. And so perfectly 'dressed' is the line, that if each man should glance to the right or left, he would see precisely the required 'buttons' on his neighbor's coat. All right legs are stepping out at the same time, and all the left heels are at the same elevation behind. Looking at such a picture, one cannot help calculating the effect of a single shot enfilading the line, and clipping off fifty or sixty heads at once. It would be as fatal as Munchausen's ramrod, which spitted a whole platoon of birds at one fire, or, as the wondrous cannon ball discharged by the beseiged Major Gahagan."

"Universal Suffrage" is the title of a pamphlet of about a hundred pages, promulgating the opinion that negroes ought not to vote if they are too ignorant, and that women should not undertake to exercise the right of suffrage because they have already enough to do in washing dishes, tending the babies, and looking pretty. This startling contribution to the ideas of the age, is from "A Republican, (not a Radical,") and is published by Lippincott & Co.

Windsor Castle is as complete a residence as there is in the world. To get in one wants a guide as much as one does in a strange town. People who go to Windsor from London are charmed with the ease with which a ticket to enter is granted. But the Queen and royal apartments are as completely hid as if the visitor had gone in search of her Majesty to New York. She is not over gracious to her minister who breaks in on official matters on her privacy. Lords in Waiting are often kept outside by the hour. A gentleman who went to be knighted said that her "gracious Majesty" was not specially gracious; that, when she took the sword, she looked quite savage enongh to have run him through—that, as he came up to kiss her hand, as is the custom of those who are so distinguished, she gave him the simple ends of her fingers and pulled them back with a jerk, leaving him to this day in doubt whether he has really enjoyed the high honor of kissing her hand. Noble ladies are kept waiting like common servants, on a bench, till the Queen is in humor to receive them.

The *London Review* has an extended notice of Walt Whitman's Works. It says: "He is far more chaste than Mr. Swinburne, whom he resembles in many particulars; he is not more irreverent than Shelley; he is in some points more dramatic than either, and far less hurtful. There is a wild, natural exuberance of animalism displayed by Whitman, of a thoroughly original kind, open air abandonment, a weird and exalted receptivity, embracing the good and the bad, the vice and the virtue of life, with a power and comprehensiveness as striking as it is novel. If he will but learn to tame a little, America will at least have a genuine American poet."

MISCELLANEA.

The unusual success of the Mühlbach historical novels already brought out by Appleton & Co., has lead this house to add largely to its list of author's works intended for speedy publication. In addition to a score or more of Mühlbach's novels, a half a dozen of her husband's productions, in the same field of fiction, are announced to be brought out with them. The newest issue of the Mühlbach series, is "Louisa of Prassia," a deeply interesting story of the times of the first Bonaparte. Among the personages who figure in the romance, are the young Queen of Prussia, Bonaparte and Josephine, Joseph Hayden, Prince Lichtenstein, Johannes Muller, Victoria de Poutel, and others who played an important part in social and political affairs. Besides the strong dramatic and personal interest of the romance, the work illustrates an important period in German history, protraying, with marked ability, the causes and consequences of the fall of the German Empire.

Lamartine has just taken up his residence in his new villa in the Bois de Boulogne, a charming habitation presented to him by the city of Paris. The *panneaux* which decorate the *salle á manger* are from the pencil of Madame Lamartine. "I visited Lamartine in his new and beautiful home, a few days ago," writes the author of "Record," "and found the poet, who is nearly eighty, as active and cheerful as a man of forty. Lamartine will never be old—though his locks are white, his heart is young. In appearance he has changed very little since I used to visit almost every day in 1860."

"Forest and Field" is the title of a new sporting book recently brought out in London, and pronounced by the leading journals as one of the most thrilling of its kind. Since the days of Le Vaillant, nothing so fresh and stirring has been offered to the public. The hunting experiences which it narrates belong to the jungles of Hindostan. The author is Major Leverson, who writes under the *nom de plume* of the "Old Shekarry," (the Hindoo word for sportsman.) The *Court Journal* says:—"The music of the rifle rings through every period, with the crash of the huge game breaking through the forest, and whatever other sounds are familiar to the Eastern mountains, The reader partakes of all the wild delights of an oriental chase. What these are, the eye will discover at a glance from the illustrations, where the huge tiger stalks bleeding over the jungle, and herds of wounded and enraged elephants scour over height and hollow."

BOOKS RECEIVED.

CONFUCIUS and the Chinese Classics: or Readings in Chinese Literature. Edited and Compiled By Rev. A. W. Loomis. San Francisco: A. Roman & Co., No, 417 and 419 Montgomery street. New York: No. 17 Mercer street. 1867.

Diavola; or Nobody's Daughter. By Miss M. E. Braddon. Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," "Henry Dunbar," "Sir Jaspar's Tenant." "Three Times Dead," etc. New York: Dick & Fitzgerald, Publishers. San Francisco: A. Roman & Co.

Book II. Belles Letters. By Augustus Layres, Professor of Various Languages, Rhetoric and Sciences. San Francisco; A. Roman & Co., Nos. 417 and 419 Montgomery street. 1867.

Dixie Cookery: or How I Managed My Table For Twelve Years. A Practical Cook-Book for Southern Housekeepers. By Mrs. Barringer, of North Carolina. Loriug, Publisher, Boston. 1867. San Francisco: A. Roman & Company.

Little Brother: and Other Geurk-Pictures. By Fitz Hugh Ludlow, Author of "The Hasheesh Eater," "Regular Habits," "Among the Mormons," "Seven Weeks in the Yo-Semite." Etc., Etc. *Maxima reverentia pueris debetur.* Juvenal. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1867. San Francisco: A. Roman & Company.

Caligula's Horse.—Caligula's horse lived in a regular palace; the manger was of marble and it is said that his oats were gilded. A palatial residence for horses is the St. Lawrence Stables, 212 Sutter street, above Kearny. W. E. Bridge has the most superb accommodations for his equine boarders. There are fifty-one stalls in the second story, and thirty-five in the basement. On the first floor are the lightest and most elegant buggies in the State. The building has one hundred feet of hose attached to it and should a fire break out it would be speedily extinguished.

A Valuable Invention.—California has produced many inventors of useful articles which are appreciated, not only here but in all parts of the world. The wooden-spring thorough-brace double buggies are the lightest and strongest in the world. With the exception of the wheels, these vehicles are constructed of only five pieces of wood. These buggies are the invention of Geo. P. Kimball & Co., and can be seen, together with an immense assortment of circular front coupés, circular double-front demi-clarences and other carriages, at his celebrated factory, 769 Market street, near Fourth.

Parker, Wattson & Co.—This new firm, is old in the tobacco The head of the firm, Mr. Parker, has been for a number of years engaged in the tobacco business, and is as completely posted in the merits of the various choice brands of tobacco as any man in San Francisco. Their business arrangements with the Eastern shippers are thoroughly organized, and they have a stock of tobacco and cigars on hand that can be safely recommended to the attention of the interior deales.

"Gentlemen's Delight."—B. C. Horn, corner of Front and Clay streets, has just received the "Gentlemen's Delight." Our readers will be anxious to know what manner of delight it is. There are so many things the male creatures delight in that it is our duty to inform our friends that this particular delight is an invoice of very superior Virginia chewing tobacco, bearing the vignette of a beautiful lady and branded as above.

Laurel Hall.—One of the handsomest saloons in this city has been opened on Pine street, the next door east of the California Market. The doors, panel-work and counter are all made of that beautiful wood, California Laurel, polished by Boyd. John Duris, the proprietor, has stocked his bar with the finest quality of wines and liquors, whid. he sells at wholesale and retail.

Clipper Restaurant.—The old Clipper has left her moorings and anchored on Sansome street near Pacific, under the command of Capt. John Stock. She will continue to be freighted with the best in the market. Stock stands A No. 1 as a commander and caterer to his thousands of passengers.

"Dr. Bourne's Baths," 10 Masonic Temple, are open until seven o'clock, evening, for the express accommodation of those who quit business at six o'clock; who, however, must take a bath before supper. New arrangement—one dollar and upward, for gentlemen only.

Rheumatism, Neuralgia, fever and ague, dyspepsia, dropsy, etc., cared for a stipulated fee, in almost all cases, by Dr. Bourne, 10 Masonic Temple, Post street.

Cures Guaranteed to the Sick in almost all cases—no medicines—quick and pleasant—by Dr. Bourne, 10 Masonic Temple, Post street.

"THE CALIFORNIAN" IN HEALDSBURG.

Santa Rosa and its Surroundings—The Crops—Personal Gossip—Healdsburg—A picturesque little Town—The Sotoyome House—Editorial Courtesies—Morse, Woodward & Co.'s Stage Line—A Word to Diminutive Politicians—Absolute Impudence—Railroads Needed through Sonoma and Napa Valleys—Off for the Geysers—A Change of Air—Conclusion, Etc., Etc.

[SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE TO THE "CALIFORNIAN."]

BOHEMIAN PALACE, AUG. 1867.

FIRST I will address myself to Santa Rosa, the capital of Sonoma County. To describe a "country town," and describe it handsomely is a feat of words not easily performed, especially if the town itself is not handsome. Santa Rosa is pretty, however, and differs but little in its general appearance from one of the small country towns you find throughout the States of New York, Pennsylvania or Ohio. It contains 1,000 inhabitants, has a very fine court house, excellent county-officer's quarters, a large county infirmary, a number of churches and other necessary appendages of a high state of civilization. The country surrounding Santa Rosa is rich and productive. Wheat is the great staple, but not in this alone lies the wealth of the people. The fruit and grape produce of this portion of the country form no inconsiderable revenue, and each year adds largely to the increase.

The crops the present Summer will make an average yield. Owing to the fact that there has been a prevalence of north winds, and that the fogs have not been as numerous and heavy as in some seasons past, the yield per acre of the various cereals will not be as large as those of some former years.

You will be pleased to learn that THE CALIFORNIAN has many friends here, and that the many intelligent ladies and gentlemen with whom I have conversed, pronounce it "just the kind of a paper needed in every family of intelligence and refinement." I mention this to show you the appreciation in which THE CALIFORNIAN is held by the people at large, and it is not in any sense to be considered a "puff," as the paper is its own eulogy. Mr. Dorchert (firm of P. Cowen & Co.,) keeps a full supply of your journal on hand.

PERSONAL.

Gen. O. H. La Grange, formerly the gallant commander of a cavalry brigade in the old army of the Cumberland, at whose headquarters the writer has spent many pleasant days, has been here during my stay, and made an eloquent address on "the great issue now before the people."

Major Wm. Governeur Morris, of Suscol, I have also had the pleasure of meeting. The Major is one of the most facetious conversationalists I have met in a long time, and from the fact that he has been a reader of THE CALIFORNIAN for the last three years, he is a most temperate and exemplary gentleman in all respects.

To Messrs. Thompson and Ferral, of the *Democrat*, Dr. Spencer, Mr. Maxwell, and other citizens of this place I am indebted for many and repeated courtesies.

HEALDSBURG.

This is decidedly a picturesque little town, and handomely located. To add to its charms, the people should immediately fence the plaza and plant out trees, shrubbery and flowers. Nature has adorned it with a forest of fine oaks, and otherwise added to its natural attractions.

Messrs. Fenno & White keep THE CALIFORNIAN for sale at their counters in the Postoffice, and Mr. John B. Fitch, formerly publisher of the *Standard*, of this place, will hereafter attend to its interests in the country, and take active interest in adding to its circulation.

During my visit I have made myself at home at the Sotoyome House, B. C. Wright, proprietor. The Sotoyome is a handsome brick hotel, kept in good style. Mr. W. takes pleasure in ministering to the comforts of his guests, and one feels very much at home with so genial a host. He takes THE CALIFORNIAN, and asserts that he "thinks his ladies' parlor would not be complete without such a piece of intellectual furniture."

I called upon Mr. Menefee, of *The Standard*, had a pleasant visit and enjoyed the courtesies of the office. Mr. F. makes war on his enemies with Democratic weapons, and I send you a copy of his paper that you may judge as to his aggressive style upon the old enemy of the "unterrified."

MORSE, WOODWARD & CO.'S STAGE LINE.

This excellent line of stages, running from Petaluma and all intermediate points to Mendocino, is doing a large business. The principal agent and past proprietor of the line at Petaluma, Mr. G. W. Leihy, is an active business man and always on hand to attend to the wants of the traveling public. His knowledge of the country and his affable way of doing the agreeable, no doubt add to, and increase the popularity of the line. Mr. Edward P. Colgan, its agent at Santa Rosa, is also a faithful representative of the company's interests. This line makes excellent time and is inclined to be "fast."

A WORD TO DIMINUTIVE POLITICIANS.

If there be any one thing of which the public is heartily sick and tired, it is the political cant and acrimony of small politicians. The idea of inculcating the doctrine that the Model Republic is to be no more because Brown is elected over Jones by a handsome majority, is so preposterous that any sensible man would scarcely believe that the most obtuse and erratic politician could so far forget the dignity of the people as to heap such insults upon them. Yet, I have actually heard "stump speakers" orate to this effect. The burden of their song ended to the chorus in this way: "Gentlemen, and fellow citizens, unless you cast your united ballot for the Hon. Charles Harvywright, our present candidate for the honors of the Governorship of the great State of California and thus smite the rebellious enemy on the hip, nothing beneath the starry heavens can save us from a bloody revolution. That grand old flag, [pointing to the Stars and Stripes,] which we *all* [the italics are ours,] love so well, must be protected from the hand of 'traitors' and the polluting touch of their base defilement." Now, the idea of one class of citizens publicly denouncing another class as "traitors," is certainly stretching our loyalty, especially when it has been repeatedly proclaimed that peace and tranquility has been restored, and that that same flag floats free and untrammelled throughout the Republic from the pine forests of Maine, to the golden shores of the Pacific, and from the great lakes on the north to the bright waters of Mexico's gulf on the south. If the nation ever proclaims another day of fast and praying, let it be for the conversion of small fry politicians to a restoration of common sense and a few grains of charity. The people have been bored to death by their wails and lamentations. And if fasting and praying will do them no good, let us transport them to Sitka or New Jersey. Indeed, let us do anything to rid ourselves of so pestilent an incumbrance.

A RAILROAD NEEDED.

The people of Sonoma Valley are very much in need of a railroad. A line is in contemplation of being built, to run from Sonoma through Petaluma, Santa Rosa and Healdsburg, thence reaching out to a point where it is thought it may make connection with the Napa Valley railroad, running from Suscol on San Pablo Bay, to Calistoga and through to Clear Lake. The completion of these lines must add greatly to the developement of the rich and fertile valleys through which they run. The Napa road is already in good running order for the distance of twenty miles. The Sonoma line is in embryo, but has as yet taken no definite shape. The farmers of the valleys are, I believe, eager to have these public highways completed, but some of the inland towns are said to be averse thereto. Why this should be, it is difficult to perceive. But there may be movements behind the scenes in which we are uninitiated. However. this may be, public opinion is confirmed as to the great necessity and want of railways through both valleys.

A CHANGE OF AIR.

It would hardly be believed that the atmosphere in this locality is about ten degrees warmer than at San Francisco. Throughout the day here it is quite hot, though nothing that you might call oppressive, while the late afternoons and evenings are pleasant and balmy. The high winds and dust so prevalent at the Bay, have no being here, and the spirit of Borreas seems to be possessed by a tranquillity decidedly charming. For a delightful climate, I believe the upper portions of Sonoma Valley are unrivalled. If we had no rainy season in this country, I am of the opinion that throughout the entire year it would be as Paradaisical a place of abode as the poetic valley Chasmere. But all good things in this mundane sphere are mixed up with unpleasant anecdotes, and we must take the bitter with the sweet.

FOR THE GEYSERS.

Your correspondent leaves for the famous Geyser Springs so-morrow morning, from which point I shall again address your readers. As the route from this place to the Geysers has the reputation of being somewhat attractive, shall see how it meets with our views. I am interested in making the trip across the perilous "Hog's Back," but presume that the perils are more imaginative than real.

CONCLUSION.

There must be an ending to everything earthly, except woman's fancies, and a Bohemian's wealth. So, acting upon this belief, I will close my letter and allow my readers to indulge in a conclusion that comes, perhaps, with a welcome. When next we do sweet converse hold, in the columns of THE CALIFORNIAN, we promise——ah! well, promises are shadowy dreams; performances make the man.

DR. ADONIS.

ITALIAN OPERA.—*Crispino e la Comare*, given with such success on Friday of last week, for Mancusi's benefit, was repeated on Wednesday evening, to a crowded house, for the benefit of the chorus. On Thursday evening Mr. Tibbetts, the manager, had an overflowing house for his benefit, the opera being *L'Africaine*, which was given with great perfection. Signor Carmini Morley, who undertook the *role* of "Vasco di Gama," acquitted himself admirably. *L'Africaine* will be repeated on Tuesday. On Wednesday evening Signor Milleri, who has shared the losses of the season, will present *Un Ballo in Maschera* for his benefit, which we trust will be a handsome pecuniary success. The prospect of another season is doubtful, although we believe that in a larger house it might be undertaken without much risk. Perhaps the artists themselves will form a company for the purpose.

DRAMATIC AFFAIRS.

TO-NIGHT, Edwin Adams terminates his engagement at Maguire's Opera House. It has proved the most successful ever played in this city. The week was devoted to pieces in which Mr. Adams had previously appeared. The house has been crowded every night. On Monday *Hamlet* was performed, on Tuesday *Macbeth*, on Wednesday *Wild Oats*, on Thursday *Richard III.* Last night Mr. Adams took his farewell benefit, appearing as "Robert Landry," in the *Dead Heart*. This afternoon *The Ticket-of-Leave Man* will be played, and this evening Mr. Adams will appear in his great character of "Hamlet." On Monday, Henry Edwards, one of the most scholarly and conscientious actors ever seen on the San Francisco boards, will receive a benefit, kindly tendered him by Edwin Adams. The public of San Francisco have evinced most decidedly of late a taste for Shakspeare. Mr. Edwards has chosen *Henry IV* for his benefit. The cast is a strong one, and the play will be put on the stage in excellent style. All believe most firmly in the sterling talent of Mr. Edwards, and I hope that they will give substantial evidence of the faith that is in them, by crowding the house. On Tuesday, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Bates, who arrived here some time ago from the East, will make their first appearance in this city in the play of *Camille*.

The company at the Metropolitan Theatre has received an addition which renders it one of the most complete ever formed in this city. On Monday, Alexander Fitzgerald made his *debut* before a California audience in the play of *Belphegor the Mountebank*. In choosing this play to make his first appearance in, Mr. Fitzgerald made a mistake. The long, dreary first act was a severe test of his abilities, and, though he received a call before the curtain on its conclusion, he owed the reception of that compliment more to the generosity and kindly feeling of the audience than to any display of talent. The facts that he was nervous and had not recovered from the effects of a long sea voyage, were taken into consideration. In the second act, Mr. Fitzgerald redeemed himself, and showed that he was really a good actor. Possessing a fine voice, a handsome stage presence, natural talent and much experience, this actor is sure to become a favorite, if he will play parts which people care to see. Mrs. Harry Jackson played "Madeline" admirably well, Harry Jackson made a capital "Fanfaronade," Miss Emma Howson played the part of "Zephyriana" with great spirit, and Miss Clelia Howson exhibited much talent in the role of "Henri." On Tuesday Mr. Fitzgerald appeared as "Connor the Rash" in the *Knight of Arva*, and gave general satisfaction; in the character of "Ruy Gomez" in *Faint Heart never won Fair Lady* he was still more happy. Mrs. Harry Jackson's impersonation of the "Duchess de Torraneva" was extremely fine; and Miss Clelia Howson acted the character of the young king of Spain, charmingly. Mrs. Saunders caused much amusement by her clever acting in the role of the "Duenna." The same bill was played on Wednesday night. On Thursday evening *The Serious Family* was performed. Mr. Fitzgerald's "Captain Murphy Maguire" was rather heavy, but he made some neat points. Mrs. Jackson acted the character of "Mrs. Ormsby Delmaine," charmingly; she never looked more handsome nor played with greater spirit; the "coiffure" which adorned her head was a wonder to behold, and this style of head dress must inevitably become very fashionable. Harry Jackson's "Aminidab Sleek" was not an artistic performance; he failed to satisfactorily assume the whining drawl of the canting preacher. Miss Emma Howson made a charmingly demure "Mrs. Charles Torrens. Mrs. Saunders acted the part of "Lady Sowerby Creamly" admirably, keeping the audience in roars of laughter during the whole time she was on the stage. Miss Clelia Howson charmed everyone by the arch manner in which she played the character of "Emma Torrens;" this young actress sets a good example to many older ones; she is always in earnest, and shows respect for her profession and the public, by doing her very best in whatever part she may appear. John Howson played "Charles Torrens" very well, especially in the two last acts, and the play was, as a whole, capitally presented. Last night, *Ingomar* was played. This afternoon *The Serious Family* will be performed, and the evening's entertainment will consist of *Ingomar*. Great preparations are being made at the Metropolitan Theatre for the production of T. P. Cooke's celebrated prize drama entitled *True to the Core*. The stage will be entirely metamorphosed on this occasion; the wings will be all cut away, a thrilling ship scene will be presented, and many novel effects will be produced.

Signor Carmini Morley, the talented tenor, whose voice has became unreliable to stand the severe test of an opera season in San Francisco, is, at present, devoting himself to instructing others in the art which he himself so well understands. Signor Morley is a through musical artiste, and by means of his improved method of voicing in a very short space of time developes the full powers of the voice, giving it flexibility, sweetness, and a full musical tone. Music cannot be produced from a badly constructed instrument, and the vocal organs require forming, and tuning, before the music they produce can be perfect. Signor Morley's address can be obtained at the music store of M. Gray, 613 Clay street.

TOUCHSTONE.

MRS. WANG.

AN ADVENTURE IN CHINESE WATERS.

SOME five years ago I was serving in Her Majesty's gunboat Havock, stationed on the coast of China. We had been sent to Hankow, an important trading-place some six hundred miles inland on a large river, to protect the merchants resident there from the incursion of the Celestials, who regarded the "foreign devils," as they called us, with considerable disfavor. No sooner had the gunboat been absent for a few days, settling some disturbances further down the river, than the Hankow merchants got into trouble. It appeared that an army of eighteen hundred Braves, or Imperial soldiers, had passed down the river in a fleet of boats, and, finding themselves inconveniently crowded, had seized and made off with one of Messrs. Dent and Company's large roomy trading junks. Having been put in possession of these facts, we immediately got up steam and went in pursuit. Two hours' hard steaming with the swift current brought us up with them. The fleet had anchored in the mouth of a creek, and there, sure enough, was the trading junk towering above them all. We came to an anchor off the mouth of the creek in such a position that nothing could escape us.

Just at this time a very stately-looking mandarin junk was coming down the river with great parade, and making for the entrance of the creek. A crowd of men were rowing her very swiftly, and enormous banners floated from her mast-head, whilst a profusion of gaudy flags trailed in the water from the spears that were thickly planted around her bow and stern. The gong that had been clanging furiously suddenly ceased as our two boats dashed alongside and we boarded her. After a short scuffle we were in full possession of the vessel, almost before the crew had recovered from their first surprise. We now turned the junk's head round, and made the rowers get their long sweeps out and pull her alongside the Havock. Our movements had not been unnoticed in the creek. The Braves were literally howling with rage, trumpets were braying, and the men, stripped for fighting, were rushing about for their arms in the wildest hurry and confusion. Meanwhile no time was lost in bringing our guns to bear; the ponderous sixty-eight pounder trained slowly round, received its charge, and the Havok showed her teeth.

We waited for the first volley, but our ugly appearance seemed to damp their courage very considerably. I have always noticed that the cool, deliberate way in which our guns are run out and loaded, has an astonishing influence on the Celestial mind; it is so different from their furious, bombastic way of fighting. It was, perhaps, just as well for us that they did cool down, for there would have been more than eight hundred opposed to our forty men, whilst we had the additional inconvenience of having just captured a larger number of the enemy than our own ship's company. Failing to perceive their advantage, they released the trading junk and pushed her out into the stream, and our boats soon towed her alongside.

A boat was then sent in with a gentleman named Doyle, who acted as interpreter for Messrs. Dent and Company, to offer to exchange the mandarin junk and crew for the men who had seized the trading junk. This they refused. As it was now near sunset we shifted our position farther out into the middle of the river, for it would have been most imprudent to have remained within pistol-shot of so numerous and skillful an enemy throughout the darkness of the night. The mandarin's retainers and crew were now transferred from their vessel to ours, and a search was commenced for the mandarin himself, whose euphonious name, Wang, was emblazoned in huge characters on all the banners and everything else in the vessel. It seemed that this Wang was the very gentleman that we most wanted, for he was the general in command of this division of the army.

All the doors of the cabin were strongly barred up from the inside, and for a time defied our attempts to enter. "Now," we thought, "we have you, General Wang!" as the door burst open, and accompanied by another officer and Doyle, I rushed in. Judge of our astonishment when, instead of the old mandarin skulking in a corner in a state of abject terror, as we had expected, we found two of the loveliest girls and the ugliest old woman that is possible to imagine.

The elder girl stood up boldly, her fine face white with rage, and her lustrous black eyes flashing and giving full effect to the volley of curses that she hissed at us through her white and firmly clenched teeth. She was indeed a beautiful girl—such a profusion of glossy black hair, such firmly pencilled eye-brows, strongly arched, and, in her calmer moments, such a sweet little red mouth. Her figure was good, her hands, too, were of the smallest, and fingers the most delicately tapered, whilst her feet must have been to a Chinaman something maddening, they were so incredibly small. The dress that she wore suited her admirably; it was of a rich dark purple satin, lined with white fur, and embroidered round the edge with gold and bright colors.

Close behind her stood the other girl. She was apparently a year or so younger, and was a faint reflection of her companion. She in the bud was the promise of as fair a flower as the other, and was wonderfully pretty. Her dress was not so magnificent as her sister's—for they were evidently sisters—but was still exceedingly handsome. She, though in very great terror, seemed to have unbounded confidence in her elder sister, to whom she clung as though for protection. The old woman sat muttering in the corner, and groaned out the direst imprecations on us and our fathers before us; but of these, since they amused her without affecting us, we took no notice. She would have been at any time ugly enough, but her impotent rage now rendered her doubly hideous. We searched every part of the vessel, but were unable to find Wang. It appeared that he had indeed come down in the junk, but during the hurry and confusion of the capture, had managed to jump overboard and get away.

As I have said, we were accompanied by Doyle, and by his aid we began a conversation with Mrs. Wang with a view to pacifying her and the other ladies. At first she was frantic and would listen to nothing, but gradually she became more reasonable.

Here it is necessary to digress slightly to say a little about Doyle, for otherwise his interpretation of the conversation would appear eccentric.

Doyle was a man who had been educated for a missionary, had mastered the Chinese language solely with that object, and had commenced his duties in China. He was a good fellow on the whole, but a very peculiar one, and his stories savored strongly of the Munchausen school. Every one in China knew Doyle and his stories. But the peculiarity with which we have to deal was somewhat amusing. In interpreting or relating any conversation, he invariably represented everyone as prefacing sentences with "Look here," and it was droll to hear him invest everybody with this his idiosyncrasy. As, for instance, in our conversation with this lady, which ran thus:

"Now, Doyle, tell her not to be afraid, for she shall not be molested in any way."

After a deal of talking he manages to make her understand this, but she evidently does not believe a word of it, and so we ask Doyle what she says.

"O," he replies, "she says 'Look here; why do you come here, you red-haired barbarians? You will not dare to touch me, the wife of his Excellency Wang. There are my handmaidens, take them if you will, but immediately quit my centre-chamber.'

"And so then," said Doyle, "I replied, 'Look here: we respect your ladyship's most excellent greatness, and we will do nothing that shall be unpleasant to you or to your ladies.'"

"Well, Doyle, and then?"

"Look here," he answered. "She is still very abusive, for this is what she said to me in reply: 'Look here, you white-faced dog, who alone appear to understand the flowery language. Say, what further insult will you offer me? Tell me where is my Lord Wang? Have you killed him, or do you reserve him for the tseen tsce?'" This signifies the "thousand cuttings," the mode of executing state criminals. They are tied to the stakes, and slowly hacked to pieces; the executioners contriving, with horrible ingenuity, to defer the fatal stroke as long as possible.

"And so," he continued, "I said to her, 'Look here; we do not fight with pretty women, and as for Wang, he has deserted you and escaped; but you will doubtless see him before the end of this moon.'"

This conversation for some time, much in the same strain, but occasionally interrupted by a prolonged howl from the old women in the corner.

Having thus endeavored, with but little success, to reassure these unhappy ladies, we returned and attended to our other prisoners. They were huddled together on the quarter-deck, vainly trying to keep themselves warm, for the night wind was very cold. At first they were in a great state of terror, but now seemed more resigned to the horrible fate that they had no doubt was to await them.

Sails were brought to cover them, but these they vigorously rejected, thinking that we meant to smother them. With great difficulty, and to their vast astonishment, they were made to understand that our only object was to make them comfortable, and not to torture them. Treatment such as this they had never heard of captives receiving; still less could they believe it possible at the hands of the Western devils, who are naturally considered to be seven times more malignant than devils are wont to be. When at last they did understand our motives, it was pleasant to see how gratefully they stowed themselves away under the sails.

I then sent for a stiff glass of grog and offered it to them telling them that it was the "yang shoo," the foreign wine. Until they saw me taste it no one would touch it, and then one ventured. He was delighted; his little black eyes twinkled and opened wide with astonishment. The glass was passed round, and they all said "It is good, it is good; his Foreign Excellency's wine is very good."

About this time a boat was seen approaching through the darkness. The sentries hailed, and the men answered, according to Doyle, "Look here; we want to come alongside; we have something of importance to communicate." Three or four miserable-looking Chinamen came on board, and this is Doyle's account of his conversation with them.

"'Look here,' said I; 'what do you want?'

"And they said, 'Look here, we are the men who took the foreigner's junk, and we have come to give ourselves up to you in order that the general's vessel may be released.'

"'Look here,' I replied; 'you are not the men. I don't believe a word you have said. Why have you thus endeavored to deceive his Foreign Excellency?'

"'O, great teacher, be not too angry with us,' they answered. 'For look here; we are not indeed the men who stole the junk. We are simply poor rice-planters who live on yonder bank, and the Braves came to us and said, Look here; if you will not go on board that barbarian ship we will kill you and your wives and children; and burn your farms and lay waste your fields. And so we took counsel together amongst ourselves, and we said, look here; it will be better for us to trust ourselves in the hands of the chiefs of the great English nation, for they can but take our lives; and if we refuse to go our wives and children will be murdered too. Now, therefore, we beseech you, O ever-to-be-venerated teacher, ask his Foreign Excellency not to deal too hardly with us.'

"And so I said, 'Why, look here; as you certainly are not the men who took the junk, you may go. When you get on shore go to the chiefs of the Braves, and say to them, Look here; these foreigners are wise beyond measure, their eyes are as hawks' eyes, and it is useless to practice deceits. Send off no more false messengers, for it will avail you nothing.'"

These poor fellows were overjoyed at their escape. The Braves could hardly have been a blessing to them. In about an hour some more men came with the very same story. They were soon found out, and allowed to return with a similar message. During the night a third came, with a like result; this time, however, the story had been varied a little.

On the following morning a fighting-boat was coming down the river to join the fleet. It was determined to intercept her. With this object we weighed anchor and stood in close to the mouth of the creek, where we stopped, and manned and armed boats. We remained close alongside hidden by the gunboat, until the report of one of her howitzers gave us the signal to start. The fighting junk then being within easy distance, we were quickly alongside her, and without much difficulty we made ourselves masters of the vessel. She was brought alongside, her crew transferred, and a search of the vessel was made. We were in luck again, for there was half a million of copper cash on board. This, it appeared, was for the pay of the army.

We then returned to Hankow with our prizes in tow, and restored the merchants' junk to her owners; the other two, with the prisoners, we kept for about a week.

Every morning and evening we visited the ladies to ask if they wanted anything. At first they were as wild as possible, and Mrs. Wang used frequently to start up and call out in a commanding tone, "Ho, there, guards; take away these barbarians!" but by degrees they got tamer, and a circumstance occurred which made us all great friends. After this we used to supply her with wine, lend her illustrated books, and amuse her with our epaulettes, gold lace, swords, and everything else that we could think of.

The circumstance to which I have alluded was this. One day the ladies complained that they were very unwell. It seemed that since their lord and master had deserted, the servants all refused to work, and the ladies could get nothing cooked, and they were consequently in a very low condition simply from want of food. This deficiency of course was speedily remedied, and then we set ourselves to find out all the circumstances of the case. The servants evidently thought that they would extort large sums of money in this way from the ladies. They were mistaken, however. The matter was summarily disposed of by sending for them and explaining to them that in consequence of their gross misbehavior we had determined on beheading them all.

It astonished us no little to see their calm resignation when they received their sentence. They simply said, "Well, if you will, you must!" or something of that sort. I never could have believed their stoicism to be possible, and should always have thought that they doubted the sincerity of our purpose, had I not seen their frantic joy when they were told that they would be allowed another chance of life, provided they returned to their duties; they were as though they had veritably arisen from the dead, and we had been the authors of the change. Suffice it to say that their gratitude knew no bounds and there were no more complaints.

When it was reported that the men who were implicated in the junk's seizure had been delivered up and punished, the two Imperial vessels and their crews were released.

Our men had fraternized very considerably with their Celestial brother-sailors—so much so, indeed, that on leaving the ship they were so drunk that their efforts to row their vessels to the land were truly ridiculous.

We parted from the ladies with much regret, for I, for one, had learned the truth of the old adage, "*Eum capimus capimur.*" They took with them many mementos of their captivity amongst the fierce Western barbarians, and with other things, I hope, the lesson that the "foreign Devil" is not so black as he is painted.

THE GRAY MONK.

BY ETTA W. PIERCE.

O, the abbey's towers rose straight and tall,
And the lands of the abbey were fair to see,
And the gray monk sat by the abbey's wall,
With cowl on head and hook on knee.
Thick in the ivy the dewdrops shone,
And the eyes of the violets brimmed with tears,
Where he sat alone, on a mossy stone—
A pious father, and full of years.

With sandalled feet and shaven crown—
Pious and holy in deed and word:
Frosty and thin his beard swept down
To his knotted girdle of hempen cord;
And the wall-flower there, and the ivy shook
Their dew upon him in fitful fall,
And the gray monk ruffled his holy hook,
And looked to the cross on the carven wall.

A bird flew out of the far blue west,
And perched him high on the coping-stone—
A little bird, with a shining breast,
And a song that thrilled through marrow and bone.
He perched on the stone all wrinkled and bare,
Mother of Jesus, guard us well!
For what he sang to the gray monk there,
The monk and the angels alone can tell!

It was not prayer in cloister dim,
Nor mass at the midnight altars heard—
Solemn matin nor vesper hymn,
That stirred in the note of that stranger bird;
But a voice that smote the olive-tree
Pallid and dumb by the postern door,
And the hook slipped down from the father's knee,
And he murmured and muttered an *ave* o'er.

Then the song of the bird pierced into his soul,
And seized, like a spell, on the gray monk's brain—
Prayer, and penance, and priestly stole
The passed, and he walked with his youth again;
No monk, I trow, but a warrior tried,
Of lordly favor and high degree—
In bower of maiden and court of pride,
Far famed as the flower of chivalry.

He dreamed of his father's knightly hall,
The wolf-hounds haying at break of day,
Banner that dropped on castle wall,
And spears and spearmen in war array;
He rode in the lists of Fame and Love,
He looked again on their guerdons won—
A *fleur de lis* and a lady's glove,
And still the little brown bird sang on.

He dreamed of fields where the bravest die,
The broken lance and the captive train,
Champing charger and trumpet cry,
And the gaunt wolf prowling upon the slain;
And the gray monk clasped his holy book,
For his heart was stirred to a dirge's roll,
But the bird sang on till the faint air shook—
You'd have sworn 'twas a wail for a parting soul!

"O, youth was folly, and love a snare,
And glory," sighed he, "an empty name;
And the tapers shine on the altar where
Repose the arms of my knightly fame—
Cross, and hauberk, and hauner riven,
The sword of battles, the princely crest,
But the only cross could reach the heaven—
Jesu Maria! give us rest!"

"Rest!" said the ivy, with a sigh,
Softly the wall-flower answered, "Rest!"
And the shade of the craven cross on high,
Sunk, like a sign, on the gray monk's breast.
"Rest," breathed the violet from her cell;
"Rest," moaned the olive-tree, old and gray;
"Rest," grieved the wind, like a passing bell,
"Rest," sang the bird, as he flew away.

Slowly the red sun drank the dew
From the ivy, climbing the abbey's wall;
And far and high through the welkin blue,
The bells of the abbey loudly call;
And the pilgrim lingers, weary and lone,
To tell his beads at the abbey's door,
But the bird has gone from the coping-stone,
And the monk of St. Francis will pray no more!

O, the ring-dove nesteth in greenwood tree,
The lark still sings in the springing corn;
And the lands of the abbey are fair to see,
But never, never since that far morn,
Hath mortal heard such a roundelay,
Nor seen, alack! with waking eyes,
That little brown bird who bore away
The soul of the monk to paradise!

They have a clock at Greenwich which deserves to "strike" if any clock ever did. It does no end of work. It maintains various clocks in perfect sympathy with itself, regulates clocks in London, sends signals through Britain, drops the Deal time-ball, fires guns at Newcastle and Shields, and puts communication in such a state that the Greenwich observer can receive automatic reports of the going of distant clocks as he may desire.

Don't send for an adviser with the mere view of being confirmed in your own opinion. You might as well send for a doctor, and prescribe to him what medicines he ought to order.

RESURRECTING.

BY JOHN QUILL.

THE doctor sat in his chair in front of the fire, in the bar-room of the Phœnix Hotel, in Oldcastle, Delaware. The doctor was taking an adult's dose of a tonic which an apothecary behind the counter had mixed for him, and he lay back in his chair, with his feet elevated on the top of the fireplace, as if to get himself out of a dead perpendicular, and give the fluid a chance to go down more slowly, so that he could get his money's worth of enjoyment out of it.

"I never told you," said he, "about my resurrecting experience, did I?"

"No, he never had. Everybody knew about his exploits in putting people under ground, but no one had ever heard of his raising anybody.

"Well, you observe," said he, "that I was at one time a medical student in a Philadelphia college. I don't know why I ever became a medical student, for, mark you, I never bore any particular grudge against the human race. I never wanted to thin out the population, you might say. But a man must have a profession, and doctoring, like soldiering, is legalized slaughter. There is no actual crime about it, you observe.

"Well, I got so, at last, that I was actually fond of the business. I knew all about my fellow men's interior, and I fully recognized the fact that every man carries around with him about nine thousand parts, with just that many five-cornered Latin names. He is a fleshy embodiment of the dead languages, you may say. But this made no difference to me, mark you; I learned them all, and I was never happy unless I was bleeding a man, or sawing off his leg, or cutting chunks out of him, you observe.

"But dissecting was my best hold. There was nothing I cared for in this life, more than to get over some disinterred remains, with a chance to hack them up with a cross-saw. That, you may say, was the solace of my existence.

"But once, by some unfortunate blunder, we ran out of subjects, and I agreed with two other fellows that it manifestly devolved on us to go on a body-snatching expedition, immediately. The path of duty, you may say, led direct to a graveyard.

"So we hired a hack-driver to whom we disclosed our plans, and led him to believe that there would be large pecuniary results arising from his participation in the transaction, although, mark you, it was expressly stipulated that there was to be at least one dead-head passenger on the back trip.

"At twelve o'clock that night, precisely, the hack drove up to the door, and we placed therein a choice collection of spades, pick-axes and crowbars, to the astonishment of our landlady, who, after a brief conversation with us in the entry, went to bed laboring under the somewhat erroneous impression that we were going up into Schuylkill county to dig a canal, you observe.

"The driver having stated that he was familiar with the route to the said burying ground, the night being so dark that the outside of the hack looked almost as white as snow, you may say, we gave no thought as to time, locality or space, but let the gentle Jehu follow his own sweet will and the railroad track.

"After about an hour's drive, the hack stopped, and we got out. Through the darkness we could see gravestones and monuments all around us, as thick as you please. We climbed over an iron railing, which struck me as being unsually low, you observe, for a cemetery, and then after carefully lifting the tools into the graveyard, we felt around to see if we could find any fresh earth, which I knew must be very near where we were.

"Directly we got our hands on some that seemed to have been recently upturned, and upon examination, the headstone was found to be entirely new. This, then, you may say, was the coveted spot.

"We began digging, and were more than ever convinced that we had struck the right place. The soil was loose and gravelly, and gave way easily. Well, we dug, and dug, and dug We dug for an hour, and excavated a hole, mark you, that would have served as a cellar for an ordinary four-story house; but we couldn't find the body. But we knew it must be there, you observe, and so we renewed our efforts.

"We dug for an hour and a half longer until I was so wet with perspiration, you may say, that you could have expressed about four gallons of *agua puru* out of my shirt.

"But we kept on digging, mark you, and after a while, we came to water. It flowed in on us so fast, you observe, that I had an indistinct idea that we must have struck the point of a pickaxe through some stray street main or other, that was wandering around there by chance. But I bailed her out while the others dug, not without some fears, mark you, that the next thing we struck might be oil. But still we found no corpse.

"It did seem singular, but perseverance was one of our strong points, and we had pretty much concluded, you may say, that we were going to resurrect those remains that night, or excavate the whole graveyard, if the shovels only held out; and so we kept on digging.

"I suppose you've heard that there are subterranean fires in the centre of the earth, haven't you? Well, mark you, as we dug down we became momentarily conscious of an increase of temperature; but we paid no attention to it, you observe, for we must snatch that body or die. That, you may say, was fixed, even if we went clear through to China, and I am under the impression that we nearly did; for I distinctly remember hearing a few words in an unknown tongue, and I think I smelt a faint perfume of tea.

"But that's neither here nor there. While we were digging, one of my companions went up into the graveyard to reconnoitre—to ascertain, you may say, whether there was any one prowling around. It was getting to be daylight very fast, and presently he came to the mouth of the hole, and with a saddened voice, hollered down:

"'Say, boys, I guess you might as well come up.'

"'What for?' said we, 'is anybody about?'

"'No,' said he, 'no, but I guess you'd better come up.' And his voice fell as he spoke. 'Tain't no use digging there any longer; just come up and see if it is.'

"So we laid down the tools and went up to see if it was, you may say, and mark you, do you know that I came near fainting away when I got out? Yes sir; for amputate my leg and dose me with anti-bilious pills if we hadn't been digging all night in a stone-cutter's yard, and there wasn't any cemetery within five miles of us! That's so. There it was, an old marble yard with all the bran new stony angels, and one thing and another laying round, and nary a sepulchre anywhere about, only a hole deep enough to make the fortune of an oil company, although there were no 'indications,' not of the kind we wanted, anyway. Nobody had anything to say for, mark you, the occasion was too solemn and to serious for language. And the hack driver, you observe, was gone. He had his fingers on his cash before he started out, and had very likely been gone a week, you may say.

"So we walked home, and you know I never went ressurrecting again, for I never seemed to have much luck, you observe. Thank you, I'll take mine cold, with sugar." And the doctor heaved a sigh as the bar-tender took his tumbler and mixed him another dose of tonic.

THE GREAT EASTERN A SKELETON SHIP.

A WRITER in an English paper gives the following account of a singular superstition connected with the Great Eastern:

She is a ship with two cases, or skins, as they are called—that is, she is almost like one ship fitted inside another. Between the inner and outer skin workmen can crawl for repairs. Dreadfully dark and sepulchral, of course it is in there, for, from the nature of the space, the workmen must be completely closed in, excepting at the spot at which he enters. Very few smiths or shipwrights would care to work in there alone, for two terrible specters are supposed to haunt the place. Almost all the men who were engaged in the construction of the vessel believed that somewhere there in the darkness and thick air lie two skeletons, which can never be found until the vessel is broken up. These are the remains of a smith and his riveter, the latter being a lad. During the construction of the vessel these two worked all through the week, keeping full time, and their work lay between the skins. The smith was an elderly man, of a moody temper, who made no friends, and was not popular with his mates.

No one saw him leaving his work—no-body was interested about him. But one pay-day both he and his lad failed to appear at the pay table to draw their money. They never were heard of more by any one who worked on the Great Eastern. Of course their absence had been noticed by the time-keeper, and other officials; but the missing men being, as I have said unpopular with their comrades, there had been very little inquiry about them, until it was found that their money was not claimed. It was then soon noted that the last time they had been seen they were at work in the "case" of the ship, and before long it became a fixed notion that by a fall, or by the effect of some vapor, the two had been killed, or stunned until closed in; and all the host of men who worked at the great ship believed that somewhere in the vast hulk there lay two skeletons, which, for some reason, could never be found; the prosaic idea that the old fellow and his helper had left without warning, for a better job, finding, of course, no favor.

Lost wealth may be regained by a course of industry, the wreck of health may be repaired by temperance, forgotten knowledge restored by study, alienated friendship soothing into forgivness, even forfeited reputation won back by penitence and virtue. But who ever again looked upon his vanished hours—recalled his slighted years, and stamped them with wisdom—or effaced from heaven's record the fearful blot of a waisted life.

An army, like water, stagnates by rest, and is kept fresh by motion.

Good words and good deeds are the rent we owe for the air we breathe.

NOTICE.

The publication of "THE CALIFORNIAN" *takes place on Saturday mornings, and copies may be obtained in the City at all News stands, and of our News-agents through the country. It will also be served by carriers on the morning of publication.*

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J. P. BOGARDUS, J. F. BOWMAN. } *Editors and Proprietors.*

THE CALIFORNIAN.

SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, AUGUST 24, 1867.

POLITICIANS AND THE PEOPLE.

THE independent candidate for the position of Joint Senator to represent the city and county of San Francisco in the State Legislature, has recently issued a pamphlet, containing his reply to the "National Republican County Convention," together with his views on a number of the political questions of the day. No man can read the pamphlet without coming to the conclusion that the writer, is a most original and extraordinary specimen of a politician, for these days, if indeed he can properly be called a politician at all, in the sense in which the word is now popularly used. With every subject he touches upon, he deals in the most direct and fearless style. He has no evasions, ambiguities, or qualifications, and seems to aim simply at making himself clearly understood, in the fewest words possible. Very properly indeed, may he style himself the "independent" candidate, for he presents himself with the air of man who demands the office, because he conceives it to be right and fitting that he should have it, and not at all as if he were soliciting a favor. He assumes the tone of one who desires to serve the public for their own good, and not for his own profit or preferment. He acknowledges allegiance to no party, declines to have anything to do with the politicians, and makes his appeal directly to the people.

"It has always struck me as reasonable," he says, "that while parties, factions, and schemers have *their* candidates, THE PEOPLE should have at least one representative in the legislature—one member who acknowledges no political allegiance but to his country—no rule or motive of action but the public good." To the Convention that required him to endorse its string of nineteen resolutions, as the necessary condition of receiving its nomination, he says that he does not recognize them as a party, but only as a portion of the voters to whom he had adressed himself, adding with a certain touch of quaint humor; "I cannot accept your hospitable request that I shall occupy a seat on your platform, but wishing to cultivate your acquaintance, I invite you to stand upon mine." "Patriotism," declares this sturdy and unflattering candidate, "consists in the love of country, not the love of office; in devotion to the public goods, not the good of a party." In regard to the nineteen resolution, he boldly says, some of them meet my approval, and some do not, while others refer to subjects upon which I shall not at present decide, much less announce what my course will be." This is a kind of language long disused by political aspirants, and it carried us back to the earlier days of the Republic. Franklin, or Hancock might have talked like that, but to the ears of this generation it seem as old fashioned as the knee breeches and buckled shoes of the Knickerbocker era. When he comes to speak of the fifth resolution—the one which proposes to limit the hours of labor by law, the "independent" candidate says:

"I do not know what this resolution means. If its meaning is, that, as a general rule, every freeman shall work as many and as few hours, and for such wages as he has a mind to, or as may be agreed between him and his employer, I concur. If it means that any man shall be deprived of his liberty by law, or by any association or council, I give no assent to any such palpable violation of constitutional, as well as natural liberty, right and justice. This resolution is akin to your fifteenth, which has been adopted substantially by other political parties. The proposition is calculated to benefit laboring men; it can only deceive them. Laboring men, who have been so recently sold and so often sold before by politicians should not trust too much to such *clap-trap.*"

In commenting upon the tenth resolution, which asserts that the action of the late Union County Committees of San Francisco and Sacramento, by which Democrats were allowed to take part in Union primary election, was a fraud upon the Union voters of this State, and disgraceful to all who were concerned therein, and that nominations obtained by such means have no binding obligation upon any member of the Union Party, the candidate characteristically says:

"I know nothing about the action of the Committees referred to, and am, therefore, not prepared to give my opinion whether it was or was not as bad as you have characterized it, but I am ready to believe anything you say on that subject. As to the binding force of nominations, I assert the absolute freedom of every voter when he comes to the polls, to cast his suffrage for any candidate according to the conviction he may then entertain of the candidate's fitness, without reference to nominations or the previous action of any body. I gave my opinion of primary elections, and the proposition to legalize them, in my letter addressed to the Independent Nominating Committee in 1863, and it remains unchanged. I then said 'the primary elections are among the latest inventions of politicians to cheat the people out of a free choice of their officers.' I advised the people to keep away from primaries, and go to the polls at every regular and lawful election, each voting for the best man, according to his own judgment. This course was observed in 1863, and all went well. You, however, this year, were emboldened to try your hand with the 'boys' at a game which requires that peculiar experience and skill which no honest man can ever possess. You were beaten. The old gambler stocked the cards on you, and you complained of 'foul play,' they flailed you most unmercifully, and you came away with 'sore heads.' I advise you to keep away from such company in future. As a remedy against all such frauds, I assert the omnipotent authority of the popular will—the absolute freedom of the voter to choose for himself for whom he will cast a vote. It is to vindicate this principle that I have become an independent candidate."

Here we are brought back to the fair ideal of founders of our government, in all its beautiful, but impracticable simplicity. It is a charming theory, that of the people dispensing with conventions, primaries, and all our modern political machinery, and going to the polls to choose the best and wisest of their own number to govern them—a most delightful theory—but alas! we fear that it is one too poetically beautiful ever to be realized in practice. It belongs to Plato's Republic, or Sir Thomas Moore's "Utophia," was no more than a theory.

A JOURNALISTIC MONOPOLIST.

THE New York *Citizen* stated in a late issue, that Bennett, of the *Herald*, has determined to start a new monthly, an illustrated weekly, a Sunday paper, with all the popular features appropriate to such a sheet, and a one cent daily. The last of this series of enterprises, the cheap daily, has already been commenced, and several numbers are before us. It is called the *Evening Telegram*, is about the size of the *Dramatic Chronicle* of this city, and is entirely filled with news and well selected reading matter, no advertisements being published. The department of city news is particularly full and complete up to the hour of the several editions going to press; the first edition is published at twelve o'clock, the second at three P. M., and the third at five P. M. In addition to the enterprises above mentioned, it is seriously reported that the editor of the *Herald* thinks of commencing a purely religious paper on a more comprehensive plan, and combining more literary and scholary ability than any other journal of the kind now published. If, as is popularly supposed, the *Independent* is the best religious organ in the country, we think it will be easy for Mr. Bennett to monopolize the field. The sentimental and conceited Tilton would be no match for mephistopheles, backed by his thirty years' experience, and his vast capital.

The *Citizen* professes a degree of sympathetic alarm for the fate of the "weaker brethren" of the periodical press, when all these enterprises shall have been inaugurated; and, in fact, the "small fry" may well be justified in anticipating with dread the necessity of sustaining a competition with so formidable a rival.

CHARLES WARREN STODDARD'S POEMS.—The *Call* yesterday published a criticism of the volume of poems by Charles Warren Stoddard, which is shortly to be published by A. Roman & Co. We don't quite approve of the *Call* dabbling in literary matters, we, however, have but little fault to find with the quality of this rather premature criticism. We have received a copy of this work, but shall defer any critical notice of it until it is published. The first edition is for subscribers (and THE CALIFORNIAN) only. The general public must wait. The majority of the poems contained in this volume appeared originally in this paper.

MR. EDMUND YATES, author of "Black Sheep," published some months since in THE CALIFORNIAN, and lately connected with the Temple Bar, is announced as the editor of the new London monthly, Tinsley's Magazine. The editor will contribute to the opening number a story entitled "The Rock Ahead;" and Dr. W. H. Russel will favor the reader with the often-promised "Adventures of Dr. Brady."

TWENTY-EIGHT years ago Gen. Sheridan was a boy in a hardware store and afterward went into a dry goods store. He was fortunately nominated to West Point by Gen. Ritchey, a member of Congress, and thus we were insured a good General.

"FIVE YEARS IN JAPAN."—No. III of Forbes Maitland's paper of Japan came to hand too late for publication in our present issue. It will appear next week.

A CONNECTICUT paper says folks are beginning to think Mr. Beecher's "Gnaw-wood" is hard chewing.

THE recent School Census returns 34,110 children in San Francisco, under fifteen years of age.

A FAIR HIT.

THE first notice of Mark Twain's "Jumping Frog" that appeared in this journal, contains an allusion to Mr. Webb, "editor" of the volume, and to the necessity and value of of his editorial services, which was certainly rather ungracious under the circumstances, and which we regetted upon reflection. In the light of the following explanation of the services actually rendered by Mr. Webb, which we find in the New York *Citizen*, we feel constrained to admit that our comment was not only ungracious, but unjust:

"The San Francisco *Californian* thinks that Mr. C. H. Webb's preface to the 'Jumping Frog' edited and published by him—though the *Californian* calls it 'Mark Twain's elegant volume'— is 'unnecessary to introduce the author to a Californian public.' Perhaps to a *Californian* public, but certainly not to the *American* public. And it must be borne in mind that books are not specially published for the Californian public, that public being the poorest in the world for buying books. Of its 'favorite and popular humorist' it called for only two hundred copies! 'Mark Twain' was in reality very little known in this parish, outside of a newspaper few, until the appearance of this volume. His 'book' in the form in which he had prepared it, was refused on all sides. Mr. Webb undertook to publish it mainly to introduce his friend to the public of this coast, and insure him an audience as a lecturer. With that view, the preface or 'advertisement' was written, and certainly Mr. 'Twain' is very much indebted to 'John Paul' for his skill displayed in editing, the taste with which the volume is gotten up, and the 'prefatory advertisement.' Especially for the latter, since 'John Paul' therein stretches the truth to say that his author never descends to coarseness, when the reverse is essentially true. What the book would have been without judicious excision, the reader can very well judge. As it is, Mr. Webb incurred the expense and assumed the risk—and the book has not paid.

The *Californian*, which Mr. Webb founded and conducted to a success, omitting all mention of him as publisher and credit for the really handsome volume, turns round and takes an ill-natured shy at him for introducing its 'popular and favorite humorist' to a strange public, with a few words of somewhat extravagant praise. Truly, the Republic of Letters is ungrateful—that of California particularly so."

Though we have thought it proper to give the explanation, or rather the rebuke, of Mr. Webb's champion in his own words, and though we are not disposed to take exception to any part of it on our own account, we cannot say that we quite like its tone and spirit toward "Mark" himself. We do not remember anything that appears to us like "extravagant praise," in Mr. Webb's introduction of his friend to the "strange public." As to the alleged "coarseness," of the Californian humorist, that is a question, the decision of which would depend a great deal upon definitions, and might ultimately resolve itself into a question of taste. The canons by which it is to be decided, are as unsettled and confused, as those by which it was recently sought to test the morality of Mr. Swinburne's poems. We know of no satisfactory dogmas by which questions of this kind can be set at rest. So far as our own taste is concerned, while recognizing that "Mark Twain's" humor is of quite a different strain from Frank Bret Harte's for instance, we think we could find a better and more accurate term than "coarse" by which to characterize it. Indeed, such are the resources of the English language that we even believe that a tolerably discriminating notice of "Miles O'Reilly" himself, as a humorist, might be written without pressing the objectionable adjective into the service. "What the book would have been without judicious excision," says the *Citizen*, "the reader can very well judge." How the reader is to judge what the book would have been without excision, or how he is to judge whether the excision was "judicious," in the absence of any knowledge of the matter which was removed by that surgical operation, we profess to be quite at a loss to understand. These remarks are not made with any wish to disparage the value of the services rendered by "John Paul" in editing his friend's book; much less are they prompted by any feeling of soreness resulting from the perfectly fair hit we have ourselves received. The only feature in the *Citizen's* mode of referring to the matter that impresses us disagreeably, is the somewhat patronizing attitude in which it places Mr. Webb with reference to his friend, an attitude which we are quite sure Mr. Webb himself would be the last to assume.

THE "GREAT REPUBLIC."—This fine steamer will leave for China on September 3d. She has accomodations for 1,000 passengers. The *Great Republic* is one of the largest steamers afloat. Her tonnage is 3,882 by government measurement, 5,000 by carpenter's measurement. Her cargo capacity is 2,000 tons. She is commanded by Captain Seth Doane.

The last issue of the *Spectator* contains an entertaining paper on Dr. Hayes' Work, 'The Open Polar sea. The explorer's claims are freely considered and very frankly acknowledged by his English critic.

JOSH BILLING'S new lecture is on milk. He says in his prospectus: "The price of the 'Lektur' is $88.40. I might possibly be induced to discount the eighty eighty dollars, but the forty cents I must invariably have."

THERE are signs of prosperity in the South, for they are beginning to have their railway disasters.

[For the Californian.]

THE CULINARY UNIVERSITY.

BY PRENTICE MULFORD *alias* "DOGBERRY."

THE school of cookery inangurated by Professor B——, in New York, is another evidence of the progress of the age. In the pursuit of knowledge I invaded the establishment. I rung at the front door. A fresh looking girl appeared bearing a subdued smell of onions. Explaining the object of my visit, she led the way to the lecture room where the Professor himself was at that moment speaking, the subject being "True Gastronomical Taste."

"Young ladies," said he, "never marry a man until you know what he eats. Never marry a man until you have seen him eat. Beware of the man without true gastronomical taste. Beware of him who affects to scorn delicate dishes, who eats mechanically, not knowing whether he is incorporating into his system *Chicken fricasee á la Tom Paine*, or saw dust; and who prates loudly of the virtues of pork, beans, cabbage and corned beef, patronized by his ancestors. An elegant and refined appetite indicates a similar refinement of the intellect, and the effect of coarse and badly prepared food affects not only the stomach, but the mentality. Never marry a man who bolts his food. Rapid mastication is gastronomical wickedness. The sentiment of properly prepared viands can only be realized by slow eaters. Want of correct taste in the choice, preparation and disposition of food also affects the bodily contour and the features. It is one of the chief causes of wrinkles and corpulency. Heaven grant, young ladies, that your pure and unsullied spirits may never be buried in undue and unproportionate masses of lymphatic matter."

At that moment a tremulons explosion was heard in the lower regions of the establishment, startling the class and shaking the whole building. The professor sat unmoved. The young ladies were about rushing to the scene of disaster.

"Order!" shouted the professor, "the boiler of the left range has probably collapsed. I expected it. It was left in charge of a culinary undeveloped young woman from Kansas, who never saw a stove before in her life."

It was true. In a few seconds the door opened and a cortege entered bearing the unfortunate young woman from Kansas, terribly scalded. "You have now young ladies, said the Professor, a practical example of the evil consequences of culinary neglect. I have repeatedly cautioned this young woman against allowing the water in her boiler to get so low. Box her up and send her home. We are here to learn the grand art of the *cuisine*, and learned it must be, even at the expense of life itself, if neccessary. Class in Boiling step forward. Miss Greely, you may take the class in boiling to the boiling room, and boil them—no, exercise them in boiling. Miss General Grant, allow me to judge of your proficiency in peeling potatoes."

Miss General Grant stepped forward and producing one of the nubbiest, crookedest potatoes I ever beheld, from her apron pocket, peeled it apparently in a most dexterous manner.

The professor examined it with a glass.

"There is the fifteenth part of a square inch of skin left in two eyes of this potatoe. Miss Grant, this will never do You will practice during the whole of next week in the potato department. Persevere, my dear young lady. Emulate the great and crowing virtue of your illustrious father."

Miss Grant bowed and retired, remarking that she "was determined to succeed in peeling potatoes though she fought it out on that line all Winter."

The Professor went on with his orders: "Miss Bennet may shell the peas. Miss Halleck will take charge of the turnip department. The class in frying will step forward."

The class in frying ranged themselves in front of the Professor, each one bearing frying-pan in hand.

"Miss Beecher," said he, "your frying-pan wants scouring. It is a disgrace to humanity—and, in its present sullied and blackened condition, reflects no credit on yourself and eloquent father. You may now all proceed to the frying-room, and see what justice you can do to sausages. Upon the poorest cookess will be imposed the penalty of eating her own sausage. Miss Stanton, what are the compouent parts of a genuine sausage?"

"Dogs, cats, horses——"

The Professor actually screeched. "Miss Stanton," said he, "your ignorance, after the opportunities afforded you, is lamentable and inexcusable. Is this the place for the retention of such old-fashioned and vulgar ideas? Consider your illustrious father. Go to the foot."

Miss Stanton and her frying-pan went slowly and sadly to the foot.

"Miss Theodore Tilton, can you answer that question?" asked the Professor.

"A sausage," rattled Miss T. Tilton, glibly, "is a compendium and combination in a parchment case of all the inhabitants of Noah's ark, save and except Noah, or Noah's descendants. No links have as yet been discovered by which we can trace out the manner of their origination, owing to the mysterious and impentrable silence maintained on the subject by poundmasters *et id omne genus*."

"Talented young woman, that," remarked the Professor, *sotto voce*. "She has expressed to me an unbending determination to devote her whole life to the investigation of the origin of the sausage, and thus, if successful, perpetuate and rival the fame of her illustrious father. You may go to the head, Miss T. Tilton."

Miss T. Tilton, the future Minerva in the world of sanges, and her frying pan strode triumphantly to the head. "The class may now retire and fry," said he. The class went and fried.

"Beginners in soup!" he shouted through a tube. The beginners came in, each bearing a kettle of soup. Taking a spoon from his breast pocket, the Professor marched along inspectiug, tasting, and screwing up his countenance into expressions indicative of various degrees of disgust. Suddenly, he struck an attitude before a confused and blushing girl. He spoke. "Miss Secretary Wells, an article like this is not only a disgrace to your venerable father, but its manufacture and consequent production on the part of any woman who has assumed the duties of a wife would, in these days of connubial freedom, afford good and sufficient grounds for granting a divorce on application from any unfortunate and outraged husband. Miss Secretary Wells, I am unwillingly compelled to inflict upon you condign and merited punishment. You must yourself consume this soup, and may Providence have mercy on your stomach. The class in soup is dismissed. Recollect, simmer—no boiling allowed—skim carefully, and tremble when you put in salt. Broilers!"

The class in broiling came in with wire griddles. An excited young lady rushed frantically around among her companions, exclaiming in a loud whisper, "Who, on earth has carried off my liver? I had it this morning hanging up in the buttry."

There seemed to be much confusion in this class, and other exclamations were heard, such as—

"Who's got my steak?" "Where's those kidneys I had this morning?" "You stole my brains!" "You never had any!" "You lie!"

"Order!" thundered the Professor. "If I ever again hear such a disturbance in this broiling class, I'll set them to skinning cattle for the next six weeks. Miss Johnson, what is the surest indication of civilized barbarism?"

"Frying beef steak in lard," replied Miss Johnson.

"And how should a taste for such a culinary monstrosity be treated by society?" asked he.

"It should be promptly vetoed," said Miss Johnson.

"She takes after her illustrious father," murmured the Professor. The class in broiling then betook themselves to their labors.

The autocrat of these embryo cooks conducted me through the establishment. He showed me one apartment in which were confined four young ladies. "These," said he, "are the daughters of wealthy California miners, placed on a strict diet. We cannot allow them the least participation in culinary operations until a taste contracted in that wild land for pork, beans, and a leathery substance boiled in grease, called beef, is entirely annihilated. I do not even allow them to associate with the other young ladies until the influence communicated to their organizations by such an outrage on the human stomach divine, is entirely extirpated. But come and witness the exercises of the senior class.

Then we went into a magnficently furnished room where two elegantly dressed young ladies, on a raised platform containing the necessary apparatus, performed several intricate and complicated pieces of cookery. Seated in a chair, one of them dexterously manipulated the manufacture of a *Damon fromage á la Chantilly*, arranged *Bouches de chien á la Pompadour* while, with her toes, she performed one of Mendelsshon's most difficult pieces.

The other young person, while dancing a *pas seul*, and singing in *basso profundo* the aria from Faust, "O Ciel", turned out fourty *patties á la Reine* and, twenty-two *Perigord Truffles*.

OCCIDENTALS.—Turn Verin Hall was crowded on Tuesday evening, when the Occideutal Club gave an entertainment. *Hamlet* was played with C. M. Ciprico in the title role. He played the part fairly for an amateur. S. S. Roberts deserves credit for the impressive manner in which he read the part of the "Ghost." Miss E. A. Pitts, as the "Queen," read and acted very well, and Mrs. E. M. Ludlum made a charming "Ophelia." It is not comfortable to see a play like *Hamlet* played by amateurs. Mr. Ciprico had evidently carefully studied the character of "Hamlet," and had every desire to do it justice, but did not succeed. His reading was generally too monotous and slow, and his gestures were stiff. The dance, which took place as soon as *Hamlet* was dispatched, was thoroughly enjoyed by all who participated in it

On Saturday, August 31st, G. M. Ciprico will be the recipient of a complimentary benefit at the Academy of Music, tendered him by the Occidental Club and many citizens of San Francisco. Mr. Ciprico has been indefatigable in his efforts to bring the theatrical entertainments of the Occidental Club as near to perfection as possible, and many admire his industry. *Hamlet* will be played with the same cast as when it was produced on Tuesday last at Turn Verein Hall.

[For the Californian.]

ROSE AND THORN.

COME, kiss, and go,
Tears are in vain;
Love doth not grow
In storms of rain.

To meet and part
Is Fate's decree;
The fettered heart
Throbs itself free.

One pledge of wine,
One tress of hair,
And *thine* and *mine*
Are but as air.

The vow is naught,
Without the will;
The touch forgot
That does not thrill.

All bubbles blown
Are sure to burst;
We blew our own,
And know the worst.

Nor you, nor I,
Can make it Spring,
When snow doth fly,
And cold doth sting.

Then, smile and kiss;
The rose and thorn
Of grief and bliss,
Are equal born.

One last embrace;
No tear, nor sigh,
Should mark the place
Where Love doth lie.

He came in dew,
And went in flame;
Himself he slew,
Who is to blame?

San Francisco, Aug., 1867. W. A. KENDALL.

EXTRA ROAR FROM THE "LION'S MOUTH."

Chinese Peculiarities.

Fitz-Smythe gave an account in Wednesday's *Alta* of the Chinese free school. He says of the scholars:

"In addition to intelligent countenances, they are plump, tall nnctions and muscular—peculiarities for which their race are noted."

We do not hold with the above statement. It is not a peculiarity of a Chinaman to be tall, stroug, fat and greasy. We have many native-born American citizens who are plumper, taller, "nnctuonser," and more muscular than any Mongolian dare to be. This sort of thing won't do just about election time. That Chinese article will probably lose Gorham a dozen votes.

A Very Funny Joke.

Mr. Upton winds up his letter from Paris, which appeared in last Monday's *Alta*, with the following exquisitely funny joke about the death of Maximilian:

"Juarez has, however, demonstrated one fact very conclusively—that persons with royal blood in their veins are not bullet proof."

This is very amusing and quite worthy of the paper in which it appears. The erroneous idea so prevalent in monarchical countries, that persons with royal blood in their veins are bullet-proof has been corrected by Juarez!

The Band of Hope.

We are glad to hear that the temperance movement is advancing among the children of San Francisco. No less than sixty children of ages ranging from five to thirteen years of age have pledged themselves to abstain from all intoxicating fluids. Drunkeness among the infants of this city was becoming so prevalent that it was high time steps were taken to prevent it. We trust that these infant teetotallers who form the Band of Hope will not, when they reach years of discretion, take to brandy cock-tails and mint juleps.

Cold Comfort for the Fenians.

Jeff Davis' late Niagara speech in which he hoped the British flag would forever wave over Canadian soil.

A Genuine Block-Head.

The amiable gentlemen named Block, who lately married a Miss Head, in Buffalo.

WOODWARD'S GARDEN—Additions are being constantly made to the already numerous attractions of these beautiful gardens. Hundreds of curiosities are to be seen in the museum, fine paintings and statuary on view in the art gallery, the conservatories are filled with rare plants and beautiful flowers, and the zoological collection is now very complete. A fine concert will in future be given every Saturday afternoon and sacred music will be performed on Sundays.

THE CITY GARDENS.—Chief among the many attractions offered at this pleasant spot, are the boats in which visitors row on the lake. The gardens are now gay with flowers, the birds and beasts have become quite comfortable in their new home, and each day some additional improvement is made. This afternoon a grand instrumental concert will be given as usual, and to-morrow a sacred concert will take place.

ANATOMICAL MUSEUM.—Important additions have been made to this splendid collection of models. Much instruction and amusement can be derived from a visit to this establishment. The Egyptian mummies are objects of interest to all visitors.

SCHELL, the artist, is likewise a punster. When, with some of his brethren, out sketching, one of the club proposed to remain and sketch another landscape, "Oh, no," said Schell, "let's ketch the ears."

THY KINGDOM COME.

Thy kingdom come.
I heard a seer cry; "The wilderness,
The solitary place.
Shall yet be glad for him, and he shall bless
(Thy kingdom come) with his revealed face
The forrest: they shall drop their precious gum,
And shed for Him their balm; and He shall yield
The grandeur of His speech to charm the field.

"Then all the soothed winds shall drop to listen,
(Thy kingdom come,)
Comforted waters waxen calm shall glisten
With bashful tremblement beneath His smile;
And Echo ever the while
Shall wake, and in her awful joy repeat,
The laughter of His lips—(Thy kingdom come);
And hills that sit apart shall be no longer dumb;
No, they shall shout and shout,
Raining their lovely loyalty along the dewy plain;
And valleys round about.

"And all the well-contented land, made sweet
With flowers she opened at His feet,
Shall answer; shout and make the welkin ring,
And tell it to the stars, shout, shout and sing;
Her cup being full to the brim,
Her poverty made rich with Him,

"Her yearnings satisfied to utmost sum—
Lift up they voice, O Earth, prepare thy song,
It shall not yet be long,
Lift up, O Earth, for He shall come again,
Thy Lord; and He shall reign, and He shall reign—
Thy kingdom come." JEAN INGELOW.

INHABITED PLANETS.

IN olden times the vanity of man placed our earth in the centre of the solar system, caused the sun, moon, and stars to revolve about it, looked upon it as the most important orb in creation, and boldly asserted that it was fixed in its place and devoid of motion. Since then the efforts of astronomers have overturned one by one these extraordinary notions, the results of superstition and imperfect observation.

At the present day, the science of astronomy has taught us to guide our ships; to construct our maps; to regulate time and divide the year; to calculate the coming of comets and eclipses, nay, even of shooting stars, the movement of the tides, the distances, volumes, and weights of the heavenly bodies, and those of the globe in which we live; and sundry other useful lessons which need not be mentioned here.

But, putting aside the practical results of the most ancient of the sciences, we love to dwell sometimes upon teachings of another kind, more apt to captivate our curiosity. After satisfying ourselves, for instance, that the sun is a great luminous globe, 1,407,187 times greater than the earth; that it forms the centre of our planetary system; that it turns upon its axis, and illuminates all the planets which revolve around it, to which it also radiates heat; that it is not fixed in space, but travels along with its hosts of planets, satellites, comets, and meteroids, toward some distant space in the midst of the universe; that it is nearly 115,000,000 miles from us;—after assuring ourselves of this, we are led to inquire more intimately into the nature of this wonderful orb; we endeavor to learn something of its physical constitution; we study minutely its surface, its bright portions and its spots, its great red protuberances. thousands of miles long, seen during an eclipse; we analyze the light it sends us; and we notice carefully the influence of its spots upon the movements of a magnetic needle, or upon the product of a wheat district.

Another consideration has not failed to excite our curiosity. It is not inhabited?

The ancients, having no idea whatever of the size and forms of the planets, could only speculate a little upon the sun and moon. On the latter they were fond of putting inhabitants, which the moders have so diligently taken off again, insisting that the moon has no atmosphere, etc., and therefore no living creatures. It is amusing to find Anaxagoras speaking of a lion which fell out of the moon into Peloponnesus, alluding, perhaps, to a great fall of meteoric stones,—a class of phehomena to which he afterwards devoted much attention. The ancient writers were out of the reach of more modern fanaticism; no one strove to contradict them; they excited no mediæval jealousies; they interferred with no doctrines. But it was rather different in the time of Copernicus and Galileo. When the latter began to give the world the benefit of his observations, he was, as everyone knows, most villanously persecuted.

Yet it was not the man, not the illustrious Tuscan, of whom his fellow citizens were justly proud, but his "principles" were attacked. Fancy the priest Ciampoli writing to Galileo, in February, 1615: "....Put a great reserve on what you say; for when you establish a certain resemblance between a terristrial globe and the lunar globe, another person immediately exaggerates it, and says you suppose that there are men inhabiting the moon; and this other person soon begins to inquire how they can possibly have descended from Adam, or come out of the ark of Noah, with no end of other extravaganees of which you have never dreamt!" The celebrated astronomer Gassendi, in much larer times, received a very similiar epistle from another theologian.

Now that we are more thoroughly acquainted with the planetary system revolving around the sun, and can compare the distances, volumes, movements, weight, etc., of the different members of this system, what do we discover? We find that our eart, magnificent as it is—with its volcanoes and hot-springs, its earthquakes, snow-peaked mountains and lovely valleys, its mountain torrents, cascades and wide rivers, its boundless ocean, its varied and beautiful vegetation intermingled with myriads of different animals—constitutes but a very secondary feature among the planets. It is neither the largest nor the smallest, the nearest to the sun, not the farthest away; neither the warmest nor the coldest, the lightest nor the heaviest; and if we find it teeming with life, we must necessarily suppose that life—the highest manifestation of nature's forces—exists in other plances also.

This question has no doubt given, in modern times, a great stimulus to astronomical inquiry, and to the *physical* investigation of the orbs which constitute our solar system. Several works have appeared concerning the *inhabitability* of the planets. Not long since we had in England the well-known controversy between Professor Whewell and Sir David Brewster, in the works Plurity of Worlds and More Worlds than One, which for a time excited much interest in this part of the world. An important work of the same kind has lately created some sensation in France. I allude to *La Pluraleté des Mondes habités*, by M. Camille Flammarion, of the Bureau des Longitudes, whose book, published in 1863, is now in its tenth French edition.

An astronomer by profession, one of the editors of the journal Cosmos, and for several years an active member of the Imperial Observatory, M. Flammarion has had every opportunity that he could desire for developing this interesting subject, and elucidating it, by the aid of the most recent discoveries in astronomy and physics. In the new edition of this work the arguments of the English philosophers are incorporated, together with copious notes from other sources bearing upon the same subject, and are carefully discussed. Devoting the first portion of his volume of the results of an extensive historical research, he next proceeds to the physical study of each planet in particular; then to the manifestation of life upon our globe, to the conditions to which life is submitted upon the earth, and to which it would be submitted, as far as we know, on the surface of other planets; and lastly, the author develops an ingenious theory, in which he endeavors to establish that the *spiritual* unity of the world is as necessary as its *physical* unity.

To any person tolerably devoid of prejudice, and slightly acquainted with the teachings of modern astronomy, it must appear absurd in the extreme to suppose that these magnificent worlds which revolve around the sun should not have been as highly endowed by the Creator as our little earth, a mere point in the universe, which constitutes so moderate a feature among them and quite as fanciful to imagine that our globe is for man the best possible of worlds.

One or two prodigious difficulties arise, however, when we wish to bring forward some palpable proof of the planets being in reality inhabited by creatures at all like ourselves. Not the slightest doubt can exist as to the possibility of this, as far as certain planets are concerned—more particularly Venus, Mars, and Mercury,—reasoning from the little we know of their physical properties, and their telescopic appearance, so similar to what our earth must appear viewed from one of them.

But if from planets we proceed to speculate upon their satellites, and from these to the sun itself, and to the comets and shooting stars, we find ourselves soon without a reasonable argument to stand upon. In the first place, our own satellite reveals no atmosphere,—unless, indeed, some observations made by Secchi a few years ago should be confirmed, according to which the moon has a slight atmosphere, through which penetrate the peaks of its high mountains. Jupiter and Saturn being very light planets, some astronomers have supposed that the former was nothing more than a vast globe of water; its inhabitants in this case would be of the aquatic order,—large whales, and so on. As to comets, who can say anything? But shooting stars, or rather meteoric stones, when they reach our earth, have been found to contain *organic matter*, either the remains or the beginning of life.

Doubtless many centuries will yet elaspse before the inhabitants of our planet—our own Cybele—can have any very positive proofs of the existence of living creatures on the other globes which travel in space; all we can say at present is, that such a fact is exceedingly probable. But as far as speculation—based upon well-ascertained scientific data, and upheld by sound philosphical reasoning—can go, M. Flammarion has conducted us in the work alluded to above, throughout which there reigns a soothing breath of natural and pure philosophy, inspired by deep admiration of the grandest works of the Creator.

M. Flammarion is the opinion that the spiritual and physical universe are one, and that the planets are the abodes of *intelligence*, more or less developed, we may suppose, according to their respective positions.

FEELING is a truer oracle than thought; hence women are oftener right than men.

A SMALL town is a place where there are many tongues to talk and but few heads to think.

EVENTIDE.

The day is well nigh spent; the shadows creep
Along my path; the light is fading fast;
Soon shall I close these weary eyes in sleep,
And life and all its toils be over past.

How peacefully the sun now sinks to rest—
My sun of life, so calm in its decline!
Like a tired child upon its mother's breast,
Saviour, I lay my aching head on thine;

And, clasping thy dear hand in bonndless trust,
Though night is gathering darkly o'er my way,
I know the morn will come when this frail dust
Shall wake to life immortal, endless day.

THE LATEST FROM THE SONG WRITERS.

BY THE "FAT CONTRIBUTOR."

THE man who "Dreampt I dwelt in Marble Halls" has opened a marble quarry there, and is doing a thriving business in getting out grave stones.

The man who sang "I am Lonely since my Mother Died" isn't quite so lonely now. The old man married again, and his step-mother makes it lively enough for him.

The author of "Life on the Ocean Wave" is gratifying his taste for the sea by tending saw-mill. He *will* be on the water.

The author of "Shells of Ocean" is in the clam business.

The one who wailed so plaintively, "Do they miss me at home?" was missed the other day, together with a neighbor's wife. He is missed by a wife and seven children.

The man who wrote "Five o'clock in the morning," found that no saloons were open at that early hour where he could get his bitters, so he lies abed rather later now.

The author of "Roll on, silver moon" has opened a ball alley. Silver moon can't *roll on* his alley without paying for it.

He who sang "I'd offer thee this hand of mine," has been sued for breach of promiso.

The author of "Old Arm-chair" is still in the furniture business.

The one who pleaded "Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep," has at length been gratified. His mother yielding to his repeated solicitations, picked up a rock and *rocked* him to sleep. He hasn't woke up yet.

The one who asked, "Who will care for mother now?" has finally concluded to take care of the old woman himself, as no one else seems inclined to.—*Cincinnati Times.*

A DOUBLE SATIRE.—The annexed has a sufficiently wide application to be appreciated by the married people of either sex:—

Husband Traveling.—Scene 1st.—Room in hotel. Spittoons full of cigar stumps. Bourbon whisky. Husband in a hurry to be off, writing home:—

DEAREST SUSIE: My time is so occupied with business that I can hardly spare a moment to write to you. Oh! darling, how I miss you, and the only thing that sustains me during my absence is the thought that every moment thus spent is for the benefit of my dear wife and children. Take good care of yourself my dear. Feed the baby on one cow's milk. Excuse haste, etc.

Wife at Home.—Scene 2d. Parlor. All the gas lit. Thirteen grass widows; Fred, from around the corner, with his violin; Jim, from across the way, with his banjo; Jack, from above, with his guitar; Sam, from below, with his flute; lots of other fellows, with their instruments. Dancing and singing; sideboard covered with nuts, fruit-cake, cream, wine, whisky, etc. Wife in a hurry to dance, writing to husband:—

DEAR HUBBY: How lonesome I am in your absence. The hours pass tediously. Nobody calls on me, and I am constantly thinking of the time when you will be home, and your cheerful countenance light up the now dreary routine of everyday life. My household duties keep me constantly employed. I am living as economical as possible, knowing that your small income will not admit of frivolous expenses. But, now, dear, I will say goodby, or I will be too late for the monthly concert of prayer. In haste, yours, etc.

AN IDLE DREAM.—For a man to think that he is going to do the work of his life without obstacles and oppositions, is to dream in the lap of folly's self. What should we amount to, were we not compelled to feel our way, to fall down and get up again, and learn that our theories are never according to the laws of nature, but nothing more than the projection of our own limited perception upon the untried and unreal? We are, however, not to be discouraged on this account; we are rather to be the more satisfied of its being good and right for us. For in adversity and opposition we are; and trials are nothing more than tests of the nature. Up from below do we go above. We are but the products of lower conditions. The material comes its highest, in this life, and gradually refined and got rid of after natural laws. Our experience is merely passing through these changes, which would be just no experience at all if we could manage to escape altogether. We ought not to make complaint, when we see how all the things work together for good.

MANY a rich man, in bringing up his son, seems ambitious of making what Aaron made—a golden calf.

FOR CABINET PHOTOGRAPHS, or enameled Cards of the very best quality, you must go to the NEW YORK GALLERY, Nos. 25 and 27 Third street: Every picture warranted to give perfect satisfaction.
B. F. HOWLAND, Artist.

WAGONS.

MILLS & EVANS, IMPORTERS OF THOROUGH-BRACE Wagons, light express, two and three spring Wagons, suitable for milk-men and furniture dealers, and others wishing light and durable Wagons. Their Wagons are made expressly for the California market, and Mills & Evans' is the only firm which receives Wagons from the celebrated manufactory of A. W. Sanborn & Co., Manchester, N. H. This latter firm stands A No. 1 in the east, and their wagons have stood the test of our California climate, and are sold by Mills & Evans fifty per cent. lower than any other establishment on the Pacific coast. Call and examine their Wagons, at No. 587 Market street, opposite the Metropolitan market.

MEDICAL.—"YOUNG MAN'S FRIEND AND PROTECTOR," an Association for beneficent objects, Young men should inform themselves in relation to it, and by applying to, the ACTUARY, Dr. Bourne, 10 Masonic Temple, Post street, they will be furnished with Prospectus.

Great Reduction in Prices at Rosenblatt's PALACE OF FASHION, opposite Occidental Hotel. The large and elegant assortment of Velvet, Cloth and Silk Cloaks, Long and Square Broche Shawls, Real Lace Collars, Sleeves, Point Handkerchiefs, etc., are now being sold at the following remarkable low rates:
Silk and Cloth Cloaks.....Worth $15; sold for $10
Silk and Cloth Cloaks.....Worth $25; sold for $15
Broche Shawls.....Worth $50; sold for $25
Broche Shawls.....Worth $75; sold for $40
Lace Window Curtains.....Worth $20 a pair for $12
Real Chantilla Veils.....Worth $5 sold for $2 50
French Corsets, $1. All other goods in proportion.
S. ROSENBLATT,
123 and 125 Montgomery st, Opposite Occidental Hotel.

Bradley & Rulofson's

MAGNIFICENT ESTABLISHMENT.

Has more room, larger lights, greater facilities, and

PRODUCES FINER PHOTOGRAPHS

Than any other in the City.

DR. N. T. WHITCOMB,

DENTIST,

No. 205 Third Street, San Francisco.

Teeth filled with fine gold, artificial bone and platina. All plate work made and repaired, of the best material, at the shortest notice and warranted. None cheaper or better on the coast. Call and examine specimens.
North Beach and South Park Cars pass the door.
N. T. WHITCOMB.

SAVINGS BANK.

THE FARMERS' AND MECHANICS' BANK OF SAVINGS,

ON SANSOME, CORNER CALIFORNIA STREET, will open for the receipt of deposits, and the transaction of business, JULY 1, 1867.

CAPITAL STOCK, - - - - - - $150,000.

Directors,

N. C FASSETT,	JAMES LAIDLEY,
H. DUTTON,	B. H. FREEMAN,
ISAAC E. DAVIS,	R. MORTON,
GEO. M. CONDEE,	SAMUEL L. PALMER,
G. H. WHEELER.	

N. C. FASSETT, President.
G. H. WHEELER, Cashier.

Removal! Removal!

A. J. PLATE,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in

Guns, Rifles and Pistols.

—ALSO—

COLT'S AND DERINGER PISTOLS,

Powder, Shot, Lead, Caps, and Gun Trimmings, etc., etc.

—HAS REMOVED TO—

NO. 510 SACRAMENTO STREET,

Between Sansome and Leidesdorff Streets, San Francisco.

☞ New Work made to order, and Repairing executed in the neatest manner.

BROOKLYN HOTEL,
SAN FRANCISCO.

Elegant Brick Fireproof Hotel, on the

S. E. Corner of Pine and Sansome streets,

With all the modern conveniences attached to it.
Gas and water are supplied throughout the House. The Rooms are well ventilated, and the Public will find in this Hotel all the comforts of a home. The Hotel is spacious, and well adapted for the use of Families. Suits of Rooms can be had on reasonable terms.
A Large Reading Room is attached to the Hotel,

Containing 500 Volumes of Standard Works,

Which is entirely for the use of patrons.
THE CITY COACH, with the name of the Hotel on it, will be in readiness at the Wharf, on the arrival of each steamer, to convey passengers and baggage to the Hotel free of charge. JOHN KELLY, Jr., Proprietor.

W. E. GOLDSMITH,

Practical Card and Seal Engraver,

AND PLATE PRINTER,

No. 505 Montgomery stree over Tucker's

TOWNE & BACON,

Book and Job Printers,
Have the Largest Office,
Do the most work,
And do it better
Than other offices
In this City,
536 Try them
With a Job,
And you will be
Satisfied the above
Statements are facts.
Their office is at 536
Clay St., below Montgom'y,
Over Pacific Fruit Market.

EDWARD BOSQUI & Co.,

PRINTERS,

And Blank Book Manufacturers,
517 CLAY STREET,
Between Montgomery and Sansome Sts.,
SAN FRANCISCO.

TO PATRONS OF THE PRINTERS ART.

CUBERY & CO., No. 536 Market street, Opposite Second, San Francisco, are now prepared to execute all kinds of BOOK and JOB PRINTING. Having superior facilities for printing every description of work, we respectfully solicit the patronage of friends and the public generally.
BRIEFS and TRANSCRIPTS correctly printed according to legal requirements.
WM. M. CUBERY,
F. W. VAN REYNEGOM.

FOR POSTERS, HANDBILLS,

AND

Show Work of All Kinds,

GO TO THE

COMMERCIAL PRINTING HOUSE

OF

FRANCIS & VALENTINE,

517 Clay street, and 510, 512 and 514 Commercial street.

JOSEPH FREDERICKS

CARPET AND UPHOLSTERY STORE,
PAPER HANGINGS, ETC.,
123 Kearny St., between Sutter and Post, San Francisco

FAMILIES ARE INVITED TO EXAMINE

OUR VARIED ASSORTMENT

Of the Finest Carpeting in the State. The best of taste displayed in Decoration and the unique Upholstering of Rooms, Halls and Public Buildings, and at prices conforming to the times. Call and examine goods.

RE-OPENING

....OF THE....

Cosmopolitan Hotel Baths.

THE PUBLIC ARE INFORMED THAT THIS POPULAR Bathing Establishment has been refitted, improved in many respects, and is now well provided with everything conducive to the comfort and satisfaction of its patrons.
As before, nothing will be omitted in the manner of attendence and the measure of suppliies needed in First-class Bathing Rooms.
JOHN COOK, Proprietor.

JOHN DANIEL,

Marble Works,

421 *PINE STREET,*

(Between Kearny and Montgomery.)

MANTELS, MONUMENTS, TOMBS, PLUMBERS' SLABS, ETC.,

On hand and manufactured to order.
Orders respectfully solicited.

A. J. BRYANT & CO.,

IMPORTERS OF LIQUORS,

518 Front Street, San Francisco.

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Sole Agents for Pacific Coast,

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BLACKBURN'S CELEBRATED

BBB BOURBON WHISKEY,

Bowling Green, Kentucky.

J. R. MEAD & CO.,

Importers, Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

FINE CLOTHING,

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Gents' Furnishing Goods,

TRUNKS, VALISES, CARPET BAGS, ETC.,

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Corner of Bush,

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BOYS! BOYS! BOYS!

NOW IS THE TIME

H. M. LOCKWOOD & CO.,

New No. 624) CLAY STREET, (Old No

Have received a Large Stock of

GENTS' AND BOYS' CLOTHING

—AND—

FURNISHING GOODS,
Which they are selling
AT VERY LOW PRICES.

Every Garment warranted. All are invited to call examine our goods.
H. M. LOCKWOOD & CO.
624 Clay street, San Francisco

ITALIAN RESTAURANT,

No. 515 Merchant Street,

Between Montgomery and Sansome, San Francisco.
Taglierini, Maccaroni, Risotto and Ravioli, In the Italian Style.

MEALS FIFTY CENTS, OR TO ORDER.

Rooms for private parties up stairs.
G. LAZZAREVICH.

GENOA RESTAURANT,

BONZI & PERAZZO,

Successors to L. Gamba,

512 Sacramento Street,

Between Montgomery and Sansome.

MEALS 50 CENTS, or to order. Good Cooke and Polite Waitere. Choice Italian and French dishes. Best Wines, Liquors and Cigars on hand. Private Rooms up stairs.

NOTICE.

J. Branger Will Open To-Day

THE LOUISIANA ROTISSERIE,

DUPONT STREET, CORNER WASHINGTON.

I BEG TO INFORM MY FRIENDS AND the public that TO-DAY, (SATURDAY), June 1st, I will re-open the above Restaurant. Everything will be done to satisfy those who favor me with their patronage. Large Saloons for parties. House will be open all night. All orders for the city will be promptly attended to, and with the utmost care.

Ladies' entrance on Washington street, one door above Dupont
J. BRANGER.

LEON DINGEON. F. W. HAUBRICK.

DINGEON & HAUBRICK,

MARTIN'S RESTAURANT,

623 COMMERCIAL STREET.

Above Montgomery. Meals at all hours. The best of Wines, Oysters, Game, and all the delicacies of the season always on hand. Private Saloons up stairs for Dinner and Supper Parties.

AT THE REGULAR

RETAILING AMERICAN WATCHES

C. E. COLLINS & CO.,
603 MONTGOMERY STREET,

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Nos. 42 and 44 Nassau Street,

NEW YORK.

Dealers in American, Swiss and English WATCHES,

JEWELRY AND ATERIALS.

☞We have made arrangements to buy AMERICAN WATCHES in large quantities from the Factory, and will receive a discount on the regular Wholesale Prices. We will hereafter

Retail the American Watches

AT

The Regular Wholesale Prices.

Our only profit being the small per cent. allowed by buying in large quantities.

WHOLESALE PRICES.

J. R. PATTON,

TAILOR,

535 MERCHANT STREET,

Between Montgomery and Sansome, San Francisco.

☞ REPAIRING AND CLEANING NEATLY DONE

PHILADELPHIA BREWERY,

Corner Second and Folsom streets,

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[HOELSCHER & WIELAND,
Proprietors

OFFICIAL.

Paris Exposition, - - 1867.

ADVICES JUST RECEIVED BY MAIL ENABLE US to announce positively that the only gold medal for American Sewing Machines was awarded to Elias Howe, Jr., as the manufacturer of the best Sewing Machine that was exhibited There were eighty-two different Machines in competition for the prize, and Mr. Howe received the additional award of the Cross of the Legion of Honor, as manufacturer and inventor. The exact wording of the award is as follows:

HOWE MACHINE.	WHEELER & WILSON.
"Co operateur Elias Howe, Jr., promoteur de la Machine a coudre, Medaille d'or."	"Wheeler & Wilson, pour la machine a buutonniere, Medaille d'or."
TRANSLATION.	TRANSLATION.
Co-operator Elias Howe, Jr., improvement on Sewing Machines, Gold Medal.	Wheeler & Wilson, for Buttonhole Machine, Gold Medal.

The official list of those who were made Knights of the Legion of Honor, as published in the Paris papers, reads thus: "Mons. Elias Howe, Jr., fabricant de machines a coudre expnsant." Which, translated into English, reads: "Elias Howe, Jr., maker of Sewing Machines, exhibiting."
From this it will be seen that the medal awarded to Wheeler & Wilson was for a "Buttonhole Machine," AND NOT FOR THE SEWING MACHINE.

H. A. DEMING, Agent,
No. 137 Kearny street, near Sutter.

An American Knight of the Legion of Honor—Among the many who have been the recipients of medals and honors at the Exhibition at Paris, none stand so high on the list as the celebrated inventor and manufacturer of Sewing Machines, Elias Howe, Jr. The Emperor, who shows great tact and discrimination in these matters, has made Mr. Howe a Knight of the Legion of Honor, and the jury on Sewing Machines, who had the task of testing and awarding prizes for excellence, unanimously decided that Mr. Howe was not only entitled to great honors as the inventor of the Sewing Machines, but that he carried off the palm as a manufacturer as well, and to him was awarded accordingly the first of the only two gold medals assigned this class. The numbers who have called upon Mr. Howe, at his office, No. 64 Regent street, to offer their congratulations, prove that many besides the Emperor and the jury acknowledge the justice of the claim.—The Courier, London, England.

SOLOMON GUMP,

(Successor to D. HAUSMANN & Co.,)

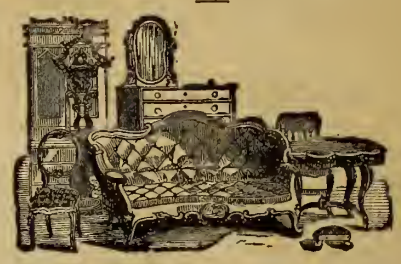
IMPORTER AND MANUFACTURER OF

MIRRORS, LOOKING GLASSES,

LOOKING GLASS PLATES, PLATES,
Picture Frames, Photograph Ovals, Mouldings, Etc., Etc.
119 Sansome street, between Bush and Pine,
San Francisco.

NOTICE.

WE TAKE OCCASION TO INFORM OUR FRIENDS and customers that we have sold our entire stock in warehouse also invoices to arrive to Messrs. N. COLE & CO., 312 and 314 Pine steeet. The whole forms a most complete and desirable assortment of FURNITURE, and well merits attention before purchasing elsewhere.
J. PIERCE & CO.



FURNITURE.

WE beg leave to call the attention of the public to our warerooms,

Nos. 312 and 314 Pine Street.

Having purchased the entire stock of Messrs. J. Pierce & Co., and in addition to our large invoice from our factory at the East, we are prepared to fill all orders promptly, both wholesale and retail, and call the attention of the public to our salesroom, as containing the most complete assortment of desirable goods on this coast.
N. P. COLE & CO.

ELECTION PROCLAMATION,

FOR THE MUNICIPAL ELECTION.

PUBLIC NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT THE Municipal Election in and for the City and County of San Francisco, will be held on WEDNESDAY, September 4, 1867, and the qualified voters of said city and county are hereby called to meet in their respective wards for the purpose of electing the following named officers at said election, to wit:

Mayor,	District Attorney,
Sheriff,	Superintendent of Common Schools,
County Clerk,	Surveyor,
Recorder.	Harbor Master,
Treasurer,	Coroner.
Assessor,	

One Supervisor and one School Director in each of the following wards for a full term: Second, Fourth, Sixth, Eighth, Tenth and Twelfth Wards.
Also, one Supervisor for the Third Ward, for the unexpired term; one School Director for the Seventh Ward and one School Director for the Twelfth Ward for the unexpired term.
Also, five Justices of the Peace, to be elected by the city and county at large.
Witness my hand and the seal of the city and county of San Francisco, this seventh day of August, 1867.
[Seal.] H. P. COON, Mayor.
Attest: CHAS. L. WIGGIN, Clerk.

WM WORTHINGTON,

House and Sign Painter,

Dealer in

PAINTS, OILS, GLASS, &C., &C.,

735 Market Street.

Between Third and Fourth streets, San Francisco.

"ANY ONE WILL DO."

A maiden once of certain age,
To catch a husband did engage;
But having passed the prime of life
In striving to become a wife.
Without success, she though it time
To mend the follies of her prime.

Departing from the usual course
Of paint, and such like, for resource,
With all her might, this ancient maid,
Beneath an oak tree knelt and prayed;
Unconscious that a grave owl
Was perched above— the mousing fowl!

"O! give— a husband, give," she cried,
While yet I may become a bride.
Soon will my day of grace be o'er,
And then, like many maids before,
I'll die without an early love,
And none to meet me there above!

"Oh! 'tis a fate too hard to bear;
Then answer this, my humble prayer;
And, oh! a husband give to me!"
Just then the owl in a tree,
In deep bass tones, cried, "*whoo, who, who?*"
"*Who*, Lord? And dost thou ask me *who?*
Why, any one, good Lord, will do."

A WATER SPOUT.—A letter from Wiesbaden gives some details of a singular calamity that has befallen that town. A few evenings back a water spout, greater than those of 1810 and 1832, broke over the place, causing incalculable damage. The Kursaal had been all but destroyed. Enormous stones and articles of furniture were carried along the streets by the torrent, which in one place made a channel for itself nearly six meters deep. Three houses are said to have fallen, and the celebrated Neroberg vine, belonging to the Duke of Noyan, is totally ruined. Two women and three children are reported to have perished. In the evening the mud and the dead fish—several crab had been at an early hour caught in the Place du Theatre—exhaled so bad an oder that an epidemic is feared. Some persons say that they felt the shock of an earthquake.

A LADY found occasion to call upon a dentist to have her teeth filled. Among those filled were two front ones, and when in a pleasant mood the lady's face shone with smiles while polished gold shone from the upper incisors. These were observed with admiration by her little niece, who, by-and-by, curiously remarked; "Annt Mary, I wish I had copper teeth like yours."

THE BEIDEMAN ESTATE.

JOHN W. BRUMAGIM, ADMINISTRATOR, WITH the will annexed, of the Estate of JACOB C. BEIDEMAN, deceased, is NOW READY TO EXECUTE DEEDS to the purchasers at said sale, as the sale has been confirmed by the Probate Court, and an Order of Confirmation has been recorded in the Recorder's office of the city and county of San Francisco.

Please call at the Administrator's office, Nos. 36 and 37 Montgomery Block.

JOHN W. BRUMAGIM,
Administrator, with the Will annexed, of the Estate of Jacob C. Beideman, deceased.
San Francisco, August 19, 1867.

TRY IT!
STANDARD SOAP CO.'S
WASHING POWDER.
It saves one-half the time and labor of ordinary Soaps. Does not injure the Clothing. Get a package and give it a trial. Sold by all Grocers.

A. J. BRYANT & CO.,
IMPORTERS OF LIQUORS,
518 Front Street, San Francisco.
G. L. BRADLEY. THEO. G. COCKRILL.
Sole Agents for Pacific Coast,
—OF—
BLACKBURN'S CELEBRATED
B B B BOURBON WHISKEY,
Bowling Green, Kentucky.

PHILADELPHIA BREWERY,
Corner Second and Folsom streets,
SAN FRANCISCO.
HOELSCHER & WIELAND,
Proprietors

G. GROEZINGER,
DEALER IN
Native California
RED AND WHITE WINES,
Brandies, Port, Sherry, Angelica, Etc.,
N. W. CORNER OF BATTERY AND PINE STREETS,
SAN FRANCISCO.

"OUR OPERA."
CAPT. JOHN H. MAY,
615 WASHINGTON STREET, 615,
SAN FRANCISCO,
Opposite Maguire's Opera House.

JOHN TAYLOR,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN
WINES AND LIQUORS.
NO. 16 THIRD STREET,
Between Market and Stevenson Streets, San Francisco.

LUKIN'S
Wines and Liquors,
332 Montgomery Street,
SAN FRANCISCO.

AUSTIN KEELY. WM. HODGKINS.
Hodgkins & Keely's
UNION HALL EXCHANGE,
S. W. Corner Howard and Third Streets,
San Francisco,
Dealers in fine Wines, Liquors and Cigars. Oysters, Clams, Chops and Steaks, cooked to order at all hours.
☞ House open all night.

NOTICE.
IN CONSEQUENCE OF THE VERY GREAT DEMAND FOR
CASSIN'S
Grape Brandy Bitters!!
we have been obliged to rent a LARGER BUILDING, and are now removing to Sullivan & Cashman's Block, No. 523 FRONT STREET, opposite our old establishment.
F. & P. J CASSIN, 520 Front street.

PRO BONO PUBLICO.
LACOUR'S
SARSAPARIPHERE
BITTERS
POSSESS INVALUABLE PROPERTIES.
They give Health to the Sick,
Strength to the Weak,
Joy to the Afflicted.
☞SOLD EVERYWHERE.☜

N. GRAY & CO.,
UNDERTAKERS,
641 SACRAMENTO STREET, CORNER OF WEBB
Sole agents for BARSTOW'S PATENT METALLIC BURIAL CASES and CASKETS.

If there is a Florence Sewing Machine within a thousand miles of San Francisco, that is not giving entire satisfaction, if I am informed of it, it will be attended to without express charge or expense of any kind to the owner. Samuel Hill, Agent, 111 Montgomery St., San Francisco.

THE CALIFORNIAN'S
SAN FRANCISCO BUSINESS DIRECTORY

ARCHITECTS.
Hoagland & Newsom, s.w. cor Kearny and Sacramento.
BAKERIES.
Dempsey's Bakery, 127 Fourth street;
BOOTS AND SHOES.
P. Kelly, Prize Boot Maker, 323 Bush, above Monte'y.
Wentworth, Hobart & Co. (wholesale manufac.) 210 Pine
Z. Peters, (successor to M. Rosenthal) 406 Commercial.
BOOT POLISHERS.
M. Ryan, 204 Second street.
BUTCHERS.
J. P. Molt, "South Park Market," Third st., op. S. Park.
I. Gans, "New York Market," Fourth st, near Market.
CIGARS AND TOBACCO.
Chas. O. Lindsey, Excelsior Store, 156 Stewart street.
Chas, Schwenke & T. Meuser, 16 Stewart street.
G. H. Behrens, 4 Kearny street, near Market.
CLOTHING.
H M. Lockwood & Co., 624 Clay street.
J. R. Mead & Co., corner Montgomery and Bush streets
S. O. Alexander, 126 Third, bet. Minna and Everett.
William Shorman, 412 Sansome, corner Commercial.
COAL OIL, LAMPS, ETC.
A. C. Dietz & Co., (wholesale,) 521 Front street.
Dell, Cranna & Co. (wholesale) 513 Front street
COAL DEALERS.
L. Jaffo, Sutter, between Montgomery and Kearny.
COMMISSION MERCHANTS.
J. W. Nye & Co., 219 Washington street, corner Cedar.
W. J. Lowry & Co., S.W. corner Washington and Davis.
Thos. Newell, 62 Clay street between Drumm and East.
CONFECTIONERS.
Alex. L. Ross, 121 Third street.
Baldwin & Lawlers, South Park Store, 418 Third st.
M. H. Garland, 828 Market street.
N. B. Booth & Co., 20 Kearny, near Market.
Warren Jones, (and Nut Dealer,) 73 Fourth street.
DENTISTS.
Dr. Blake, removed to 645 Clay street.
N. T. Whitcomb, 205 Third, near Howard.
DRY GOODS.
Abrams & Markewitz, 34 Kearny street, near Post.
Buyer & Reich, S W corner Jackson and Stockton.
H. Rothschild (Variety Store), 112 Third street.
Irving, Landers & Co., No. 4 Third street.
M. Waterman, 22 Second street, corner of Stevenson.
Meagher, Taaffe & Co., 9 Montgomery street.
FURNITURE.
Goodwin & Co., 510 and 528 Washington streets.
N. P. Cole & Co., 21 Sutter and 524 Market streets,
FRUIT STORES.
C. W. Mack, Produce Store, 247 Fourth street.
S. P. Jewell, 118 Fourth street, near Minna.
GROCERS.
Fred. Lange, Family Grocer, cor. Powell and Lombard.
Haskell & Co., Market and Sutter sts, below the Market.
McKee's Family store, 31 Kearny, near Post.
Seocea Jones, Family Grocer, 105 Third street.
T. Williams, corner Third and Tehama streets.
HAIR DRESSING SALOONS.
Fred. Grote, No. 3 Fourth street.
Prof. Smith, 114 Market street, opposite Third.
HARDWARE AND CUTLERY.
C. L. Newman, 111 Third St bet. Mission and Minna.
J. S. Sesser, 138 Fourth st, bet. Mission and Howard.
HATTERS.
Lamott (wholesale and retail) 227 Montgomery street.
M. H. Quinn, 127 Fourth street.
HAY AND GRAIN.
J. B. Holmes & Co., 110 Market street.
HOTELS.
Atlantic House, John McManus, 210 and 212 Pacific st.
"Branch," M. O'Neil, 12 Sutter street.
Broadway, Burns & Fitzsimmons, 212 Broadway.
Brooklyn, John Kelly, Jr., Sansome, corner Pine.
Brooklyne House, John Gately, 217 Broadway.
Chicago, E. W. Heimburg & Co., 220 Pacific street.
Empire House, Peter Thompson, 106 Jackson street.
Franklin House, Hugh Curran, cor Sansome & Pacific.
Golden Gate Hotel, J. Blackmen, 728 Market street
Mariner's Home, Brown & Chandler, 504 and 506 Davis.
"Oriental," H. Saxtorph & Co., Washington & Drumm.
Sanders' Hotel, J P; Sanders, 24 Sacramento st.
"St. Louis," H. Heimburg & L. Shrader, 11 & 13 Pacific.
William Tell House, 317 Bush street, above Monte'y.
INSURANCE.
Firemen's Fund Ins. cor. California and Sansome.
Manhattan, R. B. Swain & Co., Agents, 206 Front, cor. Cal.
North British Mercantile, S. E. cor Sansome & Califor'a
Occidental Ins. Co., S.W. cor. Montgom'y and California.
LADIES' BIJOUTERIE, CLOAKS, ETC.
Rosenblatt's, 123 and 125 Montgomery street.
LADIES' FANCY GOODS AND TRIMMINGS.
Mrs. J. Egan, 32 Third street, near Market.
S. Summerfield, 20 Second street, and 116 Kearny.
Thomas Collinson, 160 Third, near Howard street.
LIVERY AND SALE STABLE.
White & Young, 211 Pine street.
LUMBER
Armstrong, Sheldon & Co., cor. Mission and Spear sts.
MILITARY GOODS AND REGALIA.
T. Rodgers Johnson, Odd Fellow's Hall, 325 Montg'ry st
MILLINERS.
Mrs. Desmond, 157 Third street.
Miss A. A. Craddock, 4 Virginia Block, Stockton street.
MUSIC TEACHERS.
Prof. J. R. Bonlet, Pianist and Vocalist, 1320 Stockton.
NOTARY PUBLIC,
H. S. Tibbey, 604, Montgomery street.
PHOTOGRAPHIC GALLERIES.
H. Bush, corner Post. Market and Montgomery streets.
Hicks & Staring, 143 Fourth street.
John D. Godens, South Park, 444½ Bryant street.
New York, B. F. Howland proprietor, 26 Third street.
PIANOS, MUSIC, ETC.
C. Weiderhold & Co., 685 Market near Third.
Kohler, Chase & Co., 421 Montgomery street.
M. Gray, 613 Clay street.
W. S. Pierce, removed to 534 Market, opposite Second.
PHOTOGRAPHS, CUTLERY, SPECTACLES, ETC.
Lawrence & Houseworth, 317 and 319 Montgomery st.
PLUMBERS AND GAS FITTERS.
Chas. Barmin, 121 Fourth street, near Minna.
Freeman & Winn, (and Stove Dealers), 342 Third st.
PRINT SELLER AND PUBLISHER.
Thos. F. Lawlor. 614 Howard street, near Second.
REAL ESTATE AGENTS.
Dam & Sutherland, 320 Montgomery.
Geo. W. Chapin, 358 Montgomery.
John Pforr, 328 Montgomery.
RESTAURANTS.
Bivalve, Nolting & Speen, 640 Market, near Kearny.
Ladies' Refreshment Saloon, Swain & Brown, 636 Market
Chas. Louck's "Excelsior," 25 Third street.
Helvetia, Johnjury & Bros., 524 Merchant street.
Market, by Hanzo & Besson, 520 Merchant street.
Palm's Restaurant, 127 Third street.
SALOONS.
Blaney & Carroll, "Sample Rooms," 107 Third street.
"Bourbon Saloon," A. Farr, Long Bridge.
Charley Smith's Saloon, 539 Washington street.
Charter Oak, Frank Kelly, N E cor Third and Howard
Coates & Henderson, 37 Sutter street.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY, CONTINUED.

Cleveland's Sample Rooms, 318 Bush, above Monte'y.
"Excelsior," Haase & Co., cor. Drum and Commercial.
Hand's Exchange, John Hand, 47 Third street.
J. Dillon, "Fourth St. Exchange," cor. F'rth and Mkt.
King & McCormick, "Rotunda," Market & O'Farrell.
Meyer & Quaid's Saloon, cor. Market and Fourth sts.
"Mauadnock," A. Horstkemper, Drumm & Oregon sts.
P. Johnson & J. B. Holje, 28 Clay street.
"Potrero Change," J. Siehe & Co., Long Bridge.
Regatta House, Burns & McLean, foot of Third street.
Russell & Holding's Exchange, 622 Market street.
"Sample Rooms," corner Third and Stevenson streets.
Steamship Exchange, Wm. Everard, 214 Stewart street.
Uncle Billy & George, Saloon 127 Davis st.
"Young American," Geo. C. W. Heuer, Stewart & Howard
SCALES.
Fairbanks & Hutchinson, Depot for Fairbanks' Scales 120 California street.
SEWING MACHINES.
Grover & Baker, R. G. Brown, 116 Montgomery.
The Florence, office 111 Montgomery street.
STATIONERS AMD BOOKBINDERS.
Althof, Rose & Bahls, 423 Clay, and 512 Commercial sts.
Jas. E. Damon & Co., 521 and 423 Sansome street.
STOVES AND TIN WARE.
A. Swigert, corner Fifth and Folsom.
Blanchard Bros., 247 Third street
M. B. Bullard, Oil Stoves, 13 Kearney street.
TRUNK MANUFACTORY.
James Longshore, 308 Sansome street.
WATER-CURE INSTITUTE.
Dr Bourne's Pioneer, 10 Post, near Montgomery.
WAX FLORIST.
Mrs, M. E. Gerrish, 11 Post street.

Tyler Brothers,
691 Market st., cor. Third,
SAN FRANCISCO,
Importers, Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
SCHOOL BOOKS,
STATIONERY,
PHOTOGRAPH ALBUMS,
BLANK BOOKS,
PORTFOLIOS,
JUVENILE BOOKS,
CHILDREN'S PICTURE BOOKS,
FANCY ARTICLES, Etc.
ESPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO
LADIES' STATIONERY,
Which we Stamp with Initials
WITHOUT EXTRA CHARGE.
WEDDING AND VISITING CARDS
Engraved, Written or Printed.

THE CALIFORNIA
Building and Savings Bank,
CALIFORNIA ST., ONE DOOR FROM SANSOME.
Capital and Deposits, - - - - $1,000,000
WHICH IS LOANED ON PROPERTY.
LOANS MADE on CITY REAL ESTATE HOUSES, SHIPS, FACTORIES AND MERCHANDISE.
Deposits received at full interest per month.
Last Dividend paid—one per cent. per month.
Money transmitted from the Interior, by Express or Mail, passed to interest from the day of arrival, and a Certificate returned in course of post.
Strangers may deposit Bonds, Gold Dust, Coin, or Valuable Papers in the Vault, for long or short periods, at a small rent, for which valuables the Company will be accountable. THOMAS MOONEY, President.

PRIDE OF THE UNION
TOBACCO!
THIS IS TO CERTIFY THAT MESSRS. L. & E. WERTHEIMER, of San Francisco, California, are the Sole Agents for the Sale of the celebrated
WM. GREANER & SON'S
"PRIDE OF THE UNION" BRAND
of quarter pounds Tobacco.
GREANER & WINNE.
Richmond, Va., June 1. 1857.
☞The Above celebrated Tobacco is in store and for sale in lots to suit the trade.
L. & E. WERTHEIMER,
N.W. corner Front and Sacramento sts.

F. DIXEY,
Merchant Tailor,
625 WASHINGTON STREET.
Cloths, Cassimeres for Vestings, always on hand and made to order in the most
Fashionable Styles.
Satisfaction Guaranteed.

CANTY & WAGNER,
(SUCCESSORS TO J. REGAN,)
113 *Montgomery street, bet. Bush and Sutter*
N B.—All candles sold by us are warranted to be manufactured from Stewart's double refined Sugar, and to be equal to any manufactured in the State. Country merchants solicited to examine our stock and prices. Goods delivered to any part of the city free of charge.

NATURE UNVEILED,
AT THE
PACIFIC MUSEUM OF ANATOMY AND SCIENCE
Eureka Theatre Montgomery street,
Between California and Pine

BOWMAN & CO.,
Dealers in Stoves and Tin Ware,
Main street, Petaluma

VINELAND, (N. J.) which was an uninhabited site six years ago, produced and shipped to New York and Philadelphia the strawberry season just clossd, 143,349 quarts of the fruit. Besides there were canned by a company at that place, 28,000 quarts, and 40,000 quarts were consumed at home, This makes a crop of 171,349 quarts. It is said that the crop of blackberries will be fully as large, but of raspberries there will not be so large a crop.

MUSCULAR STRENGTH.—the most prodigious power of muscle is exhibited by the fish. The whale moves with a velocity through a dense medium, water, that would carry him around the world in less than a fortnight!

TO EPICURES.—There is considerable difference between a *gourmand* and a *gourmet*. In the *gourmand* the animal nature predominates, while the *gourmet* cultivates the sense of taste until it is rendered susceptible of receiving the highest gratification. The *gourmand* is satisfied to swill flat beer or sour wine, to eat ill-cooked viands, provided he can get enough to gorge himself withal. Epicures, or *gourmets*, who can appreciate the delicate bouquet of a fine wine as they delight in the perfume of the violet, should pay a visit to the store of F. C. Belden, No. 612 Sacramento street, where they will find the rarest brands of wines, spirits and liqueurs, the choicest teas and an immense assortment of delicacies, such as truffles, *pate de fois gras*, Stilton cheese, caviare, etc.

JOHN DURIS,
LAUREL HALL,
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
Fine Brandies, Wines and Liquors,
No. 414 PINE STREET,
Next to California Market, San Francisco.
☞All Goods guaranteed Pure, and delivered free of charge to any part of the City

J. LIPPMAN,
IMPORTER OF
WATCHES, DIAMONDS, FINE JEWELRY AND SILVERWARE,
NO. 203 MONTGOMERY STREET,
(Second door from Bush street,)
RUSS BLOCK.....SAN FRANCISCO.
Watches repaired with Particular Attention, and strictly warrantedfor one Year.

Joseph Catania & Co.,
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
FRESH AND SALT FISH
STALL NO. 48 FISH MARKET, Clay Commercial and Leidesdorff Streets.
A large supply of fresh fish always on hand. Shipping, Restaurants, Hotels and Families supplied at short notice, and on the most reasonable terms.
N. B.—Fish sent to any part of the city free.

STAPLETON'S
Refreshment Saloon,
ON CALIFORNIA STREET,
Adjoining the Market, San Francisco.
The very best Wines, Liquors and Cigars will always be found here.

PHILADELPHIA RESTAURANT.
MULLER & BERGOLD,
408 Pine Street,
Next door to the new California Market.

TEUTONIA SALOON,
Corner of Montgomery and Summer streets.
HEIMBURG, SCHRODER & CO.,
PROPRIETORS.
The best kinds of WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS constantly on hand.
☞Give us a call.

THE "GROTTO,"
JOHN DUNCAN, Proprietor.
530 Sacramento street, opposite What Cheer House,
FINE WINES, LIQUORS, ALES AND PORTER,
Wholesale and Retail.
Importer of Wise's Celebrated Irish Whisky.

WONDERS OF WONDERS!
TO BE SEEN ONLY AT THE
Pacific Museum of Anatomy and Science,
Eureka Theatre, Montgomery street, between California and Pine.

DIRECTORY
—OF THE—
CALIFORNIA MARKET,
California and Pine Streets,
(Between Kearny and Montgomery Streets.)

Butchers.

GEO. M. GARWOOD & CO.,
STALLS 17, 18 AND 19,
Pine Street Entrance.

GEO. J. HAXE,
STALLS 13 AND 14
Pine Street Entrance.

FRED'K. KATZ,
STALLS 97 AND 99,
Pine Street Entrance.

S. MILLER & CO.,
STALLS 94 AND 95, Pine Street Entrance,
and STALL 5, California Street Entrance

RICHARD O'NEIL,
STALLS 1 AND 2,
California Street Entrance.

E. M. O'BRIEN,
STALLS NO. 3 AND 4,
California Street Entrance.

JACOB WRAY,
STALLS 8 AND 9,
Corner Summer Street.

Butter, Cheese, Eggs, &c.

WM. A. BATEMAN,
(Also pure milk, cream, buttermilk, etc.)
STALL 64,
Pine Street Entrance.

BENWARE & MOODY,
STALL 63,
Pine Street Entrance.

BRYANT & HATCH,
STALL 73,
California Street Entrance.

CASTOR & BAKER,
STALLS 47 AND 48,
California and Summer Street Entrances.

W. H. ELDRIDGE,
STALL 32,
California and Summer Street Entrances.

M. B. FRENCH & CO.,
(Successors to French & Hall)
STALLS 23, 24 AND 25,
Pine Street Entrance.

PETER GAUGHRAN,
STALLS 35 AND 36,
California Street Entrance.

HENDLY & CO.,
STALL 67,
Corner Summer Street.

LOENARD & CHALAS,
STALL 28,
Pine Street Side.

LYSETT & VIZNA.
STALL 52,
Pine Street Side.

JOSEPH ZAMMIT,
STALL 54,
Pine Street Entrance.

Fresh, Salt and Smoked Fish.

J. T. BORCHERS & H. GHRT,
STALL 91,
Pine Street Entrance.

GEO. HORTON & CO.,
STALL 89,
Pine Street Entrance.

TESMORE & MAYES,
STALLS 101 AND 102,
Pine Street Entrance.

Hams Bacon, Lard &c.

BURKHARD & KEONING,
STALL 66,
Pine Street Entrance.

GEO. CAMPTON,
STALL 62,
Pine Street Entrance.

Oysters, Clams and Shell Fish.

MORGAN & CO.,
STALL 87,
Pine Street Entrance.

WM. ROALFE,
STALLS 40, 41 AND 42,
California Street Entrance.

M. WINANT & CO.,
STALL 56,
OYSTERS AND CLAMS. Pine Street Entrance.

Produce, Fruits and Vegetables.

O. W. AMES & CO.,
STALLS 50 AND 51,
Pine and Summer Street Entrances.

HALL & BRIGHAM,
STALLS 21, 22 AND 23,
Pine Street Entrance.

GEO. HOHENSCHILD,
STALLS 33 AND 34,
California Street Entrance.

Poultry and Wild Game.

R. CARD & CO.,
STALLS 83, 84 AND 85,
Pine and Summer Streets Entrance.

HART & GOODMAN,
STALLS 76, 77 AND 78,
Pine Street Entrance.

ANDREW A. LOUDERBACK,
STALLS 103 AND 104,
Pine and Summer Street Entrances.

OCCIDENTAL MARKET DIRECTORY,
Market and Sutter Streets, below Montgomery.

S. C. STORY,
Butcher,
STALL 98, Opposite Second street.

B. M. ATCHINSON,
Butter, Cheese, Eggs, Hams, Bacon,
ETC.....ETC.....ETC.,
STALL 7.

BROWN & CLOUGH,
Butter, Cheese, Eggs, Hams, Bacon,
ETC.....ETC.....ETC.,
STALL 29, Opposite Second street.

P. DONNELLY & BRO.,
Butter, Cheese, Hams, Eggs & Bacon,
STALL 20, Sutter street side.

C. & L. KANE,
Butter, Cheese, Eggs, Hams, Bacon,
ETC.....ETC.....ETC.,
STALL 24.

J. J. SMITH & CO.,
Poultry, Game, Butter, Eggs, etc.,
STALLS 44 AND 45, Sutter street Entrance.

BERNHARD & LOUDON,
Produce, Vegetables, Fruits, etc.,
STALL 16, Sutter street side.

P. T. GAVEN,
Vegetables, Fruit, Pickles,
AND PRESERVES,
STALLS 25 AND 26, Market street side.

FREDERICK WITTKOPP,
Vegetables, Fruit, Pickles,
AND PRESERVES,
STALL 18, Sutter street side.

METROPOLITAN MARKET DIRECTORY,
Market and Sutter Streets, below Montgomery.

C. BOSH,
French Stall,
STALL No. 9.

P. F. WARD,
Poultry, Game, Eggs, etc.,
STALL 14, Sutter street side.

B. CARLTON,
Fresh, Salt and Smoked Fish,
STALL 34, Sutter street side.

W. MAESSEN,
Smoked and Corned Meat,
STALL No. 3.

P. RICAUD & J. MEROUX,
Produce, Fruits and Vegetables,
STALL 36.

STERETT'S
STEAM
PRINTING HOUSE,
533
CLAY STREET.
Cards, Billheads, Circulars, Books, Briefs, Transcripts, Posters, Bills of Fare Envelopes, Letter and Note Headings, Tickets, Pamphlets, and all Legal Papers printed at short notice, and upon reasonable terms.

GRAND TRIAL
....OF....
SEWING MACHINES.

CONTEST BETWEEN THE
FLORENCE AND WILLCOX & GIBBS.

THE
WILLCOX & GIBBS
TRIUMPHANT!

At the Great UNION FAIR, held at Island Park, between Albany and Troy, in September, two Premiums were offered on Sewing Machines, one for the BEST and the other for the "Second Best"—competition being open to the State.

On the first day of the Fair, the Troy Agent of Florence Sewing Machine Company, having, jointly with the Albany Agent of the same Machine, entered it for competition, published in the Troy Daily Times a challenge to Agents of other Sewing Machines, to meet them at said Fair and compete with them for the Premium.

The challenge was accepted by the Troy and Albany Agents of the Willcox and Gibbs Machine.

Each party was to prepare and subject to the judges a "list" of the several "points of merit" on account of which "superiority" was claimed. These "points" were to be separately considered, thoroughly investigated and practically tested, by work done then and there, upon each of the machines; and then decided in favor of the machine which was adjudged to excel on that "point."

Finally it was agreed that the machine which, at the conclusion of the trial, should be found to have the greatest number of those "points" decided in its favor should be decided the "BEST SEWING MACHINE," and awarded the FIRST PREMIUM.

The result of the trial was, that the

WILLCOX & GIBBS WON THE VICTORY

and the prize, by the extraordinary superiority of thirty-five points, decided in its favor, against two points in favor of the Florence.

Full notes were taken of the trial.

It is a fact worthy of remark, that during the entire trial—which continued without intermission for nearly seven hours—not a stitch was missed, nor the thread once broken, nor a needle broken or bent, by the Willcox and Gibbs machine. No kind of work was attempted to be done on it that was not accomplished, and done in a perfect and workmanlike manner; and no effort was made on it that was not entirely successful; while neither of these statements can be truly made in favor of the Florence.

This remarkable trial can not fail, through the facts developed by it, to be productive of important results. It has raised the veil and exposed to public view the true character of the opposition, who will no longer be able to deceive the public by misrepresenting the character and merits of the Willcox and Gibbs machine.

It is an improvement on double thread machines; and its "stitch," which was severely tested by the Judges, was decided to be much stronger and less liable to rip in use or wear than the "Lock Stitch."

It is the simplest in construction—does the greatest variety of work—makes no noise—is not liable to get out of order—costs the least money, and gives the best satisfaction.

☞ Full reports of this trial sent free to any address.

☞ **Country Agents solicited.**

SAMUEL SWIFT,
General Agent for the Pacific Coast,
203 Kearny Street,
San Francisco

FIREMAN'S FUND

Insurance Company.

Office, S. W. cor. California and Sansome steets, San Francisco.

CAPITAL AND SURPLUS, JANUARY I, 1867,

$680,000.

DIRECTORS.

D. J. Staples,	John O. Earl,
G. T. Lawton,	Alpheus Bull,
W. M. Hixon,	C. T. Forrest,
John Barton,	W. B. Bourn,
W. H. Lyon,	Joseph Peirce,
Chas. Wolcott Brooks,	M. A. Braly,
I. B. Purdy,	David Dick,
A. Himmelmann,	A. Blackwood,
W. C. Ralston,	F. P. McMahou,
Lewis Cunningham, Marysville.	
P. Sather,	S. R. Throckmorton,
James Dows,	W. W. Haney,
John H. Gardiner,	John N. Risdon,
Lewis Sober,	R. J. Tobin,
Jerome Lincoln,	M. Lynch,
Irving H. Knowles,	E. V. Hathaway,
C. G, Athearn,	J. H. Redington,
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A. Block,	Fitel Phillips,
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T. L Baker,	Henry Dutton,
Alex. Weil,	
Asa Harker, Portland, Oregon.	

Desirable Risks taken at LOW RATES.

The greatest amount taken on any one risk is $50,000. When the risks are considered too large, a portion will be re-insured in responsible Companies.

LOSSES PAID IN U. S. GOLD COIN!

J. D. STAPLES, President,
HENRY DUTTON, Vice-President.
CHAS. R. BOND, Secretary.

OCCIDENTAL

Insurance Company,

Southwest corner Montgomery and California streets.

INDIVIDUAL LIABILITY.

Capital Stock, - - - $300,000

LOSSES PAID IN UNITED STATES GOLD COIN.

THIS COMPANY will insure against loss by Fire on any Dwelling House, Buildings, Merchanise or other property, situated in the State of California. The largest sum they will take on any one risk is thirty thousand dollars.

C. CHRISTIANSEN, Pre'st.
J. GREENEBAUM, Vice President.
B. ROTHSCHILD, Secretary.

HAMBURG, BREMEN,

Fire Insurance Company.

CAPITAL, - - - - - $1,000,000

MORRIS SPEYER, Agent.

OFFICE—526 Washington Street, a few doors below Montgomery.....San Francisco.

Being no longer governed by the Tariff of the Board of Underwriters, this Company will effect Insurances at as LOW RATES as those of any other responsible Company.

AYER'S

AGUE CURE,

FOR THE SPEEDY CURE OF

Intermittent Fever, or Fever and Ague, Remittent Fever, Dumb Ague, Periodical Headache, or Billious Fevers, indeed for the whole Class of Diseases originating in Biliary Derangement, Caused by the Malaria of Miasmatic Countries.

No one remedy is louder called for by the necessities of the American people than a sure and safe cure for Fever and Ague. Such we are now enabled to offer, with a perfect certainty that it will eradicate the disease, and with assurance founded on proof, that no harm can arise from its use in any quantity.

That which protects from or prevents this disorder must be of immense service in the communities where it prevails. *Prevention* is better than cure, for the patient escapes the risk which he must run in violent attacks of this baleful distemper This "Cure" expels the miasmic poison of Fever and Ague from the system, and prevents the development of the disease, if taken on the first approach of the premonitary symptoms. It is not only the best remedy ever yet discovered for this class of complaints, but also the cheapest. The large quantity we supply for a dollar brings it within reach of every body, and in the bilious districts, where Fever and Ague prevails, everybody should have it and use it freely both for cure and prevention. A great superiority of this remedy over any other ever discovered for the speedy and certain cure of Intermittents is, that it contains in Quinine or mineral, consequently it produces no quinsmo or other injurious effects whatever upon the constitution. Those cured by it are left as healthy as if they had never had the disease.

Fever and Ague is not alone the consequence of the miasmatic poison. A great variety of disorders arise from its irritation, among which are Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Gout, Headache, Bliodness, Toothache, Earache, Catarrh, Asthma, Palpitation, Painful Affection of the Spleen, Hysterics, Pain in the Bowels, Colic, Paralysis, and Derangement of the Stomach, all of which, when originating in this cause, put on the intermittent type, or become periodical. This "Cure" expels the poison from the blood, and consequently cures them all alike.

Prepared by DR. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, and sold by all Druggists, everywhere.

CRANE & BRIGHAM, San Francisco,
Wholesale Agents.

DEXTER STABLES,
Bush Street, between Occidental and

Cosmopolitan Hotels, San Francisco.

W. G. JONES - PROPRIETOR.

REMOVAL. REMOVAL.

Larkins & Co.,

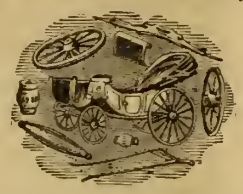
Manufacturers of every description of

CARRIAGES.

CONCORD WAGONS, Ranch Wagons and Buggies made to order. All kinds of Jobbing and Carriage Painting done at the shortest notice.

New Manufactory Nos. 631 and 633 Howard street, corner of Hubbard, between Second and Third, San Francisco.

A. FOLSOM,



Carriage Manufacturer,

No. 531 CALIFORNIA STREET,

Between Montgomery and Kearny streets, San Francisco.

EVERY DESCRIPTION OF CARRIAGES, EXPRESS Wagons, Buggies, etc, made to order, of the best materials and workmanship.

Repairing and General Blacksmithing done with promptness, and at prices to suit the times.

George P. Kimball & Co.,

MANUFACTURERS

....OF....

CARRIAGES, BUGGIES, STAGE AND THOROUGH BRACE WAGONS,

Market street, near corner of Fourth, San Francisco.

C. ROBERTS,

CARRIAGE AND WAGON MAKER,

HORSE

SHOEING

AND

JOBBING

PROMPTLY EXECUTED.

Fourth Street, between Howard and Folsom, San Francisco.

All styles of Carriages, Wagons and Carts made to order, and Repaired.

C. MAIN. E. H. WINCHESTER. T. B. HAYES.

Main & Winchester,

Manufacturers and Importers of Harness, Saddles, Bridles, Whips, Collars, Saddlery Ware, etc.

Nos. 214 and 216 Battery Street, San Francisco.

N.B.—Good assortment Concord Stage Harness constantly on hand.

BOWEN BROS.

GROCERS,

Tea and Wine Merchants,

S. E. cor. Montgo'ry and California,

San Francisco.

Wholesale Store,

204 Front Street.

Dissolution of Copartnership.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT THE PARTnership lately subsisting between RICHARD E. ROWLAND, ANDREW WALKER, and MARTIN KLINKOFSTROM, of San Francisco, under the firm of ROWLAND, WALKER & CO., was dissolved by mutual consent on the first day of August, 1867 Richard E. Rowland is authorized to settle all debts due to and by the company.

In bidding adieu to our former customers, we beg to tender them our thanks for their generous patronage, and trust that they will bestow a like liberality upon ROWLAND, BAILEY & CO., our successors.

RICHARD E. ROWLAND,
MARTIN KLINKOFSTROM,
ANDREW WALKER,
(By his Attorney in fact, Annis Merrill.)

COPARTNERSHIP NOTICE.—The undersigned having this day formed a copartnership, under the style of ROWLAND, BAILEY & CO., for conducting a general Grocery and Provision Store.

As successors to the old firm of Rowland, Walker & Co., they respectfully solicit a continuance of the patronage so liberally bestowed upon that firm, pledging every effort to give satisfaction.

RICHARD E ROWLAND,
CHAS. H BAILEY,
V. V. WILSON,
Nos. 516 and 518 Washington street.

San Francisco, August 1st. 1867.

AMERICAN HOTEL,
Main street, . . Petalnma.
EMERSON & LAMBERTON Proprietors.

IN THE PROBATE COURT of the City and County of Sao Fraocisco, State of California.

In the matter of the Estate of GEORGE ROBINSON, deceased.

Order to show cause why order of distribntion should not be made.

On reading and filing the petition of Howard Chapman and Joseph Gordon, the Executors of the last will of George Robiuson, deceased, setting forth that they have filed their final account of their administration of the estate of said deceased, in this Court, and that the same has been duly settled and allowed; that all the debts and expenses of administration have been duly paid; and that a portion of said estate remains to be divided among the devisees and legatees of said deceased, and praying among other things for an order of distribution of the residue of said estate among the persons entitled:

It is Ordered, that all persons interested in the estate of the said George Robinson, deceased, be and appear before the Probate Court of the city and county of San Francisco, at the Court Room of said Court, in the City Hall, in said city and county, on MONDAY, the twenty-six day of August, A. D. 1867, at eleven o'clock, A. M., then and there to show cause why an order of distribution should not be made of the residue of said estate to the devisees and legatees of the said deceased, according to law:

It is further Ordered, that a copy of this order be published for four successive weeks, before the said twenty-six day of August A. D. 1867, in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published in the said city and county.

M C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

Dated July 25th, A. D. 1867.

OFFICE OF THE COUNTY CLERK, } ss.
OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO

I, Wm. Loewy, County Clerk of the City and County of San Francisco, and ex-officio Clerk of the Probate Court thereof, do hereby certify the foregoing to be a full, true and correct copy of an order duly made and entered upon the minutes of said Court.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court, this 26th day of July, A. D. 1867.

[Seal and Int. Rev. stamp 50 cts., canceled.]

WM. LOEWY, Clerk,
By A. J. JEGHERS, Deputy Clerk.

D. P. BARSTOW, Esq., Att'y for Petitioner. jy27-5t

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF THOMAS SMITH, deceased. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, the Administrator of the Estate of Thomas Smith, deceased, to the creditors, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator, at his office and place of transaction of business, No. 520 Montgomery street, in the City and County of San Francisco.

Dated August 14th, 1867.

WILLIAM A. QUARLES,
Public Administrator and the Administrator of the Estate of Thomas Smith, deceased. aug17 5t

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

ESTATE OF JULIUS KINCHELOE, DECEASED

NOTICE is hereby given by the undersigned administrator of the estate of JULIUS KINCHELOE, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them, with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice, to the said administrator, at his office, No. 4 Odd Fellows Hall, 323 Montgomery street, in the city and county of San Francisco.

jy27-5t] WASHINGTON BARTLETT, Administrator.

D. GHIRARDELLI & CO.'S

Italian Manufactury,

415 and 417 JACKSON ST., SAN FRANCISCO,

Manufacturers and Dealers in

PLAIN, SWEET, CINNAMON AND VANILLA CHOCOLATES;

PREPARED COCOA, COCOA PASTE,
CRACKED COCOA, COCOA SHELLS, etc., etc.

PURE GROUND OLD JAVA COFFEE AND COSTA RICA COFFEE;

CHARTRES AND RIO COFFEE;
GREEN COFFEE OF EVERY QUALITY;

CHOICE WINES AND LIQUORS;

N. B.—Ghirardelli's Chocolate is manufactured by steam from Cocoa of the finest quality, imported direct. In excellence and delicacy of flavor, it is superior to any imported Chocolate.

ZEITSKA & SHEPPARD,

Merchant Taylors,

NO. 610 CLAY STREET,

Near Montgomery,

SAN FRANCISCO.

CORNS!

DR. V. POPPER,

Surgeon Chiropedist

No 20 Montgomery street, between Post and Sutter, San Francisco. Office hours from 9 A. M to 5 P. M.

Offers his services to the public as an Operator on such excrescences as hard and soft corns, enlarged joints, club nails, bunions, nails penetrating the flesh, warts, etc.

IN THE PROBATE COURT of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the Guardianship of the person and estate of WILLIAM CHARLES HOLLINSEAD, Minor.

On reading and filing the petition of Jeremiah V. Hollinsead, Guardian of the person and Estate of William Charles Hollinsead, Minor, praying for an order of sale of the real estate therein described, and it appearing to this Court that said lot constitutes the entire estate of the said Minor, and that there is no personal estate, or money with which to provide for the maintenance and education of the said Minor, or to pay taxes and street assessments levied upon said real estate hereafter, and that it is for the best interest of the estate of the said Minor, that the said real estate should be sold.

It is ordered, That the next of kin of the said Minor, and all persons interested in the said estate appear before this Court, at the Court room thereof, at the City Hall, in the City and County of San Francisco, an Monday, the 16th day of September, A. D., 1867, to show cause, if any they have, why an order should not be granted to said Jeremiah V. Hollinsead to sell the interest of the said Minor in the said real estate described in the petition, at private sale for the purpose of the maintenance and education of the said Minor.

And it is further ordered, that a copy of the foregoing order be published once a week for four weeks, in the CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper published in the city and county aforesaid. M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

Dated August 9th, A. D. 1867.

State of California, City and County of San Francisco, ss.—I, Wm. Loewy, County Clerk of said City and County, and ex-officio Clerk of the Probate Court thereof, certify the foregoing to be a true copy of the original order on file and of record in my office.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Probate Court this 10th day of August, A. D., 1867.

Attest: WM. LOEWY, Clerk,
By A. J. JEGHERS, Deputy Clerk.

I. N. THORNE, Esq., Attorney for Petitioner. au 17 5t

IN THE PROBATE COURT of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the estate of LOUIS CHRISTIN, deceased.

Order to show cause why order of distribution should not be made.

On reading and filing the petition of Charles Christin, Administrator of the estate of Louis Christin, deceased, setting forth that he has filed his final account of his administration of the estate of said deceased, in this Court, and that the same has been duly settled and allowed; that all the debts and expense of administration have been duly paid; and that a portion of said estate remains to be divided among the heirs of said deceased, and praying among other things for an order of distribution of the residue of said estate among the persons entitled:

It is ordered, that all persons interested in the Estate of the said Louis Christin, deceased, be and appear before the Probate Court of the City and County of San Francisco, at the Court-room of said Court, in the City Hall in said city and county, on MONDAY, the second day of September 1867, at eleven o'clock, A. M., then and there to show cause why an order of distribution should not be made of the residue of said Estate among the heirs of the said deceased, according to law.

It is further ordered, That a copy of this order be published for four successive weeks before the said 2d day of September A. D. 1857, in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published weekly, in the said city and county.

M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

Dated August 1st, 1867. aug3-5w

C. TEMPLE EMMET, Esq., Atty for Administrator.

IN THE PROBATE COURT OF THE CITY AND County of Sao Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the Estate of OTTO W. BECKMAN, deceased.

Order to show cause why order of distribution should not be made.

On reading and filing the petition of J. W. Brumagim, the administrator of the estate of Otto W. Beckman deceased, setting forth that he has filed his final account of his administration of the estate of said deceased, in this Court, and that the same has been duly settled and allowed; that all the debts and expenses of administration have been duly paid; and that a portion of said estate remains to be divided among the heirs of said deceased, and praying among other things for an order of distribution of the residue of said estate among the persons entitled:

It is Ordered, that all persons interested in the estate of said Otto W. Beckman, deceased, be and appear before the Probate Court of the city and county of San Francisco, at the Court room of said Court, in the City Hall in said city and county, on MONDAY, the second day of September, Anno Domini 1867, at eleven o'clock, A. M., then and there to show cause why an order of distribution should not be made of the residue of said estate among the heirs of the said estate, according to law.

It is further Ordered, that a copy of this order be published for four successive weeks, before the said second day of September A. D. 1867, in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published in the said city and county.

M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

Dated August 1st, 1867 aug3-5t

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF CHRISTIAN ERICKSEN, deceased.—Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the Estate of Christian Ericksen, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator, at his office and place for the transaction of his business, No. 520 Montgomery street, in the City and County of San Francisco.

Dated August 6th, 1867.

WILLIAM A. QUARLES,
Administrator of the Estate of Christian Ericksen, deceased. aug 10-5t

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF BENJAMIN M. CLARK, deceased.—Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administratrix of the above named Estate of Benjamin M. Clark, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against said deceased, to exhibit the same with the necessary vouchers, within ten months from the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix, at No. 24 Exchange Building, northwest corner Washington and Montgomery streets, which is her place for the transaction of business, in the city and county of San Francisco.

Dated at San Francisco, August 1st, 1867.

aug3-5t DORCAS CLARK, Administratrix.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF FRANCOIS GRANDEAU, deceased. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the estate of FRANCOIS GRANDEAU, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator, at his office 520 Montgomery street, in the city and county of San Francisco.

Dated July 29th, 1867.

WILLIAM A. QUARLES,
Administrator of the estate of Francois Grandeau, deceased. aug3-5t

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF JUSTUS D. MILLER, deceased.—Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administratrix of the estate of Justus D. Miller, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administratrix at her place of residence, No. 740, Mission street, in the City and County of San Francisco.

Dated at San Francisco, August 8th, A D. 1867.

aug 10 5t ELIZA MILLER.

PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.'S STEAMSHIPS FOR NEW YORK, JAPAN AND CHINA,

WILL BE DISPATCHED AS FOLLOWS:

Leave Brannan-street Wharf at 11 o'clock A. M. of the following dates, for PANAMA, connecting *via* Panama Railroad, with one of the Company's splendid steamers from ASPINWALL for NEW YORK.

On 10th, 18th, and 30th of each month that has 30 days.
On 10th, 19th, and 30th of each month that has 31 days.

When the 10th, 19th and 30th fall on Sunday, they will leave on Saturday preceding; when the 18th falls on Sunday, they will leave on Monday following.

Steamer leaving San Francisco on the 10th touches at Manzanillo. All touch at Acapulco.

Departure of 19th connects with French Transatlantic company's steamer for St. Nazaire, and English steamer for South America.

Departure of 10th connects with English steamers or Southampton and South America, and P. R. R. Co.'s steamer for Central America.

STEAMERS FOR AUGUST.

August 19th—SACRAMENTO, Capt. J. M. Cavalry, connecting with HENRY CHAUNCEY, Capt. Gray.
August 30th—MONTANA, Capt. E. S. Farnsworth, connecting with ARIZONA, Capt. Maury.

Passengers will be berthed through. Baggage checked through—100 pounds allowed each adult.

Surgeon on board. Medicine and attendance free.

These steamers will positively leave at 11 o'clock. Passengers are requested to have their baggage on board before 10 o'clock.

Through tickets to Liverpool by the "Cunard," "Inman" and "National" Steamship Lines can be obtained of P. M. S. S. Co.'s office in San Francisco.

For Merchandise Freight apply to Wells, Fargo & Co.

The splendid steamship GREAT REPUBLIC will be dispatched on September 3d, and will be followed by the CHINA, on October 14th, from wharf, corner of First and Brannan streets, for YOKOHAMA and HONGKONG; connecting at Yokohama with the steamer COSTA RICA, for SHANGHAI.

For Passage and all other information, apply at Pacific Mail Steamship company's office, corner of Sacramento and Leidesdorff streets.

OLIVER ELDRIDGE, Agent.

OPPOSITION TO NEW YORK

VIA NICARAGUA,

THROUGH AHEAD OF THE MAIL!

Shortest and Only Healthy Route!

THE NORTH AMERICAN S. S. CO.'S STEAMER

AMERICA,

Will sail for SAN JUAN DEL SUR, Nicaragua, from MISSION STREET WHARF, at 12 o'clock, M., on

SATURDAY, - - AUGUST 24th, 1867.

Connecting at Greytown with the magnificent Steamship SANTIAGO, 3,000 tons, for NEW YORK.

No expense on the Isthmus—100 lbs. baggage free.

Surgeon on board; medicine and attendance free.

As there is no Yellow Fever nor other epidemic in Nicaragua, passengers by this route will not be detained by Quarantine in New York.

For further information, apply to

I. W. RAYMOND, Agent,
Northwest corner Battery and Pine streets, up stairs.

STEINWAY & SON'S

Piano-Fortes!

AT THE PARIS EXPOSITION.

Copy of telegram relating to them—New York, July 8, 1867—Received at San Francisco July 9, 1867, 7 P. M.

MATHIAS GRAY, 613 Clay street—By despatch from Paris, Steinways were awarded FIRST Gold Medal of Merit, for highest perfection and most valuable inventions, showing greatest progress in Pianos.

STEINWAY & SONS.

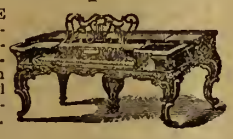
Chickering & Sons' Pianos

RECEIVED THE

FIRST PREMIUM,

(Gold Medal,)

At the Paris Exposition.



FURTHERMORE, THE Improvements, Workmanship, and General Superiority of those instruments over all others on exhibition, was so marked and important, the Emperor created Mr. T. E. CHICKERING

KNIGHT OF THE LEGION OF HONOR.

KOHLER, CHASE & CO.,
421 Montgomery street.

WALTER S. PIERCE,

MANUFACTURER

—AND—

IMPORTER OF

PIANOS.

Old Pianos supplied with new and improved action. Repairing of every description and varnishing attended to with dispatch; also

Agent for Hallet & Cumston's new Concert Scale Pianos. Pianos at prices from $150 to $700.

Factory and Warerooms, No. 536 Market Street, opposite Second.

T. R. CHURCH,

FASHIONABLE

Clothing Emporium,

NO. 203 MONTGOMERY STREET,

(Ruas Block.)

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN

FINE CUSTOM-MADE CLOTHING,

AND GENTS FURNISHING GOODS,

TRUNKS, VALISES, CARPET BAGS, Etc.

MOYNIHAN & AITKIN,

Portland Boiler Works,

311 AND 313 MISSION STREET,

Between Beale and Fremont streets, San Francisco.

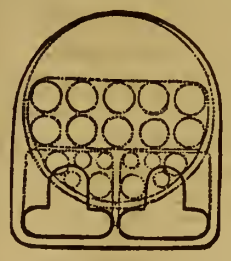
Manufacturers of Steam Boilers, high or low pressure—Cylinder, Tubular or Flue; Sheet Iron Work; Steam and Water Pipe of the best quality, and at more reasonable prices than any other establishment on the Pacific Coast.

Being Practical Boiler Makers, of long experience, confining our whole time and attention to our branch of business, and having enlarged our works, and also added the most improved tools in the country, we are enabled to turn out Boilers more expeditiously than any other establishment on the Pacific Coast—using none but the best quality and brands of Boiler and Sheet Iron and Boiler Tubes. Those in want of anything in the above line will do well to give us a call. Orders from the country will receive prompt attention.

All work warranted according to order. Particular attention paid to Repairing Steam Boilers.

T. J. MOYNIHAN, } Proprietors.
JAS. AITKEN, }

NEPTUNE IRON WORKS.



Corner of MISSION and FREMONT streets,

SAN FRANCISCO.

MARINE,

LOCOMOTIVE,

And all kinds of

HIGH-PRESSURE

STEAM BOILERS

Manufactured.

The proprietor imports his own C. H. and B. Iron across the Isthmus, and Tubes of every size. Other parties can never blockade the market. He has made arrangements with the best houses in the East to furnish him with everything in the shape of Iron he wants.

All Boilers guaranteed and tested by U. S. Boiler Inspector before they are sent out of the shop, at my expense. ☞ All kinds of Sheet Iron and Water Pipe, Coal Oil Stills, Wrought Iron Worms, etc., manufactured to order. OLD BOILERS REPAIRED.

D. CAMERON.

SAN FRANCISCO

Foundry and Machine Works,

Northeast corner Fremont and Mission streets,

Manufacturers of

MARINE AND STATIONARY ENGINES,

Quartz Machinery, Saw, Flour and Sugar Mills, Mining Pumps, Hoisting Gear, Agricultural Implements, etc.

ALSO,

Wine, Cider, Cotton and Tobacco Presses of the latest Improved Patterns.

STEAM ENGINES AND BOILERS,

Of all sizes, constantly on hand; Quartz Mill Shoes and Dies warranted to be made of the best white iron.

Dunbar's Improved Self-Adjusting Piston-Packing, requires no springs or screws; is always steam-tight; with out excessive friction, and never gets slack or leaky.

MACHINERY, OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS,

Bought, sold, or exchanged. Bolt Cutting and Castings at the lowest market rates.

DEVOE, DINSMORE & CO.

PIONEER IRON SHUTTER WORKS.

Established 1849.

John Upstone,

MANUFACTURER OF FIRE-PROOF

Doors and Shutters,

Bank Vaults, Balconies, Gratings, Prison Cells, Awnings, Stairs, Iron Fence, etc.,

Corner of California and Drumm Streets, San Francisco.

Constantly on hand a large assortment of second hand Fire Proof Doors and Shutters.

Removal.

THEODORE KALLENBERG,

Machinist,

Has removed from No. 416 Market street, to No. 10 Stevenson street, next to the corner of First.

Maker of Models for Inventors, Drawing Instruments, Small Machines, Philosophical Instruments, Scales and Weights, all kinds of Brass and Iron Work.

REPAIRING PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

I. H. SMALL,

Machine Shop,

BUILDER OF

Steam Engines, Saw Mills, Mining Machinery,

Also, I. H. Small's Patent Boot Screwing Machine

Gears of all kinds Cut at Short Notice,

And at Greatly Reduced Prices.

Repairing of all kinds done with Promptness and Dispatch.

Corner of Market and Beale Streets,

SAN FRANCISCO

WM. O. BREYFOGLE.

(Successor to WARE & MOSHER,)

NO. 26 CALIFORNIA STREET,

Manufacturer and Dealer in

SASH, DOORS, BLINDS & SHUTTERS,

From Kiln-Dried Lumber—at the Lowest Rates.

Orders from the country will receive prompt attention

TO THE UNFORTUNATE.

NEW REMEDIES! NEW REMEDIES!

Dr. Gibbon's Dispensary.

ESTABLISHED IN 1854,
616 Kearney street, corner of Commercial, San Francisco.

For the treatment of Sexual and Seminal Diseases, such as gonorrhœa, gleet, stricture, syphilis in all its forms, seminal weakness, impotency, &c. Skin Diseases, (of years' standing,) and Ulcerated legs, successfully treated.

HORRIBLE DISEASES.

How many thousands of persons both male and female are there who are suffering out a miserable existence from the effects of secret indulgence, or from virus absorbed into the system. Look at their pallid, emaciated and disfigured faces, and their broken constitutions, disqualifying them for the happiness of marriage or the enjoyment of life. In this horrid situation thousands suffer until death closes the scene. Let parents, guardians and friends, attend to those who are suffering with any of these horrible, life-destroying maladies—see that they are cared for and cured before it be too late. Send them to Dr. Gibbon, a physician who has made private diseases his especial study for years, and who is certain to cure the most inveterate cases without mercury or any injurious drugs. It is important to those who are afflicted, to be careful of the many pretended Doctors who infest all cities, publishing their skill in curing all diseases in a few days, imposing upon the public by using the names of eminent physicians from Europe and other places. Be therefore careful and make strict inquiry, or you may fall into the hands of these charlatans.

Syphilis is syphilis the world over; so is small pox, consumption, and other diseases, to the contrary of what quacks may say.

SEMINAL WEAKNESS.

Seminal weakness the consequent of self abuse. This solitary vice, or depraved sexual indulgence, is practiced by the youth of both sexes to an almost unlimited extent, producing with unnering certainty the following train of morbid symptoms, unless combatted by scientific medical measure; sallow countenances, dark spots under the eyes, pain in the head, ringing in the ears, noise like the rustling of leaves and rattling of chariots, uneasines about the loins, weakness of the limbs, confused vision, blunt intellect, loss of confidence, diffidence in approaching strangers, a dislike to form new acquaintances, a disposition to shun society, loss of memory, hectic flushes, pimples and various eruptions about the face, furred tongue, fetid breath, coughs, consumption, night sweats, monomania, and frequent insanity. If relief be not obtained, should apply immediately, either in person or by letter, and have a cure effected by his new and scientific mode of treating this complaint, which never fails of effecting a quick and radical cure. Dr. G. will give $100 to any person who will prove satisfactorily to him that he was cured by either of the San Francisco quacks.

Dr. Gibbon is responsible, and will give each patient a written instrument binding himself to effect a radical and permanent cure or make no charge.

Persons at a distance may be cured at home by addressing a letter to Dr. Gibbon, stating case, symptoms, length of time the disease has continued, and have medicine promptly forwarded, free from damage and curiosity, to any part of the country, with full and plain directions for use, for ten dollars, sent in a registered letter, or through Wells, Fargo & Co.

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CAUTION TO THE UNFORTUNATE.

Beware of the San Francisco quacks and pretenders who with bogus sworn-to certificates, dupe the unwary. Some of the self styled doctors whose names are to be found in all the daily and weekly papers of San Francisco and other places, are tradesmen, and become too lazy to work at their trade. Some are tinsmiths, shoemakers, newspaper carriers, intelligence offices keepers, etc. Look over the San Francisco City Directory and you will find their former occupation in it. Look at the Directory for 1862-63. The only way to avoid imposition is make inquiry—it will cost you nothing and may save you many regrets, for advertising physicians in eight cases out of ten are hogus, there is no safety in trusting any of them till you know who and what they are. Dr. Gibbon does not deceive people by exhibiting bogus titles, certificates, pretended patients' letters, etc. Dr. Gibbon Will satisfy, persons who may call at his office of his ability to treat diseases that he proposes to cure.

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Established expressly to afford the afflicted sound and scientific Medical Aid, in the treatment and cure of all Private and Chronic Diseases, cases of Secresy and all Sexual Disorders.

IMPOTENCE OR STERILITY,

A short treatise of Spermatorrhea or Seminal Weakness, Impotence, the vice of onanism, masturbation or self-abuse, and other diseases of the sexual organs, by William King Doherty, Physician and Surgeon, San Francisco, Cal.

This book contains information of the utmost value to all married or single, and will be sent FREE by mail on receipt of six cents in postage stamps for return postage.

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San Francisco.

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All kinds of Brass, Composition, Zinc, and Babbitt Metal Castings, furnished at the shortest notice. Brass Ship-Work of all kinds, Spikes, Sheathing Nails, Rudder Braces, Hinges, etc., constantly on hand and made to order. Also, manufacture Ship and Steamboat Bells and Gongs of superior tone.

All kinds of Steam, Liquor, Water, Oil, and Flange Cocks and Valves made and repaired.

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OR SELF-TEACHING

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The System of Babbitonian Penmanship is pre-eminently self-instructing. With its ample explanations of right and wrong forms—its sixty wood cuts—its plain intelligent rules, one may sit down by his own fireside and become a finer Penman than he could at much greater cost in the usual way with a living teacher.

There is a great demand for fine Penmen in the commercial world, and this system, at a trifling expense, imparts a skillful command of the Pen, worth hundreds of dollars to the fortunate possessor.

Penmanship is an indispensable accomplishment to Ladies, and this system is elaborate in a series of elegant copies in the Ladies' Style.

Business men have sometimes lost thousands of dollars from ignorance in regard to Business forms, and there is furnished in a set, without additional charge, a fine variety of Business Forms and Abbreviations. To sum up the Excellencies of this System, it is—

1—Scientific in its Arrangement of Principles;
2—Artistic in its Movements and Flourishes;
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4—Stylish in its neat and chaste Gracefulness;
5—Superior for Legibility, Rapidity and Beauty;
6—Most Disciplinary for fingers, Arms and Muscles.
7—Unexcelled for Comprehensiveness and Simplicity.
8—Complete and Self-Teaching for Private Learners;
9—Time, Labor and Expense Saving for Pupils and Teachers.

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One reason why the country is flooded with poor Pens is that they are generally made by mechanics, rather than by artistic and experienced Penmen, the only parties really understanding the requirements of a good article.

The Babbittonian Pens,

Made in the most finished style, by skilful artisans, after models prepared according to the combined wisdom and experience of several amateurs and old Professors of Penmanship, are admirably adapted to meet the public wants.

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Is one of the most exquisite little instruments for delicate writing ever constructed.

The Babbittonian Extra Fine Pen,

Is pronounced by a large number of Penmen to be more free, more durable, and more varied in capacity for either fine or coarse strokes than any foreign Pen whatever. Suitable for elegant writing, it is a great favorite with the ladies and gentlemen.

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Having great freedom and variety of movement, is unequaled for general business or school purposes. Somewhat coarser than the Extra Fine, it wears longer and moves more easily on paper.

☞ This Pen is now in use in the large countinghouses and banks in this city.

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305 Montgomery Street, San Francisco.

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"The Lord's Prayer,"

A pen drawing, by Mr. D. F. Brown, is one of the most remarkable works of art ever exhibited in this country. By patient labor he has succeeded in producing a design which for skill and beauty of execution, exquisite softness and delicacy of finish, and general merit, it would seem scarcely possible to surpass. The central figure—the face of our Savior—is one of marvelous power and beauty. This and the faces of the Twelve Apostles, forming the border of the piece, are faithful copies from Leonardo da Vinci's famous painting of the

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Re-producing, with the softest and most perfect shadings, the conceptions and characteristic expressions of the originals. Within this enclosure the words of the Lord's Prayer, in ornamental letters of various original designs and exquisite finish, are an interesting study of art in themselves; while appropriately distributed among these, miniture groups and scenes of marked events of Savior's life, copied from the great masters—five of them from Raphel a celebrated designs—form a harmonious completion of this unique, beautiful and truly wonderful work. The faces of

OUR LORD AND HIS APOSTLES.

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Edwin Adams' Matinee to day,
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The Eminent Artists, MR. AND MRS. F. M. BATES, have been engaged, and will make their appearnce on TUESDAY next, in CAMILLE.

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The Great Prize Drama, entitled,
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No Extra Charge for Reserved Seats.
Doors open at 7 o'clock; to commence at 8.

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"UN BALLO IN MASCHERA."

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A GRAND INSTRUMENTAL CONCERT every Saturday afternoon; and on Sundays a Grand Concert of Sacred Music, appropriate to the day.

Admission 25 cents. Children half price.

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FOR STATE HARBOR COMMISSIONER,
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OF SAN FRANCISCO.

INDEPENDENT CANDIDATE
For School Director,
For the Tenth District,
S. C. BUGBEE.

Notice to Tax-Payers.

CLERK'S OFFICE, BOARD OF SUPERVISORS, San Francisco, August 12, 1867.

Public notice is hereby given that the Books of the Real Estate and Military Assessment Rolls of the City and County of San Francisco for the fiscal year 1867-68 will be open for examination in this office from 9 A. M. to 4 o'clock P. M., during the sitting of the Board of Equalization.

A Committee of the Board of Equalization will be in session in the chambers of the Board of Supervisors daily, (Sundays excepted) from 1 to 3 o'clock P. M., until further notice, for the purpose of receiving and considering applications for the alterations or reduction of assessments upon real estate,

All applications for reduction of assessments are required to be verified by oath. See Statutes of 1863-64, page 189.

JAS. W. BINGHAM,
Clerk of Board of Supervisors.

W. E. BRIDGE,

St. Lawrence Stables,

212 Sutter street, between Kearny and Dupont,
SAN FRANCISCO.

GEO. A. PARKER. SAM. B. WATTSON. DAVID CONKLING.

PARKER, WATTSON & CO.,

Importers and Jobbers of

Havana & Domestic Cigars, Tobacco,

ETC.....ETC.....ETC.,

Nos. 306 and 308 Clay street, one door above Front,
SAN FRANCISCO.

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Independent Municipal Ticket.

Mayor	J. B. ROBERTS
Sheriff	HENRY L. DAVIS
County Treasurer	JOSEPH S. PAXSON
County Recorder	E. W. LEONARD
County Clerk	WASHINGTON BARTLETT
County Assessor	WILLIAM R. WHEATON
District Attorney	W. C. BURNETT
Sup't Public Schools	JAMES DENMAN
County Surveyor	WM. P. HUMPHREYS
Harbor Master	MARCUS HARLOE
Coroner	DR. J. LETTERMAN

For Supervisors.

Wards.	*Wards.*
2. J. R. BOLTON,	8. J. B. E. CAVALLIER,
3. E. F. STONE,	10. J. D. HAWKS,
4. WM. T. REYNOLDS,	12. T. J. POULTERER.
6. D. D. SHATTUCK,	

For School Directors.

Wards.	*Wards.*
2. H. H. LAWRENCE,	8. R. P. HAMMOND,
4. J. M. JOHNSON,	10. S. C. BUGBEE,
6. J. W. WINANS,	12. HENRY DUTION.
7. IRA P. RANKIN,	

For Justices of the Peace.

T. HART HYATT, JR.,	CHAUNCEY CORNELL,
THOMAS S. MILLER,	J. D. CREIGH.
T. W. TALIAFERRO,	

Address of the People's Nominating Committee.

The undersigned, called together by their fellow citizens as an INDEPENDENT MUNICIPAL NOMINATING CONVENTION, for the purpose of recommending to the suffrages of the people of this city candidates for the various municipal and judicial offices to be filled at the approaching September and October elections, herewith submit to the consideration of the public the foregoing *Municipal* ticket.

In discharge of the serious duty assigned to us, we have sought to be guided solely by a sincere desire to secure the highest public good. In our selections of men we have aimed to regard the qualifications of the various candidates and their characters, *and their qualifications and character alone*, irrespective of *our* personal friendships or *their* polical affilitions.

We believe that the principle which should control all the citizens of San Francisco in the choice of their city officers ought to be this, and only this: "The right man in the right place:" and upon this principle we have endeavored to act in all our nominations. We have attempted to be above prejudice and bias. We have tried to make careful and thorough investigation respecting each candidate presented, and to act with such wisdom as has been possessed by us, and our decisions have been made after what seemed to us due deliberation.

The result of our labors we now submit to you, fellow-citizens, in the hope that your approval of our action may be found in your hearty endorsement of the ticket now presented, and in the election of *all* the candidates appearing thereupon.

J. W. Clark,	A. T. Fletcher,
L. Maynard,	Samuel P. Taylor,
A. G. Stiles,	Thomas H. Selby,
George W. Gibbs,	Ed. H. Parker,
J. W. Stowe,	W. H. Osgood,
W. W. Montague,	C. Christiansen,
M. Mayblum,	Walter N. Hawley,
K. C. Eldridge	Jonathan Kitteredge,
H. B. Tiebonor,	Aug. Helbing,
N. C. Fassett,	B. H. Randolph,

J. J. McKinnon.

TO THE PEOPLE of CALIFORNIA

A CARD.

GEO. C. GORHAM ON CHINESE SUFFRAGE.

THE FOLLOWING CARD OVER THE SIGNATURE of GEORGE C. GORHAM, appears in the San Francisco Press, and is now republished to show the people of California how that gentleman, while claiming the suffrages of the people of the State for the highest office in their gift, can deny the truth of his own published and recorded statements:

SAN FRANCISCO, August 17, 1857.

H. J. TILDEN, Esq., Chairman State Central Committee —Dear Sir:—A circular has met my eye in which it is stated that I favor Chinese Suffrage. As a final answer to all the din raised on this subject, I wish to say to the people of the State, through you, that I am not, and never have been in favor of the extension of the Suffrage to the Chinese.

The Democracy are reduced to desperate straits, when they find it necessary to reiterate the oft exploded falsehood contained in the Circular alluded to.

Please give this circulation in the Union papers, and have it advertised in the Sacramento Union and Bee, and San Francisco Bulletin and Morning Call.

(Signed) Yours, truly, GEO. C. GORHAM.

Proof of the Utter Falsity of this Card.

Gorham says to Colonel Gray, in reply to the celebrated Chinese letter of the latter gentlemnn, April 19, 1867:

"I (Gorham) believe in the *universal brotherhood of man.*"

"I (Gorham) cannot believe that you (Gray), an old Republican of 1856, became so imbued with *caste* prejudices, while sitting as a delegate at the Philadelphia Convention, as to be ready to *deny the right of man to the humblest of your fellow-creatures.*"

Gorham, in his published address to the people of California, June 18th, says:

"The war of opinion is not yet fought through. It is to go on until *National Citizenship shall be beyond the control* of local authority, and *manhood alone* be the test *of a right to a voice in the Government.*"

Speaking of the amendment of the Federal Constitution, Gorham said at Platt's Hall, July 10th:

"If this change is made, it will obviate the necessity of an amendment to our State Constitution, which will otherwise soon be demanded by the popular sense of justice, enfranchising those of the United States resident in this State who are excluded from voting on account of color."

Gorham said at Platt's Hall, August 13th, that he "*denounced the accursed heresy that this was a* WHITE MAN'S *country alone.* He respectfully requested that EVERY MAN who feared the *negro* and *Chinaman* in competition *should vote against him at the polls.*"

Thus stands George C. Gorham convicted by his own words; and no means of escape remains for him, except to deny that he ever wrote Colonel Gray, or published an address to the people, or a Card to the Chairman of his Committee, one or the other, or the whole of them.

ANTI-COOLIE.

AMERICAN HOTEL,
Main street, . . Petaluma.
EMERSON & LAMBERTON Proprietors.

The Californian.

"SURELY THERE IS A VEIN FOR THE SILVER AND A PLACE FOR GOLD WHERE THEY FINE IT."

VOLUME VII., No. 15. OFFICE, No. 532 MERCHANT STREET. | SAN FRANCISCO, AUGUST 31, 1867. | TERMS, $5 A YEAR, BY MAIL, IN ADVANCE. 50 CENTS A MONTH, BY CARRIER.

CONTENTS:

ORIGINAL: A Californian Poet, a Review of Stoddard's Poems; A Rehearsal, by Prentice Mulford; Five Years in Japan, third paper, by Forbes Maitland; Stop Thief; Literary Gleanings; Ruskin on "Constant Art" Emerson to the Phi Beta Kappas; "Lion's Mouth;" City Gossip; Female Political Interest; How to put up Nicholson Pavement; Horace Hawes; Aid to the Enemy; Fast Swallowers; Very Particular; Dramatic Affairs, etc. SELECTED: Theatrical Farewells—Garrick and Siddon's, by Charles Dickens; A Raid up the Edisto; A Sea-Shore Experience, by John Quill; Poetry, Paragraphs, etc.

THE LION'S MOUTH.

"THE gravest beast is an ass, the gravest bird is an owl, the gravest fish is an oyster, and the gravest man is a fool." SYDNEY SMITH.

"I WILL roar, that I will do any man's heart good to hear me." A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

"I WILL aggravate my voice so, that I will roar you as gently as any sucking dove; I will roar you an 't were any nightingale." IBID.

"*Nil falsi audeat, nil veri non audeat dicere.*" CICERO.

City Gossip.

HORACE HAWES.—This gentleman held a mass meeting on his own responsibility at Platt's Hall on Tuesday evening last. A band of brass music was present, and two young men at the door dispensed *gratis* Hawaian literature. Horace is extensive in stature, owns a long nose, (the Napoleonic test of greatness,) a large mouth, lofty forehead, gray whiskers, and wiggish looking hair. The body is pliant and bends like a weeping willow when speaking. His voice, generally loud, falls at times so low that no one can hear him save himself, and we doubt if he accomplishes that feat always. Horace conveys the idea of being thoroughly honest.

Horace reviewed his past course. He has done the State, county and city some service, and he knows it. There was the Consolidation Bill, which plugged up a leak in the city treasury amounting to one million four hundred thousand and forty-seven dollars, the law which established a political heaven in the government of San Mateo county, the Justices Reform Bill, which prevented all that class of gentry in this city from becoming millionaires in less than six months, and last, but not least, the Registry Act, for which he has been abused worse than was Moses by the Israelites for leading them out of bondage. He admitted some errors in the practical workings of this law, and promised if re-elected to the office of joint senator from San Mateo and San Francisco to do his best to remedy them. Mr. Stebbins fired the last oratorical gun. Mr. Stebbins is not a candidate—yet both are good men if they do "speak in meeting."

FIRES.—Fires have been uncommonly frequent during the last week. The skating palace on Long Bridge, and the Odeum, places where people endeavored to amuse themselves on Sunday, are among the more notable edifices which have gone the way of all wooden buildings. The British ship *Blackwall* was also fired while laying out in the stream and partially destroyed. All this is very annoying to the Insurance Companies and the Paid Fire Department. Housekeepers must be more careful and look well after their matches, particularly those of California manufacture, which are as inflammable as an Irishman's temper on St. Patrick's day; an Englishman at hearing disrespectful remarks concerning Queen Vic, or an ardent Gorhamite at mention of the *Bulletin* or *Sacramento Union*.

POLITICES MADE EASY.—"If people cannot vote for Haight, they should vote for Fay."—*Call.*

The wayfaring man, particularly if a fool, cannot go astray politically, if he heeds the advice tendered with such charming simplicity by the *Call.*

YOUNG AMERICA.—"Let her rip! father's rich and mother's got the money."

Such was the cry raised by the Yale and Harvard students belonging to the boat clubs while "on the rampage," destroying fifteen thousand dollars' worth of doors, windows, mirrors, crockery—in fact everything breakable and smashable at the Worcester Hotel. Fine commentary on the domestic training of the youthful citizens of this grand and glorious Republic, isn't it? "Fathers' rich and mother's got the money." Yes, that's about all that the paternal and maternal relatives of these destructive scholars do possess. We imagine father's a shoddyite or a petroleumite, and mother wears No. 8 shoes *sans* instep.

AN UNMELODIOS PIG.—The six-legged pig show at the corner of California and Montgomery streets has been stopped. The centipedal swine says she was as much bored by the horrid din as "any other hook-keeper," and that the nuisance ought from the first to have been abated under the law for the prevention of cruelty to animals. She evidently has no ear for music.

PATRIOTISM MADE EASY.—"The opponents of Gorham & Co., either on the Haight or Fay ticket are patriots," etc.—*Call.*

Of course they were patriots on one side or the other. Dan Gelwicks, Democratic candidate for State Printer, for instance. He was a Confederate patriot, and right manfully did he, on paper, in the heart of the enemy's country, prosecute his part of the war.

FEMALE POLITICAL INTEREST.—Said a lady to us not long since, with that charming simplicity, which is a characteristic of the gentler sex, when they try their intellects on the comprehension of the mysterious masculine and awful kingdom of politics: "It seems to me one cannot tell anything about the result of the coming election. Mr. Gorham's friends do say he will certainly be elected, and so do Mr. Haight's. What do you think of it, Mr. Pobbles.

Here was an opportunity to talk and display political knowledge. Previously we had not spoken a word or expressed an idea for a quarter of an hour. We commenced, "Mrs. ——, the result of the coming election cannot, with accuracy, be foretold. While there seems to be a strong Gorhamite tendency in the interior, things look fearfully favorable for Haight in this city. The National Republicans have nominated Mr. Fay, a gubernatorial candidate obviously with no other view than that of defeating the regular Union party. This shameful proceeding, Madam, is endorsed by the *Bulletin* and Sacramento *Union*. Beside, Mr. Gorham suffers severely from the conflicting reports regarding his views of Chinese suffrage. Now, in my opinion"—

"O, Mr. Pobbles," suddenly broke out this lady, "what do you think of Charley Stoddard's new book?"

And yet women who thus treat valuable political information with such disrespect come out boldly and ask for the privilege of exercising the elective franchise! My bleeding country! whither art thou drifting?

OUR PETROLEUM STOVE.—This eccentric, wonderful, and at one time supposed dangerous culinary beast is becoming very tractable. We've tamed him. It cuts up no more diabolical shines save once in a while when left alone with the servant girl. It loves to frighten her; but then it don't mean anything dangerous. She's afraid of it, and prays to the ferruginous and asphaltic monster every night and morning. If a little wicked it is very clever. Machines, as well as men, are inclined to be a little wicked. It cooks wonderfully—makes up its own fire in the morning—sends to market and gets trusted for beef—brings hot coffe to our bedside at six o'clock A. M.—rings the first bell to rouse us from our slumbers—then rings for family prayers—then for breakfast—washes our feet and shirts—"suffereth long and is kind, is not puffed up, thinketh no evil," votes for Gorham—favors female suffrage—and is not opposed to the eight hour movement.

EVIDENCES OF SAN FRANCISCO INDUSTRY AND INGENUITY TO BE sent to the coming Agricultural State Fair, at Sacramento.—The Stratman patent for curing disloyalty. The general appearance of this apparatus is that of a well proportioned man with a large moustache. Upon the utterance of any disloyal expressions in its immediate vicinity, the flexors and extensors of its right arm are worked with great force and rapidity, and a huge bunch of fives descends with great force on the nasal projection of the offensive object. It has sustained a number of successful trials. It also sells all the latest newspapers, magazines and periodicals, Eastern, Foreign and domestic, with unexampled rapidity and dispatch.

THE GRADUAL ELIMINATION OF DEMOCRATIC HARDNESS.—Jo Hamilton, in a recent speech, remarked that the Democracy had formerly been a hard party. There are certainly some evidences of reform, moral and political, among the Democrats; yet, judging from the insurrectionary symptoms manifested not long since at a Republican meeting in front of Platt's Hall, it would appear that the obstropolous Democratic youth has some hard lumps left in him yet. We have been among Indians, who four years previous, would have been greatly pleased to "lift" our auburn locks but they didn't—and why? Because there were among them unpleasant recollections of severe and summary castigation for such uncalled-for tonsorial operations.

The Democracy is not very "hard" now, and why? A severe pummelling is apt to leave some soft spots. It will all eventually be worked out by the same method.

HOW TO PUT UP NICHOLSON PAVEMENT.—The process of laying the Nicholson Pavement in Merchant street is now completed, and that thoroughfare presents a clean, clear and unbroken surface, over which any number of respectable citizens may walk directly into the office of the CALIFORNIAN and subscribe for this valuable and interesting paper. The sidewalk is no longer encumbered with heaps of blocks, gravel, boards and tar boilers, consequently our editorial corps now succeed at night in finding their way to their room with some degree of regularity.

Nicholson Pavement is put up thus. This prescription will answer for one block

Tar, hot	2 bbls.
Square blocks	One big pile.
Men	Six to eight.
Women	000.
Gravel sifted	Small pile.
Boards	Several thousand feet.

Mix thoroughly; soak blocks in tar; boards ditto; "set 'em up;" sprinkle gravel, ditto tar; pound, ram, and smoke the whole neighborhood thoroughly.

P. S.—Stimulating drinks may be taken with impunity while the operation is going on.

MARK TWAIN.—Mark Twain is probably by this time in the Holy Land. Mark will first direct his steps to the spot rendered to him sacred by association with Ananias, an individual whose regard for veracity was fully equal to that of Mark himself. It is not unlikely that Ananias' shade will accompany Mark throughout his wanderings, a mutual, beautiful, and natural sympathy being established between them, more particularly arising from Mark's efforts to repopularize Ananias about a year and a half ago, when he introduced him to the San Francisco public, as engaged in the business of swapping lies with Fitz-Smythe, on the outskirts of hell.

Aid to the Enemy.

The Hon. Thos. Fitch made a very eloquent speech on Wednesday evening at the American Theatre. Like many other eloquent men he said some silly things. The following remark is likely to give more aid and comfort to the enemy of Mr. Fitch's party than probably any of the nonsense which will be uttered during the campaign:

"In filthy habits, in peculiar ideas, in manners and in customs, the Chinaman and the Democrats were alike; and if there had been any chance of using John, they would have got him."

There are many "Black Republicans" who will object to this statement. Andrew Jackson was a Democrat, yet he was not like a Chinaman. Thomas Jefferson was superior to most of the Chinamen in California in personal cleanliness, and the same remark refers to Thomas H. Benton and Stephen A. Douglas. Really, Mr. Fitch, this is coming it a little too strong, cutting it a little too fat, in fact going the whole hog. This is not the manner in which to convert our erring Democratic brethren to sound Congressional opinions. Many respectable men have been Democrats and many more will be. The Republican party does not monopolize all the respectability of the country.

Land Swallowers.

Many croakers are fond of prophesying that San Francisco will some day be swallowed by an earthquake. According to A. M. Comstock, who spoke at the Pueblo meeting in the Academy of Music, Saturday last, the outside lands of San Francisco have been already swallowed up, not by earthquakes, but by Supervisors. He says:

"Col. Hayes was a Supervisor, and he swallowed 160 acres of the pueblo land at a gulp. William Greer was a Supervisor, and he swallowed a large tract. Dr. Rowell was a Supervisor, and he swallowed a large tract."

Dr. Rowell should be made to throw up that large tract if he has to have large and repeated doses of his own medicines. Of course all these ravenous Supervisors will cast up their lots just as the whale cast up Jonah if a few more meetings are held at Platt's Hall. Comstock's the man to make them sick. Then we'll all have a lot a-piece if its only 6x4 feet in Lone Mountain.

An Interesting Newspaper.

The local news of the *Bulletin* is now-a-days of the most thrilling description. Fitz-Smythe must look to his laurels. The story of the bald headed girl who wore a wig, and went to Woodward's Garden and got it snatched off by an ape, which appeared in yesterday's issue, is equal to the best efforts of the humorist of the *Alta*. This is what the ape did:

"A malicious smirk played over his features, he threw his eyebrows back, and springing with the rapidity of lightning against the side of the cage, thrust his long arms through the bars and caught hold upon the ringlets. The lady screamed, but not with pain, for in an instant the false collection was inside the cage, and she stood before the spectators with head as bald as if 70 winters had poured their frosts and snows upon it."

Very Particular.

Every now and again matrimonial advertisements appear in the daily papers. We clip the following from a morning paper:

MATRIMONIAL.—A young man wishes to become acquainted with some respectable young Girl, with a view to matrimony. She must have a fair education, good temper, high forehead, blue eyes, and straight nose; would prefer rather tall. Such a girl can find a comfortable home, and a true and loving husband.

We think that young man is quite right in bargaining for a fair education and good temper, but why so particular about the straight nose? Should a man be led by the nose to marry a girl? We fear that young man will have some difficulty in finding a girl who exactly answers the description. Couldn't he put up with one with a good education and a fair temper, one high; with regard to her forehead, but low as to stature, one with blue eyes but a crooked nose? If he cannot get one to suit him with regard to these particulars he had better have one made to order.

Discriminating Theatrical Criticism.

The talented theatrical critic of the *Alta* is occasionally very discriminating in his criticisms. For instance: in his notice of the first night's performance of *True to the Core*, he says.

"It has many striking situations which will be very effective on a second night's performance; one of the best was almost spoiled last night by the slowness of the lightning which should strike the mast of the ship."

Ajax defied the lightning, the *Alta's* critic—a judge of lightning—criticises the Metropolitan Theatre's lightning as too slow. It struck the ship too slowly, and thus destroyed a striking situation. We are glad to state that the lightning has, ever since that first night, been as fast as could be desired, and is of a quality which will stand criticism.

CIRCUMSTANCE.

FOUR little seasons, from May to May,
And here you stand by my side again,
With nothing altered, of all, to-day,
But the heart you offered then.

I reckon you neither false nor cold:
Why quarrel with wrong so lightly done?
Love is a tale that is often told,
But truly—to only one.

The power that drew you was never I;
Not I, but the flowers we plucked together;
The odorous eves, the fickle sky,
The blossomy April weather.

Those violet scents would cling, be sure;
Breathing a sweetness about my name;
A seeming life, that could just endure
Till the one real passion came.

What wonder the fresh brown rose exceeds
Those withered violets, pale and old?
And, soul of your soul, this new love needs
No memories' added hold!

I touched but a fancy—let it go!
My future, likewise, may haply bring
That heart, as dear in December snow
As the budding warmth of Spring.

OLD STORIES RE-TOLD.

THEATRICAL FAREWELLS. GARRICK AND SIDDONS.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

I.—DAVID GARRIC.

AT the beginning of 1776, theatrical London was both startled and distressed to hear rumors clear and confident in the clubs and in the dark, louder and more certain in the green-room, of Garrick's intention to leave the stage, where he had so long reigned the delight and wonder of the age and the emperor of all hearts.

It had long been known that Barry's rivalry (Barry was the most ardent and tender of Romeos) had compelled the great actor to exertions far beyond his strength. The death of his energetic coadjutor, Mr Lacy, the joint patentee of Drury Lane, had also thrown upon Garrack a burden too great for him to bear. From 1773 (the date of Mr. Lacy's death), he had almost abandoned Bosworth Field, Dover Cliff, and the gloomy fortress at Dunsinane, for his even more congenial haunts in the wainscoted drawing rooms and palace antechambers of comedy, where, aided by charming Mrs. Abington, the best would-be fine lady ever seen on the boards, he still bantered as Benedict, mounted the ladder as Ranger, blustered as Don Felix, or became a mean and exquisite gull as Abel Drugger.

In January, 1776, appeared a poor farce of Colman's called The Spleen, or Islington Spa, meant to ridicule the affectation of would-be fashionable citizens, who, discontented with their own snug independence, had vainly tried to turn a Pentonville chalybeate into the centre of a second city of Bath. The piece ran for a fortnight only. In the prologue, written by Garrick, with his usual neatness and vivacity, public allusion was first made to the intended retirement of the author. After describing the restless cit, who, envious of Lord Flimsy and the Maccaronis, retires to his villa at Islington, and among his leaden gods and box-tree peacocks, sighs for the merry bustle of butcher row, the writer says;

> The master of this shop, too, seeks repose,
> Sells off his stock-in-trade—his verse and prose,
> His dagger, buskins, thunder, lightning, and old clothes.

Garrick was already preparing for that solemn last scene of all.

> That ends this strange, eventful history.

A few days after the appearance of The Spa, Garrack produced the farce of Bon Ton. He had written this satire of the follies imported from France, as a present for his favorite actor, King, who appeared in it, together with arch Mrs. Abington and sensible Miss Pope.

The versatile genius who had first appeared on the stage at Ipswhich in 1741 as Aboan, in Southern's Oronoka, Sir Harry Wildair, and Harlequin, was about to close his triumphs, and leave his mimic world.

He was rich, he was famous; the wise, the learned, and the beautiful crowded to his almost royal levees still:

> Superfluous lagged the veteran on the stage.

The call-boy now spoke with a hollow and warning voice, and the prompter was old age. It had been a long phantasmagoric life of pleasure and success since, as a trim lad of eighteen, he and his strange, clever, unsuccessful schoolmaster had set out from Litchfield to try their fortunes in London. A long procession of years had passed before him since in Goodman's Field he first defied the rivalry of Macklin, Quin, and Cibber, and set Mrs. Clive, Mrs. Pritchard, and Mrs. Woffington talking of the clever young man with the large dark eyes who had been praised by Lord Orrery, and who had even drawn the great Mr. Pope from Twickenham. Hogarth, too, was full of admiration. The string of the "quality" carriages had reached from Temple Bar to the little theatre. The mad king, the generous hero, the butterfly rake, the honest farmer, the maddened tyrant, had all changed at last into the one final character of the almost worn-out old man. Those great elastic eyebrows had lost their spring; the subtle mouth its magic power; those supernatural eyes their hidden fire and sunshine; age, cruel age, had disenchanted that gifted face, which had so well mimicked all the passions of our species; the voice, once clear as a clarion, melodious as a flute, varied as the note of a mocking-bird, was fast sinking to childish treble. All London felt keenly what a source of pleasure was henceforth to be closed to them. Garrick's parsimony and nervous vanity were now forgotten, his virtues and genius better remembered. His Brute and Bayes, his Lear and Richard, his Kitely and Drugger, had been the friends of the town for years, and the most intellectual men had spent their most innocent and happiest hours in their society.

That Garrick felt intense pain at the thought of this impending parting there can be no doubt. He was like the sleeping knight in Tasso's enchanted garden of Armida, now at last to be roughly awoke and expelled from the golden world of dreams. The stage crown was to be laid down, the stage sceptre was to be given to other hands. The painted forests of Arden were to be quitted, the dim magic light of the darkened stage, the pasteboard fortresses, and Richard's royal couch, were to be seen no more; red fire was no longer to glare upon him; stage jewels were to be laid aside. He was to go forth in his old age into to the cold, garish, prosaic outer world, and to leave his courtiers and armies, his conspirators and peasants, to be governed by another. Like Caliban, he must have wept to "dream again."

Shakspeare himself had a deep sense of the perishable nature of an actor's fame. It is easier to describe a special rainbow, or the swift vision of a momentary sunbeam, than to convey an impression to those who have not seen him what even Robson was like in his climaxes of nervous irritation alternating with quiety. Who can describe justly Macready's Werner or Virginius, the elder Kean's tiger-like rage, or the generous manliness of Bannister? The actor's true fame perishes with his life; after death it is only a fitful and varying tradition. It soon becomes disputed whether Roscius or Garrick were or were not better than the Boanerges of this or that theatre, he who acts Othello like the mad butcher that he is, and croaks through Hamlet like the raven on Macbeth's battlements. It really ceases when the footlights are put out after the last appearance. The poem and novel may be eternal, the picture has its own more precarious but still long existence, the conquest is remembered by the future misery it entails; but the actor, the actor is

> Such stuff
> As dreams are made of, and his little life
> Is rounded by a sleep.

His painted world of laughter and of tears is but the baseless fabric of vision; his cloud capped towers are but as the evening shadows, and melt into air—into thin air.

Garrick had already felt some bitter foretastes of death. The worst kick the dying lion receives is from the hoof of an ass. The detractors, who often appear like bats in the twilight of a great man's life, began to say that as Ranger he had got old in the legs; that his face was now too wrinkled and his eye too lustreless for Romeo; that his voice was too hoarse and hollow for Hamlet. His dimples had become pits, said they; his neck was sinewy; his upper lip was like a turgid piece of leather. Cibber had been better as Bayes, Quinn as Sir John Brute and Macbeth; the town had disliked his Hotspur. O'Brien had been a smarter coxcomb and man of fashion. Mas. Cive had surpassed him in low comedy. Quin in Lear, Johnson in nature, Mrs. Porter in passionate tragedy. These foolish haters hated as strongly as if they could derive pecuniary benefit from a great man's downfall, and Garrick, all nerved and vanity, Garrick, the man who wrote his own critiques, quivered at every gnat-bite as if he had been crunched by the teeth of a tiger.

> Three acts are done, the jest grows stale,
> The lamps are growing dim and pale,
> And reason asks *cui bono?*

The night before he quitted the stage for ever, Garrick bade farewell to tragedy. He played Lear to the Cordelia of Miss Younge. His biographer, Murphy, tells us where Garrick got his model for the mad king. He says:

"When he began to study this great and difficult part, he was acquainted with a worthy man who lived in Leman street-Goodman's Fields; this friend had an only daughter about two years old; he stood at his dining-room window fondling the child, and dangling it in his arms, when it was his misfortune to drop the infant into a flagged area, and killed it on the spot. He remained at his window screaming in the agonies of grief. The neighbors flocked to the house, took up the child, and delivered it dead to the unhappy father, who wept bitterly, and filled the the street with lamentations. He lost his senses, and from that moment never recovered his understanding. As he had sufficient fortune, his friends chose to let him remain in his house under two keepers appointed by Dr. Monro. Garrick frequently went to see his distracted friend, who passed the remainder of his life in going to the window, and their playing in fancy with his child. After some dalliance he dropped it, and, bursting into a flood of tears, filled the house with shrieks of grief and bitter anguish. He then sat down in a pensive mood, his eyes fixed on one object, at times looking slowly round as if to implore compassion. Garrick was often present at this scene of misery, and was ever after used to say that it gave him the first idea of King Lear's madness."

As the curtain fell on the dead king and his dead daughter, Lear and Cordelia lay on the stage side by side and hand in hand. They rose together, and hand in hand still went in silence to the dressing room followed by many of the company. They stood there, Lear and Cordelia, still bound by the strong sympathy of the play, hand in hand, and without speaking. At last Garrick said, mournfully, and with a sigh:

"Ah! Bessie, this is the last time I shall ever be your father—the last time!"

Then their hands fell asunder.

Miss Younge replied with an affectionate hope that, before they finally parted, he would kindly give her a father's blessing.

Garrick raised his hands solemnly; Miss Younge bent her knee, and bowed her fair head, as the old man fervently prayed God to bless her. Then slowly turning, he said, "May God bless you all!" and retired to take off his King Lear dress for the last time.

When Quin was dying at Bath, he said: "I could wish that the last tragic scene were over, and I hope I may be enabled to meet and pass through it with dignity." On Garrick, that actor who had played a hundred characters, and had originated thirty, that last scene had now opened. Regret, sorrow, and gratitude, were struggling in his heart.

On the 10th of June 1776, Garrick appeared for the last time as Don Felix in the comedy of the Wonder. He had wished to close with Richard the Third, his first great triumph; but he had considered that after the nervous tent-scene, and the rage and passion of the battle, he should be worth nothing, and might be too fatigued to utter his farewell. He braced himself up to be once more dazzling, vivacious, airy, gallant, and witty. He resolved to show himself as if passed through Medea's caldron, again young and vigerous. Garrick's thrift had been cruelly ridiculed by Foote and other heartless wits as the basest stinginess. His last public act, however, was a work of charity. He had always been a generous rival and a kind manager. He now wished to enforce on a thoughtless and somewhat reckless race the necessity of providing for the poor straggler from the ranks, and for the defeated and beaten down in life's long and tough battle. A fund for old and infirm actors had been incorporated at Drury Lane by his exertions; he had also provided an annual benefit to help forward the charity. He now announced that the profits of his last night were to go to this admirable fund. His prologue on this occasion was admirably neat, full of humor, and contained many happy allusions to the motely contrasts of theatrical life.

Garrick delivered it gaily, and with the true point and sparkle, and then went through his part of Don Felix with great humor and assumed vivacity. Now came the awful moment that was to extinguish at once the sunshine of thirty years of public favor. He had now to close down over his own head the lid of his own coffin. The pleasure, pride, and hope of his life had been his success upon the stage upon which he was now about to turn his reluctant back. He had had the good sense to feel that verse would be too restricting a vehicle for his feelings of sorrow, and with his fine sensitive countenance quivering with unfeigned emotion, he advanced and addressed the audience in these simple but touching words:

"Ladies and Gentlemen—It has been customary with persons under my circumstances to address you in a farewell epilogue. I had the same intention, and turned my thoughts that way; but I found myself then as incapable of writing such an epilogue, as I should be now of speaking. The jingle of rhyme and the language of fiction would but ill suit my present feelings. This is to me a very awful moment: it is no less than parting forever with those from whom I have received the greatest kindness, and upon the spot where that kindness and your favors were enjoyed. [Here his voice failed him; he paused till a gush of tears relieved him.] Whatever may be the changes of my future life, the deepest impression of your kindness will always remain here—here, in my heart, fixed and unutterable. I will readily agree to my successors having more skill and ability for their station than I have had; but I defy them all to take more uninterrupted pains for your favor, or to be more truly sensible of it, than is your grateful humble servant."

Having uttered these sentiment, he bowed respectfully to all parts of the house, and at a slow pace, and with much hesitation, withdrew forever from the presence of the town.

The audience felt what it was losing, and was reluctant to part—parting is such sweet sorrow. They felt, as Dr. Browne had written, that his great genius had dignified the stage, had "restored it to the fulness of its ancient splendor, and with a variety of powers beyond example established nature—Shakspeare and himself. The gaiety of the nation, as Johnson said, was eclipsed by his exit. Men were seeing and hearing, for the last time, what Smollett had praised:

"The sweetness and variety of tones, the irresistible magic

of his eyo, the fire and vivacity of his action, the elegance of attitudes, and the whole pathos of cxpression."

Every face in the theatre was clonded with grief, tears were bursting from many eyes and rolling down many cheeks. The sorrow was electric, and spread from heart to heart. The cry of "Farewell" resounded from box to box, and seat to seat, till it became a mighty agitated clamor like the moan of a troubled ocean. A sun had gone down after a day of changeless lustre; the end of the theatrical world seemed come.

Garrick soon after signed the deeds for the sale of half his patent to Sheridan, Ford and Lindley, and retired to his pretty and tranquil villa at Hampton. He died on January 20, 1779, at his house, No. 5, Adelphi-terrace. He was buried grandly in the Abbey— a fitting place for the grave of so wonderful a man. Years afterwards, Dr. Johnson and Boswell were one evening, in the summer evening stillness, looking over the rails of Adelphi-terrace at the Thames flowing below them, dark, silent, and mysterious as Lethe. After an interval of thoughful silence, Boswell said:

"I was thinking just then of two friends we have lost, who once lived in the buildings behind us. Topham Beauclerk, and Garrick."

„Ay, sir," said the great man, tenderly, "and two such friends can never be supplied."

It is hard, almost impossible, to decide now whether Garrick was the greatest actor that had appeared up to his own time. Quin was too heavy and deliberate to be compared with him. But Betterton must have been a great genius to have so fascinated Steele, and to have won the highest eulogies of a clever and sagacious observer of such experience as Cibber. His agony as Othello, his graceful energy in the speech to the senate, the reverential love with which as Hamlet he addressed the Ghost, seem to have almost transcended any effort of Garrick's; but then Betterton was probably as much too oratorical and conventional as Kemble seemed to be beside Edmund Kean, or as Quin himself beside Garrick. The man, too, who used to play Macbeth in brown velvet court-dress must have had a different ideal to our own more naturalistic school, or he would have felt the outrageousness of such a convention.

Perhaps, after all, it is by a résumé of Garrick anecdotes that we got the best idea of the great actor. One of his most extraordinary powers seemed to have been the instantaneous quickness with which he could assume any character, or pass from tears to laughter. Betterton when dressed for Lear, remained Lear, and took his wine at the side-scenes with the gravity of a monarch. Garrick would rise from the side of dead Cordelia, skip into the green-room, and gobble like a turkey-cock to amuse Peg Woffington or Mrs. Clive. He played the dagger-scene in ordinary dress to please Grimm, and the room, full of German critics, burst into involuntary shouts of applause. The next moment he was giving them a pastrycook's boy who has let a tray of tartlets fall in the gutter, and is at first stupified, then noisy in his blubbering. We all know the story of the Garrick fever, a fresh epidemic that he caused by his crowded houses. The proverb still extant, of "clever as Garrick," speaks loudly, too, for his genius and his fame. He astonished Hogarth by assuming the face of Fielding, of whom no portrait existed. In Paris once, he nearly frightened the driver of a fiacre into fits by getting in at one door in the dusk, getting out at the other, and returning to get in each time with a new face and walk. When he and Preville, the French actor, both competed which could feign drunkenness the better while riding, Garrick carried off the bell, in the opinion of every one, by showing that Preville was fairly drunk everywhere except his legs, but that they remained stolidly sober. When he sat to Carmontelle for the picture of the comic Garrick watching the tragic Garrick, he kept up an incessant facial change from wild joy to sadness, terror, rage, anguish, and dispair. Like his friend Hogarth, he was a great student of street faces. One night during a fierce parliamentary debate in the year 1777, an angry member, catching the sight of Garrick's droll watchful face, moved that the gallery should be cleared. Burke instantly sprang up like a rocket, and pleaded for the great master of eloquence, from whom he derived many of the graces of oratory. Black-browned Fox and dexterous Townshend followed, and also claimed Garrick as their preceptor. He was instantly excepted from the general order, and remained in the gallery, pleased and triumphant, to infinite vexation of the honorable gentleman who had moved his expulsion. These stories, and such as these, prove how deep an impression Garrick's genius made in the minds of even the greatest men of his era.

II.—MRS. SIDDONS.

That great tragic actress, Mrs. Siddons, the daughter of a strolling manager who had originally been hairdresser to the company, made her first appearence on the stage almost as soon as she could speak. Lord Ailesbury and Lady Boyle patronised her at Cheltham soon after her marriage, and mentioned her to Garrick, who gave her an engagement at five pounds per week. She was young, fragile, and timid then, and Garrick never cared much about her. He told her her arms moved awkwardly, and she declared "that he was afraid she would overshadow his nose." Mrs. Abington, however, asserted her genius, and she soon afterwards went to Bath. Henderson praised her there, and her triumph began. In 1782 she came to London, and astonished the town as Isabella in Southern's play. From that moment her fame began. When she played Jane Shore, the ladies sobbed and shrieked; the men wept, and fainting fits were of momentary occurrence in the boxes. Her Calista and Belvidera touched every heart. When she played Mrs. Beverley, in the Gamester, the pit used to curse and threaten and yell at the wicked Stukeley, and people afraid of the excitement have been known to stay in the lobby and look in at the square glasses of the box doors, so as not to hear the words, but only see the wonderful face. Once, when she played Agnes in the Fatal Curiosity, a gentleman in the pit went into hysterics. In the fainting scene in Tamerlane, she was once so deeply moved that she really swooned. Whether as Lady Macbeth, Cordelia Volumnia, or Queen Katharine, she was always classical, majestic, graceful, sublime, inspired.

In 1812 this great actress took her farewell of the stage. She had for some time been wishing to realize ten thousand pounds, and escape the fatigues of her profession. Latterly her enunciation had grown slow, her straining for effect too visible. Yet there were regets that she whispered to herself and bosom friends. To Mrs. Piozzi she said:

"This last season of my acting I feel as if I were mounting the first step of a ladder conducting me to the other world."

She did her best, however, to make her sunset a tropical one; for she performed fifty-seven times in her last season, and in fourteen favorite characters: Lady Macbeth, Mrs. Beverley, Lady Constance, Elvira, Euphrasia, Queen Katharine, Isabella (Fatal Marriage), Isabella (Measure for Measure), Belvidera, Hermione, Volumina, and Mrs. Haller.

She chose for her final play Macbeth; the Thane's dark and dangerous wife being one of her greatest triumphs, although play-goers asserted that Mrs. Pritchard had had more dignity and more compass, strength, and melody of voice. In the sleeping-scene the older critics claimed for Mrs. Pritchard sighs of deeper agony, and a voice more sleepy and more articulate. Yet was her acting divine. She moved like a prophetess; her beautiful face was the interpreter of a noble mind. She moved like a queen, and spoke like a Pythoness. As Hazlitt says finely: "The enthusiasm she excited had something idolatrous about it. We can conceive nothing grander. She embodied, to our imagination, the fables of mythology of the heroic and deified mortals of elder time. She was not less than a goddess, or than a prophetess inspired by the gods. Power was seated on her brow, passion radiated from her breast as from a shrine. She was Tragedy personified." The public was gazing for the last time on her who, as Campbell said, had "increased the heart's capacity for tender, intense, and lofty feelings."

On the farewell night, her old inspiration seemed to have returned. She was supernatural from the moment she instilled into the chieftain's ear the poisonous thought of evil till the time when, a mere wreck of remorse and disappointed ambition, a miserable queen, she moved like a phantom of the night, muttering fragments of her deams all pervaded by the one racking thought. Her eyes were open, but they were consciousless and blank. The soul was absent, and in torture. When she rubbed her thin white hands in horrible remembrance of the blood that had once bathed them, the house shuddered with an ague fit of horror and of pity.

At the close of this scene the applause was frantic and ungovernable. Many persons stood upon the benches and, dreading an anti-climax, shouted requests that the performance might close when Mrs. Siddons left the stage. An actor then came forward and at once promised that this should be complied with.

The curtain was dropped for twenty minutes, then rose, and discovered Mrs. Siddons dressed simply in white, sitting at a table. She came forward through a tornado of applause, which prevented her speaking for some time. When the lull spread, she moved forward in her own queenly way, and delivered the following address, written forher by her nephew, Mr. Horace Twiss:

Who has not felt, how growing use endears
The fond remembrance of our former years?
Who has not sighed, when doom'd to leave at last
The hopes of youth, the habits of the past,
The thousand ties and interests, that impart
A second nature to the human heart,
And, wreathing round it close, like tendrils, climb
Blooming in age, and sanctified by time?

Yes! at this moment crowd upon my mind
Scenes of bright days for ever left behind,
Bewildering visions of enraptured youth,
When hope and fancy wore the hues of truth,
And long-forgotten years, that almost seem
The faded traces of a morning dream!
Sweet are those mournful thoughts: for they renew
The pleasing sense of all I owe to you,
For each inspiring smile, and soothing tear—
For those full honors of my long career,
That cheer'd my earliest hope, and chased my latest fear!

And though, for me, those tears shall flow no more,
And the warm sunshine of your smile is o'er—
Though the bright beams are fading fast away
That shone unclouded through my summer day—
Yet, grateful Memory shall reflect their light,
O'er the dim shadows of the coming night,
And lend the later life a softer tone,
A moonlight tint—a lustre of her own.

Judges and friends! to whom the magic strain
Of Nature's feeling never spoke in vain,
Perhaps your hearts, when years have glided by,
And past emotions wake a fleeting sigh,
May think on her, whose lips have pour'd so long
The charmed sorrows of your Shakspeare's song:—
On her, who parting to return no more,
Is now the mourner she but *seem'd* before—
Herself subdued, resigns the melting spell,
And breathes with swelling heart, her long, her last Farewell!

Toward the close of the address Mrs. Siddons became much agitated, and when, after some pauses, it ended, Kemble, in his grand Roman way, came and led his sister from the stage amid whirlwinds of applause.

Poor Mrs. Siddons! She had had a grand career of almost unalloyed triumph; but still calumny had often stung her. The misdoings of a bad sister, who had read lectures at Dr. Graham's quack Temple of Health, and afterwards tried to poison herself in Westminster Abbey, were all laid at her door. She was also accused of mean thrift, and of allowing her old father to become a petitioner for alms.

These slanders were, we have every reason to believe, utterly untrue. Mrs. Siddons, to judge from her letters, and the accounts of her intimate friends, seems to have been a high-minded, prudent, self-respecting woman, uninflated by her extraordinary fame, and the high society into which it had led her. After gala days at countesses, where lords and ladies elbowed each other, and stood on chairs in their anxiety to see her, she returned, calm, dignified, and contented, to her home in Gower street. It might have turned even the wisest woman's head to have Reynolds painting his name on the hem of her garment as the Tragic Muse, and Dr. Johnson calling her "a glorious woman—a *prodigiously* fine woman, who on the stage was adorned by nature and glorified by art."

As even the sun has spots, so there are certain deductions, however, to be made for even such a fame as that of the Siddons. Mrs. Crawford equalled her as Lady Randolph. Mrs. Cibber rivalled her in Zara. She did little as Juliet. She spoiled Rosalind by prudish scruples about the pretty fantastic male dress necessary to the part. Mrs. Jordan was far more charming in that charming character. Mrs. Cibber surpassed the Siddons as Ophelia. In love she was too solemn, in comedy too heavy. Her Lady Townley wanted airiness; her Lady in Comus, her Katharine, Portia, and Cleone, were by no means successes.

The Siddons' face, though grandly grave and Grecian, was rather too Jewish and prononcée in the nose and chin; the action of her arms dissatisfied even to the last hypercritical men with a difficult taste, like Horace Walpole. In domestic life she retained a certain stiff, tragic manner, which had become habitual with her, as with her brother, John Philip. She stabbed the potatoes at dinner, and said regally and metrically to the servants:

I asked for water, and you gave me beer.

But a great genius left the stage when the dark green curtain fell for the last time on the majestic figure and face of Sarah Siddons.

MENTAL LABOR AND DIGESTION.—Mental labor is not in itself likely to interfere with digestion. In fact, he who has the largest and most active brain ought to have the easiest and best digestion, other things being equal. It is not brain-work, but brain-worry that interferes with the activity of the stomach. The action of the pneumo-gastric nerve, by which the nerve-force is carried from the brain to the stomach, is not influenced to a morbid degree by intellectual activity; but it is materially and injuriously influenced by emotional agitation —fretting. Thus, any disagreeable mental impression, shortly after eating, is calculated to retard digestion, and if prolonged, to prevent its thorough accomplishment. A prominent and popular writer on physiology says:

"It is worthy of remark, that mere intellectual activity, when unaccompanied by agitating emotion, never seems to affect the digestion, unless the effort be of unusual intensity. Our passions are devouring flames. Anger, Ambition, Envy, Despair, Sorrow, and even Joy disturb the digestion." * *

When a friend is overwhelmed with grief, we try to force him gently to take the food he so obstinately refuses. Perhaps our entreaties succeed: he takes a little food "as a support." Error! the food will weaken, not strengthen him. In such cases, Instinct may be safely relied on. When a man is hungry, he will eat. When he will not eat, he should be left in peace till hunger prompts.

GOOD MANNERS.—Good manners are the blossoms of good sense, and, it may be added, of good feeling too; for if the law of kindness be written in the heart, it will lead to that disinterestedness in little as well as in great things—that desire to oblige, and attention to the gratification of others, which is the foundation of good manners.

GREEK WOMEN.—According to "Pashley's Travels in Crete," no women of the island ever sings. And the Sfakian women, whose seclusion and reserve is greater than the other female Cretans, never even dance except on some great religious festival, and then only with very near relations.

LITERARY GLEANINGS.

RUSKIN ON "CONSTANT ART."

THE London correspondent of the New York *Tribune* has furnished that paper with a synopsis of a lecture recently delivered by John Ruskin at the Royal Institution, on the present condition of art. The lecturer thought that the art of the present day was much injured by a straining after originality corrupted by isolation. There were painfully powerful displays of dexterity. If an artist has a fault he is as apt as not to consider it his excellence, and to fight for his fault. Another bad characteristic is the perpetual introduction of dramatic effects. Art may be divided into Constant Art and Dramatic Art. Constant Art dwells not upon what a person or thing is now doing, but what they *are*. The greatest artists, even when dramatic movement is introduced, make it as slight as possible; all that the great Apollo does is to kill a lizzard. They make their hero's movement suggest greater reserved power than is put forth in any art. As an example of this he exhibited Holbien's "St. Michael slaying the Dragon." But there is a tendency in Art now-a-days to simply tell a story. This was in concession to a public which could not enjoy beautiful forms but could enjoy a good story. But nothing that a person is momentarily doing is of any importance compared with the permanent character of that person. For one who can paint a beautiful form there are ten who can paint a pleasant story, and ten times ten who can paint an unpleasant one. This is why our Art is so ephemeral. People do not want to hear the same story over and over, and so the new picture passes away with the new novel. Mr. Ruskin then showed that as ancient Art began to emphasize the dramatic element instead of form and color, it declined, and at last became vapid. All that was valuable in modern art was a movement against this vapidity. At the head of these reformers he placed Dante Gabriel Rossetti.

HIS ESTIMATE OF GUSTAVE DORE.

The lecturer showed some grotesque figures by Doré, of whom he spoke with great contempt, and said that it was a sad symptom that Burnard Jones should have been almost derided while the British public called for Dore to illustrate its Bible. This wretchedness of the public taste rendered it impossible that high English art should exist at present, and as a national art must be produced from a nation's inner life, the real school of Art must for a long time be our streets—our chief designs to make the people clean within and without. Baptism is the great sacrament to save the poor just now; and when the rich were inwardly baptized, the poor would be outwardly cleansed.

ARTISTS AND EXHIBITIONS.

Mr. Ruskin then treated of schools of Art, exhibitions, and the national galleries. He considered exhibitions as having a bad effect on Art. The line of Keats which had been placed over the Manchester Exhibition—"A thing of beauty is a joy forever"—was really a satire. It did not say that a thing of beauty was a joy for three days, limited by the duration of a return ticket. He would not say that the best artists would not paint for exhibitions; but, so far as exhibitions influenced their work, that work would be ephemeral like the novels and the bonnets. There should be three classes of institutions: 1. Places of Amusement; 2. Schools of Art; 3. Treasuries of Art. The works of God should be exhibited at the British Museum; the works of man in a National Gallery, which should contain two departments—one to exhibit beautiful works of the people; the other a treasury of the most perfect works for persons who have real reasons for and ability to study them. These last should be properly surrounded. He spoke of a Turner ("On the Castle") at South Kensington, so surrounded that he never could get anybody to look at it except by dragging them up to it; and yet it was a whole school of Art in itself. He described glowingly an ideal National Gallery—a simple and grand building, not unsumptuous, especially precious in material, which should have three stories—the lower for sculpture, the second for paintings, the upper for small articles, miniatures, coins, etc., which required much light. It should stretch from Westminster to Vauxhall—now a long nuisance. Let the Penitentiary be pulled down, and let one year's expenditure for gunpowder or fireworks be given for that great work. Is the end of English life to be gasometers and penitentiaries? if so, all our public institutions will turn to gasometers, and every home be a penitentiary.

AN ODD EPISODE.

At one point in the lecture, an interruption occurred which is probably without a precedent in the annals of the Royal Institution, whose audiences are supposed to be the *creme de la creme*.

"An old gentleman, who had probably taken something stronger than cream, had now and then been giving vent to his feelings by ejaculating, 'Quite right,' 'That's so,' and now he began to talk so continuously that Ruskin had to stop. There were calls that 'that gentleman should be put out,' and Mr. Bence Jones and Prof. Tyndall, long known for their skill in drawing people to the Royal, proceeded to the novel experience of expelling one. They went to him and Tyndall said mildly, 'Come, friend, leave' 'I beg your pardon,' replied the old gentleman, with a good humor that made the audience roar, 'I've come to hear Ruskin. I'll sit here.' Then Tyndall, with a decision that should be rehearsed in a epic, took hold of an arm, and Jones of a leg, and the man vanished. T. and J. presently appeared near the lecturer, very warm, and were greeted with loud cheers.

AN ENGLISH DEMOCRAT.

It seems not a little odd, with our preconceived notions, to come across such a vigorous counterblast against aristocracy and hereditary caste as the following, in an English journal. It is from *Public Opinion*.

"Is it not painful to see our middle classes training up their children to pay the most abject deference to power, wealth, and rank—to see sensible, intelligent, highly educated men and women bowing, and speaking with bated breath, in presence of—not a great, but a little man usurping a great man's place, and trying to fancy himself what he is not, and never can be; to see an individual tricked out in velvet, ermine, stars and garters, possessed of legislative power, enormous social influence, titles, land, wealth, not because he himself is intellectual or moral, but because his great, great, great grandfather did or did not do some service to the State? It is time to protest against this melancholy and mischievous prejudice in favor of hereditary honors—antagonistic to national progress, tainting our whole social condition. Just in as far as we are able to emancipate ourselves from the thraldom of its influence, are we strong and successful individually and nationally. Look at the United States of America and the other colonies planted by the Anglo-Saxon. Their rapid growth and thriving condition may be mainly attributed to the fact that, having outgrown the ridiculous mediæval institutions of hereditary caste still cherished by John Bull, they reproduce the British Constitution only to a certain point. Might not the mother country take a lesson from her prosperous children? Is Britannia too old, too proud, too foolish, too imbecile to take a hint from the clever young housewives, her daughters Misses Canada, Australia, New Zealand, etc.? Try the hereditary principle by its application to practical, every day affairs of life. A great general wins one of the decisive battles of the world. His grateful country makes him a duke, a field marshal, and showers honor upon him in the shape of pensions and estates. Most of these rewards go to his eldest son, but the nation is not so mad as to put the son in command of the army. The patent of nobility, the substantial rewards of greatness are hereditary, but the military genius, that very quality which obtained these rewards, dies with the original possessor. The son of a great captain or admiral may not be fit to command a company or a cutter, but he is fit to legislate for and to beget legislators for Great Britain!"

As a specimen of the quaint, sweet old-English manner, nothing can be finer than the following, from Jean Ingelow's last volume:

A MORN OF MAY.

All the clouds about the sun lay up in golden creases,
(Merry rings the maiden's voice that sings at dawn of day;)
Lambkins woke and skipped around to dry their dewy fleeces,
So sweetly as she carolled, all on a morn of May.

Quoth the Sergeant, "Here I'll halt; here's wine of joy for drinking;
To my heart she sets her head, and in the strings doth play;
All among the daffodills, and fairer to my thinking,
And, fresh as milk and roses, she sits this morn of May."

Quoth the Sergeant, "Work is work, but any ye might make me,
If I worked for you, dear lass, I'd count my holiday.
I'm your slave for good and all, an' if ye will but take me,
So sweetly as you carol upon this morn of May."

"Medals count for worth," quoth she, "and scars are worn for honor;
But a slave an' if ye be, kind wooer, go your way."
All the nodding daffodils woke up and laughed upon her.
O, sweetly did she carol, all on that morn of May.

Gladsome leaves upon the bough, they fluttered fast and faster,
Fretting brook, till he would speak, did chide the dull delay;
Beauty! when I said a slave I think I meant a master;
So sweetly as we carol all on this morn of May.

"Lass, I love you! Love is strong, and some men's hearts are tender."
Far she sought o'er wood and wold, but found not aught to say;
Mounting lark nor mantling cloud would any counsel render,
Though sweetly she had carolled upon that morn of May.

Shy, she sought the wooer's face, and deemed the wooing mended;
Proper man he was, good sooth, and one would have his way;
So the lass was made a wife, and so the song was ended,
O, sweetly she did carol all on that morn of May.

EMERSON TO THE PHI BETA KAPPAS.

The last annual oration before the Phi Beta Kappa Society, was delivered by Ralph Waldo Emerson, at the Havard. It is a highly characteristic production, and abounds in striking passages. The following is the conclusion:

Yours, gentlemen, yours, brethren, is the part of those who have received much; it is yours to remember that motto of a just man, *noblesse oblige;* that superior advantages bind one to greater generosity. Here are the lame, the blind and the deaf; here are the enemies to be punished and converted. Opposition is to be overcome, difficulties are to be surmounted. The great heart will no more complain of the obstructions that make success difficult than of the iron walls of the gun which hinder the shot from scattering. The vigorous soul hates success without effort. It is not the great who are tender at being obscure, despised or insulted. Strong men like hard times. They wish, as Pinder said, to trend the floors of hell on necessities as hard as iron. Periodicity, recuperative forces, reaction—these are the allies that help us. In England it is the "game-laws" which exasperate the farms and carry the Reform bill; it was plantation manners that drove on our country to emancipation. The community of scholars do not, I fear, know their power. They weaken each other by the toleration of political baseness around them. Where good society exists, it is very well able to exclude pretenders. They quickly find themselves uncomfortable, and depart to their gang. Our politicians have had a bad effect upon character. We have allowed our young men of ambition to play the game of politics, to follow the example set them without rebuke.

But that kind of association does not leave a person his own master. He cannot come and go from the good to the evil at pleasure, and then back again to the good. There is a text in Swedenborg which tells in a figure the plan in the lower regions. A man saw, in vision, the angles and the devils in Heaven; "but these stood not face to face, and hands to hands, but feet to feet—those perpendicular up, and these perpendicular down." Gentlemen, I believe and I hope, from the tone of public sentiment to-day, from the healthy judgment and the healthy sympathy of the American people, and from the educated class, that we shall be saved from the errors which have resulted to France and England from the repudiation of the moral sentiment. In England the want of spirituality in the upper classes, in the time of Charles II., and down through the Georges, had a disastrous effect; but it honorably distinguishes the educated classes here that men believe in the power of the moral sentiment to succor the intellect and to draw greatness from its experience. When I say the "educated classes," I know what a meaning that has, reaching millions here instead of hundreds. And, looking around me, I see what sound material the educated class here is made of—what virtue, what affection, what hope is joined with such greatness of learning and practical power—and that the cause of science and learning is in the hands of educated benefactors. I cannot but believe that this class is to have its effect in the time to come. I think their hands are safe enough to hold up the Republic, and I see in their faces the promise of better times and greater men.

[From the San Francisco Sunday Mercury.]

FIRE INSURANCE.

THE subject of Fire Insurance is one over which there has been much local excitement of late. This excitement is principally due to the fact that the Board of Underwriters of this city had their monopoly of the business broken up a little over a year ago, and all the rules and rates which they laid upon the backs of issuers were scattered. This state of affairs was brought about by the establishment of a Company which the Board attempted in every way possible to crush—both by excluding it from partnership and other opposition. Within the past fortnight long rows of figures and long columns of parti-reasoning about the late increase of fire and unprofitableness of the insurance business, (through this increase and the taking of risks at what are called unjustifiably low rates,) have appeared in the papers. All of these troubles are easily and apparently satisfactorily accounted for by being laid at the door of the one offending Company. It is charged with taking risks at too low rates—with insuring property at more than it should be insured for—with settling claims against it too readily. In fact, in every way it is loudly charged with being a thorn in the side of the insurance business, and the companies complaining hold out for their inspection of the public returns, which show their business and their profits to be wofully declining, and laying, as we have said, their many troubles at the door of one offender, almost whine to our citizens not to patronize it. The answer filed by the offending company is brief and incisive. It admits the offence charged, of having transferred to its books the business formerly enjoyed by a monopoly. It admit taking risks at lower rates than those formerly charged, but emphatically asserts that this difference is far more than made up to it by the press of business it enjoys through public favor, and keeping do nothing but pompous drones, on high salaries, out of its establishment. It admits also the virtue—which has been charged as a crime—of prompt settlement with those whose policies have become payable through disaster by fire, but utterly denies that it has ever paid a dime to a party upon whom even the slightest suspicion of incendiarism hung—and not simply asks, but demands, that those who have been making indefinite and malicious charges to the contray, shall come down to a solitary, substantinting fact.

It asserts that it does not attempt to force those who have been burned out to compromise with one-third or one-half of what they are entitled to by unjustly charging incendiarism and threatening lawsuits. Entire freedom from the latter it asserts is one of the main planks of its success. Instead of feeing a high-feed lawyer in its employ as a sort of terror to those who demand their dues when a fire occurs, the rule of arbitration by two unprejudiced witnesses is the simple and just rule adopted, and quibbles to escape incurred obligations are never attempted to be set up These are the crimes of the offending companies, and by the practice of them it pays higher dividends to stockholders and makes their stock more valuable than any other in the market, while it has, in addition, not only had kind and cheering words for every deserving institution in the city, but what is more practical, it has ministered to them a generous share of the profits which public favor has enabled them to reap. And in its hold upon the latter lies all its transgressions. It has got the public to believe in it, and there it is attacked. If its establishment had been a failure; if it had not broken up the extortionate profits and taken away the business of the old companies, the latter would now be treating it with the contempt which they indulged in when it was established; and would not labor so hard as they are doing by misstatements and malice to regain that which they have irretrievably lost. We regret not being able to offer a balm to the injured pockets and feelings of the companies lately united in the Board of Underwriters; but we can at least give them a word of advice: Stop wasting time and ink intruding upon public patience by dry retailing of your grievances, and in what you know to be unjust charges against those who have only incurred your enmity because they have displayed greater knowledge of the business of which you foolishly thought yourselves the masters and monopolists. If the insurance business has taken to itself wings and flown away from you, surely there are on this coast other occupations in which you may more profitably engage your time than in spending it as you are doing in useless whining after that which your past exactions have caused you to lose forever.

LADIES WATER CURE.—The "Pioneer," in fact the only permanent, reliable, practical and scientific institution on this coast. Dr. Bourne, physician. 10 Masonic Temple, Post street side. Positive cures guaranteed in almost all cases as the Doctor understands his art, and attends to his duties.

[For the Californian.]

FIVE YEARS IN JAPAN.

BY FORBES MAITLAND.

No. III.

THE manners and customs of a country which has for so many centuries obstinately cut itself off from the more progressive peoples of the Western world, a nation which is now in the same position as when Rome and Greece were in their glory; having neither progressed nor retrograded since that period must necessarily be peculiar and strange.

This Rip Van Winkle nation suddenly awakes after a long sleep and gazes with astonishment on the world. To the countries of the Western hemisphere, it presents a most interesting spectacle, and the fact that the newly-opened intercourse between it and America and Europe must materially modify the habits of the imitative and knowledge-seeking Japanese, renders some account of the peculiarities which at present distinguish them the more interesting.

The Japanese are essentially a religious people, therefore a description of their practice of the worship of Buddah must necessarialy occupy a prominent place in an account of their daily life.

Baddism is the most popular religion in Japan, having over thirty-five millions of followers, or almost two thirds of the entire populatiou. There are two very fine Buddist temples within an easy ride of Yokohama; one at Kowasaki, a long, straggling village about eight miles from Yokohama, and situated close to the river Logo. This is called "Dise," and is reputed to be one of the finest, if not tho finest, temple in Japan. Hero the Tycoon offers up his prayers when he is passing either to or from Miako, which, of course, makes it additionally sacred in the eyes of the Japanese.

On first visiting a Japanese temple one cannot but be struck with the neatness and cleanliness of all the surrounding grounds. They are very different from a Chiuese "Joss House," where all is filth and decay, from the miscrable swarm of, I was going to say half-clothed, but I must reduce it to one eighth clad, armless, legless, and clephantiasised beggers who aro continually lying about the gates, the yelping pack of half-starved curs, and the almost as miserable looking priest, who seem only waiting until some other padre comes along to give up his position and the ghost at one and the same time. What a contrast does it present on entering the temple of Dise, or, indeed, any Japanese temple: here everything is quiet and orderly; one might, in fact, be in a European place of worship; there is a high stone wall built completely round the temple, or rather temples, for there are some four or five, of minor importance, inside the square; outside this wall again, is a deep moat, thus completely securing the inmates against any intrusion unless through the legitimate gate, at which there is a continual guard kept, by officers appointed by government for that express service.

With common politeness, (which, I am sorry to say, is not at all times practised) however, one has no difficulty in not only gaining admittance, but in being shown every nook and corner, and that, too, in a manner which, for politeness, might put to shame many an elegant of our own country. I shall not soon forget the jolly, fat, good-natured Bonz (priest) who showed me the wonders on my first visit; he seemed so pleased with my being able to converse in his own language, and, seeing my evident verdure, was so particular to pronounce each word distinctly, so that I might have the less difficulty in understanding him.

After having requested, and been granted permission to inspect the interior, you are requested in the most polite manner to give your horses in charge to the "Bettos" (grooms) who are always in waiting to take care of the horses of visitors, either natives or foreign. On first entering the gate I was struck by the intense stillness; not a sound was to be heard, except the shuffling noise of some priest passing along in his straw sandals. Suddenly the sweetest of voices met my ear and said, as only a Japanese "mousmie" (girl) can say "Danna San dozo sko she cha no-me-mas," which in the plain vernacular, only means after all, 'Master, or, sir will you please take a little tea.' I looked, and beheld the prettiest little face, and the neatest little figure I had seen for many a day. I was charmed by the pleasant and graceful manner in which she handed me the cup (I might say thimble) of tea. After having drunk my tea, and admired my fair attendant for a time I prepared to commence my tour of inspection, but not yet. I was requested as a particular favor to remove my riding boots. That was more easily said than done, for I must confess to being partial to a tight fitting boot; however, after the Ku-skee (servant) had hauled and tugged at my unfortunate pedals for nearly two hours, and that, too, with the themometer at somewhere about 100 in the shade, he succeeded in removing the obnoxious boots, and left me almost in a state of collapse. After another cup of tea, and a pull at something stronger, I felt able to proceed having duly incased my feet in a pair of Japanese sandals, which, by the way, after I got accustomed to them, I found extremely comfortable. We first visited the minor temples; here are heard the smaller detitious such as the case of a young lady having fallen violently in love with a young gentleman; here the love-sick maiden comes, and goes at it hammer and tongs on her marrow bones for, say a week, each day passing in her offering to this particular god. At the end of that time, however, should the young man prove alike invulnerable to her prayers as he had previously done to her sighs, she quietly gives him up and tries another. There also may be found the god especially set apart for those who wish to renew their youth. I observed this venerable gentleman drove a rousing trade. The large amount of business transacted in this department was easily seen from the size of the pile of copper cash in front of the deity. If he could only be transported to San Francisco what a run he would have! I am afraid, however, he would require to be in duplicate, as I am confident one image could never pass on all the supplications which would be laid before him, and I question if the two could manage the business if they were members of the "Eight Hour League." Within these five smaller temples can be found an image who will attend to any business, let that business be ever so trifling. We will now pay a visit to the principal temple where the great "Dise" himself presides over affairs. He is, however, entirely in the heavy business, no small petition is passed through his hands to the far spirit land. In fact, it is reported—for this, however, I will not vouch—that the old gentleman will touch nothing under an attempt at rebellion. On either side of the "Dise" are hung two large oval mirrors around the frames of which are written in Japanese characters that well-known maxim made so popular with the citizens of San Francisco through its constant reiteration in the advertisements of the Anatomical Museum, "Man know thyself." This fact proves conclusively that the remark did originate with Pope. In front are six magnificent candellabra of pure gold. "Dise" himself is got up in most gorgeous stylo, and at the same time with considerable taste. Tho altar-cloth is a magnificent piece of workmanship, and would do credit to any Parisian manufacturer. It consists of the most beautiful embroidered silk, on which is represented in glowing colors the sacred bird, the stork, and the no less sacred mountain Fusi Yama. The floor is covered with the softest and whitest of matting. Here the worshipers can also have their fortunes told by an aged priest in the most simple and speedy manner possible, and for tho reasonable charge of two tempos, or five cents. Behind a rail, about fifteen inches high, is seated, or rather squatted, tailor fashion, the Professor Cohen of "Dise," who, on your handing him the requisite amount, takes a small oblong box with a hole in one end, gives it one or two vigorous shakes, and ejects a small slip of wood with a number on it; he then refers to a corresponding number in a pigeon hole, and draws forth your fortune. I tried my luck three times in succession, and finding them different each time, gave it up in disgust. In the centre of the square is what is reported to be the finest and oldest bell in Japan; it is certainly the largest I ever saw, either in Japan or anywhere else, and its tone is exquisite. The Japanese say it can be heard a distance of four "ree," or nearly nine miles; never having heard it sounded I cannot guarantee the truth of this statement. On the left of the courtyard as you leave is the private entrance of the Tycoon; this being considered in a manner sacred, and my friend, the "Bonz," not offering to do so, I did not request to be shown this but prepared to take my departure through the common gate. This, however, I was not allowed to do until I had again partaken of the worthy priest's hospitality, in the shape of tea and cake.

Within a short distance of the temple is a small stream, on the banks of which you will invariably find one or more government, or rather licensed beggars who are certain to importune you for a tempo to try if you are in luck on that particular day. Each man has a tub containing small eels from which you pick out a dozen and throw them into the holy stream; you then watch which way the majority swim; should a majority go up you are in good luck and may try anything, it will be sure to prove a success; on the other hand should they go down you are equally sure to fail in all you undertake on that day. The Japanese believe in this so firmly that no power on earth could shake their faith, or induce them to enter into any speculation of however trifling a nature, after they have tried the Fates in this manner and found them unpropitious. These beggars are a peculiar class; they are a sort of a cross between a pauper and a priest. They gain permission to become so from having made the pilgrimage from either Meako or Yeddo to the top of Fusi Yama. On the side of the mountain are built a number of temples, at the first of which, after having shown his credentials, and proved himself a bona fide pilgrim, the devotee obtains a long white robe, similiar to that worn by the regular priests, first, however, having had his head clean shaven: having gone through these little preliminaries, he receives the stamp of Temple Number One on the back of his robe, and off he is started. He must call, pray, offer sacrifice and get duly stamped at each and every temple, (and there are about one hundred) until he reaches the top, going through the same routine on the return trip; the consequence is that ere he gets to the last his robe presents a most peculiar aspect, covered as it is with two hundred stamps of all colors, sizes and shapes. This pilgrimage business *may* be beneficial to their souls, but as to its effect on the outward man, I must say it appears to be rather rough, to say the least of it. This robe now serves as a passport to them all over Japan; (and to heaven also, if one may believe the Japanese). They can enter any city without being asked a single question, and start into their business—that of a beggar or wandering priest—in fact, they have equally as many privileges as the first Damio (prince) in the land so far as traveling is concerned.

To-night, Geo. M. Ciprico, the Manager of the Occidental Theatrical Club, will be the recipient of a benefit, tendered him by the members of the Club, and many citizens of San Francisco. *Hamlet* will be performed at the Academy of Music, by members of the Club, the beneficiary assuming the role of the Prince of Denmark, which he played sometime since at Turn Verein Hall, before a large and fashionable audience. The cast will be nearly the same as on that occasion; Miss Jennie Parker will be substituted for Mrs. Ludlum in the role of "Ophelia," and Charles Cosgrove will play "Polonius," instead of the gentleman who made a "mull" of the character at Turn Verein Hall.

THE SHRIEVALTY.

Of the various county offices, that of Sheriff is unquestionably one of the most important, and to find a person well qualified for the position is no easy task. It being one of trust, it of course requires an honest and responsible incumbent; and it being, also, one of some personal risk, the man who fills the office should be possessed of both firmness and courage. In addition to these, the other duties of the Sheriff constantly bring him in contact with the business community, and here he requires the polish of the gentleman. These qualities, we take pleasure in saying, are possessed in a high degree by the Democratic nominee, P. J. White. In this city, where he has resided since 1891, he is well and enviably known as an honorable and successful merchant, of urbane manners, liberal and progressive views, strict integrity, generous disposition, and unquestioned moral and physical courage. Mr. White, also, has the advantage of being thoroughly conversant with the multifarious duties of the position. He was Sheriff of Sierra county during the years 1859 and '60; and how satisfactorily he discharged his duty the people of that county bear unqualified testimony. A more fit man could not have been nominated, and that he will receive the endorsement of all thinking men, who have enough independence to cast off the shackles of party, will be shown at the ballot box next Wednesday.—*San Francisco Monitor.*

Mr. Jacob Schreiber.—This well known merchant and pioneer resident among us is a candidate for Supervisor of the Eighth District on the National Republican ticket. Mr. Schreiber is just the man to represent the large and growing interests of the Eighth Ward. He has been many years in business, is extensively and popularly known, and in qualifications and probity is well fitted for the position for which he has been nominated. Should the residents of the 'Eighth' have the good luck to elect him, they may rely upon being more fortunate in the choice of a representative than they were at their last election for Supervisor.

California Powder Works.—These works are located at Santa Cruz, and have supplied the whole Pacific Coast with a superior article of blasting, sporting and cannon powder since their erection, and such has been the demand on their resources from time to time, that additional machinery and buildings were found necessary to supply the increasing demand. The importation from the East have fallen off in consequence, and the Eastern prices have been put down to $3 per keg for blasting. The California Works immediately responded to the reduction. We have not only a superior article of powder, but at the same price, and with this advantage—the dryness of our climate. Mr. John F. Shose is Secretary, office No. 318 California street.

Watches and Jewelry.—Henry Mayers, No. 205, Montgomery street, Russ House, has just received from Europe *via* Panama, a large invoice of fashionable jewelry, which he offers to the public at reasonable prices. The ladies should by all means call and examine these select goods if they want to be in the fashions, for jewelry now-a-days, like everything else, has its new fashions. Mr. Mayers also keeps on hand and for sale, American, English and Geneva watches, which he warrants to keep good time for twelve months. This is a rare chance to purchase a good time piece (which is guaranteed) at a moderate price. Don't forget the number, 205, Russ House, Montgomery street.

Boiler Making.—Inspectors of boilers do not always examine minutely the construction of the hundreds of bolts and rivets that are necessary to insure a boiler from bursting. It lies with the constructors to superintend this branch of the business, and also prevent the use of iron containing flaws in their construction. Boiler makers, above all other mechanics, should be men that practically understand their business. Messrs. Baurhyte & McAfee have established a Steam Boiler and Sheet Iron Works, on Howard street, between Fremont and Beale. Mr. McAfee has been engaged in this city in boiler making since 1850; and Mr. Baurhyte has been employed as engineer by the California Steam Navigation Company since 1852. We can recommend these gentlemen to the public as thoroughly practical men in their line of business.

Dry Goods—of the best quality, from the recent great auction sale of H. M. Newhall & Co., are now being sold by Meagher, Tauffe & Co., at prices lower than they have been offered for since the war. See advertisement.

Blood Purifier.—No other means for purifying the blood are equal to the baths of Dr. Bourne, 10 Masonic Temple, which, with good food and pure air, constitute all the elements of pure blood. All medicines professedly for that object are swindles. *

"No Baths Like Dr. Bourne's," is the universal testimony of all intelligent returned Californians, who having unsuccessfully sought their counterpart in all the great capitals of Europe and Asia, are entitled to pronounce a definite verdict. No. 10 Masonic Temple. *

UNFULFILLED.

OUR little table is spread for two,
With quaint old china, gold and blue.

Weird things are wrought on the homely walls,
As the conjuring firelight climbs and falls.

In the corner my ready sea chest stands,
Filled to the brim by the busiest hands.

Wife mirrors her face in the silver tongs;
I think of the morrow's rude sea-songs.

"I have pictures, love," she says, that gleam
From a troubled easel—last night's dream.

"A ship ashore on a coral reef,
And a woman ringing her hands in grief;

"She kneels in prayer; a whirling wheel
Grows out of the dead ship's plank and keel.

"She stands in the spinner's toiling place,
Till the rose in her cheek hath lost its grace.

"Her lessening form is changed to wool,
Yet the hungering spindle ne'er is full.

"A weed-grown raft keeps company
With a vacant boat on a sailless sea."

How apt is women's thoughts to build
Where a varying dream may darken or gild?

* * * * *

Life flies; my last sea-voyage is done;
Or wind, or calm, to me 'tis one.

Tea things are set for a golden few;
Again our china, quaint and blue.

The conjuring home-light climbs and crawls
O'er dainty laces and India shawls.

Wife mirrors her face in the silver tongs;
I think of yesterday's glad sea-songs.

"Tell, love, I pray, of the ship on the reef,
And the woman wringing her hands in grief;

"Of the spinner whose white arms changed to wool,
And the hungering spindle that ne'er grew full."

There are tears imprisoned within her eyes,
Which are loosened soon, as her voice replies:

"Woman will dream, and man will build,
And each will have prophecies unfulfilled."

A RAID UP THE EDISTO.

IT must be remembered, that, after the first capture of Port Royal, the outlying plantations along the whole Southern coast were abandoned, and the slaves withdrawn into the interior. It was necessary to ascend some river for thirty miles in order to reach the black population at all. This ascent could only be made by night, as it was a slow process, and the smoke of a steamboat could be seen for a great distance. The streams were unusually shallow, winding, and muddy, and the difficulties of navigation were such as to require a full moon and a flood tide. It was really no easy matter to bring everything to bear; especially as every projected raid must be kept a secret so far as possible. However, we were now somewhat familiar with such undertakings, half military, half naval, and the thing to be done on the Edisto was precisely what we had proved to be practicable on the St. Mary's and the St. John's,—to drop anchor before the enemy's door some morning at daybreak, without having dreamed of our approach.

Since a raid made by Colonel Montgomery up the Combahee, two months before, the vigilance of the Rebels had increased. But we had information that upon the South Edisto or Pon-Pon River the rice plantations were still being actively worked by a large number of negroes, in reliance on obstructions placed at the mouth of that narrow stream, where it joins the main river, some twenty miles from the coast. This point was known to be further protected by a battery of unknown strength, at Wiltown Bluff, a commanding and defensible situation. The obstructions consisted of a row of strong wooden piles across the river; but we convinced ourselves that these must now be much decayed, and that Captain Trowbridge, an excellent engineer officer, could remove them by proper apparatus. One proposition was to man the *John Adams*, an armed ferry-boat, which had before done us much service—and which has now reverted to the pursuits of peace, it is said, on the East Boston line—to ascend in this to Wiltown Bluff, silence the battery, and clear a passage through the obstructions. Leaving the *John Adams* to protect this point, we could then ascend the smaller stream with two light draft boats, and perhaps burn the bridge, on the Charleston and Savannah railroad, which was ten miles higher, before the enemy could bring sufficient force to make our position at Wiltown Bluff untenable.

The expedition was organized essentially upon this plan. The smaller boats were the *Enoch Dean*—a river steamboat, which carried a ten-pound Parrott gun, and a small howitzer—and a little mosquito of a tug, the *Governor Milton* upon which, with the greatest difficulty, we found room for two twelve-pound Armstrong guns, with their gunners, forming a section of the First Connecticut Battery, under Lieutenant Clinton, aided by a squad from my own regiment, under Captain James. The *John Adams* carried, if I remember rightly, two Parrott guns (of twenty and ten pounds calliber) and a howitzer or two. The whole force of men did not exceed two hundred and fifty.

We left Beaufort, S. C., on the afternoon of July 9th, 1863. I will stop to describe the charm of a moonlight ascent into a hostile country, upon an unknown stream, the dark and silent banks, the rippling water, the wail of the reed-birds, the anxious watch, the breathless listening, the veiled lights, the whispered orders. We steamed over the bar in safety, had a peaceful ascent, passed the island of Jehossee—the fine estate of Governor Aiken, then left undisturbed by both sides—and fired our first shell into the camp at Wiltown Bluff at four o'clock in the morning.

The battery—whether fixed or movable we knew not—met us with a promptness that proved very short-lived. After three shots it was silent, but we could not tell why. The bluff was wooded and we could see but little. The only course was to land, under cover of the guns. As the firing ceased and the smoke cleared away, I looked across the rice-fields which lay beneath the bluff. The first sunbeams glowed upon their emerald levels, and on the blossoming hedges along the rectangular dikes. What were those black dots which everywhere appeared? Those moist meadows had become alive with human heads, and along each narrow path came a straggling file of men and women, all on a run for the river-side. I went ashore with a boat-load of troops at once. The landing was difficult and marshy. The astonished negroes tugged us up the bank, and gazed on us as if we had been Cortez and Columbus. They kept arriving by land much faster than we could come by water; every moment increased the crowd, the jostling, the mutual clinging, on that miry foothold. What a scene it was! With the wild faces, eager figures, strange garments, it seemed, as one of the poor things reverently suggested, "like nothin' but de judgment day." Presently they began to come from the houses also, with their little bundles on their heads; then with larger bundles. Old women, trotting on the narrow paths, would kneel to pray a little prayer, still balancing the bundle; and then would suddenly spring up, urged by the accumulating procession behind, and would move on till irresistibly compelled by thankfulness to dip down for another invocation. Reaching us, every human being must grasp our hands, amid exclamations of "Bress yon, mas'r," and "Bress de Lord," at the rate of four of the latter ascriptions to one of the former. Women brought children on their shoulders; small black boys carried on their backs little brothers equally inky, and gravely depositing them, shook hands. Never had I seen human beings so clad, or rather so unclad, in such amazing squalidness and destitution of garments. I recall one small urchin without a rag of clothing save the basque waist of a lady's dress, bristling with whalebones, and worn wrong side before, beneath which his smooth ebony legs emerged like those of an ostrich from its plumage. How weak is imagination, how cold is memory, that I ever cease, for a day of my life, to see before me the picture of that astounding scene!

Yet at the time we were perforce a little impatient of all this piety, protestation, and hand-pressing; for the vital thing was to ascertain what force had been stationed at the bluff, and whether it was yet withdrawn. The slaves, on the other hand, were too much absorbed in their prospective freedom to aid us in taking any further steps to secure it. Captain Trowbridge, who had by this time landed at a different point, got quite into despair over the seeming deafness of the people to all questions.

I wish that it were possible to present all this scene from the point of view of the slaves themselves. It can be most nearly done, perhaps, by quoting the description given of a similar scene on the Combahee River, by a very aged man, who had been brought down on the previous raid, already mentioned. I wrote it down in my tent, long after, while the old man recited the tale, with much gesticulation, at the door; and it is by far the best glimpse I have ever had, through a negro's eyes, at these wonderful birthdays of freedom.

"De people was all a hoein', mas'r," said the old man. "Dey was a hoein' in de rice-field, when de gunboats come. Den ebry man drap dem hoe, and leff de rice. De mas'r he stand and call, 'Run to de woods for hide! Yankee come, sell you to Cuba! run for hide!' Ebry man he run, and, my God! run all toder way!

"Mas'r stand in de wood, peep, peep, faid for truss [afraid to trust]. He say, 'Run to de wood!' and ebry man run by him, straight to de boat.

"De brack sojer so presumptious, dey come right ashore, hold up dere head. Fus' ting I know, dere was a barn, ten tousand bushel rough rice, all in a blaze. Didn't keer for see 'em blaze? Lor, mas'r didn't care notin' at all, *I was gwine to de boat.*"

Doré's Don Quixoto could not surpass the sublime absorption in which the gaunt old man, with arm uplifted, described this stage of affairs, till he ended in a shrewd chuckle, worthy of Sancho Panzo. Then he resumed.

"De brack sojers so presumptious!"

This he repeated three times, slowly shaking his head in an ecstacy of admiration. It flashed upon me that the appreciation of a black soldier must amaze those still in bondage, much as a butter-fly just from the chrysalis might astound his fellow grubs. I inwardly vowed that my soldiers, at least, should be as "presumptious" as I could make them. Then he went on.

"Ole woman and I go down to de boat; den dey say behind us, 'Rebels comin'!' Ole woman say, 'Come ahead, come plenty ahead!' I hab notin' on but my shirt and pantaloon; ole woman one single frock he hab on, and one handkerchief on he head; I leff all-two my blanket and run, for de Rebel come, and den dey didn't come, didn't truss for come.

"Ise eighty-eight years old, mas'r. My ole Mas'r Lowndes keep all de ages in a big book, and when we come to ago ob sense we mark em down ebry year, so I know. Too ole for come? Mas'r joking. Neber too ole for leave de land o' bondage. I old, but great good for chil'en, gib tousand tank ebry day. Young people can go through, *force* [forcibly], mas'r, but de ole folk mus' go slow."

Such emotions as these, no doubt, were inspired by our arrival, but we could only hear their hasty utterance in passing; our duty being, with the small force already landed, to take possession of the bluff. Ascending, with proper precautions, the wooden hill, we soon found ourselves in the deserted camp of a light battery, amid scattered equipments and suggestions of a very unattractive breakfast. As soon as possible, skirmishers were thrown out through the woods to the farther edge of the bluff, while a party searched the houses, finding the usual large supply of furniture and pictures—brought up for safety from below—but no soldiers. Captain Trowbridge then got the *John Adams* beside the row of piles, and went to work for their removal.

Again I had the exciting sensation of being within the hostile lines—the eager explorations, the doubts, the watchfulness, the listening for every sound of coming hoofs. Presently the tread of horses was heard in earnest, but it was a squad of our own men bringing in two captured cavalry soldiers. One of these, a study fellow, submitted quietly to his lot, only begging that, whenever we should evacuate the bluff, a note should be left behind, stating that he was a prisoner. The other, a very young man, and a member of the "Rebel Troop," a sort of Cadet corps among the Charleston youths, came to me in great wrath, complaining that the corporal of our squad had kicked him after he had surrendered. His air of offended pride was very rueful, and it did indeed seem a pathetic reversal of Fortunes for the two races. To be sure, the youth was a scion of one of the foremost families of South Carolina, and when I considered the wrongs which the black race had encountered from those of his blood, first and last, it seemed as if the most scrupulous Recording Angel might tolerate the final kick, to square the account. But I reproved the corporal, who respectfully disclaimed the charge, and said the kick was an incident of the scuffle. It certainly is not their habit to show such poor malice: they thought so well of themselves.

I recall with delight my conversation with this captured boy, he was such a naive specimen of the true Southern arrogance. For instance:

"Colonel," said he, respectfully, "are there any gentlemen on board the steamboat where I am to be placed?"

I told him that such a question sounded strangely from a captured private soldier.

"Perhaps it does," said he wistfully, "and I know my position too well to offend an enemy. I only wished to know"—and here he paused, evidently trying to find some form of expression which could not possibly disturb the keenest sensibilities—"if there is likely to be any one on board with whom I can associate."

This was carrying the joke rather too far. I told him that he would find United States officers on board, and United States soldiers, and that it was to be hoped he would like their society, as he probably would have no other for some time to come. But the characteristic feature of the thing is, that I do not believe he meant to commit any impertinence whatever, but that the youth rather aimed to compliment me by assuming that I appreciated the feelings of man made of porcelain, and would allot him to only the most choice and fastidious companionship.

His demeanor seemed less lofty, but rather piteous, when he implored me not to put him on board any vessel which was to ascend the upper stream, and hinted, by awful implications, the danger of such ascent. This meant torpedoes, a peril which we treated, in those days, with rather mistaken contempt. But we found none on the Edisto, and it may be that it was only a foolish attempt to alarm us.

Meanwhile, Trowbridge was toiling away at the row of piles, which proved easier to draw out than to saw asunder, either work being hard enough. It took far longer than we had hoped, and we saw noon approach and the tide rapidly fall, taking with it, inch by inch, our hopes of effecting a surprise at the bridge. During this time, and indeed all day, the detachments on shore, under Captains Whitney and Sampson, were having occasional skirmishes with the enemy, while the colored people were swarming to the shore, or running to and fro like ants, with the poor treasures of their houses.

Our busy Quartermaster, Mr. Bingham—who died afterwards from the overwork of that sultry day—was transporting the refugees on board the steamer, or hunting up bales of cotton, or directing the burning of rice-houses, in accordance with our orders. No dwelling-houses were destroyed or plundered by our men—Sherman's "bummers" not having yet arrived—though I asked no questions as to what the plantation negroes might bring in their great bundles. One piece of property, I must admit, seemed a lawful capture—a United States dress-sword, of the old pattern, which had belonged to the Rebel general who afterwards gave the order to bury Colonel Shaw "with his niggers." That I have retained, not without some satisfaction, to this day.

A passage having been cleared at last, and the tide having turned by noon, we lost no time in attempting the ascent, leaving the bluff to be held by the *John Adams* and by the small force on shore. We were scarcely above the obstructions, however, when the little tug went aground, and the *Enoch Dean*, ascending a mile farther, had an encounter with a battery on the right—perhaps our old enemy—and drove it back. Soon after, she also ran aground, a misfortune of which our opponent strangely took no advantage; and, on getting off, I thought it best to drop down to the bluff again, as the tide was still hopelessly low. None can tell, save those who have tried them, the vexations of those muddy Southern streams, navigable only during a few hours of flood-tide.

After waiting an hour, the two small vessels again tried the ascent. The enemy on the right had disappeared; but we could now see, far off on our left, another light battery moving parallel with the river, apparently to meet us at some upper bend. But for the present we were safe, with the low rice-fields on each side of us; and the scene was so peaceful, it seemed as if all danger were done. For the first time, we saw in South Carolina blossoming river-banks and low emerald meadows, that seemed like New England. Everywhere there were the same rectangular fields, smooth canals, and bushy dikes. A few negroes stole out to us in dug-outs, and breathlessly told us how others had been hurried away by the overseers. We glided safely on, mile after mile. The day was unutterably hot, but all else seemed propitious. The men had their combustibles all ready to fire the bridge, and our hopes were unbounded.

But by degrees the channel grew more tortuous and difficult, and while the little *Milton* glided smoothly over everything, the *Enoch Dean*, my own boat, repeatedly grounded. On every occasion of especial need, too, something went wrong in her machinery—her engine being constructed on some wholly new patent, of which, I should hope, this trial would prove entirely sufficient. The black pilot, who was not a soldier, grew more and more bewildered, and declared that it was the channel, not his brain, which had gone wrong; the captain, a little elderly man, sat wringing his hands in the pilot-box; and the engineer appeared to be mingling his groans with those of the diseased engine. Meanwhile I, in equal ignorance of machinery and channel, had to give orders only justified by minute acquaintance with both. So I navigated on general principles, until they grounded us on a mud-bank, just below a wooded point, and some two miles from the bridge and of our destination. It was with a pang that I waved to Major Strong, who was on the other side of the channel in a tug, not to risk approaching us, but to steam on and finish the work, if he could.

Short was his triumph. Gliding round the point, he found himself instantly engaged with a light battery of four or six guns, doubtless the same we had seen in the distance. The *Milton* was within two hundred and fifty yards. The Connecticut men fought their guns well, aided by the blacks, and it was exasperating for us to hear the shots, while we could see nothing and do nothing. The scanty ammunition of our bow gun was exhausted, and the gun in the stern was useless, from the position in which we lay. In vain we moved the men from side to side, rocking the vessel, to dislodge it. The heat was terrific that August afternoon; I remember I found myself constantly changing places, on the scorched deck, to keep my feet from being blistered. At last the officer in charge of the gun, a hardy lumberman from Maine, got the stern of the vessel so far round that he obtained the range of the battery through the cabin windows, "but it would be necessary," he coolly added, on reporting to me this fact, "to shoot away the corner of the cabin." I knew that this apartment was newly painted and gilded, and the idol of the poor captain's heart; but it was plain that even the destruction of his own upholstery could not make the poor soul more wretched than he was. So I bade Captain Dolly blaze away, and thus we took our hand in the little game, though at a sacrifice.

It was of no use. Down drifted our little consort round the point, her engine disabled and her engineer killed, as we afterwards found, though then we could only look and wonder. Still pluckily firing, she floated by upon the tide, which had now just turned; and when, with a last desperate effort, we got off, our engine had one of her impracticable fits, and we, too, could only float down with the tide. The day was waning, and all its range of possibility had lain within the limits of that one tide.

All our previous expeditions had been so successful, it now seemed hard to turn back; the river-banks and rice-fields, so beautiful before, seemed only a vexation now. But the swift current bore us on, and after our Parthian shots had died away, a new discharge of artillery opened upon us, from our first antagonist of the morning, which still kept the other side of the stream. They had taken up a strong position on another bluff, almost out of range of the *John Adams*, but within easy range of us. Happily, the engine and engineer were now behaving well, and we were steering in a channel already traversed, and of which the dangerous points were known. But we had a long, straight reach for the river before us, heading directly toward the battery, which, having once got our range, had only to keep it, while we could do nothing in return. The Rebels certainly served their guns well. For the first time I discovered there was certain compensating advantages in a slightly built craft, as compared with one more substantial: the missiles never lodged in the vessel but crashed through some thin partition as if it were paper, to explode beyond us, or fall harmless in the water. Splintering, the chief source of wounds and death in wooden ships, was thus entirely avoided; the danger was, that our machinery might be disabled, or that shots might strike below the water-line, and sink us.

This, however, did not happen. Fifteen projectiles, as we afterwards computed, passed through the vessel or cut the rigging. Yet few casualties occurred, and those instantly fatal. As my orderly stood leaning on a comrade's shoulder, the head of the latter was shot off. At last I myself felt a sudden blow in the side, as if from prize-fighter, doubling me up for a moment, while I sank upon a seat. It proved afterwards to have been produced by the grazing of a ball, which, without tearing a garment, had yet made a large part of my side black and blue, leaving a sensation of paralysis which made it difficult to stand. Supporting myself on Captain Rogers, I tried to comprehend what had happened, and I remembered being impressed by an odd feeling that I had now got my share, and should henceforth be a great deal safer than any of the rest. I am told that this often follows one's first experience of a wound.

But this immediate contest, sharp as it was, proved brief; a turn in the river enabled us to use our stern gun, and we soon glided into the comparative shelter of Wiltown Bluff. There, however, we were to encounter the danger of shipwreck, superadded to that of fight. When the passage through the piles was first cleared, it had been marked by stakes, lest the rising tide should cover the remaining piles and make it difficult to find the passage. But when we again reached it, the stakes had somehow been knocked away, the piles were just covered by the swift current, and the little tug-boat was aground upon them. She came off easily, however, with our aid, and, when we in turn essayed the passage, we grounded also, but more firmly. We getting off at last, and making the passage, the tug again became lodged, when nearly past the danger, and all our efforts proved powerless to pull her through. I therefore dropped down below, and sent the *John Adams* to her aid, while I superintended the recall of the pickets, and the embarkation of the remaining refugees.

While thus engaged, I felt little solicitude about the boats above. It was certain that the *John Adams* could safely go close to the piles on the lower side, that she was very strong, and that the other was very light. Still, it was natural to cast some anxious glances up the river; and it was with surprise that I presently saw a canoe descending, which contained Major Strong. Coming on board, he told me with some excitement that the tug could not possibly be got off, and he wished for orders.

It was no time to consider whether it was not his place to have given orders, instead of going half a mile to seek them. I was by this time so far exhausted that everything seemed to pass by me as by one in a dream; but I got into a boat, pushed up stream, met presently the *John Adams* returning, and was informed by the officer in charge of the Connecticut battery that he had abandoned the tug, and—worse news yet—that his guns had been thrown overboard. It seemed to me then, and has always seemed, that this sacrifice was utterly needless, because, although the captain of the *John Adams* had refused to risk his vessel by going near enough to receive the guns, he should have been compelled to do so. Though the thing was done without my knowledge, and beyond my reach, yet, as commander of the expedition, I was technically responsible. It was hard to blame a lieutenant when his senior had shrunk from a decision, and left him alone; nor was it easy to blame Major Strong, whom I knew to be a man of personal courage, though without much decision of character. He was subsequently tried by court-martial and acquitted, after which he resigned, and was lost at sea on his way home.

The tug, being thus abandoned, must of course be burned to prevent her from falling into the enemy's hands. Major Strong went with prompt fearlessness to do this at my order; after which he remained on the *Enoch Dean* and I went on board of the *John Adams*, being compelled to succumb at last, and transferred all remaining responsibility to Capt. Trowbridge. Exhausted as I was, I could still observe, in a vague way, the scene around me. Every available corner of the boat seemed like some vast auction-room of second-hand goods. Great piles of bedding and bundles lay on every side, with black heads emerging and black forms reclining in every stage of squalidness. Some seemed ill, or wounded, or asleep; others were chattering eagerly among themselves, singing, praying, or soliloquizing on joys to come. "Bress de Lord," I heard one woman say, "I spec' I get salt victual now—nothin' but fresh victual dese six months, but Ise get salt victual now,"—thus reversing, under pressure of the salt-embargo, the usual anticipations of voyagers.

Thus we glided down the river in the waning light. Once more we encountered a battery, making five in all; I could hear the guns of the assailants, but could not distinguish the explosion of their shells from the answering throb of our own guns. The kind Quartermaster kept bringing me news of what occurred, like Rebecca in Front-de-Bœuf's castle, but discreetly withholding any actual casualties. Then all faded into safety and sleep; and we reached Beaufort in the morning, after thirty-six hours of absence. A kind friend, who acted in South Carolina a nobler part amid tragedies than in any of her early stage triumphs, met us with an ambulance at the wharf, and the prisoners, the wounded, and the dead were duly attended.

The reader will not care for any personal record of convalescence; though, among the general military laudations of whisky, it is worth while to say that one life was saved, in the opinion of my surgeons, by an habitual abstinence from it, leaving no food for peritoneal inflammation to feed upon. The able-bodied men who had joined us were sent to aid General Gillmore in the trenches, while their families were established in huts and tents on St. Helena Island. A year after, greatly to the delight of the regiment, in taking possession of a battery which they had helped to capture on James Island, they found in their hands the selfsame guns which they had seen thrown overboard from the *Governor Milton*. They then felt that their account with the enemy was squared, and could proceed to further operations.

Before the war, how great a thing seemed the rescue of even one man from slavery; and since the war has emancipated all, how little seems the liberation of two hundred! But no one then knew how the contest might end; and when I think of that morning sunlight, those emerald fields, those thronging numbers, the old women with their prayers, and the little boys with their living burdens, it seems to me that the day was worth all it cost, and more.—*Atlantic Monthly.*

The Decendants of Captain Cook's Pigs—The native (Maori) saying is "As the white man's rat has driven away the native rat, as the European fly drives away our own, and the clover kills our fern, so will the Maoris disappear before the white man himself." It is wonderful to behold the botanical and zoological changes which have taken place since Captain Cook set foot in New Zealand. Some pigs which he left with the natives have increased and run wild in such a way that it is impossible to destroy them. There are large tracts of country where they reign supreme. The soil looks as if it were ploughed by their burrowing. Some station holders of 100,000 acres have had to make contracts for killat 6d. per tail, and as many as 22,000 on a single run have been killed by adventurous parties without any diminution being discernible. Not only are they obnoxious by occupying the ground which the sheep farmer needs for his flocks, but they assiduously follows the ewes when lambing, and devouring the poor lambs as soon as they make their appearance. They do not exist on the western side of the mountain, and only on the lower grounds on the eastern side, where the snow seldom falls, so that the explorer has not the advantage of profiting by there existance where food is the scarcest.—*Dr. Haast.*

Imagination in Elephants.—A writer in the London Spectator asserts that the elephant is a highly imaginative animal, and quotes the Ceylon engineers, who say that when they survey ways through the forests and plant wooden tracing pegs to mark the levels taken during the day, their tracing pegs are generally removed during the night by elephants, who are uneasy till they understand these novel symptoms of human agency. It is clear, then, that the elephants are rendered uneasy, troubled in their imaginations, by these curious marks of special and unexplained human interest in their dwelling place. Indeed it is a recognized and generally very successful way to escape a vicious elephant to throw down anything complicated in his path, which, in his caution, he will examine so carefully before he proceeds as to give his chase time to escape. Colonel Hardy, in 1820, saved himself from a vicious "rogue" elephant by throwing down his dressing case, which the creature in question wanted to force open and examine minutely, instrument by instrument. Another peculiarity of the animal is that the herds will never mingle. When suspicious of danger they throw out pickets, which are stationed after careful reconnoitering by the leader of the herd. Whenever a herd of elephants is at bay, it always follows one leader, and if that leader is slain, follows the next, and so on till the last is left in isolation.

NOTICE.

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J. P. BOGARDUS,
J. F. BOWMAN. } *Editors and Proprietors.*

THE CALIFORNIAN.

SAN FRANCISCO,.....SATURDAY, AUGUST 31, 1867.

A CALIFORNIAN POET.*

PROBABLY the majority of men possessing a fair share of culture and sentiment indulge, to some extent, in the composition of verses at certain critical periods of life, when the sensibilities or the affections are first deeply stirred under circumstances that admit of being viewed through an atmosphere of romance. Few men succeed in getting through college without having been guilty of rhyme, which, after all, may perhaps be regarded as a misfortune rather then a crime, unless the accomplishment is magnified by its possessor into an evidence of his superiority over ordinary mortals, and leads to an unfounded conceit of genius and a neglect of the practical duties of life. Yet of this melancholy result there is always more or less danger; for when a young and inexperienced person finds himself able to produce compositions in verse, smooth in their flow, graceful in sentiment, and pleasant to the ear, what more natural than that he should believe himself to be a poet and aspire to the laurel? Unless possessing an unusual ballast of good sense he will inevitably do so, and then the consequences cannot fail to prove most deplorable. For having once entered upon such a career, pride, ambition, obstinacy, all combine to keep him in it. Criticism affronts his conceit and arouses his combattiveness. He will not be put down; he will persevere; he will compel a recognition of his genius; he will humble his enemies and justify the favorable judgement of his friends and admirers. We are not now speaking of the weaklings who indite such drivel as is found in the poets' corners of country newspapers, stuff that tends to make the name of "poet" a term of derision, and impels one to turn in sadness and pity from a fellow-man convicted of dabbling in verse. Here, there is no waste, or misapplication of intellectual force to deplore, for the force does not exist. These driveling brethren are harmless, nay sometimes serviceable as promoters of mirth in those whose hearts are hard enough to enable them to remain unaffected by the pathetic side of the phenomenon. We are not speaking of such as these, but of men who possess taste, culture, sensibility, talent, and even genuine poetic feeling, which they mistake for a far different and rarer gift—poetic genius, without which, it is a deplorable waste of force and time for any man to continue to write verses otherwise than as the diversion of his leisure hours. Though good poetry is often the spontaneous overflow of powerful feelings, yet it must be the overflow of a mind not constituted like other minds, but of one characterized by a peculiar organic sensibility. Such a mind may in moments of excitement produce poems, but it cannot long *continue* to produce them, and to produce them in such number and variety as entitles the producer to the sacred name of "poet" in its exalted sense, unless in addition to this exceptional organization, the writer is given to habits of deep thought and meditative contemplation. Colcridge says, somewhere, that no man was never yet a great poet without being at the same time a philosopher, since poetry is the blossom and fragrance of all human knowledge, thought, passion, and emotion. And we cannot doubt that this is so; for not only in all "great poets," but in all true ones, we may find a genuine philosophy, not didatic, or formal; often unconscious, and such as the singer himself could not methodically unfold. We find it not only in Shakspeare and Goethe, Wordsworth and Coleridge, but in Tennyson, Browning, Longfellow, Whittier; and where indications of it, in the shape of some individual and idiosyncratic habit of contemptlating life, duty, nature, the human soul, the relations of men, or other subjects of thought, are not to be found there, however much of the external form and beauty of poetry may exist, the spiritual essence is wanting. And, unless the poet differs from other men, is a "seer" in a sense in which they are not, an interpreter of mysteries within us or without, and can show them to us in other aspects than those in which we view them by the dry light of the intellect, unless he is by so much as this, more than a deft weaver of melodies that charm the ear, he is but an elegant idler, a slight minister to our pleasures, and all the familiar glorifications of him and his office with which our literature abounds, are abominable cant.

Tried by this exalted standard, and with the most rigorous impartiality, upon the evidence furnished in this volume, Mr. Stoddard will, without hesitation, be pronounced a true poet, by any competent critical tribunal. We presume he would himself be the first to smile at hearing himself dubbed a philosopher; but it is, nevertheless, clear to the thoughtful reader of his little book, that he has already begun to look around and within him, on nature, and into his own soul, to ascertain for himself what can be seen and discovered, and to make report thereof, after a fashion of his own, without too much regard to what others may have seen there. Before such a tribunal as we have hinted at, we should be quite content to "rest the case" on Mr. Stoddard's behalf, on eight of the pieces in the book, with no anxiety as to the verdict even had he never produced another line. These pieces are "The Awakening," "The Two Cleopatras," "In the Desert," "My Friend," "Singing Shells," the "Night Song," "Fame," and "In Memoriam." That the man who wrote these pieces is a born poet, no one could doubt, and being informed that he is a very young man, few would think it altogether unreasonable to anticipate that he might become a great poet. We have selected these eight poems, not because they are absolutely the best in the volume, though five of them would have to be named as among the best, but because, taken together, they fully illustrate all the higher characteristics of Mr. Stoddard's genius. Even where they are faulty, or fail to achieve a complete artistic developement of the writer's conception, they evince rare poetic gifts. Some of Mr. Stoddard's admirers have a habit of citing "At Anchor," and "Drifting" as the best illustrations of his powers. But neither of them contains a line, or phrase, or image that is at all characteristic of the writer. They are mere echos of Tennyson.

"All can raise the flowers now, for all have got the seed."

Says, or sings the laureate, alluding to his imitators—

"And some are pretty enough, and some are poor indeed."

Of the two "flowers" in question, we think it quite probable that Mr. Tennyson would say they were "pretty enough;" but no one can doubt for a moment out of whose garden the "seed" came. Among the pieces that we have named, there are also several in which we can detect "echos" of the music of other minstrels: but they are less literal, and are varied by strains of Mr. Stoddard's own. The "Two Cleopatras," perhaps the most ambitious piece in the volume, is strongly suggestive of Alexander Smith. It is elaborate, and rich in fancies too strained for true poetical effect, but is not a successful effort; yet it could only have been written by one who sees with a poet's eye, and is dowered with a poet's imagination; we cite it not for what it is but for what it indicates. "The Awakening," commencing in the manner of Tennyson, after the fourth stanza begins to remind us of Longfellow. But it contains strong and noble verses uttered in the writer's own idiom, and moving to his own music. We cite it, not for any great power or originality that it evinces, but as an illustration of the singularly pure and elevated sentiment that pervades all Mr. Stoddard's meditative poems. "My Friend," is not better than several others in the book, of the class to which it belongs, all of which in austere simplicity of manner, in a quaintness that is not affectation, and in their sweet sobriety of spirit, remind us of George Herbert. In this class, besides "My Friend," are the "Secret Well," "At the Spring," "A Rhyme of Life," which Herbert himself might have written, and "Compensation." Now a discriminating reader, who had seen none of Mr. Stoddard's poems except those already specially commented upon, would inevitably have conceived a high idea of the writer's genius within certain limitations. But let him turn to "Singing Shells," "The Night Song," "In Memoriam," and "The Comet," and he will discover another string of the poet's harp capable of discoursing most eloquent music; a music not learned in the school of either Tennyson or Alexander Smith, or of the old Elizabethan writers, though it might possibly set one dreaming of Shelly. "Fame," terse, direct, and strong, is in quite a different key again, and is the only poem in the volume to indicate the possession by the writer of what is popularly called "lyric force." We flatter ourselves that there are very few pieces of Mr. Stoddard's that we could not readily recognize as his, if seen for the first time. This, however, is one of the few. As it is the only poem of the kind that the author has ever published, and is in a manner so unlike that which is characteristic of him, we will quote it:

FAME.

She charmed him with her charming eye;
To know its luster was to die,
Or feed forever on its light.
She bore him to her mountain height;
With wine-sweet lips she kissed to rest
The thousand longings in his breast.

She ringed him with her glittering coils;
Her flattering words were soft as oils,
All swam before his drunken sight;
He felt his beauty and his might,
And cursed the darkness as he hurled
Defiance at the crouching world.

He did not know her treachery:
But thought her tightened grasp to be
The clasp of love—O! heavy fate!
She thrust him in the face of hate
With all the venom in her born,
And slew him with her tongue of scorn.

"In The Desert," is another distinctive poem, revealing capabilities in the poet that fully appear in no other piece in the volume, though suggested by occasional phrases. It is so graphic and distinctly outlined, that a painter could put it all on canvass as easily as if he had seen it with the bodily eye, and we have not a doubt that the poet, reversing this process, took his hint from some picture which he has most effectively translated into verse. The confidence with which we have expressed our conviction of the high poetical status to which Mr. Stoddard is entitled, is not based upon the relative value of the poems we have mentioned, as compared with the productions of other writers, but upon their intrinsic quality, and their excellence in kind. Any half dozen of them would prove the author a poet. The eagle is not the less easily recognized as an eagle, because he has not yet learned to soar on powerful and unfaltering pinions, or to take his loftiest flight. Though our poet's song often sounds like the echo of some master at whose feet he has sat in affectionate homage; though he does not always succeed in giving complete and symmetrical development to his idea; and though his harp at times gives forth an uncertain sound, as though he had not accurately measured, or adequately mastered its capabilities, it is impossible to mistake the quality of its music, or the compass and power of the instrument itself. This volume settles Mr. Stoddard's standing as a poet, beyond cavil; and henceforth patronizing newspaper notices of his productions by "friendly critics" may be dispensed with as impertinences rather than favors. He is henceforth to be regarded as entitled to an honorable rank among American poets, not so much because he has laboriously struggled for a foothold on Parnassus, as because a place there belonged to him of natural right. His singing robes are as much the gift of nature as the plumage of the bird, or the sheeny armor of the gold fish. We have not said the half of what we wished to say concerning Mr. Stoddard's volume, or the half of what we designed to say when we commenced writing this article. But we have quite exhausted the space which can at present be devoted to it, and must, therefore, reserve further comment for another occasion.

*Poems. By Charles Warren Stoddard. San Francisco: A. Roman & Co. 1867.

STOP THIEF!

"A FRIEND who is quite evidently the owner of a dog, sends us an interesting paper wherein he dwells upon the virtues and faults of the canine race in general, and one dog particularly."—*New York Dispatch, July 28th.*

Underneath this preface follows the sketch written for THE CALIFORNIAN some months since by Prentice Mulford entitled "Our Dog." We admire the impudence of the *Dispatch* more than its honesty. We've lost Nip. The pound guerrillas captured him last week, and not having the necessary five dollars for redemption, we were obliged to suffer canine bereavment, and Nip is probably in or at least on the road to Heaven, a place never to be entered by the editors of the New York Weekly *Dispatch* unless they mend their ways, and learn to render unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's, unto the CALIFORNIAN the things which are the CALIFORNIAN'S, and unto Prentice Mulford the things which are Prentice Mulford's. The municipal dog banditti are infinitely below the animals they imprison and murder, yet they are angels of light compared to these waylaying literary footpads who would thus rob people of whatever little hard earned reputation they may possess.

Put that in your pipe and smoke it, Mr. *Dispatch*, and after this please give us credit for whatever ears you may glean from the CALIFORNIAN'S cornfield. "A friend sends us." A friend indeed! Such impudence! Don't call us friend. Our sympathies are wide enough and broad enough to give Judas Iscarriot the best room in our house, and the best the market affords for breakfast, without demanding of him even one of his dearly bought thirty pieces of silver; but we'd keep the pilfering editors of the *Dispatch* out in the cold a long time before they should warm themselves at our chimney corner.

GEORGE AGUSTUS SALA proposes to revisit this country disguised as a lecturer.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

WORKS OF CHARLES DICKENS.—Globe Edition. Illustrated from Designs by Darley & Gilbert. Dombey and Son. Four volumes in one. New York: Published by Hurd & Houghton, 459 Broome Street. 1867. San Francisco: A. Roman & Co.

A STORY OF DOOM, and other Poems By Jean Ingelow, Boston: Roberts Brothers 1867. San Francisco: A. Roman & Co.

POEMS, by Charles Warren Stoddard. San Francisco: A. Roman & Co. 1867.

THE REBEL CHIEF By Gustave Aimard. Author of "Prairie Flower," "Indian Scout," "Guide of the Desert." "Last of the Incas," "Gold Seekers," "Border Rifles," Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers; 306 Chestnut Street. San Francisco: A. Roman & Co.

Love's Works:

DIVORCE REFERRED.—The prayer of Conrad Seipel, for a divorce from Mary Seipel, was yesterday referred to John S. Love, Court Commissioner of the Fifteenth District Court, by Judge Dwinelle —*Morning Call.*

Not every marriage is it
That Love, the young god makes;
Ill-matched ones pay a visit
To *Love* who union breaks.

[For the Californian.]

REHEARSAL.

A THEATRICAL rehearsal is the dry skeleton of the play stripped of its gilt, glitter and gaudy plumage. Enter the theatre in the day-time. It seems a huge, gloomy, gas-seented, wooden cavern. Down obscure steps you stnmble and along dark aisles grope with a sensation that at the next moment you are to fall into some uncovered hole, and then yon bring up suddenly against some dramatic young man or woman emerging from the place. On the stage is a portion of the company. They do not rehearse in costume, Mr. Pea Green—not at all. That is Hamlet yonder with an umbrella. Polonius is practicing a very common double shuffle before the Queen, and Laertes is playfully poking the King in the back with his cane. Men with paper caps, above and below, are hammering, sawing and painting. Seated at a table near the footlights is the stage manager. Three of the ladies and two of the gentlemen belonging to the company are clustered about the right-hand lower box, engaged in a lively and apparently amusing conversation. The people, male and female at the rear are the villagers, peasantry and soldiers. On the other side an industrious lady is sewing, and another is squatting, like unto a hop-toad, on the edge of the stage talking to the leader of the orchestra, who, with his noisy confederates, is playing straggling bars of music.

You may get as perfect an idea of a play by seeing it rehearsed as you do of Shakspeare from hearing it read in Hindostanee. The first act consists in an exhibition of great irritability and impatience by the stage manager at the non-appearance of certain members of the troupe.

At what theatre? O, never mind what theatre. We will take liberties and mix them thus:

Stage Manager.—(calling to some one at the front entrance)—"Send those people in!"

The people are finally hunted up, one by one, and go rushing down the passage and on the stage like human whirlwinds.

Leading Lady.—(reading)—"My chains a-a-a-a-a rivet me nm-um-um (carpenters burst out in a tremenduous fit of hammering) this man.

Star.—"But I implore — huz-huz-buz — *never*—um-um (great sawing of hoards somewhere).

Rehearsal reading, mind you, consists in the occasional distinct utterance of a word sandwiched in between large quantities of a strange, monotonous sound, something between a drawl and a buz, the last two or three words of the part being brought out with an emphatic jerk.

Here Th---n rushes from the rear.

"Now my revenge."

Star.—(giving directions.)

No, yon Mr. H-s-n stand here, and then when I approach you, Mr. B-r-y, step a little to the left, then the soldiers pitch into the villagers and the villagers into the soldiers, and I shoot you and escape up into the mountain."

Stage Manager, who thinks differently.—"Allow me to suggest, Mr. B——s, that—(here the hammering and sawing burst out all over the stage and drown everything).

This matter is finally settled. The decision of the oldest member of the troupe, the patriarch of the company having been appealed to, is adopted. Then Mr. Mc——h is missing. The manager bawls "Mc——h!" Everybody bawls Mc——h! Gimlet! Gimlet! This is the playful rehearsal appellation for Hamlet. Gimlet is at length captured, and goes rushing like a locomotive down the passage.

Stage Manager.—"Now, ladies and gentlemen. All on!"

They tumble up the stage steps and gather in groups. H-l-n fences with everybody. Miss H-w-n, (never mind which,) executes an imperfect *pas seul.*

Leading Lady.—I-a-a-a-a love-um-um-um—and-a-a-a another—

Miss H-l-y, Miss M-d-e or any other woman. "This engage-a-a-a my son's um-um-um Bank Exchange."

A-d-n raises his hands and eyes to Heaven saying, "Great Father he's drunk!"

Leading Lady.—(very energetically), "Go not dearest Hawes! The Gorhamites are a-a-a-a-um-um devour thee."

Mrs. S-n-s.—"How! What!!"

Mrs. J——h.—"Are those the peasantry up there?" (boy comes up to the stage and addresses the manager through his nose,) "Mr. G. I can't find him anywhere."

H—y J—n.—"Forasmuch as I——" (terrible hammering).

Nasal Boy.—"Mr. G., I can't find him anywhere."

L—c—h.—"Stop my paper!"

Manager.—Mr. L., that must be brought out very strong, thus, "Stop my paper!!"

L—c—h.—(bringing it out with an emphasis which raises the roof of the theatre.)—"Stop my paper!!!!"

The leading lady here goes through the motion of fainting, and falls against the Star, who is partly unbalanced by her weight and momentum. The Star then rushes distractedly about arranging the supernumeries to his liking. Ed—s and B—y walk abstractedly to and fro. S—n—r dances to a lady near the wings. These impromptu dances seem to be a favorite pastime on the undressed stage.

Second Lady.—"Positively a-a-a Tom Fitch-nm-um amusing a-aitch, a-aitch-a-aitch-a-aitch."

It puzzled me for a long time to find out what was meant by this repetition of a-aitch. It is simply the reading of laughter. A-aitch is where "the laugh comes in." The genuine peals of laughter are reserved for the regular performance. Actresses cannot afford to cachchinate during the tediousness and drudgery of rehearsal. Usually they feel like crying.

Stage Manager.—"We must rehearse this last act over again."

Everybody at this announcement looks broadswords and daggers. There are some very pretty pouts from the ladies, and some deep, but energetic profanity from the gentleman.

Much more than this is said and done at rehearsal, but it is all equally tedious and monotonous. Daily do these unfortunate people go through such a performance from ten A. M. to one or two P. M. And then they go home for a few hours, perhaps to study their parts and get up their wardrobes. I have no aspirations. Have you, Mr. Pea Green? If so, go—go on the stage, but let it be one that carries the mail and passengers.

PRENTICE MULFORD.

DRAMATIC AFFAIRS.

ON Monday night, an immense audience assembled in Maguire's Opera House, to do honor to Henry Edwards on the occasion of his benefit. Edwin Adams had kindly volunteered to make one more appearance on this occasion, to testify his esteem for his brother actor, and Mr. and Mrs. Bates, with a similar object in view, consented to defer the commencement of their engagement until the following night. *Henry IV* was played with Mr. Edwards as "Falstaff." It was rather a dangerous part for any man to attempt. There seemed to be scarcely one person in the Opera House that night, who had not seen "Hackett" in the character. Mr. Edwards had made his appearance on the stage but a few minutes and had hardly spoken a line before people began to whisper, "I don't think any one can play "Falstaff" but Hackett. "Did you see Hackett?" Ah, Hackett was the "Falstaff" etc., etc. It was lucky for Mr. Edwards that he did not hear these remarks, or he would certainly have become nervous. His impersonation of the character was good throughout, and especially artistic and finished in the scene in Dame Quickly's inn, after the robbery on Gadshill. Mr. Adams, I suppose, played "Hotspur," for the first time, and probably undertook the part to oblige Mr. Edwards. Under these circumstances it would not be right to criticise very severely, the performance of an actor who has done so many things well, but I must say that Mr. Adams ranted considerably and failed in making many points. John McCullough was rather stiff as "Prince Henry" in the first act of the play; in the last act he was more at home. Altogether *Henry IV* was not well played, but Mr. Edwards acted well as he always does and the public on this occasion acted well to him.

Yesterday, Edwin Adams took his departure from San Francisco on the *Montana*, having relinquished his intention of playing an engagement in Sacramento. Mr. Adams during his stay in this city made a host of friends, many of whom accompanied him to the steamer. Yesterday afternoon, there was grief and lamentation at the Opera House; all regretted the loss of a gentleman and a good fellow from their ranks.

On Tuesday, Mr. and Mrs. Bates made their first appearance before a San Francisco audience, appearing in the respective parts of "Armand Duval" and "Camille," in the play of *Camille.* The fact that this play was chosen for the occasion of the debut of these artistes in this city, convinced most people that Mrs. Bates rather than Mr. Bates was the "star performer." "Armand Duval" not being a part which any actor would choose for a first appearance. Mrs. Bates met with a most kind reception, and speedily won the favor of the audience. Her "Camille" is the best—with, some people think, the exception of Miss Davenport's—that has ever been witnessed in this city. Mrs. Bates has a handsome face, a graceful carriage, and a sympathetic voice. Her rendition of the part was even and well sustained, being equally good in the first and the last acts. In the fourth act she was especially good; her grief, when charged with falsity by "Armand," was wonderfully real, and her sobs awoke many a responsive echo in the breasts of the ladies among the audience. Twice she was guilty of boisterous declamation when a quiet and intense style would have been more telling; but both her reading and acting were generally so good that as a whole, her impersonation of "Camille" will stand the test of severe criticism. Mrs. Bates possesses the naturalness of style which made Miss Alice Kingsbury so great a favorite, and is at the same time a far better actress. Mr. Bates made a very gloomy "Armand Duval," but made a good impression in the fourth act "where he denounces "Camille's" perfidy. Miss Sallie Hinckley, who has of late been promoted to far more important parts, took kindly to the character of "Nanine," and bestowed as much care on representing it faithfully as she would on that of "Pauline." D. C. Anderson's make-up for "George Duval," was very good; he represented an old French gentleman perfectly. On Wednesday, *The Hunchback* was presented with Mr. Bates as "Master Walter," and Mrs. Bates as "Julia." Mr. Bates over acted "Master Walter;" the character is much more effectively represented when played quietly. I fancy that Mr. Bates is at present sacrificing his reputation in order to secure his wife's success, and that when he appears in parts more suited to him he will create a more favorable impression.

On Thursday evening, *Camille* was repeated to a good house. On Friday, *Leah, the Forsaken* was played. *Leah* will be presented once more, and in the evening *Lucretia Borgia* will be produced. The talent of Mrs. Bates, and the rapid succession of new plays should ensure crowded houses. On Monday, *East Lynn* will be performed, in which Mrs. Bates will challenge comparison with those who have before played "Lady Isabel;" one I could mention is hard to surpass.

On Saturday last the San Francisco Harmonie Society *(Mitgliedern der San Francisco Harmonie,)* the oldest German singing club in this city, gave a capital entertainment at Platt's Hall. A large and fashionable audience was present. The performance consisted of the opera travestie of *Die Barden*, composed by Julius Freudenthal, musical director to the Duke of Brunswick. *Die Barden* is a travestie of the opera of *Norma*; the music is extremely fine; the libretto is shocking nonsense. It was produced with full costumes and appropriate scenery. In the first scene, *Orobustes* and the bards make their appearance, and a solo and splendid chorus are sung. The Harmonie Society numbers many fine singers among its members, and the chorus was exceedingly well sung. Mr. Conradi, who took the character of "Orobustes" has a glorious baritone voice and knows how to use it. Mr. Jansen sang and acted very well in the role of the "Oberbarde." The fair, but frail "Freia" was capitally impersonated by Mr. Braun, who made up for, and acted the part excellently well. "Piefke"—*poet fruher Schneider*—a poet, formerly a tailor, was of course well represented by Mr. Schraubstadter, who did full justice to the beautiful music wedded to abominable verse which fell to his share. Bellini's music is sometimes sadly caricatured, at others it is treated with the utmost reverence, and made to serve as the theme for a splendid chorus. All who were present at Platt's Hall on last Saturday night, enjoyed themselves thoroughly. It is to be hoped that the San Francisco Harmonie Society will, on some future occasion, afford the general public an opportunity of listening to their sweet singing. *Die Barden* would, I am sure, please all lovers of music.

On Monday the play entitled *True to the Core*, which gained the prize left by the late T. P. Cooke to be awarded to the best nautical drama, was produced at the Metropolitan Theatre. *True to the Core* is full of dramatic situations and startling effects, and therefore pleases the popular taste which craves rather scenes that will satisfy the eye than fine sentiments that will reach both the heart and the intellect. The plot of this play has been repeatedly published, and as everyone is going to see it, it is unnecessary to give an extended account of it. Mrs. Harry Jackson in the character of "Marah," the gypsey girl, carried off the honors of the play, repeatedly exciting the audience to the highest pitch of enthusiasm. Night after night she has, in the scene where she denounces the conspirators against "Martin Truegold's," been honored with three distinct rounds of applause. Alexander Fitzgerald quite gains the sympathies of the audience in the character of the honest pilot, and Miss Emma Howson as his bride brings down the house when she chooses death in preference to the dishonor of betraying her native land. "Pauline Conger" is really not qualified for the stage; she reads the very few lines which fall to her in the part of "Queen Elizabeth," in a sadly monotonous tone. Very often when people unsuited to the stage obtain a footing on it they stick there, remaining sticks until their death. Therefore I think it kind to criticise amateur actors and actresses who show no promise of attaining proficiency in the profession. The scenery of *True to the Core* is very fine, and does credit to Andrew Torning, the painter, whom we are too soon to loose, he intending shortly to go to Australia. At the close of each act the audience insist on the curtain being raised to afford them another view of the concluding tableaux. The ship scene, in which a vessel is engulphed by the waves, is always loudly applauded. It is a pity that this effect cannot be better managed, but up to the present time no better means of representing waves on the stage than the old "wave-cloth" has been discovered. The scene representing "Eddystone rock" is very good, and the tableau on which the drop scene falls is well arranged. The procession in which "Queen Elizabeth" makes her entry on horseback is a very popular feature, and the National Anthem of England which is played on the conclusion of the piece, affords intense delight to the many loyal Britishers who nightly attend. *True to the Core* is bound to have a long run in spite of the political excitement which reigns at present. Manager Howson has already commenced most elaborate preparations for the production of another play full of startling effects. Much time and money must be expended before it can be placed on the stage, but it will probably be ready before the public have tired of *True to the Core.* The usual matinee will be given to-day.

TOUCHSTONE.

A SEA-SHORE EXPERIENCE.

BY JOHN QUILL.

THE fact is, I am afflicted with fat woman. Adipose female is my complaint, and I've got it so bnd that sometimes I seriously think of throwing myself in the nndertow and floating out to become food for clams.

This is the way it occnrs: Yon see there is a man here whose father was acquainted with my father, and whose robnst pocket-book corresponds, comparatively, with the size of his danghter. She, forsooth, is a maiden who assumes to have seen but twenty summers, but she has put in the time so well that she has collected more beef and tissne, and so on, on her skeleton than would serve six ordinary women.

Well, you see, this heavy father has his eqnally heavy daughter on his hands, and he comes down here and lays for his chance to throw her over into matrimony with some unsuspecting man. In an evil hour I was indnced to borrow money from him, and now he threatens me with the sheriff or his daughter, whichever I choose. Of conrse, I prefer the sheriff, but I worry along with the fnt woman until I see a chance to bolt.

Yon have no idea how trying it is. Her name is Maria, and Maria is always wanting to go into bathe. So we go down to the beach, nnd I walk in her shadow to get out of the heat. When she comes to the bath honse, ten chances to one, that she nearly rips the clothes off of her trying to get throngh the door, and then, jnst as like as not, I've got to walk back and get a carpenter down and take out fonr or five planks so as to get her in, and then when she is in, it is necessary for me to stand there and hold those loose planks in place while she takes off her envelopes.

Then she comes ont and tries to trip lightly over the sands. Did you ever see the elephant dance at the circus? Well, that's her, she looks more like a molasses cask on two legs than anything else, and she's about as graceful as an ox.

And she wanted me to teach her how to swim. Wouldn't I hold her by the waist while she saw if she conld float? Waist? talk about pntting a girdle around the earth; about the eqnator, or the rings of Saturn! Why, I tell you you might as well try to embrace the dome of the capitol at Washington.

I got hold of her, and she laid over on her back to such an extent that it cansed a flood tide, and then her head went under, and she came np like an organ bellows.

"Time," said I; "boy comes up smiling."

But she conldn't appreciate innocent amusement, and she said if I tried to drown her she would tell her pa.

Blast her pa, a watery grave is jnst what he is suffering for.

Why didn't I hold her up? she said. I wasn't a Samson, I replied. I had never taken the prize at the gymnasium for lifting twelve hundred pounds. Who did she take me for? So she laid over again, and jnst then a breaker came, so that she lost her balance, and one of her legs np so that she kicked me on the nose. I don't see how she ever did it. It seems impossible.

Bnt she didn't care anything abont my agony. Indeed, I think she was prond of having drawn first blood for Maria, but she said nothing, except that she wanted to try floating again. But I believed I wonldn't go in for another chance; I was afraid she might roll over on me and flatten me ont.

Then she said she didn't believe I loved her. Would I swim out to save her if she was drowoing? she asked. I thonght not; I hadn't my life insured; and I never went whale fishing in my life. Besides, I wasn't a tug-boat, and had no horse-power about me.

When she came out you ought to have seen her. She left the bar high and dry all along the coast, and there was enongh water in her clothes to float an iron-clad.

Then you ought to see her at a hop. She has an idea she can dance, and when she expressed herself to this effect, I went down stairs to see the man who owns the place, and advised him as a friend to shore np the floor with any spare timber he might have around, for I knew if she got to hopping there would be an earthquake somewheres in that neighborhood sure.

She wears a gaiter that takes a whole side of leather, and if she once puts her foot oo yours, you are a helpless cripple for life; so I was unwell that night and couldn't daoce.

But she danced. She got her hands ou another of her pa's victims and tried to waltz with him.

Yon ought to have seen that man. You recollect when yon were a boy seeing other boys trying to climb very large and smooth chestnnt trees, with no branches within a quarter of a mile of yon. You know they could never get their grip on it. Just so with this fellow; he would clutch and grab for a hold on the place where Maria's waist ought to have been, but he would slip off every time, and you never saw a more miserable man in your life. I believe he committed suicide three days afterward.

She wanted me to drive her out in a carriage yesterday, but there wasn't a man on the island who was willing to take her. And they were right; no man wants his vehicle broken to pieces. So we went arouud to the lighthouse, and she insisted npon going up to the top, bnt the keeper, he said the thing was not very steady anyhow, and he didn't want it made top-heavy, and have any accidents happening while the Government debt is so large.

(If you can do anything for this man I will feel obliged. I consider him a valnable official.)

Would I take her ont in a yacht, and let her catch some fish there? she said. I told her no, there was no use, because there wasn't nny canal boats down here, and I didn't want her father to have to pay for raising any snnken yachts. But she had set her heart on it, so I bribed a man to take her out in a schooner.

It seemed to me we mnst have fished for a week without any good result. Excepting that a million or so green-headed flies gathered around Maria, and seemed to enjoy themselves cntting out chunks of snperfluous flesh.

I like these insects; they are intelligent animals; you jnst leave your green-headed fly alone to hnnt out good forging ground. They go right to the spot by instinct. When I got Maria home she was covered with blisters, nnd swelled to twice her natural size. The hotel man thought I was bringing home a mass meeting of woman's right convention with me.

But whnt am I to do? Here I am with this woman on my hands and no means of relief. Can't yon sue out a writ of *habeas corpus* and get the Government to send aronnd a fleet to bring the *corpus* home? Something has got to be done, or I'll die.—*Philadelphia Sunday Transcript.*

THE ORIGIN OF CATS.

THE Egyptians adored the cat as a divinity, and the Swiss have chosen it as a symbol of liberty. History rarely condescends to mention it, and the poets in general ignore it; for, however valnable its qualities, the cat is not poetical. Yet Goldsmith has given it a place in his exquisite "Hermit:"

> "Around in sympathetic mirth,
> Its tricks the kitten tries;
> The cricket chirrups in the hearth:
> The crackling fagot flies."

It is a common thing enough to call men "dogs," but Volumnia in "Coriolanus" calls them "cats." In speaking of her son, she says:

> "'Twas yon incensed the rabble;
> Cats! that can judge as fitly of his worth
> As I can of those mysteries which heaven
> Will not have earth to know."

As to "the brindled cat" that mewed thrice before the three witches in "Macbeth" entered the cave, we can only applaud Shakspeare's good taste in giving her the precedence in that grand scene.

For nearly a thousand years Western Christendom scarcely knew the blessing of cats; and how the rats and mice were kept down when no four-footed policemen patrolled the kitchen is more than we can guess. In the tenth and eleventh centnries very high prices were given for good mousers. They were of Nubian origin, and descended from those domestic cats which the Egyptians certainly possesed, which exist to onr own day in the form of mummies, and are represented on many monuments of Thebes No one knows how they found their way into Europe; bnt there is reason to believe that the Romans imported them from the banks of the Nile in small numbers and at rare intervals. Onr ancestors had so high a sense of the nselnlness of this animal that Howell Dha. or Howell the Good, inserted among his laws one expressly concerning it. The price of a kitling before it could see, was to be a penny, and when it had killed a mouse, twopence. If its seeing or hearing was imperfect, if it had not whole claws, did go on killing mice, or proved a bad mother, the the seller was to forfeit to the buyer the third part of its valne. If any one stole tho cat from the prince's granay, the fine he had to pay was a milch ewe, with her lamb and fleece, or as much wheat as would cover the cat when held by the tail with its head touchiog the floor. No reduction was to be made. The very tip of pussy's tail must be covered with the culprits wheat. Thus the price given for cats was high, cnnsidering the value of specie at that period, and the lact of laws being made to protect the breed of an animal which multiplies so fast, shows that in the Middle Ages it mnst have been scarce in Wales.

DOMESTIC HAPPINESS.—The great end of prudence is to give cheerfulness to those hours which splendor cannot gild, and acclamation cannot exhilarate. Those soft intervals of nnbended amusement, in which a man shrinks to his natnral dimensions, and throws aside the ornaments and disguises which he feels in privacy to be useless encumbrances, and to lose all effect when they become familiar. To be happy at home is the nntimate result of all ambition, the end to which every enterprise and labor tends, and of which every desire prompts the execution. It is indeed at home that every man must be knowu by those who would have a just estimate of his virtue or felicity; for smiles and embroidery are alike occasional, and the mind is ofteu dressed for show in painted honor and fictitious benevolence.

USE is indeed second nature. The rattle of a thousand trains fail to awaken the railway-sleeper.

DIRGE FOR A SAILOR.

> SLOW, slow! toll it low,
> As the sea waves break and flow;
> With the same dull slumberous motion
> As his ancient mother, Ocean,
> Rocked him on, through storm and calm,
> From the iceberg to the palm:
> So his drowsy ears may deem
> That the sound which breaks his dream
> Is the ever-moaning tide
> Washing on his vessel's side.
>
> Slow, slow! as we go,
> Swing his coffin to and fro;
> As of old the lusty billow
> Swayed him on his heaving pillow:
> So that he may fancy still,
> Climbing up the watery hill,
> Plunging in the watery vale,
> With her wide-distended sail,
> His good ship securely stands
> Onward to the golden lands.
>
> Slow, slow!—heave-a-ho!—
> Lower him to the mould below;
> With the well-known sailor ballad,
> Lest he grow more cold and pallid
> At the thought that Ocean's child,
> From his mother's arms beguiled,
> Must repose for countless years,
> Reft of all her briny tears,
> All the rights he owned by birth,
> In the dusty lap of earth.

—*Atlantic Monthly.*

SHORT BIOGRAPHY OF DEMOSTHENES.

BY THE FAT "CONTRIBUTOR."

THE celebrated orator, who has sometimes been compared to Wendell Phillips, was born near Athens, inheriting very little from his parents, with the exception of a delicate constitution and a first-rate name for an orator. Although he achieved the highest eminence as an orator before he sold out the business and retired to the country, yet his earliest attempts at public speaking were lamentable failures. He was led, weeping from the stage at six years, when he tried to repeat some verses at a Fourth of July Sunday School celebration.

Two or three years expired before he could overcome his natural timidity so far as to stand up before an audience again. It was at an exhibition of the district school, held in the old school house, where he was educated. He spoke the lines:

> "You'd scarce expect one of my age
> To speak in public, on the stage;
> But should I chance to fall below
> Demosthenes or"——

Here he hesitated, wriggled about, and applied a corner of his check apron to his eye. "Go on, Demmy," said the teacher, encouragingly.

"Demosthenes or"——

"Bo! ho! ho!" went young Demosthenes, totally overcome by the reference to himself and the striking novelty of the situation. He was laughed at a good deal by his schoolmates, which raised his spunk a considerable, and then he determined to become an orator anyhow. He had a great many difficulties to surmount. In addition to a naturally weak voice, he had an impediment in his speech. To overcome these drawbacks, he used to go out on the bowlder pike, fill his mouth with bowlders, and declaim. [An effort was made to induce him to substitute the Nicholson pavement, but being old-fogyish in his notions, he steadily refused.] He also declaimed to the waves of the sea as they dashed upon the beach, talked in boiler shops and nail factories, in order to accustom himself to Democratic Conventions and other tumultuous assemblies. He became very strong in his voice at length—so strong that he could lift hundreds of people right out of their seats with it. We don't know that he ever wholly overcame the hestation in his speech. There are few orators who acqure eminence but what have it occasionally. Wendell Phillips has been known to *hesitate in his speech*—until he was offered his price for making it.

Demosthenes came to be in great requisition as an orator, at length. Some of his Fourth of July orations are in use at School Exihitions to this day, particularly the one in which he exclaims: "Give me liberty or give me death; there she stands, look at her! His funeral oration over the body of Julius Cæsar was one of the finest specimens of graveyard eloqnence ever heard. Beadle published it in his dime songbook, and it had a great run.

Demosthenes was often urged to take the stump in politics, bnt he steadily refused. He always kept a lot of funeral orations on hand, however, to be read over defunct politicians. He accepted engagements to lecture before Lyceums one winter, but he wasn't a success. Lyceums were not accustomed to eloqnence at that early day, Greeley not having educated them up to the highest forms of it until years after.—*Cincinnati Times.*

RAILWAYS IN INDIA.—Railways in India are reported to be quite successful, and according to a report just issued on the operations of last year, the English capitalists who have invested in these roads have reason for encouragement. In spite of commercial depression and monetary disasters, of unprecedented floods and destructive inundations, the works under construction have steadily progressed and the traffic has increased.

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Rooms for private parties up stairs.

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GENOA RESTAURANT,

BONZI & PERAZZO,

Successors to L. Gamba,

512 Sacramento Street,

Between Montgomery and Sansome.

MEALS 50 CENTS, or to order. Good Cooks and Polite Waiters. Choice Italian and French dishes. Best Wines, Liquors and Cigars on hand. Private Rooms up stairs.

LEON DINGEON. F. W. HAUBRICK.

DINGEON & HAUBRICK,

MARTIN'S RESTAURANT,

623 COMMERCIAL STREET.

Above Montgomery. Meals at all hours. The best of Wines, Oysters, Game, and all the delicacies of the season always on hand. Private Saloons up stairs for Dinner and Supper Parties.

AT THE REGULAR

RETAILING AMERICAN WATCHES

C. E. COLLINS & CO.,
603 MONTGOMERY STREET,

SAN FRANCISCO.

Nos. 42 and 44 Nassau Street,

NEW YORK.

Dealers in American, Swiss and English WATCHES,

JEWELRY AND ATERIALS.

☞ We have made arrangements to buy AMERICAN WATCHES in large quantities from the Factory, and will receive a discount on the regular Wholesale Prices. We will hereafter

Retail the American Watches

AT

The Regular Wholesale Prices.

Our only profit being the small per cent. allowed by buying in large quantities.

WHOLESALE PRICES.

ZEITSKA & SHEPPARD,

Merchant Taylors,

NO. 610 CLAY STREET,

Near Montgomery,

SAN FRANCISCO.

CORNS!

DR. V. POPPER,

Surgeon Chiropedist

No 20 Montgomery street, between Post and Sutter, San Francisco. Office hours from 9 A. M to 5 P. M.

Offers his services to the public as an Operator on such excrescences as hard and soft corns, enlarged joints, club nails, bunions, nails penetrating the flesh, warts, etc.

PHILADELPHIA BREWERY,

Corner Second and Folsom streets,

SAN FRANCISCO.

HOELSCHER & WIELAND,
Proprietors

F. DIXEY,

Merchant Tailor,

625 WASHINGTON STREET.

Cloths, Cassimeres for Vestings, always on hand and made to order in the most

Fashionable Styles.

Satisfaction Guaranteed.

OFFICIAL.

Paris Exposition, - - 1867.

ADVICES JUST RECEIVED BY MAIL ENABLE US to announce positively that the only gold medal for American Sewing Machines was awarded to Elias Howe, Jr., as the manufacturer of the best Sewing Machine that was exhibited There were eighty-two different Machines in competition for the prize, and Mr. Howe received the additional award of the Cross of the Legion of Honor, as manufacturer and inventor. The exact wording of the award is as follows:

HOWE MACHINE.	WHEELER & WILSON.
"Co operateur Elias Howe, Jr., promoteur de la Machine a coudre, Medaille d'or."	"Wheeler & Wilson, pour la machine a boutonniere, Medaille d'or."
TRANSLATION. Co-operator Elias Howe, Jr., improvement on Sewing Machines, Gold Medal.	TRANSLATION. Wheeler & Wilson, for Buttonhole Machine, Gold Medal.

The official list of those who were made Knights of the Legion of Honor, as published in the Paris papers, reads thus: "Mons. Elias Howe, Jr., fabricant de machines a coudre exposant." Which, translated into English, reads: "Elias Howe, Jr., maker of Sewing Machines, exhibiting."

From this it will be seen that the medal awarded to Wheeler & Wilson was for a "Buttonhole Machine," AND NOT FOR THE SEWING MACHINE.

H. A. DEMING, Agent,
No. 137 Kearny street, near Sutter.

An American Knight of the Legion of Honor—Among the many who have been the recipients of medals and honors at the Exhibition at Paris, none stand so high on the list as the celebrated inventor and manufacturer of Sewing Machines, Elias Howe, Jr. The Emperor, who shows great tact and discrimination in these matters, has made Mr. Howe a Knight of the Legion of Honor, and the jury on Sewing Machines, who had the task of testing and awarding prizes for excellence, unanimously decided that Mr. Howe was not only entitled to great honors as the inventor of the Sewing Machines, but that he carried off the palm as a manufacturer as well, and to him was awarded accordingly the first of the only two gold medals assigned this class. The numbers who have called upon Mr. Howe, at his office, No. 64 Regent street, to offer their congratulations, prove that many besides the Emperor and the jury acknowledge the justice of the claim.—The Courier, London, England.

SOLOMON GUMP,

(Successor to D. HAUSMANN & Co.,)

IMPORTER AND MANUFACTURER OF

MIRRORS, LOOKING GLASSES,

LOOKING GLASS PLATES, PLATES,

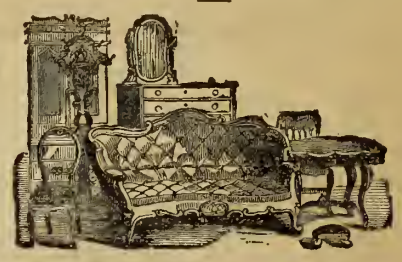
Picture Frames, Photograph Ovals, Mouldings, Etc., Etc.

119 Sansome street, between Bush and Pine,
San Francisco.

NOTICE.

WE TAKE OCCASION TO INFORM OUR FRIENDS and customers that we have sold our entire stock in warehouse also invoices to arrive to Messrs. N. COLE & CO., 312 and 314 Pine steeet. The whole forms a most complete and desirable assortment of FURNITURE, and well merits attention before purchasing elsewhere.

J. PIERCE & CO.



FURNITURE.

WE beg leave to call the attention of the public to our warerooms,

Nos. 312 and 314 Pine Street.

Having purchased the entire stock of Messrs. J. Pierce & Co., and in addition to our large invoice from our factory at the East, we are prepared to fill all orders promptly, both wholesale and retail, and call the attention of the public to our salesroom, as containing the most complete assortment of desirable goods on this coast.

N. P. COLE & CO.

ELECTION PROCLAMATION,

FOR THE MUNICIPAL ELECTION.

PUBLIC NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT THE Municipal Election in and for the City and County of San Francisco, will be held on WEDNESDAY, September 4, 1867, and the qualified voters of said city and county are hereby called to meet in their respective wards for the purpose of electing the following named officers at said election, to wit:

Mayor,	District Attorney,
Sheriff,	Superintendent of Common Schools,
County Clerk,	Surveyor,
Recorder.	Harbor Master,
Treasurer,	Coroner.
Assessor,	

One Supervisor and one School Director in each of the following wards for a full term: Second, Fourth, Sixth, Eighth, Tenth and Twelfth Wards.

Also, one Supervisor for the Third Ward, for the unexpired term; one School Director for the Seventh Ward and one School Director for the Twelfth Ward for the unexpired term.

Also, five Justices of the Peace, to be elected by the city and county at large.

Witness my hand and the seal of the city and county of San Francisco, this seventh day of August, 1867.

[Seal.] H. P. COON, Mayor.
Attest: CHAS. L. WIGGIN, Clerk.

WM WORTHINGTON,

House and Sign Painter,

Dealer in

PAINTS, OILS, GLASS, &C., &C.,

735 Market Street,

Between Third and Fourth streets, San Francisco.

No Mint in California.—Mr. Ferguson was once smitten with the "gold fever", in the early days of the California excitement, and after he had fully determined to seek his fortune in California, he was naturally anxions to gain all the information respecting the country that came within his reach. He chanced to meet a retnrned gold digger, and immediately began to ply him with questions on his favorite topic. The replies of the digger were highly satisfactory at first. He represented that by ordinary indnstry a large amount of gold could be collected in a short time.

"Bnt" continued he, after expatiating a while upon the richness of the deposits in the California streams, "the greatest drawback we find there is the want of a mint."

"No mint in California?" exclaimed Mr. Ferguson.

"No mint there," was the sententions reply.

"Horrid!" ejaculated Mr. Ferguson.

"Very bad," said the digger; "we can never realize the full benefit of the gold as long as there's no mint."

"Damnable!" still ejaculated Ferguson vehemently.

"If you go out there, "you must assist us in getting and establishing the mint," said the digger.

"Why, yes," replied Ferguson, I could carry ont seed, but it would take it such a d—l of a time to grow. No, stranger, you don't catch me in a country where there's no mint."

"Possible?"

No *indeed*, I'm not as green as that—realize the benefit of the gold without mint! I should rayther think I couldn't. Why, look here, stranger! how long do you suppose I could live in that hot climate without mint juleps?"

Here Mr. Ferguson siezed a straw and ordered the barkeeper to hurry np a couple of juleps "a little quicker than a couple of flashes of lightning."

Tyler Brothers,

691 Market st., cor. Third, SAN FRANCISCO,

Importers, Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
SCHOOL BOOKS,
STATIONERY,
PHOTOGRAPH ALBUMS,
BLANK BOOKS,
PORTFOLIOS,
JUVENILE BOOKS,
CHILDREN'S PICTURE BOOKS,
FANCY ARTICLES, Etc.

ESPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO
LADIES' STATIONERY,
Which we Stamp with Initiale
WITHOUT EXTRA CHARGE.

WEDDING AND VISITING CARDS
Engraved, Written or Printed.

Notice to Tax-Payers.

Clerk's Office, Board of Supervisors, San Francisco, August 12, 1867.

Public notice is hereby given that the Books of the Real Estate and Military Assessment Rolls of the City and County of San Francisco for the fiscal year 1867-68 will be open for examination in this office from 9 A. M. to 4 o'clock P. M., during the sitting of the Board of Equalization.

A Committee of the Board of Equalization will be in session in the chambers of the Board of Supervisors daily, (Sundays excepted) from 1 to 3 o'clock P. M., until further notice, for the purpose of receiving and considering applications for the alterations or reduction of assessments upon real estate,

All applications for reduction of assessments are required to be verified by oath. See Statutes of 1863-64, pagn 189.

JAS. W. BINGHAM,
Clerk of Board of Supervisors.

H. C. HOWARD,

Member of the San Francisco Stock and Exchange Board,
(EXCLUSIVELY COMMISSION BUSINESS.)
426 California Street, next door below Montgomery.

PHILADELPHIA RESTAURANT.

MULLER & BERGOLD,
408 Pine Street,
Next door to the new California Market.

PEOPLE'S

Independent Municipal Ticket.

Mayor	J. B. ROBERTS
Sheriff	HENRY L. DAVIS
County Treasurer	JOSEPH S. PAXSON
County Recorder	E. W. LEONARD
County Clerk	WASHINGTON BARTLETT
County Assessor	WILLIAM R. WHEATON
District Attorney	W. C. BURNETT
Sup't Public Schools	JAMES DENMAN
County Surveyor	WM. P. HUMPHREYS
Harbor Master	MARCUS HARLOE
Coroner	DR. J. LETTERMAN

For Supervisors.

Wards.	*Wards.*
2. J. R. BOLTON,	8. J. B. E. CAVALLIER,
3. E. F. STONE,	10. J. D. HAWKS,
4. WM. T. REYNOLDS,	12. T. J. POULTERER.
6. D. D. SHATTUCK,	

For School Directors.

Wards.	*Wards.*
2. H. H. LAWRENCE,	8. R. P. HAMMOND,
4. J. M. JOHNSON,	10. S. C. BUGBEE,
6. J. W. WINANS,	12. HENRY DUTTON.
7. IRA P. RANKIN,	

For Justices of the Peace.

T. HART HYATT, Jr.,	CHAUNCEY CORNELL,
THOMAS S. MILLER,	J. D. CREIGH.
T. W. TALIAFERRO,	

Address of the People's Nominating Committee.

The undersigned, called together by their fellow citizens as an Independent Municipal Nominating Convention, for the purpose of recommeading to the suffrages of the people of this city candidates for the various municipal and judicial offices to be filled at the approaching September and October elections, herewith submit to the consideration of the public the foregoing *Municipal* ticket.

In discharge of the eerious duty assigned to us, we have sought to be guided solely by a sincere desire to secure the highest public good. In our eelections of men we have aimed to regard the qualificatious of the various candidates and their characters, *and their qualifications and character alone*, irrespective of *our* personal friendshipe or *their* polical affiliations.

We believe that the principle which should control all the citizens of San Francisco in the choice of their city officers ought to be this, and only this: "The right man in the right place:" and upon this principle we have endeavored to act in all our nomioations. We have attempted to be above prejudice and bias. We have tried to make careful and thorough investigation respecting each candidate presented, and to act with such wisdom as has been possessed by us, and our decisions have been made after what seemed to us due deliberation.

The result of our labors we now submit to you, fellow-citizens, in the hope that your approval of our action may be found in your hearty endorsement of the ticket now presented, and in the election of *all* the candidates appearing thereupon.

J. W. Clark,	A. T. Fletcher,
L. Maynard,	Samuel P. Taylor,
A. G. Stiles,	Thomas H. Selby,
George W. Gibbs,	Ed. H. Parker,
J. W. Stowe,	W. H. Osgood,
W. W. Montagne,	C. Christiansen,
M. Mayblum,	Walter N. Hawley,
K. C. Eldridge	Jonathan Kitteredge,
H. B. Tichenor,	Aug. Helbing,
N. C. Fassett,	B. H. Randolph,

J. J. McKinnon.

TO THE PEOPLE of CALIFORNIA

A CARD.

GEO. C. GORHAM ON CHINESE SUFFRAGE.

The following card over the signature of George C. Gorham, appears in the San Francisco Press, and is now republished to show the people of California how that gentleman, while claiming the suffrages of the people of the State for the highest office in their gift, can deny the truth of his owa published and recorded statements:

San Francisco, August 17, 1867.

H. J. Tilden, Esq., Chairman State Central Committee—Dear Sir:—A circular has met my eye in which it is stated that I favor Chinese Sufirage. As a final answer to all the din raised on this subject, I wish to say to the people of the State, through you, that I am not, and never have been in favor of the extension of the Suffrage to the Chinese.

The Democracy are reduced to desperate straits, when they find it necessary to reiterate the oft exploded falsehood contained in the Circular alluded to.

Please give this circulation in the Union papers, and have it advertised in the Sacramento Union and Bee, and San Francisco Bulletin and Morning Call.

(Signed) Yours, truly, GEO. C. GORHAM.

Proof of the Utter Falsity of this Card.

Gorham says to Colonel Gray, in reply to the celebrated Chinese letter of the latter gentleman, April 19, 1867:

"I (Gorham) believe in the *universal brotherhood of man.*"

"I (Gorham) cannot believe that you (Gray), an old Republican of 1856, became so imbued with *caste* prejudices, while sitting as a delegate at the Philadelphia Convention, as to be ready to *deny the right of man to the humblest of your fellow-creatures.*"

Gorham, in his published address to the people of California, June 18th, says:

"The war of opinion is not yet fought through. It is to go on until *National Citizenship shall be beyond the control* of local authority, and *manhood alone* be the *test of a right to a voice in the Government.*"

Speaking of the amendment of the Federal Constitution, Gorham said at Platt's Hall, July 10th:

"If this change is made, it will obviate the necessity of an amendment to our State Constitution, which will otherwise soon be demanded by the popular sense of justice, enfranchising those of the United States resident in this State who are excluded from voting on account of color."

Gorham said at Platt's Hall, August 13th, that he "*denounced the accursed heresy that this was a* White Man's *country alone.* He respectfully requested that every man who feared the *negro* and *Chinaman* in competition *should vote against him at the polls.*"

Thus stands George C. Gorham convicted by his own words; and no means of escape remains for him, except to deny that he ever wrote Colonel Gray, or published an address to the people, or a Card to the Chairman of his Committee, one or the other, or the whole of them.

ANTI-COOLIE.

BOWMAN & CO.,
Dealers in Stoves and Tin Ware,
Main street, Petaluma

The Californian's San Francisco Business Directory

APOTHECARIES AND CHEMISTS.
Geo S Dickey, Pioneer Apothecary, cor Ellis & Stockton

ARCHITECTS.
Hoagland & Newsom, s.w. cor Kearny and Sacramento.

BAKERIES.
Dempsey's Bakery, 127 Fourth street,

BOOTS AND SHOES.
P. Kelly, Prize Boot Maker, 323 Bush, above Montg'y.
Wentworth, Hobart & Co. (wholesale manufac.) 210 Pine
Z. Peters, (successor to M. Rosenthal) 406 Commercial.

BOOT POLISHERS.
M. Ryan, 204 Second street.

BUTCHERS.
J. P. Molt, "South Park Market," Third st., op. S. Park.
I. Gaae, "New York Market," Fourth st, near Market.

CIGARS AND TOBACCO.
Chas. C. Lindsey, Excelsior Store, 156 Stewart street.
Chas, Schwenke & T. Meuser, 16 Stewart street.
G. H. Behrens & Co., 4 Kearny street, near Market.

CLOTHING.
H M. Lockwood & Co., 624 Clay street.
J. R. Mead & Co., corner Montgomery and Bush streets
William Sherman, 412 Sansome, corner Commercial.

COAL OIL, LAMPS, ETC.
A. C. Diotz & Co., (wholesale,) 521 Front street.
Dell, Cranna & Co. (wholesale) 513 Front street.

COAL DEALERS.
L. Jaffe, Sutter, between Montgomery and Kearny.

COMMISSION MERCHANTS.
J. W. Nyo & Co., 219 Washington street, corner Cedar.
W. J. Lowry & Co., S.W corner Washington and Davis.
Thos. Newell, 62 Clay street between Drumm and East.

CONFECTIONERS.
Alex. L. Ross, 121 Third street.
Baldwin & Lawlers, South Park Store 418 Third st.
N. B. Booth & Co., 20 Kearny, near Market.
Warren Jones, (and Nut Dealer,) 73 Fourth street.

DENTISTS.
Dr. Blake, removed to 645 Clay street.
N. T. Whitcomb, 205 Third, near Howard.

DRY GOODS.
Abrams & Markewitz, 34 Kearny street, near Post.
Buyer & Reich, S W corner Jackson and Stockton.
H. Rothschild (Variety Store), 112 Third street.
Irving, Lanlers & Co., No. 4 Third street.
M. Waterman, 22 Second street, corner of Steveasen.
Meagher, Taaffe & Co., 9 Montgomery street.

FURNITURE.
Goodwin & Co., 510 and 528 Washington streets.
N. P. Cole & Co., 21 Sutter and 524 Market streets.

FRUIT STORES.
S. P. Jewell, 118 Fourth street, near Minna.

GROCERS.
Fred. Laoge, Family Grocer, cor. Powell and Lombard.
Haskell & Co., Market and Sutter sts, below the Market.
McKee's Family store, 31 Kearny, near Post.
Seneca Jones, Family Grocer, 105 Third street.
T. Williams, corner Third and Tehama streets.

HAIR DRESSING SALOONS.
Adam Erhe, No. 3, Fourth street.
Prof. Smith, 114 Market street, opposite Third.

HARDWARE AND CUTLERY.
C. L. Newman, 111 Third St bet. Mission and Minna.
J. S. Sesser, 138 Fourth st, bet. Mission and Howard.

HATTERS.
Lamott (wholesale and retail) 227 Meatgomery street.

HAY AND GRAIN.
J. B. Holmes & Co., 110 Market street.

HOTELS.
Atlantic House, John McManus, 210 and 212 Pacific st.
"Branch," M. O'Neil, 12 Sutter street.
Broadway, Burns & Fitzsimmons, 212 Broadway.
Brooklyn, John Kelly, Jr., Sansome, corner Pine.
Brooklyne House, John Gately, 217 Broadway.
Chicago, E. W. Heimburg & Co., 220 Pacific street.
Empire House, Peter Thompson, 106 Jackson street.
Franklin House, Hugh Curran, cor Sansome & Pacific.
Golden Gate Hotel, J. Blackmen, 728 Market street.
Mariner's Home, Brown & Chandler, 504 and 506 Davis.
"Oriental," H. Saxtorph & Co., Washington & Drumm.
Sanders' Hotel, J P; Sanders, 24 Sacramento st.
"St. Louis," H. Heimburg & L. Shrader, 11 & 13 Pacific.
William Tell House, 317 Bush street, above Montg'y.

INSURANCE.
Firemen's Fund Ins. cor. California and Sansome.
Manhattan, R. B. Swain & Co., Agents, 206 Front, cor. Cal.
North British Mercantile, S. E. cor Sansome & Califor'a
Occidental Ins. Co., S.W. cor. Montgom'y and California.

LADIES' BIJOUTERIE, CLOAKS, ETC.
Rosenblatt's, 123 and 125 Montgomery street.

LADIES' FANCY GOODS AND TRIMMINGS.
Mrs. J. Egan, 32 Third street, near Market.
S. Sammerfield, 20 Second street, and 116 Kearny.
Thomas Collinson, 160 Third, near Howard street.

LUMBER.
Armstrong, Sheldon & Co., cor. Mission and Spear sts.

MARBLE WORKERS.
P. Kolly, 12 Fourth street.

MILITARY GOODS AND REGALIA.
T. Rodgers Johnson, Odd-Fellow's Hall, 325 Meatg'ry st

MILLINERS.
Mrs. Desmond, 157 Third street.
Miss A. A. Craddock, 4 Virginia Block, Stockton street.

MUSIC TEACHERS.
Prof. J. R. Boullet, Pianist and Vocalist, 1320 Stockton.

NOTARY PUBLIC,
H. S. Tibbey, 604, Montgomery street.

PHOTOGRAPHIC GALLERIES.
H. Bush, corner Post, Market and Montgomery streets.
Hicks & Staring, 143 Fourth street.
John D. Godeus, South Park, 444½ Bryant street.
New York, B. F. Howland proprietor, 25 Third street.

PIANOS, MUSIC, ETC.
C. Welderhold & Co., 685 Market near Third.
Kohler, Chase & Co., 421 Montgomery street.
M. Gray, 613 Clay street.
W. S. Pierce, removed to 534 Market, opposite Second.

PHOTOGRAPHS, CUTLERY, SPECTACLES, ETC.
Lawrence & Houseworth, 317 and 319 Montgomery st.

PLUMBERS AND GAS FITTERS.
Chas. Barman, 121 Fourth street, near Minna.

PRINT SELLER AND PUBLISHER.
Thos. F. Lawlor, 614 Howard street, near Second.

REAL ESTATE AGENTS.
Dam & Sutherland, 320 Montgomery.
Geo. W. Chapin, 338 Montgomery.
John Pforr, 328 Montgomery.

RESTAURANTS.
Bivalve, Nolting & Spreen, 640 Market, near Kearny.
Ladies' Refreshment Saloon, Swain & Brown, 636 Market
Chas. Louck's "Excelsior," 25 Third street.
Helvetia, Johnjury & Bros., 524 Merchant street.
Market, by Hanzo & Besson, 520 Merchant street.
Palm's Restaurant, 127 Third street.

SALOONS.
Blancy & Carroll, "Sample Rooms," 107 Third street.
"Bourbon Saloon," A. Farr, Long Bridge.
Charley Smith's Saloon, 539 Washington street.
Charter Oak, Frank Kelly, N E cor Third and Howard
Coates & Henderson, 37 Sutter street.
Cleveland's Sample Rooms, 318 Bush, above Montg'y.
"Excelsior," Haase & Co., cor. Drumm and Commercial.
Hand's Exchange, John Hand, 47 Third street.

Business Directory, Continued.

J. Dillon, "Fourth St. Exchange," cor. Fifth and Mkt.
King & McCormick, "Rotunda," Market & O'Farrell.
"Monadnock," A. Horstkotter, Drumm & Oregon sts.
P. Johnson & J. B. Hobe, 26 Clay street.
"Potrero Change," J. Siebe & Co., Long Bridge.
Regatta House, Burns & McLean, foot of Third street.
Russell & Holding's Exchange, 622 Market street.
"Sample Rooms," corner Third and Stevenson streets.
Steamship Exchange, Wm. Everard, 214 Stewart street.
Uncle Billy & George, Saloon 127 Davis st.
"Young American," Geo. C. W. Heuer, Stewart & Howard

SCALES.
Fairbanks & Hutchinson, Depot for Fairbanks' Scales 120 California street.

SEWING MACHINES.
Grover & Baker, R. G. Brown, 116 Montgomery.
The Florence, office 111 Montgomery street.

STATIONERS AND BOOKBINDERS.
Althof, Rose & Bahls, 423 Clay, and 512 Commercial sts.
Jas. E. Damon & Co., 521 and 423 Sansome street.

STOVES AND TIN WARE.
A. Swigert, corner Fifth and Folsom.
Blanchard Bros., 247 Third street.
M. B. Bullard, Oil Stoves, 13 Kearney street.

TRUNK MANUFACTORY.
James Longshore, 308 Sansome street.

WATER-CURE INSTITUTE.
Dr Bourae's Pioneer, 10 Post, near Montgomery.

WAX FLORIST.
Mrs. M. E. Gerrish, 11 Post street.

Newly Opened.

McKee's
NEW GROCERY
AND
FAMILY FURNISHING
Store,
No. 31 KEARNY STREET,
Third Door South of Post Street,

Now receiving orders for Groceries, Provisions, Table Luxuries, and all Housekeeping articles of the best quality at low prices.

Brooklyn Hotel,

SAN FRANCISCO.
Elegant Brick Fireproof Hotel, on the
S. E. Corner of Pine and Sansome streets,
With all the modern conveniencee attached to it.

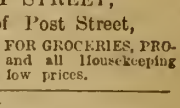
Gas and water are supplied throughout the House. The Rooms are well ventilated, and the Public will find in this Hotel all the comforts of a home. The Hotel is spacious, and well adapted for the use of Families. Suits of Rooms can be had on reasonable terms.

A Large Reading Room is attached to the Hotel,
Containing 500 Volumes of Standard Works,
Which is entirely for the ase of patrons.

THE CITY COACH, with the name of the Hotel on it, will be in readiness at the Wharf, on the arrival of each steamer, to convey passengers and baggage to the Hotel free of charge. JOHN KELLY, Jr., Proprietor.

Steinway & Son's

Piano-Fortes!



AT THE PARIS EXPOSITION.

Copy of telegram relating to them—New York, July 8, 1867—Received at San Francisco July 9, 1867, 7 P. M.

MATHIAS GRAY, 613 Clay street—By despatch from Paris, Steinways were awarded FIRST Gold Medal of Merit, for highest perfection and most valuable inventione, showing greatest progress in Pianos.

STEINWAY & SONS.

Wonders of Wonders!

TO BE SEEN ONLY AT THE
Pacific Museum of Anatomy and Science,
Eureka Theatre, Montgomery street,
between California and Pine.

Nature Unveiled,

AT THE
PACIFIC MUSEUM OF ANATOMY AND SCIENCE
Eureka Theatre Montgomery street,
Between California and Pine

If there is a Florence Sewing Machine within a thousand miles of San Francisco, that is not giving entire satisfaction, if I am informed of it, it will be attended to without express charge or expense of any kind to the owner. Samuel Hill, Agent, 111 Montgomery St., San Francisco.

WHAT HE SWALLOWED.—During the late war, while the Rebel Army of Tennessee, under General Johnson, lay encamped near Dalton, the following scene occured: There was a very popular dealer in newspapers there, a perfect Brobdignag in size, rivaling Daniel Lambert in rotundity of stomach. A regiment was there about to leave for Mobile, and our massive friend had some business to transact with the Colonel. So, puffing and blowing, he came up a few minutes before the train started As he came up a soldier spied him, and hollowed: "Boys, here he is." Instantly the whole regiment was on the alert, and shout after shout went up—"Here he is, here he is!" Looking dumbfounded, the fat man said: "What's up, gentlemen?" What have I done?" "You're the man that stole our big drum and swollowed it," cries the first speaker. "Denounce him to the Colonel!" says another. "Ah! Look at him, he can't deny it!" cries a third, amidst the guffaws of the boys, and the immoderate laughter of all spectators.

CLIPPER RESTAURANT.—The old Clipper has left her moorings and anchored on Sansome street near Pacific, under the command of Capt. John Stock. She will continue to be freighted with the best in the market. Stock stands A No. 1 as a commander and caterer to his thousands of passengers. Branch "Clipper" Restaurants are located at 504 Washington St., one door above Sansome, and 414 Market street between Sansome and Montgomery, where the best of the market can be obtained.

TO EPICURES.—There is considerable difference between a *gourmand* and a *gourmet*. In the *gourmand* the animal nature predominates, while the *gourmet* cultivates the sense of taste until it is rendered susceptible of receiving the highest gratification. The *gourmand* is satisfied to swill flat beer or sour wine, to eat ill-cooked viands, provided he can get enough to gorge himself withal. Epicures, or *gourmets*, who can appreciate the delicate bouquet of a fine wine as they delight in the perfume of the violet, should pay a visit to the store of F. C. Belden, No. 612 Sacramento street, where they will find the rarest brands of wines, spirits and liqueurs, the choicest teas and an immense assortment of delicacies, such as truffles, *pate de fois gras*, Stilton cheese, caviare, etc.

THE CALIFORNIA

Building and Savings Bank,

CALIFORNIA ST., ONE DOOR FROM SANSOME.

Capital and Deposits,- - - - $1,000,000

WHICH IS LOANED ON PROPERTY.

LOANS MADE on CITY REAL ESTATE HOUSES, SHIPS, FACTORIES AND MERCHANDISE.

Doposits received at full interest per month.
Last Dividend paid—one per cent. per month.
Money transmitted from the interior, by Express or Mail, passed to interest from the day of arrival, and a Certificate returned in course of post.
Strangers may deposit Bonds, Gold Dust, Coin, or Valuable Papers in the Vault, for long or short periods, at a small rent, for which valuables the Company will be accountable. THOMAS MOONEY, President.

BUILDER'S INSURANCE CO.

OFFICE IN THE BUILDING OF THE CALIFORNIA SAVINGS BANK, CALIFORNIA ST., one door from Sansome.

FIRE AND MARINE INSURANCE.

OPPOSITION TO NEW YORK
VIA NICARAGUA,
THROUGH AHEAD OF THE MAILS

Shortest and Only Healthy Route!

THE NORTH AMERICAN S. S. CO.'S STEAMER
MOSES TAYLOR,
Will sail for SAN JUAN DEL SUR, Nicaragua, from MISSION STREET WHARF, at 12 o'clock, M., on
SATURDAY, - - - SEPT. 14th, 1867.
Connecting at Greytown with the magnificent Steamship NEBRASKA, 3,000 tons, for NEW YORK.
No expense on the Isthmus—100 lbs. baggage free.
Surgeon on board; medicine and attendance free.
As there is no Yellow Fever nor other epidemic in Nicaragua, passengers by this route will not be detained by Quarantine in New York.
The AMERICA will sail October 5th.
For further information, apply to
I. W. RAYMOND, Agent,
Northwest corner Battery and Pine streets, up stairs.

Joseph Catania & Co.,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in

FRESH AND SALT

STALL NO. 48 FISH MARKET, Clay Commercial and Leidesdorff Streets.

A large supply of fresh fish always on hand. Shipping, Restaurants, Hotels and Families supplied at short notice, and on the most reasonable terms.
N. B.—Fish sent to any part of the city free.

DIRECTORY
—OF THE—
CALIFORNIA MARKET,
California and Pine Streets,
(Between Kearny and Montgomery Streets.)

Butchers.

GEO. M. GARWOOD & CO.,
STALLS 17, 18 AND 19,
Pine Street Entrance.

GEO. J. HAXE,
STALLS 13 AND 14
Pine Street Entrance.

FRED'K. KATZ,
STALLS 97 AND 99,
Pine Street Entrance.

L. MILLER & CO.,
STALLS 94 AND 95, Pine Street Entrance,
and STALL 5, California Street Entrance

RICHARD O'NEIL,
STALLS 1 AND 2,
California Street Entrance.

E. M. O'BRIEN,
STALLS NO. 3 AND 4,
California Street Entrance.

JACOB WRAY,
STALLS 8 AND 9,
Corner Summer Street.

Butter, Cheese, Eggs, &c.

WM. A. BATEMAN,
(Also pure milk, cream, buttermilk, etc.)
STALL 64,
Pine Street Entrance.

BENWARE & MOODY,
STALL 63,
Pine Street Entrance.

BRYANT & HATCH,
STALL 73,
California Street Entrance.

CASTOR & BAKER,
STALLS 47 AND 48,
California and Summer Street Entrances.

W. H. ELDRIDGE,
STALL 32,
California and Summer Street Entrances.

M. B. FRENCH & CO.,
(Successors to French & Hall)
STALLS 23, 24 AND 25,
Pine Street Entrance.

PETER GAUGHRAN,
STALLS 35 AND 36,
California Street Entrance.

HENDLY & CO.,
STALL 67,
Corner Summer Street.

LOENARD & CHALAS,
STALL 28,
Pine Street Side.

LYSETT & VIZNA.
STALL 52,
Pine Street Side.

JOSEPH ZAMMIT,
STALL 54,
Pine Street Entrance.

Fresh, Salt and Smoked Fish.

J. T. BORCHERS & H. GHRT,
STALL 91,
Pine Street Entrance.

GEO. HORTON & CO.,
STALL 89,
Pine Street Entrance.

TESMORE & MAYES,
STALLS 101 AND 102,
Pine Street Entrance.

Hams Bacon, Lard &c.

BURKHARD & KEONING,
STALL 66,
Pine Street Entrance.

GEO. CAMPTON,
STALL 62,
Pine Street Entrance.

Oysters, Clams and Shell Fish.

M. WINANT & CO.,
STALL 56,
OYSTERS AND CLAMS. Pine Street Entrance.

WM. ROALFE,
STALLS 40, 41 AND 42,
California Street Entrance.

MORGAN & CO.,
STALL 87,
Pine Street Entrance.

Produce, Fruits and Vegetables.

O. W. AMES & CO.,
STALLS 50 AND 51,
Pine and Summer Street Entrances.

HALL & BRIGHAM,
STALLS 21, 22 AND 23,
Pine Street Entrance.

GEO. HOHENSCHILD,
STALLS 33 AND 34,
California Street Entrance.

Poultry and Wild Game.

R. CARD & CO.,
STALLS 83, 84 AND 85,
Pine and Summer Streets Entrance.

HART & GOODMAN,
STALLS 76, 77 AND 78,
Pine Street Entrance.

ANDREW A. LOUDERBACK,
STALLS 103 AND 104,
Pine and Summer Street Entrances.

OCCIDENTAL MARKET DIRECTORY,
Market and Sutter Streets, below Montgomery.

S. C. STORY,
Butcher,
STALL 98, Opposite Second street.

B. M. ATCHINSON,
Butter, Cheese, Eggs, Hams, Bacon,
ETC.....ETC.....ETC.,
STALL 7.

BROWN & CLOUGH,
Butter, Cheese, Eggs, Hams, Bacon,
ETC.....ETC.....ETC.,
STALL 29, Opposite Second street.

P. DONNELLY & BRO.,
Butter, Cheese, Hams, Eggs & Bacon,
STALL 20, Sutter street side.

C. & L. KANE,
Butter, Cheese, Eggs, Hams, Bacon,
ETC.....ETC.....ETC.,
STALL 24.

J. J. SMITH & CO.,
Poultry, Game, Butter, Eggs, etc.,
STALLS 44 AND 45, Sutter street Entrance.

BERNHARD & LOUDON,
Produce, Vegetables, Fruits, etc.,
STALL 16, Sutter street side.

P. T. GAVEN,
Vegetables, Fruit, Pickles,
AND PRESERVES,
STALLS 25 AND 26, Market street side.

FREDERICK WITTKOPP,
Vegetables, Fruit, Pickles,
AND PRESERVES,
STALL 18, Sutter street side.

METROPOLITAN MARKET DIRECTORY,
Market and Sutter Streets, below Montgomery.

C. BOSH,
French Stall,
STALL No. 9.

P. F. WARD,
Poultry, Game, Eggs, tc.,
STALL 14, Sutter street side.

B. CARLTON,
Fresh, Salt and Smoked Fish,
STALL 34, Sutter street side.

W. MAESSEN,
Smoked and Corned Meat,
STALL No. 3.

P. RICAUD & J. MEROUX,
Produce, Fruits and Vegetables,
STALL 36.

THE BEIDEMAN ESTATE.

JOHN W. BRUMAGIM, ADMINISTRATOR, WITH the will annexed, of the Estate of JACOB C. BEIDEMAN, deceased, is NOW READY TO EXECUTE DEEDS to the purchasers at said sale, as the sale has been confirmed by the Probate Court, and an Order of Confirmation has been recorded in the Recorder's office of the city and county of San Francisco.
Please call at the Administrator's office, Nos. 36 and 37 Montgomery Block.
JOHN W. BRUMAGIM,
Administrator, with the Will annexed, of the Estate of Jacob C. Beideman, deceased.
San Francisco, August 19, 1867.

GRAND TRIAL
....OF....
SEWING MACHINES.

CONTEST BETWEEN THE
FLORENCE AND WILLCOX & GIBBS.

THE
WILLCOX & GIBBS
TRIUMPHANT!

At the Great UNION FAIR, held at Island Park, between Albany and Troy, in September, two Premiums were offered on Sewing Machines, one for the BEST and the other for the "Second Best"—competition being open to the State.

On the first day of the Fair, the Troy Agent of Florence Sewing Machine Company, having, jointly with the Albany Agent of the same Machine, entered it for competition, published in the Troy Daily Times a challenge to Agents of other Sewing Machines, to meet them at said Fair and compete with them for the Premium.

The challenge was accepted by the Troy and Albany Agents of the Willcox and Gibbs Machine.

Each party was to prepare and subject to the judges a "list" of the several "points of merit" on account of which "superiority" was claimed. These "points were to be separately considered, thoroughly investigated and practically tested, by work done then and there, upon each of the machines; and then decided in favor of the machine which was adjudged to excel on that "point."

Finally it was agreed that the machine which, at the conclusion of the trial, should be found to have the greatest number of those "points" decided in its favor should be decided the "BEST SEWING MACHINE," and awarded the FIRST PREMIUM.

The result of the trial was, that the

WILLCOX & GIBBS WON THE VICTORY

and the prize, by the extraordinary superiority of thirty-five points, decided in its favor, against two points in favor of the Florence.

Full notes were taken of the trial.

It is a fact worthy of remark, that during the entire trial—which continued without intermission for nearly seven hours—not a stitch was missed, nor the thread once broken, nor a needle broken or bent, by the Willcox and Gibbs machine. No kind of work was attempted to be done on it that was not accompliseed, and done in a perfect and workmanlike manner; and no effort was made on it that was not entirely successful; while neither of these statements can be truly made in favor of the Florence.

This remarkable trial can not fail, through the facts developed by it, to be productive of important results. It has raised the veil and exposed to public view the true character of the opposition, who will no longer be able to deceive the public by misrepresenting the character and merits of the Willcox and Gibbs machine.

It is an improvement on double thread machines; and its "stitch," which was severely tested by the Judges, was decided to be much stronger and less liable to rip in use or wear than the "Lock Stitch."

It is the simplest in construction—does the greatest variety of work—makes no noise—is not liable to get out of order—costs the least money, and gives the best satisfaction.

☞ Full reports of this trial sent free to any address.

☞ **Country Agents solicited.**

SAMUEL SWIFT,
General Agent for the Pacific Coast,
203 Kearny Street,
San Francisco

FIREMAN'S FUND

Insurance Company.

Office, S. W. cor. California and Sansome steets, San Francisco.

CAPITAL AND SURPLUS, JANUARY 1, 1867,

$680,000.

DIRECTORS.

D. J. Staples, John O. Earl,
G. T. Lawton, Alpheus Bull,
W. M. Hixon, C. T. Forrest,
John Barton, W. B. Bourn,
W. H. Lyon, Joseph Peirce,
Chas. Wolcott Brooks, M. A. Braly,
I. B. Purdy, David Dick,
A. Himmelmann, A. Blackwood,
W. C. Ralston, F. P. McMahon,
Lewis Cunningham, Marysville.
P. Sather, S. R. Throcknorton,
James Dowe, W. W. Haney,
John H. Gardiner, John N. Risdon,
Lewis Soher, R. J. Tobin,
Jerome Lincoln, M. Lynch,
Irving H. Knowles, E. V. Hathaway,
C. G. Athearn, J. H. Redington,
C. L. Taylor, J. W. Brittan,
James Pollock, Benicia.
A. Block, Fitel Phillips,
A. L. Tubbs, C. Spreckles,
W T. O'Brien, J. B. Stetson,
J. E. de la Montagnie, H. L. Lewis,
W. H. Patereon, John Mortou,
T. L Baker, Henry Dutton,
Alex. Weil,
Asa Harker, Portland, Oregon.

Desirable Risks taken at LOW RATES.

The greatest amount taken on any one risk ie $50,000. When the risks are considered too large, a portion will be re-insured in responsible Companies.

LOSSES PAID IN U. S. GOLD COIN!

J. D. STAPLES, President,
HENRY DUTTON, Vice-Presidnnt.
CHAS. R. BOND, Secretary.

OCCIDENTAL

Insurance Company,

Southwest corner Montgomery and California streets,

INDIVIDUAL LIABILITY.

Capital Stock, - - - $300,000

LOSSES PAID IN UNITED STATES GOLD COIN.

THIS COMPANY will insure against loss by Fire on any Dwelling House, Buildings, Merchanise or other property, situated in the State of California. The largest sum they will take on any one risk is thirty thousand dollars.

C. CHRISTIANSEN, Pre'st.
J. GREENEBAUM, Vice President.
B. ROTHSCHILD, Secretary.

HAMBURG, BREMEN,

Fire Insurance Company.

CAPITAL, - - - - - $1,000,000

MORRIS SPEYER, Agent.

OFFICE—526 Washington Street, a few doors below Montgomery.....San Francisco.

Being no longer governed by the Tariff of the Board of Underwriters, this Company will effect Insurances at as LOW RATES as those of any other responsible Company.

AYER'S

AGUE CURE,

FOR THE SPEEDY CURE OF

Intermittent Fever, or Fever and Ague, Remittent Fever, Dumb Ague, Periodical Headache, or Billious Fevers, indeed for the whole Class of Diseases originating in Biliary Derangement, Caused by the Malaria of Miasmatic Countries.

No one remedy is louder called for by the necessities of the American people than a sure and safe cure for Fever and Ague Such we are now enabled to offer, with a perfect certainty that it will eradicate the disease, and with assurance founded on proof, that no harm can arise from its use in any quantity.

That which protects from or prevents this disorder must be of immense service in the communities where it prevails. *Prevention* is better than cure, for the patient escapes the risk which he must run in violent attacks of this baleful distemper This "Cure" expels the miasmic poison of Fever and Ague from the system, and prevents the development of the disease, if taken on the first approach of the premonitary symptoms. It is not only the best remedy ever yet discovered for this class of complaints, but also the cheapest The large quantity we supply for a dollar brings it within reach of every body, and in the bilious districts, where Fever and Agun prevails, everybody should have it and use it freely both for cure and prevention. A great superiority of this remedy over any other ever discovered for the speedy and certain cure of Intermittents is, that it contains in Quinine or mineral, consequently it produces no quinsmo or other injurious effects whatever upon the constitution. Those cured by it are left as healthy as if they had never had the disease.

Fever and Ague is not alone the consequence of the miasmatic poison. A great variety of disorders arise from its irritation, among which are Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Gout, Headache, Bliudness, Toothache, Earache, Catarrh, Asthma, Palpitation, Painful Affection of the Spleen, Hystorics, Pain in the Bowels, Colic, Paralysis, and Derangement of the Stomach, all of which, when originating in this cause, put on the intermittent type, or become periodical. This "Cure" expels the poison from the blood, and consequently cures them all alike.

Prepared by DR. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, and sold by all Druggists, everywhere.

CRANE & BRIGHAM, San Francisco,
Wholesale Agents.

DEXTER STABLES,

Busl Street, between Occidental and

Cosmopolitan Hotels, San Francisco.

W. G. JONES - PROPRIETOR.

REMOVAL. REMOVAL.

Larkins & Co.,

Manufacturers of every description of

CARRIAGES.

CONCORD WAGONS, Ranch Wagons and Buggies made to order. ☞ All kinds of Jobbing and Carriage Painting done at the shortest notice.

☞ New Manufactory Nos. 631 and 633 Howard street, corner of Hubbard, between Second and Third, San Francisco.

A. FOLSOM,

Carriage Manufacturer,

No. 531 CALIFORNIA STREET,

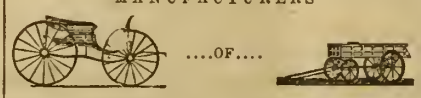
Between Montgomery and Kearny streets, San Francisco.

EVERY DESCRIPTION OF CARRIAGES, EXPRESS Wagons, Buggies, etc , made to order, of the best materials and workmanship.

Repairing and General Blacksmithing done with promptness, and at prices to suit the times.

George P. Kimball & Co.,

MANUFACTURERS



....OF....

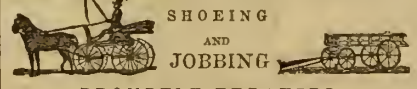
CARRIAGES, BUGGIES, STAGE AND THOROUGH BRACE WAGONS,

Market street, near corner of Fourth, San Francisco.

C. ROBERTS,

CARRIAGE AND WAGON MAKER,

HORSE



SHOEING

AND

JOBBING

PROMPTLY EXECUTED.

Fourth Street, between Howard and Folsom, San Francisco.

All styles of Carriages, Wagons and Carts made to order, and Repaired.

O. MAIN. E. H. WINCHESTER. T. R. HAYES.

Main & Winchester,

Manufacturers and Importers of Harness, Saddles, Bridles, Whips, Collars, Saddlery Ware, etc.

Nos. 214 and 216 Battery Street, San Francisco.

N.B.—Good assortment Concord Stage Harness constantly on hand.

BOWEN BROS.

GROCERS,

Tea and Wine Merchants,

S. E. cor. Montgo'ry and California,

San Francisco.

Wholesale Store,

204 Front Street.

Dissolution of Copartnership.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT THE PARTnership lately subsisting between RICHARD E. ROWLAND, ANDREW WALKER, and MARTIN KLINKOFSTROM, of San Francisco, under the firm of ROWLAND, WALKER & CO., was dissolved by mutual consent on the first day of August, 1867 Richard E. Rowland is authorized to settle all debts due to and by the company.

In bidding adieu to our former customers, we beg to tender them our thanks for their generous patronage, and trust that they will bestow a like liberality upon ROWLAND, BAILEY & CO., our successors.

RICHARD E. ROWLAND,
MARTIN KLINKOFSTROM,
ANDREW WALKER,
(By his Attorney in fact, Annis Merrill.)

COPARTNERSHIP NOTICE.—The undersigned having this day formed a copartnership, under the style of ROWLAND, BAILEY & CO., for conducting a general Grocery and Provision Store.

As successors to the old firm of Rowland, Walker & Co., they respectfully solicit a continuance of the patronage so liberally bestowed upon that firm, pledging every effort to give satisfaction.

RICHARD E ROWLAND,
CHAS. H. BAILEY,
V. V. WILSON,
Nos. 516 and 518 Washington street.
San Francisco, August 1st. 1867.

AMERICAN HOTEL,

Main street, . . Petaluma.

EMERSON & LAMBERTON Proprietors.

D. GHIRARDELLI & CO.'S

Italian Manufactury,

415 and 417 JACKSON ST., SAN FRANCISCO,

Manufacturers and Dealers in

PLAIN, SWEET, CINNAMON AND VANILLA CHOCOLATES;
PREPARED COCOA, COCOA PASTE,
CRACKED COCOA, COCOA SHELLS, etc., etc.
PURE GROUND OLD JAVA COFFEE AND COSTA RICA COFFEE;
CHARTRES AND RIO COFFEE:
GREEN COFFEE OF EVERY QUALITY.

CHOICE WINES AND LIQUORS:

N. B—Ghirardelli's Chocolate is manufactured by steam from Cocoa of the finest quality, imported direct. In excellence and delicacy of flavor, it is superior to any imported Chocolate!

FURTHERMORE, THE
Improvements, Workmanship, and Superiority of those Instruments over all others on exhibition, was so marked and Important, the Emperor created Mr. T. E. CHICKERING
KNIGHT OF THE LEGION OF HONOR.
KOHLER, CHASE & CO.,
421 Montgomery street.

FIRST PREMIUM,
(Gold Medal,)
At the Paris Exposition.
Chickering & Sons' Pianos
RECEIVED THE

W. E. BRIDGE,

St. Lawrence Stables,

212 Sutter street, between Kearny and Dupont,

SAN FRANCISCO.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF THOMAS SMITH, deceased. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, the Administrator of the Estate of Thomas Smith, deceased, to the creditors, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publicat on of this notice to the said Administrator, at his office and place of transaction of business, No. 520 Montgomery street, in the City and County of San Francisco.

Dated August 14th, 1867.

WILLIAM A. QUARLES,
Public Administrator and the Administrator of the Estate of Thomas Smith, deceased. aug17 5t

CANTY & WAGNER,

(SUCCESSORS TO J. REGAN,)

113 *Montgomery street, bet. Bush and Sutter*

N. B.—All candies sold by us are warranted to be manufactured from Stewart's double refined Sugar, and to be equal to any manufactured in the State. Country merchants solicited to examine our stock and prices. Goods delivered to any part of the city free of charge.

STERETT'S
STEAM
PRINTING HOUSE,
533
CLAY STREET.

Cards, Billheads, Circulars, Books, Briefs, Transcripts, Posters, Bills of Fare Envelopes, Letter and Note Headings, Tickets, Pamphlets, and all Legal Papers printed at short notice, and upon reasonable terms.

N. GRAY & CO.,

UNDERTAKERS,

641 SACRAMENTO STREET, CORNER OF WEBB

Sole agents for BARSTOW'S PATENT METALLIC BURIAL CASES and CASKETS.

IN THE PROBATE COURT of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the Guardianship of the person and estate of WILLIAM CHARLES HOLLINSEAD, Minor.

On reading and filing the petition of Jeremiah V. Hollinsead, Guardian of the person and Estate of William Charles Hollinsead, Minor, praying for an order of sale of the real estate therein described, and it appearing to this Court that said lot constitutes the entire estate of the said Minor, and that there is no personal estate, or money with which to provide for the maintenance and education of the said Minor, or to pay taxes and street assessments levied upon said real estate hereafter, and that it is for the best interest of the estate of the said Minor, that the said real estate should be sold.

It is ordered, That the next of kin of the said Minor, and all persons interested in the said estate appear before this Court, at the Court room thereof, at the City Hall, in the City and County of San Francisco, on Monday, the 16th day of September, A. D., 1867, to show cause, if any they have, why an order should not be granted to said Jeremiah V. Hollinsead to sell the interest of the said Minor in the said real estate described in the petition, at private sale for the purpose of the maintenance and education of the said Minor.

And it is further ordered, that a copy of the foregoing order be published once a week for four weeks, in the CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper published in the city and county aforesaid. M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

Dated August 9th, A. D. 1867.

State of California, City and County of San Francisco, ss.—I, Wm. Loewy, County Clerk of said City and County, and ex-officio Clerk of the Probate Court thereof, certify the foregoing to be a true copy of the original order on file and of record in my office.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Probate Court this 10th day of August, A. D., 1867.

Attest: WM. LOEWY, Clerk,
By A. J. JEGHERS, Deputy Clerk.

I. N. THORNE, Esq., Attorney for Petitioner. au 17-5t

IN THE PROBATE COURT of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the estate of LOUIS CHRISTIN, deceased.

Order to show cause why order of distribution should not be made.

On reading and filing the petition of Charles Christin, Administrator of the estate of Louis Christin, deceased, setting forth that he has filed his final account of his administration of the estate of said deceased, in this Court, and that the same has been duly settled and allowed; that all the debts and expense of administration have been duly paid; and that a portion of said estate remains to be divided among the heirs of said deceased, and praying among other things for an order of distribution of the residue of said estate among the persons entitled:

It is ordered, that all persons interested in the Estate of the said Louis Christin, deceased, be and appear before the Probate Court of the City and County of San Francisco, at the Court-room of said Court, in the City Hall in said city and county, on MONDAY, the second day of September 1867, at eleven o'clock, A. M., then and there to show cause why an order of distribution should not be made of the residue of said Estate among the heirs of the said deceased, according to law.

It is further ordered, That a copy of this order be published for four successive weeks before the said 2d day of September A. D. 1857, in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published weekly, in the said city and county.

M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

Dated August 1st, 1867. aug3-5w

C. TEMPLE EMMET, Esq., Atty for Administrator.

IN THE PROBATE COURT OF THE CITY AND County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the Estate of OTTO W. BECKMAN, deceased.

Order to show cause why order of distribution should not be made.

On reading and filing the petition of J. W. Brumagim, the administrator of the estate of Otto W. Beckman deceased, setting forth that he has filed his final account of his administration of the estate of said deceased, in this Court, and that the same has been duly settled and allowed; that all the debts and expenses of administration have been duly paid; and that a portion of said estate remains to be divided among the heirs of said deceased, and praying among other things for an order of distribution of the residue of said estate among the persons entitled:

It is Ordered, that all persons interested in the estate of said Otto W. Beckman, deceased, be and appear before the Probate Court of the city and county of San Francisco, at the Court room of said Court, in the City Hall in said city and county, on MONDAY, the second day of September, Anno Domini 1867, at eleven o'clock, A. M., then and there to show cause why an order of distribution should not be made of the residue of said estate among the heirs of the said estate, according to law.

It is further Ordered, that a copy of this order be published for four successive weeks, before the said second day of September A. D. 1867, in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published in the said city and county.

M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

Dated August 1st, 1867 aug3-5t

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF CHRISTIAN ERICKSEN, deceased.—Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the Estate of Christian Ericksen, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator, at his office and place for the transaction of his business, No. 520 Montgomery street, in the City and County of San Francisco.

Dated August 6th, 1867.

WILLIAM A. QUARLES,
Administrator of the Estate of Christian Ericksen, deceased.
aug 10-5t

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF BENJAMIN M. CLARK, deceased.—Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administratrix of the above named Estate of Benjamin M. Clark, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against said deceased, to exhibit the same with the necessary vouchers, within ten months from the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix, at No. 24 Exchange Building, northwest corner Washington and Montgomery streets, which is her place for the transaction of business, in the city and county of San Francisco.

Dated at San Francisco, August 1st, 1867.

aug3-5t DORCAS CLARK, Administratrix.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF FRANCOIS GRANDEAU, deceased. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the estate of FRANCOIS GRANDEAU, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator, at his office 520 Montgomery street, in the city and county of San Francisco.

Dated July 29th, 1867.

WILLIAM A. QUARLES,
Administrator of the estate of Francois Grandeau, deceased. aug3-5t

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF JUSTUS D. MILLER, deceased.—Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administratrix of the estate of Justus D. Miller, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administratrix at her place of residence, No. 740, Mission street, in the City and County of San Francisco.

Dated at San Francisco, August 8th, A. D. 1867.

aug 10 5t ELIZA MILLER.

JOHN DURIS,

LAUREL HALL,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in

Fine Brandies, Wines and Liquors,

No. 414 PINE STREET,

Next to California Market, San Francisco.

☞All Goods guaranteed Pure, and delivered free of charge to any part of the City

STAPLETON'S

Refreshment Saloon,

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Adjoining the Market, San Francisco.

The very best Wines, Liquors and Cigars will always be found here.

TEUTONIA SALOON,

Corner of Montgomery and Sumner streets.

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The best kinds of WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS constantly on hand.

☞Give us a call.

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JOHN DUNCAN. Proprietor.

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Importer of Wise's Celebrated Irish Whisky.

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615 WASHINGTON STREET, 615,

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Opposite Maguire's Opera House.

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WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN

WINES AND LIQUORS.

NO. 16 THIRD STREET,

Between Market and Stevenson Streets., San Francisco.

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Wines and Liquors,

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Dealers in fine Wines, Liquors and Cigars. Oysters, Clams, Chops and Steaks, cooked to order at all hours.

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Successors to JAMES MEARS.

ALE, PORTER AND CIDER

BOTTLING ESTABLISHMENT,

511 Front Street.

A large stock of Champagne Cider on hand, in glass and bulk.

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IN CONSEQUENCE OF THE VERY GREAT DEMAND FOR

CASSIN'S

Grape Brandy Bitters ! !

we have been obliged to rent a LARGER BUILDING, and are now removing to Sullivan & Cashman's Block, No. 523 FRONT STREET, opposite our old establishment.

F. & P. J. CASSIN, 520 Front street.

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SARSAPARIPHERE

BITTERS

POSSESS INVALUABLE PROPERTIES.

They give Health to the Sick,

Strength to the Weak,

Joy to the Afflicted.

☞SOLD EVERYWHERE.☜

J. R. PATTON,

TAILOR,

535 MERCHANT STREET,

Between Montgomery and Sansome, San Francisco.

☞ REPAIRING AND CLEANING NEATLY DONE

MOYNIHAN & AITKIN,

Portland Boiler Works,

311 AND 313 MISSION STREET,

Between Beale and Fremont streets, San Francisco.

Manufacturers of Steam Boilers, high or low pressure—Cylinder, Tubular or Flue; Sheet Iron Work; Steam and Water Pipe of the best quality, and at more reasonable prices than any other establishment on the Pacific Coast.

Being Practical Boiler Makers, of long experience, confining our whole time and attention to our branch of business, and having enlarged our works, and also added the most improved tools in the country, we are enabled to turn out Boilers more expeditiously than any other establishment on the Pacific Coast—using none but the best quality and brands of Boiler and Sheet Iron and Boiler Tubes. Those in want of anything in the above line will do well to give us a call. Orders from the country will receive prompt attention.

All work warranted according to order. Particular attention paid to Repairing Steam Boilers.

T. J. MOYNIHAN, JAS. AITKEN. } Proprietors.

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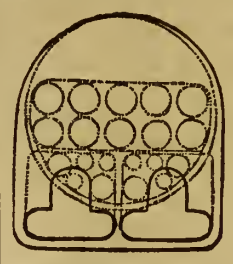

Corner of MISSION and FREMONT streets,

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MARINE,

LOCOMOTIVE,

And all kinds of

HIGH-PRESSURE

STEAM BOILERS

Manufactured.

The proprietor imports his own C. H. and B. Iron across the Isthmus, and Tubes of every size. Other parties can never blockade the market. He has made arrangements with the best houses in the East to furnish him with everything in the shape of Iron he wants.

All Boilers guaranteed and tested by U. S. Boiler Inspector before they are sent out of the shop, at my expense. ☞All kinds of Sheet Iron and Water Pips, Coal Oil Stills, Wrought Iron Worms, etc., manufactured to order. OLD BOILERS REPAIRED.

D. CAMERON.

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Foundry and Machine Works,

Northeast corner Fremont and Mission streets,

Manufacturers of

MARINE AND STATIONARY ENGINES,

Quartz Machinery, Saw, Flour and Sugar Mills, Mining Pumps, Hoisting Gear, Agricultural Implements, etc.

ALSO,

Wine, Cider, Cotton and Tobacco Presses of the latest Improved Patterns.

STEAM ENGINES AND BOILERS,

Of all sizes, constantly on hand; Quartz Mill Shoes and Dies warranted to be made of the best white iron.

Dunbar's Improved Self-Adjusting Piston-Packing, requires no springs or screws; is always steam-tight; without excessive friction, and never gets slack or leaky.

MACHINERY, OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS,

Bought, sold, or exchanged. Bolt Cutting and Castings at the lowest market rates.

DEVOE, DINSMORE & CO.

PIONEER IRON SHUTTER WORKS.

Established 1849.

John Upstone,

MANUFACTURER OF FIRE-PROOF

Doors and Shutters,

Bank Vaults, Balconies, Gratings, Prison Cells, Awnings, Stairs, Iron Fence, etc.,

Corner of California and Drumm Streets,

San Francisco.

Constantly on hand a large assortment of second hand Fire-Proof Doors and Shutters.

Removal.

THEODORE KALLENBERG,

Machinist,

Has removed from No. 416 Market street, to No. 10 Stevenson street, next to the corner of First.

Maker of Models for Inventors, Drawing Instruments, Small Machines, Philosophical Instruments, Scales and Weights, all kinds of Brass and Iron Work.

REPAIRING PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

I. H. SMALL,

Machine Shop,

BUILDER OF

Steam Engines, Saw Mills, Mining Machinery,

Also, I. H. Small's Patent Boot Screwing Machine

Gears of all kinds Cut at Short Notice,

And at Greatly Reduced Prices.

Repairing of all kinds done with Promptness and Dispatch.

Corner of Market and Beale Streets,

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WM. O. BREYFOGLE.

(Successor to WARE & MOSHER,)

NO. 26 CALIFORNIA STREET,

Manufacturer and Dealer in

SASH, DOORS, BLINDS & SHUTTERS,

From Kiln-Dried Lumber—at the Lowest Rates.

Orders from the country will receive prompt attention

TO THE UNFORTUNATE.

NEW REMEDIES! NEW REMEDIES!

Dr. Gibbon's Dispensary.

ESTABLISAED IN 1854,

616 Kearney street, corner of Commercial, San Francisco.

For the treatment of Sexual and Seminal Diseases, such as gonorrhœa, gleet, stricture, syphilis in all its forms, seminal weakness, impotency, &c. Skin Diseases, (of years' standing,) and Ulcerated legs, successfully treated.

HORRIBLE DISEASES.

How many thousands of persons both male and female are there who are suffering out a miserable existence from the effects of secret indulgence, or from virus absorbed into the system. Look at their pallid, emaciated and disfigured faces, and their broken constitutions, disqualifying them for the happiness of marriage or the enjoyment of life. In this horrid situation thousands suffer until death closes the scene. Let parents, guardians and friends, attend to those who are suffering with any of these horrible, life-destroying maladies—see that they are cared for and cured before it be too late. Send them to Dr. Gibbon, a physician who has made private diseases his especial study for years, and who is certain to cure the most inveterate cases without mercury or any injurious drugs. It is important to those who are afflicted, to be careful of the many pretended Doctors who infest all cities, publishing their skill in curing all diseases in a few days, imposing upon the public by using the names of eminent physicians from Europe and other places. Be therefore careful and make strict inquiry, or you may fall into the hands of these charlatans.

Syphilis is syphilis the world over; so is small pox, consumption, and other diseases, to the contrary of what quacks may say.

SEMINAL WEAKNESS.

Seminal weakness the consequent of self abuse. This solitary vice, or depraved sexual indulgence, is practiced by the youth of both sexes to an almost unlimited extent, producing with unerring certainty the following train of morbid symptoms, unless combatted by scientific medical measure; sallow countenances, dark spots under the eyes, pain in the head, ringing in the ears, noise like the rustling of leaves and rattling of chariots, uneasiues about the loins, weakness of the limbs, confused vision, blunt intellect, loss of confidence, dilidence in approaching strangers, a dislike to form new acquaintances, a disposition to shun society, loss of memory, bectic flushes, pimples and various eruptions about the face, furred tongue, fetid breath, coughs, consumption, night sweats, monomania, and frequent insanity. If relief be not obtained, should apply immediately, either in person or by letter, and have a cure effected by his new and scientific mode of treating this complaint, which never fails of effecting a quick and radical cure. Dr. G. will give $100 to any person who will prove satisfactorily to him that he was cured by either of the San Francisco quacks.

Dr. Gibbon is responsible, and will give each patient a written instrument binding himself to effect a radical and permaneut cure or make no charge.

Persons at a distance may be cured at home by addressing a letter to Dr. Gibbon, stating case, symptoms, length of time the disease has continued, and have medicine promptly forwarded, free from damage and curiosity, to any part of the country, with full and plain directions for use, for ten dollars, sent in a registered letter, or through Wells, Fargo & Co.

Address DR. J. F. GIBBON, 616 Kearney street, corner of Commercial, San Francisco, Postoffice Box 252.

CAUTION TO THE UNFORTUNATE.

Beware of the San Francisco quacks and pretenders who with bogus sworn-to certificates, dupe the unwary. Some of the self styled doctors whose names are to be found in all the daily and weekly papers of San Francisco and other places, are tradesmen, and become too lazy to work at their trade. Some are tinsmiths, shoemakers, newspaper carriers, intelligence offices keepers, etc. Look over the San Francisco City Directory and you will find their former occupation in it. Look at the Directory for 1862-63. The only way to avoid imposition is make inquiry—it will cost you nothing and may save you many regrets, for advertising physicians in eight cases out of ten are bogus, there is no safety in trusting any of them till you know who and what they are. Dr. Gibbon does not deceive people by exhibiting bogus titles, certificates, pretended patients' letters, etc. Dr. Gibbon Will satisfy persons who may call at his office of his ability to treat diseases that he proposes to cure.

☞ Persons writing to Dr. Gibbon will Please state the name of the paper they see his advertisement in.

PRIVATE MEDICAL AID.

QUICK CURES AND MODERATE CHARGES.

DR. W. K. DOHERTY,

PRIVATE MEDICAL AND SURGICAL INSTITUTE,

Sacramento Street, below Montgomery, Opposite Pacific Mail Steamship Co's Office, Private Entrance on Leidesdorff Street, San Francisco.

Established expressly to afford the afflicted sound and scientific Medical Aid, in the treatment and cure of all Private and Chronic Diseases, cases of Secresy and all Sexual Disorders.

IMPOTENCE OR STERILITY.

A short treatise of Spermatorrhea or Seminal Weakness, Impotence, the vice of onanism, masturbation or self-abuse, and other diseases of the sexual organs, by William King Doherty, Physician and Surgeon, San Francisco, Cal.

This book contains information of the utmost value to all married or single, and will be sent FREE by mail on receipt of six cents in postage stamps for return postage.

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All kinds of Brass, Composition, Zinc, and Babbitt Meta Castings, furnished at the shortest notice. Brass Ship-Work of all kinds, Spikes, Sheathing Nails, Rudder Braces, Hinges, etc., constantly on hand and made to order. Also, manufacture Ship and Steamboat Bells and Gongs of superior tone.

All kinds of Steam, Liquor, Water, Oil, and Flauge Cocks and Valves made and repaired.

Hydraulic Pipes and Nozzles, and Hose Couplings and Connections of all sizes and patterns, furnished with dispatch. *PRICES MODERATE.*

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OR SELF-TEACHING

PENMANSHIP

The System of Babbitonian Penmanship is pre-eminently self-instructing. With its ample explanations of right and wrong forms—its sixty wood cuts—its plain intelligent rules, one may sit down by his own fireside and become a finer Penman than he could at much greater cost in the usual way with a living teacher.

There is a great demand for fine Penmen in the commercial world, and this system, at a trifling expense, imparts a skilful command of the Pen, worth hundreds of dollars to the fortunate possessor.

Penmanship is an indispensable accomplishment to Ladies, and this system is elaborate in a series of elegant copies in the Ladies' Style.

Business men have sometimes lost thousands of dollars from ignorance in regard to Business forms, and there is furnished in a set, without additional charge, a fine variety of Business Forms and Abbreviations. To sum up the Excellencies of this System, it is—

1—Scentific in its Arrangement of Principles;
2—Artistic in its Movements and Flourishes;
3—Practical in its Combinations and Applications;
4—Stylish in its neat and chaste Gracefulness;
5—Superior for Legibility, Rapidity and Beauty;
6—Most Disciplinary for fingers, Arms and Muscles.
7—Unexcelled for Comprehensiveness and Simplicity.
8—Complete and Self-Teaching for Private Learners;
9—Time, Labor and Expense Saving for Pupils and Teachers.

The Babbitonian Penmanship

Is published on durable card-board slips, ninety-two copies illustrated, put in a neat package with a Chart, the whole complete at the low price of $1 50.

Babbittonian Pens.

One reason why the country is flooded with poor Pens is that they are generally made by mechanics, rather than by artistic and experienced Penmen, the only parties really understanding the requirements of a good article.

The Babbittonian Pens,

Made in the most finished style, by skilful artisans, after models prepared according to the combined wisdom and experience of several amatsurs and old Professors of Penmanship, are admirably adapted to meet the public wants.

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Is one of the most exquisite little instruments for delicate writing ever constructed.

The Babbittonian Extra Fine Pen,

Is pronounced by a large number of Penmen to be more free, more durable, and more varied in capacity for either fine or coarse strokes than any foreign Pen whatever. Suitable for elegant writing, it is a great favorite with the ladies and gentlemen.

The Babbittonian Business Pen,

Having great freedom and variety of movement, is unequaled for general business or school purposes. Somewhat coarser than the Extra Fine, it wears longer and moves more easily on paper.

☞This Pen is now in use in the large countinghouses and banks in this city.

WARREN HOLT, General Agent,
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A RARE GEM OF ART.

"The Lord's Prayer,"

A pen drawing, by Mr. D. F. Brown, is one of the most remarkable works of art ever exhibited in this country. By patient labor he has succeeded in producing a design which for skill and beauty of execution, exquisite softness and delicacy of finish, and general merit, it would seem scarcely possible to surpass. The central figure—the face of our savior—is one of marvelous power and beauty. This and the faces of the Twelve Apostles, forming the border of the piece, are faithful copies from Leonardo da Vinci's famous painting of the

LAST SUPPER,

Reproducing, with the softest and most perfect shadings, the conceptions and characteristic expressions of the originals. Within this enclosure the words of the Lord's Prayer, in ornamental letters of various original designs and exquisite finish, are an interesting study of art in themselves; while appropriately distributed among these, miniture groups and scenes of marked events of Savior's life, copied from the great masters—five of them from Raphel a celebrated designs—form a harmonious completion of this unique, beautiful and truly wonderful work. The faces of

OUR LORD AND HIS APOSTLES.

Alone, so finely copied, would be a treasure in any house, and worth the full price of subscription.

W. HOLT, General Agent,
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MANUFACTURER

—AND—

IMPORTER OF

PIANOS.

Old Pianos supplied with new and improved action. Repairing of every description and varnishing attended to with dispatch; also

Agent for Hallet & Cumston's new Concert Scale Pianos.

Pianos at prices from $150 to $700.

Factory and Wareroom, No. 536 Market Street, opposite Second.

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STEAMER CAPITAL.....CAPT. E. A. POOLE.
" CHRYSOPOLIS. CAPT. A. FOSTER.
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One of the above steamers leave BROADWAY WHARF, at 4 o'clock P. M., *EVERY DAY*, (Sundays excepted,) for Sacramento and one for Stockton, the Sacramento steamer connecting with light-draft steamers for Marysville, Colusa, Chico and Red Bluff.

Office of the Company, northeast corner of Front and Jackson streets.

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Dealers in Stoves and Tin Ware,
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THOMAS MAGUIRE,.....Sole Proprietor.
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MR. AND MRS. F. M. BATES,
Supported by
MR. JOHN McCULLOUGH,
MR. HENRY EDWARDS,
MISS SALLIE HINCKLEY,
AND THE GREAT STAR COMPANY.

Matinee to-day,
LEAH, THE FORSAKEN:

This Evening, August 31,
LUCRETIA BORGIA.

Monday Evening,
EAST LYNN.

PRICES OF ADMISSION:

Dress Circle.....	$1 00	Orchestra	$1 00
Parquette.....	50	Upper Circle.....	25

METROPOLITAN THEATRE.

Directress.....MISS EMMA HOWSON
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Engagement of the American Tragedian,
ALEXANDER FITZGERALD,
SUPPORTED BY
MR. JAMES H. VINSON,
MR. AND MRS. HARRY JACKSON,
THE HOWSON TROUPE,
MRS. C. R. SAUNDERS,
AND A SPLENDID STOCK COMPANY.

SATURDAY,.....AUGUST 31,
The Great Prize Drama,
TRUE TO THE CORE,
Will be repeated for the MATINEE TO-DAY, and THIS EVENING, and every night until further notice.

PRICES OF ADMISSION.

Dress Circle and Orchestra Seats.....One Dollar
Parquet 50 cts | Gallery 25 cts
No Extra Charge for Reserved Seats.
Doors opeh at 7 o'clock; to commence at 8.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

A PUBLIC TESTIMONIAL
Will he tendered to
GEORGE M. CIPRICO,
By the Citizens of San Francisco, in conjunction with the "Occidental Theatrical Association,"
ON SATURDAY EVENING,.....AUGUST 31,
When will be performed the Tragedy of
HAMLET.
HAMLET.....GEO. M. CIPRICO

CORRESPONDENCE.

TO GEO. M. CIPRICO, Esq., Manager of the "Occidental Theatricals."—DEAR SIR:—The undersigned, your friends, desiring to show their appreciation of your efforts as shown recently in your Amateur Theatricals, desire to give you a Complimentary Benefit, to take place at some one of the theatres of this city. Please answer, signifying the time and place.

Yours, truly,

Judge Freelon,	Samuel Brannan,
H. H. Byrne,	David Scannel,
E. Reynolds,	John White,
Col. Geo. T. Knox,	Geo. H. Sharp,

And 140 others.

GENTLEMEN:—Warmly thanking you for your kind appreciation of my humble efforts, I beg leave to accept your kind offer, and am pleased to designate HAMLET as the play fixed upon by the Occidental Club, who have volunteered to support me, at the Academy of Music, Saturday evening, August 31, 1867. Yours, truly,
GEO. M. CIPRICO.

THE CENTRAL PARK OF THE PACIFIC.

WOODWARD'S GARDENS,
Art Gallery, Museum, Gymnasium,
AND
ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

THESE BEAUTIFUL GARDENS are visited daily by hundreds of the pleasure seeking public, and all agree in pronouncing them the best and only first class suburban resort on the Pacific coast.

The extensive grounds are covered with the rarest trees and shrubbery, making it a most desirable spot for small parties wishing to enjoy a Pic-Nic.

New attractions are being constantly added.

Gardens accessible by the Howard and Market street cars. Entrances on Mission and Valencia streets, between Thirteenth and Fourteenth. OPEN EVERY DAY.

A GRAND INSTRUMENTAL CONCERT every Saturday afternoon; and on Sundays a Grand Concert of Sacred Music, appropriate to the day.

Admission 25 cents. Children half price.

THE CITY GARDENS,
CORNER OF TWELFTH AND FOLSOM STREETS.

☞ The Folsom St. Cars run every five minutes.
☞ The Howard St. Cars run within in one block.

ON SATURDAY,
Chris. Andres' Band will give a
GRAND INSTRUMENTAL CONCERT!
COMMENCING AT TWO O'CLOCK.

ON SUNDAY,
A Grand Concert of Sacred Music,
BY CHRIS. ANDRES' BAND,
INTRODUCING
NEW AND APPROPRIATE PIECES!
COMMENCING AT ONE O'CLOCK P. M.

Admission, 25 cents, Children, half-price.

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Main street. . . Petaluma.
EMERSON & LAMBERTON Proprietors.

DRY GOODS.

GREAT BARGAINS!

FROM THE GREAT AUCTION SALES.

MEAGHER, TAAFFE & CO.
ARE NOW OFFERING
$100,000
WORTH OF
Superior Dry Goods!

Consisting in par of

Cotton Sheetings and Shirtings,
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Merinos, Empress Cloth,
Broche Cashmeres, Alpacas,
Hosiery, etc., etc., etc.,

☞ All of which we are now offering from
Twenty to Fifty per cent less than Cost of Importation.

NO. 9 MONTGOMERY STREET, LICK HOUSE.

DICKEY'S
CREME DE LIS
DE CALIFORNIE.

FOR CLEANSING AND PRESERVING THE TEETH. Beautifying the Complexion, and removing Freckles, Eruptions, Sunburn, and Tan.

A New Combination, equal to the best French preparations, and free from their poisonous ingredients.

Invented by GEO. S. DICKEY, Chemist,
Corner of Market, Stockton, Ellis and Fourth streets,
San Francisco.

BLASTING POWDER.

Price, - - - - $3 00 Per Keg.

ALSO, SPORTING, CANNON, AND MUSKET POWDER, of superior quality.

FUSE AND SHOT always on hand and for sale at the

OFFICE OF THE

CALIFORNIA POWDER WORKS,

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JOHN F. LOUISE, Secretary.

UNITED STATES NAVY,

ALBERTO,
AMERICAN CLIPPER,
CORNER STONE,
PRIDE OF VIRGINIA,
G. ENGLISH,
AND REGULARITY.

☞ Shipments of these brands of excellent
CHEWING TOBACCO
Just landed from Steamship Golden Age.
CHIRITY & WISE,
Agents of Virginia Manufacturers,
607 FRONT STREET.

$100 00
SAVED in a very Short Time by using
STANDARD SOAP CO.'S
WASHING POWDER.
TRY IT!
Does Not Injure the Clothes.
Sold Everywhere.

BAURHYTE & McAFEE,
Steam Boiler and Sheet Iron
WORKS.

Owned and conducted by Practical Boiler Makers.
HIGH AND LOW-PRESSURE BOILERS, STATIONARY AND MARINE.
Howard street, bet. Fremont and Beale, San Francisco.

Having had twenty-two years experience in this business, we feel confident of being able to compete—as to quality of work—with any establishment on the Pacific Coast.

CARD
FROM
HENRY H. HAIGHT.

THE STATEMENT MADE BY MR. T. G. PHELPS in his San Francisco speech, that I was a Whig in 1847, a Know-Nothing in 1855, and an Abolitionist in 1859, is destitute of truth in each and all its parts. I have not been a Whig since I was twenty-one years of age; I never was a Know-Nothing, never approved of that organization, and never voted their ticket; nor was I ever an Abolitionist. I am not aware of anything which could excuse such a statement on the part of Mr. Phelps.

San Francisco, Aug. 26, 1867. H. H. HAIGHT.

DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE
FOR MAYOR,
FRANK McCOPPIN.

DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE
FOR SHERIFF,
P. J. WHITE.

DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE
FOR COUNTY TREASURER,
OTTO KLOPPENBURG.

DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE
FOR COUNTY CLERK,
WASHINGTON BARTLETT.

DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE
FOR COUNTY RECORDER,
E. W. LEONARD.

DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE
FOR DISTRICT ATTORNEY,
HENRY H. BYRNE.

DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE
FOR COUNTY SURVEYOR,
WM. P. HUMPHREYS.

DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE
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FOR ASSEMBLY,
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DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE
FOR ASSEMBLY,
JOHN MIDDLETON.

DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE
FOR STATE HARBOR COMMISSIONER,
JAMES H. CUTTER,
OF SAN FRANCISCO.

INDEPENDENT CANDIDATE
For School Director,
For the Tenth District,
S. C. BUGBEE.

IN THE PROBATE COURT of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the estate of CLAUDE JACQUIN, deceased.

Order of Publication on application for order of sale.

On reading and filing the petition of William Rowau, administrator of the said estate, praying for an order of sale of the real estate therein described, and it appearing to this Court that there is not sufficient personal estate in the hands of the said Administrator to pay the debts outstanding against the deceased, and the expenses of administration, and that it is necessary to sell the whole or some portion of the real estate of said deceased for the payment of such debts.

It is ordered, That all persons interested in the said estate appear before this Court at the Court room thereof, at the City Hall, in the City and County of San Francisco, on TUESDAY, the first day of October, 1867, to show cause, if any they have, why an order should not be granted to said Administrator to sell so much of the real estate of the deceased as shall be necessary to pay such debts and expenses.

And it is further ordered, That a copy of the foregoing order be published once a week for four weeks, in THE CALIFORNIAN, a Newspaper published in the City and County aforesaid.

M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

August 30, A. D. 1867.

Office of the County Clerk of the City and County of San Francisco.—I, Wm. Loewy, County Clerk of the city and county of San Francisco, and ex-officio Clerk of the Probate Court thereof, do hereby certify the foregoing to be a full, true and correct copy of an order duly made and entered upon the minutes of the said Court.

Witness my hand, and the seal of said Court, this 30th day of August, A. D. 1867.

[SEAL AND STAMP] WM. LOEWY, Clerk.
au31 5t By Wm. Ledlie, Deputy Clerk.

UNION CANDIDATE
—FOR—
MAYOR,
THOMAS YOUNG.
(PRESENT COUNTY RECORDER.)

UNION CANDIDATE
—FOR—
DISTRICT ATTORNEY,
W. C. BURNETT.

UNION CANDIDATE
—FOR—
ASSEMBLYMAN,
C. L. WIGGINS.

UNION CANDIDATE
—FOR—
CORONER,
DR. S. R. HARRIS.

REGULAR UNION TICKET
—FOR—
COUNTY RECORDER,
LOUIS COHN.

REGULAR UNION TICKET.
—FOR—
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE,
JOHN M. VERDENAL.

UNION CANDIDATE
FOR
STATE HARBOR COMMISSIONER,
CHARLES CLAYTON,
OF SAN FRANCISCO.

UNION CANDIDATE
FOR HARBOR MASTER,
MARCUS HARLOE.

UNION NOMINEE,
FOR ASSEMBLYMAN,
(Endorsed by the Workingmen.)
H. T. GRAVES.

UNION CANDIDATE
FOR SENATOR,
JOHN B. HARMON.

UNION CANDIDATE
FOR ASSEMBLYMAN,
JOHN BAMBER,
Of John Bamber & Co.'s Express.

UNION CANDIDATE
FOR ASSEMBLY,
F. H. WATERMAN,

UNION CANDIDATE
FOR COUNTY CLERK,
JAMES BOWMAN.

REGULAR UNION NOMINEE
FOR ASSEMBLYMAN,
HENRY B. REED.

UNION CANDITATE
FOR COUNTY SURVEYOR,
A. W. VON SCHMIDT.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF PUTNAM A. TWISS, deceased. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administratrix of the Estate of Putnam A. Twiss, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them, with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice, to the said administratrix, at her place of residence, No. 867 Folsom street, in the City and County of San Francisco.

Dated, August 28, A. D. 1867. M. A. TWISS,
Administratrix of the Estate of Putnam A. Twiss, dec'd.
au31 5t.

SOTOYOME HOTEL,
B. C. WRIGHT, Proprietor, Healdsburg, Cal.

The California.

"SURELY THERE IS A VEIN FOR THE SILVER AND A PLACE FOR GOLD WHERE THEY FINE IT."

VOLUME VII., No. 16. OFFICE, No. 532 MERCHANT STREET. | SAN FRANCISCO, SEPTEMBER 7, 1867. | TERMS, $5 A YEAR, BY MAIL, IN ADVANCE. 50 CENTS A MONTH, BY CARRIER.

CONTENTS:

THE LION'S MOUTH.

"THE gravest beast is an ass, the gravest bird is an owl, the gravest fish is an oyster, and the gravest man is a fool." SYDNEY SMITH.

"I WILL roar, that I will do any man's heart good to hear me." A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

"I WILL aggravate my voice so, that I will roar you as gently as any sucking dove; I will roar you an 't were any nightingale." IBID.

"*Nil falsi audeat, nil veri non audeat dicere.*" CICERO.

ORIGINAL.—A Walk on Montgomery Street; the Fashions, etc., by Gopher; Five Years in Japan, No 4, by Forbes Maitland; "THE CALIFORNIAN" at the Geysers, by Dr. Adouis; The Significance of the Election; The Democratic Victory; Literary Gleanings: The Darwinian Theory; "Lion's Mouth:" City Gossip; Stoddard's Woodpecker; A Submissive Rebel; Freedom of the Press; The Flag on the Late Political Victory; Dramatic Affairs, by Touchstone; etc. SELECTED: The Life and Adventures of Barney McBriar, the Shootist, by Prentice Mulford; A Few Ghost Stories; Love Without Nonsense; Advantages of being Poor, by John Quill; Poetry, etc.

City Gossip.

STODDARD'S WOODPECKER.—Brother Ridge, of the Grass Valley *National*, growls at Stoddard's "Woodpecker." He growls more especially at the *Bulletin* for calling the "Woodpecker" a perfect conceit. In the annalyzntion of the merits of this production, Brother Ridge shows great knowledge of the manners and customs of woodpeckers. Referring to the last line of the first verse, which reads thus: "What would you call such a curious monk as he?" Brother Ridge denies that the woodpecker is a monk. Substantially, Brother Ridge talks thus: "My boy, you may be able to write poetry some, but you don't know woodpeckers as well as I do." In intervals of leisure while resting from duties editorial, I, forseeing the probability that you might some time write a poem on woodpeckers, have made a study of this interesting bird. Not only have I studied the woodpecker, but in view of similar contingencies, I've studied everything in the four legged, two legged, feathered, swimming and creeping kingdom of nature. I have got all the idiosyncracies and peculiarities of dogs, cats, bop toads, worms and bumble bees. I'm after you, my boy. The woodpecker isn't a monk. Woodpeckers build nests, lay eggs, have families and moult. Monks neither lay eggs, have families or moult. Consequently, the monk is neither a woodpecker nor the woodpecker a monk.

Speaking of the lines, "Does he ever think of the bloom in the acorn's heart? Though shut in a tomb, there's life cherished there still." Brother Ridge gravely observes "Now, the truth is, as every reader of natural history must know, the woodpecker does not eat the acorn, but the worms which grow in it when it decays or when in the process of decay. Nothing can sprout from the acorn in that place like a catacombed hall where the woodpecker puts it."

Brother Ridge talks and reasons thus: "What business has a boy to write poetry who knows so little of the woodpeckers diet. The Diet of worms. Acorns are not good to subsist upon wholly. They are astringent and internally would affect the woodpecker in an unpleasant manner. Mr. Stoddard *may* be able to write poetry, but worms, woodpeckers, and more particularly, acorns are my speciality, and I want no intrusion."

FLOWING HAIR.—The abominable balls in the rear of the feminine caput, are giving place to the wearing of the hair loose, flowing, and free. So doth one extreme follow another. The change is most welcome. It is pleasant to see "the glory of a woman" falling over her shoulders like a silken woof, and waving in the breeze with a tantalizing sort of abandonment. True, in the height and fury of our San Francisco gales, it may "stick right straight out," but that is better far than the sight of those miserable Scotch snuff bladders.

CITY GUARD PICNIC.—We have received an invitation to be present at the Fourteenth Target Excursion and Picnic of the City Guard, Capt. G. W. Granniss, at the Encinal Park, Alameda, to-day. Most assuredly we will be there. These military picnics are very pleasant affairs, save and except where you happen to know nobody, and nobody knows you, which has often been our position on such occasion. Our lugubrious countenance bearing all over it the shattered remains of early piety, will reveal our identity.

A SUBMISSIVE AND DISGUSTED REBEL.—Mr. McFluster did not vote at the election last Wednesday. He could not exercise that privilege, having neglected getting registered. I expostulated with him, but Mr. McFluster, over his fourth glass of beer, broke out thus:

"Well, who wants to be registered? Who wants to vote? Not I. I'm out. I glory in it. I'm a voluntary alien, an American foreigner!"

"Why do you adopt this course?" said I.

"For two reasons. I admire consistency. I would myself be consistent. I *will* be consistent. During the war, I was a rebel. I opposed the government. The government opposed me—as it turned out, successfully. Hence, I consider I have now no voice in this matter. I submit, and am willing to be governed as the ruling Republican powers see fit to govern me. Sir, the audaciousness of my brother Democrats in turning around so soon after our grand failure, and coolly, aye, frigidly, asking for office, amazes me."

"But do you not covet the privilege of exercising the right of suffrage?"

Then Mr. McFluster burst out stronger than ever.

"Privilege! Do you think I call it a privilege to help staff a box with paper once a year or oftener? Do you imagine I'm hoodwinked into the belief that I have a voice in the election of this or that man for office? Do I engineer the primaries? Or the County Conventions? Or the State National Conventions? If I did I might boast of having a voice in the government."

"But have you no duties as a citizen, Mr. McFluster?"

"Citizen! What have miserable citizens to do with this government? Who is it making all this eternal fuss about principles and platforms? Do plain Jack, John or Bill Smith engaged in the cultivation of their potatoes and cabbages, take such an absorbing interest in the welfare of the country? Who kicked up the last war? Who threatens to kick up another? A lot, sir, of garrulous editors and pipe-laying office seekers. The potatoe and cabbage growing Smiths want no more war on any account. They don't want their potatoe patches destroyed, their hen-roosts robbed, their houses burned over their heads, and themselves drafted into the army, and shot or waylaid out of the army and shot by murdersome guerrillas."

"But must we not have some sort of government?"

"Government! We've got too much government! That's what's the matter. We've got on the brain the great American idea, that the people were created for the government, and not the government for the people. What seems to be the office of government now-a-days? To protect us? No. To protect and support office holders. That's all. Are we not continually being robbed and murdered, and highwayed and burglared? The very machinery of government, sir, is used for legal highwaying, robbing us of our lands, and jerking our farms and city property right from under our feet. We were better off in '49.' Then we hadn't much of any government, at least in the mines. We left our gold, and silver, too, laying around loose. When we caught a thief the people, not the government, took charge of him, and promptly strung him up. What if sometimes we did hang the wrong man? Somebody, most likely, that needed hanging. Contrast the difference, sir, with the manner in which robbers and murderers now are treated who can own a sack of cash."

"Well, does not the law cause their arrest."

"Yes, it arrest them, and, after arresting, it hems and haws and dallies and delays, and finds extenuating circumstances, and whittles the butt end of the crime down to a fine point, envelopes it in a mist of legal obscurity, magnetizes the public into indifference or carelessness concerning the matter, and the first thing one knows after the man has been condemned to death or imprisonment for life, somebody opens for him a side door, whispers to him 'git,' he does 'git,' and that's the last of him. Too much government, sir, peddled out by professional politicians. The people are confused with laws, ordinances, constitutions, statutes, amendments, acts to amend acts, and amendments to amend amendments. I'm disgusted. I surrender all my privileges into the hands of the editors and politicians. In fact, sir, they always held them. They vote me no longer. I wash my hand of the government. Personally, I'm an independent republic!"

Did you ever hear of such an inconsistent man?

RATS AND LANDMARKS.—The rats are being seriously disturbed at the corner of Commercial and Leidesdorff streets by the tearing down of those old cloth and paper buildings erected after the great fire of "51."

"Whither shall we emigrate," said old Gnawdoor to his venerable compatriot Robcheese, as they sat together at the mouth of their hole listening to the ripping up of shingles, the dislocation of joists, and all the destructive and ominous racket.

"Verily, I know not," said Robcheese. "I have thought of Telegraph Hill, but even that nuisance is being gradually removed. I have a mind to get me a lot in the outside lands, where there is pence if not plenty."

"Peace, indeed!" said Gnawdoor. "You'll be outside in six months by a decision of the Supreme Court."

Just then, there fell near these two aged inhabitants, an immense mass of lath and plaster, and frightened nearly out of their wits, they whisked, pell-mell, with twinkling tails, into their holes.

THE ELECTION.—It is over. In the name of the prophet—Haight. Even now is the excitement dying away, and those who fed upon it are beginning to feel, even as a boy on the day after the Fourth. Whilst the dead are being buried, the groans of the wounded paying their bets, still fall painfully on our ears. Democracy is victorious. H. H. H is elected, and Gorham defeated, yet steadily as ever turns the earth on its axis, and calmly as in the days of the unsophisticated patriarchs moves the planet in its resistless course around the sun, just as if neither of these great men, who, for the last few weeks had never existed, never been voted for, never been abused.

Freedom of the Press.

Not long since, Ben Nickerson rose in the National Republican Convention to complain of a breach of privilege committed by the reporter of the *Alta*, that gentleman having said that he possessed mobile features, and made other comments on his personal appearance. Ben Nickerson wished the reporter to be excluded from all future meetings as a punishment for having thus insulted a delegate to the National Republican Convention. He did not gain his point. On Thursday, July 25, the Marquis of Westmeath made as great a mistake in the English House of Lords as did Ben Nickerson in the National Republican Convention. He drew attention to a serious breach of privilege on the part of one of the reporters in the gallery of the House. In a speech recently delivered by him, (the noble Marquis,) he had found it necessary to make certain observations which had been greatly mutilated and misrepresented in one of the public prints. In addition, language had been used respecting him in the reporters' gallery, heard by a friend of his, (Mr. Edward Harper,) who was sitting in the strangers' gallery. Mr. Harper had furnished him with a statement of what took place. He met two reporters going into their room, and one said, "There's that d—d old idiot, Westmeath; but I'll take care not to give him much in to-morrow's paper, I'll cut him short." (Shouts of laughter.) On getting into the gallery, one of the reporters said, "I wish somebody would send this confounded old idiot to the asylum." (Renewed shouts of laughter.)

The Earl of Malmesbury rose, and said that as this matter was beneath the diguity of the House, he would advise the noble Marquis not to go on further with the matter.

The Marquis of Wesmeath said it was a serious matter, and one which should be gone into. It was not because it was personal to himself. He would now conclude briefly. He ought not to be shouted down when he was clearing himself.

The Earl of Malmesbury said that as there was no motion before the House, it was out of order thus to proceed.

The noble Marquis again attempted to obtain a hearing, but was compelled to sit down amid loud cries of order.

Ben Nickerson should write a letter of condolence to the Marquis of Westmeath, and tell him that the reporters in Conventions here are no more respectful towards speakers than those in the House of Lords in England. For ourselves, we are decidedly of opinion that the freedom of the Press should be restrained, when one reporter calls the Marquis of Westmeath a "d—d old idiot," but refrains from writing him down so by "mutilating" his speech, and another declares that Ben Nickerson has "mobile features."

The "Flag" on the Late Political Victory.

The *Flag* is an extraordinary paper. We always supposed that it was opposed to the Democratic party, though of late it has shown some desire to fraternize with the *Examiner*. We were not prepared to find the late Democratic victory characterized in the following terms the day after election:

"The victory just won has been eminently a moral triumph—a vindication of the right against the wrong; of educated intelligence over brutal propensities; of religion over vice; of progress over barbarism."

We consider the above a little too hard on the Gorhamites, though there is no doubt much truth in it. Then the *Flag* in the most jubilant spirit exclaims:

"It is settled that the American people are inexorably resolved to prove true to their most sacred obligations; that those who are to come after us, to fill the places which we now fill, are not to be defranded of the heritage recurred by us from the fathers to be transmitted unimpaired to our children; but that they are still, as a great and prosperous people, constituting one mighty nation, to enjoy on this Western continent, through long generations, the priceless blessings of freedom and union of good government, and civil and religious liberty."

We trust it may be so. There is certainly more chance of California being righteously governed by Henry H. Haight than there would have been had George Gorham been elected. There is really a good deal of sense in the *Flag's* remarks, and it shows a generous spirit in thus sympathizing with the triumph of what was but lately an antagonistic party.

Asking a Little too Much.

The following advertisement appeared in the *Alta* several times this week:

A CARD.—The public are requested to read the leading editorial in the ALTA of August 27th, and oblige

A LOVER OF HIS COUNTRY.

Of course every one would be glad to do anything in reason to oblige "A Lover of his Country;" but it is a little too much to ask a man to hunt up old *Altas* and read them editorials in them. Does any one ever remember the subject of the editorial in yesterday's *Alta?* We are very sorry; we would do anything in reason to oblige "A Lover of his Country;" but we cannot do this. If committing a page of Webster's dictionary, or performing any like tedious task, would add to the happiness of "A Lover of his Country;" we might attempt the task; but read one of the *Alta's* old leaders! Not if we know ourselves.

Good Gracious!

Five hundred and seventy-five times have we read that paragraph which informs us that their is an old farmer, in Northern Ohio, who gets up at daylight, builds the fire, puts on the tea-kettle, dusts the furniture, goes out to the stable and feeds the horses and then calls the folks. The name of this diabolically active old farmer is, as we are informed by five hundred and seventy-five newspapers, Ben Wade. And this man is Vice-President of the United States!

A FEW GHOST STORIES.

HISTORY bears out the bold assertion that there are few things in the world easier to accomplish than a declared impossibility. Any gentleman addicted to compilation might produce, in a very short space of time, a handsome volume descriptive of schemes and theories which—during, say, the last hundred years—have been authoritatively pronounced impracticable—are now in full swing, and provoke no more astonishment than the phenomenon of the telegraph.

The key to every scientific mystery is not hung up outside the door. It is found in unlikely corners. It has to be scrubbed, fitted, tested, till, freed from the rust of disbelief, it suddenly slips into the corresponding socket, and a vast new sphere lies enfranchised before the student's delighted eyes.

Let us come to the point at issue. Can the spirits of the departed reveal themselves, under any conceivable conditions, to the outward senses? To collate the mighty mass of testimony adducible in favor of such a possibility, would occupy an average lifetime; and then, where is the Solomon who shall decide? It is a question of veracity—of impression. Ghosts give no certificate, leave no mark, save on the mind and memory of the ghost seer, and this mysterious countersign is lost to all but him. Is it possible that pure spirit can communicate with spirit still incorporate, and that through the channels which are characteristic of this present state of being? Is it not *possible* that, in that conclusive moment which separates soul and body, there may be evolved a transient condition of being, which, neither body nor spirit—semi-material—possesses some of the attributes of both? It may be regarded as the veil of the disembodied spirit—a fluid vaporous essence, invisible in its normal state—but, for the brief space of its new condition, exercising some of the properties of matter.

If it be objected that this fluid substance, in a form so subtle, can in no wise act on matter—cannot influence eye or ear—how is it that, from the most subtle fluids—electricity, for example—are ordained the most powerful agents? or why do mere changes of light exercise chemical action upon ponderable substances?

Granting the possibility of the existence of such a transition state, the supernatural features would be referable to the circumstance that the spirit, as the surviving and superior essence, accomplishing what was impracticable while it was wholly clad in clay, might annihilate time and space, and, in the image and reflex of the form from which it has hardly departed, be itself the bearer of the tidings of dissolution. Who can say but that these mysterious visitations, instead of being, as some allege, the suspension or supercession of natural laws, may prove to be rather the complete fulfillment of one of the most beautiful and interesting of the marvellous code?

Let us see how far the theory thus hastily sketched out is applicable to known examples.

If we commence with an instance so familiar to many readers as the famous "Lyttelton ghost," it is because that singular narrative supplies us with a double apparation—because, though related in many a mutilated form, it has never, to the writer's knowledge, been given entire—and because his—the writer's—mother, when a girl, heard it from the lips of an actor in the tale, Mr. Miles Peter Andrews—a frequent guest of her father, Sir G. P., of Theobald's Park, Herts. Sir G. suffered much from gout, and the hours of the establishment were usually early, but, on the occasion of Mr. Andrews' visits, no one stirred till midnight. It was five minutes before that hour that Lord Lyttelton's ghost had appeared to him; and though, at the time we speak of, fifteen years had elapsed, he was not wholly free from certain nervous emotions, which made him prefer to pass that never-forgotten moment in company.

It was in or about the year 1775 that Lord Lyttelton, while resident at Hagley Park, made the acquaintance of a family living a short distance off, at Clent, and consisting of the father, mother, son, and four daughters, of whom the eldest was married to a Mr. Cameron, and had, it was said, demeaned herself in a manner to create some scandal.

Upon the death of the father of the family, which occurred in June, 1778, the intimacy increased, and the gay and agreeable lord was firmly established in the good graces of his "Clentiles," as he called them, to whom on New Year's Day, 1779—the last he was destined to see—he addressed an epistle burlesquing, with more wit than propriety, the language of apostolic writings.

Accepting the address in the spirit its author no doubt intended, the unsuspicious mother not only red it to her children, but encouraged the visits of the supposed moralist, until the young ladies, to the astonishment of all who knew Lord Lyttelton's real character, were seen actually residing at Hagely Park! The mother's eyes were now open, but too late. She had lost control of the girls, and when, in September of this fatal year, 1779, Miss Christian accompanied his lordship to Ireland, an Irish lady being of the party, the consciousness of her own indiscretion threw the unhappy lady into an illness from which she never recovered.

Early in November the party returned from Ireland, and being met by the two other sisters who had remained at Hagley Park, all went together to reside at Lord Lyttelton's town mansion, situated in Hill street, Berkeley square. Here, on the night of Thursday, the 26th of November, occurred the famous vision, which, whether or not it may be held to connect itself with the event it purported to forshadow, certainly rests upon evidence too strong to admit of rational question.

Lord Lyttelton's bedroom bell was heard to ring with unusual violence, and his servant, hastily obeying the summons, found him looking much disordered. He explained that he had been awakened by something resembling a fluttering white bird. Having, with some difficulty, driven this object away, he had been still more startled by the apperance of a figure in long white drapery—a woman of majestic presence—the image (as he afterwards averred) of the mother of his young gusts.

"Prepare to die, my lord," said the apparition; "you will quickly be called."

"How soon—*how* soon?" Lord Lyttolton had eagerly asked. "In three years?"

"Three *Years!*" was the stern rejoinder. "*Three days.* Within that time you will be in the state of the departed."

The figure vanished.

The incident made a deep impression on his lordship's mind. Making no secret of what had occurred, he related it not only to the party in his house, but to many friends—among others, to Lords Sandys and Westcote. The latter, who was a connexion, and, after Lord Lyttelton, the representative of the house, made light of the matter, and advised him to devote his thoughts, preferably, to a speech he was to make in parliament a few days later.

Lord Sandys gave better counsel. "My dear fellow, if you believe this strange occurrence, and would have *us* believe it, be persuaded to make some change in your doings. Give up, by all means, that silly frolic you told us of—I mean, of going next Sunday, I think, in Woodcote. But I suppose it is only one of your fine devices to make us plain people stare. So drink a cup of chocolate, and talk of something else."

The "frolic" alluded to by Lord Sandys was a projected visit, on the Sunday following, to Woodcote, or, as it has been more recently called, Pit-place—a country seat at Epsom, stated to have been won by Lord Lyttelton from Lord Foley at play.

That the apparition was discussed in the interval is further attested by Madame Piozzi.

"On Saturday, a lady from Wales dropped in, and told us she had been at Drury Lane last night. 'How were you entertained?' said I. 'Very strangely *indeed*,' was the reply; 'not with the play, though, for I scarce knew what they acted, but with the discourse of a Captain Ascough, or Askew—so his companions called him—who averred that a friend of his, the profligate Lord Lyttelton, as I understood by them, had certainly seen a spirit, who has warned him that he is to die within the next three days, and I have thought of nothing else ever since.'"

No further accounts reached the Thrales until Monday morning, when the return of the scared party of guests from Epsom brought the first tidings of their entertainer's death.

Not quite the *first*. On the Sunday night, Mr. M. P. Andrews, who had been invited to join the mad party to Woodcote, but had declined on account of an engagement to the Pigous, in Hertfordshire, had retired to bed at the mansion of the latter. At a few minutes before twelve—so he was accustomed to relate—Lord Littolton "thrust himself between the curtains, dressed in the yellow nightgown in which he used to read, and said, in a mournful tone, 'Ah, Andrews, it's all over!' 'O,' replied I, quickly, 'are *you* there, you dog?' and, recollecting there was but one door to the room, rushed out at it, locked it, and held the key in my hand, calling to the housekeeper and butler, whose voices I could hear, to ask when Lord Lyttelton arrived, and what trick he was meditating. The servants made answer, with much amazement, that no such arrival had taken place; but I assured them I had seen and spoken to him, and could produce him; 'For here,' said I, '*he is*, safe under lock and key.' We opened the door, and found no one."

Let us see what at that precise moment was passing in Surrey. According to the testimony of Williams, Lord Lyttelton's valet, whose story never varied in the slightest degree, and was confirmed in every particular by Captain Ascough, the party had arrived from London in the highest spirits, and, being joined by young people of the county, prolonged their merriment until past eleven. Soon after that hour, Lord Lyttelton, looking at his watch, observed:

"Well, now I must leave you, agreeable as you all are. I must meditate on next Wednesday's speech. I have actually brought some books with me!"

"But the ghost—the ghost!" exclaimed one of the careless party, laughing.

"Oh, don't you see that we have bilked the ——?" (a coarse expression,) returned his lordship. (Another of the party affirmed that he had said "jockeyed the ghost."

He escaped from them, ran up to his chamber—one of the smaller—still shown at Pit-place as the "carved chamber," from the carved oaken facing to the doors. His servant had placed the reading-table, lamp, etc., and assisted his master to put on his yellow gown.

Lord Lyttelton then said: "Make up my five grains of rhubarb and peppermint-water, and leave me. But did you remember to bring rolls enough from London?"

"I brought none, my lord. I have found a baker here, at Epsom, who makes them just as your lordship likes." He was stirring the mixture as he spoke.

"What's that you are using? A toothpick? You lazy devil, go fetch a spoon directly."

Williams hastened away, but had hardly quitted the room when a loud noise recalled him. His master had fallen sideways across the table, bringing it, books, lamp and all, to the ground. He raised him.

"Speak to me, my lord. My dear lord, speak!"

The dying man gasped and strove to answer, but "Ah, Williams!" were the only intelligible words, and these were his last.

Williams, his watch in hand, flew down to the revellers below.

"Not twelve o'clock yet" (it wanted five minutes), "and dead—dead!"

It remains to be added that, owing to circumstances never fully explained, tidings of the death of their mother, *on the Thursday night preceding*, only met the young ladies on their arrival in town on that dismal Monday.

The coincidence of the result with the previously announced prophecy, suggested to the incredulous an idea that Lord Littelton had determined on self-destruction. A hundred circumstances united to negative this mode of explanation. Of a genial, easy temperament, immersed in the excitement of politics, a successful gambler and turfite, in a position of great prosperity, Lord Lyttelton could have had little inducement, at the age of thirty-six, to terminate a life which, to a man of his feelings and principles, left nothing to desire.

If, then, such a theory as has been suggested at the beginning of this paper may be regarded as *possible*, is it not under circumstances like these it might be found taking practical form? To whom would the dying thoughts of the heart-broken mother so naturally turn as to him who had broken up a respectable home, blasted her children's fair fame, and laid her on that couch, alone, to die? As for the solemn augury uttered by the visionary form, we know with what strange prophecy the words of the dying have been found fraught. How much more may not be imparted to them, as the speaker stands so much nearer infallible truth, as on the very boundary-line betwixt the beings?

With the single additional remark that Mr. M. P Andrews always declared that a compact existed between Lord Lyttelton and himself, that whichever departed first should visit the other, we turn to incidents of kindred character, but more recent date.

Several years ago (so commences a story related to the writer by a lady well known in London society), the brother of Colonel C. was killed in battle, leaving a widow and one little girl.

The widow subsequently married a German baron, and the little girl Maud, was brought up entirely in Germany. The latter was about twelve years old, when her mother, being attacked with an illness that threatened to prove fatal, became very uneasy about the probable future of her child, and feeling, one evening, more depressed than usual, called the little Maud to her bedside. She warned her that their parting was near, and enjoined the weeping girl to write immediately to Mrs. B. (a friend of many years' standing), entreating her to come at once, to receive her last embrace, and take charge of her orphan child.

Maud obeyed without delay, but the dying woman's eyes were not gladdened by the appearance of her friend. The summons had reached its destination, but the absence of her husband, without whom she felt unwilling to travel so far, had induced Mrs. B. to postpone her departure, consoling herself with the hope that her friend, being naturally of a nervous and desponding temperament had somewhat magnified her own danger.

Mrs. B. resided at Hampton Court, and here it was that, on the night of the ninth of November, a curious incident occurred. Retiring to her room between eleven and twelve, she rang for her maid, and the latter not appearing as promptly as usual, went to her still-open door to listen if she was coming. Opposite to her was a wide staircase, and up this came, noiselessly, a figure which the lamp held by Mrs. B. showed to be that of a lady dressed in black—*with white gloves*. A singular tremor seized her. She could neither stir nor speak. Slowly the figure approached her, reached the landing, made a step forward, and seemed to cast itself on her neck; but no sensation accompanied the movement! The light fell from her hand; she uttered a shriek that alarmed the house, and fell senseless on the floor.

On recovering, Mrs. B. related minutely what she had seen, her memory especially, retaining the image of the white gloves; but nothing more than the usual unsatisfactory solutions were propounded, nor does it appear that the occurrence was at all associated with the dying baroness in Germany.

In a few days, however, came a letter from little Maud, announcing that her mother was no more, that her latest thoughts

were directed to Mrs. B., and her sole regrets she not being permitted to embrace her before her spirit passed away. She had died a little before midnight on the *ninth of November*.

Mrs. B. hastened to Germany to claim her orphan charge, and then was added a noteworthy confirmation of the vision. Little Maud, in one of their conversations, observed :

" Mamma had a curious fancy. On the night she died, she made the baron promise that she should be buried in her black satin dress—with *white kid gloves*."

The request had been complied with.

The following example is of yet more recent occurrence, and took place in one of the large and fashionable mansions in the district of South Kensington, which had been taken by a family whose name can only be designated by the initial L·

On the first night of their occupation, the lady of the house, while arranging her hair at the glass, saw in the latter the reflection of the figure of a man. He was old, of strange appearance, and was seated in an arm-chair that stood near her bed. He wore a gray coat with a cape, and had spectacles.

The lady possessed strong nerves, and after the first moment of surprise, finding that the spectrum did not disappear, came to the conclusion that her vision was affected by some disarrangement in the system. Resolved to test it, she turned calmly round, walked straight to the mysterious object, and sat down upon its very knees! She found herself alone in the chair.

The next morning she sent for her doctor, and related to him what had occurred, laughing merrily at the remembrance of her visitor's grotesque appearance. Observing that the doctor hardly participated in her mirth, she inquired if he for a moment believed that what she had witnessed had any material existence ?

" I do not say that," was the answer, " but there is this singular coincidence in the matter, that your description of the man's person agrees precisely what that of an old gentleman living—or, rather, who did live—a few doors from hence. He was missing all yesterday, and was found dead in a piece of ground prepared for building, late last night, with every appearance of having been murdered. His age, dress, his very spectacles, were exactly as you describe."

An example of a similar kind happened two years since in Dumfries-shire. A man employed in the quarries was walking home late, by moonlight. Suddenly he came upon two objects lying on the road, which resolved themselves, as he approached, into the bodies of his brother and nephew, workmen in the same quarry, with whom he parted, still at their work, half an hour before. Stooping to touch them, they faded into the white dust on which they seemed to lie! In alarm and amazement, he hastened back to the quarry. An accident had occurred a few minutes after he had left, which cost several lives. Among the victims were his brother and his nephew.

Nothing would be easier than to fill fifty pages with similar examples. These, however, will suffice to illustrate the theoretical principle on which we base the presumption of possibility. Of the differing modes of operation it is in vain to speak. One thing only seems clear, that it is not always, as in the case last quoted, a mere reproduction of the dying or deceased image, but is endowed with the power of presenting the appearance of action and vitality, and imparting impressions entirely foreign to such as would naturally arise from a contemplation of the scene actually passing.

The story of the Tyrone ghost—as famous in its day as that of Lord Lyttelton—would, if authenticated, have been only second in value to the less renowned—equally apocryphal—legend inserted in the parish register of Gately, Norfolk, in the handwriting of the Rev. Robert Withers, then (1706) vicar of the parish, relating how that, while Mr. Shaw, " an ingenious good man, formerly Fellow of St. John's, Cambridge sat smoking, reading," (it may be surmised dozing) " comes in o' the sudden—likewise of St. John's—who hath been dead this four years."

The little embarrassment arising from the novelty of the position having been got over, the two gentlemen chatted together very comfortably for *two hours*, the only drawback being the somewhat unsatisfactory account given by the visitor as to the condition of certain old associates who had, it was hoped, passed into a land of rest. Whether worthy Mr. Shaw offered his friend a pipe, or other refreshment, is not stated ; but, " as he was going away, he asked him to stay a little longer. He refused. And I then inquired if he would be likely to call again ?" (Perhaps a select circle of old Cambridge chums would have been invited to meet him!) " No " was, however, the reply. " He had but three days' leave of absence, and, withal other business ;" about which , it is to be presumed, he went.

We may smile at the readiness with which the good minister attempted to give to what was manifestly a dream, the force of reality. But the Tyrone ghost, above referred to, rests upon a mass of testimony which, could it be brought to harmonize without flaw, could only be dismissed on the plea that it was a cleverly concocted experiment upon public credulity. It has been denied and reasserted times out of mind. Few tales so closely canvassed have been ultimately left in a condition of equal uncertainty. It has been conjectured that members of the Beresford family might be in possession of particulars which, if they failed to elucidate the source of the narrative, might, at least, correct its inaccuracies. But neither hint nor challenge from the curious has produced any such evidence, nor is there special reason for believing that any such is in existence.

It is a little singular that the writer, while engaged on this paper, has received intimation that something of a remarkable nature has transpired with regard to the case in question, having a tendency to corroborate what has been popularly believed. Lest this should prove true, we will recapitulate the story as shortly as possible, omitting minor details.

Lord Tyrone and Lady Anne Beresford were alike left orphans. They were of the same age, and under the care of the same guardian, who was a Deist, and who educated them in principles similar to his own. At the age of fourteen they were separately removed to other care, and efforts were made to indoctrinate them in the truths of revealed religion. These were only partially successful. The minds of the children were perplexed and unhappy, and, in one of their conversations (for their friendship continued as before), a mutual promise was made that which ever should die first should appear to the survivor, and declare what religious faith was most acceptable to the Supreme Judge.

The young lady married Sir Marcus Beresford, with whom after a considerable period of wedded life, she was one day seated at breakfast, when her husband noticed that she looked unusually pale, and, moreover, that she wore round one of her wrists a broad black ribbon. In allusion to the latter, Sir Marcus inquired if any accident had befallen her. She replied that he would never again see her without that ribbon ; but implored him to abstain from all inquiry, then or ever, into the subject. Here for the moment the conversation ended ; but, during breakfast, the servant entering with the post-bag, Lady Beresford became violently agitated, and exclaimed :

" It is as I expected. He *is* dead "

" Who is dead ?" asked Sir Marcus, in surprise.

"Lord Tyrone. He died on Tuesday, at four o'clock"

The bag was found to contain a letter from Lord Tyron's steward, reporting his master's death at the time stated.

A few months after this event, Lady Beresford, who had already two daughters, presented her husband with a son. When this boy was four years old, his father, Sir Marcus, died, and the widow withdrew into almost complete retirement, visiting no family but that of a clergyman, who, with his wife and son, resided in the same village. To this son, many years her junior, Lady Beresford, much to the amazement of her friends, was married.

By this union she had two more daughters, but her husband proved a reckless and abandoned libertine, and they lived for some years seperate, until his expressions of contrition led to a renewal of intercourse, and she subsequently became the mother of a fifth daughter.

It was about a month after this confinement that she is said to have summoned to her chamber a very dear friend, Lady B. C., and also her son by Sir Marcus Beresford (then a lad of twelve), and narrated the following particulars :

After admitting the compact between herself and Lord Tyrone, before alluded to, she stated that being one night awakened, she saw his lordship seated by the bed. She screamed aloud, and strove in vain to arouse her husband. A long conversation succeeded, in which Lord Tyron informed her that he had died on Tuesday, at four o'clock, and had been permitted to reveal himself in this manner, and assure her that the revealed religion was alone acceptable to the Almighty. He foretold the birth of her son (the lad then present), and that son's marriage with his, Lord Tyron's, daughter ; the death of Sir Marcus ; and her own marriage with her present husband, by whom she would have two daughters and a son. He also told her she would die—after her confinement with the latter—in the forty-seventh year of her age.

All this, as they knew, had come to pass, but, up to the present day, she had concealed the prophecy of her death because, from a miscalculation, she had believed herself now in her forty-eighth year, and, consequently, past the time of peril. This error, which she had only discovered the previous day, convinced her that her end was near.

Reverting to the spectral visit, she proceeded to say that, having doubts whether she was not wandering or asleep, she sought from the apparition some proof of his actual presence, upon which, at a wave of his hand, the crimson velvet curtains passed themselves through a large iron hoop which formed the canopy of the bed. He further wrote some words in her pocket-book, and, finding her still dissatisfied, touched (with her consent, and after a warning) her wrist. The sinews instantly shrunk up, the nerves seemed to wither, yet not so as to disable the hand. Cautioning her never to display this indelable token of his visit, Lord Tyrone disappeared.

"When I am dead," she concluded, "as the necessity for concealment ends with my life, I wish that you, my friend, should remove the ribbon, and permit my son to see what it has hidden.

With the utmost composure she made preparation for death which ensued the same afternoon.

Her friend then unbound the ribbon, when the wrist was found to present appearances precisely such as might be expected from the narrative related by the deceased lady. The black ribbon and the pocket-book remained (in 1802) still in possession of her friend, believed it may be now mentioned, to be the Lady Botty Cobbe. Lady Beresford's son married, as had been predicted, the daughter of Lord Tyron.

Such is the outline of this remarkable story, a clear analysis of which, with comparison of dates and of facts asserted, with those actually ascertained, is beyond the limits of this paper. " Credimus, quia incredibile est " ("We believe, because it is credible"), is a hard saying to the many. It is only when we consent to gaze beyond the limited field of human knowledge and practical demonstration, that the incredible may be comprehended, the impossible overcome.—*All the Year Round.*

[Note by Charles Dickens.—Without presumptuously denying the possibility suggested by the esteemed writer of this paper, it is to be observed of such a story as Lady Beresford that the alleged facts need to be very distinctly agreed upon. Lady Beresford's story may be called one of the leading cases. In the version of it which is the best known to us, Lady Beresford demands of the Spirit some assurance of the reality of its appearance. The Spirit then causes the large curtain at the foot of the bed to pass over the high tester, and asks is she satisfied *now ?* She objects that although she could not climb up and do that, waking, still, for aught she knows, she may be able to do it, sleeping, and therefore she is not satisfied. The Spirit then writes in her pocket-book which lies on a table at the bedside, and asks her, is she satisfied *now ?* She objects that although she could not counterfeit that hand, waking, still, for aught she knows, she may be able to do it, sleeping, and therefore she is not satisfied. Then comes the touch upon the wrist and its shrivelling up. We offered the suggestion, some years ago, that this is very expressive of a state of sleep-walker or half-consciousness, in which Lady Beresford either actually did those two acts, or debated with herself the possibility of doing them ; she being, either way, in an exceptional condition presently culminating in a stroke of local paralysis Or, the whole may have been a diseased impression accompanying the paralysis ; as most of us have dreamed a long story clearly originating in its own catastrophe—some disturbing sound.

Of the broad margin of allowance that must always be left for coincidence in these cases, we had personal experience not very long ago. We dreamed that we were in a large assembly, and saw a lady in a bright red wrapper, whom we thought we knew. Her back being toward us, we touched her. On her looking round, she disclosed a face that was unknown to us, and, on our apologising, said, pleasantly : " I am Miss N——," mentioning a name, not the name of any friend or acquaintance we had, although a well-known name. The dream was usually vivid, and we awoke. On the very next evening, we recognised (with a strange feeling) coming in at the open door of our room, the lady of the dream, in the bright red wrapper. More extraordinary still, the lady was presented by the friend who accompanied, her, as Miss N——, the name in the dream. No circumstance near or remote, that we could ever trace, in the least accounted for this. The lady came on the real common-place visit, in pursuance of an appointment quite unexpectedly made with the lady who introduced her, only on the night of the dream. From the latter we had no previous knowledge of her name, nor of her existence.]

The Women of Paris.—A stranger who enters any place at first receives impressions vivid enough in their kind, but which may nevertheless need correction after the lapse of time, and the occurrence of fuller opportunities of knowledge. But the original ideas remain and are difficult to uproot, and they are always, to a certain extent, interesting.

On entering Paris for the first time, a crowd of new ideas are presented to the mind. First of all come the bright aspect of the streets, the brilliant coloring of houses and shops, of sky and trees, the general impression that the object of life is the pursuit of pleasure, and that the inhabitants of Paris are successfully engaged in following out this aim.

After that, we have the people, the common people particularly ; for, thanks to the fashions which Paris sets, and all the world follows, the women of the middle and upper classes dress much as those of correspouding ranks do in the United States. Perhaps among these latter, the modes, which in the United States we regard as solely those of the fashion books, are more commonly the kinds of attire worn. Short dresses are very prevalent ; but the bonnets are not so much of the " plate" and " dish" orders of architecture as among ourselves. We have seen very few French women without some kind of crinoline, and none at all who, in walking, allow their dresses to drag along through the mud and dust.

New French Fashions.—Paris has a new idea. A letter from that city says : " It is fashionable to deck horses and coachmen with flowers. Some adopt violets, and as they drive by quite perfume the air. Others prefer white roses. There may be no harm in flowers on horses' ears than ribbons. For my part, I do not think a horse is particular which way his head is got up ; but I see sad times coming ; for this love of decoration is such that from the coach, which is one sheet of crests and armorial bearings, up to the drawing-room, everything is overdone.

" Damask, velvet and carpet are no longer purchased by brides for solidity and comfort, but for nothing but show. Some of the most torturing chairs are the most expensive. Sofas are made of white or pale yellow satin ; footstools of painted velvet. An easy chair is all down and brocade. Little pug dogs sleep, snore and follow the dictates of canine nature in flesh-colored cushions. Hangings are as costly as paintings. Violet satin, worked with gold, is the fashionable material for a drawing room, with furniture of black rosewood. Jonquil satin and blue, with inlaid furniture, are used for the boudoir ; green velvet and oak for dining-rooms, which are now wainscotted with shelves and covered with unique china, enamel plates and costly ware."

LITERARY GLEANINGS.

THE DARWINIAN THEORY.

The last number of the *North British Review*, contains a remarkably able and elaborate article on the "development theory." The writer contends that, admitting the facts adduced by Mr. Darwin in support of this theory to be correct, they by no means warrant the inferences that have been deduced from them. This is the point of view from which the discussion is conducted, reversing the process of Mr. Darwin's usual opponents, who deny his facts, instead of calling in question his reasoning. The first argument is drawn from the necessary limits of the principle of natural selection in producing varieties. It is said that if man can produce certain differences among animals in a limited space of time, there is no bound to the possible differences in a countless series of ages. That is, if six or seven years selection in breeding can make a pouter out of a common pigeon, several myriads of years can change a pigeon to something like a thrush. But this is like saying that because a cannon-ball has traversed a mile in a minute, therefore in an hour it will be sixty miles off and in the course of ages will reach the fixed stars. The truth is whatever new point in the variable beast, bird, or flower, be chosen as desirable by a fancier, this point can be rapidly approached at first, but the rate of approach quickly diminishes, tending to a limit never to be attained. Great as the variability is, we have no proof that successive variations of the same kind can be accumulated. Nor, secondly, does it follow, because certain individuals of an animal species may become better adapted than others to the circumstances in which they are placed, and thus gain a better chance of life, that a whole species will gradually acquire some one new quality, or wholly change in one direction, and in the same manner. For instance, half the hares which are born may be presumed to be more like rabbits in their burrowing organs than the primitive ancestral hare was; but this peculiarity cannot be improved by natural selection until a considerable number of hares begin to burrow, of which as yet there has been no likelihood of their doing. In other words, admitting that natural selection may improve organs already useful to great numbers of a species, we have no right to conclude that it can create or develope new organs, and so originate species. But the argument which the writer brings to bear on Darwin's hypothesis is taken from the "lapse of time" which is necessary, on the hypothesis, for the developement of a species. The most accurate methods of computation show that the world cannot have been habitable for more than an infinitely insufficient period for the execution of the Darwinian transmutation. In illustration of this, the doctrine of conversation of force is turned to account in a novel and ingenious manner. As the total amount of energy in the universe is constant, whether latent or in action, undergoing not a change in amount, but a change of distribution, so there is a continual dissipation of energy by which the available power to produce change in any finite quantity of matter diminishes at every change of the distribution of energy. Every change in the distribution of energy depends on a difference between bodies, and any change, tends on the whole to diminish this difference, and so render the total future possible change less in amount. No sooner does energy take the form of heat, for example, than it is rapidly dissipated, that is, it is distributed among a large number of bodies which assume a nearly equal temperature, and is thus practically lost. The equivalent of energy is there, but it can produce no change until some fresh body, at a very different temperature, is presented to it. But the sun's rays take the form of heat, whether they raise water or vegetation, or do any other work, and in this form the energy quits the earth radiated into distant space. The material universe thus tends to changing death, and even the rate at which the planetary system is thus dying is perfectly measurable, if not yet perfectly measured. An estimate of the total loss of heat from the sun is an estimate of the rate at which he is approaching the condition of surrounding space, after reaching which he will radiate no more. Admitting that the sun may be supplied with heat and fuel by absorbing certain planetary bodies, still the supply is limited, and the sun will become too cold for Darwin's purposes before many millions of years—a long time, to be sure, but far enough from countless ages. Not any more conceivable are past countless ages; insomuch as the heat required by the sun to have allowed him to cool from time immemorial, would be such as to turn him into mere vapor, which would extend over the whole planetary system, and evaporate us entirely. Still other considerations are brought forward to show that the age of the inhabited world is limited to a period wholly inconsistent with Darwin's views. The sum of the argument may be stated as follows: Experiment has shown a sharp limit to the variations of every species. Natural selection is powerless to perpetuate new organs even should they appear. Countless ages of a habitable globe are proved impossible by the physical laws which forbid the assumption of infinite power in a finite mass. Hence the writer concludes that the theory of Darwin is only an ingenious and plausible speculation, to which future physiologists will look back with the kind of admiration we bestow on the atoms of Lucretius, or the crystal spheres of Eudoxus, containing like these some half faint truths, marking at once the ignorance of the age and the ability of the philosopher. The theory is not only without sufficient proof from evidence, but it proved false by a cumulative proof.

A BRITISH VIEW OF THE AMERICAN DEBT.

The last number of *Blackwood* contains a thoroughly English article entitled "The American Debt, and the Financial Prospects of the Union," from which we make the following extract:

"A great war always creates more scoundrels than it kills; and it must be said of the American Civil War that the best people connected with it were the native born soldiers and sailors on both sides. Of the mercenary Irish and Germans who fought for the bounty money, and did not care a straw for the principles at issue, we shall speak hereafter. Such a terrific debt was never rolled up with such reckless rapidity and such shameless robbery since the world began. As soon as it was found that no money could be borrowed in Europe for the purposes of the strife, and that European capitalists, chary of American ventures at the best, positively refused to advance a sixpence in support of the contest—neither party to which enlisted much of their sympathy, and the North least of all—the Federal Government saw that there was nothing to be done but to borrow as much as it could of the Northern people, and to issue inconvertable paper-money to supply all possible deficiencies. When the war first broke out, the Northern people and their Government had but little idea of the magnitude of the task they had undertaken. Mr. Lincoln, a modest and timid man, was loath or afraid to call for so many as 75,000 men for the castigation of the rebels; and Mr. Seward, as all the world knows, thought ninety days sufficient time to 'whip the South'—using the vulgar Yankee phrase which both Northern and Southern Americans employ, where an Englishman would say to 'conquer.' General Winfield Scott, who, being a Virginian, better knew the temper of his people than Mr. Lincoln of Illinois, or Mr. Seward of New York, considered that three years, three hundred thousand men, and two hundred and fifty millions of dollars (fifty millions sterling), would be none too much for so great a work, and that even all these might be unavailing if a young, an able, and more especially a fortunate general were not discovered to lead his countrymen to victory. The estimate was considered at the time to be highly extravagant. Experience, however, soon proved its moderation in every element except that of time. The three years stretched into four. The killed, the wounded, and the disabled alone amounted, before all was over, to the full three hundred thousand that General Scott considered ample for victory; and the modest two hundred and fifty millions of dollars ran up in one short year to more than double the sum; and before the war was ended, in the early spring of 1865, had reached the ascertained amount of 3000 millions of dollars, or just twelve times as much as General Scott had anticipated.

Toward the middle of the year 1861, up to which time the Government had not resorted to the expedient of printing inconvertible greenbacks, and when it relied solely upon the produce of loans for carrying on the war, the vultures, who sniff carnage from afar off, and delight in the odor of blood—the knavish contractors and jobbers, who are, unfortunately, to be found in all countries, and who think it no sin to rob a nation, however great may be its distress and peril—were busily engaged in the work of plunder. The Government was greatly in want of steamships for the transport of troops, and it was in the matter of steamships that the first organised villainies of the 'patriots,' who thirsted to grow suddenly rich at the expense of a nation battling for its life, were displayed. The sale to the Government of two steamers, the Cataline and the Kill van Kull, excited, at this time, particular remark. The Cataline, an unseaworthy boat, it appears, with which the insurance offices would have nothing to do except at a very exceptional premium, was purchased of her owners for 18,000 dollars, though not worth 12,000, and transferred to the service of the Government for 10,000 dollars per month, for the conveyance of troops between New York and Annapolis. At the end of two months and a half, after making these handsome earnings, she was accidentally destroyed by fire. As she was not insured against this risk, the Government, that had undertaken to pay 50,000 dollars for her in the event of her destruction or loss by any peril not covered by her insurance, had to provide this handsome sum; and the speculators—leading patriots all of them—went on their way rejoicing, willing, no doubt, to supply the Government with as many more steamships as it might desire, on equally favorable terms. This was but one specimen out of scores, and by no means the worst. The brood of contractors and speculators did not, however, confine themselves to this particular mode of plunder. Army stores, horses, mules, fodder, and firearms, were all in hot request, and all were supplied by greedy patriots, desirous of growing rich by a single operation. Shoes that wore out in a three-days' march were supplied at a price three or four hundred per cent. above the market value of the best article that could be manufactured; thousands of stands of old-fashioned and useless firearms were foisted upon the War office; and spavined old mules, fit for nothing but the knacker, were disposed of at princely prices. So great was the scandal created—for naturally every needy scoundrel who could not get his finger into this beautiful pie was indignant at, as well as envious of, those who did, and made a great clamor, through the press and otherwise, about the manner in which the country was robbed—that Congress was alarmed. The result was, that in the summer of 1861 a special committee of seven of the members of the House of Representatives was appointed, under the presidency of Mr. Van Wyck of New York, to 'inquire into all the facts and circumstances connected with contracts and agreements by or with the Government, growing out of its efforts in suppressing the Rebellion.' On the 17th of December the committee presented its report, in which they stated that, instead of summoning witnesses from all parts of the country to Washington, they had deemed it to be their duty to take upon themselves the task of visiting the various localities where it was supposed that examinations would be necessary. They had held sittings, and examined witnesses, in Washington, New York, Boston, New Bedford, St. Louis, Cairo, Chicago, and Harrisburg, and in all travelled between six thousand and seven thousand miles. They examined no less than two hundred and sixty-five witnesses, whose testimony in the Report covered 1109 closely-printed octavo pages. Disgraceful as the facts were supposed to be before the inquiry was instituted, the Report and evidence proved that for once Rumour had been less of a liar than usual, and that she had under rather than over-stated the swindling, peculation; the fraud, and the robbery perpetrated upon the Government. It was not merely the sellers of ships, of stores, of guns, and all such as had anything to dispose of at as high a price as they could get, but the confidential agents of the Government itself, who scented the plunder with keen olfactories, and grabbed it without remorse.

THE ATHENÆUM ON LONGFELLOW.

In concluding a long review of the second volume of the American version of the Divina Commedia, the Athenæum says: "We know of no translation in English in which the beautiful and profound thoughts of Dante in his Purgatorio are rendered with a more conscientious, loving regard, and laudable desire to do him honor, than in this very literal version of Professor Longfellow, which will remain a standard of comparison among English readers, and will be of advantage also to those who are equally familiar with both languages, for here is the production of a master in each."

The Province of Newspapers.—It is unreasonable to expect that the public press will always publish only such things as we, individually, like. A person of strictly religious habits and tastes will be offended if he sees in a newspaper the account of a prize fight, or of something loose and sinful. He forgets that the newspaper is but the reflection of the world at large; and if he is so fastidious he should retire altogether from life, for in a single street he will find, at any given hour of the day, what will offend almost all his senses. He need not read what he considers to be objectionable; in like manner he need not eat at a *table de hote* any highly-seasoned dish. He may not like venison and game high. Let him order something to his taste—a veal cutlet without sauce. But my dear Miss Mincing may like a few of the *in*-delicacies of the season, and the Hon. Mr. Wideawake may have a stomach for anything.

A newspaper would have few readers were its dishes of news to consist solely of pious passages and flimsy puffs. While the tone of a newspaper is moral, the public cannot complain. The music of an organ may be of the purest character, though the organ itself, and the organ-grinder, likewise, may sometimes show symptoms of the mud and filth that are picked up by or scattered upon them throughout the ramblings of the day. To the pure all things are pure, and to find fault with a newspaper for every "nice offence" is to display the hypocrisy of a prude, or the silliness of an ignoramus.

New countries have wants and habits peculiar to themselves. In our widely extended and sparsely settled territory, medicines ready prepared are more employed, and are in fact a greater necessity than in the old countries. Dr. Ayer's preparations have given the public greater confidence in the class of remedies than had ever been felt before. Physicians, instead of discarding them, really favor the use of such ready at-hand antidotes for disease, when they can be depended on. And we wish our readers to know that in publishing J. C. Ayer & Co's., advertisement, or any others of like reliable character, we think we are furnishing them as useful information as any with which we can fill our columns.—*Louisville Courier.*

California Powder Works.—These works are located at Santa Cruz, and have supplied the whole Pacific Coast with a superior article of blasting, sporting and cannon powder since their erection, and such has been the demand on their resources from time to time, that additional machinery and buildings were found necessary to supply the increasing demand. The California Powder Works were the first to reduce the price for Blasting Powder to $3 per keg. The importation of Eastern manufactured blasting powder has almost entirely fallen off in consequence. We have now not only a superior article of powder, but a cheaper one as the result. Mr. John F. Lohse is the Secretary, office No. 318 California street.

A Little More Cider.—John H. Fordam & Co., successors to James Mears, No. 511 Front street, have the largest bottling establishment in San Francisco, where they sell the best of Champagne Cider by the case or in bulk. They also job Ale, Porter and Cider to the City Trade, and fill country orders, at prices that defy competition. The facilities enjoyed by Messrs. J. H. Fordam & Co., give them an especial advantage over others in their line of business.

Commission Broker.—Mr. M. G. Howard has established himself as Commission Broker in the building No. 436 California street, formerly occupied by the Pacific Insurance Company, opposite the new Merchants' Exchange. Mr. Howard buys and sells stock of every description, and stands high in the community and among the fellow brokers as an energetic and thorough business man.

Geo. S. Dickey, apothecary and chemist, corners of Market, Ellis, and Stockton streets, has an original compound entitled *Creme de Lis de Californie*, for cleaning and preserving the teeth and beautifying the complection and removing freckles, eruptions, etc., which is really a very valuable accessory to every lady's toilet table. It is pronounced better than any imported article—try it and be satisfied of that point.

Murphy, Grant & Co.—This old established and leading dry goods house invites the attention of buyers, in our advertising columns, to their large and well-assorted stock of new dry goods which they are now offering at greatly reduced rates to the Fall trade.

New Carpets.—Joseph Fredericks, No. 122 Kearny street between Sutter and Post, has just received an invoice of some very choice and new style carpets—something rich durable and cheap—that are worthy the attention of all parties contemplating purchasing.

Fall Hats.—The new styles are out. Meussdorffer, the leader of the fashion in the Hat line, announces in our columns that his Fall and Winter dress hats are now ready. See advertisement.

[For the Californian.]

FIVE YEARS IN JAPAN.

BY FORBES MAITLAND.

No. IV.

AT a small village called Kamakura is a very fine temple of the Buddhist persuasion. Here is also a magnificent image, called "Die bootz." It is made of bronze. The figure is in a sitting posture, and is over thirty feet high. It was near this place that Major Baldwin and Lieut. Bird were so cruelly murdered, two years ago. Lieut. Bird was cut down while in the act of sketching the temple. I must, however, do the Japanese government the credit, and say that on this occasion the guilty party was brought to punishment, in what, for the Japanese, was a very expeditious manner. The culprit was caught and executed about three months after the assassination was committed, and the foreign community had the pleasure of seeing the wretch beheaded. I shall not soon forget the evening he was brought into Yokohama, and taken, bound on horseback, with the crime he had been guilty of, written in large characters on his back; one would not have supposed, however, from the manner in which he was talking and joking with the guard, that in one hour he would be beheaded; few, if any Europeans could have met death more calmly, and with greater bravery than he did. I am sure there was not a man present who did not admire the manner in which he replied to the officer when asked if he would be blindfolded, "No; I will at least show those barbarians that a Japanese can die like a man." There can be no doubt but that blind belief and trust which the Japanese place in their priests must be a great comfort to a man at the point of death—just to say to oneself "My priest tells me I am all right, so I need have no fear."

The Japanese Buddhists do not believe that the images are of any good whatever, only in the case of ignorant people, who must have some visible object to pray to. They believe, however, that the Mekado (spiritual Emperor) has full power, that he can do anything just by saying the word. At the time the allied fleet went down to Shemonasaki to open the Inland Sea, a well educated Japanese informed me in all seriousness, that it would be of no use, as the Mekado could by a single movement, if he felt so inclined, raise up a storm and destroy the whole fleet. When the fleet returned to Yokohama, after having destroyed all the forts, I called to see my friend; the fellow seemed awfully disgusted, but was of the opinion that the Mekado was angry with Matsdare Nagata no Kami, (the Prince of Nagata,) and therefor would not assist him. I could not convince him that it was the want of power, and not the want of the will. The Japanese government are extremely jealous of any encroachments on the national religion by foreigners; thus, no Japanese are allowed on any pretence whatever to enter an European place of worship. Some four years ago, a French chapel was built in Yokohama, and some Japanese from the country, seeing the door open, and not knowing what the place was, curiosity led them to enter; on coming out they were immediately seized, bound and lugged off to the Custom House, to answer for the grievious offence they had committed, and I have no doubt were made to pay pretty dearly for the glimpse they had obtained of a European "Joss House."

A few years ago, I, in company with a few friends, went for a few days shooting to the small villiage of Aranca, or as we called it "Abraham's bosom," on account of the snug little harbor which is there. It is about sixty miles from Yokohama, and consequently beyond the treaty limits, but as it was quite a common resort, we did not think there would be any trouble. The priest and one or two other parties were extremely kind to us, providing us with eggs, fowls, and in fact, with anything they had. About a week after I heard that all the people who had sold us anything, including the good old priest, had been arrested and sent to Yeddo for not sending word to Yokohama that we were there. The Japanese have a particular dislike to shooting parties, and I think since they have such a prejudice, that foreigners ought to respect it, and not as some whom I could name have done, prowling all over the country in search of game, not even respecting ground which is considered by the Japanese as sacred. I cannot see that an European has any more right to interfere with the religious belief of a Japanese, than a Japanese interfering with theirs. It may in our eyes appear absurd, still it is their belief and let them stick to it. There is a law in existance in Japan that no one shall shoot game of any description within thirty miles of Yeddo, still, foreigners will not respect this law, and persist in going on shooting excursions in the direction of Yeddo in preferance, I believe, for the simple reason that it is forbidden.

It is dangerious to shoot certain animals in Japan, as one may unintentionally commit the crime of murder—that is in the eyes of the Japanese.

The Japanese believe in the doctrine of the transmigration of souls, in connection with a system of progression. Their belief is, that if a man, during his life-time, is honest and good, his soul will, after his death, take possession of a more glorious body. Thus, in course of ages, the soul of a Coolie may pass through many bodies until at length it finds itself in that of a Damio. On the other hand, should the soul, during its progress, be polluted by the sin of one of the bodies which it inhabits, it may be cast down from its high estate and find itself a dog, a horse, or as low as a fox. Under these circumstances the Japanese are extremely kind to animals. No man would run the risk of kicking a dog, lest he might unwittingly be committing an assault on his departed grandmother, who, in consequence of some serious *faux pas*, had been condemned to assume that form after death. How horrified a Japanese of strict religious principles would be to see dogs which might or might not be his near relations, running about with muzzles on, under penalty of being slaughtered by the poundmaster. After a man—or rather his soul—has "gone to the dogs" in Japan, he has an opportunity of redeeming himself; as careless men become dogs, so do good, circumspect, well-behaved dogs become men, and it is quite possible that the soul of many a proud Damio who now walks about clad in gorgeous apparel, may have, ages ago, occupied the body of a small pug-nosed poodle.

There is a peculiar ceremony occasionally practised in Japan, namely, ripping open the abdomen, thus committing the much-talked-of "Hara Keeri," or, as it is commonly written "Hari Kari." In days gone by the translation of this was given as "Happy dispatch." This is wrong—the literal translation of the words, is "belly cut." By performing this act the property is saved from confiscation, in event of the party having incurred the displeasure of the government, by having evinced cowardice, or even drawn his sword without killing his man. It is considered the only gentlemanly manner of voluntarily leaving this world of sin and sorrow. A rather amusing case came under my notice a few weeks ago; one of the Japanese in the Eastern States committed suicide by hanging; the first telegram, however, stated he had committed "Hara Keeri." On informing the Japanise here that he had done so, they did not seem at all to regret the death of their countryman—they merely remarked, in the most quiet and unconcerned manner, "Ah! yes, that is the way a Japanese officer dies, if he is tired of the world." But a decided change came "over the spirit of their dreams," when I informed them he had merely hanged himself like any common barbarian. That was indeed, horrible, then they mourned most heartily the death of their unfortunate countryman, who they evidently thought had made a most arrant fool of himself, and very considerably disgraced his country. Many people believe that committing "Hara Keeri" is quite an every day occurrance, but I can assure them that such is not the case. A Japanese must have some very good reason for quitting this life before he will have recourse to the last remedy. During my residence in Japan, I did certainly hear of several cases, two of which I had actual proof of. I think it would be about safe to put down one half of the reported "Hara Keerites" as at least doubtful.

In my next I will further pursue this subject of the religious belief of the Japanese, and give some account of the Sshto religion, of which nothing has, to my knowledge, been written.

DRAMATIC AFFAIRS.

IT is better—or at least quite as well to be born lucky as rich. Mr. and Mrs. Bates have, I know, met with good luck in other portions of the United States, but here they have met with nothing but bad luck. In the first place they arrived when Edwin Adams had just commenced his engagement, and were consequently forced to remain idle for eight weeks; then Mr. Bates did not come up to the standard of excellence established by the public of this city after ten weeks of Edwin Adams. Everyone who witnessed Mrs. Bates' impersonation of "Camille" confessed that it was charming—the best, in fact, ever witnessed in this city. Still the house was not crowded. Political excitement was at its height, and had Ristori appeared she might have failed in drawing large houses. On Monday, the performance, at Maguire's Opera House, consisted of *East Lynne*; in the character of "Lady Isabel" Mrs. Bates was rather lacking in the dignity befitting an "Earl's daughter," and her pronounciation of many words of the Queen's English was sadly incorrect; in the part of "Madame Vine" she was just a little too lackrymose. Mr. Graves, the industrious and energetic manager of Maguire's Opera House, was the recipient of a benefit on the evening of Tuesday—the day before the election. If Mr Graves had any choice afforded him he displayed a most plentiful lack of "management" in chosing such a night. I am afraid that, in spite of all the actors and actresses volunteering their services, he realized but a small sum. *Shylock* was played most abominably throughout. Mr. McCullough performed the title-role in a terribly hard deliberate manner, and was listened to and gazed at by a stolid audience, which expressed no signs of disapprobation. Mrs. Bates, as "Portia," was too slow in the second act, but redeemed herself in the trial scene, reading the speech

> "The quality of mercy is not strained, etc."

excellently well.

After the tragedy was disposed of, Jake Wallace played a banjo solo and sang two songs; the gallery would have had Jake continue to play the banjo for half an hour, had he not begged their forebearance, urging the plea of sickness, and declined his third encore. In the farce of *Belle of the Kitchen*, which concluded the entertainment. Miss Olivia Rand pleased everyone by the clever manner in which she impersonated "Penelope." She sang the eccentric ballad of "Con-stan-ti-no-ple" capitally, and her imitations of Signor Abecco's style of singing "When this Cruel War is Over" caused roars of laughter and applause. Miss Rand has talent which, if cultivated judiciously and assiduously, will, in time, raise her to a high rank in her profession. She professes the finest natural contralto voice that was, perhaps, ever heard on the San Francisco stage, but it much needs the aid of the art before it can be rendered available for any more ambitious a line of business than comic singing. In this farce Willie Edouin as "Pitcher," and W. Barry as "Tosser" caused roars of laughter. The favor which this very slight affair met with should serve as a limit to the management to produce a farce occasionally as an offset to a heavy piece. On Wednesday, *The Barrack Room* and *The Belle of the Kitchen* were played. On Thursday, the performance consisted of Boucicault's capital comedy of *London Assurance*. Mrs. Bates made a capital "Lady Gay Spanker" playing especially well in the last act where the part called for a display of feeling. Mr. Edwards played too "fine" a "Sir Horcourt Courtley" to gain many a laugh. He failed to bring out the points of the character in sufficiently bold relief to make them evident to the audience. Miss Sallie Hinckley deserves much praise for the excellent manner in which she read and acted the part of "Grace Harkaway," and the applause with which she was greeted, proved that the public of San Francisco is always ready to appreciate the efforts of an actress who evinces talent and industry. Few of our "home-made" actresses have made such rapid progress in their profession as has Miss Sallie Hinckley, during the last year, and the success which she has achieved has been gained by assiduous study. John McCullough's "Dazzle" was a well-maintained performance. Mr. Anderson, in the part of "Max Harkaway" gave as good a representation of the old English Squire "Max Harkaway" and sympathized with "Lady Gay Spanker's" enthusiastic love of hunting as fully as if "to the manner born." Willie Edouin acted "Dolly Spanker" capitally, avoiding exaggeration of the character, and W. Barry was very amusing in the part of "Meddle." On Friday night, *Leah the Forsaken* was performed.

The entertainment at the matinee to-day, will consist of *The Barrack Room* and the roaring farce of *The Belle of the Kitchen*. This evening, Mrs. Bates, who has had so little chance afforded her to make enough money to remunerate her for the annoyance of a long sea voyage, but who has nevertheless gained the admiration of all who have witnessed her performances, will take a benefit. Californians have never hitherto allowed an actor or actress of merit to visit these shores without giving him or her a substantial acknowledgment. Mrs. Bates is a really talented actress, and richly deserves such a testimonial of esteem at the hands of our liberal and discriminating public.

On Monday, Dan Bryant, the celebrated Irish comedian, will make his first appearance before a California audience, He will open his engagement at Maguire's Opera House in the plays of *Handy Andy* and *The Irish Emigrant*.

At the Metropolitan Theatre *True to the Core* has made a most decided hit. The fine scenic effects, beautiful tableaux, and patriotic sentiments of this drama combine to render it a favorite with all classes. Henri Herberte plays "Clovely Jack" capitally, and sings "Nil Desperandum" in a style which never fails to bring down the house, and ensure an encore, Harry Jackson's "Merrywheather" is a clever bit of acting, and causes much laughter. After next week this piece must be withdrawn to make way for the grand spectacular and musical drama entitled *Azael the Prodigal*, by Scribe, introducing Auber's beautiful music. This piece will be produced with new and gorgeous scenery, a full *corps de ballet*, and an immense cast, on Monday, September 16th.

WOODWARD'S GARDENS.—The collection of curious animals at these Gardens is now very large, and extensive preparations are now being made for the reception of many more, which are now on their way from Europe, where they were purchased by Mr. Woodward. The tropical bowers present a very beautiful appearance at present. Cosy little picnic parties visit these delightful gardens daily, and enjoy their meal under the spreading oaks. Through the liberality of the proprietor, on two days of each week, schools, accompanied by their teachers, are admitted free of charge.

CITY GARDENS.—These Gardens are becoming a very popular resort. A fine instrumental concert is given every Saturday afternoon, and on Sunday a sacred concert takes place. The croquet ground attracts many players and lookers on at this graceful game, which has become quite a favorite with the ladies. Additions are being constantly made to the zoological collection, and the green-houses are full of beautiful flowers. The serpentine walks furnish a delightfully cool and shady retreat, and are the scene of much billing and cooing between the youth of both sexes.

TOUCHSTONE.

TOO LATE.

FAR off in the dim and desolate Past—
That shoreless and sorrowful sea
Where wrecks are driven by the wave and blast,
Shattered, sunken, and lost at last,
Lies the heart that was broken for me—
Poor heart!
Long ago broken for me!

My loves were Glory and Pride and Art—
Ah, dangerous rivals three!
Sweet lips might quiver and warm tears start
Should an artist pause for a woman's heart—
Even that which was broken for me!
Poor heart!
Too rare to be broken for me!

Oh, she was more mild than the summer wind,
More fair than the lilies be!
More true than the star with twilight twined,
Was the spirit against whose love I sinned—
The heart that was broken for me—
Poor heart!
Cruelly broken for me!

I told her an artist should wed his art—
That only his love should be;
No other should lure me from mine apart,
I said; and my cold words chilled her heart,
The heart that was broken for me—
Poor heart!
Hopelessly broken for me!

I spoke of the beautiful years to come,
In the lands beyond the sea!
Those years which must be so wearisome
To her; but patient lips were dumb;
In silence it broke for me!
Poor heart!
Broke, yet complained not, for me!

I pressed her hand, and rebuked her tears
Lightly and carelessly;
I said my triumphs should reach her ears,
And left alone with dismal years
And the heart that was breaking for me—
Poor heart!
Silently breaking for me!

My days were a dream of summer time
My life was a victory;
Fame wove bright garlands to crown my prime,
And I half forgot in that radiant clime,
The heart that was broken for me—
Poor heart!
Patiently breaking for me!

But my whole life seemed, as the swift years rolled,
More hollow and vain to be;
Fame's bosom at best is hard and cold—
O, I would have given all praise and gold
For the heart that was broken for me—
Poor heart!
Thanklessly broken for me!

Sick with longing, with hope and dread
I hurried across the sea;
She had wasted as though with grief, they said—
Poor child, poor child!—and was long since dead;
Ah, dead for the love of me—
Poor heart!
Broken, and vainly, for me!

Weighed down by a load too heavy to hold,
She died unmurmuringly;
And I, remorseful and unconsoled,
I dream of the wasted days of old,
And of the heart that was broken for me—
Poor heart!
Broken so vainly for me!

And my soul cried out in bitter pain
For the bliss that cannot be—
For the love that never can come again;
For the sweet young life that was lived in vain,
And the heart that was broken for me—
Poor heart!
Broken and buried for me!

EPOCHS IN HISTORY.—The principal epochs of history are as follows: The creation of the world; the delnge, A. C. 1656; the destruction of Troy, A. C. 1184; the foundation of Rome, A. C. 743; the birth of Christ; the re-establishment of the Roman Empire by Charlemagne, A. D. 802; the Reformation of religion at the beginning of the sixteenth century, and the balance of power established among the European States; the establishment of a Republican government in the United States in 1776; the French Revolution; and the recent Rebellion and the abolition of slavery.

THE "IRISH" POTATO.—A wealthy citizen of Berlin has applied to the municipality of that town for a site on which to erect a statue of Francis Drake, as the introducer of the potato into Europe, and offers to subscribe 13,000 thalers toward the statue.

THE wags of Paris say Miss Adah Isaacs Menken will this winter reappear at the Gaité in a new drama by M. Alex. Dumas, entitled Lieberto, or the Inconveniences of Photography in seventeen postures and twenty-five thousand tableaux.

THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF BARNEY McBRIAR, THE SHOOTIST.

A NOVEL.

BY PRENTICE MULFORD.

BARNEY McBRIAR was the hero and the terror of Mad Mule Flat.

He was by profession a shootist, twenty-one years of age.

His sole stock in trade consisted of two navy revolvers, a couple of derringers, and a bowie knife. These articles never left his person.

He sustained life, mainly, by swallowing daily an indefinite number of "whisky straights," for which no barkeeper ever thought of demanding pay.

He ruled Mad Mule Flat with a rod of iron. His four pistol barrels were four literal, ruling rods of iron.

His body was adorned with comely raiment, he lodged and fed sumptuously; his linen was of the purest and whitest; yet like unto the wild lilies of the valley, he neither toiled nor spun.

The Israelitish clothing-dealers groaned heavily in spirit when Barney McBriar entered his establishment and ordered of him a suit, yet he ventured no remonstrance.

Why? Because it is unhealthy to irritate a shootist.

Barney McBriar was a shootist.

CHAPTER II.

At the tender age of nine years, Barney McBriar's schoolmarm one day boxed his ears.

Whereupon, little Barney whipped out a bowie knife, the present of a Texan uncle (whose last advice was never to take a blow from any man), and with it he explored the digestive organs of his female preceptress.

The schoolmarm was ever afterwards afflicted with chronic dyspepsia, the effect of this cutting reproof.

After this occurrence, the Board of Education at Mad Mule Flat were unable to procure any more schoolmarms.

So, little Barney's education was for a time neglected, although he managed to keep himself in practice by playfully shooting two of his little brothers, who were thereby maimed for life.

Peleg Haddam kept school at Bull Tail Gulch.

The interesting little Barney was sent to Mr. Haddam's seminary.

When Mr. Haddam heard that he was to be patronized by the youthful McBriar, he made his will and had his life insured.

"The wise man foreseeth evil and hideth himself, but the simple pass on and are punished."

Peleg Haddam next provided himself with a double-barrelled shot gun.

"In time of peace prepare for war."

The juvenile McBriar heard of the Military preparations of his future preceptor with coolness, merely remarking, "I'll get him yet."

CHAPTER III.

It was a bright May morning in June.

Peleg Haddam was running his school under a full head of steam.

Suddenly he detected the sanguinary McBriar reading the "Life of Sixteen Stringed Jack."

"Give me that book, you sir," said Peleg Haddam to Barney McBriar,

"I won't."

Peleg snatched the saffron-colored volume from his grasp.

In an instant, little Barney jerked out his six-shooter and blew off Mr. Haddam's head! The school, being without a head, immediately broke up.

Haddam was interred along with the schoolmarm, and the unfortunate pedantic couple formed a nucleus for Barney McBriar's cemetery.

Public opinion was principally on the side of the gallant McBriar.

He became an object of interest and sympathy, and henceforth was no longer regarded by his elders as a child.

The Board of Education experienced a great difficulty in getting another target for Barney, as Bull Tail Flat was avoided by all peripatetic pedagogues.

At length a discharged convict strayed into camp, and, unaware of the risk he ran, was induced to take the school for thirty-five dollars a month and "board around."

CHAPTER IV.

The discharged convict preceptor, complaining one morning that he was obliged to sleep, while boarding in a Dutch family, along with four of his pupils, B. McBriar, who allowed no one to abuse the inhabitants of the Flat save himself, "coolly blew the top of the convicts head off."

He then gave himself up to the authorities.

Forty-six of the leading and influential citizens of the county at once offered to give bail for Barney McBriar.

The day of trial came.

The Court, after sentencing Gin Hop, a Chinaman, to two years imprisonment at San Quentin, for stealing a pair of boots, called the case of the People vs. McBriar.

McBriar marched proudly into the court room.

The trial lasted four hours.

Forty or fifty witnesses testified favorably as to the moral character of the defendant.

The Jury were out five minutes, and returned a verdict of "Not Guilty."

The Court then adjourned, and everybody got drunk.

Many young men reckoned that night as the proudest period of their existence, when they were fortunate enough to be introduced to McBriar and take him by the hand.

He was the lion of the day, and after killing a couple of strangers that night, left the next morning, attended by a large concourse of friends.

CHAPTER V.

Six years had elapsed.

Barney McBriar and his friend McShoot were seated, smoking, on the piazza of the Magnolia Hotel.

Barney was regarding, with an observant eye, his cemetery on the hill side, which had increased considerably in size, and was laid out in a neat and tasteful manner.

Occasionally a citizen of the Flat, *minus* an arm, a nose, an ear, or a leg, limped past, the limping evidence of Barney's pistolary skill.

Barney had been reading Malthus on Population that morning, and he felt that something should be done to prevent the frightful increase of the human race.

Moreover, he had killed no one for three days.

His conscience troubled him.

"There's one grave needed to make the number even on the left hand row of the third plat of my cemetery," said McBriar.

"You mean the stranger's department," said McShoot.

"McBriarwood" was laid out in four separate plats. One for politicians, one for strangers, one for schoolmasters, and one miscellaneous, Chinamen, etc.

At that moment, two well-dressed strangers rode up to the door.

"I say, you, that's my horse," roared McBriar to one of the strangers. "I lost him two years ago. He has my brand on the off shoulder."

"Why, My Dear Sir, I bought——

"You lie," cried McBriar, rushing forward, pistol in hand, and seizing the animal by the bridle.

The stranger made a motion with his hand, as if to draw a weapon, when McBriar, without a moment's hesitation, "blew the top of his head off," and McShoot, who, during this altercation had carefully kept the stranger covered, also "blew the top of his head off."

"Hang it, we're no better off now than before," said McBriar.

"How so?" said McShoot.

"There were six graves on one side, and seven on the other, before, while now the number is still uneven, since there will be seven on one side and eight on the other," said McBriar.

During the conversation, the two strangers died in a quiet, unobtrusive manner.

"Never mind. I'll make it all right," said McBriar, and so saying, he leveled his pistol at a traveling book and newspaper agent passing by, and skillfully "blew the top of his head off."

"Here, take these men and bury them," said McBriar, to a passing Chinaman, giving him a dollar.

CHAPTER VI.

McBriar and McShoot gave themselves up to the justice of the peace.

"Justifiable homicide, warn't it?" said the Justice.

"Of course it was," said McBriar. "Why the cusses, both carried concealed weapons."

"Well, I'll let you off this time, but you must be a little more careful, boys," said the magistrate.

"O, you dry up," said McShoot, "or we'll blow the top of your head off."

The magistrate was silent, but the insult was not forgotten.

That night, McBriar and McShoot were seated in the Magnolia, playing poker with two cattle drovers.

In consideration of the fact that McBriar held as many aces as he wanted, and had every longer in the room telegraphing to him, it is not singular that he had already won some two thousand dollars.

Just then a voice was heard at the door, saying "McBriar, come out here a moment."

McBriar stepped to the door, put out his head, and the last vision on which his mortal eyes rested was the outraged Justice of the Peace, behind a large double-barrelled goose gun. The next moment came a stunning report, and McBriar had "the top of his head blown off."

McShoot ran to the assistance of his friend, but he was promptly met by the other barrel, and off went the top of his head also.

Quiet now reigns in Bull Tail Flat.

MESSRS P. Blier's and E. MacDonnell's translation of Mr. Longfellow's Golden Legend has reached a second edition at Paris.

LOVE WITHOUT NONSENSE.

NOT A BIT LIKE A NOVEL—A CAPITAL TAKE-OFF ON THE MODERN HIGH PRESSURE STYLE OF DOING IT.

ONCE upon a time there was a fair young maiden, whose name was Mary, although they called her Moll for short. She wasn't a tall, dark-eyed maiden, with clear, transparent skin, and lips like cherries, and cheeks suffused with blushes. She didn't have glossy black hair, sweeping back in wavy tresses from her queenly brow, and her form wasn't a bit like Hebe's. No, there was none of those things; on the contrary, she was short and thin, and had red hair and freckles, and she sported snaggle teeth and wore pads, but still she was a right nice girl; and there was a young man who fell in love with her, and his name was Bill, although his friends called him William when they wanted to hurt his feelings, for he didn't like it much. He wasn't fine looking, and had neither curly brown hair nor a moustache. Not much. Bill laid himself out on soap locks, and wore a goatee that he had dyed twice a week.

Now this Bill, he was in love with Mary, but he did not go and make a deliberate ass of himself? Did he, I say, go into a grove with her, and in the soft moonlight, by the streamlet that murmured sweetly by, and with the tender zephyrs sighing through the foliage, fall down on his knees, seize her jeweled hand. and breathe his deep affection in the tender accents of fond attachment, and swear "by yon bright orb above us, always to be thine?" Did he, I say? You can just bet he didn't. You can lay out your whole revenue safely on that. William knew too much about the price of pants to go flopping around on the wet grass with his good clothes on; besides, he never cared anything about streamlets, or any kind of cold water, except to mix with his gin. No, sir; it was exceedingly strange; but this infatuated William met her at the alley gate, and he stood right up on his legs, and says: "Say, Moll, old gal, s'posen we get hitched?"

But how did Mary behave? Did she go dropping to sleep over on the bricks in a dead faint, or did she hide her gentle head on his shirt bosom to conceal her blushes? No, she didn't; and she didn't say, "I am ever thine, my own love, dear William!" Oh! my, no. She looked right in his yellow eyes and says, "I'm in, Billy; I'm the gal for these sort of things. Go in!" And instead of referring him to her father, she only said: "Won't the old man bust right out when you tell him? Ha! ha!" and she laughed. But she didn't ask William to mollify her fond father. No, no. She very wickedly advised him to "poke the old man in the nose if he gave him any of his lip." She was a funny girl, this Mary.

Now, the old man wasn't wealthy, for he sold soap fat for a living, and so he didn't think Bill was nosing around after his money; so, when Bill asked him, he neither ordered him fiercely away, nor did the dewy moisture gather in his eagle eye, as he passed his hemstitched up there and said: "Bless you, my children, bless you!" Oh, no, nothing of that sort. He just blew his old red nose on his bandana, and told Bill to take her along, for he was glad to get rid of her, so he was, and William would be the same way soon, for she was awful rough on victuals, and always broke plates when she got mad.

So, you see, there really was no necessity for William to come at midnight's solemn hour, in a cab, and throw a rope ladder up to her window, and whistle three times on his fingers, and then go up, hand over hand, and bring her down in one hand and her trunk in the other, and a hand-box and umbrella under each arm, and a whole lot of bundles, and then get into a cab and fly to some distant shore. That's the way it would have been in a novel; but Bill said he wasn't on that lay, so he just went out in the yard, and, out of pure joy, he skinned the cat three or four times on the grape-vine arbor, and then went and got his butcher cart, and drove Mary right down to the magistrate, to get the job done for a quarter—for he said he was some on the low price, he was.

But the queerest thing of all was that Bill had no tall, dark, ruffianly rival, with a scowling visage and black whiskers, who flew at him with a drawn dagger and a horse pistol in each hand, and a muttered curse on his lips, and cried wildly for "Revenge. Ha! ha!" and said "Sdeath!" and "Villain, thou diest!" Not any. There was another fellow in love with Mollie, to be sure, but he was a weak-eyed young man, who had sandy hair and wore spectacles and a choker collar, and always looked scared when you hollered at him. So, when he saw that Bill had the best of the girl's affections, he looked all serene, and said, "Go in Billy, if you hanker for her;" and as Billy was a trifle on the hanker, he sailed right in.

So William, you see, had no trouble at all—and you couldn't get up an agonizing novel about him, if you tried. He didn't have any urgent business that called him to a foreign land; so he had to bid her a fond good-bye, and swear always to be true, and then go away and forget her and fall in love with a dark eyed Italian girl, picking grapes in a vineyard, with a square towel folded on her head, while his forgotten and forsaken Mary gradually faded and pined away, and baffled the physician's skill, and grew paler, and last, when the June roses were in bloom, lying gently down to die, while through the open window floated in the balmy odor of jessamine and honeysuckle. And William didn't come home at last, and, filled with deathless remorse, go daily to the sweet cemetery and strew flowers on her grave, and teach his children to lisp her name. Not at all. That is the way Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth would have done it, but she wasn't around. Billy was a butcher, who wore a white shirt and shiny hat, and he stayed at home and killed beef and sold it at a big price, and he stuck to Mary, and she kept healthy and wasn't much on the pine or the fade, while if any fellows got to lurking around, William went right out and batted them in the eye. He did.

And then, at last, when all was over, Mary didn't sit in the room while they dressed her in white, and mixed orange blossoms in her waterfall, and then gently went down stairs with six bridesmaids at her heels, and stand up with her William, and weep gently while she was being married by the minister, and then get lots of presents, and then go to her new house, and live through all the happy years with Billy, and never know sorrow or trouble any more. Why, of course she didn't, for it wasn't her style, you see.

She just rushed up stairs and put on her pink muslin and her old sun bonnet, and had nary bridesmaid, and went to the magistrate's and never wept a particle, and got no presents except fifteen cents from the old man to pay her car fare home, and when she got to the magistrate's she just rose up off the bench and told Bill she didn't see much use in splicing, and that she didn't like him anyway; and so she went home, and Bill went with her, and told her he wasn't sorry, as he didn't want her, and he guessed she was hard on her clothes, any how, and so they never got married, and the whole thing turned out wrong; but I couldn't help it, for I ain't going to put facts on record that ain't so. But it ain't a bit like any novel that I ever read, so there must have been something strange about this fellow and Mollie that I never could find out, so I'll have to let it slide as it is.

ADVANTAGES OF BEING POOR.

BY JOHN QUILL.

PROBABLY there is not a poor man anywhere on the globe who don't think he would be happier if he was rich, and there are several millions of poverty-stricken human beings who are working and worrying and cheating and lying to get rich, under the erroneous impression that they can enjoy themselves better if they live in a brown-stone house and have an incalculable number of greenbacks. If these discontented fellows knew the truth they would understand that they possess advantages which the rich can't enjoy. In fact, I think a rich man is to be pitied, and if any kind-hearted man would go round and relieve the poor wretches of their stamps, he would be a public benefactor. If any rich man feels distressed and wants to start a fellow on a duty of this kind, I am willing to sacrifice myself and open out on him to any extent.

A poor man never has any taxes to pay. He can sit down and laugh the assessors to scorn, and read the big appropriations made by Councils with a feeling of indescribable exhilaration, for he don't care a cent, and it makes no difference to him how much money they spend; and this, leaving out of the question altogether his chances for the kingdom of heaven, where he has the lead on the rich man, beside having a better chance for life. Nobody wants him to die; nobody is laying around in misery and impatience on the anxious bench, waiting for him to die so as to absorb his funds. On the contrary, it is to the interest of the poor man's friends to preserve his life, so that the funeral expenses won't come on them, and there will be no hack hire to pay.

A poor man, I say, can enjoy life more He lives in a rented house, and it needn't worry him any to see it abused, and his equanimity need not be disturbed if it burns down. He can sit down and look at the charred remains, like Marius amid the ruins of Carthage, and feel as cool as an acquaintance you've lent money to, and as collected as last year's rent he needn't care a particle.

And a poor man, he can repose in the bosom of his family and know that there is no avaricious young man prowling around after any rich daughters of his, and it is a matter of rejoicing with him that there is no occasion for him to play heavy father, and hurl a parent's curse at the unnatured child, who runs away, and who he cuts off with a shilling. He would only be too glad to have a shilling to cut anything off with or to spend. That is his particular complaint, as a general thing.

Why, an uncle of mine had a brother-in-law who was a poverty-stricken sort of a fellow, and who was never personally acquainted with a ten dollar bill until a rich aunt left him a million, when he was so overjoyed that he drank himself into a first-class delirium tremens, and he was so much afraid that perhaps the old lady might be still alive in her grave that he spent every cent he had in building a monument to hold her down, and he was so distressed to find himself poor again that he went out and sat down under it to shed his tears, when it blew over on him and drove him six feet into the ground, and killed him as dead as an ex-President. So that was all the good his money ever did him.

Beside, if you are poor you have no poor relations hovering around you and living on you, and if you are worried with curiosity you have a better chance than a rich man has of going to the poor-house, and, seeing for yourself how our public charities are conducted It's a blessed privilege, and it is vouchsafed to no human being who is cursed with a bank account.

A man in this situation is more to be envied than a boy who once lived out in Donega, Pa., and who was reared in the lap of luxury, and whose father gave him a quarter of a dollar a week for spending money. For what did this unhappy child of fortune do but go to a side-show in town and fall in love with the fat woman, who so far from reciprocating his youthful affection, told him she would melt over him if he didn't leave, and then she called the door-keeper, who put him out, and didn't give him back his money at the door. This boy, I say, behaved in this scandalous manner, and then under a plea of a blighted heart, he went home and nearly brought his father's grey hairs in sorrow to the grave, by endeavoring to cut his throat with a table leg, and blow out his brains with a brass-nozzled bellows. Now if this boy's father had been poor, the boy would not have had a quarter to visit the side-show, and his life would have been calm and serene.

Another thing, no poor man is ever worried by debt, for nobody will ever trust him, and when he does see a greenback he heartily enjoys it. Money falls on a rich man, he gets tired of it; but a poor man can drink it in with exhilaration. I used to know a man who had been in the depths of poverty so long that the rustle of a dollar bill would throw him into a spasm, but he was happy over it, and he said he didn't care. This was a very eccentric and singular man, and he used to remark that one advantage he had was that when he died he would leave no money to any public charity, and then have it spent on something else, and have fighting over it, and let the lawyers work off about four-fifths of it.

He said he was never bothered with anything of this kind, and he revelled in it, and was a great deal happier than a friend of his, who no sooner made a fortune speculating in oil, and putting up ground floors, than he broke out all over with boils, and was never happy unless he was being cupped and bled. This man was utterly wretched, and often he would go up into his silent chamber and sit down and cry like a baby because his income was so large.

Sometime ago a wise philosopher proposed to start a society for the amelioration of the condition of the rich. Need I say that I go for the movement? Need I say that I would accept a position as president of that association, and would lend my earnest attention to impressing upon the wealthy men of this community the importance of obtaining unalloyed bliss by increasing the salaries of the officers? It is hardly necessary, but in order to remove any trace of doubt in the minds of moneyed men, I would just advise them to try me.

A YOUTH AT SARATOGA.—A Saratoga correspondent speaks of a young man at one of the hotels there whose sole enjoyment consisted in being brushed. He had obtained twenty-five dollars' worth of new quarters at the sub-treasury, and every time he was brushed he handed one of these forth from his waistcoat pocket. He was brushed everywhere. The waiters watched for him, lay in wait for him, quarrelled with each other for possession of him. They never brushed him anywhere but in the small of his back and on the knees of his pantaloons. The result was that in three days those portions of his attire were threadbare. Nearly all his stamps were gone. He gave notice at the office of his departure for home. He had just money enough left to pay expenses, and he was brushed to the last—brushed into the stage. The waiters found in the aggregate they had received $21.25 for brushing that munificient and verdant young man.

SOME idea of the enormous consumption of baked beans in Boston on the Sabbath may be gathered from the fact that one baker at the South End, who sells these edibles by the quart, already cooked, disposed of no less than six bushels of baked beans one Sunday morning, recently, or about two hundred quarts, at sixteen cents a quart; and this in a vicinity where cooking stoves are abundant and many people bake their own.

SCHOOLS OF PAINTING.—The distinguishing feature of the Florentine school of painting is grandeur and sublimity, with great excellence of design; but a want of grace, of skill in coloring, and effect of light and shade. The character of the Roman school is equal excellence of design and a superior knowledge in coloring. That of the Venetian is the perfection of coloring and the utmost force of light and shade, with an inferiority in every other particular. In the Florentine school Michael Angelo ranks first; in the Roman, Raphael d'Urbino, and the Venetian, Titian.

MADAME DE BOISSY'S "Recollections of Lord Byron" are to be published during the autumn. These Memoirs by the Italian Contessa have always been expected—and if the lady has told the truth about her famous English lover, her tale will be a very strange one.

NOTICE.

The publication of "THE CALIFORNIAN" *takes place on Saturday mornings, and copies may be obtained in the City at all News stands, and of our News-agents through the country. It will also be served by carriers on the morning of publication.*

WHITE & BAUER, *News Dealers, No.* 413 *Washington street, are General Agents for* THE CALIFORNIAN *in the interior counties of this State, also, for the adjacent States and Territories.*

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J. P. BOGARDUS,
J. F. BOWMAN. } *Editors and Proprietors.*

THE CALIFORNIAN.

SAN FRANCISCO, ... SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1867.

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF THE ELECTION.

IF we regard the recent election in this State, merely in the light of a popular choice between Mr. Gorham and Mr. Haight, with reference to their respective qualifications for the office of Governor, the result is one that can be contemplated even by the most zealous Republicans—except those whose hopes of office have been disappointed—without poignant distress. If all the facts of the case when fully considered, justify us in coming to the conclusion that the defeat of the Republicans was the result of the dissensions in the party, arising out of the circumstances under which the nomination was obtained, or of a general belief that the leading men on the successful ticket are personally better candidates than their opponents, or of the manner in which the labor question has entered into politics and affected the election, or of the alarm excited in the minds of the ignorant by demagogic representations of the danger of the Chinese being admitted to the right of suffrage, or of the operation of all these causes combined, if we say the Republican discomfiture can be satisfactorily accounted for upon such grounds as these, it is after all, a matter of no great moment, except to the comparatively small number for whom the event has the bitter sting of individual loss or failure.

But there is another light in which it can be viewed, and in which many loud and exulting voices are already raised to declare that it must be viewed, that gives it a far greater, and to many minds, a terrible significance. The Morning *Call* claims that it is nothing less than a popular verdict against the Reconstruction Policy of Congress, a verdict in favor of Andrew Johnson against that body, and it is to be presumed that the Democratic press generally, will insist that it should be so regarded. But is this all? May it not, in connection with the Connecticut election, be taken as marking the commencement of a great reactionary movement in the popular mind, involving not only a revolution in public opinion so far as the Congressional Policy is concerned, but even so far as the war itself and its original ground and justification are concerned? It is a fact not to be disguised that there are those who thus interpret these elections, hailing them as tokens that the people of the North are "returning to reason," and that the utter overthrow of "the Radicals" is at hand; and it is well to remember that men of this way of thinking, when they speak of "Radicals," use the term in a sense sufficiently comprehensive to embrace all who approve of the emancipation proclamation, and, indeed, all who were in favor of coercion for the preservation of the Union. If this view of the significance of the recent elections is correct, we may look at no day distant for a new and astounding phase in our politics. We must not shut our eyes to the fact that the sentiment of "loyalty" and devotion to "the Union," has, in many minds, been greatly weakened by an experience of the costs of the war, and the burdens of taxation. The tax-gatherer has been a most cogent reasoner on the side of the Democracy, and undoubtedly he has made more Democratic votes, than their most eloquent orator. If such is indeed the significance of the recent elections, if it is an idication and commencement of a re-action in the popular mind against the feeling that caused the North to spring to arms at the news of the firing upon Fort Sumpter, it will most surely develop itself in the Presidential election of November 1868, in an attempt either to repudiate the Federal debt or to assume and pay the Confederate debt.

THE JAPANESE IN CALIFORNIA.—The *Times*, yesterday, stated that the Japanese, at present in this city, were being educated in the public schools, but that shortly a school would be established expressly for them, which would be under the management of Forbes Maitland. The fact of the matter is, that the only school for the Japanese, in this city, was established by Mr. Maitland, with the kind assistance of merchants interested in the education of the Japanese. The students, at present in this city, partially defray the expenses attendant on their tuition. The Board of Education, which has already established a Chinese school in this city, has under consideration the advisability of instituting a school for the numbers of intelligent and knowledge-seeking Japanese who will flock to our shores. The present school is at 225 Minnie street.

MRS. CHILD'S new story, "A Romance of the Republic," is republishing in London, by Messrs. George Routledge & Sons, under the title of "Rosa and Flora."

A LITERARY PIRACY.—The *Times* has for some time past evinced painful proofs of insanity whenever it has touched on literary matters. Not content with robbing Shakspeare of the credit of writing the plays commonly attributed to him, and giving the honor to Lord Bacon, it now boldly declares that the famous "Jumping Frog of Calaveras County" was bred in the brain—not of "Mark Twain" whilom the rather dull and twaddling local of the *Call*, but to that brilliant and world-renowned humorist, Sam Seabough, whose exquisitely ludicrous leading editorials in the *Alta* not long since, each morning set the town in a roar. This statement is embodied in the following paragraph which appeared in the *Times* of Friday:

"NOT EXACTLY THE CORRECT THING.—'Mark Twain' is 'doing' the Holy Land, and writing letters thereon, which the *Alta* copyrights. We must confess to experiencing some doubt as to his originality when we are told that his famous story 'The Jumping Frog of Calaveras,' was really written by Sam Seabough, now of the Sacramento *Union*, and by 'Mark' appropriated for his own."

Will not the *Times* confess to experiencing some doubts as to whether or not "Mark Twain's" letters from the Holy Land are original. Is it not probable that a young man of the name of Brown is the author of these letters. Did not "Mark Twain" when in this city steal the brilliantly witty sayings of Fitz-Smythe, re-vamp them and pass them off as original? We consider that the *Times* every day publishes more laughable things than this literary pirate, ("Mark Twain" *was* a pirate before he came to *this* country—he owned a piratical flat boat on the Mississippi) ever wrote in his life; but it has never made a better joke than that contained in the paragraph which we quote.

NEW YORK CITY TAXES.—New York city taxes for State, city, and county purposes reach this year the amount of *twenty five million dollars*, only four dollars on every one hundred. This does not include the tax for the support of the national Government, nor the large amount to be assessed on property owners for various corporation jobs, which from time to time are rushed through the Common Council. Life at this rate, must be a burden to a man of property in New York city. The *Herald* terms this legalized levy, "practical confiscation."

Now is the time for trimmers and time-servers to make new political affiliations. The recent State election indicates a re-action of popular feeling. If this re-action goes on, the Republicans will become a helpless minority, and the Democrats will rule the political roast. All ambitious young politicians who aim above all other things at advancing themselves, and who have no awkward and inconvenient scruples to stand in the way of self advancement, should ponder these things.

PACIFIC NEWS ROOM.—Messrs. Hudson & McCarty, advertising and commission agents, will open a news and reading room under the above title on Monday next, on the first floor of the Merchants' Exchange, fronting on California street. They have already four hundred different newspapers on file, and will shortly make an addition of near two hundred Eastern and Foreign journals and periodicals. These rooms will be free to the public during the coming week.

"THE BROADWAY."—The first number of "The Broadway," Messrs. Routledge & Sons' "International Magazine," is advertised to contain a poem by Robert Buchanan, a comic illustrated paper by Ernest Grisct, and an article upon "William Cullen Bryant and American Poetry" In spite of the promised "international" character of "The Broadway," no American names appear in the list of contributors to this initial issue.

THE latest New York novelty is a "swimming academy," which was to have been opened in August last, upon a plan similar in some respects to that of the late swimming bath on Third street. The basin of the New York Bath is of white marble, with a sloping floor which gives three feet of water at one end, and seven feet at the other. The water is kept pure by a constant current, and during the cold weather it is warmed by boilers.

ON the sixth page of the present issue of the CALIFORNIAN, will be found Prentice Mulford's highly characteristic and popular sketch entitled, "The Life and Adventures of Barney McBriar, the Shootist." The sketch originally appeared in the *Golden Era* of this city, and has been intensively copied by weekly literary journals throughout the United States.

THE last number of *Blackwood's Magazine* contains a bitter article on the subject of our national debt, and the financial prospects of the country, in which all sorts of dismal things are predicted concerning us. Among other pleasant prophecies, the writer sets it down as a strong probability that we will repudiate the Federal debt.

THE society of California Pioneers will celebrate the Seventeenth anniversary of the admission of California into the Union, on Monday next, at Maguire's Opera House. The exercises will consist of an oration by Wm. H. Clarke Esq., and a poem by Charles Warren Stoddard, Esq.

THE DEMOCRATIC VICTORY.

NOW that the election is irretreviably lost for the Union party, there is doubtless to day many an individual of the registered five thousand who did not vote, indulging in a little silent lamentation over the result. There was spite and sullenness and ugliness and antipathy to Gorham and McCarthy, and all this combined, prevailed. But now that the Democracy is victorious, and the Republican banner, for the first time in seven years, borne back before an elated foe, a feeling of regret not unmixed with a trifle of condemnation, has taken possession of the previously indifferent non-voting Republicans.

Will the Democracy make a good use of their victory? Will they cease to emulate the example of the Bourbons, and learn some degree of moderation preached to them during years of defeat and disaster. Let them remember that their success is not a true indication of the real political sentiment of California. Arrayed against itself, with several of the most influential organs in the State working against the Union nominee for Governor, and influenced, not merely by political antipathy, but by bitter personal prejudice, the result might, in some degree have been expected. Let the Democracy now shun arrogance, practice moderation, and be thankful for a victory that circumstances, not principle, have given them.

THE BRAIN.—Comparative anatomy has thrown great light on the subject of heads, and the brains which fill them. Begin at the lowest form of animated being, and you find no inclinations of a brain. The coralines and zoophytes, the testaceous and mulluscous animals, are destitute of brain, and many of them of a spinal marrow. In insects, a very minute brain is to be detected, and the development of what we may call intelligence in them seems to bear an exact proportion to it. The higher we rise in the scale of an animal creation, the more voluminous and complicated becomes the brain, and in an equal degree the more numerious and decided the manifestations of intellect. Thus the comparative physiologist has arrived at the conclusion that "in as far as an animal is capable of profiting by existence—in other words, as far as it is educable, if the expression may be used—it appears to be intellectual, and it is so, almost uniformity, in proportion to the development of the brain. Thus, of all animals, Man, who has the largest and most complicated brain, is the most improvable.

THE Indians on the Plains, like the Democrats in California, seem to be having things pretty much their own way. Hostilities are going on at various points, and thus far the record, judging from our sources of information, does not seem to be in favor of the United States Troops. Fleet horses, hardy warriors and untiring spirit, tracking the foe day and night, stampedes and ambuscades are sore trial to bodies of men trained to fight according to the white man's military regulations. The Indians also contend for what he considers his own territory, an incentive which in every age and with every people, has been the productive of hard fighting.

NEW MUSIC.—We have received from Messrs. Frisbie & Scott, music dealers, S. W. corner of Kearny and Sutter, a *valse*, entitled "Her Pretty Smile," composed by Gustave A. Scott. The composition evinces talent, but we doubt whether the title *Valse élégante*, which appears on the title page, can be justly applied to it. There is more of "force" than "elegance" in it. Having made this slightly adverse criticism with regard to the title, we have nothing worse to say. Mr. Scott is a musician of acknowledged ability, and "Her Pretty Smile" does him credit.

QUEEN EMMA'S CULTURE.—The Archbishop of Canterbury stated at a recent meeting of the Hawaiian mission, that he "knew few English ladies who could bear comparison with Queen Emma, of Honolulu, in a knowledge of the English language and literature."

TINSLEY'S Magazine, which is another new illustrated monthly, leads off with two serials—one by W. H. Russell, whom everybody knows as the *Time's* correspondent from everywhere, and the other by Mr. Edmund Yates, who is to edit the magazine.

A CITY WITH BUT ONE OWNER.—Every foot of land on which Belfast, Ireland, is built, is owned by one man, the Marquis of Donegal. Every citizen has to pay tribute to him. His income for ground rent is from one to two millions of dollars per annum.

M. LOUIS BLANC is understood to be preparing for publication a collection of the private papers of the Emperor Maximilian.

BESIDES "North Coast Poems," already announced, Mr. Robert Buchanan has in the press a volume of prose, "David Gray, and other Personal Papers."

ANATOMICAL MUSEUM.—The new models lately added to this exhibition attract much attention. This collection of anatomical specimens and models is now very complete, and none can fail to be interested in inspecting it.

[For the Californian.]

A WALK ALONG MONTGOMERY STREET.

A RIDE IN THE MISSION CARS, AND OTHER CITY EXPERIENCE.

PARIS has its Boulevards, New York its Broadway, and our city its Montgomery street, and considering the difference of population, I doubt very much if a better study of human nature, especially female human nature, can be found on the two former, than on our own principal thoroughfare on any fine day in the dry season, between the hours of 12 M. and 4 P. M.

There is no use denying the fact that San Francisco boasts many pretty women and girls, not after the stylo of wax work, but good healthy looking, buxom lassies, that appear capable of anything from a dance in a crowded ball room, to a seven mile walk before breakfast; there is none of that sickly expression that you notice on the faces of those women who live in a less bracing atmosphere, and who fear exercise because it is thought to make them stout, liable to pimples, and less fit to appear elegant in the drawing-room. With all this, however, they are given to fashion—and what women are not—and from the way they do dress, I have often thought that whatever New York may boast of, San Francisco has but few, if any, Flora McFlimseys, for all here appear to have more *or less* to wear, and as a rule they know how to wear it.

THE FASHIONS.

I confess having a liking for the present fashion of ladies dresses for out door wear, especially since the change of head gear has sent the waterfall, or chignon I believe they call it, from the back of the neck to the crown of the head, forcing the jaunty little hat well down in front, so as to serve as a guard to the bridge of the nose, and covering for the forehead, instead of being placed where, I think nature intended it should be. Then the decreased size of the chignon, now no longer than a baked apple dumpling, and the addition of a large curl, of some one elses hair, or a plat, that looks as if every chinaman had been robbed of his queue in order to furnish the quantity needed, thrown carelessly over the shoulder, or allowed to fall in front, adds much to the general effect, and seem to say that the wearer don't care a fig whether you like her appearance or not. Again, nine out of every ten of the women you see on the street, remind us of Englishwomen, who are renowned the world over for great development of figure; but whether this is nature, or a pair of those singular looking things to be seen in many shop windows at the present time, made with a spiral spring and horse hair, I am at a loss to determine, and now while speaking of these matters, I would suggest that at the next session of the Legislature, a law should be passed prohibiting their sale, and that the wearer, if a single woman, should be liable to prosecution for endeavoring to entangle men by reason of false pretenses.

The writer of a fashion letter would say that "skirts are now worn short and less in circumference than formerly," such is the case, and very convenient it is on a narrow side walk, but I can't say I like them. They are sensible, I will admit, but they have not the elegant appearance of a long full skirt. While our streets are dusty, or muddy, and they must necessarialy be one or the other, short dresses should be worn, but if side walks and crossings could be kept clean, give me a trail by all means, to make a lady look really elegant while on a promenade. Last, but not least, the boots, these, one of the most important articles in a ladies attire, must, as now worn, be instruments of torture rather than comfortable coverings for the feet. Why will women think that the high curved heel, with a surface of not more than half an inch in diameter, that gives no support to the body, is handsome? Men don't think so—they much prefer the old style, that, while looking neat, gives comfort to the wearer, and as men's tastes are frequently considered, when women get themselves up for the street, why don't they think of this, and dress their little "footsy tootsies" elegantly and comfortably at the same time.

A WALK DOWN THE STREET.

Let us start from the corner of Montgomery and Post streets at 2 P. M., and "do" the fashionable thoroughfare as far as Washington street, but remember no uncharitable remarks, fun if you will, but nothing more. In the first place no judgment can be formed of those of the gentler sex we meet any where between Post and Sutter streets, for there are the dry goods stores *par excellence* of the city. Women here for a time forget what they or others have on, and only think of what they shall purchase; they have no eyes except for the shop windows, and cannot spare a moment even to examine a dress that may be passing them, and that they have not seen before, and would like to see behind, were they not so near the stores that husbands and fathers so much dread, and that mothers and daughters have such a weakness for. The next block is rather better, for in it there is not so much to attract a woman's attention from the principal object of her appearance on the street, which is to be admired by the stormer sex, and to excite the envy of her own.

From Bush to Pine street would be a favorite portion of the walk were it not for the crowd of loafers (I might use a harder and more appropriate term) that infest the vicinity of the Russ House entrance, and that appear to have no better employment than rendering the pavement filthy with tobacco juice, and making remarks, many of them insulting, about ladies that pass within the foul atmosphere they create. This crowd is a nuisance—a crying evil—and the policeman on that beat should be instructed to do away with it at the earliest possible moment. But I will drop the disgusting, and go on with our walk.

MONTGOMERY STREET NOTABLES.

Here comes a pair of lovely girls that we often see, and as often notice; they are bosom friends, probably, for they are almost always together, and their dress is not unlike; of a light color, with plain, neat trimmings; turban hats well down over their eyes; short skirts and neat fitting boots, (they both have nice feet) and the most charming No. 6 Jouvins, cover what cannot be otherwise than pretty hands. One I have lately seen alone, and then she had changed her suit to black, as if in mourning for her companion. I was talking to a friend at the time she passed who knew her, and he received a most loving smile, one that must have made him feel queer, if not lost to all sensibility (he is a single man) and that even made me feel as I have in days long gone by, and that are sure never to return. I could tell her name, but won't do it—she might not like it. She and her companion are both full of fun and mischief, unless I am much mistaken in womankind, and the day may come when one or both will make some poor fellows' hearts ache.

Ah! here are the objects of my admiration. I have seen them a hundred times, and yet I know them not; they appear to have inexhaustable wardrobes, one of them particularly. I have seen her with no bonnet but a ribbon and rosette one day; a "turban" hat the next, a "saucer" the next, and yet on the following she wore a "flat" that would cover half an acre. Sometimes they wear short skirts, yes, very short ones; then they will have trails that rival a street sweeping machine. On one occasion they were in black, and on the next in all colors of the rainbow; occasionally they would wear long boots, and then short ones; and the way they carry their sunshades is wonderful; they are always held at the same angle, let it blow high or low, and the same number of fingers are used to hold them, the little finger being extended at an angle of forty-five degrees from the handle, as if intended to be particularly admired. This couple are evidently sisters, and I should judge them to be about forty-five years of age, or thereabouts. Possibly they are twins, they look enough alike to be, and they are the wonder of nine-tenths of those persons who observe the strange sights that are frequently seen in our city.

To describe all that one sees between the extremes of Montgomery street, (I stop at the foot of the hill) would require more paper than the city could spare. Hundreds of incidents occur every day, each one of which would make a repectable paragraph, and to tell all the little "carryings on" that can be observed might make mischief. As the city increases, and other streets become "fashionable;" more scope will be given; all will not be crowded into so contracted a space, and trivial matters, which are to-day "the observed of all observers," will then cease to be noticed. Not even on Saturday afternoon, when the matinees discharge their crowds of waterfalls and crinolincs. When we have our Park, and some hearable means to get to it, then there will be hope for us; but until then, one who desires to see the sights and fashionable costumes, must place his sole dependence upon Montgomery street, in which there is now a little more room since the brokers have been moved into another locality.

FASHION ECLIPSERS.

Nine tenths of the women you meet on our thoroughfares, dress in the height of the fashion, but there are some who go higher than that—who are the extremists of the extreme, and who render themselves conspicuous by reason of wishing to out-do all the rest of their sex. If the fashion is short skirts, they wear shorter; if long, you can hardly keep clear of their trails. If high boots are "all the go," then with them, garters become unnecessary; and with the present style of low necked dresses for balls and parties, goodness knows what their appearance must be on those festive occasions, if they carry out the same rule. I have noticed several of this class, and they not among those whose business it is to be conspicuous, and if they only knew how absurd they appear in the eyes of all who are more modest in their attire, they certainly must feel ashamed, and abandon their notions of fashion. There are two of the kind I refer to that frequent Montgomery street, and the Saturday afternoon performance at the theatres, and I am charitable enough to suppose they are in the employ of some milliners or dress-makers, who keep them as walking signs, and that they are not dressed according to their own tastes.

It is a source of wonder what the next fashion will be with women. Their hats cannot be thrown much more forward, and it will not do to make the short skirts much shorter, or less in circumference. Contraction must cease, there is no chance for more of it, consequently expansion must again take place, for style cannot remain at a stand-still for more than ninety days. The head-dress may change by reversing the order of things, that is, the waterfall can be placed on the forehead, and the hat on the back of the head; this would do, and after a little while it would be thought "quite the thing."

Enough of fashion. Let him who has nothing better to do, take the Montgomery street walk occasionally, and observe closely what can there be seen. Let him pay no attention to sideling glances, or smiles, but confine himself to observing women and her ways, and if he don't feel more convinced of the follies and vanities of this wicked world than he ever did before, and wonder where the money comes from to pay for all the finery he sees displayed, much of it on the backs of those who are not in easy circumstances, I am much mistaken. It forms a good study, however. Men can gain knowledge thereby, and single ones can learn what they will have to provide for, when once they are fairly entrapped, and are allowed the great blessing of being able to call some lovely young creature, wife.

IN THE CARS.

Our city cars are a great convenience at times, that is when you get one when you want it, and when you don't have to stand up all the way from your place of business to your home at the Mission, or South Park, or some other distant place, by reason of having to make room for ladies who should have been home hours before, looking out for the children, or having your dinner ready on time. It is my fortune to have to use the cars frequently—the Mission cars, I mean—those which run along Howard street, and that now give you the opportunity to test the depth of the sand thereon by walking half a block between Sixth and Seventh streets, because a culvert is being built directly under the track, and I am sorry to say they have caused me to do some tall swearing.

If you enter one of these cars about 4 P. M., somewhere about Montgomery and Sacramento streets, the probabilities are you will get a seat, and have room to spare, but by the time you reach Post street, you will have been gradually shoved up and squeezed into the smallest possible space, and then every new comer is one more than the car should be allowed to take, but conductors, like corporations, have no souls, and like the "Builders," will insure one and all a seat, and "take the chances."

CAR INFLICTIONS.

Your car is full, you desire no more passengers, and hope there will be no additions to the load, then the bell rings, the horses are brought to a stand, and Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Jones, with several little Smiths and Joneses, make their appearance, and of course expect that they shall be seated. Mrs. Smith may be very fair, very fat and over forty, but what cares she for that, she must have a seat, and scowls at every one, until some person with more kindness of heart than common sense, jumps up from his seat, no matter how tired he may be from a hard day's work, to make room for a party who have no more important errand than a visit to Woodward's or the City Gardens. Of course some other victim does the same for Mrs. Jones, and then the junior members are hoisted into their laps to wait for the first vacancy. How delightful it is to have these children next to you, they have probably been eating candy, and they will amuse themselves by wiping their fingers on your clothes, or hair, if they can get at it; they, if rather young, will probably stare at you fondly, and call you "pa," much to the amusement of your fellow-passengers, who then begin to compare to see if there is a likeness, thinking the child might not have been mistaken even at its early age. If an infant it will, nine chances out of ten, be taken with the colic, and then its yells are unceasing, until its fond mother adopts the usual method of stopping the child's mouth.

"The cry is still they come." Ladies from shopping expeditions enter with little bundles that contain, may be, a half a yard of silk or other material to match a dress that is a little too scant in the pattern; or a bundle of bugle trimmings, or other finery, the larger packages having been sent home before. These certainly expect a seat; they feel that they have a right to one; that they cannot be kept standing with such a load to carry, and they are seated, and then if one of them can only meet a friend who has been on the same errand, and who is returning home with about the same load, you will soon have to listen to a conversation that will have no other point than the contents of the stores on Montgomery and Kearney street, and the outrageous conduct of Mrs. Stitchmequick, the dressmaker, who failed to send home the last new dress in time for church on the previous Sunday.

MARKET RECRUITS.

But now comes a portion of the journey that is quite as disagreeable as the others. You pass *Union* Market, and if on Saturday afternoon you are seen to receive a number of motherly looking females with baskets free of provender for the next day; these very probably are deposited on your toes, or scrape your shins, as they are dragged through the narrow space between the seats. Then some of these marketers will have a piece of smoked salmon, or a bunch of fresh fish, or a raw beefsteak, that will be seen to come in contact with your tweed cloth or cassimere, if seated next thereto, and the first intimation you have of the damage your clothes has sustained will be on arrival home, when your fond wife will say, "Oh, my dear! where have you been? Your coat is all covered with grease."

A FEW SUGGESTIONS.

Now these are only some of the evils of riding in our city cars, there are many others I could mention, and dwell upon at length, and I may at some future time show them up. There is one thing I must speak of, however, and that is their great want of punctuality. Who ever found a car, when he wanted or had a right to expect it It? is too seldom that I ever did, and never that I know of, after dark, except the Theatre car, which is scarcely able to contain half that depend upon it as a means of reaching home late at night. I wish the officers and directors of our line lived at the Mission terminus, and that they had to depend entirely upon their cars, as they now run, to and from the city. We would then have some certainty as to their movements, and more of them after eight o'clock in the evening; and if they were compelled to ride outside in the dust or rain when more than a certain number of paying passengers are inside, there would soon be instructions issued that no more than a given number of passengers should be received, and then a crowd would be avoided. But these suggestions I fear will amount to nothing—it will go on as usual to the great discomfort of those who regularly patronize our city cars.

SOMETHING ELSE.

You'r a Gorhamite, ain't you, friend Squint? and he, I believe, is in favor of the Chinaman; now on this point I say "bully for him," for what the deuce would he do for house-servants were they all driven from the country, and he had to depend upon Irish girls for the duty. The subject of servant-galism is now exciting the attention of our housekeepers, and having had some experience in that line, and having given the matter much study of late, I propose, if agreeable, and we all live, to give you, about two weeks hence, a short lecture on the subject, and tell you what I know of it.

Yours, truly, GOPHER.

"THE CALIFORNIAN" AT THE GEYSERS.

The Route to the Geysers—Clark Foss, the Renowned Stage Driver—Ascending and Descending—Across the "Hog's Back"—Not so Dangerous, after all—Down Nineteen Hundred Feet in Twelve Minutes—Arrival at the Hotel—On a Tour of Observation—Remarkable Natural Curiosities—The Bathing Springs—Back Again—For the Calistogas—A View Thereof—An Hour in Napa—On Terra Firma once more, etc., etc.

[SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE TO THE "CALIFORNIAN."]

BOHEMIAN PALACE, AUG. 1867.

THE ROUTE TO THE GEYSERS.

My last was dated from Healdsburg. Here you take Foss' line of stages for the famous Geysers. Glancing at the driver, you survey him from head to foot and have looked upon a stalwart specimen of the genus *homo*, six feet four inches in height and weighing two hundred and thirty pounds. You are satisfied from his appearance that he is a cool, self-possessed man, and that there is no back-out in him with regard to the "Hog's Back" or any other back. He sings out "All ready," and taking the reins, the renowned Clark Foss cracks his whip and we are off for our destination. We soon reach Foss' station, have traveled over an ordinary road, and now commences a series of descents and ascents that continues until we reach the Geysers. We first reach the Sugar Loaf, a very steep mound, and next come to the Geyser Peak, an elevated point 6,000 feet above the level of the sea. We are then whirled along until we come to the "Hog's Back," a long back it is, stretching itself on the top of a conical shaped mountain for a distance of two and a half miles. As you quietly sit in the stage and glance to the right or left, you look into depths below measuring from 1,000 to 2,000 feet. A detour from the road six inches either way, and you may be hurled into eternity without a moment's warning. But there is but little fear of any such catastrophe. Having safely passed this porcine difficulty, you are driven along until you reach a point within two miles of the Geysers. Here you commence descending, and after having rapidly circled about the mountains some sixteen times, you reach the hotel adjacent to the springs, having made the distance in twelve minutes, and descended 1900 feet. Foss has beat his time, however, having driven over the ground in nine minutes. Safely arrived, you congratulate yourself and fellow-passengers.

ON A TOUR OF OBSERVATION.

The following morning, we are off with Mr. S. on a tour of observation. With satisfied stomachs, lively imaginations, and long sticks, we proceed up the Devil's Cañon, pass Eye Water Spring, cross the Bridge of Sighs, and enter Prospenrie's Grotto where are inexhaustable beds of epsom salts. Then to the Quartz Mill, where the earth beneath seems to be grinding itself into pulp, and we are next at the Devil's Ink Stand. This is a small hole about eight inches deep and eighteen wide, with a blackish hot water bubbling, which is an excellent substitute for ink. After passing over beds of magnesia, sulphur and soda, we reach the Witch's Cauldron, a seething, foaming well, where you can boil eggs in a minute or two, about five feet in circumference and three feet deep. We then pass to the Steam Escape Pipe, where a strong volume of steam pours out of the mountain side, and from which, in the night time, issue jets of varied-hued steam, rivalling the brilliancy of the rainbow. You next come to the Steamboat Spring, very hot and powerful, and making a noise resembling the sound of the paddles of a low pressure steamer. To the right is the Lover's Leap, where infatuated lovers could easily sacrifice earthly happiness for unknown bliss by jumping down some three hundred feet. Then comes the Great Register. Here tourists engrave their names. that future worlds may see they once existed, in name at least. African citizens, of American decent, are not allowed to register here unless they furnish their own jack-knives, and have a knowledge of the the A B C. Following this is the Lover's Retreat, where anxious disciples of Cupid bill and coo the sunny hours away. It is said that lords to ladies mated found this spot proof against marital infidelity and divorce—that is, that once having plighted their faith here they feel as if linked for time and eternity. Our guide next takes us by a refreshing cold sulphur spring to General Sherman's Lookout, from which point a magnificent view may be had of the surrounding scenery. Leaving here, we reach the crater of an extinct volcano, surrounded by a number of small boiling springs. Adjacent are congregated a variety of like springs, bubbling up from a mass of honey-comb rocks, in the centre of which has been placed a steam escape pipe which keeps whistling to the tune of time perpetual. The immediate vicinity about the crater contains beds of various minerals, sulphur, soda, putty, ochre, etc. The last of the wonders in this immediate locality is the Devil's Tea Kettle, a curious spring of hot mineral water that tastes like Japanese tea. So much of brief narration.

THE BATHING SPRINGS.

The principal bathing springs are five in number. The Indian Spring for neuralgic and rheumatic complaints, the acid bath valuable for all scrofulatic ailments, the steam sulphur baths for coughs, colds and all kinds of swelling, the alum baths for ophthalmic diseases, and the family bath for the ablution of children and delicate lady adults. The waters of all these springs contain marvellous curative properties, and have effected wonders in the invigorating and restoration of shattered constitutions. In a brief and hurriedly written newspaper correspondence, it is impossible to do justice to these extraordinary and marvellous works of nature.

PERSONAL.

Hon. Mr. Perkins, Postmaster of San Francisco, Hon. Frank Soule, Mr. Gamble, receiver at the Western Union Telegraph office, Mr. Willis F. Coplan of *The Dramatic Chronicle*, and others of your city are staying here and enjoying themselves by bathing, reading, fishing, hunting and other recreations.

In this personal note let me add that mine host, Shafer, thoroughly appreciates the editorial fraternity by having fixed up for them an exclusive sanctum where they can sit, chat and write with characteristic Bohemian nonchalance.

BACK AGAIN—FOR THE CALISTOGAS.

Returning we reach Foss' Station, where we can procure an excellent meal, there we take the stage for the Calistogas, a distance of eighteen miles. The country looks very beautiful as we ride along, and time seems brief until we reach

THE CALISTOGAS.

This is a location made beautiful by art, and while it has not the natural loveliness and attractions of the Geysers, still it is very inviting. A novel feature is introduced here in in the way of living. Instead of being huddled together as at other watering places in one large building, there are separate cottages arranged for families and single people. These cottages surround the main building, consisting of the dining apartments, parlors and clerk's office. Handsomely gravelled walks, with parks of flowers and shrubberry intervening, lead to the cottages. I am told that the proprietor has spent $200,000 in beautifying the grounds, and certainly your liberal and energetic fellow citizen Samuel Brannan, deserves great credit for the taste and charming simplicity displayed in making the Calistogas a place worthy of this expenditure. The springs are few in number compared with those at the former place, but there they have been made fashionable, and fashion is all the rage in this fearfully enlightened country.

BOUND FOR NAPA.

Departing from the Calistogas, after a ride of twenty-eight miles we reach the rural city of Napa and take a brief glance at it, and its surroundings. We called upon the popular Haas Brothers, who look to the interests of THE CALIFORNIAN in that City and vicinity. Of course we cannot forget to drop in upon Montgomery of the *Register*, and Beckwith of the *Reporter*, have a chat, grow merry over the dilapidated condition of our own real estate affairs, and finish by hoping that our corner lots will not be as few in heaven as they were on earth.

EN ROUTE FOR THE BAY.

Bidding our friends at Napa a hasty good bye, we jump on the *Amelia*, commanded by the courteous Captain Gallway, the Clerk's office being presided over by that genial and accommodating gentleman, Mr. Aime J. Douzel, and after a few hours' sail, gliding by that famous spot known as Mare Island and briefly glancing at the great and historic City of Vallejo, we finally step on *terra firma* and once more find ourselves swallowed up in the Queen City of the Pacific, an atom floating amidst a sea of seething, foaming, animal life.

A RETROSPECTIVE VIEW.

In glancing over the ground which we have journeyed, a general and brief view of its features may not be uninteresting. Sonoma and Napa Valleys have more than a State reputation. A rich soil, plenty of wood and water, good roads, and a delightful climate, are its great attractions. I have already written you of the much needed want, railroads, to develop the resources of these valleys, and without which the people are seriously affected, as they have no substantial channel through which their crops could find an outlet commensurate with their large producing interests. There are now hundreds of thousands of bushels of wheat, thousands upon thousands of cords of wood, and various articles of export awaiting shipment, but owing to the slow and limited facilities offered by wagons, months must elapse, and perhaps the rainy season intervene, ere they can find their way to market. It would seem to those deeply interested in the material progress of California, and especiall to moneyed men whose entire interests are in the development of the resources of this Coast, that the question of railroads being built through these valleys, should seriously demand their attention. The thousands upon thousands of dollars expended in political bribery and corruption, if invested in stocks of this class would yield a large percentage, give employment to a great number of honest laborers, and instead of undermining the social fabric would tend to build up a solid and substantial public improvement. If the money gambled away in the stock faro market were sensibly expended for some such practical work, how much preferable and lasting would be its benefits. When a people or a nation become so thoroughly selfish, that public and national interests, and made secondary and subservient to individual aggrandizment and selfish propensities, that people or nations have commenced to sow the seeds of distrust, and begin to develop a tendency not in harmony with our simple Republican institutions. If the citizens of California would, in the spirit of our Constitution, have the greatest good ensue to the greatest number, they must be watchful of their interests, and keep amongst themselves the means by which those interests are to be upheld. The observer of events cannot fail to see that this means is becoming rapidly deficient among the masses of the people, and that instead of money being equally distributed in the hands of the people generally, it is finding its way to individuals and wealthy corporations who part with it only upon the most positive assurances of an enormous interest. If the inhabitants of Sonoma and Napa valleys, watched their interests as it is the duty of free people to do, they would not to-day be begging of plethoric corporate bodies to come and build their railroads, offering ruinous prizes of their substance to that effect, but would themselves be able to be their own builders, stockholders and directors. It seems to be the tendency of the age for the people to give themselves up to political and moneyed monopolies, and finally when they find themselves betrayed, to resort to revolutions, local or national. Our history as a government will bear me out in these assertions, and I will add that its future history, under the light and guides now before us, will repeat itself, unless the people become the interpretors of the constitution and their own rulers. To the lover of Democratic-Republican institutions, to him who believes in the welfare and happiness of the masses, he can only view this alarming and fast increasing race of monopoly as a barrier growing up toward centralized powers, in every respect repugnant and foreign to the spirit of government. The history of railroads especially applying to this monopolizing tendency, and unless California would be at the mercy of tyrannical moneyed power, she must avoid the shoals upon which the people of New York, New Jersey, and other States have stranded themselves. DR. ANONIS.

INDULGENCE.

INDULGENCE must surely be the prime cause and instigation of vice, for its effects are most pernicious to the welfare of humanity, and to it we owe the ill so common to us all. Rich or poor, high and low, man uses this "forebearance of restraint." The rich, in order to stifle the qualms of conscience, when those riches have been amassed by crime, when acquired otherwise in order to gratify a *penchant* for spending their money. The poor, because they need a solace for the fancied wrongs society has afflicted them with. No matter what these indulgencies consist in, if they be ever so trifling, it will be held so dear, as to be second to health or future happiness, common sense will be discarded, advice listened to with sealed ears, and the poor indulger of his own baser nature will become the victim of an acquired appetite, which far from being appeased by humoring, makes him an easy prey to remorse and the sad, sad future of a shattered constitution. The ancient Greek poets before the dark ages held the idea that in man were two natures, one animal and one spiritual, which being at a period when the existence of the soul was not known, approached very near our present theory in regard to body and soul. They also believed in and prayed for, a future state wherein the animal might be discarded and the spiritual reign supreme. Now indulgence with them, belonged to the animal and was considered by far the most degrading part of their animal natures, and he was considered happy who could control this dreaded destroyer of the peace of mankind, In our present enlightened age (?) we are not a whit nearer the conquest of this "head and front of our offending," and it may with truth be said that we are far behind these primitive Greeks who lived previous to the Christian era. For the simple reason that they believed in a restraining of the animal and the ennobling of the spiritual, while we o this civilized epoch, strive with each other to see who can the most indulge the animal at the expense of the spiritual. Verily we have progressed, for here we are to-day, with the word of God for a guide, the wonderful improvements in science, and the facilitating aid of literature, to keep us out of the meshes of indulgence, still stumbling down the path of ruin, curbing no desire, giving free scope to our more and more vitiated and depraved tastes, and aiding with all our might and main the many vices that are consuming us, to a gradual destruction of the soul, by an indulgence of the baser promptings of the body.

FIVE YEAR'S EXPERIENCE.—Mrs. Margaret W. Deniston, of No. 34 West 27th Street, New York, who has had a Grover & Baker Machine five years, says: "I have used it constantly for all kinds of sewing, from the finest cambric ruffling to heavy English beaver cloth. I find it invaluable in dress-making, embroidery, boys' clothes, under-clothes of all descriptions, and bed and table linen of all descriptions. I have had operators on Wheeler & Wilson's Machine. They lost a great deal of time in winding thread. I have bought ready made done on Wilcox & Gibbs, and don't consider the work sufficiently strong."

[From testimony taken before the U. Commissioner of Patents, on the application for the extension of the patent for the Grover & Baker Sewing Machine.]

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B. F. HOWLAND, Artist.

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MILLS & EVANS, IMPORTERS OF THOROUGH-BRACE Wagons, light express, two and three-spring Wagons, suitable for milk-men and furniture dealers, and others wishing light and durable Wagons. Their Wagons are made expressly for the California market, and Mills & Evans' is the only firm which receives Wagons from the celebrated manufactory of A. W. Sanborn & Co., Manchester, N. H. This latter firm stands A No. 1 in the east, and their wagons have stood the test of our California climate, and are sold by Mills & Evans fifty per cent. lower than any other establishment on the Pacific coast. Call and examine their Wagons, at No. 587 Market street, opposite the Metropolitan market. *

MEDICAL.—"YOUNG MAN'S FRIEND AND PROTECTOR," an Association for beneficent objects, Young men should inform themselves in relation to it, and by applying to, the ACTUARY, Dr. Bourne, 10 Masonic Temple, Post street, they will be furnished with Prospectus.

Great Reduction in Prices at Rosenblatt's PALACE OF FASHION, opposite Occidental Hotel. The large and elegant assortment of Velvet, Cloth and Silk Cloaks, Long and Square Brocbe Shawls, Real Lace Collars, Sleeves, Point Handkerchiefs, etc., are now being sold at the following remarkable low rates:

Silk and Cloth Cloaks.....Worth $15; sold for $10
Silk and Cloth Cloaks.....Worth $25; sold for $15
Brocbe Shawls.....Worth $50; sold for $25
Brocbe Shawls.....Worth $75; sold for $40
Lace Window Curtains.....Worth $20 a pair for $12
Real Chantilla Veils.....Worth $5 sold for $2 50
French Corsets, $1. All other goods in proportion.

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Teeth filled with fine gold, artificial bone and platina. All plate work made and repaired, of the best material, at the shortest notice and warranted. None cheaper or better on the coast. Call and examine specimens.

North Beach and South Park Cars pass the door.

N. T. WHITCOMB.

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THE FARMERS' AND MECHANICS' BANK OF SAVINGS,

ON SANSOME, CORNER CALIFORNIA STREET, will open for the receipt of deposits, and the transaction of business, JULY 1, 1867.

CAPITAL STOCK, - - - - - - $150,000.

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GREANER & WINNE.

Richmond, Va., June 1, 1857.

☞ The Above celebrated Tobacco is in store and for sale in lots to suit the trade.

L. & E. WERTHEIMER,

N. W. corner Front and Sacramento sts.

TOWNE & BACON,
Book and Job Printers,
Have the Largest Office,
Do the most work,
And do it better
Than other offices
536 In this City,
Try them
With a Job,
And you will be
Satisfied the above
Statements are facts.
Their office is at 536
Clay St., below Montgom'y,
Over Pacific Fruit Market.

EDWARD BOSQUI & CO.,

PRINTERS,

And Blank Book Manufacturers,

517 CLAY STREET,

Between Montgomery and Sansome Sts.,

SAN FRANCISCO.

TO PATRONS OF THE PRINTERS ART.

CUBERY & CO., No. 536 Market street, Opposite Second, San Francisco, are now prepared to execute all kinds of BOOK and JOB PRINTING. Having superior facilities for printing every description of work, we respectfully solicit the patronage of friends and the public generally.

BRIEFS and TRANSCRIPTS correctly printed according to legal requirements.

WM. M. CUBERY,
F. W. VAN REYNEGOM.

FOR POSTERS, HANDBILLS,

AND

Show Work of All Kinds,

GO TO THE

COMMERCIAL PRINTING HOUSE

OF

FRANCIS & VALENTINE,

517 Clay street, and 510, 512 and 514 Commercial street.

H. C. HOWARD,

Member of the San Francisco Stock and Exchange Board,

(EXCLUSIVELY COMMISSION BUSINESS,)

426 California Street, next door below Montgomery.

PHILADELPHIA RESTAURANT.

MULLER & BERGOLD,

408 Pine Street,

Next door to the new California Market.

Newly Opened.

McKee's

NEW GROCERY

AND

FAMILY FURNISHING

Store,

No. 31 KEARNY STREET,

Third Door South of Post Street,

NOW RECEIVING ORDERS FOR GROCERIES, PROvisions. Table Luxuries, and all Housekeeping articles of the best quality at low prices.

F. DIXEY,

Merchant Tailor,

625 WASHINGTON STREET.

Cloths, Cassimeres for Vestings, always on hand and made to order in the most

Fashionable Styles.

Satisfaction Guaranteed

NATURE UNVEILED,

AT THE

PACIFIC MUSEUM OF ANATOMY AND SCIENCE

Eureka Theatre Montgomery street,

Between California and Pine

J. R. MEAD & CO.,

Importers, Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

FINE CLOTHING,

AND

Gents' Furnishing Goods,

TRUNKS, VALISES, CARPET BAGS, ETC.,

200 & 202 MONTGOMERY STREET,

Corner of Bush,

SAN FRANCISCO

BOYS! BOYS! BOYS!

NOW IS THE TIME

H. M. LOCKWOOD & CO.,

New No. 624) CLAY STREET, (Old No

Have received a Large Stock of

GENTS' AND BOYS' CLOTHING

—AND—

FURNISHING GOODS,

Which they are selling

AT VERY LOW PRICES.

Every Garment warranted. All are invited to call examine our goods.

H. M. LOCKWOOD & CO.
624 Clay street, San Francisco

ITALIAN RESTAURANT,

No. 515 Merchant Street,

Between Montgomery and Sansome, San Francisco.

Taglierini, Maccaroni, Risotto and Ravioli, In the Italian Style.

MEALS FIFTY CENTS, OR TO ORDER.

Rooms for private parties up stairs.

G. LAZZAREVICH.

GENOA RESTAURANT,

BONZI & PERAZZO,

Successors to L. Gamba,

512 Sacramento Street,

Between Montgomery and Sansome.

MEALS 50 CENTS, or to order. Good Cooks and Polite Waiters. Choice Italian and French dishes. Best Wines, Liquors and Cigars on hand. Private Rooms up stairs.

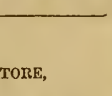
LEON DINGEON. F. W. HAUBRICK.

DINGEON & HAUBRICK,

MARTIN'S RESTAURANT,

623 COMMERCIAL STREET.

Above Montgomery. Meals at all hours. The best of Wines, Oysters, Game, and all the delicacies of the season always on hand. Private Saloons up stairs for Dinner and Supper Parties.



JOSEPH FREDERICKS

CARPET AND UPHOLSTERY STORE,

PAPER HANGINGS, ETC.,

123 Kearny St., between Suttor and Post, San Francisco

FAMILIES ARE INVITED TO EXAMINE

OUR VARIED ASSORTMENT

Of the Finest Carpeting in the State. The best of taste displayed in Decoration and the unique Upholstering of Rooms, Halls and Public Buildings, and at prices conforming to the times. Call and examine goods.

RE-OPENING

....OF THE....

Cosmopolitan Hotel Baths.

THE PUBLIC ARE INFORMED THAT THIS POPUlar Bathing Establishment has been refitted, improved in many respects, and is now well provided with everything conducive to the comfort and satisfaction of its patrons.

As before, nothing will be omitted in the manner of attendence and the measure of supplies needed in First-class Bathing Rooms.

JOHN COOK, Proprietor.

JOHN DANIEL,

Marble Works,

421 *PINE STREET,*

(Between Kearny and Montgomery.)

MANTELS, MONUMENTS, TOMBS, PLUMBERS' SLABS, ETC.,

On hand and manufactured to order.

Orders respectfully solicited.

A. J. BRYANT & CO.,

IMPORTERS OF LIQUORS,

518 Front Street, San Francisco.

G. L. BRADLEY. THEO. G. COCKRILL.

Sole Agents for Pacific Coast,

—OF—

BLACKBURN'S CELEBRATED

BBB BOURBON WHISKEY,

Bowling Green, Kentucky.

OFFICIAL.

Paris Exposition, - - 1867.

ADVICES JUST RECEIVED BY MAIL ENABLE US to announce positively that the only gold medal for American Sewing Machines was awarded to Elias Howe, Jr., as the manufacturer of the best Sewing Machine that was exhibited There were eighty-two different Machines in competition for the prize, and Mr. Howe received the additional award of the Cross of the Legion of Honor, as manufacturer and inventor. The exact wording of the award is as follows:

HOWE MACHINE.	WHEELER & WILSON.
"Co operateur Elias Howe, Jr., promoteur de la Machine a coudre, Medaillo d'or."	"Wheeler & Wilson, pour la machine a boutonniere, Medaille d'or."
TRANSLATION.	TRANSLATION.
Co-operator Elias Howe, Jr., improvement on Sewing Machines, Gold Medal.	Wheeler & Wilson, for Buttonhole Machine, Gold Medal.

The official list of those who were made Knights of the Legion of Honor, as published in the Paris papers, reads thus: "Mons. Elias Howe, Jr., fabricant de machines a coudre exposant." Which, translated into English, reads: "Elias Howe, Jr., maker of Sewing Machines, exhibiting."

From this it will be seen that the medal awarded to Wheeler & Wilson was for a "Buttonhole Machine," AND NOT FOR THE SEWING MACHINE.

H. A. DEMING, Agent,
No. 137 Kearny street, near Sutter.

An American Knight of the Legion of Honor—Among the many who have been the recipients of medals and honors at the Exhibition at Paris, none stand so high on the list as the celebrated inventor and manufacturer of Sewing Machines, Elias Howe, Jr. The Emperor, who shows great tact and discrimination in these matters, has made Mr. Howe a Knight of the Legion of Honor, and the jury on Sewing Machines, who had the task of testing and awarding prizes for excellence, unanimously decided that Mr. Howe was not only entitled to great honors as the inventor of the Sewing Machines, but that he carried off the palm as a manufacturer as well, and to him was awarded accordingly the first of the only two gold medals assigned this class. The numbers who have called upon Mr. Howe, at his office, No. 64 Regent street, to offer their congratulations, prove that many besides the Emperor and the jury acknowledge the justice of the claim.—The Courier, London, England.

SOLOMON GUMP,

(Successor to D. HAUSMANN & Co.,)

IMPORTER AND MANUFACTURER OF

MIRRORS, LOOKING GLASSES,

LOOKING GLASS PLATES, PLATES,

Picture Frames, Photograph Ovals, Mouldings, Etc., Etc.

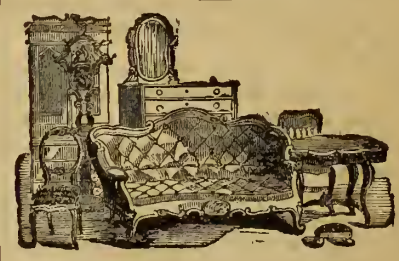
119 Sansome street, between Bush and Pine,

San Francisco.

NOTICE.

WE TAKE OCCASION TO INFORM OUR FRIENDS and customers that we have sold our entire stock in warehouse also invoices to arrive to Messrs. N. COLE & CO., 312 and 314 Pine steeet. The whole forms a most complete and desirable assortment of FURNITURE, and well merits attention before purchasing elsewhere.

J. PIERCE & CO.



FURNITURE.

WE beg leave to call the attention of the public to our warerooms,

Nos. 312 and 314 Pine Street.

Having purchased the entire stock of Messrs. J. Pierce & Co., and in addition to our large invoice from our factory at the East, we are prepared to fill all orders promptly, both wholesale and retail, and call the attention of the public to our salesroom, as containing the most complete assortment of desirable goods on this coast.

N. P. COLE & CO.

WM WORTHINGTON,

House and Sign Painter,

Dealer in

PAINTS, OILS, GLASS, &C., &C.,

735 Market Street,

Between Third and Fourth streets. San Francisco.

ZEITSKA & SHEPPARD,

Merchant Taylors,

NO. 610 CLAY STREET,

Near Montgomery,

SAN FRANCISCO.

CORNS!

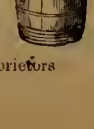
DR. V. POPPER,

Surgeon Chiropedist

No 20 Montgomery street, between Post and Sutter, San Francisco. Office hours from 9 A. M to 5 P. M.

Offers his services to the public as an Operator on such excrescences as hard and soft corns, enlarged joints, club nails, bunions, nails penetrating the flesh, warts, etc.

PHILADELPHIA BREWERY,



Corner Second and Folsom streets,

SAN FRANCISCO.

HOELSCHER & WIELAND,

Proprietors

THE Cincinnati *Times* makes a note of a capitol story told by a rail-road conductor about

A CAR ACQUAINTANCE.

"One day last week," said he, "there came on board of the cars, from one of the up country stations, a very pretty, genteel young lady, on the way to the city. She was alone; so I waited upon her to a good seat, and made her as comfortable as possible. It was a few minutes before the starting hour, and she was so agreeable and talkative, that I lingered, and we had a pleasant chat.

"Afterward, when collecting the tickets, she detained me again an instant, and gave me some fine peaches, which she said came from her friend's orchard in the country; and, really, I began to think that I had not had so charming a passenger for many a day.

"Well, we arrived at the depot; and I then attended her to the carriage, handed up her carpet-bag' aud, after all, what do you think she said?"

Now, we thought, of course, that the young lady would say, very politely: "Thank you, sir," smile like a gleam of sunshine, the carriage roll off, and our friend John Van Dusen, the gentlemanly conductor, would bow an adieu, and with a sigh turn away and forget the matter, and we stated that as our natural supposition.

"No" said the conductor, "she did no such thing; but just as her foot was on the step, she turned, and with a sort of look I can't describe, observed:

"'You must consider this, sir, merely a car acquaintance. You must not expect to be recognized if we meet anywhere else!'"

John drew a long breath.

"What did *you* say?" we asked.

"Why I thought this rather uncivil, to say the least, so I replied, very quickly:

"'Certainly not madam. I was just going to remark that you must not feel slighted if unnoticed by me anywhere, except on the cars; for, really, we conductors have to be careful about our acquaintances.'"

"Aud the lady?" said we.

"She looked quite silly as she rode off, replied John.

"A keener response to an example of female "snobism" could not have been made nor better deserved.

TO ENCOURAGE HASH EATING.—An ingenious hotel proprietor has recently posted the follwing advertisement up in his bar-room, announcing, in the style of the great tobacco advertiser, that, "in order to overcome a natural prejudice against the use of hash, the proprietor will, on Monday next, place a two dollar and a half gold piece in a certain quantity of the hash; on Tuesday, one-half that amount in two pieces; on Wednesday one-third of that amount iu three pieces," and so on for a week.

THIRTY thousand enterprising young gentlemen iu Ohio, last year, promised to love, honor and "buy thiugs for thirty thousand bright-eyed dames and damsels;" and the thirty thousand dames and damsels blushed, and whimpered, and said they "never could go through the ceremony in the world;" and then very quietly accepted their destiny, and, on the whole, rather liked it.

"MISS SMITH, I wish to speak to you in private. Permit me to take you apart for a few moments." Miss Smith (who wasn't at all frightened)—"Certainly, sir, if you'll promise to put me together again."

WHY is a minister like a locomotive? We have to look out for him while the bell rings.

CLIPPER RESTAURANT.—The old Clipper has left her moorings and anchored on Sansome street near Pacific, under the command of Capt. John Stock. She will continue to be freighted with the best in the market. Stock stands A No. 1 as a commander and caterer to his thousands of passengers. Branch "Clipper" Restaurants are located at 504 Washington St., one door above Sansome, and 414 Market street between Sansome and Montgomery, where the best of the market can be obtained.

SOTOYOME HOTEL,
B. C. WRIGHT, Proprietor, Healdsburg, Cal.

DRY GOODS.

GREAT BARGAINS!

FROM THE GREAT AUCTION SALES.

MEAGHER, TAAFFE & CO.

ARE NOW OFFERING

$100,000

WORTH OF

Superior Dry Goods!

Consisting in par of

Cotton Sheetings and Shirtings,
Jaconets and Cambrics,
Linen Sheetings and Shirtiugs,
Towels and Table Damasks,
Cloths, Flannels, Quilts,
Black Silks, Ginghams, Prints,
Merinos, Empress Cloth,
Broche Cashmeres, Alpacas,
Hosiery, etc., etc., etc.,

☞ All of which we are now offering from

Twenty to Fifty per cent less than Cost of Importation.

NO. 9 MONTGOMERY STREET, LICK HOUSE.

Removal! Removal!

A. J. PLATE,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in

Guns, Rifles and Pistols.

—ALSO—

COLT'S AND DERINGER PISTOLS,

Powder, Shot, Lead, Caps, and Gun Trimmings, etc., etc.

—HAS REMOVED TO—

NO. 510 SACRAMENTO STREET,

Between Sansome and Leidesdorff Streets, San Francisco

☞ New Work made to order, and Repairing executed in the neatest manner.

Tyler Brothers,

691 Market st., cor. Third,
SAN FRANCISCO,

Importers, Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

SCHOOL BOOKS,
STATIONERY,
PHOTOGRAPH ALBUMS,
BLANK BOOKS,
PORTFOLIOS,
JUVENILE BOOKS,
CHILDREN'S PICTURE BOOKS,
FANCY ARTICLES, Etc.

ESPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO

LADIES' STATIONERY,

Which we Stamp with Initials

WITHOUT EXTRA CHARGE.

WEDDING AND VISITING CARDS

Engraved, Written or Printed.

Notice to Tax-Payers.

CLERK'S OFFICE, BOARD OF SUPERVISORS, San Francisco, August 12, 1867.

Public notice is hereby given that the Books of the Real Estate and Military Assessment Rolls of the City and County of San Francisco for the fiscal year 1867-68 will be open for examination in this office from 9 A. M. to 4 o'clock P. M., during the sitting of the Board of Equalization.

A Committee of the Board of Equalization will be in session in the chambers of the Board of Supervisors daily, (Sundays excepted) from 1 to 3 o'clock P. M., until further notice, for the purpose of receiving and considering applications for the alterations or reduction of assessments upon real estate.

All applications for reduction of assessmeats are required to be verified by oath. See Statutes of 1863-64, page 189.

JAS. W. BINGHAM,
Clerk of Board of Supervisors.

JOHN DANIEL,

Marble Works,

421 *PINE STREET*,

(Between Kearny and Montgomery.)

MANTELS, MONUMENTS, TOMBS, PLUMBERS' SLABS, ETC.,

On hand and manufactured to order.

Orders respectfully solicited.

A. J. BRYANT & CO.,

IMPORTERS OF LIQUORS,

518 Front Street, San Francisco.

G. L. BRADLEY. THEO. G. COCKRILL.

Sole Agents for Pacific Coast,

—OF—

BLACKBURN'S CELEBRATED

B B B BOURBON WHISKEY,

Bowling Green, Kentucky.

THE CALIFORNIAN'S

SAN FRANCISCO BUSINESS DIRECTORY

APOTHECARIES AND CHEMISTS.
Geo S Dickey, Pioneer Apothecary, cor Ellis & Stockton

ARCHITECTS.
Hoagland & Newsom, S.W. cor Kearny and Sacramento.

BAKERIES.
Dempsey's Bakery, 127 Fourth street,

BOOTS AND SHOES.
P. Kelly, Prize Boot Maker, 323 Bush, above Monty'y.
Wentworth, Hobart & Co. (wholesale manufac.) 210 Pine
Z. Peters, (successor to M. Rotenthal) 406 Commercial.

BOOT POLISHERS.
M. Ryan, 204 Second sircet.

BUTCHERS.
J. P. Molt, "South Park Market," Third st., op. S. Park.
I. Gans, "New York Market," Fourth st, near Market.

CIGARS AND TOBACCO.
Chas. C. Lindsey, Excelsior Store, 156 Stewart street.
Chas, Schwenke & T. Meuser, 16 Stewart street.
G. H. Behrens & Co., 4 Kearny street, near Market.

CLOTHING.
H M. Lockwood & Co., 624 Clay street.
J. R. Mead & Co., corner Montgomery and Bush streets
William Sherman, 412 Sansome, corner Commercial.

COAL OIL, LAMPS, ETC.
A. C. Dietz & Co., (wholesale,) 521 Front street.
Dell, Craann & Co. (wholesale) 513 Front street.

COAL DEALERS.
L. Jaffe, Sutter, between Montgomery and Kearny.

COMMISSION MERCHANTS.
J. W. Nye & Co., 219 Washington street, corner Cedar.
W. J. Lowry & Co., S.W. corner Washington nad Davis.
Thos. Newell, 62 Clay street between Drumm and East.

CONFECTIONERS.
Alex. L. Ross, 121 Third street.
Baldwin & Lawlers, South Park Store 418 Third st.
N. B. Booth & Co., 20 Kearny, near Market.
Warren Jones, (and Nut Dealer,) 73 Fourth street.

DENTISTS.
Dr. Blake, removed to 645 Clay street.
N. T. Whitcomb, 205 Third, near Howard.

DRY GOODS.
Abrams & Markewitz, 34 Kearny street, near Post.
Buyer & Reich, S W corner Jackson and Stockton.
H. Rothschild (Variety Store), 112 Third street.
Irving, Lamkins & Co., No. 4 Third street.
M. Waterman, 22 Second street, corner of Stevensen.
Meagher, Taaffe & Co., 9 Montgomery street.

FURNITURE.
Goodwin & Co., 510 and 528 Washington streets.
N. P. Cole & Co., 21 Sutter and 524 Market streets.

FRUIT STORES.
S. P. Jewell, 118 Fourth street, near Minna.

GROCERS.
Fred. Lange, Family Grocer, cor. Powell and Lombard.
Haskell & Co., Market and Sutter sts, below the Market.
McKee's Family store, 31 Kearny, near Post.
Seneca Jones, Family Grocer, 105 Third street.
T. Williams, corner Third and Tehama streets.

HAIR DRESSING SALOONS.
Adam Erbe, No. 3, Fourth street.
Prof. Smith, 114 Market street, opposite Third.

HARDWARE AND CUTLERY.
C. L. Newman, 111 Third St bet. Mission and Minna.
J. S. Sesser, 138 Fourth st, bet. Mission and Howard.

HATTERS.
Lamett (wholesale and retail) 227 Mealgomery street.

HAY AND GRAIN.
J. B. Holmes & Co., 110 Market street.

HOTELS.
Atlantic House, John McManus, 210 and 212 Pacific st.
"Brauch," M. O'Neil, 12 Sutter street.
Broadway, Burns & Fitzsimmons, 212 Broadway.
Brooklyn, John Kelly, Jr., Sansome, corner Pine.
Brooklyne House, John Gately, 217 Broadway.
Chicago, E. W. Heimburg & Co., 220 Pacific street.
Empire House, Peter Thompson, 106 Jackson street.
Franklin House, Hugh Curran, cor Sansome & Pacific.
Golden Gate Hotel, J. Blackmun, 728 Market street.
Mariner's Home, Brown & Chandler, 504 and 506 Davis.
"Oriental," H. Saxtorph & Co., Washington & Drumm.
Sanders' Hotel, J P; Sanders, 24 Sacramento st.
"St. Louis," H. Heimburg & L. Shrader, 11 & 13 Pacific.
William Tell House, 317 Bush street, above Monty.

INSURANCE.
Firemen's Fund Ins. cor. California and Sansome.
Manhattan, R. B. Swain & Co.,'Agets, 206 Front, cor. Cal.
North British Mercantile, S. E. cor Sansome & Cnlifor'a
Occidental Ins. Co., S. W. cor. Montgom'y and California.

LADIES' BIJOUTERIE, CLOAKS, ETC.
Rosenblatt's, 123 and 125 Montgomery street.

LADIES' FANCY GOODS AND TRIMMINGS.
Mrs. J. Egan, 32 Third street, near Market.
S. Summerfield, 20 Second street, and 116 Kearny.
Thomas Collinson, 160 Third, near Howard street.

LUMBER.
Armstrong, Sheldon & Co., cor. Mission and Spear sts.

MARBLE WORKERS.
P. Kelly, 12 Fourth street.

MILITARY GOODS AND REGALIA.
T. Rodgers Johnson, Odd-Fellow's Hall, 325 Montg'ry st

MILLINERS.
Mrs. Desmond, 157 Third street.
Miss A. A. Craddock, 4 Virginia Block, Stockton street.

MUSIC TEACHERS.
Prof. J. R. Boullet, Pianist and Vocalist, 1320 Steckton.

NOTARY PUBLIC,
H. S. Tibbey, 604, Montgomery street.

PHOTOGRAPHIC GALLERIES.
H. Bush, corner Post, Market and Montgomery streets.
Hicks & Staring, 143 Fourth street.
John D. Godeus, South Park, 444½ Bryant street.
New York, B. F. Howland proprietor, 25 Third street.

PIANOS, MUSIC, ETC.
C. Welderhold & Co., 685 Market near Third.
Kohler, Chase & Co., 421 Montgomery street.
M. Gray, 613 Clay street.
W. S. Pierce, removed to 534 Market, opposite Second.

PHOTOGRAPHS, CUTLERY, SPECTACLES, ETC.
Lawrence & Houseworth, 317 and 319 Montgomery st.

PLUMBERS AND GAS FITTERS.
Chas. Barman, 121 Fourth street, near Minna.

PRINT SELLER AND PUBLISHER.
Thos. F. Lawlor, 614 Howard street, near Second.

REAL ESTATE AGENTS.
Dam & Sutherland, 320 Montgomery.
Geo. W. Chapin, 338 Montgomery.
John Parr, 328 Montgomery.

RESTAURANTS.
Bivalve, Nolling & Spreen, 640 Market, near Kearny.
Ladies' Refreshment Saloon, Swain & Brown, 636 Market
Chas, Louck's "Excelsior," 25 Third street.
Helvetia, Johnjury & Bros., 524 Merchant street.
Market, by Ilarzo & Besson, 520 Merchant street.
Palm's Restaurant, 127 Third street.

SALOONS.
Blaney & Carroll, "Sample Rooms," 107 Third street.
"Bourbon Saloon," A. Farr, Long Bridge.
Charley Smith's Saloon, 533 Washington street.
Charter Oak, Frank Kelly, N E cor Third and Howard
Coates & Henderson, 37 Sutter street
Cleveland's sample Rooms, 318 Bush, above Monty.
"Excelsior," Haase & Co., cor. Drum and Commercial.
Hand's Exchange, John Hand, 47 Third street.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY, CONTINUED.

J. Dillon, "Fourth St. Exchange," cor. Fifth and Mkt.
King & McCormick, "Rotunda," Market & O'Farrell.
"Manadnock," A. Horstkemper, Drumm & Oregon sts.
P. Johnson & J. B. Hofje, 28 Clay street.
"Porrero Change," J. Siebe & Co., Loug Bridge.
Regatta House, Burns & McLean, foot of Third street.
Russell & Holding's Exchange, 622 Market street.
"Sample Rooms," corner Third and Steveuson streets.
Steamship Exchange, Wm. Everard, 214 Stewart street.
Uncle Billy & George, Saloon 127 Davis st.
"Young American," Geo. C. W. Heuer, Stewart & Howard

SCALES.
Fairbanks & Hutchinson, Depot for Fairbanks' Scales 120 California street.

SEWING MACHINES.
Grover & Baker, R. G. Brown, 116 Montgomery.
The Florence, office 111 Montgomery street.

STATIONERS AMD BOOKBINDERS.
Althof, Rose & Babls, 423 Clay, and 512 Commercial sts.
Jas. E. Damon & Co., 521 and 423 Sansome street.

STOVES AND TIN WARE.
A. Swigert, corner Fifth and Folsom.
Blanchard Bros., 247 Third street.
M. B. Bullard, Oil Stoves, 13 Kearney street.

TRUNK MANUFACTORY.
James Longshore, 308 Sansome street.

WATER-CURE INSTITUTE.
Dr Bourne's Pioneer, 10 Post, near Montgomery.

WAX FLORIST.
Mrs, M. E. Gerrish, 11 Post street.

AYER'S AGUE CURE,

FOR THE SPEEDY CURE OF

Intermittent Fever, or Fever and Ague, Remittent Fever, Dumb Ague, Periodical Headache, or Bilious Fevers, indeed for the whole Class of Diseases originating in Biliary Derangement, Caused by the Malaria of Miasmatic Countries.

No one remedy is longer called for by the necessities of the American people than a sure and safe cure for Fever and Ague. Such we are now enabled to offer, with a perfect certainty that it will eradicate the disease, and with assurance founded on proof, that no harm can arise from its use in any quantity.

That which protects from or prevents this disorder must be of immense service in the communities where it prevails. *Prevention* is better than cure, for the patient escapes the risk which he must run in violent attacks of this baleful distemper. This "Cure" expels the miasmic poison of Fever and Ague from the system, and prevents the development of the disease, if taken on the first approach of the premonitary symptoms. It is not only the best remedy ever yet discovered for this class of complaints, but also the cheapest. The large quantity we supply for a dollar brings it within reach of every body, and in the bilious districts, where Fever and Ague prevails, everybody should have it and use it freely both for cure and prevention. A great superiority of this remedy over any other ever discovered for the speedy and certain cure of Intermittents is, that it contains in Quinine or mineral, consequently it produces no quinsmo or other injurious effects whatever upon the constitution. Those cured by it are left as healthy as if they had never had the disease.

Fever and Ague is not alone the consequence of the miasmatic poison. A great variety of disorders arise from its irritation, among which are Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Gout, Headache, Blindness, Toothache, Earache, Catarrh, Asthma, Palpitation, Painful Affection of the Spleen, Hysterics, Pain in the Bowels, Colic, Paralysis, and Derangement of the Stomach, all of which, when originating in this cause, put on the Intermittent type, or become periodical. This "Cure" expels the poison from the blood, and consequently cures them all alike.

Prepared by DR. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, and sold by all Druggists, everywhere.

CRANE & BRIGHAM, San Francisco,
Wholesale Agents.

BROOKLYN HOTEL,

SAN FRANCISCO.

Elegant Brick Fireproof Hotel, on the

S. E. Corner of Pine and Sansome streets,

With all the modern conveniences attached to it.

Gas and water are supplied throughout the House. The Rooms are well ventilated, and the Public will find in this Hotel all the comforts of a home. The Hotel is spacious, and well adapted for the use of Families. Suits of Rooms can be had on reasonable terms.

A Large Reading Room is attached to the Hotel.

Containing 500 Volumes of Standard Works,

Which is entirely for the use of patrons.

THE CITY COACH, with the name of the Hotel on it, will be in readiness at the Wharf, on the arrival of each steamer, to convey passengers and baggage to the Hotel free of charge. JOHN KELLY, Jr., Proprietor.

IF there is a Florence Sewing Machine within a thousand miles of San Francisco, that is not giving entire satisfaction, if I am informed of it, it will be attended to without express charge or expense of any kind to the owner. Samuel Hill, Agent, 111 Montgomery St., San Francisco.

A HOSS TROTTING ARTICLE.

BY JOSH BILLINGS.

Agriculture is the mother ov provisions: she is also the grandmother.

Agricultur was fust diskovered by Cain, and has since been diskovered to be an honest way to get a very hard living.

Pumpkins owes awl her success tew agriculture, and so does lettuce and buckwheat.

The Billingsville Agricultural Society opened Oct. ten, and was a powerful success.

The receipts of the Agricultural Fair was upwards ov $20,000 (if mi memory serves me rite, and i think she duz).

FUST DAY.

A puss ov ten dollars was trotted for by colts, that had never trotted before for money.

The puss was won, amid vociferous exclamations, by a red colt, and the waving ov handkerchiefs, with a stripe in his face, and the fainting of several fust class females, and one white foot behind.

SEKUND DAY.

It rained like a perpendicular awl day, and no trotting could be had, so the audience awl went hum, cussin and swearing, and offering to bet four to six on the Pete Tucker colt.

THURD DAY.

The sun histed up in the east more butfuller than I ever saw her before (if mi memry serves me rite, and i think she duz.)

A puss of $30 was trotted for, by some 2 year old colts.

This race did not attract much attention, on account ov the time being so slow. Time, 2 minutes and 38 sekonds.

FORUTH DAY.

This waz for 3 or 4 year olds, who hadn't never beat 2:25.

Thor waz, 26 entrays; they couldn't all trot to once, so they took turns.

This race was wun, after a bitter contest, by Pete Tucker's colt.

He was immediately offered $1.000 and a fustrate farm, which was well-stocked, for the colt, by three different agricultural men, but with a great deal of indignant good sense, he skorned to stoop so low.

Pete Tucker and his whole family are awl hoss.

FIFTH DAY.

It rained again, harder than ever, and the day was spent in betting on the wait of hosses.

There was sevral good hoss-swops also made.

At the end ov the fifth day i come away.

I got so full ov hoss that ever since when i laugh i kant keep from whinnering.

The fare waz kept up 10 days, and some red hot time waz made.

Thiuk 2 minits and 10 seconds was made (if my memory serves me rite, and i think she duz.)

I forgot to say that there waz tew yoke ov oxen on the ground, besides several yokes ov sheep, and a pile of carrots, and some worsted work, but they didn't seem to attract enny sympathy.

The people hanker for pure agricultural hosstrots.

THE STRICKEN ONE.

Why sits that maiden sad and pale
Amid the glittering throng?
Why bears her face the marks of pain,
While heedless of the song?
Has he whom she so fondly loves
Left her young heart forlorn?
More poignant are the pangs she feels
She suffers from—a Corn.

To EPICURES.—There is considerable difference between a *gourmand* and a *gourmet*. In the *gourmand* the animal nature predominates, while the *gourmet* cultivates the sense of taste until it is rendered susceptible of receiving the highest gratification. The *gourmand* is satisfied to swill flat beer or sour wine, to eat ill-cooked viands, provided he can get enough to gorge himself withal. Epicures, or *gourmets*, who can appreciate the delicate bouquet of a fine wine as they delight in the perfume of the violet, should pay a visit to the store of F. C. Belden, No. 612 Sacramento street, where they will find the rarest brands of wines, spirits and liqueurs, the choicest teas and an immense assortment of delicacies, such as truffles, *pate de fois gras*, Stilton cheese, caviare. etc.

AMERICAN HOTEL,
Main street, - - Petaluma.
EMERSON & LAMBERTON Proprietors.

THE CALIFORNIA
Building and Savings Bank,
CALIFORNIA ST., ONE DOOR FROM SANSOME.
Capital and Deposits, - - - - $1,000,000
WHICH IS LOANED ON PROPERTY.
LOANS MADE on CITY REAL ESTATE HOUSES, SHIPS, FACTORIES AND MERCHANDISE.
Deposits received at full interest per month.
Last Dividend paid—one per cent. per month.
Money transmitted from the interior, by Express or Mail, passed to interest from the day of arrival, and a Certificate returned in course of post.
Strangers may deposit Bonds, Gold Dust, Coin, or Valuable Papers in the Vault, for long or short periods, at a small rent, for which valuables the Company will be accountable. THOMAS MOONEY, President.

BUILDER'S INSURANCE CO.
OFFICE IN THE BUILDING OF THE CALIFORNIA SAVINGS BANK, CALIFORNIA ST., one door from Sansome.
FIRE AND MARINE INSURANCE.

OPPOSITION TO NEW YORK
VIA NICARAGUA,
THROUGH AHEAD OF THE MAIL!
Shortest and Only Healthy Route!
THE NORTH AMERICAN S. S. CO.'S STEAMER
MOSES TAYLOR,
Will sail for SAN JUAN DEL SUR, Nicaragua, from MISSION STREET WHARF, at 12 o'clock, M., on
SATURDAY, - - - SEPT. 14th, 1867.
Connecting at Greytown with the magnificent Steamship NEBRASKA, 3,000 tons, for NEW YORK.
No expense on the Isthmus—100 lbs. baggage free.
Surgeon on board; medicine and attendance free.
As there is no Yellow Fever nor other epidemic in Nicaragua, passengers by this route will not be detained by Quarantine in New York.
The AMERICA will sail October 5th.
For further information, apply to
I. W. RAYMOND, Agent,
Northwest corner Battery and Pine streets, up stairs.

Joseph Catania & Co.,
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
FRESH AND SALT
STALL NO. 43 FISH MARKET, Clay Commercial and Leidesdorff Streets.
A large supply of fresh fish always on hand. Shipping, Restaurants, Hotels and Families supplied at short notice, and on the most reasonable terms.
N. B.—Fish sent to any part of the city free.

WONDERS OF WONDERS!
TO BE SEEN ONLY AT THE
Pacific Museum of Anatomy and Science,
Eureka Theatre, Montgomery street, between California and Pine.

OFFICIAL.
Paris Exposition, - - 1867.
ADVICES JUST RECEIVED BY MAIL ENABLE US to announce positively that the only gold medal for American Sewing Machines was awarded to Elias Howe, Jr., as the manufacturer of the best Sewing Machine that was exhibited. There were eighty-two different Machines in competition for the prize, and Mr. Howe received the additional award of the Cross of the Legion of Honor, as manufacturer and inventor. The exact wording of the award is as follows:

HOWE MACHINE.	WHEELER & WILSON.
"Co operateur Elias Howe, Jr., prometeur de la Machine a coudre, Medaille d'or."	"Wheeler & Wilson, pour la machine a boutonniere, Medaille d'or."
TRANSLATION.	TRANSLATION.
Co-operator Elias Hewe, Jr., improvement on Sewing Machines, Gold Medal.	Wheeler & Wilson, for Buttonhole Machine, Gold Medal.

The official list of those who were made Knights of the Legion of Honor, as published in the Paris papers, reads thus: "Mons. Elias Howe, Jr., fabricant de machines a coudre exposant." Which, translated into English, reads: "Elias Howe, Jr., maker of Sewing Machines, exhibiting."
From this it will be seen that the medal awarded to Wheeler & Wilson was for a "Buttonhole Machine," AND NOT FOR THE SEWING MACHINE.
H. A. DEMING, Agent,
No. 137 Kearny street, near Sutter.

An American Knight of the Legion of Honor—Among the many who have been the recipients of medals and honors at the Exhibition at Paris, none stand so high on the list as the celebrated inventor and manufacturer of Sewing Machines, Elias Howe, Jr. The Emperor, who shows great tact and discrimination in these matters, has made Mr. Howe a Knight of the Legion of Honor, and the jury on Sewing Machines, who had the task of testing and awarding prizes for excellence, unanimously decided that Mr. Howe was not only entitled to great honors as the inventor of the Sewing Machines, but that he carried off the palm as a manufacturer as well, and to him was awarded accordingly the first of the only two gold medals assigned this class. The numbers who have called upon Mr. Howe, at his office, No. 64 Regent street, to offer their congratulations, prove that many besides the Emperor and the jury acknowledge the justice of the claim.—The Courier, London, England.

DEXTER STABLES,
Bush Street, between Occidental and
Cosmopolitan Hotels, San Francisco.
W. G. JONES - PROPRIETOR

DIRECTORY
—OF THE—
CALIFORNIA MARKET,
California and Pine Streets,
(Between Kearny and Montgomery Streets.)
E. M. O'BRIEN,
STALLS NO. 3 AND 4,
California Street Entrance.
JACOB WRAY,
STALLS 8 AND 9,
Corner Summer Street.
Hams, Bacon, Lard &c.
BURKHARD & KEONING,
STALL 66,
Pine Street Entrance.
GEO. CAMPTON,
STALL 62,
Pine Street Entrance.
Oysters, Clams and Shell Fish,
M. WINANT & CO.,
STALL 56,
OYSTERS AND CLAMS. Pine Street Entrance.
WM. ROALFE,
STALLS 40, 41 AND 42,
California Street Entrance.

OCCIDENTAL MARKET DIRECTORY,
Market and Sutter Streets, below Montgomery.
S. C. STORY,
Butcher,
STALL 93, Opposite Second street.
B. M. ATCHINSON,
Butter, Cheese, Eggs, Hams, Bacon,
ETC.....ETC.....ETC.,
STALL 7.
BROWN & CLOUGH,
Butter, Cheese, Eggs, Hams, Bacon,
ETC.....ETC.....ETC.,
STALL 29, Opposite Second street.
P. DONNELLY & BRO.,
Butter, Cheese, Hams, Eggs & Bacon,
STALL 20, Sutter street side.
C. & L. KANE,
Butter, Cheese, Eggs, Hams, Bacon,
ETC.....ETC.....ETC.,
STALL 24.
J. J. SMITH & CO.,
Poultry, Game, Butter, Eggs, etc.,
STALLS 44 AND 45, Sutter street Entrance.
BERNHARD & LOUDON,
Produce, Vegetables, Fruits, etc.,
STALL 16, Sutter street side.
P. T. GAVEN,
Vegetables, Fruit, Pickles,
AND PRESERVES,
STALL 38.
FREDERICK WITTKOPP,
Vegetables, Fruit, Pickles,
AND PRESERVES,
STALL 18, Sutter street side.

METROPOLITAN MARKET DIRECTORY,
Market and Sutter Streets, below Montgomery.
C. BOSH,
French Stall,
STALL No. 9.
P. F. WARD,
Poultry, Game, Eggs, tc.,
STALL 14, Sutter street side.
B. CARLTON,
Fresh, Salt and Smoked Fish,
STALL 34, Sutter street side.
W. MAESSEN,
Smoked and Corned Meat,
STALL No. 3.
P. RICAUD & J. MEROUX,
Produce, Fruits and Vegetables,
STALL 36.
Poultry and Wild Game.
R. CARD & CO.,
STALLS 83, 84 AND 85,
Pine and Summer Streets Entrance.

GRAND TRIAL
....OF....
SEWING MACHINES.
CONTEST BETWEEN THE
FLORENCE AND WILLCOX & GIBBS.
THE
WILLCOX & GIBBS
TRIUMPHANT!

At the Great UNION FAIR, held at Island Park, between Albany and Troy, in September, two Premiums were offered on Sewing Machines, one for the BEST and the other for the "Second Best"—competition being open to the State.

On the first day of the Fair, the Troy Agent of Florence Sewing Machine Company, having, jointly with the Albany Agent of the same Machine, entered it for competition, published in the Troy Daily Times a challenge to Agents of other Sewing Machines, to meet them at said Fair and compete with them for the Premium.

The challenge was accepted by the Troy and Albany Agents of the Willcox and Gibbs Machine.

Each party was to prepare and subject to the judges a "list" of the several "points of merit" on account of which "superiority" was claimed. These "points were to be separately considered, thoroughly investigated and practically tested, by work done then and there, upon each of the machines; and then decided in favor of the machine which was adjudged to excel on that "point."

Finally it was agreed that the machine which, at the conclusion of the trial, should be found to have the greatest number of those "points" decided in its favor should be decided the "BEST SEWING MACHINE," and awarded the FIRST PREMIUM.

The result of the trial was, that the

WILLCOX & GIBBS WON THE VICTORY

and the prize, by the extraordinary superiority of thirty-five points, decided in its favor, against two points in favor of the Florence.

Full notes were taken of the trial.

It is a fact worthy of remark, that during the entire trial—which continued without intermission for nearly seven hours—not a stitch was missed, nor the thread once broken, nor a needle broken or bent, by the Willcox and Gibbs machine. No kind of work was attempted to be done on it that was not accomplished, and done in a perfect and workmanlike manner; and no effort was made on it that was not entirely successful; while neither of these statements can be truly made in favor of the Florence.

This remarkable trial can not fail, through the facts developed by it, to be productive of important results. It has raised the veil and exposed to public view the true character of the opposition, who will no longer be able to deceive the public by misrepresenting the character and merits of the Willcox and Gibbs machine.

It is an improvement on double thread machines; and its "stitch," which was severely tested by the Judges, was decided to be much stronger and less liable to rip in use or wear than the "Lock Stitch."

It is the simplest in construction—does the greatest variety of work—makes no noise—is not liable to get out of order—costs the least money, and gives the best satisfaction.

☞ Full reports of this trial sent free to any address.

☞ Country Agents solicited.

SAMUEL SWIFT,
General Agent for the Pacific Coast,
203 Kearny Street,
San Francisco

CUPID'S A. B. C.

FROM THE LONDON FUN.

Years have elapsed—many bright, many shady
(More than I'm willing to say),
Since I devotedly loved a young lady
Living just over the way.
Sweet seventeen, and as fair as a lily—
Show me the lily so fair;
What was the wonder I fell willy-nilly,
Head over heel in the snare?

Merely a clerk—not a year from school yet—
Wages and wits on a par—
Playing the Romeo to Somebody's Juliet,
Quite like a tragedy star.
How could I settle to commerce or trading
Tost on an ocean of care,
Brimful of doubts (as per Love's bill of lading),
Bound for the Gulf of Despair?

How did I waste my long mornings together,
While by my window I stood,
Waiting and watching, and wondering whether
Luck would be naughty or good.
Smiles and salutes, inexpressibly tender,
Daily went over the street.
I, at discretion, had made my surrender;
Why was not she as discreet?

Thanks—many thanks—for thy noble invention
Friend of the deaf and the dumb;
Lending an ear to the quick apprehension,
Speech to the fingers and thumb.
Dear little word, it was bliss to repeat:
First came an L, then an O;
Two other letters remain to complete it—
Need I continue? Oh, no!

Love, beyond pantomime billing and cooing,
Made very little advance;
Time, the old bully, takes pleasure in doing
Infinite harm to romance.
Now I believe—now the spell has been broken—
Love deaf and dumb is absurd;
Now I believe that if Passion had spoken,
Beauty would never have heard.

FIREMAN'S FUND

Insurance Company.

Office, S. W. cor. California and Sansome steets, San Francisco.

CAPITAL AND SURPLUS, JANUARY 1, 1867,

$680,000.

DIRECTORS.

D. J. Staples,	John O. Earl,
G. T. Lawton,	Alpheus Bull,
W. M. Hixon,	C. T. Forrest,
John Bartoa,	W. B. Bourn,
W. H. Lyon,	Joseph Peirce,
Chas. Wolcott Brooks,	M. A. Braly,
I. B. Purdy,	David Dick,
A. Himmelmana,	A. Blackwood,
W. C. Ralston,	F. P. McMahon,
Lewis Cunningham, Marysville.	
P. Suther,	S. R. Throckmorton,
James Dows,	W. W. Haney,
John H. Gardiner,	John N. Risdon,
Lewis Sober,	R. J. Tobin,
Jerome Lincoln,	M. Lynch,
Irving H. Knowles,	E. V. Hathaway,
C. G. Athearn,	J. H. Redington,
C. L. Taylor,	J. W. Brittan,
James Pollock, Benicia.	
A. Block,	Fitel Phillips,
A. L. Tubbs,	C. Spreckles,
W. T. O'Brien,	J. B. Stetson,
J. E. de la Montagnie,	H. L. Lewis,
W. H. Paterson,	John Morton,
T. L. Baker,	Henry Dutton,
Alex. Weil,	
Asa Harker, Portland, Oregon.	

Desirable Risks taken at LOW RATES.

The greatest amount taken on any one risk is $50,000. When the risks are considered too large, a portion will be re-insured in responsible Companies.

LOSSES PAID IN U. S. GOLD COIN!

J. D. STAPLES, President,
HENRY DUTTON, Vice-President.
CHAS. R. BOND, Secretary.

OCCIDENTAL

Insurance Company,

Southwest corner Montgomery and California streets.

INDIVIDUAL LIABILITY.

Capital Stock, - - - $300,000

LOSSES PAID IN UNITED STATES GOLD COIN.

THIS COMPANY will insure against loss by Fire on any Dwelling House, Buildings, Merchanise or other property, situated in the State of California. The largest sum they will take on any one risk is thirty thousand dollars.

C. CHRISTIANSEN, Pres't.
J. GREENEBAUM, Vice President.
B. Rothschuan, Secretary.

HAMBURG, BREMEN,

Fire Insurance Company.

CAPITAL, - - - - - $1,000,000

MORRIS SPEYER, Agent.

OFFICE—526 Washington Street, a few doors below Montgomery.....San Francisco.

Being no longer governed by the Tariff of the Board of Underwriters, this Company will effect Insurances at as LOW RATES as those of any other responsible Company.

REMOVAL. REMOVAL.

Larkins & Co.,

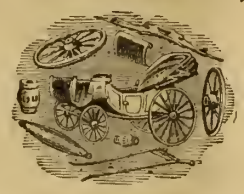
Manufacturers of every description of

CARRIAGES.

CONCORD WAGONS, Ranch Wagons and Buggies made to order. ☞ All kinds of Jobbing and Carriage Painting done at the shortest notice.

☞ New Manufactory Nos. 631 and 633 Howard street, corner of Hubbard, between Second and Third, San Francisco.

A. FOLSOM,



Carriage Manufacturer,

No. 531 CALIFORNIA STREET,

Between Montgomery and Kearny streets, San Francisco.

EVERY DESCRIPTION OF CARRIAGES, EXPRESS Wagons, Buggies, etc, made to order, of the best materials and workmanship.

Repairing and General Blacksmithing done with promptness, and at prices to suit the times.

George P. Kimball & Co.,

MANUFACTURERS

....OF....

CARRIAGES, BUGGIES, STAGE AND THOROUGH BRACE WAGONS,

Market street, near corner of Fourth, San Francisco.

C. ROBERTS,

CARRIAGE AND WAGON MAKER,

HORSE

SHOEING
AND
JOBBING

PROMPTLY EXECUTED.

Fourth Street, between Howard and Folsom, San Francisco.

All styles of Carriages, Wagons and Carts made to order, and Repaired.

C. MAIN. E. H. WINCHESTER. T. R. HAYES.

Main & Winchester,

Manufacturers and Importers of Harness, Saddles, Bridles, Whips, Collars, Saddlery Ware, etc.

Nos. 214 and 216 Battery Street,
San Francisco.

N. B.—Good assortment Concord Stage Harness constantly on hand.

BOWEN BROS.

GROCERS,

Tea and Wine Merchants,

S. E. cor. Montgo'ry and California,
San Francisco.

Wholesale Store,
204 Front Street.

Dissolution of Copartnership.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT THE PARTnership lately subsisting between RICHARD E. ROWLAND, ANDREW WALKER, and MARTIN KLINKOFSTROM, of San Francisco, under the firm of ROWLAND, WALKER & CO., was dissolved by mutual consent on the first day of August, 1867. Richard E. Rowland is authorized to settle all debts due to and by the company.

In bidding adieu to our former customers, we beg to tender them our thanks for their generous patronage, and trust that they will bestow a like liberality upon ROWLAND, BAILEY & CO., our successors.

RICHARD E. ROWLAND,
MARTIN KLINKOFSTROM,
ANDREW WALKER,
(By his Attorney in fact, Anuis Merrill.)

COPARTNERSHIP NOTICE.—The undersigned having this day formed a copartnership, under the style of ROWLAND, BAILEY & CO., for conducting a general Grocery and Provision Store.

As successors to the old firm of Rowland, Walker & Co., they respectfully solicit a continuance of the patronage so liberally bestowed upon that firm, pledging every effort to give satisfaction.

RICHARD E ROWLAND,
CHAS. H BAILEY,
V. V. WILSON,
Nos. 516 and 518 Washington street.
San Francisco, August 1st, 1867.

AMERICAN HOTEL,
Main street, - - Petaluma.
EMERSON & LAMBERTON Proprietors.

D. GHIRARDELLI & CO.'S

Italian Manufactury,

415 and 417 JACKSON ST., SAN FRANCISCO,

Manufacturers and Dealers in

PLAIN, SWEET, CINNAMON AND VANILLA CHOCOLATES;
PREPARED COCOA, COCOA PASTE,
CRACKED COCOA, COCOA SHELLS, etc., etc.
PURE GROUND OLD JAVA COFFEE AND COSTA RICA COFFEE;
CHARTRES AND RIO COFFEE;
GREEN COFFEE OF EVERY QUALITY.

CHOICE WINES AND LIQUORS.

N. B.—Ghirardelli's Chocolate is manufactured by steam from Cocoa of the finest quality, imported direct. In excellence and delicacy of flavor, it is superior to any imported Chocolate.

Chickering & Sons' Pianos

RECEIVED THE

FIRST PREMIUM,

(Gold Medal,)

At the Paris Exposition.

FURTHERMORE, THE Improvements, Workmanship, and General Superiority of these instruments over all others on exhibition, was so marked and important, the Emperor created Mr. T. E. CHICKERING

KNIGHT OF THE LEGION OF HONOR.

KOHLER, CHASE & CO.,
421 Montgomery street.

W. E. BRIDGE,

St. Lawrence Stables,

212 Sutter street, between Kearny and Dupont,
SAN FRANCISCO.

NOTICE.

IN CONSEQUENCE OF THE VERY GREAT DEMAND FOR

CASSIN'S

Grape Brandy Bitters!!

we have been obliged to rent a LARGER BUILDING, and are now removing to Sullivan & Cashman's Block, No. 523 FRONT STREET, opposite our old establishment.

F. & P. J. CASSIN, 520 Front street.

CANTY & WAGNER,

(SUCCESSORS TO J. REGAN,)

113 *Montgomery street, bet. Bush and Sutter*

N. B.—All candles sold by us are warranted to be manufactured from Stewart's double refined Sugar, and to be equal to any manufactured in the State. Country merchants solicited to examine our stock and prices. Goods delivered to any part of the city free of charge.

STERETT'S
STEAM
PRINTING HOUSE,
533
CLAY STREET.

Cards, Billheads, Circulars, Books, Briefs, Transcripts, Posters, Bills of Fare, Envelopes, Letter and Note Headings, Tickets, Pamphlets, and all Legal Papers printed at short notice, and upon reasonable terms.

N. GRAY & CO.,

UNDERTAKERS,

641 SACRAMENTO STREET, CORNER OF WEBB

Sole agents for BARSTOW'S PATENT METALLIC BURIAL CASES and CASKETS.

IN THE PROBATE COURT of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the Guardianship of the person and estate of WILLIAM CHARLES HOLLINSEAD, Minor.

On reading and filing the petition of Jeremiah V. Hollinsead, Guardian of the person and Estate of William Charles Hollinsead, Minor, praying for an order of sale of the real estate therein described, and it appearing to this Court that said lot constitutes the entire estate of the said Minor, and that there is no personal estate, or money with which to provide for the maintenance and education of the said Minor, or to pay taxes and street assessments levied upon said real estate hereafter, and that it is for the best interest of the estate of the said Minor, that the said real estate should be sold.

It is ordered, That the next of kin of the said Minor, and all persons interested in the said estate appear before this Court, at the Court room thereof, at the City Hall, in the City and County of San Francisco, on Monday, the 16th day of September, A. D., 1867, to show cause, if any they have, why an order should not be granted to said Jeremiah V. Hollinsead to sell the interest of the said Minor in the said real estate described in the petition, at private sale for the purpose of the maintenance and education of the said Minor.

And it is further ordered, that a copy of the foregoing order be published once a week for four weeks, in the CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper published in the city and county aforesaid. M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

Dated August 9th, A. D. 1867.

State of California, City and County of San Francisco, ss.—I, Wm. Loewy, County Clerk of said City and County, and ex-officio Clerk of the Probate Court thereof, certify the foregoing to be a true copy of the original order on file and of record in my office.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Probate Court this 10th day of August, A. D., 1867.

Attest: WM. LOEWY, Clerk,
By A. J. JEGNERS, Deputy Clerk.

I. N. THORNE, Esq., Attorney for Petitioner. au 17-5t

IN THE PROBATE COURT of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the estate of CLAUDE JACQUIN, deceased.

Order of Publication on application for order of sale.

On reading and filing the petition of William Rowan, administrator of the said estate, praying for an order of sale of the real estate therein described, and it appearing to this Court that there is not sufficient personal estate in the hands of the said Administrator to pay the debts outstanding against the deceased, and the expenses of administration, and that it is necessary to sell the whole or some portion of the real estate of said deceased for the payment of such debts.

It is ordered, That all persons interested in the said estate appear before this Court at the Court room thereof, at the City Hall, in the City and County of San Francisco, on TUESDAY, the first day of October, 1867, to show cause, if any they have, why an order should not be granted to said Administrator to sell so much of the real estate of the deceased as shall be necessary to pay such debts and expenses.

And it is further ordered, That a copy of the foregoing order be published once a week for four weeks, in THE CALIFORNIAN, a Newspaper published in the City and County aforesaid.

M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

August 30, A. D. 1867.

Office of the County Clerk of the City and County of San Francisco.—I, Wm. Loewy, County Clerk of the city and county of San Francisco, and ex-officio Clerk of the Probate Court thereof, do hereby certify the foregoing to be a full, true and correct copy of an order duly made and entered upon the minutes of the said Court.

Witness my hand, and the seal of said Court, this 30th day of August, A. D. 1867.

[SEAL AND STAMP] WM. LOEWY, Clerk.
au31 5t By Wm. Ledlie, Deputy Clerk.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF CHRISTIAN ERICKSEN, deceased.—Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the Estate of Christian Ericksen, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator, at his office and place for the transaction of his business, No. 520 Montgomery street, in the City and County of San Francisco.

Dated August 6th, 1867.

WILLIAM A. QUARLES,
Administrator of the Estate of Christian Erickson, deceased.
aug 10-5t

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF JUSTUS D. MILLER, deceased.—Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administratrix of the estate of Justus D. Miller, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administratrix at her place of residence, No. 740, Mission street, in the City and County of San Francisco.

Dated at San Francisco, August 8th, A. D. 1867.

aug 10 5t ELIZA MILLER.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF THOMAS SMITH, deceased. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, the Administrator of the Estate of Thomas Smith, deceased, to the creditors, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator, at his office and place of transaction of business, No. 520 Montgomery street, in the City and County of San Francisco.

Dated August 14th, 1867.

WILLIAM A. QUARLES,
Public Administrator and the Administrator of the Estate of Thomas Smith, deceased. aug17 5t

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF PUTNAM A. TWISS, deceased. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administratrix of the Estate of Putnam A. Twiss, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them, with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice, to the said administratrix, at her place of residence, No. 867 Folsom street, in the City and County of San Francisco.

Dated, August 28, A. D. 1867. M. A. TWISS,
Administratrix of the Estate of Puntam A. Twiss, dec'd; au31 5t.

PRO BONO PUBLICO.

LACOUR'S

SARSAPARILLERE

BITTERS

POSSESS INVALUABLE PROPERTIES.

They give Health to the Sick,

Strength to the Weak,

Joy to the Afflicted.

☞SOLD EVERYWHERE.☜

Exclusive Iron Railways.—A conviction has for some time been growing among the reading civil engineers of Germany that the use of wood in the construction of railways is a mistake. Wooden sleepers soon perish, especially in hot climates, and the cost and risk of renewal are alike great. If nothing but iron were used, the renewal would not be frequent, as at present, for the life of a good iron rail may be reckoned as thirty years; consequently, in different parts of Germany, railways have been constructed without the use of wood. The rail is made about nine inches high, with a broad flat base, which rests on a well prepared bed ballast, and when properly fixed, is further supported by a layer of gravel. Thus constructed, the jerky motion of a train, occasioned by numerous cross-sleepers, is done away with; the hammering sound becomes a steady continuous roar, the longitudinal bearing is distributed over a greater distance, and the need for repaires occurs but rarely. Some of the railway engineers in the United States have taken up the question, and come to the conclusion, that an iron permanent way is the best for their country, especially in the vast treeless regions of the Northwest. The iron trade is reported to have been dull of late: if all the railway companies resolve on adopting an iron permanent way, the demand for the metal in the new form would be so great, that the trade could hardly fail to be brisk for years to come.

JOHN DURIS,
LAUREL HALL,
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
Fine Brandies, Wines and Liquors,
No. 414 PINE STREET,
Next to California Market, San Francisco.
☞All Goods guaranteed Pure, and delivered free of charge to any part of the City

STAPLETON'S
Refreshment Saloon,
ON CALIFORNIA STREET,
Adjoining the Market, San Francisco.
The very best Wines, Liquors and Cigars will always be found here.

TEUTONIA SALOON,
Corner of Montgomery and Summer streets.
HEIMBURG, SCHRODER & CO.,
PROPRIETORS.
The best kinds of WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS constantly on hand.
☞Give us a call.

THE "GROTTO,"
JOHN DUNCAN. Proprietor.
530 Sacramento street, opposite What Cheer House,
FINE WINES, LIQUORS, ALES AND PORTER,
Wholesale and Retail.
Importer of Wise's Celebrated Irish Whisky.

"OUR OPERA."
CAPT. JOHN H. MAY,
615 WASHINGTON STREET, 615,
SAN FRANCISCO,
Opposite Maguire's Opera House.

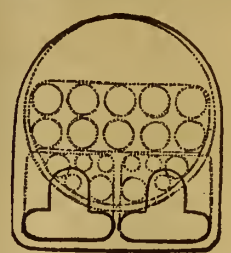
JOHN TAYLOR,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN
WINES AND LIQUORS.
NO. 16 THIRD STREET,
Between Market and Stevenson Streets., San Francisco.

LUKIN'S
Wines and Liquors,
333 Mongomery ; S ree,
SAN FRANCISCO.

AUSTIN KEELY. WM. HODGKINS.
Hodgkins & Keely's
UNION HALL EXCHANGE,
S. W. Corner Howard and Third Srees,
San Francisco,
Dealers in fine Wines, Liquors and Cigars. Oysters, Clams, Chops and Steaks, cooked to order at all hours.
☞ House open all night.

JOHN H. TODMAN & CO.,
Successors to JAMES MEARS.
ALE, PORTER AND CIDER
BOTTLING ESTABLISHMENT,
511 Front Street.
A large stock of Champagne Cider on hand, in glass and bulk.

MOYNIHAN & AITKIN,
Portland Boiler Works,
311 AND 313 MISSION STREET,
Between Beale and Fremont streets, San Francisco.
Manufacturers of Steam Boilers, high or low pressure—Cylinder, Tubular or Flue; Sheet Iron Work; Steam and Water Pipe of the best quality, and at more reasonable prices than any other establishment on the Pacific Coast.
Being Practical Boiler Makers, of long experience, confining our whole time and attention to our branch of business, and having enlarged our works, and also added the most improved tools in the country, we are enabled to turn out Boilers more expeditiously than any other establishment on the Pacific Coast—using none but the best quality and brands of Boiler and Sheet Iron and Boiler Tubes. Those in want of anything in the above line will do well to give us a call. Orders from the country will receive prompt attention.
All work warranted according to order. Particular attention paid to Repairing Steam Boilers.
T. J. MOYNIHAN, } Proprietors.
JAS. AITKEN, }

NEPTUNE IRON WORKS.
Corner of MISSION and FREMONT streets,
SAN FRANCISCO.

MARINE,
LOCOMOTIVE,
And all kinds of
HIGH-PRESSURE
STEAM BOILERS
Manufactured.
The proprietor imports his own C. H. and B. Iron across the Isthmus, and Tubes of every size. Other parties can never blockade the market. He has made arrangements with the best houses in the East to furnish him with everything in the shape of Iron he wants.
All Boilers guaranteed and tested by U. S. Boiler Inspector before they are sent out of the shop, at my expense. ☞All kinds of Sheet Iron and Water Pipe, Coal Oil Stills, Wrought Iron Worms, etc., manufactured to order. OLD BOILERS REPAIRED.
D. CAMERON.

SAN FRANCISCO
Foundry and Machine Works,
Northeast corner Fremont and Mission streets,
Manufacturers of
MARINE AND STATIONARY ENGINES,
Quartz Machinery, Saw, Flour and Sugar Mills, Mining Pumps, Hoisting Gear, Agricultural Implements, etc.
ALSO,
Wine, Cider, Cotton and Tobacco Presses of the latest Improved Patterns.
STEAM ENGINES AND BOILERS,
Of all sizes, constantly on hand; Quartz Mill Shoes and Dies warranted to be made of the best white iron.
Dunbar's Improved Self-Adjusting Piston-Packing, requires no springs or screws; is always steam-tight; without excessive friction, and never gets slack or leaky.
MACHINERY, OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS,
Bought, sold, or exchanged. Bolt Cutting and Castings at the lowest market rates.
DEVOE, DINSMORE & CO.

IRON SHUTTER WORKS,
Established 1849.
John Upstone,
MANUFACTURER OF FIRE-PROOF
Doors and Shutters,
Bank Vaults, Balconies, Gratings, Prison Cells, Awnings, Stairs, Iron Fence, etc.,
Corner of California and Drumm Streets,
San Francisco.
Constantly on hand a large assortment of second hand Fire-Proof Doors and Shutters.

Removal.
THEODORE KALLENBERG,
Machinist,
Has removed from No. 416 Market street, to No. 10 Stevenson street, next to the corner of First.
Maker of Models for Inventors, Drawing Instruments, Small Machines, Philosophical Instruments, Scales and Weights, all kinds of Brass and Iron Work.
REPAIRING PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

I. H. SMALL,
Machine Shop,
BUILDER OF
Steam Engines, Saw Mills, Mining Machinery,
Also, I. H. Small's Patent Boot Screwing Machine
Gears of all kinds Cut at Short Notice,
And at Greatly Reduced Prices.
Repairing of all kinds done with Promptness and Dispatch.
Corner of Market and Beale Streets,
SAN FRANCISCO

WM. O. BREYFOGLE.
(Successor to WARE & MOSHER,)
NO. 26 CALIFORNIA STREET,
Manufacturer and Dealer in
SASH, DOORS, BLINDS & SHUTTERS,
From Kiln-Dried Lumber—at the Lowest Rates.
Orders from the country will receive prompt attention

TO THE UNFORTUNATE.
NEW REMEDIES! NEW REMEDIES!
Dr. Gibbon's Dispensary.

ESTABLISAED IN 1854,
616 Kearney street, corner of Commercial, San Francisco.
For the treatment of Sexual and Seminal Diseases, such as gonorrhœa, gleet, stricture, syphilis in all its forms, seminal weakness, impotency, &c. Skin Diseases, (of years' standing,) and Ulcerated legs, successfully treated.
HORRIBLE DISEASES.
How many thousands of persons both male and female are there who are suffering out a miserable existence from the effects of secret indulgence, or from virus absorbed into the system. Look at their pallid, emaciated and disfigured faces, and their broken constitutions, disqualifying them for the happiness of marriage or the enjoyment of life. In this horrid situation thousands suffer until death closes the scene. Let parents, guardians and friends, attend to those who are suffering with any of these horrible, life-destroying maladies—see that they are cared for and cured before it be too late. Send them to Dr. Gibbon, a physician who has made private diseases his especial study for years, and who is certain to cure the most inveterate cases without mercury or any injurious drugs. It is important to those who are afflicted, to be careful of the many pretended Doctors who infest all cities, publishing their skill in curing all diseases in a few days, imposing upon the public by using the names of eminent physicians from Europe and other places. Be therefore careful and make strict inquiry, or you may fall into the hands of these charlatans.
Syphilis is syphilis the world over; so is small pox, consumption, and other diseases, to the contrary of what quacks may say.
SEMINAL WEAKNESS.
Seminal weakness the consequent of self abuse. This solitary vice, or depraved sexual indulgence, is practiced by the youth of both sexes to an almost unlimited extent, producing with unerring certainty the following train of morbid symptoms, unless combatted by scientific medical measure; sallow countenances, dark spots under the eyes, pain in the head, ringing in the ears, noise like the rustling of leaves and rattling of chariots, uneasines about the loins, weakness of the limbs, confused vision, blunt intellect, loss of confidence, diffidence in approaching strangers, a dislike to form new acquaintances, a disposition to shun society, loss of memory, hectic flushes, pimples and various eruptions about the face, furred tongue, fetid breath, coughs, consumption, night sweats, monomania, and frequent insanity. If relief be not obtained, should apply immediately, either in person or by letter, and have a cure effected by his new and scientific mode of treating this complaint, which never fails of effecting a quick and radical cure. Dr. G. will give $100 to any person who will prove satisfactorily to him that he was cured by either of the San Francisco quacks.
Dr. Gibbon is responsible, and will give each patient a written instrument binding himself to effect a radical and permanent cure or make no charge.
Persons at a distance may be cured at home by addressing a letter to Dr. Gibbon, stating case, symptoms, length of time the disease has continued, and have medicine promptly forwarded, free from damage and curiosity, to any part of the country, with full and plain directions for use, for ten dollars, sent in a registered letter, or through Wells, Fargo & Co.
Address DR. J. F. GIBBON, 616 Kearney street, corner of Commercial, San Francisco, Postoffice Box 252.
CAUTION TO THE UNFORTUNATE.
Beware of the San Francisco quacks and pretenders who with bogus sworn-to certificates, dupe the unwary. Some of the self styled doctors whose names are to be found in all the daily and weekly papers of San Francisco and other places, are tradesmen, and become too lazy to work at their trade. Some are tinsmiths, shoemakers, newspaper carriers, intelligence offices keepers, etc. Look over the San Francisco City Directory and you will find their former occupation in it. Look at the Directory for 1862-63. The only way to avoid imposition is make inquiry—it will cost you nothing and may save you many regrets, for advertising physicians in eight cases out of ten are bogus, there is no safety in trusting any of them till you know who and what they are. Dr. Gibbon does not deceive people by exhibiting bogus titles, certificates, pretended patients' letters, etc. Dr. Gibbon Will satisfy persons who may call at his office of his ability to treat diseases that he proposes to cure.
☞ Persons writing to Dr. Gibbon will Please state the name of the paper they see his advertisement in.

CALIFORNIA BRASS FOUNDRY,
No. 125 First street, opposite Minna,
SAN FRANCISCO

All kinds of Brass, Composition, Zinc, and Babbitt Meta Castings, furnished at the shortest notice. Brass Ship-Work o all kinds, Spikes, Sheathing Nails, Rudder Braces. Hinges, etc., constantly on hand and made to order. Also, manufacture Ship and Steamboat Bells and Gongs of superior tone.
All kinds of Steam, Liquor, Water, Oil, and Flange Cocks and Valves made and repaired.
Hydraulic Pipes and Nozzles, and Hose Couplings and Connections of all sizes and patterns, furnished with dispatch. *PRICES MODERATE.*
V. KINGWELL. JOS. H. WEED, SAM'L WHITE.

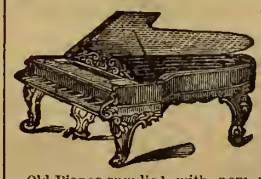
J. R. PATTON,
TAILOR,
535 MERCHANT STREET,
Between Montgomery and Sansome, San Francisco.
☞ REPAIRING AND CLEANING NEATLY DONE

STEINWAY & SON'S
Piano-Fortes!

AT THE PARIS EXPOSITION.
Copy of telegram relating to them—New York, July 8, 1867—Received at San Francisco July 9, 1867, 7 P. M.
MATHIAS GRAY, 613 Clay street—By despatch from Paris, Steinways were awarded FIRST Gold Medal of Merit, for highest perfection and most valuable inventions, showing greatest progress in Pianos.
STEINWAY & SONS.

BABBITTONIAN,
OR SELF-TEACHING
PENMANSHIP
The System of Babbitonian Penmanship is pre-eminently self-instructing. With its ample explanations of right and wrong forms—its sixty wood cuts—its plain intelligent rules, one may sit down by his own fireside and become a finer Penman than he could at much greater cost in the usual way with a living teacher.
There is a great demand for fine Penmen in the commercial world, and this system, at a trifling expense, imparts a skilful command of the Pen, worth hundreds of dollars to the fortunate possessor.
Penmanship is an indispensable accomplishment to Ladies, and this system is elaborate in a series of elegant copies in the Ladies' Style.
Business men have sometimes lost thousands of dollars from ignorance in regard to Business forms, and there is furnished in a set, without additional charge, a fine variety of Business Forms and Abbreviations. To sum up the Excellencies of this System, it is—
1—Scientific in its Arrangement of Principles;
2—Artistic in its Movements and Flourishes;
3—Practical in its Combinations and Applications;
4—Stylish in its neat and chaste Gracefulness;
5—Superior for Legibility, Rapidity and Beauty;
6—Most Disciplinary for fingers, Arms and Muscles.
7—Unexcelled for Comprehensiveness and Simplicity.
8—Complete and Self-Teaching for Private Learners;
9—Time, Labor and Expense Saving for Pupils and Teachers.
The Babbitonian Penmanship
Is published on durable card board slips, ninety-two copies illustrated, put in a neat package with a Chart, the whole complete at the low price of $1 50.
Babbittonian Pens.
One reason why the country is flooded with poor Pens is that they are generally made by mechanics, rather than by artistic and experienced Penmen, the only parties really understanding the requirements of a good article.
The Babbittonian Pens,
Made in the most finished style, by skilful artisans, after models prepared according to the combined wisdom and experience of several amateurs and old Professors of Penmanship, are admirably adapted to meet the public wants.
The Babbittonian Ladies' Pen,
Is one of the most exquisite little instruments for delicate writing ever constructed.
The Babbittonian Extra Fine Pen,
Is pronounced by a large number of Penmen to be more free, more durable, and more varied in capacity for either fine or coarse strokes than any foreign Pen whatever. Suitable for elegant writing, it is a great favorite with the ladies and gentlemen.
The Babbittonian Business Pen,
Having great freedom and variety of movement, is unequaled for general business or school purposes. Somewhat coarser than the Extra Fine, it wears longer and moves more easily on paper.
☞ This Pen is now in use in the large counting-houses and banks in this city.
WARREN HOLT, General Agent,
305 Montgomery Street, San Francisco.

A RARE GEM OF ART.
"The Lord's Prayer,"
A pen drawing, by Mr. D. F. Brown, is one of the most remarkable works of art ever exhibited in this country. By patient labor he has succeeded in producing a design which for skill and beauty of execution, exquisite softness and delicacy of finish, and general merit, it would seem scarcely possible to surpass. The central figure—the face of our savior—is one of marvelous power and beauty. This and the faces of the Twelve Apostles, forming the border of the piece, are faithful copies from Leonardo da Vinci's famous painting of the
LAST SUPPER,
Re-producing, with the softest and most perfect shadings, the conceptions and characteristic expressions of the originals. Within this enclosure the words of the Lord's Prayer, in ornamental letters of various original designs and exquisite finish, are an interesting study of art in themselves; while appropriately distributed among these, miniture groups and scenes of marked events of Savior's life, copied from the great masters—five of them from Raphel's celebrated designs—form a harmonious completion of this unique, beautiful and truly wonderful work. The faces of
OUR LORD AND HIS APOSTLES.
Alone, so finely copied, would be a treasure in any house, and worth the full price of subscription.
W. HOLT, General Agent,
305 Montgomery street.

WALTER S. PIERCE,
MANUFACTURER
—AND—
IMPORTER OF

PIANOS.
Old Pianos supplied with new and improved action. Repairing of every description and varnishing attended to with dispatch; also
Agent for Hallet & Cumston's new Concert Scale Pianos.
Pianos at prices from $150 to $700.
Factory and Wareroom, No. 536 Market Street, opposite Second.

CALIFORNIA
Steam Navigation Company.
STEAMER CAPITAL.....CAPT. E. A. POOLE.
" CHRYSOPOLIS. CAPT. A. FOSTER.
" YOSEMITE.....
" CORNELIA.....CAPT. W. BROMLEY
" JULIA.....CAPT. E. CONCKLIN
One of the above steamers leave BROADWAY WHARF, at 4 o'clock P. M., *EVERY DAY*, (Sundays excepted,) for Sacramento and one for Stockton, the Sacramento steamer connecting with light-draft steamers for Marysville, Colusa, Chico and Red Bluff.
Office of the Company, northeast corner of Front and Jackson streets.
B. M. HARTSHORNE. President.

BOWMAN & CO.,
Dealers in Stoves and Tin Ware,
Main street, Petaluma

MAGUIRE'S OPERA HOUSE.

THOMAS MAGUIRE,.....Sole Proprietor.
CARS. TIBBETTS,.....Business Manager
C. L. GRAVES,.....Stage Manager
WM. STEVENSON,.....Treasurer

Engagement of the Eminent Artists,
MR. AND MRS. F. M. BATES,
Supported by
MR. JOHN McCULLOUGH,
MR. HENRY EDWARDS,
MISS SALLIE HINCKLEY,
AND THE GREAT STAR COMPANY.

Matinee to-day,
BARRACK ROOM,
AND BELLE OF THE KITCHEN.

This Evening,.....September 7th,
Benefit and Last Appearance of MRS. F. M. BATES.
EAST LYNN.

Monday Evening,
DAN. BRYANT,
THE
CELEBRATED IRISH COMEDIAN,
Will make his First Appearance as the IRISH EMIGRANT, and HANDY ANDY, with SONGS and DANCES.

PRICES OF ADMISSION:

Dress Circle	$1 00	Orchestra	$1 00
Parquette	50	Upper Circle	25

METROPOLITAN THEATRE.

Directress.....MISS EMMA HOWSON
Lessee and Manager.....MR. FRANK HOWSON

Engagement of
ALEXANDER FITZGERALD,
SUPPORTED BY
MR. JAMES H. VINSON,
MR. AND MRS. HARRY JACKSON,
THE HOWSON TROUPE,
MRS. C. R. SAUNDERS,
AND A SPLENDID STOCK COMPANY.

SATURDAY,.....STPT. 7,
The Great Prize Drama,
TRUE TO THE CORE,
Will be repeated for the MATINEE TO-DAY, and THIS EVENING, and every night until further notice.

WANMED—50 LADIES OF THE BALLET, for the New Spectacular Drama in Preparation.

PRICES OF ADMISSION.

Dress Circle and Orchestra Seats.....One Dollar
Parquet 50 cts | Gallery 25 cts
No Extra Charge for Reserved Seats.
Doors open at 7 o'clock; to commence at 8.

THE CENTRAL PARK OF THE PACIFIC.

WOODWARD'S GARDENS,
Art Gallery, Museum, Gymnasium,
AND
ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

THESE BEAUTIFUL GARDENS are visited daily by hundreds of the pleasure seeking public, and all agree in pronouncing them the best and only first class suburban resort on the Pacific coast.

The extensive grounds are covered with the rarest trees and shrubbery, making it a most desirable spot for small parties wishing to enjoy a Pic-Nic.

New attractions are being constantly added.

Gardens accessible by the Howard and Market street cars. Entrances on Mission and Valencia streets, between Thirteenth and Fourteenth. OPEN EVERY DAY.

A GRAND INSTRUMENTAL CONCERT every Saturday afternoon; and on Sundays a Grand Concert of Sacred Music, appropriate to the day.

Admission 25 cents. Children half price.

THE CITY GARDENS,
CORNER OF TWELFTH AND FOLSOM STREETS.

☞ The Folsom St. Cars run every five minutes.
☞ The Howard St. Cars run within in one block.

ON SATURDAY,
Chris. Andres' Band will give a
GRAND INSTRUMENTAL CONCERT!
COMMENCING AT TWO O'CLOCK.

ON SUNDAY,
A Grand Concert of Sacred Music,
BY CHRIS. ANDRES' BAND,
INTRODUCING
NEW AND APPROPRIATE PIECES!
COMMENCING AT ONE O'CLOCK P. M.

Admission, 25 cents, Children, half-price.

AT THE REGULAR

RETAILING AMERICAN WATCHES

C. E. COLLINS & CO.,
603 MONTGOMERY STREET,
SAN FRANCISCO.
Nos. 42 and 44 Nassau Street,
NEW YORK.
Dealers in American, Swiss and English WATCHES,
JEWELRY AND ATERIALS.

☞ We have made arraugements to buy AMERICAN WATCHES in large quantities from the Factory, and will receive a discount on the regular Wholesale Prices. We will hereafter
Retail the American Watches
AT
The Regular Wholesale Prices.
Our only profit being the small per cent. allowed by buying in large quantities.

WHOLESALE PRICES.

MURPHY, GRANT & CO.,

NORTHEAST CORNER OF
SANSOME AND BUSH STREETS,
INVITE THE ATTENTION OF
☞ BUYERS ☜
TO THEIR
LARGE AND WELL ASSORTED
STOCK OF
Domestic and Foreign
DRY GOODS,
WHICH THEY ARE OFFERING ON
THE MOST FAVORABLE TERMS.

EDITORS ALTA—Sir: I beg leave to submit, through your paper, a report of the progress of the BUILDERS' INSURANCE COMPANY for the month of August:

Number of policies issued	1,076
Average amount of each risk	$881 16
Average rate per cent	$2 44
Total net premiums	$23,167 62
Losses	6,718 35
Balance in favor of the Company	$16,449 27

All which I trust will be satisfactory to my friends and the public. Respectfully,
THOMAS MOONEY,
President Builders' Insurance Company.
California street, San Francisco, September 2, 1867.

FREE TO EVERY BODY
FOR ONE WEEK!

THE PACIFIC NEWS ROOM WILL BE OPENED for the inspection of the BUSINESS PUBLIC in general, on MONDAY NEXT, September 9th, No. 14, Merchants' Exchange Building, entrance on California street. HUDSON & McCARTY.

SAVE YOUR TEETH.—Do not have them extracted without first consulting a good Dentist. The loss is irreparable, and, in many instances, unnecessary. DR. BEERS, corner of Pine and Kearney streets, makes a specialty of filling the fangs of dead Teeth, and building up broken crowns with Pure Gold—thus restoring them to their original usefulness and beauty.
☞ Call and examine the work. Finest quality of artificial work also manufactured.

ASSESSMENT OF MORTGAGES,
NOTICE TO TAX-PAYERS.

THE CITY AND COUNTY ASSESSOR IS NOW MAKing up the Assessment Roll of "MONEYS LOANED AND SOLVENT DEBTS SECURED BY MORTGAGE." The Roll is made up from the Records of Mortgages (unsatisfied) in the County Recorder's office. It is important that all persons interested should call, without delay, at the Assessessor's office, City Hall, and have corrected any errors there may be in amounts due or otherwise.
WM. R. WHEATON, Assessor.

IN THE PROBATE COURT OF THE CITY AND County of San Francisco, State of California.
In the matter of the Estate of WILLIAM WACMICHAEL, deceased.
Order to show cause why order of distribution should not be made.
On reading and filing the petition of Theodore L. Schell, the administrator, with the will annexed, of the estate of William MacMichael, deceased, setting forth that he has filed his final account of his administration of the estate of said deceased, in this Court, and that the same has been duly settled and allowed; that all the debts and expenses of administration have been duly paid; and that a portion of said estate remains to be divided among the legatees of said deceased, and praying among other things for an order of distribution of the residue of said estate among the persons entitled:
It is Ordered, that all persons interested in the estate of said William MacMichael, deceased, be and appear before the Probate Court of the city and county of San Francisco, at the Court room of said Court, in the City Hall in said city and county, on WEDNESDAY, the 9th day of October, Anno Domini 1867, at eleven o'clock, A. M., then and there to show cause why an order of distribution should not be made of the residue of said estate among the legatees of the said William MacMichael, according to law.
It is further Ordered, that a copy of this order be published for four successive weeks, before the said ninth day of October, A. D. 1867, in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published in the said city and county.
M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.
Dated September 6, 1867
WINANS & BELKNAP, Att'ys for Petitioner. s7 5t

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—IN THE MATTER OF the Estate of JOHN S. BOOTHY, deceased.
Notice is hereby given that all persons having claims against the estate of the said John S. Boothby, deceased, are required to exhibit them, with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice, to MARY A. BOOTHBY, Executrix, at the Capitol Building, at the northwest corner of Kearney and Pine streets, San Francisco. MARY A. BOOTHBY,
Executrix of the Estate of John S. Boothby, deceased.
San Francisco, September 3d, 1867. sc7-5t

GENTS, PLEASE TAKE NOTICE!
MEUSSDORFFER'S
New Styles of Dress Hats for Fall and Winter, 1867,

ARE NOW READY AT THEIR HAT MANUFACTORIES,

Nos. 635 and 637 Commercial street	San Francisco
No. 125 J street	Sacramento
Corner of D and Second streets	Marysville
No. 72 Front street	Portland, Oregon

We wish to direct particular attention to our large assortment of the LATEST STYLES, selected by our partner, Mr. J. C. MEUSSDORFFER, at Paris, London and New York. Call and see them at
Nos. 635 and 637 COMMERCIAL STREET.

BLASTING POWDER.

Price, - - - - $3 00 Per Keg.

ALSO, SPORTING, CANNON, AND MUSKET POWDER, of superior quality.

FUSE AND SHOT always on hand and for sale at the
OFFICE OF THE
CALIFORNIA POWDER WORKS,
No. 318 CALIFORNIA STREET.
JOHN F. LOUSE, Secretary.

DICKEY'S
CREME DE LIS
DE CALIFORNIE.

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A New Combination, equal to the best French preparations, and free from their poisonous ingredients.
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THE BEIDEMAN ESTATE.

JOHN W. BRUMAGIM, ADMINISTRATOR, WITH the will annexed, of the Estate of JACOB C. BEIDEMAN, deceased, is NOW READY TO EXECUTE DEEDS to the purchasers at said sale, as the sale has been confirmed by the Probate Court, and an Order of Confirmation has been recorded in the Recorder's office of the city and county of San Francisco.
Please call at the Administrator's office, Nos. 36 and 37 Montgomery Block.
JOHN W. BRUMAGIM,
Administrator, with the Will annexed, of the Estate of Jacob C. Beideman, deceased.
San Francisco, August 19, 1867.

UNITED STATES NAVY,

ALBERTO,
AMERICAN CLIPPER,
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G. ENGLISH,
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When the 10th, 19th and 30th fall on Sunday, they will leave on Saturday preceding; when the 18th falls on Sunday, they will leave on Monday following.
Steamer leaving San Francisco on the 10th touches at Manzanillo. All touch at Acapulco.
Departure of 18th or 19th is expected to connect with the French Transatlantic Co.'s steamer for St. Nazaire, and English steamer for South America.
Departure of 10th is expected to connect with English steamer for Southampton and South America, and P. R. R. Co.'s steamer for Central America. Through tickets can be obtained.
STEAMERS FOR SEPTEMBER.
Sept. 10—GOLDEN CITY, Capt. W. F. Lapidge, connecting with HENRY CHAUNCEY, Capt. Gray.
Sept. 18—CONSTITUTION, Capt. Parker, connecting with RISING STAR, Capt. Conner.
Sept. 30—GOLDEN AGE, Capt. J. M. Cavalry, connecting with ARIZONA, Capt. Maury.
Passengers will be berthed through. Baggage checked through—100 pounds allowed each adult.
Surgeon on board. Medicine and attendance free.
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Through tickets to Liverpool by the "Cunard," "Inman" and "National" Steamship Lines can be obtained of P. M. S. S. Co.'s office in San Francisco.
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PRIVATE MEDICAL AND SURGICAL INSTITUTE,
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Established expressly to afford the afflicted sound and scientific Medical Aid, in the treatment and cure of all Private and Chronic Diseases, cases of Secrecy, and all Sexual Disorders.

TO THE AFFLICTED.
DR. W. K. DOHERTY returns his sincere thanks to his numerous patients for their patronage and would take this opportunity to remind them that he continues to consult at his Institute for the cure of chronic diseases of the Lungs, Liver, Kidneys, Digestive and Genito-Urinary Organs, and all Private Diseases, viz: Syphilis in all its forms and stages, Seminal Weakness, and all the horrid consequences of Self-Abuse, Gonorrhœa, Gleet, Strictures, Nocturnal and Diurnal Emissions, Sexual Debility, Diseases of the Back and Loins, Inflammation of the Bladder and Kidneys, etc.; and he hopes that his long experience and successful practice will continue to insure him a share of public patronage. By his practice of many years in Europe and the United States, he is enabled to apply the most efficient and successful remedies against diseases of all kinds. He uses no mercury, charges moderate, treats his patients in a correct and honorable way, and has references of unquestionable veracity from men of known respectability and high standing in society. All parties consulting him, by letter or otherwise, will receive the best and gentlest treatment, and implicit secrecy.

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When a female is in trouble, or afflicted with disease, as weakness of the back and limbs, pain in the head, dimness of sight, loss of muscular power, palpitation of the heart, irritability, nervousness, extreme urinary difficulties, derangement of digestive function, general debility, vaginitis, all disease of the womb, hysteria, sterility, and all other diseases peculiar to females, they should go or write at once to the celebrated female doctor, W. K. DOHERTY, at his Medical Institute, and consult him about their troubles and disease. Irregularities, suppressions, etc., will receive the Doctor's most particular attention. Let no false delicacy prevent, but apply immediately and save yourself from painful suffering and premature death. Ladies in delicate health, from whatever cause, should write or call at DR. DOHERTY'S MEDICAL INSTITUTE, and they will receive every possible relief and help. The Doctor's offices, consisting of a suite of six rooms, are so arranged that he can be consulted without fear of observation.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.
Patients (male or female) residing in any part of the State, however distant, who may desire the opinion and advice of DR. W. K. DOHERTY on their respective cases, and who think proper to submit a written statement of such, in preference to holding a personal interview, are respectfully assured that their communications will be held most sacred. Dr. Doherty takes this opportunity of observing that all letters are only opened and replied to by himself, and the latter as promptly as possible.
If the case be fully and candidly described, personal communication and instructions for diet, regimen, and the general treatment of the case itself, (including the remedies) will be forwarded without delay, and in such a manner as to convey no idea of the purport of the letter or parcel so transmitted.
Consultation Gratis. Permanent cure guaranteed, or no pay. Address, W. K. DOHERTY, M. D.,
San Francisco, Cal.

SPERMATORRHŒA.
DR. DOHERTY has just published an important pamphlet embodying his own views and experience in relation to Impotence or Virility, being a short treatise on Spermatorrhœa, or Seminal Weakness, Nervous and Physical Debility consequent on this affection, and other diseases of the Sexual Organs
This little work contains information of the utmost value to all whether married or single, and will be sent FREE by mail on receipt of Six Cents in Postage stamps for return postage. Address,
W. K. DOHERTY, San Francisco, Cal.

The California.

"SURELY THERE IS A VEIN FOR THE SILVER AND A PLACE FOR GOLD WHERE THEY FINE IT."

VOLUME VII., No. 17.
OFFICE, No. 532 MERCHANT STREET.

SAN FRANCISCO, SEPTEMBER 14, 1867.

TERMS, $5 A YEAR, BY MAIL, IN ADVANCE. 50 CENTS A MONTH, BY CARRIER.

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ORIGINAL—The City Guard's Excursion, by Gopher; Indian Reformation and Incorporation, by Prentice Mulford; Five Years in Japan, by Forbes Maitland: A Philistine Community; An Incident of the War; Literary Gleanings; John Stuart Mill on Female Suffrage; Two Ideas of Culture; THE CALIFORNIAN'S Correspondence; Dramatic Affairs, by Tonchstone; "Lion's Month;" The Higgins-Hayes Bet; Those Unhappy Turtles; A Clerical Joker; The Alta's Old Lady Correspondent; Miss Davenport's Organ; The Animal Drama; Paragraphs, etc. SELECTED—Proll, A Mystery; A Good Thing; The New Chesterfield, by John Quill; Blushing; St. Petersburg and its People; Truants, a Poem, by W. A. Kendall. etc.

THE LION'S MOUTH.

"THE gravest beast is an ass, the gravest bird is an owl, the gravest fish is an oyster, and the gravest man is a fool." SYDNEY SMITH.

"I WILL roar, that I will do any man's heart good to hear me." A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

"I WILL aggravate my voice so, that I will roar you as gently as any sucking dove; I will roar you an 't were any nightingale." IBID.

"*Nil falsi audeat, nil veri non audeat dicere.*" CICERO.

Those Unhappy Turtles.

In no city in the world is there a greater necessity for a society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals than exists in San Francisco. The President of the Society, not long ago established in New York, has done good service in the cause of humanity. He has been sneered at for his endeavors to prevent turtles being unnecessarily tortured. He claimed that to expose a turtle to the rays of a scorching July sun for days together, on the pavement, was unnecessary barbarity, and succeeded in putting a stop to the practice. Turtles in San Francisco are treated badly enough. It is true that some attempt is made to lessen their sufferings by keeping them in tanks of water during the last few days of their existence, but the day of their arrival in San Francisco is a terrible one for them. One day this week four turtles were exposed, lying on their backs, on the sidewalk in front of a restaurant on Montgomery street. We must unwillingly record a fact which speaks badly for the humanity of our citizens. During that day five thousand persons passed those four unhappy turtles; out of the five thousand three thousand one hundred and seventy-two stopped and deliberately kicked one of the turtles in the stomach, one thousand and forty kicked the stomach of each of the four turtles, and five hundred inserted the ferrules of five hundred canes in the eyes of the unfortunate animals. There was no excuse for this wanton cruelty; these persons could not urge in extenuation of their conduct that they wished to ascertain whether or no the turtles were fat, as the thickness of the shell would preclude the possibility of finding this out by any such means. How different to the course pursued by these heartless, coarse and brutish beings was the manner of the epicures whose attention was attracted by the turtles! They gazed on them with silent respect, while their mouth watered as they reflected in how short a time they would be converted into the true ambrosia—turtle soup.

A Clerical Joker.

Dr. Stone who is called "Rev." Dr. Stone, is a great joker. He should be called Funny Dr. Stone in place of Rev. Dr. Stone. The *Times* of Thursday contains a report of the excruciatingly amusing address which Dr. Stone delivered at Sacramento, the day before, on the occasion of the opening of the State Fair. This is one of the jokes contained in it:

"He said he did not think he had power to charm into stillness that throng, but he would say as a stammering tithingman once said to the whispering boys, 'B-h-boys, b-h-be s-till up th-ere; if yo-yo-u d-d-don't, it is just as w-w-well.'"

Then we are informed:

"He told a very humorous and pat incident of a city lady who went into the country and took a fancy to play dairymaid. She went into the yard with a white apron on and a milk pail in her hand; but she met with no success. It turned out that she undertook to milk the wrong gender."

The delicacy of this story is only equalled by its wit. We wonder if Dr. Stone knows all the "funny" stories of that kind? The reverend joker then afforded his hearers the important information that:

"He liked fairs for their concomitants; he loved a fine horse; loved to see them trot; loved to see him *trot his best*. He loved to see him gallop; loved to see him gallop his best."

This is really interesting. Dr. Stone loves to see a horse trot; loves to see him trot his best. He loves to see him gallop; loves to see him gallop his best. He ought to have said whether or no he loved to see him canter; loved to see him canter his best. When reverend gentlemen attempt to be funny, they should avoid repeating indelicate jokes which they heard at college, and should, in attempting to place themselves on a footing of familiarity with their audience, restrain themselves from talking nonsensical stuff like "baby-talk," to rational men and women.

A Sensible Crest and Motto.

Oö-no-we, one of the retainers of the Prince of Satsuma, at present a student in this city, has a crest and motto which shows great good sense in that one of his ancestors who adopted them. The crest consists of three suns closed, diverging from the centre of a circle: the motto being interpreted is "keep cool."

The Higgins-Hayes Bet.

We were going to try to say some funny things about the charitable organ grinder procession, which caused such a sensation on Wednesday last; but not feeling bright, were very grateful to Harry Jackson, the funny man of the Metropolitan Theatre, when he came to our assistance and dashed off *currente calamo* the following comic song, which will, no doubt, become the popular song of the day, when circulated throughout the State in the columns of THE CALIFORNIAN:

THE ORGAN GRINDER.

Air—*The German Band.*

The other day I lost my way,
As on Montgomery I walked along,
For there met my view of thousands a few,—
A most tremendous throng.
My wife was out, somewhere about,
I didn't know where to find her;
At last, I guessed she was with the rest,
She'd followed the organ grinder!

CHORUS.

Now the Orphans' cause has gained your applause—
No people e'er were kinder
Than the Frisco folks so fond of jokes,
Who cheered that organ grinder.

I, followed too, and I'll tell you,
What I saw at this mass meeting:
There was Higgins the great, on account of Haight
George Gorham badly beating;
An organ he bore his breast before,
And Hayes was money finding.
They marched along in the middle of the throng,
For the orphans they were grinding.
Now the Orphans' cause, etc.

Put Bloomer was there with his jolly red nose,
He'd his skin full and felt quite hunky
On his back was the image of his only s[illegible],
In the shape of an elegant monkey.
Who'd look so gay as the hand would play,
No animal e'er looked kinder;
And he winked at the crowd as they threw their cash,
To that bully old organ grinder.
Now the Orphans' cause, etc.

The Emperor Norton was also there,
With new hat and rooster's feather;
He vowed and declared, in all his life,
He'd ne'er seen such a crowd together;
And slipping along the gutter side,
He collared a half a dollar;
"Says he, I'm an orphan, I'll help myself
To a feed and a new paper collar."
Now the Orphans' cause, etc.

There was little Blitz, near out of his wits,
Couldn't keep the hackmen steady,
And he cried, "Mine gott, I give you fits,
But now I don't got ready."
Frank Pixley I saw as I stood on a stool,
He'd ta'en from law a vacation;
He was looking round for his poor lost mule,
To pack all the grub donation.
Now the Orphans' cause, etc.

It made me feel gay, as I pushed my way,
To hear the silver ringing,
As the coin fell in showers around,
To the orphans comfort bringing.
There was even Mike Reese,
Whom none can fleece;
He felt his heart grow kinder,
A five-cent piece he drew from his fob,
And gave it to the organ grinder.

CHORUS.

Now here's three cheers—may they live for years,
And Fate to Higgins prove kinder;
May he ne'er again lose, and have to use
His license as an organ grinder.

The Hour of Victory.

From an advertisement in the *Bulletin*, we learn the interesting fact that the instant H. H. Haight, the Governor elect, was informed that he had a majority of 10,000, he had his likeness taken, we suppose, in order that he might see how he looked. "The expression of the portrait is singularly felicitous, and is taken at the very moment when the majority of 10,000 was declared to its most worthy recipient." George C. Gorham did not have his likeness taken at the moment he heard of his defeat, as blue is the color which does not photograph well.

The "Alta's" Old Lady Correspondent.

The *Alta*, not content with its regular editor who writes the heavy leaders and Paris and London letters, has engaged another old lady to write letters for its columns. The name of this venerable party is "Hagar." On Sunday last she discoursed of the City Gardens. The ancient dame recalls the recollections of seventy-five years while looking on at the game of croquet She says:

"I must confess my ignorance of the game of croquet. It was not played in my young days—in fact, no game was played for amusement in those times. What vast changes have been brought about during the past seventy-five—yes, even during the past sixty years. How memory will wander back to those early days in our nation's history. I remember when it was considered a deadly sin to drop a prayer book upon the floor, though by accident—when amusements were indulged in only by stealth, and most musical instruments were denounced as soul-destroying agents."

How touching a sight it must be to see this dear old lady sitting, spectacles on her nose, and snuff-box on the table by her side, carrying herself in thought back seventy-five—or say sixty years to those early days in our nation's history, when it was considered a deadly sin to drop a prayer book upon the floor, though by accident. Seventy-five—or say sixty years ago! Poor old lady! Wonder where the *Alta* found her. Her services to that paper are invaluable. Unless other stringent measures are taken to check the unseemly flippancy of Fitz-Smythe, it will be necessary to hunt up one more Hagar and thus keep the general old-lady-like tone of the *Alta* unimpaired.

Hair Flowers.

The ladies of California are not known to excell ladies in other parts of the world in painting, drawing, music or languages, but that they can whip creation in the art of making hair flowers must be conceded. We have nothing to say against hair jewelry. The desire to possess a lasting memorial of a departed friend, formed from what was actually part of him or her during life, is a natural one, therefore, when we read in the *Bulletin's* report of the Fair at Sacramento, that Mr. C. Cook's, of San Francisco, display of hair jewelry was remarkable for its delicacy of work and beauty of design, and was altogether the finest ever made in the State. We were glad that the practitioner for a beautiful and useful art had received encouragement. When we read:

"There are displays of hair flowers made by Mrs. Luther McColl, Miss Alice S. Watson, Mrs. A. Evers, Miss Mattie Gelmer, Miss Mattie Austin, (only 7 years old,) Mrs. Homer Holland, Mrs. H. K. Snow, and Edith M. Davis, which are especially excellent."

We did not admire the industry of these ladies, including the young lady of seven years old, who occupied their time in cutting up hair and gumming it into the shape of flowers.

Miss Davenport's Organ.

Miss Davenport, now Mrs General Lander, has a paper entirely devoted to her. She is playing in New York; on the first page of the *Citizen* we find an editorial praising her rendition of the roll of "Elizabeth," and comparing her to Ristori; on the fourth is another in which we are told she is "one of the purest women who ever paced before the footlights." On the fifth is another, informing the public that "she is a noble actress, and yet nobler woman;" still another on the eighth page is a statement that she "acted as chief Sister of Charity in our Southern hospitals during several years of the late war, in which her gallant husband lost his life from a rebel bullet;" and on the same page are two announcements of the appearance of this lady. We approve of advertising, but not of too much editorial puffery—even of a Sister of Charity—and we think the *Citizen* has laid it on just a little *too* thick.

The Animal Drama.

Next week *Azael, The Prodigal*, is to be produced at the Metropolitan Theatre. Any number of animals, horses, camels, goats, etc., are to be introduced in a grand procession. This is all very well as far as it goes, but we maintain that it is not enough. We know the story of the Prodigal and the dramatic version will not be worth anything unless those swine are introduced. As there is a large ballet force engaged for the piece, we *have* no anxiety about the fatted calves.

Who's Airald.

At the fire last night, at the foot of Clay street, it was amusing to see the sudden rush from the vicinity of the burning building which took place when a small keg of powder exploded. But no one was afraid. Not a bit of it. They were all "carried away by the crowd." One philosophical individual declared "it took a good deal to scare him, for he calculated the chances, and when he found them to stand twenty-five to one against his being injured, he'd take those chances." Another said, "I guess if the firemen ain't scared we needn't be;" he was a considerable distance from the building; he was a short man who could have ducked down and sheltered himself among the taller members of the crowd. He wasn't afraid. No one was afraid. We weren't scared by the explosion; we didn't run, but when that keg blew up we were carried away by the crowd.

Clergymen and Literature.

Clergymen are fond of dabbling in literature now-a-days. Henry Ward Beecher is writing a novel for the *Ledger*, and Horatio Stebbins is advertised as a contributor to the *Golden Era!*

MIDSUMMER.

AROUND this lovely valley rise
The purple hills of Paradise.

Oh, softly on yon banks of haze
Her rosy face the Summer lays!

Becalmed along the azure sky,
The argosies of cloudland lie,
Whose shores, with many a shining rift,
Far off their pearl white peaks uplift.

Through all the long midsummer-day
The meadow sides are sweet with hay,
I seek the coolest sheltered seat
Just where the field and forests meet—
Where grow the pine trees tall and bland
The ancient oaks austere and grand,
And fringy roots and pebbles fret
The ripples of the rivulet.

I watch the mowers as they go
Through the tall grass, a white sleeved row;
With even stroke their scythes they swing,
In tune their merry whetstones ring;
Behind, the nimble youngsters run
And toss the green swaths in the sun;
The cattle graze; while, warm and still,
Slopes the broad pasture, basks the hill,
And bright, when summer breezes break,
The green wheat crinkles like a lake.

The butterfly and the humble-bee
Come to the pleasant woods with me;
Quickly before me runs the quail,
The chickens skulk behind the rail.
High up the lone wood-pigeon sits,
And the woodpecker pecks and flits.
Sweet woodland music sinks and swells,
The brooklet rings its tinkling bells,
The swarming insects drone and hum,
The partridge beats his throbbing drum,
The squirrel leaps among the boughs,
And chatters in his leafy house.
The oriole flashes by; and, look!
Into the mirror of the brook,
Where the vain bluebird trims his coat,
Two tiny feathers fall and float.

As silently, as tenderly,
The down of peace descends on me;
Oh, this is peace! I have no need
Of friend to talk, of book to read;
A dear Companion here abides;
Close to my thrilling heart He hides;
The holy silence is His voice:
I lie and listen, and rejoice.

J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

PROLL. A MYSTERY.

IN the last will and testament of Mr. John Smith, of Allsop-terrace, Halifax, (the instrument may be consulted by the incredulous at the usual expence of a shilling and patience), will be found a paragraph to the following effect:

"Also, I give and bequeath to 'Proll,' whatever or whomsoever that may prove to be, his or her heirs or legal representatives, the sum of three thousand pounds Three per Cent Consolidated Bank Annuities, desiring that my executors, hereinafter named, shall make every reasonable effort for the discovery of the aforesaid 'Proll,' his or her, etc.; which efforts shall comprise an advertisement, thrice repeated, in a leading London journal, as well as the local papers of Liverpool and Birmingham. And, in default of such efforts proving successful within a year and a day, have my said executors shall expend the fund aforesaid in the purchase of some sufficing tokens for the reward of any remarkable deeds of personal powess, which shall be and occur within three years of my decease."

The singular wording of this bequest created much local interest at the time, and attracted an unusual amount of attention to the character and history of a harmless little man who might have otherwise slipped out of this bustling world as noiselessly as he had dwelt in it.

Mr. John Smith was the only son of a Halifax apothecary, who left him at his death, which did not occur until he was past forty, the possessor of an income of five hundred pounds a year. John had been destined (in his cradle) for his father's profession; but nature, in the form of a peculiarly timid and susceptible temperament, raised such objections, that the project had to be abandoned, and trout-fishing in summer, and snipe-shooting in winter, formed the leading occupations of the young man's life, until these sports were interrupted, for a season, by the decease of his respected sire, and the consequent duty of looking into his own affairs. This discharged, Mr. John returned to the snipe and trout with undiminished ardor.

The change in his habits, was, indeed, so slight as to be hardly perceptible. Even the two old servants, husband and wife, who had, from time immemorial to *him*, formed the domestic establishment. and whom he (John) had, from kindly motives, dismissed, superannuated, with a handsome allowance, insisting that Master John was not getting on nicely without them, came quickly back; dismissed, without the slightest ceremony, the provisional maid; and resumed their accustomed duties with all the vigor of youth!

John Smith has been described, by a gentleman who lived in his immediate neighborhood, as an under-educated but well-mannered little man, with a pug nose, watery eyes, and a funny little flickering smile, which seemed to have been caught from the ripple of the brook over which it had been his delight to hang since boyhood. Take John Smith altogether, body and mind, he was perhaps the very last individual in the world to whom anything romantic or mysterious was likely to attach. And yet John Smith *had* a romance and a mystery; and (like a queer little parenthesis in the social annals of the world) here we chronicle the same, taking up the history about three years after the death of John's father.

Although Mr. Smith had never been in the habit of giving regular dinner-parties, it was a frequent custom with him to invite two or three of his chief gossips to partake of a brace of Wandle trout, most of which, weight, condition, disposition, and all, were (while yet in their native element) so well known to that experienced fisherman, that it must have been like diminishing the circle of his personal acquaintance to dine upon them. These, with a neck of mutton and any pretty little tiny kickshaw, such as Justice Shallow with commendable judgment delegated to his cook, formed a light and pleasant banquet, which left the intellect clear, and temper sweet, for the rubber of threepenny whist that wound up in the evening.

It was on one of these festive occasions that attention was drawn to the first of a series of remarkable objects which seemed altogether out of keeping with the modest adornments of the Smith mansion. It was a massive silver chalice, of most beautiful workmanship, displaying three compartments, on which were represented scenes from "tauromachia," or classic bull fights. It stood upon a blue velvet-covered pedestal, beneath a glass case, which, while it permitted a full inspection of the masterly devices on its gleaming sides, protected the exquisite object from dust or soil.

"Hallo, Jack, that's a fine thing!" remarked friend number one, suddenly awakening, as it seemed, to the merits of the "thing" to which he had been sitting opposite for half an hour. "I must put on my specs for this. *Mag*nificent, by jingo! Look at it, Gripper. Toro—*what?* Was this your father's, Jack?"

Mr. Smith colored and hesitated,

"Well, no. My father he didn't seem to care much about them sort of things; but, I say, Gripper, just you try that brown sherry. Join us, Peters, will you?"

"If I were to be guilty of the vulgarity of appraising a man's property at his own table," said Mr. Smith, the curate, "I should be disposed to affirm that the individual who became possessed of that chalice at anything under three hundred and fifty pounds, was a lucky fellow."

"Where upon earth did he get it?" said friend number three to friend number four. "I didn't give our host credit for taste of this kind."

"Aha! There's a mystery, I take, about that chalice," remarked the ungrateful Gripper, who, even while swallowing the brown sherry, intended to silence him, had noticed the embarrassment of the little host. "I must examine more minutely;" and he stretched out his hand towards the cup.

Smith caught him nervously by the sleeve. "Not for worlds, old fellow! Let it alone, can't you?" he gasped; and sank back into his chair with a perceptible shiver. Mr. Slade adroitly turned the conversation.

Several months passed, yet the surprise created by Mr. Smith's purchase had not wholly subsided, when a second and yet more costly object made its appearance in the drawing-room at Allsop-terrace. This time it was a gigantic vase, than which may be seen (especially in Germany) many baths of smaller dimensions. It was composed of about equal quantities of gold and silver, and was, like its predecessor, surrounded with devices of the rarest mould—the subjects, in this case, being suggestive of stirring incidents of the chase, or war. The rich cover was crested with the design of a matador (in solid gold) giving the finishing touch to a white Andalusian bull in a frenzy of silver. It must have been worth, at the very lowest estimate, a thousand guineas.

Mr. Smith was as reticent and as embarrassed as ever, and his friends had to fall back entirely on conjecture.

What in the world did it mean? Could the donor have been some grateful patient of the deceased apothecary? But no; for why conceal what would be so honorable to all the parties concerned? Could it be that a sudden monomaniacal passion for objects of this description had possessed John Smith even to the absorption of full two years' income in a single purchase? Hardly *that*, for he was sane and shrewd enough in other things. And, besides, how would the timid, nervous little gentleman have been able to summon the courage and decision required to complete such a bargain? The curiosity on the subject grew almost into pain.

"*Come* now, you know; tell us, old fellow, where these gold and silver mines of yours are situated?" inquired the somewhat rough-mannered Mr. Gripper, adopting that frank tone which, indeed, was fairly his own, but was intended, on this occasion, to invite a corresponding frankness.

"I—I dont know what you mean," replied Mr. Smith, the wan smile flickering in and out of his irresolute face, like a damp wick that will not ignite kindly

"Now, I'll tell you what, my friend," resumed Mr. Gripper, setting his teeth in the truculent manner which always warned his interlocutors that he was going to say something very unpleasant indeed, "*I see it all.*"

Mr. Smith looked disturbed, but it was not the agitation of one whose secret is on the point of being discovered. On the contrary, it was with something that seemed like curiosity, that he ejaculated, with unusual emphasis:

"Then wh—what the devil *is* it?"

"There's a woman, and a woman with money, you lucky dog, in the case."

"In what case? Where?" gasped Mr. Smith, in sudden terror.

"In love with *you*, that's all!"

Mr. Smith turned deadly pale. His hair, had its constitution permitted, would have assumed an erect position.

"Heaven forbid! In love with *me?* What ever have I done? Come, Gripper, you're always ready with your chaff, *ain't* you, now?" said poor little Smith, almost piteously. "Say you're a-quizzing, now."

"Truth, John, is kindest," replied the inflexible Gripper. "It is my painful duty to arouse you to the fact that you have, wittingly or otherwise (I am not your judge), ensnared the affection of some confiding woman, with a good balance at her banker's, whose homage, in the form of gifts, you, with a baseness of which I should have believed you incapable, do not scruple to accept, intending, all the while, to—to in fact," concluded Mr. Gripper, shortly, "to throw her over."

"Over *what?* Who? Which? What *are* you talking about?" stammered poor Smith. "I wish, Gripper, you would not be such a fool!"

"Fool, sir!"

"And don't talk so loud, please," continued the other, looking nervously round. "You don't know who might hear, and perhaps believe your chaff; for it *is* chaff, now, ain't it? Come, be neighbors, now, and don't let's have no more of this."

"That will wholly depend upon the course I see you adopt," said Mr. Gripper, guardedly. (He was a good-natured man, and loved a joke, but his serious manner, and a gloomy look he had the gift of assuming at pleasure, frequently imposed upon his friends.) "Now, sir, unless you think fit to communicate the whole of this nefarious plot to me, I—I will not answer for what, as a matter of honor and humanity, I may not feel bound to do."

"Plot? Whose plot? Why do you talk to me as if I was a Guy Fawkes?" pleaded poor Smith, in a tone of such distress that Mr Gripper all but abandoned his joke.

"From whence come these magnificent presents? And why, sir, do you color and hesitate when questioned on the matter?" retorted Gripper, sternly. "No one suspects you of having stolen them. As little could you afford to become their purchaser; and where the deuce you came by the judgment to select them, if your funds permitted, is the greatest mystery of all. There is but one solution; that, sir, which I have suggested. As man to man, I demand—yes, demand—an explanation."

Mr. Gripper folded his arms, and called up a frown of extraordinary gloom.

Perhaps he overdid it a little. Perhaps a dim consciousness that Mr. Gripper had no more business with the matter than the Tycoon of Japan, awoke, in the gentle bosom of poor little Smith, the slumbering man. At all events, with an energy he was never known to display before or since, he confronted his scowling friend, and, making the most of the niggard stature meted out to him, boldly replied:

"Then, sir, I refuse; and the sooner you can make it convenient to quit my house the better."

"Quit my house?" echoed Mr. Gripper, dismissing his frown and joke together. "Not till I have shaken hands with one of the heartiest and pluckiest fellows in the whole range of my acquaintance. By Jove, Smith, what a spitfire you are becoming."

"Think so?" said Mr. Smith, rubbing his hands, and at once returning to good humor. "No, no."

"Couldn't you *see* that I was only chaffing you?" asked his friend; and, shortly after, took his leave, much disgusted at not having been able to discover the secret.

Greater surprises were in store. Mr. Slade, who was rather near-sighted, was entering one evening his friend's always open hall door, when he was startled by a flash of steel and gold, and a tall menacing figure, armed with a glittering lance, seemed to be about to make a target of his breast. Mr. Slade reeled instinctively back against the door, and then perceived that his assailant was only the case of a warrior; being, in fact, a magnificent suit of Milan armor—silken surcoat and all, complete—and which, being placed across a mighty block of wood, in default of a steed, represented a knight in the tilt-yard in act to charge. A diadem encircling the wrought helm, denoted that this costly equipment had enclosed the limbs of some chivalrous prince in ages passed away.

The good curate was still rubbing his eyes, and marvelling at such an object encountered in such a place, when Mr. Smith hustled in.

"Why, Smith, what have you got here? My good friend, this is a treasure indeed!"

"Ah! I thought you'd like my Lazy Sally, and was 'oping you'd look in," replied the virtuoso. "There, you needn't go too close. It looks 'alf as well again at a distance," he added nervonsly.

"Your Lazy Sally!" ejaculated Slade. "Why do you call it so?"

"'Cause that's its name," retorted Mr. Smith. "Look 'ere!" and he pointed to a device and legend on the shield borne by the kingly champion.

Short sighted Mr. Slade put on his glasses, and made out, for device, a hull's head and neck encircled by a broken chain; and, for motto, the well-known words in which the marshal of a tournament gave signal to engage:

"Laissez aller."

"Lazy Sally! I said so," exclaimed the lover of art. "I wish it wasn't quite so big, though. Where ever it's to stand——"

"Why, Smith, you are collecting quite a museum?" remarked the curate. "You will want a custodian shortly."

"Well; I don't think it'll come to *that*," said Smith." "I shan't outrun the constable."

Mr. Slade laughed, and observed that his friend had slightly mistaken his meaning.

The curate's prophecy seemed likely to come true. Other objects of art continued to arrive at uncertain intervals, until not a room in the house but could boast of at least one rich and beautiful specimen, selected by a taste as pure as the expenditure it must have involved was liberal. Mr. Smith's collection arrived at the value of, at least, fifteen thousand pounds; and it was not unusual for persons in the county, who delighted in such things, to travel considerable distances to visit the accomplished proprietor, and congratulate him on his acquisitions and the refined art-knowledge which dictated their selection. The suit of Milan armour was an especial attraction, and was rendered more interesting by the circumstance that an inscription had been discovered on the breast plate beneath the surcoat. It had, however, been purposely obliterated, and now only conveyed a suspicion that it had been in modern English, without affording any clue to its significance.

Thus matters went on, until the "unmoved Fates," who spare the harmless as little as the oppressor, knocked at the quiet door at Allsop-terrace, and imperatively demand the body of Mr. John Smith.

The pretence was this. One day, towards the closing of the trout-season, when your sworn piscator grows keen and jealous of his diminishing sport, Mr. smith—while in the heat of a life-and-death contest with a four-pound patriarch, whose time (John felt) was more than up—slipped down the bank, and into a deep pool. He was, it is true, rescued by some husband-men and fished up, not only alive, but victorious, still holding to his prize. But the results were serious. The poor little man caught a cold that set its fangs in his delicate chest, and ultimately sucked away his life.

When conscious of his approaching end, he sent for his friend Slade, and requested him to allow himself to be named co executor with their gossip, Tom Gripper, to carry out, among other things, a purpose he had greatly at heart. It need hardly be said that his old friend consented, and, thereupon, John Smith disburdened his mind of a little romance of private life, which may possibly be held not unworthy of a page in these records of the rolling years.

About twelve years before, and about three years subsequent to his father's death, John had a mysterious consignment, which, being opened, revealed that exquisite silver chalice which first attracted his neighbor's curiosity. A card accompanied it, on which, in a beautiful female hand, were written these words:

"J. S. From the deeply greatful and admiring PROLL."

And in plain but unobtrusive characters, below the rim of the chalice, was engraved:

"To the intreped Smith."

Perplexed in the extreme, John carefully laid up the chalice, hoping that the mystery would in some manner elucidate itself and not without fear that he might be suddenly called upon to account for appropriating what was certainly intended for of his by no means uncommon name. And "Proll," who on earth was "Proll?" *Was* it Proll? Yes. There was no mistake as to the spelling Poll might have been more natural, more familiar. No. Proll it *was*.

All doubts, however, were dispelled by the alarming receipt of the second present, the vase, accompanied by a note from "Proll," expressing her regret that Mr. Smith's modesty—a quality that always attends true courage—should have deterred him from exhibiting to his friends the former testimony of her gratitude and enthusiastic admiration. "I *know* you," Proll concluded, "John Smith, of 9, Allsop-terrace, though you know not *me*. And *your* Proll, your grateful but invisible protectress, Proll, will I remain until my dying day."

"Whatever I've done for to make anybody so grateful," said poor little Smith, his wan smile wanner than ever, "I *can't* understand."

Slade could not help him on this point, so to turn the conversation, asked his friend why he had evinced so marked a disinclination to having Proll's gifts closely examined?

John seemed embarrassed for a moment, then he said:

"Well, it don't matter now; so here's the truth. Some of my friends—not *you*, Slade" (affectionately pressing his hand,) "'ave been in the 'abit of chaffing me 'cause I was a nervous sort of timid chap, and these cups and things of Proll's seemd as if they was a-chaffing too. Every one of them, you see's talking of my conrage, my 'ardihood, and so forth. There's a motter on each. On the vace was written, 'To the brave, devoted Smith.' On the stomach of that harmor, was, 'Trihute to death-defying 'ardihood, in the person of the noble-'arted Smith.' And so 'tis in all of 'em. Somehow, though I couldn't bring myself to believe that Proll was laughing at me in her sleeve, I knew it would set those fellows off, so I scratched ont the writing on the harmor's stomach, and wouldn't let no one look too close at t'other things, you see. Now, what I want you for to do is this," continued the invalid, raising himself on the pillow. "O' course, this is all gammon. Proll must be a lunatic. *I* never did her any service. How could I, as have lived quiet here, since I was horn? I feel as if I'd been taking money and gimcracks all my life from Proll's family, which may want 'em. There may be old Prolls, or little Prolls, or, in short, my good friend, I have made up my mind to leave a thumping legacy to Proll, at all events, and you must find her out if you can. I know yon will try. And, if you can't," concluded the speaker, faintly, for he was getting wearied with his long speech, "so, that perhaps, somehow, after all, the right J. S. may come in for one of Proll's pretty thingumbohs."

Later the same eveuing, as Slade again sat beside his friend, awaiting the solicitor who was to receive instrctions for the intended legacy, the curate quietly revived the subject of Proll's mysterious gifts.

"You are quite *certain*—think, now, John—that you have never been in a position to render some extraordinary and timely service to this Proll?"

"Never, on my word," said Mr. Smith, emphatically.

"It is very singular," resumed Mr. Slade, pondering. "Do you know—hut tell me, first, has any event of real importance, such, I mean, as would remain among the best-remembered incidents of an ordinary experience, ever occurred to you, that might, indirectly, perchauce, connect itself with this enigma? Think."

John reflected.

"Except that—in June, 'forty-two—I landed——"

"Yes?" cried his friend, eagerly, observing that he paused. "You landed. How? Where?"

"In the pool, below the weir," replied Mr. Smith, faintly. "I landed him—in twenty minutes—with a single gut—brown partridge fly. He weighed nine pounds and a bounce!"

Mr Slade fell into another reverie. Suddenly he resumed:

"It occurs to me, Smith, as not a little remarkable, that every one of these mysterious offerings contains some reference to an *ox*."

"A hox!" ejaculated the invalid. "Hox?"

"Or hull. It is an ancient sacrifice, a hull-fight in the arena, or even a crest or device, as in the armor instance. Now *that*, to my mind, has a decided significance. Did you ever—say, in your reckless youth, my friend—have a misunderstanding with a hull?"

"*I!*" exchaimed poor Smith. Stay, though. With a hox, I *'ad*."

"Ha!" said the curate,, brightening up; "how was that?"

"I was walking quietly dowu Hollow-crosslane, when there come a-hellering he'ind me; and a man rushed past, crying out that a hinfuriated hox had broke ont, and was coming down the lane! I heard him tramping, and ran on; hut there was a quickset hedge on each side, and no gate. So I made a tremenjious leap, and got over."

"And were in safety?"

"Why, no," replied Mr. Smith. "The haggravating beast had previously adopted a similar course, and was in the field before me. I saw his great broad forehead, heard a shriek (hut whether 'twas my own voice or somehody else's, I'm afraid to say,) and, being knocked down insensihle, knew nothing more, till I woke in my own 'ouse, with Hannah hathing my 'ed."

"Then the matter is as unaccountable as ever," remarked the curate, with a disappointed sigh.

The conversation was never renewed, for poor little Smith was beginning to sink, and two short days comprised all that was left of his inoffensive life.

More than scrupulously did the friendly executors endeavor to fulfill the dnty imposed on them; hut their quest of Proll was unsuccessful. They had ceased the hopeless inquiry, and had begun to consult as to the alternative measnre provided by the will, when, one morning, a visitor sent in his card to Mr. Slade.

"Colonel Commerell."

The Colonel, who appeared about forty-five, and whose contenance was bronzed by an Indian sun, was a man of stately presence, and frank, yet gentlemanly manner.

"I am just returned, sir," he said, "from a long period of foreign service, dnring the latter part of which my communications with home have been somewhat irregular. My attention has only now been directed to your advertisement, addressed to 'Proll.'"

"God bless me! are *you* Proll? exclaimed the curate, starting from his seat.

The colonel laughed.

"Well, no," he replied. "My *wife* is. At her desire I am here to explain what, judging from the terms of your advertisement, has remained too long a mystery. So poor Mr. Smith is gone? Well Peace to the brave."

"Ehem," said Mr. Slade. "To be sure. Yes."

"It was an act, sir," said the colonel, enthusiastically, "worthy of the brightest age of chivalry."

"You don't say—that is, do you think so?" said Mr. Slade, cantiously.

"Indeed I do. But let me relate, in a few words, what you don't know of this matter."

("You might relate what I *do* in fewer still," thought Mr. Slade.)

"When I was a jolly young cornet," continued his visitor, "I had the good hap to engage the affections of one who—God be praised!—is still the blessing of my home. She was an only child; heiress, in prospect, of very great wealth. Her father looked to unite her to a member of the noble house with which he was already distantly connected, and, having some suspicion of our attachment, hurried Rosina off, for a time, to the residence of a relative who lived in a sequestered neighborhood three miles from hence. Singularly enough, my regiment was ordered into this very district. Quite as remarkable was it, that my wife's father never knew of that coincidence. So palpable an interposition of fate was not to be neglected. We met as often as possible. Show myself I dared not in the quiet walks of Copfold. So Rosina mounted a rough pony, made over to her by the aunt for excursions beyond the park limits, and flew across to meet me in the willow meadows, near Hollow-cross Farm.

"On one of these occasions she had tied up her pony in the little copse, and was tripping across a field, when she was alarmed by distant shonts, and, turning, found herself within twenty yards of a furious hullock, which had plunged through a gap in the hedge, and was making directly for her. She had given herself up for lost, when a man—a little man, too—with a desperate hound, cleared the hedge, and threw himself between her and the raging animal! That prompt and generous action probably saved her life. She was preserved. So was *he!* for the farm people were at hand, and Rosina, from behind the hedge, could perceive that, though knocked down her champion was not gored, and was receiving all the assistance his case demanded.

"Well, sir, the interposition of friends reconciled Rosina's father to my suit. We were married, my wife receiving a magnificent dowry. One of the first uses she made of it was to commence that series of grateful offerings, which doubtless reached their destination. The mystery was rendered necessary by my wife's unwillingness to let it be known how indifferently that dear old lady at Copfold had fulfilled the office of her keeper. Hence, she adopted for her name a nursery appellation, which has, you will observe, about as striking a resemblance to the real one, as such pet names usually hear. Poor, gallant Smith! Well, well! The remembrance of such an act of heroism may—modest as he was—have brought with it a certain sense of satisfaction. Yet, had any one whispered so much in her dying ear, he would probably have faltered out: 'Merely my duty.'"

Mr. Slade coughed.

"Courage, colonel, I have heard, is constitutional, and——"

"I don't know about that," returned the colonel. "For my own part, though I have seen a shot or two, and stood my ground no worse, I hope, than others;—if I saw a mad hull preparing to charge, hang me if I shouldn't be inclined to turn tail, provided there was cover at hand!" And the colonel looked as little like a man who would keep his word therein, as he could well look.

"I am at least certain," said Mr. Slade, in a low voice, "that had our departed friend been more fully sensible of the service he had rendered, he would have felt deeply grateful for having been the instrument of so providential a deliverance."

"As meek as he was intrepid, eh?" said Colonel Commerell. "A beautiful combination! And now let me complete my mission. Proll, that is, Mrs. Commerell, positively refuses to hear of 'anything to her advantage,' resulting from Mr. Smith's will, save gratification of knowing that the brave fellow remembered her. Your solicitor, whom I saw on my way hither, favored me with a copy of the codicil. My wife will most gladly co-operate with you in carrying out the admirable object of rewarding deeds of self-devotion. It is a thing we rarely do in England, where duty—no matter to what extreme it be carried—is popularly, though I think erroneously, believed to provide its own reward."

WISDOM is an ocean that has no shore; its prospect is not terminated by an horizon; its center is everywhere and its circumference nowhere.

LITERARY GLEANINGS.

MR. MILL AND FEMALE SUFFRAGE.

In an able article on "The Future of Reform," the *Westminster Review* discusses the celebrated speech of John Stuart Mill on the policy of the admission of women to the electral franchise, delivered in the House of Commons in May last. The *Review* says:

"In accordance with existing arrangements women are condemned to suffer all the drawbacks which accompany exclusion from a direct interest in public affairs, and are expected to consider that they have nothing to complain of or desire. They are called upon to manage a household with economy, to maintain a high position with dignity, to train the generation of the future during a period when youthful minds are most plastic and the dispositions most easily biassed in the right or the wrong direction, and they are told that their qualifications for discharging all or any of these duties with success, disentitle them for having the slightest personal share in the government of their country. Indirect influence they have, and that they are commended for exercising. They may bribe not only with impunity, but amid the applause of the stern opponents of bribery. Of course they must respect the letter of the law; the law, however, is one which women are peculiarly fitted for breaking in spirit while adhearing to the enactment. They may intrigue on behalf of their husbands, sons, or brothers, not only without reproach, but, if they succeed in their aim, with the certainty of being praised. More than one of our greatest statesmen has been indebted for his chief influence to the devoted conduct of his wife, sister, or mother; yet, though the wife, sister, or mother may be said to do well in securing his advancement and helping to retain him in office, in lightening his labors and securing his renown, none of them is allowed to vote for him at an election. It is supposed that were any of them to possess this privilege she would cease to be a true woman, and would be transformed into a nondescript being for which human speech is too poor to supply an appropriate name."

In regard to the popular objects commonly urged against the measure, the reviewer says:

"Anything more fruitless or petty than the arguments advanced in opposition to Mr. Mill's amendment we have seldom read. They were stated not by one of the privileged jesters who are the scandal of Parliament, but by a member who was specially sent to India to regulate her finances; who is reputed to possess both common sense and political sagacity; who professes to be a true Liberal, and whom we admit to have many titles to our respect. Mr. Laing told the House 'that the simple, straightforward instinct of nine men or women out of ten was opposed to the proposition presented with so much logical force and acumen by the honorable member from Winchester.' If this be admitted, then, according to Mr. Laing, men and women should follow their instincts and act as if they were animals, and not responsible beings. In other words, he would approve of thieft on the ground that to take whatever one fancied and required was a natural instinct. Moreover, he said, without apparently intending to speak nonsense, that 'Nature had drawn a broad line of distintion between the two sexes, and chalked out the career of force and stability of intellect for men, and the career of amiability, tenderness, and grace of woman.' The inference is that by giving a vote once in seven years, or more frequently, for a member of Parliament, a woman oversteps a broad line which Nature has drawn between the sexes, and ceases to tread 'the career of amiability, tenderness, and grace' which Nature has 'chalked out' for her. Perhaps Mr. Laing can prove the degree of injury done to the female character and the culpability of the opposition to the decrees of Nature which follow from some votes given by some women for members of a board of guardians. Has Nature made an exception in the case of the latter? If so, how are we to discover this? If this be demonstrated, what shall we think of the wisdom of Parliament? We can at all events estimate the wisdom of Mr. Laing when, on a measure of social and political justice being urged for his approval, he avers that poets are 'better authorities than logicians or political economists on such a question.' We confess to have been surprised at the largeness of the minority which supported Mr. Mill. When he entered Parliament he was regarded as the solitary champion of the cause. To desire the enfranchisement of women was condemned as one of his crotchets. Sevety-three members of the House of Commons have been found, however, to vote for the change which, two years ago, very few expected to be seriously proposed. It is now evident that its advocacy in Parliament by some one who would venture to brave the ridicule with which novelties are so often met, was chiefly required in order that it should receive a measure of public support. The lesson is a pregnant one. From it we gather a new argument in favor of the scheme of 'Personal Representation' which Mr. Mill has had the honor of propounding in the House of Commons."

TWO IDEAS OF CULTURE.

It was a thing to be expected that Mr. Bright's well-known fling at the friends and preachers of "culture," in which the great Liberal contemptuously referred to it as "a smattering of the two dead languages of Latin and Greek," and proceeded to show how poor a thing it was, and how little good it can do, and how its value had been absurdly overrated,—we say it was a thing to be expected that a tirade of this sort publicly uttered by such a man as Mr. Bright, should provoke a reply of some sort from so eminent an example and champion of true culture as Matthew Arnold. Accordingly, the reply, though late, has come at last in the shape of a masterly lecture on "Culture and its Enemies," delivered from the Poetry Chair at Oxford, and recently published in the *Cornhill Magazine*. After some introductory remarks, of a rather personal character, in which the names of Mr. Bright, Mr. Frederic Harrison, and the editor of the *Daily Telegraph*, occur several times, and in which the lecturer declares that he agrees with the *Telegraph* that "men of culture are not the persons to be entrusted with political power," intimating, however, that this fact is the fault of the community, and of the prevailing characteristics of English civilization—after these preliminaries, he proceeds to enter upon his subject, which he treats in a very thorough and entirely original style. We have space for only a single extract:

"The disparagers of culture make its motive curiosity; sometimes, indeed, they make its motive mere exclusiveness and vanity. The culture which is supposed to plume itself on a smattering of Greek and Latin is a culture which is begotten by nothing so intellectual as curiosity; it is valued either out of sheer vanity and ignorance, or else as an engine of social and class distinction, separating its holder, like a badge or title, from other people who have not got it. No serious man would call this *culture*, or attach any value to it, as culture, at all. To find the real ground for the very differing estimate which serious people will set upon culture, we must find some motive for culture in the terms of which may lie a real ambiguity; and such a motive the word *curiosity* gives us. I have before now pointed out that in English we do not, like foreigners, use this word in a good sense as well as in a bad sense: with us the word is always used in a somewhat disapproving sense; a liberal and intelligent eagerness about the things of the mind may be meant by a foreigner when he speaks of curiosity, but with us the word always conveys a certain notion of frivolous and unedifying activity. In the Quarterly Review, some little time ago, was an estimate of the celebrated French critic, Monsieur Sainte Beuve, and a very inadequate estimate it, in my judgment, was; its inadequacy consisting chiefly in this, that in our English way it left out of sight the double sense really involved in the word *curiosity*, thinking enough was said to stamp Monsieur Sainte Beuve with blame if it was said that he was impelled in his operations as a critic by curiosity, and omitting either to perceive that Monsieur Sainte Beuve himself, and many other people with him, would consider that this was praiseworthy and not blameworthy, or to point out why it is really worthy of blame and not of praise. For as there is a curiosity about intellectual matters which is futile, and merely a disease, so there is certainly a curiosity—a desire for the things of the mind simply for their own sakes and for the pleasure of seeing them as they are—which is, in an intelligent being, natural and laudable. Nay, and the very desire to see things as they are implies a balance and regulation of mind which is the very opposite of the blind and diseased impulse of the mind which is what we mean to blame curiosity.

"Montesquieu says: 'The first motive which ought to impel us to study is the desire to augment the excellence of our nature, and to render an intelligent being yet more intelligent.' This is the true ground to assign for the genuine scientific passion, however manifested, and for culture, viewed simply as fruit of this passion: and it is a worthy ground, though we let the term *curiosity* stand to describe it. But there is of culture another view, in which not solely the scientific passion, the sheer desire for stopping human error, clearing human confusion, and diminishing the sum of human misery, the noble aspiration to leave the world better and happier than we found it,—motives eminently such as are called social,—come in as part of the grounds of culture, and the main and primary part. Culture is then properly described not as having its origin in the love of perfection; it is a study of perfection. It moves by the force, not merely or primarily of the scientific passion for pure knowledge, but also of the moral and social passion for doing good. As, in the first view of it, we took for its worthy motto Montesquieu's words: 'To render an indelligent being yet more intelligent!' so, in the second view of it, there is no better motto which it can take than these words of Bishop Wilson: 'To make reason and the will of God prevail!' Only, whereas the passion for doing good is apt to be overhasty in determining what reason and the will of God say, because its turn is for acting rather than thinking, and it wants to be beginning to act; and whereas it is apt to take its own conceptions, proceeding from its own state of development and sharing in all the imperfections and immaturities of this, for a basis of action; what distinguishes culture is that it is possessed by the scientific passion, as well as by the passion of doing good; that it has worthy notions of reason, and the will of God, and does not readily suffer its own crude conceptions to substitute themselves for them; and that, knowing that no action or institution can be salutary and stable which are not based on reason and the will of God, it is not so bent on acting and instituting, even with the great aim of diminishing human error and misery ever before its thoughts, but that it can remember that acting and instituting are of little use, unless we know how and what we ought to act and to institute.

"The culture is more interesting and more far-reaching than the other, which is founded solely on the scientific passion for knowing. But it needs times of faith and ardor, times when the intellectual horizon is opening and widening all around us to flourish in. And is not the close and bounded intellectual horizon within which we have long lived and moved now lifting up, and are not new lights finding free passage to shine in upon us? For a long time there was no passage for them to make their way in upon us, and then it was of no use to think of adapting the world's action to them. Where was the hope of making reason and the will of God prevail among people who had a routine which they had christened reason and the will of God, in which they were inextricably bound, and beyond which they had no power of looking? But now the iron force of adhesion to the old routine—social, political, religious—has wonderfully yielded; the iron force of exclusion of all which is new has wonderfully yielded; the danger now is, not that people should obstinately refuse to allow anything but their old routine to pass for reason and the will of God, but either that they should allow some novelty or other to pass for these too easily, or else that they should underrate the importance of them altogether, and think it enough to follow action for its own sake, without troubling themselves to make reason and the will of God prevail in it. Now, then, is the moment for culture to be of service, culture which believes in making reason and the will of God prevail, believes in perfection, is the study and pursuit of perfection, and is no longer debarred, by a rigid invincible exclusion of whatever is new, from getting acceptance for its ideas, simply because they are new."

THE CITY GARDENS.—The moonlight concert which was given at these pleasant gardens on Thursday night was a grand success. The grounds were tastefully illuminated with hundreds of Japanese lanterns, and presented a beautiful appearance. Chris. Andres' band performed a fine programme of musical pieces in excellent style. About three thousand persons were present, a large proportion of the number being ladies, and all who participated are anxious for another similar concert to be given. These gardens are a most pleasant resort both in the day time and in the evening, and are well patronized.

WOODWARD'S GARDENS.—New attractions are continually being added to this favorite pleasure resort. Large numbers of people daily visit this delightful spot, and amidst the numerous wonders of nature and art by which they find themselves surrounded, forget the troubles and cares of every-day life.

ANATOMICAL MUSEUM.—The Egyptian mummies thousands of years old, which are on exhibition among the many hundreds of curiosities at this establishment excite much interest. The popular lecture on physiology which is delivered every evening at eight o'clock is well worth listening to.

FIRST ANNUAL MEETING OF THE BUILDERS' INSURANCE COMPANY.

A numerous meeting of the above Company was held last evening in the salesroom of Messrs. H. F. Williams & Co., on California street, near Sansome. At eight o'clock the President, Mr. Mooney, called the meeting to order to receive the annual report of the Directors. He explained that the Builders' Insurance Company, though an offspring of the California Building and Loan Society, was a separate Company, with separate capital, cashier, secretary, actuary, and staff of clerks. They occupied the rear portion of the Bank building, enjoyed all the patronage which the Bank could influence, and in one short year had acquired the position of a first-class Insurance Company. There were only two or three of the other fifteen Companies in operation that had a larger business, and he foresaw that in one year from now the Builders' would be at the head of the insurance business of the Pacific Coast. [Cheers.] The President called upon Mr. McKeon, one of the book-keepers, to read the balance sheets, which exhibited the following statement:

BALANCE SHEET.

Receipts.

Total cash received for capital stock		$ 41,791 00
Total net amount received for premiums		130,870 98
Total interest on deposits from California Building and Loan Society		4,390 21
Total received for State tax		3,000 33
Total		$182,252 52

Disbursements.

Paid for fire losses	$32,951 76	
Paid for marine losses	1,108 91	
Paid for Federal tax	1,206 77	
Paid for re-insurance	3,332 76	
Paid for brokerage	10,931 86	
Paid for salaries	5,568 67	
Paid for printing and stationery	4,202 45	
Paid for advertising	6,925 65	
Paid for donations	2,910 00	
Paid for Fourth of July Celebration	1,456 25	
Paid for house plates and advertising boards	2,341 87	
Paid for sundry petty expenses	830 70	
Balance assets in Company's hands	108,481 77	$182,252 52

The assets above named being composed of:

Cash in Bank	$52,814 69
Bank stock	20,000 00
Fixtures and furniture	2,123 96
Buggies and horses, etc	2,262 73
Premiums in course of collection	30,474 97
Stamps	805 42
	$108,481 77

The President called upon the book-keeper to verify the statement. J. W. McKenzie, Notary Public, then administered the oath, which being done, the President announced that from the interest received from the Bank for their deposits and on their capital stock, they were enabled to declare a dividend of two per cent. per month upon the cash paid in by the stockholders, without touching one dollar of the premium fund. On motion, the report was received. Mr. Jordan moved, and Mr. Fishbeck seconded the motion, that the thanks of the meeting be tendered the President and Board of Directors for their careful and successful administration of their trust the past year.—Carried. On motion, the meeting unanimously voted in the old Board of Directors. Mr. Mooney, on behalf of the Board, returned thanks, and promised to double the business of the Builders' Insurance Company the next year. And the meeting adjourned.—*Morning Call.*

MURPHY, GRANT & CO.—This old established and leading dry goods house invites the attention of buyers, in our advertising columns, to their large and well-assorted stock of new dry goods which they are now offering at greatly reduced rates to the Fall trade.

LAUREL HALL.—One of the handsomest saloons in this city has been opened on Pine street, the next door east of the California Market. The doors, panel-work and counter are all made of that beautiful wood, California Laurel, polished by Boyd. John Duris, the proprietor, has stocked his bar with the finest quality of wines and liquors, which he sells at wholesale and retail.

FINE PHOTOGRAPHS.—Mr. John D. Godeus, of the South Park Gallery, 444½ Third street, is acknowledged to be one of the very best photographic artists in San Francisco. Cabinet pictures, cartes de visite, and life size photographs are executed by him in a style not excelled by any other artist. Mr. Godeus has unusual facilities for executing good pictures of infants.—*Evening Dispatch.*

THE GROTTO.—This old established saloon, 520 Sacramento street, opposite the What Cheer House, is now under the control of Mr. John Duncan, who is determined to retain for it that popularity for which the "old place" has always been noted. It has recently been renovated and supplied with some of the "choicest spirits" (in the way of Scotch and English ales, wines, liquors, etc.,) in existence. The old patrons of "the Grotto" will find everything as of old, under the proprietorship of Mr. Duncan.

[For the Californian.]

FIVE YEARS IN JAPAN.

BY FORBES MAITLAND.

No. V.

IN my last I promised that I would this week give some account of the Shto religion, but I find that it will be better to defer this until I obtain more full information on the subject. None but those intimately acequainted with the character of the Japanese can appreciate the difficulty of gaining from them any particulars as to their religious belief and rites.

Notwithstanding all that I and others have written of the deep religious feeling of the Japanese, I think there are few people who would be so easily diverted from their present belief and caused to advocate that of European nations. Not only in religion but in all matters of foreign intercourse, what nation has shown so much anxiety to imitate the formerly so much abhored outside barbarian as Japan? Certainly not China which has been in immediate intercourse with foreigners for the last thirty years, or, perhaps, more properly speaking, I might say one hundred, for we have had at intervals communication during that period of time. How much have they advanced in civilization? Not a whit, so far as their manners and customs are concerned. They as a general thing adhere to their original, "gingall," (matchlock,) they still have the same costume both in and out of the Celestial Empire, they consume at this day as much filth in the shape of "chow chow" as they did one thousand years ago. Do we ever meet a Chinaman in a store buying American clothing? Never; or if one does see at long intervals one or two Chinamen clothed in semi-decent apparel, depend upon it, it was purchased from some "old clo" man. How different in all things are the Japanese at the present day—not much over eleven years since the solitary port of Nangasaki was opened to a few privileged Treaty nations, (I except the Dutch on the Island of Desima) after the country's having been hermetically sealed to the outside world, for a period of over three hundred years! In these few years what a marked appearance has been made in Japan, and the Japanese! In Japan I can point out armies (varying in strength from seventy-five to one hundred thousand men) using entirely European arms, clothing and other munitions of war. I will give an instance of this fact: take a Prince that has been heard of, I may say, all over the known world, the Prince of Satsuma! This Prince has a standing army of over one hundrod thousand men, entirely clothed according to the European idea of what is *comme il faut*, but which at present is far from agreeable to the Japanese in general. A somewhat amusing incident came under my notice a few years ago; a large body of Satsuma's retainers traveling along the Tokaido, *en route* for Osaeca, a number of foreigners collected at Kanagawa to see them pass. I prefered to have a look at them before they came near where Europeans were likely to be, on purpose, if possible, to catch them off their dignity, (as it had been reported some days previous, they were to be in European costume,) and catch them I did. Every man was carrying his shoes under his arm, while his feet were encased in, to him, the by far more comfortable sandals, while his cross belt, etc., was about as much at sixes and sevens as anything possibly could be. The word was quickly passed along the line that a "Togine" (foreigner) was in sight; a halt was ordered at once, and the command given "Dress feet," the first time, by the way, I ever heard the order given I must say "dressing feet" did not improve the gait, if it did the appearance of the men. As they filed past me, every man seemed cursing the foreigner and wishing him and his shoes at—well, I'll be polite and use Japanese—Jing-o-kn. My friends afterwards informed me that as the army passed Kanagawa they all had on their shoes, cross belts, etc., in fact were in "full fig," but awfully lame (a few kind hearted foreigners accompanied them some five miles along the Tokaido, out of pure devilment. Of course they would not call a halt and "undress feet" so long as a single "Togine" remained in sight.)

The Prince of Satsuma has been one of the most extensive buyers of steamers, he having purchased some six within a period of twelve months, and that at no small cost either. For the steamer *Lancefield* he paid something like one hundred and eighty thousand dollars, while the smaller steamers varied in price from eighty-five to one hundred thousand dollars. The transferring of the *Lancefield* will long be remembered in Yokohama. This was the first steamer of any importance purchased by the Japanese: the hoisting of the flag, was, on that account, looked forward to with considerable interest by the foreign residents. I was on board at the time the transfer was made, and it really was too absurd to observe the manner in which the officials examined the different articles, such as beds, (a luxury which, in all probability, they had never seen in their lives before,) lamps, chrystal, and the numerous articles in the steward's department. Each and every article was duly inspected, the parties at the same time not showing the slightest astonishment, intimating, in fact, as well as they could by their looks: "Oh, that's nothing, we have all this;" and in some instances fancied that they considered the goods rather inferior to those of their own manufacture. The hauling down of the English, and the hoisting up of the Japanese flag, was, however, the event of the day, combined with a decided anxiety on the part of the foreigners on board, to see the private flag of the owner. The salute in honor of the hoisting of the Japanese flag is fired, quick as lightning, down comes the English ensign, and the Japanese is run up to the "peak"—all eyes are turned toward the main, to have a look at the private flag—Ah! it has just touched the "truck," and in a second the armorial bearings of the Prince of Satsuma will float over the good ship *Lancefield*. What is that I hear, a gentle murmur, at first, as if in doubt. The flag floats in the breeze, and a shout arises of what? "My Uncle," for there are the three white balls and the pair of seales, emblazoned on a blue ground, and these are the armorial bearings of the Prince of Satsuma!

[For the Californian.]

INDIAN REFORMATION AND INCORPORATION.

"It was advocated in Congress recently, that the true way to settle our Indian troubles, was to incorporate the different tribes into our own communities and make them useful instead of useless. It is by far the wisest plan yet suggested."—*New York Herald, July 23d*, 1867.

CHAPTER I.

EFFECT OF TEACHING.

IN pursuance of this plan, several Indian tribes, embracing the Pawnees, Blackfeet, Cheyennes and Apaches, were, in the year 1869, captured by overwhelming numbers and "incorporated" into several philanthropic communities, who believed the Red man to be picturesque and romantic.

Howling Serpent and his tribe, guarded and prevented from stampeding by soldiery, were taken to Muggsville where they were immediately sermonized by the Rev. Ebenezer Puffball, their spiritual guide and general superintendent.

The Rev. Ebenezer Puffball believed in Old Testament wrath for the heathen, and New Testament mercy for the white man. He was one of those stormy divines who must be "worked up" to preach powerfully.

To the Indians he descanted upon the advantages of civilization. He told them how much better they would enjoy this life in trying to live like white men, rather than struggling for a precarious existence on the plains. He talked of the moral influences of stoves, stove pipe hats and the Press. He assured them they would feel much more comfortable in pantaloons, as soon as they learned their proper manipulation, than leggins and breechelouts, and in the most fervid manner did he preach to the squaws of the protection to shrinking virtue afforded by the wearing of hoop skirts, waterfalls and white stockings.

Warming up in this portion of his discourse he frothed at the mouth, stamped a hole through the pulpit floor, and committed an assault and battery on the Bible and Psalm book.

Howling Serpent imagining this to be the white man's war-dance, and partaking of the preacher's excitement, arose in all his native majesty and simplicity, and so howled that all the white sisters, as well as Parson Puffball, fled in dismay.

The soldiers then rushed in and speedily reduced Howling Serpent to a proper condition of civilized religious awe and reverence.

CHAPTER II.

UNSUCCESSFUL INCORPORATION.

The "incorporated" Indians were sent to Sunday school. March Squall, a Cheyenne brave, was "incorporated" in Mr. Cramp's class. Here is the result of his initiatory effort.

"March Squall," said Mr. Cramp, "Who made you?"

"Manitou, the Great Spirit."

Mr. Cramp assured March Squall that he was manifestly in the wrong, and then proceeded to give his own ideas of the author of his origin and creation.

"Humph!" replied the controversial Indian. "White man's God very good for white man. Ingin see Manitou in thunder, lightning, in prairie flower, in sunshine. White man come—take away Ingin's land—take away Ingin's God—take all—Humph!"

"Alas!" groaned Mr. Cramp, "how great the ignorance and perverseness of these Occidental Amelkites." He also found the sentiments of the untutored savage relative to matrimony in a shockingly demoralized condition.

"Have you a wife?" said he.

"Yes, me had two."

"And one is a saint in Heaven, I suppose," said Mr. Cramp.

"No, Winter Wind no dead—her bad woman—keep storm in wigwam all time—March Squall no like—he say you go—bime-by learn better—no want storm all time—want some sunshine—then take Spring Rain."

"And was the change for the better?" inquired Mr. Cramp, who temporarily forgetting the regeneration of the heathen, saw in Mrs. Winter Wind, a prototype of Mrs. Cramp.

"Yes, Spring Rain very good—she thunder little some time—sometime cloudy Humph!—me like that—more sunshine afterward—all sunshine no good."

"Much Squall," said Mr. Cramp, suddenly reverting to his conversional labors, "you must immediately be legally married. It is scandalous for you to go on in this way."

"Tink me love squaw botter when white medicine man say words out of book over me," was the scornful reply of this son of the forest.

Mr. Cramp for a moment wished that no one had ever "said any words" over him and Mrs. Cramp; but he dismised the subject with a sigh, and then made another theological charge upon the Indian.

"March Squall, did you not know that it is very wicked for you to kill your white brothers?"

"Chief, yon hab plenty land—What you call em farm?"

"Yes," said Mr. Cramp.

"Who give you him, farm."

"My father left it to me."

"Chief, my faders left me heap land—plenty deer—plenty buffalo—plenty meat for squaw and pappoose—Bime-by white man come—bring fire water, bible, fire-horse—venisou no more plenty—no more meat—Injun go—go all time. What you tiuk."

To this Mr. Cramp quoted Scripture, and said: "The Lord hath delivered unto us the land of the heathen as an inheritance forever and ever."

CHAPTER III.

HOW THEY WERE MADE USEFUL.

Mrs. Skinflint "incorporated" Willow Waud, one of the squaws iuto her family.

Mrs. Skinflint rejoiced at the prospect of securing help without pecuniary remuneration; but her rejoicing was short.

Willow Wand broke an ordinary month's wages worth of crockery on the first day, and on the second blew up herself and Mrs. Skinflint, by the injudicious handling of a camphene lamp.

Mr. Skinflint took Howling Serpent to help work the farm. Howling Serpent on the third day of his novitiate, discovered a box of matches and a jug of rum. Aided by these artists in the pursuit of amusement and instruction, he fired the barns and haystacks, and contrived to be burned up along with them.

The Rev. Mrs. Ebenezer Puffball had great trouble with her heathen female help. She dressed Morning Star (whom, by the way, she baptized as speedily as possible iuto Mehitabel Puffball,) in hoops, petticoats, pantalets, shoes and stockings.

Evidently this array was distasteful to the aboriginal mind, for she turned her petticoat into a blanket, worn without much regard to civilized propriety and persisting in regarding the hoops as a portable wigwam.

Mr. Stintem took Bloody Knife, Steal Horse and Knock Brains to assist him in cutting wood. Mr. Stintem and the dusky sons of the forest never came home to supper, and search being made, he was found in a few days, very bald indeed, and not long after, the three braves, with three of Mr. Stintem's horses and one package of Mr. Stintem's hair, were captured one hundred and fifty miles distant, by a company of soldiers.

The work of incorporation and making them useful was attended with much anxiety and trouble, which is apt to produce premature baldnesss.

The last distressing casuality attending the work of Indian civilization, emanated from Bloody Bear, an Apache chief, who, being "incorporated" into Mr. Mayday's family, and set to the performance of something useful, was on Thanksgiving day left at home to tend the baby, and guard from overplus of heat, a roasting turkey. The sermon proved a long one. Bloody Bear became hungry. So he ate the turkey, and with a tender regard for the disappointed appetites of the Mayday's, spitted the infant, and substituted it for the departed fowl. Although on their arrival home, it was done to a turn, and Bloody Bear assured them that he was "heap cook" and "Big Injun, me." Yet they were not at all gratified by the change.

After this, Apache dry nurses were at a discount in that neighborhood.

PRENTICE MULFORD.

"OWEN MEREDITH."—Mr. Edward Robert Bulwer-Lytton—has written a volume of poems entitled *Chronicles and Characters*, which is announced for publication.

Two Hundred Thousand Dollars worth of new Fall Dry Goods to be sold at great bargains. Meagher, Taaffe & Co., having made immense purchases of new Fall Dry Goods at the recent great auction sales of H. M. Newhall & Co., and Voison, Ris & Co., are now selling them at surprisingly low prices at their retail store, No. 9 Montgomery street. The goods consist of French, English and American dry goods, black and colored silks, wool and silk dress goods, shawls, laces, embroideries, and every style of housekeeping goods. For a more particular specification of these goods, see Meagher, Taaffe & Co's. advertisement elsewhere in this paper.

THE ITALIAN RESTAURANT.—This favorite restaurant, No. 515 Merchant street, opposite the Washington Market, has for years past sustained an enviable reputation for the good fare it served for the moderate price of fifty cents per meal. "The Italian" has recently been purchased by Mr. Guiseppe Cabenaso and the public may rely that nothing will remain undone by its new proprietor to sustain its good name and popularity.

A GOOD THING.

I AM ashamed to confess that I have been a thief. It is humiliating to reflect that, at an earlier period of my career, I should nt any time have so far forgotton myself as to have beeu guilty of the vulgar offence of petty lorceny from the person. It is sad to remember, moreover, that, this being my third mistake of that natnre, I was condemned for it to five years' penal servitude. Doubly humiliating it was when after having been liberated on a ticker-of-leave for good conduct, I discovered how many professions were open to me of a far more lucrative character than my former calling, and althongh beyond the reach of the law.

It occured to me that, with a small capital, say fifteen ponnds, I might be ahle in a short time to realise almost an independency for one in my position, by very simple means, and quite honestly—that is to say, when viewed in connection with scme successful husiness oporations in the highest walks of commerce which have come within my notice.

Accordingly, on my release, I went to an acquaintance of mine, a pawnhroker with whom I had formerly done husiness in another way, and stated my intention of turning over a new leaf. I hinted it was possible he might have in his possession a number of valuable articles, such as watches, rings, and so forth, which, for certain reasons, it would he inadvisible to offer for sale; hut for which he might, nevertheless, be glad to find a market. Singular enough, he had. I proffered my services to assist in disposing of these articles, for the very reasonahle commission of five per cent. My overtures being nccepted, I requested my friend to make out pawn-tickets for all the trinkets, priced at their full value, thirty pounds. Having done so, he the entrusted then tickets to my charge, and handed me in advance the commission of thirty shillings.

With a portion of this money I paid for the following advertisement in a daily paper:

£15. WANTED, for ten days, by a professional gentleman. Eight pounds will be paid for the accommodation, and property deposited worth double the amount. Address, etc.

From about twenty replies I seleeted one with a country post-mark, and in female hand writing. After some correspondence with this lady—a lodging-honse keeper in a sea-side town—she was prevailed upon to advance the money on my terms, which were, Itom, my acceptance at ten days for twenty-three pounds. Item, the deposit of the pawn-tickets for thirty ponnds' worth of valuable jewelry.

When the acceptance hecame due, I was unavoidahly called out of town on important husiness, and did not return for some days; in fact, not until the estimable matron, finding the acceptance dishonored, had endeavored to recover her money by redeeming some of the pledges. She had taken out goods to the amount of ten pounds, but considering they were not worth the money, refused to redeem any more. The pawnbroker, however, knew as well as I did that the tickets, being actually in circulation, would he sure to come hack again some day, and to result in his getting rid of the property at a very good profit. This in course of time actually occurred, for the worthy lady on discovering that the goods were pledged for more than they were worth, was quite sharp enough to dispose of the tickets one by one, for a small premium, among her continnally changing constituency of lodgers; hy this means she partially recnperated the amount she had lost, and carried out my truly fraternal principle of sharing our losses as well as our joys and sorrows among our hrethren in the world. Agonising reflection to a well halaneed mind like mine, it cost her four pounds fifteen. *I* would have made money by it!

During the hours of my retirement from the husy scenes of life (at the expense of my country), I had possessed ample opportunities for reflecting on the inestimahle hlessings of a free press to an enlightened community. I now proceeded to embody the result of those reflections.

I first of all made friends, at some trouble and not a little expense for liquor. with a porter in the employ of Messrs. Danton & Birch, the celebrated auctioneers in Moon street, City, and I ultimately succeeded in prevailing on that porter, for a handsome consideration, to take charge of some letters that would he addressed to me, hut to "his care," at his masters' offices. I impressed upon his mind the necessity of watchfulness, lest any of these letters should miscarry into his employers' hands.

Having thus secured one of the most respectable addresses in Loodon, I next purchased ten pounds' worth of postage stamps, and then sent the subjoined advertisement to three daily newspapers, direeting it to be inserted every other day: three insertions in each paper only:

THE advertiser, being in the enjoyment of a GOOD THING, is willing to impart it to a select number of snbscribers. This is bona fide. Send thirteen postage stamps and a directed envelope to "M.," Esq., care of "H. W.," at Messrs. Danton & Birch, Moon street, City.

This sort of advertisement being rather a stale artifice in itself, I depended for its success, first, on the unimpeachable respectability of the address, and, next, on the manner in which I intended to work it.

At the end of a week, my nine advertisements had brought me one hundred and eighty-four replies. Each reply contained the addressed envelope and thirteen postage stamps and holted, you wrong me—you entirely mistake the chastening influence of meditation and retirement on a just and sensitive mind. What I did was this: In each of the directed envelopes, I folded up the thirteen stamps I had received, *together with thirteen more*, in a neat piece of paper containing only these words and figures:

See Genesis xlii. 35.

Imagine the surprise and curiosity of my one hundred and eighty-four clients, when, on opening the letter, each found twenty-six stamps returned for the thirteen he had forwarded, and had turned up the quotation, "And it came to pass as they emptied their sacks, behold every man's bundle of money was in his sack."

I stopped my advertisements for a week. Still a few straggling applications dropped in, making the total number of replies two hundred and twenty-seven.

Now, I knew very well that out of my two hundred and twenty-seven constituents, each of whom had received a present of thirteen postage stamps, there would hardly he one who would not apply to me again. In a general way, if a fish take your bait and he not hooked, he will come hack to you. Most of my fish would reason thus: "I cannot lose anythings, for, heing thirteen postage stamps in pocket, I risk nothing by a second venture." But I depended most of all on securing in each of my clients the very hest advertising medium I could desire; for I notice that whereas people who get stupidly swindled, are apt to hold their tongues ahout it, persons successful in matters of doubtful issue are invariably anxious to inform their friends how very shrewd they have been. In a week I resumed my advertisements; three more insertions.

I had not miscalculated the result. No fewer than one hundred and ninety-four applications came from "original shareholders." At the end of ten days the total number of my subscribers amounted to seventeen hundred and forty-eight.

You will guess, perhaps, that I *now* kept all the stamps. You misjudge me cruelly, and do injustice to the salutary lessons of confinement and contemplation. I returned the stamps of eight hundred of the applicants, with thirteen more enclosed in each envelope, and the same reference to Genesis; taking care to reply to only half the letters from *each* town. Then I inserted my last advertisement.

THE GOOD THING.—The advertiser requests the indulgence of his correspondents; they are so numerous, it is utterly impossible to reply to all by return. He assures them, however, that each client shall receive due attention in rotation.

In a fortnight I was inundated with letters. They came from all parts of the kingdom. Many of them were stamped with coronets, crests, and monograms, that surprised me, though I had made some proficiency in the study of such devices on spoons, in bygone years. My friend the porter brought the letters to my lodgings every morning and evening, on a pair of hand trucks, until in all I had received twelve thousand four hundred and seventy-one. Then Messrs. Danton & Birch had their attention directed to the fact of their house being used as my address. They surprised their porter in the act of "running" a cargo of my letters; him they discharged; the letters they confiscated. It grieves me to reflect on the melancholy fate of the porter, likewise on the number of postage stamps diverted from their proper channel. It is fair to say, though, that I believe Messrs. Danton & Birch religiously returned every postage stamp that fell into their hands. This is highly satisfactory to a mind, etc. Even I could have done no more.

You will very likely think that I *now* stopped the correspondence? Not quite correct, even now. Honesty is ever the best policy. First, I took the precaution of removing my letters, my valuable stamps, and my valuable self, into the country. Then, from my rural retreat, I proceeded to impart to my twelve thousand four hundred and seventy one constituents, the grand arcana and mystery of "The Good Thing." Although at a tremendous sacrifice of stamps, I held myself pledged to reply to each correspondent, as an honorable and professional man.

That my privacy might not be disturbed by disagreeable inquiries, I took the precaution to forward my letters twice a week to London in a hale, to my dear friend, the pawnbroker, for the sake of the London post-mark. He posted them for me at the "General."

It took exactly a month to complete my extensive correspondence. No postage stamps were returned *this* time; but each letter contained the following piece of advice, neatly inscribed on the best baronial cream-laid note (and in my opinion it is a precept more priceful than postage stamps, and should be written in letters of gold):

To inquirers for the Good Thing: See Luke x. 37. Go and do likewise.

With a view to attract into the paths of honesty and virtue those of my misguided brethren still pursuing the highly reprehensible occupation of vulgar robbery, I subjoin my balance-sheet, which cannot fail to prove an incentive to the practice of honest labor for daily bread. In proof of its having taught me the beauties of rectitude, I wish to call attention to one item it contains. I refer to income tax. My retiring and gentle nature could not brook a "return," to undergo the scrutiny of a curious surveyor; but a recent number of the *Times* contains the following notification: "The Chancellor of the Exchequer begs to acknowledge the receipt of the second half of a Bank of England note for ten pounds, on account of income-tax, from M., Esq." Need I add that M. stands for *Me?*

I wish to add a general moral.

To steal in the lump from any one person is disreputable and foolish, besides rendering you amenable to the law; but so to conduct your negotiations as to distribute a given loss (*your* profit) among the largest possible body of constituents, is the true theory of commercial prosperity.

THE BALANCE-SHEET.

Dr.

To cash received:	£	s.	d.
Commission from pawnbroker	1	10	0
Capital negotiated	15	0	0
Postage stamps received from 12,471 clients	675	10	3
	£692	0	3

Cr.

By cash paid:	£	s.	d.
Paid advertisements for loan	0	12	0
Paid advertisements, 1st series of The Good Thing	1	17	6
Paid stamps returned, 227 clients	12	5	11
Postage of ditto	0	18	11
Paid advertisements, 2d series of The Good Thing	1	17	6
Paid stamps returned, 800 clients	43	6	8
Postage of ditto	3	6	8
Paid last advertisement	0	16	6
Paid postage, 12,471 letters	51	19	3
Stationery	11	5	0
Paid income-tax	10	0	0
	138	5	11
Balance in hand, being nett profit	553	14	4
	£692	0	3

THE CORNUCOPIA OF 1867.—The following from a St. Louis paper affords a pleasant prospective of the condition of the wheat growing country of the great "Northwestern States:"

"The country laughs with an abundant harvest. Throughout the greater part of Illinois, this State and Kansas, the crop already partly harvested has been very large; the promises of the crops not yet gathered in, not only in these States, hut to the northward, is very bright, and from the South and East all reports concur in representing the yield as exceedingly abundant. Famine is no longer feared. Speculators in grain count their losses, and consumers already rejoice in a fall of prices. The country is richer already, and feels it. Some estimate that the crop of 1867 alone would more than half pay the national debt.

It is not merely in the actual increase of wealth, that this bountiful harvest will do good. It will make life easier for all laborers and consumers. To the poorer classes, especially, the abundance of provisions, bringing low prices, will be peculiarly grateful. But this is not all. Agriculture is the basis of all our prosperity. When that fails, everything stagnates. The blood in all the veins and arteries of business flows feebly. With a bountiful harvest it bounds gladly through the pulses, fresh, vigorous, and full of life, the strength returns and activity becomes a necessity.

Millions of dollars have been locked up waiting for this harvest. Business of all kinds has waited. The storm cloud has passed. The sky is clear again, and every one feels that business must now revive. Confidence, the parent of prosperity, returns. The farmer receives a handsome sum, and puts no small part into circulation at once. The money starts machinery that has stood idle; revives trade that had been dormant."

THE BABY.—The small despot asks so little that all nature and reason are on his side. His ignorance is more charming than all knowledge, and his little sins more bewitching than any virtue. All day, between his three and four sleeps, he coos like a pigeon-house, sputters and spurns, and puts on his face of importance; and when he fasts the little Pharisee fails not to sound his trumpet before him. Out of block, thread spools, cards and checkers, he will build his pyramid with the gravity of Palladio. With an acoustic apparatus of whistle and rattle he explores the laws of sound. But chiefly like his senior countrymen, the young American studies new and speedier modes of transportation. Mistrusting the cunning of his small legs, he wishes to ride on the necks and shoulders of all flesh. The small enchanter nothing can withstand—no seniority of age, no gravity of character; unless, aunts, cousins, grandsires, granddames—all fall an easy prey; he conforms to nobody, all conform to him; all caper and make mouths, and babble and chirrup to him. On the strongest shoulders he rides and pulls the hair of laurelled heads.

BEAUTY OF AMERICAN WOMEN.—Taking for a subject the last court reception, as these entertainments might be called, a writer in the *Queen* offers an opinion regarding the beauty of our women. He says: "Several Americans were presented at his drawing-room, and, of course, by the wife of their minister here. They were very much admired; in fact, I think we are all willing to admit that American ladies indulge in more elaborate dressing than we do, even at court, and, though their beauty is scarcely so durable as that our cold, northern, damp climate bestows on our countrywomen, in early youth it *surpasses ours*. The presentations by ambassadors and their wives takes precedence of all others; so that the fair strangers from the other side of the Atlantic had the honor of being introduced to royalty before the rest of us."

[The following poem, which appeared in the *Bulletin* a short time since, is republished at the request of the author, with some additions, and the correction of a large number of typographical errors, which obscured the sense as it first appeared in print.]

TRUANTS.

WHEN days are warm and butterflies are thick,
The frolic urchin, with his switching stick,
Strays from the path to school and loiters time,
Barefooted ranger of the summer clime!
Half-conscious in his heart, the while, of crime.

Leaves, that are in his credence, fairy wove,
The dædal blue sky with star-glories trove,
The spring-born brook, that brawls a liquid song,
Lipping its emerald borders all day long—
With merry babble drowning sense of wrong:

The umber fringe of woodlands cool and dim,
The *sotto* drone the myriad insects hymn,
In Nature's somnent accents seem to say,
(Indeed, 'tis difficult to answer nay,)
"Come, little one, I give thee holiday!"

The dandelioned meadows tempt his feet;
Where zigzag barricades of stone wall meet
He sprawls his elfish length, in full revolt;
While acrobatic crickets round him vault,
Marauding squirrels chirking, "Welcome!" halt.

And there the rosy rogue content reclines,
Reveling in quaint moods of quiet shines,
With clover-blossoms wild, of white and red,
Such as we deem delight the newly wed,
Making a lawless, but delicious, bed.

Clouds of soft censure fleck the pastime hour;
Perchance a raindrop from a roving shower
Falls on his nut-brown cheek, or balms his feet;
Pearl-largess tendered to a joy complete,
Making, if anything, his fault more sweet.

And near, staid Robin, of the scarlet breast,
Perches a moment, jealous of his nest;
Quirking his gloss-brown tail with knowing leer,
(There always is a tattler where we fear,)
The while he plaintive pipes, "*Here, here! Here, here!*"

Justice, oft slow, yet sure, anon will rise,
Flashing the nomad's slumber with stern eyes;
But, ah! the picture in so fit a frame,
Making of anger an admiring flame,
Quells the dire glance and wiles the tongue from blame.

And well it may. Are we not truants all?
Respondents to delusion's graceless call,
Trampers in crooked by-paths from the road,
(The proverb myth, the jewel-headed toad,)
Where Duty waits us with incumbent load?

Ay, very truants all high-class and low:
Heads with love-locks, and heads as white as snow;
Yet does the Master gently welcome back,
His ample garments lending to their lack,
Necessitous rebels to the loyal track.

Lessons are often hard, temptations great;
The foul side sometimes seems the fair of fate,
And so we err, and then with meek excuse,
A plausible and ever ready ruse,
Return, sad vagrants, flaunting flags of truce.

If He, whose rule is golden, spares the child
Of mature growth, by evil gild beguiled
From paths of irksome duty, need we fear,
Even though the trepassers to us are dear,
If we with trespasses are not severe?

Ah, no! be merciful, ye who are weak;
Rogues of a subtler age may well bespeak
The kindly grace they hope for when they band,
Beseeching mercy with uplifted hand,
Shame-faced at last around the Master's stand.

Precepts that fade in practice bud in creed;
Slips of exotic thought, flowers of rare seed
Climb in walled gardens, fall in open fields;
For elemental freedom conflict yields,
Where wind, and storm, and sunshine, toss their shields.

Sweet are the tasks of Charity; her sense,
Coined from the wealth that cancels all offence,
Ensaints the palms that are in pity spread,
(And all are wanderers but the reverend dead,)
For Love's large sake above the truant's head.

Time's hours are all school hours; pupils astray
Meet us at every turn without dismay,
Far from the pleasant door where Goodness waits,
Hoping for the return of Truth's lost mates,
Even to the folding of the sunset gates.

Lo, while our feet are in the brambled path,
Be we not monitors in guise of wrath;
But locking hands with stumblers, humbly trace
Our backward way to where the Patient Face
Watches and waits for all the ribald race.

September, 1867. W. A. KENDALL.

IT cannot be too deeply impressed on the mind that application is the price to be paid for mental acquisitions, and that it is absurd to expect them without it as to hope for a harvest where we had not sown the seed.

MAN is placed in this world as a spectator; when he is tired of wondering at all the novelties about him, and not till then, does he desire to be made acquainted with the causes that created these wonders.

"THE CALIFORNIAN" AT TOMALES BAY.

A Brief Prelude—An Invitation and its Results—The Departure—Arrival at Tomales Bay—An Excursion—Toasts and Speeches—A Dance—Tomales and Vicinity—A Word to the City Laborer, etc., etc.

[SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE TO THE "CALIFORNIAN."]

BOHEMIAN PALACE, SEPT. 1867.

AS the bee surfeited with honeyed pleasures, culled from the sweet heart of floral treasures, so I find myself flitting about the pretty little town of Tomales, on Tomales Bay, Marin county. As we are proof invulnerable to the Damascus blade-like assaults of critics, we will bear up under the honors of being called a poet for the "transcendant beauty" of style in which we here commenced this letter. We trust there is no encroachment, however, on Bro. Ridge's special poetical forte in his treatment of woodpecker poetry, on which domain he laments our young California poet, Mr. Stoddard, should have made dangerous inroads. But this is not the time or place for gossip. Business is the order of the day. The question is, What brought us here. Let us tell the story, in its simple glory.

AN INVITATION AND ITS RESULTS.

By special invitation of our esteemed friend, J. H. Kincaid, Esq., of the California, Oregon and Mexico Steamship Company, we were one added to a party of guests invited on board the splendid iron screw steamer *Gussie Telfair*, Captain Joseph Williams, bound on an "initial trip" to Tomales Bay, between which point and San Francisco, the steamer will hereafter run as a semi-weekly line.

THE DEPARTURE.

On the afternoon of the 3d instant, previous to our departure, a very gay and festive party assembled in the cabin of the steamship, as she lay moored at the foot of Folsom street wharf. There were present Messrs. Holladay and Brenham, the energetic agents of the C. O. & M. Steamship Company, Capt. Johnson of the *Del Norte*, Capt. Connor of the *Idaho*, Capt. Thorn of the *Oriflame*, Messrs. Fay and Bryant, chief engineers of the company's line. We "weighed anchor and put out to sea."

ARRIVAL AT TOMALES BAY.

On the morning of the 4th, we lay calmly riding at anchor in the picturesque bay of Tomales, and were boarded by about 300 ladies and gentlemen from Tomales and vicinity. We had a decidedly merry time on board, and at the hour of 1 o'clock the entire party sat down to a sumptious dinner. This over we took a steam round the bay and returned at 5 o'clock. Then followed many toasts and speeches. The first toast—"The *Gussie Telfair*"—was responded to, in a happy style, by Warren Dutton, Esq., of Tomales. The usual toasts of "The Ladies," "The Press," "Stars and Stripes," etc., followed. These having been duly honored the party returned to shore, highly pleased with the days' festivities.

The citizens having invited Capt. Williams and his San Francisco guests to a dance at the American hotel at Tomales, the party visited the town in the evening, and were most hospitably entertained.

THE TOWN AND VICINITY.

Tomales is about fifty miles up the coast from San Francisco, and is cosily located at the head of Tomales Bay. It is the principal seaport of Marin County, contains about 300 inhabitants, and is surrounded by a very fine grazing and agricultural country. It contains a Catholic church, school houses, two good hotels, the one already mentioned and the Continental, owned by Messrs. Ethier and Clouette. The shipments from this point are large; three immense storehouses have been built, owned respectively by Messrs. Keyes, Dutton and Brady. The county is rich enough to support a paper in Tomales. A readable little weekly, the Marin County *Journal*, is now published at San Rafael.

A WORD TO THE CITY LABORER.

In and about this vicinity there are very many Irish farmers, and not a few merchants, who present a marked and improved contrast to the great majority of their countrymen who persist in living in crowded cities. These farmers are mostly wealthy, and have every comfort about them that their hearts can crave. They have lands and houses and cattle, and do not have to run to the store for every pound of butter, quart of milk or loaf of bread they use. Their homes look comfortable and happy, and there is an Americanized air about themselves and their surroundings that one cannot but consider a vast improvement upon the custom of renting tenements and living from hand to mouth as must, in a majority of cases, necessarily be the case with the laborer in cities. Indeed, there seems to be too great a tendency among all classes of our people to seek the unwholesome and exciting career of a city life for the healthy, calm and beautiful quiet of the country. DR. ADONIS.

A CHILD is never happy from having his own way. Decide for him, and he has but one thing to do; put him to please himself, and he is troubled with everything and satisfied with nothing.

USE not evasions when called upon to do a good thing, nor excuses when you are reproached for doing a bad one.

A CHAPTER OF HUMOR.

THE NEW CHESTERFIELD.

BY JOHN QUILL.

[He writeth a letter to his son, and giveth him instruction in the art of good behavior.]

MY DEAR SON: You have by this time arrived at that period in your life when you will have to enter into good society, and it is advisable that you should have some instruction in regard to the customs of the social world, and of the duties that you will be required to perform.

You are just of that age when clumsiness will be your most striking peculiarity. Your feet will be much out of proportion to your body, and your general configuration will bear some resemblance to an old yellow pine clothespin. To dance with a lady under these circumstances would be madness, for in all probability you will plant an acre or so of boot leather on her dress, and rip out some gathers, while she rips out a lot of subdued profanity; or you will flatten out a number of her toes, or run her against the piano and cause her to think you are about as graceful as a jointed doll, which you ain't, my son, for you put me more in mind of a long-legged pointer pup cavorting around on the grass, than any other member of the brute creation I know of.

As you can't dance without letting your legs fly around against the looking-glasses and things, your finest chance will be to assume the character of a wall flower, and stand up against the partition all the evening. Of course you will feel miserable, but that's what you go there for. Your hands will feel about the size of a palm leaf fan. If you do not know what to do with them, it will be well to twiddle your thumbs until you can think of something.

Of course you will imagine everybody is looking at you, and you will begin to perspire freely, and grow red in the face as if your shirt collar was too tight for you. But no matter how utterly wretched you feel you've got to keep up a feeble smile, and if you can lay your hands on any other miserable young man like yourself you can talk together and pretend you are enjoying yourself intensely.

If any imprudent person asks you to sing, positively refuse, especially if the master of the house had a grandfather who worked in a saw-mill. He will probably think you are trying to insult him by imitating a cross-cut saw for the amusement of the company. Besides, you will observe the minute you begin to sing, everybody will begin to talk louder, to avoid enduring any unnecessary agony.

When you are introduced to a girl you will, of course, be scared half to death, and for the next five minutes you will be as silent as the grave, for you won't know what to say, and you will feel that you would cheerfully make any sacrifice of fortune, of life, or future prospects, for a chance to get away from that girl.

But you have got to talk to her, my child, and after standing there a while like some slab-sided cigar store Indian, it will propably flash through your mind to observe that the weather is fine, or the company pleasant this evening. Or you will ask her does she skate, or is she fond of dancing, or whether her pa lets her go to the theatre.

Go in heavy on these things, my son. Originality is such a rare gift, that when a beneficent Heaven gives it to us, we ought to exercise it sumptiously.

When you go to supper always help the ladies first, and when they are supplied, pile a plate so full that six ordinary women could live on it for a week, and then go around as if you thought they were not all helped. You can then manifest regretful surprise, after which you, of course, go into a corner where you will have a soft thing to yourself.

If you happen to be with a girl, and it seems to you that you would like to impress her favorably, you will, of course, get a plate of ice cream for her, and then while you are walking toward her with about as much grace as a crippled straddle-bug, if you can get some fellow to jog your elbow and sluice the cream over the girl's silk dress, you can calculate on arousing a deep passion in her bosom.

You've only got to get one of your brogans tangled among her hoops then and rip out about nine yards of wire-work, and you've got the thing all in your own hands to a certain extent.

If you are asked out to dinner, do not try to eat asparagus like a gun swallowing a ramrod, and if you must eat your mashed potatoes with your knife, don't try to create the impression that you are a sword swallower by profession, or that your efforts are directed to performing a surgical operation on your palate; and don't put the cold slaw into your mouth as if you were in the country, and were throwing hay into a hay mow.

If you have on a white cravat, and anybody mistakes you for a clergyman, and asks you to say grace, don't be frightened and go wandering off among the ten commandments, and don't forget yourself so far as to begin reciting poetry.

And just so when you undertake to relate an anecdote, it will make everybody unhappy with disappointment if you forget what the point was and how it ended.

And so, my boy, I send you out into the world. If you do feel as miserable and about as intelligent at first as an oyster on the half-shell, go in and do your best, and you will come out right in the end.—*Philadelphia Sunday Transcript.*

NOTICE.

The publication of "THE CALIFORNIAN" *takes place on Saturday mornings, and copies may be obtained in the City at all News stands, and of our News-agents through the country. It will also be served by carriers on the morning of publication.*

WHITE & BAUER, *News Dealers, No.* 413 *Washington street, are General Agents for* THE CALIFORNIAN *in the interior counties of this State, also, for the adjacent States and Territories.*

All kinds of JOB PRINTING done with neatness and despatch at reasonable rates.

J. P. BOGARDUS,
J. F. BOWMAN. } *Editors and Proprietors.*

THE CALIFORNIAN.

SAN FRANCISCO,.....SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1867.

A PHILISTINE COMMUNITY.

WE believe that Mr. Carlisle was the first English writer who applied the term "Philistines" to a certain description of people, in a sense similar to that in which it has, we know not for how long, been a favorite epithet with German students. In the student vocabulary—its meaning appears to have been a little vague, and it was often applied to unacademical persons who were for almost any cause offensive or uncongenial from a university point of view. Mr. Carlyle uses the epithet sometimes as applicable to people of an intensely utilitarian turn of mind, having little sympathy with culture, except in its directly practical bearings, and at others he applied it to the class of characters compounded of stolidity pomposity and conceit, with pride of wealth as an additional element, so happily typified by Dickens in "Mr. Podsnap." Quite recently, Matthew Arnold has undertaken a most precise description of what constitutes a "Philistine." The people who believe most in riches, "and who give their lives and thoughts to becoming rich," he says, "are just the very people whom we call the Philistines." And he adds: "Never did people believe anything more firmly, than nine Englishmen out of ten at the present day believe that our being so very rich," which sounds like a general charge of Philistinism against the whole nation. But he goes further on than this, and declares that were it not for "the purging effect wrought upon our minds by culture," teaching us not only to say, but to perceive and feel that wealth "is only machinery," the whole world, "the future as well as the present would inevitably belong to the Philistines." Regarded in this light, there is a strong tendency toward Philistinism in every wealthy and industrial community, and most certainly San Francisco furnishes no exception to the rule. Nowhere are material interests more dominant, nowhere are wealth and success more reverenced. Nowhere does a coarser and grosser ideal of life and its supreme ends, and of what constitutes happiness, prevail. As a community, we do not believe in culture, or love it for its own sake. We respect it if it pays, or if it helps in a practical career, in the struggle for office or power, but for itself, not at all. Certainly our industrialism, our devotion to the practical, is excessive and exaggerated. Professor Whitney's labors in the Geological Survey disappointed us, because they had been conducted in the spirit of a savant, and with an eye to the advancement of science. We wanted him to tell us how to find gold mines and districts of coal, whereas he concerned himself mainly with the larger aspect and theories of geology. Fewer books are bought by our people, in proportion to the population than in almost any of the Eastern States. We have given very poor encouragement to our artists, and though lavish in our expenditure for upholstery and furniture, grudge the price of a picture. Men who never haggle about the price of their wines or their cigars, will beat down their children's music teacher, and go without a new book about which they are curious, unless they can borrow it. Popular, and widely known as "Mark Twain" is, his book met with a very small sale here. Mr. Stoddard's poems, will not, we fear, do even as well. California has reason to be proud of him, says the New York *Weekly Review*, but we suspect that California would be a great deal prouder of a mammoth squash, or a prize pig, than of a genuine poet. Poetry does not pay, and to the Californian mind the thing that doesn't pay is necessarily a very poor thing. Things in California are good and great in proportion as they *pay*. The pecuniary standard is decisive. Gentlemen do not hesitate a moment to pay three dollars per bottle for a choice champagne, grumble because two dollars or two and a half is charged for a new book. Upon the whole, we are inclined to the opinion that the people of San Francisco will have to be classed with the "Philistines," if Matthew Arnold's description of the genus is accepted as authoritative.

PRENTICE MULFORD.—This afternoon, Prentice Mulford, whose writings in this paper have been generally admired, both here and in the Atlantic States, will leave for Stockton to assume the editorial duties of the daily *Gazette*. Mr. Mulfrod will continue to contribute to THE CALIFORNIAN.

PROGRAMME JOURNALS.—Mr. Paul F. Nicholson, of the N. Y. *World*, is about to start a new programme journal, called the *Season*. We understand that a theatrical paper, to be conducted in a strictly impartial manner, will be published in this city in a course of a week or two.

THE PACIFC MUSICAL GAZETTE.

THE September number of this valuable periodical duly made its appearance at the beginning of the month. This issue does not contain so much original matter as did the numbers preceding it, there having been but few important musical events during the month of August. The production of *L'Africaine* and the capital performance of the Harmonic Society (*Die Barden,*) are duly chronicled. Concerning the opera of *L'Africaine*, the editor makes the following remarks:

"As to the music of the opera, we approach the subject with many misgivings We had. long before its production in San Francisco, read the pæns in which one school of art critics lauded its beauties, and the adverse criticisms of another class who could only see in the work another proof of that 'artistic bankruptcy' which its composer is said to have already foreshadowed in some portions of his former compositions. That there are few melodies in the opera likely to catch the popular, or even the cultivated ear is very true; neither can the conscientious critic insist that the various combinations of tones in the harmony are to be commended. The bewildering transitions of keys; the abrupt changes of the *tempi;* the effects sought to be produced by chords which irresistably remind us of Wagner, may, when the 'music of the future' becomes a recognized fact be appreciated; but, at present, they can no more be enjoyed than can the reading of a book whose author sets at defiance the recognized rules of grammar. While, however, we are not insensible to these defects, we are very far from believing that the opera does not contain much music which is very beautiful and very characteristic. Much less are we of those who believe that its success is more attributable to artificial causes than to its intrinsic merits us a musical work. No amount of puffing and indiscriminate praise could have secured the success with which it met in Europe and the Eastern States, and one unfailing test of its general excellence is that the more familiar we become with the music, the more we appreciate its many beauties."

AN INCIDENT OF THE WAR.

DURING the first months of the late rebellion, when regiment after regiment was hurried forward to Washington in order to render the Capital secure, and prevent Beauregard's advance beyond the lines of Manassas, the officers thereof considered a gay uniform as necessary as a camp kettle. They knew nothing of the hardships of a campaign, or what they would have to endure before the war was over. Gold lace, sword and sash, high boots and spurs, and white gloves, were the first consideration. Blankets and a supply of flannel shirts only secondary. So attached were they to the "pomp and circumstance of glorious war," that many were supposed to sleep in their finery, rather than part with it for a moment.

A Massachusetts regiment had joined the army of the Potomac, it was full in numbers, and gloried in a Colonel, who, while leading the life of a civilian, had been the pride and admiration of the fair sex in the villiage in which he had resided. He was rather vain of his personal appearance, and went to the wars, satisfied that in the end he would rival Ney, "the bravest of the brave," in deeds of valor, and Murat in the brilliancy of attire. The uniform as prescribed by army regulations he appeared in constantly, and his pride was to keep it as free from dust and dirt as possible.

Sometime after joining the army, this regiment was ordered for duty on the picket line, and the Colonel felt proud of the honorable position his command was assigned to; he was ambitious and zealous, and went the rounds in person to see that his men were on the alert, and that not a "reb." was allowed within the range of his Springfield muskets. He was a smokist, and on one occasion had stopped at a picket-firo to light his pipe; he was on his knees picking up a coal to drop into the bowl of his favorite meerchaum, when he felt a sharp stab in his rear. Dropping his pipe, he exclaimed in the most piteous terms, "Oh, Lord! don't shove that bayonet into me; spare my life and I'll surrender," and looking over his shoulder, expecting to see the burly form of one of Stonewall Jackson's men, he found, much to his delight, *that he had only been sitting on the rowel of one of his elegant spurs.*

THE *Round Table* has entered upon its sixth volume, and has every indication of having attained an unequivocal success. During the earlier stage of its existence it evinced a taste for the sensational, an arrogance of tone, and a superciliousness in its criticism that seemed to us by no means attractive. But during the last year, the paper has undergone a very great change in its whole character, and it is to-day the best weekly paper in the United States.

MRS. EMILIE LAWSON.—The steamer which leaves our shores on Monday next, will bear away California's most gifted poetess—not, we trust forever; we may hope for her return. Mrs. Emilie Lawson's genius has won a wide-spread recognition from the Press of California and the Eastern States. Many of her best poems originally appeared in this paper. Kind wishes will go with her, and many will lament even the temporary absence of so dear and esteemed a friend.

THE "Haley Tract," opposite the South San Francisco Homestead property, has been sold for $120,000 to a Homestead Association.

DRAMATIC AFFAIRS.

DAN BRYANT, the Irish comedian, commenced an engagement at Maguire's Opera House on Monday. The engagement of Mr. Bryant to arrive just when he did, displays much judgment and skill in catering to the taste of the public on the part of the management of the Opera House. I have seldom seen a better pleased audience than that, which, on Monday night, thronged Maguire's Opera House. The public had had enough of tragedy for a while, and Irish comedy was just the thing to suit their taste. The pieces played on the opening night were *The Irish Emigrant* and *Handy Andy*. Mr. Bryant became a favorite at once, and every time he opened his mouth was greeted with roars of laughter. I cannot say that this actor possesses as rich a brogue as some other Irish comedians who have visited these shores, neither is his humor so hearty; but it is certain that he has captivated the public of San Francisco. Night after night the house has been crowded, and the new star bids fair to achieve as decided a success as did the last. This afternoon the capital comedy of *London Assurance* will be performed. The entertainment this evening will consist of *Handy Andy* and *Born to Good Luck*. On Monday, Dan Bryant will drop his fooling and appear in the character of the bold "Shamus O'Brien," in the play of that name which was lately successfully produced in the Eastern States.

The production of *True to the Core* proved a profitable speculation to the management of the Metropolitan Theatre, and its success has encouraged them to attempt extraordinary things. For many weeks past all the resources of the establishment have been called into action to prepare for the grand scenic spectacular play of *Azael the Prodigal*. The chief members of the Italian Opera chorus have been engaged to assist in the musical portion of the play; new scenery has been painted and extraordinary stage effects arranged. A great feature will be a procession of a hundred persons, representing the passage of a caravan across the desert. Horses, goats, camels and other animals will be introduced. There is a little difficulty about the camels at present, arising from the fact that there is as deadly an enmity existing between the horse and the camel, as there is between the Irishman and the Chinaman. The horse hates the camel because, as he declares, he works much cheaper than any respectable horse can afford to do, and when a horse is brought in contact with the camel, he shricks at him and tries to bite and kick him. It is hoped, however, that it is possible to procure enlightened and liberal-minded horses who will consent to walk in procession with camels. From all I can learn, the production of *Azael* will be quite an event in the history of the spectacular drama in San Francisco. This afternoon, *True to the Core* will be played, and again in the evening.

TOUCHSTONE.

ITALIAN OPERA.

ONE by one our singing birds are leaving us, and each successive departure makes it more improbable that we shall have another season of Italian Opera at present. Mme. Stella Bonheur, the favorito *contralto*, will sail for New York on the 30th inst., and her numerous friends have tendered her a complimentary farewell benefit, which is announced to take place on Wednesday evening next, at the American Theatre. The opera will be *La Figlia del Reggimento*, in which Mme. Bonheur will assume the fascinating *role* of "Maria," supported by Signor Mancusi as "Sulpizio," Signor Morley as "Tonio," and Mrs. Hall, M. Roucovieri, M. Hennecart, in other parts, with a full chorus and orchestra. Prof. Evans will act as conductor. This is the last opportunity to hear an artist who, with comparatively little experience, has sustained some characters in a style never before equalled here, and has proved herself both vigorous and graceful, impassioned and correct. A brilliant future lies before her; and a host of friends will assemble to wish her farewell on Wednesday evening.

THERE ARE THOSE who believe that no good thing can come out of "Dixie;" to such, if they are house keepers, we would most earnestly recommend an examination of the Dixie Cookery Book, for sale at Romans. It is a far better book of the kind than either Miss Beecher's or Mrs. Hall's, and furnishes many valuable hints to those upon whom devolves the charge of responsibility of a family *menage*.

BY many, the defeat of the Republicans in this State will probably be regarded as an evidence or indication of a change in the balance of political power. We may, therefore, very naturally look for a transfer of allegiance on the part of many ambitious politicans, who have no other aim than political success, and who naturally desire to connect their fortunes with the predominant party.

THE last number of *Every Saturday* announces that "Mr. Dickens is about to start for the United States, where it is believed he will give readings from his works."

FIVE YEARS IN JAPAN.—No. V. of Forbes Maitland's papers on Japan, will be found on the fifth page of this issue.

[For the Californian.]

THE CITY GUARD'S EXCURSION FOR TARGET PRACTICE.

HOW refreshing it is to be able to leave the city for a day, especially, when, with a pleasant company, you drop business, and the cares attendant thereon, and have nothing more to think of than how to reap the greatest amount of enjoyment between daylight and dark. The ordinary "picnic" is all very well in its way, but give me a party where all ought to, even if they do not, know each other; where there is a head that provides everything necessary, and where no "roughs" are tolerated. Then you can "sail in" with perfect freedom, and take a hand in every thing that goes on, and you feel almost as if every one present was an old acquaintance.

MY INVITATION.

The City Guard (Guard bless them) taking into consideration my youth and extreme innocence, and knowing my fondness for a free lunch, very politely sent me a very large envelope, containing a very large card printed in three colors by Turnbull & Smith, ("in a style that other printers vainly try to imitate,") bearing an invitation to join them on an excursion to Encinal Park, in order to witness how they could riddle a pine board with musket balls, and to observe their style of dancing. I was also informed that the boat would leave at 9:30 A. M., sharp, with these there was a ferry ticket, and a piece of red ribbon, and I was informed by a number of gilt letters thereon, (also printed by T. & S.) that I was expected to decorate myself with the latter while on the ground. It also said "guest," so I "guessed" from that, that all my expenses from 9:30 A. M., until about 6 P. M., would be borne by the "Guard," of which company I hope some day or another to be elected an honorary member, and thus be entitled to go on all their excursions (except in cases of riot or to repel an invasion of the State,) and that without being required to carry a musket or buckle on a sword. The invitation was all right, except that car tickets to and from the place of embarcation were not provided, but as I had no time to correct this error, I passed it over, and "accepted with much pleasure"

THE START.

Provided with four bits, to use in case of emergency, and two car tickets, I started for the Alameda boat at a few minutes past eight, wishing to be early on the wharf in order to observe who my companions for the day were to be. I was about the first I believe, and had to wait at least half an hour before another "guest" appeared; but time did not hang heavily on my hands, for leaning against a wharf post, I enjoyed viewing the unpacking of several express wagons that contained much of the good things intended for our "lunch." From the quantity, I judged that two ferry boats would be required to convey the party, but was mistaken, for I found that other appetites were not as moderate as my own, and before the day was over, concluded that another waggon load would not have been amiss, for some of the guests were "dreadful hungry," and managed to get seated at the first table.

In a little time the company began to arrive; every city car discharged its load, many came on foot, and some came in carriages; there were lots of young and pretty girls, and some ditto widows, that I strongly suspect now of having a much greater interest in the City Guard than mere desire to witness the shooting of its members, or to partake of its hospitalities. But they were unknown to me; I had seen some of them before, but there was not a sun shade that I could claim acquaintance with. I felt alone, and began to be low spirited, until the familiar face of a prominent lawyer appeared in view, and then I was all right, for I knew that he never joined an affair of that kind unless some fun came of it before the day was over. I rushed to him, and exclaimed that I was delighted to see him, and asked the reason of his presence. and he replied that "the Courts have adjourned ont of respect to the memory of the late Senator McDougal, and I have come because I could not find a better way to pass the day." I knew then that I was safe, that if I only followed where he was sure to lead, I was certain of acquaintances enough among the gentler sex, for he knows them all, and would be certain to introduce me.

Punctual to the hour named, the sound of a full military band was heard in the distance, and in a few minutes "the Guard" entered the gateway of the wharf, and marched on board the boat. I stood and looked at them as they passed; fine looking chaps they were, and the only one appearing at all ferocious was the Second Lieutenant, he had rather a *wilder* expression of eye than the rest of the company; but I was assured that he was quite peaceable, and not apt to be dangerous on a picnic. After they were on board and halted, and the command "rest" had been given, I passed down the front of the line (I'm very fond of soldiers) to inspect. Suddenly I felt myself grasped by the neck and held in a very uncomfortable position; instantly the thought struck me that martial law had been proclaimed on the lower deck of that boat, and that the soldiers were being instructed "how to do it" in case of being detailed for duty with the Provost Marshal. I knew that a non-commissioned officer had me, for I could get a glance at his elbow, and see the three stripes of a Seargent, and I then succeeded in getting my left hand in my pocket, and presenting my card of invitation, ferry ticket and badge over my right shoulder, I was released at once with only the remark of "how are you, glad to see you, where's your wife?" After shaking myself I discovered that I had been grabbed by an old friend, that his grip was one of affection, and joy at seeing me forming one of the party. I had not recognized him as he came on board by reason of never having seen him in his war paint and feathers before; I shook hands, congratulated him on his fine personal appearance, and left for the upper deck where all the ladies were assembled.

OVER THE BAY.

As soon as we had taken our departure, I looked round for some one to talk to, and it was not long before I managed to be introduced to a laughing-eyed, chatty little body, who went right off into ecstacies over the pleasures of the excursion, and who thought that if the world was only composed of opera, balls, picnics and dry goods stores, living to the age of Methuselah would be enchanting; and singular to relate, her sister, a demure looking person, fully coincided with her. My new acquaintance was very jolly—she laughed at every thing worth being laughed at; went through San Francisco from North Beach to the Mission in a few moments; discussed the opera from Stella Bonheur down to the ballet girls; told me all about the churches, particularly the one over which Doctor Stone presides; gave me an account of the prevailing fashions, and expressed her fondness for them, and wound up by saying that a polka or a gallop was her weakness. She didn't give me a chance to get a word in edgeways, or afford her sister the opportunity of saying how she liked the weather. She talked about everything but scandal, and, wonderful to relate, didn't say a word against any one, and I took a liking to her for that reason, and concluded she would make some good fellow a mighty good little wife. I had no chance to talk to any one else on the trip over, and I did not want to. I was amused and interested with acquaintance number one, and was willing to "let well enough alone."

TO THE PARK.

From the boat to the cars took but a few moments, and the latter were able to contain the party without much crowding. The ride from the end of the wharf to Encinal Park I cannot say much for; it possesses only one advantage that I am aware of, and that is its length—it is delightfully short. If the atmosphere had not been so very hazy, the view across the bay would have been beautiful, and I would willingly have stayed there half an hour to admire; but nothing but water could be seen on one side, and piles of lumber, sand, and an indefinite amount of trees on the other, so I didn't care to wait, and was glad to pass on to our journey's end.

THE PARK.

I am glad to know that it is a park, but why it is, I am at a loss to understand. There are plenty of oak trees, lots of underbrush, and sand enough to make a very respectable shoal in the deepest part of the bay, and it appears to be fenced in, but that is all; remove the fence and it would answer well for a portion of a wilderness. True, there was a platform for dancing; a place that looked like a dilapidated corn crib, for musicians; and a few very rough concerns called tables, spread about, but beyound these attractions I do not know a more dreary looking spot than Encinal Park.

THE PICNIC.

A walk of a few hundred yards from the cars through the sand, brought us to the dancing platform, and of course the dancing at once commenced, the Guard having been marched off somewhere to shoot at a mark. To say anything about the dancing would be nonsense, especially as I don't dance; it will be sufficient to mention the fact that it was kept up with all the spirit usual on such occasions. I have watched men, who say they enjoy dancing, whirling about in a Polka, holding up some gushing young damsel, who likes to be held up, and at the same time lays her head on your shoulder, with eyes starting out of their heads, and months half open as if gasping for breath, with the perspiration streaming down their faces, and yet they say 'tis glorious, fudge! stuff and nonsense! it can't be, or if it is I can't see it. My little acquaintance was given to dancing, and I was obliged to hand her over to some fellow that had the same weakness, and I was again alone, but only for a few minutes, for I was introduced to a young widow, and as she preferred to divide the time, and give some of it to looking on, there was a chance to discuss the surroundings, and reader we discussed them; there was much to be seen about that time, and we saw it all, we did not allow a chance to escape our notice. The second dance was a Quadrille, and the widow deserted me, and now comes the portion of the picnic that "riles" my temper. On rejoining acquaintance number one I was saluted with the very embarrassing question of "Mr.—, are you married?" Here was a home thrust, and I parried it by saying, "why do you ask?" the reply was this: "because I have been told that you are, and that I was very foolish to receive attention from one who has a wife at home." It was no use denying it; I had to own up, and the way I did "catch it" during the balance of the day was a caution. I suppose there were twenty indignant but smiling females who threatened to tell my wife; they expressed an intention of calling upon her expressly for the purpose, but I found that if I offered my arm to any of them, especially among those who appeared the most indignant at my daring to talk to a young lady, it was invariably accepted. It is my intention on all future occasions when I may go on an excursion alone, to put a placard on my back with the following in large letters "MARRIED! Hands off!" This will prevent mistakes, and deprive the young men who consider themselves "out and injured," of the opportunity of rushing around to point out who are bachelors and who are benedicts.

THE LUNCH

Was more than enough for those who were expected to be present, but the crowd became so unexpectedly large, that the third table chaps didn't have much boned turkey or chicken salad. However, all did well, and the commissary of the company is entitled to very great credit for his skillful management. Tubs of iced claret punch, and kegs of lager were lying around loose, and a demijohn of Rye could be found by any one who happened to be "taken bad." The caterer did well, very well; his name I learn is Thomas Hyer; he is, I imagine, one of Charles Sumner and Thad. Stevens particular friends, and I am convinced that had Gorham been elected the other day, his chances of being Purveyor General of the State would have been far better than they are at present. Thomas is a favorite name of mine, and Thomas the caterer, stands *higher* in my estimation than he did before that lunch, and if he will only recollect next time to put covers over the dishes when the wind blows fresh, it will be better for the contents thereof, and the lobster salad will be less gritty than it was last Saturday.

TARGET PRACTICE.

I don't see it, for as I said before, the troops were moved some distance away from the main body of the company. The firing was heard, of course, and it sounded as if our skirmishers were thrown out and had begun to feel the enemy's line. I would suggest to the Guard, however, that next time the target practice should be considered the most important feature of the day, and an opportunity given for all the guests to witness the interesting performance.

PRESENTING THE PRIZES

Was a very pretty and interesting sight. The Guard was drawn up on one side of the platform, the other three being occupied by the guests. As the winning members' name was called he stepped to the front and received his reward. The presentation of the leather medal was made by W. H. L. Barnes, Esq., and he did it in a most touching and affecting manner. He hoped the winner would reach the grade of Major General, a rank that his fine shooting on that day justly entitled him to, and that when the decoration was worn, it would be on that portion of his person most likely to be hit, should he ever be engaged with an enemy. (?) (Much sobbing followed these remarks, and the speaker was much affected.) The reply of the recipient was very proper and very appropriate; he had appreciated leather from his childhood. His first recollections were of leather, as applied to his person by an angry father, and he could not but think of it kindly, and would never cease to value the highly ornamented piece he had that day received as a reward for his inability to hit the side of a barn, at fifty yards distance, as the weather was very *hazey!*

A very handsome hat was afterwards presented by the Guard, to the Bay City Base Ball Club, for having defeated some other club in a match that was played during the day!

HOME AGAIN.

Thus ended the operations of the day, and we were soon on board the cars and thence to the boat, and at 6 o'clock P. M., were safe along side the wharf at Frisco. I had a jolly time, and so had all the party. Indeed I never passed a more delightful day, and am under many obligations to the company whose guest I was, for the kindness and attention shown me on the occasion.

A SUGGESTION.

I take the liberty of suggesting to the Guard, that at their next annual excursion, they change from Encinal Park to the vicinity of Saucelito. (I own no property at the latter place or any where else that I wish to bring into notice.) The last named spot possesses every advantage; it is good for shooting, dancing or flirting; there is no dust or sand; and there is plenty of shade, and superb scenery. It is, without doubt, one of the most beautiful places about this vicinity, and the only wonder is, that it is not better known, and more highly appreciated. I speak knowingly; I have been there, and if the Guard will invite me, and provide car tickets, I will go again and show them all about the grounds. There, now, with such an inducement before their eyes, they will doubtless take my advice and me, too. So I look forward to next year with more than ordinary pleasure. GOPHER.

INVECTIVE and personality prove nothing, on either side, but a lamentable want of good taste and good argument.

"INDIAN REFORMATION AND INCORPORATION."—A sketch with this title, by Prentice Mulford, appears on the fifth page.

BLUSHING.

THE practice of blnshing is, most unquestionably, an especially disagreeable operation. Sneezing and coughing are really not more involuntary, and yet no particular stigma ever attaches itself to either of these acts. A man may cough without making himself in the least uncomfortable or ridiculous by so doing, or attracting to himself any undue share of the unfavorable notice of those about him ; so long, of course, as he is not creating an inopportune disturbance at a concert, or irritating the over-susceptible nerves of his fellow-worshipers in the congregation. But blushing, even under the most favorable circumstances, must be painful to at least one person. Even to the mere looker-on it is a humiliating spectacle ; and though it must be admitted that there exist people sufficiently malicious to enjoy the prospect of their neighbor's discomfiture, the general feeling is one of compassion for the sufferer, flavored with a slight dash of contempt for his weakness.

The aim of polite education is to develop an impassivity of the North American Indian type combined with a certain cast-iron inexpressiveness of feature. The idea of the perfectly well-bred man is one who never betrays emotion, who receives the intelligence of good or evil fortune with the same imperturbably complacent smile and well-feigned indifference, who never appears surprised at any event, however unexpected. The typical Frenchman—and the character is more or less a foreign conception—may be expected to rise to the occasion by turning off a neat epigram which will probably secure for him a lasting reputation for philosophy at the cost of a few paltry thousands of francs or the desertion of his wife. M. Dumas has succeeded in evolving out of the depths of his moral consciousness a series of impossibilities of the Athos, Monte Christo, and Morcerf type, all agreeing in this one characteristic of superhuman coolness. They do his imaginative powers infinite credit ; especially when we consider under what disadvantages he must have written through lack of proper models.

These fictitious characters are naturally very popular, inasmuch as they gratify that inherent vanity of his readers which leads them to believe in the objective existence of Frenchmen, combining at once politeness and courage in their highest development ; with the addition of all the graces of an Apollo, and the correctest possible taste in dress (not forgetting the small feet and the *bottes vernies*). When we conjoin to this very respectable list of attributes, which, indeed, quite puts in the shade the somewhat antiquated definition of *animal rationale*, if it does not even run counter to that exception the crowning glories of perfect irresistibility with the fair sex, and a happy genius for dramatic situation, we have a faint notion of M. Dumas' ordinary novel hero. But even a man of this sort, with the best possible set of nerves, may have a weak point. It is not recorded that the Count of Monte Christo blushed—yes ! actually blushed—when under the influence of any tremendous emotion ? It was the one touch of nature which betrayed his kinship to ordinary mortals, and his biographer does not attempt to conceal the amiable weakness :

"The man that blushes is not quite a brute,"

or, rather, "Is not quite a god." But it is not every one who can afford to exhibit this sign of emotion without losing caste.

Blushing is unanimously voted by fashionable people to be a mark of rusticity. It is supposed to be an evidence of awkwardness, shyness, and a general rawness, and is, therefore, not esteemed. This is rather unfortunate for those defectively organized beings who have a natural trick of blushing without the extenuating circumstances under which the renowned Count sinned. They suffer from an aggravated consciousness that not only are they doing wrong, but, further, they are physically unable to avoid a relapse into trasgression. This is very annoying. Indeed, the utter state of moral collapse which accompanies a protracted fit of blushing is, we are told, so intolerable as even to drive the afflicted person to the extremity described metaphorically as the desire to sink into his shoes ; and such a longing for self-extinction can only be the result of a complete disorganization both of the moral and nervous systems.

The disfavor with which blushing is beheld, is rapidly producing its effects in abolishing the disease. No young person of either sex thinks it at all becoming to exhibit the delicate pink suffusion of blood about which enthusiasts, such as poets and painters, rave so absurdly. It is natural, and looks modest ; but what of that ? One is supposed to have left all that sort of thing behind in the nursery. Young men of the present day, if indeed, there exits such a class, seem to acquire by a process of immediate intuition, unknown to their fathers, all the experience and *aplomb* of long-continued acquaintance with society. In fact, everybody believes himself at premature age a complete man of the world. He possesses miraculous cigars ; affects to be an infallible critic in all matters ; frequents a tailor who knows how to dress him in the most fashionable garments. It would be ridiculous in him to simulate any false modesty. He discards, once for all, the mischievous practice of blushing, with all the other degrading badges of a state of pupilage. But, on the whole, very old-young people cannot be reckoned among the successes of modern times. A misconception that modesty is incompatible with manliness prevails.

The fact is that shamefacedness is becoming perceptibly rarer. Its culture is so entirely neglected that we begin to despair of finding another specimen of the boy of ingenuous countenance and ingenuous modesty. He is, as the Americans have it, *considerably played out ;* and is fast receeding into that region of pleasing fictions already tenanted by the Dodo, the Sea-Serpent, and other mythical and historical existences. A similar advance may be recorded as having taken place among girls. Not but that among those just "out" we may frequently be refreshed with the sight of the tender miss of the good old traditional type, lavish of her smiles and blushes ; but a season or two soon destroys all this freshness, and her diffidence very rapidly melts away before the fire of adoration.

There is nothing that counteracts this constitutional tendency to bashfulness in woman like the consciousness that their smiles are the object of the eager aspirations of a body of numerous admirers. It is not often, indeed, that much encouragement of this sort is needed. The imagination of most young ladies is generally fertile enough to conjure up a goodly array of hypothetical swains to supplement the ranks of their real devotees. The woman who does not believe in her power of charming, or in the existence of a decent proportion of victims to her *beaux yeux*, may congratulate herself on the unique position she holds in society, but had better make a secret of her disbelief unless she wishes to run the risk of being esteemed a poor creature by both men and women alike.

When once a man has become aware of the fact that he has risen into some kind of importance, be it ever so slight, his timidity, as a rule, will vanish, unless it be of a very deep-rooted nature. And even in this case judicious management will do wonders for him. A few terms at the university, or a few months in society, have been found exceedingly efficacious in converting ordinarily shy men into exquisites of the first water ; the contact of the world has either brought to light a latent quality of effrontery which, under less happy circumstances, might have laid dormant for years, or it has led to the adoption of a polite mask of impudence to conceal the otherwise distressingly obvious sheepishness of the original nature.

Not even the most unlikely subject need, therefore, despair of a glorious future, in which he may acquire distinction to himself for well bred assurance. And, indeed, in these days of false busts, false hair, and other shams, in which there appears to be absolutely no limit to the Protean power of transforming the body, it may be reasonably supposed that the improvements in science will, before long, disclose a means to force the growth of any mental quality which may be found desirable or fashionable, although the means adopted to that end may not be precisely the same ill-fated apparatus by which Mr. Midshipman Easy's father fell a victim to his scientific zeal.

PECULIARITIES OF LANGUAGES.—In all hot countries men use, in speaking, a multitude of vowels, which are all pronounced by greater or lesser apertions of the mouth, in breathing and in speaking, and use very few consonants, all of which are produced by more or less complete interruption of the breath, and contact, or even closure of parts, among the organs of speech. Any one who examines the Italian language, will find, therefore, about sixty vowels in every hundred letters ; and in the Otaheitean (Tahitian) language, which sounds very like Italian, there are even more ; it is said about seventy-five or eighty vowels in every hundred letters. The proportion is very different in English, in which consonats predominate ; and if we examine the language of Lapland or Greenland, or of Arctic-American Esquimaux, we shall find that there are an enormous number of consonants in their more than sesquipedalian words, and that most of these are guttural, as they do not like to open their mouths to the cold air sufficiently to pronounce the labial, dental, or lingual consonants, much less the vowels, and least of all the more open of the vowels. This is a universal law ; though immigration or colonization, or the ancient transplantation of a whole nation by a tyrant conqueror may sometimes present an apparent exception or anomaly, by our finding a language or a people, originally temperate or torrid, in a frigid zone, or *vice versa*.

ANCIENT CHINA.—A resurrection of some Oriental literature is very humiliating to our western and nineteenth century pride in showing how far the Chinese had gone in civilization when Europe was barbarian and America unknown. They were burning coal before the Christian era ; they were printing A. D. 581 with black, and lithographing three centuries later ; yet another century, and they were using movable types of terra cotta. Porcelain, water-tight compartments in ships, portraits for catching criminals—all these were known to them in those days. And it even appears that 919 years before Christ these Celestials used leather greenbacks ! The Chinese had also the tradition of the Madonna and child. This symbol was the Tien-How, the queen of Heaven, represented as nursing her infant son, who holds a lotus bud in his hand, as a symbol of the new birth. There is a model of this group in porcelain in the ethnological museum of Copenhagen.

ST. PETERSBURG AND ITS PEOPLE.

I AM free to confess that the "Newski Prospekt," though one of the least striking, is to me one of the most interesting thoroughfares I have ever strolled about. The crowd which passes up and down it all day long is so unlike any other crowd one can see elsewhere. Ladies dressed in the richest sables, with mantles that even to inexperienced eyes convey an impression of immense value may be seen crossing the pavement to the shops, followed by Chasseurs or Heidukes, decked out with gilt braid and feathers and stripes, till they look, at the very least, like field-marshals in mufti. Side by side with them are troops of Russian peasants, all clad in the long grey sheepskins hanging down to their heels, and tied tightly round their waists. In many parts of the world you see dirty people. London can furnish no unworthy contribution to the great anti-soap-and-water league ; but there is a dirt about these Russian peasants not known in the western world. In those sheepskin coats the peasants live night and day. Till the garments fall to pieces, they never dream of any change. Nor are the faces of these men like European faces ; their foreheads are broad and low, their cheek-bones stick out, their eyes are sunken, their noses flattened, with wide, open nostrils, their mouths large, and their complexion of a yellow hue not common in the west. But, in spite of their filth and squalor, they are a not unhealthy looking race of men. What they do in the "Newski Prospekt" I have not been able to clearly ascertain. To all outward appearance, they loaf about with no particular design, staring languidly. You will see them sitting for hours on the steps of houses or at street corners, doing nothing.

The common women, in St. Petersburg at any rate, have more or less got rid of any particular costume, and resemble the women of any ordinary German town, except that they wear such masses of shawls and petticoats as to give them the air of walking bundles. In the midst of the crowd, from time to time, you meet Cossacks or Tartars dressed in strange embroidered jackets, with arms by their side, and the butts of pistols protruding from their belts. The gray coated Russian soldiers meet you at every turn. Beggars of the regular hermit type solicit alms with an air of vested right. Apple-stalls stand on the pavement in front of the handsomest shops ; and the vendors call out the names of their wares in unknown tongues, with a shrill pertinacity which would do honor to Clare market. Add to this that the pavement is crowded with a motley gathering of all nations. Half the resident population of the city is said to be of foreign origin ; and certainly, as you walk along, you hear the strangest Babel of many languages. Meanwhile the center of the street is even more crowded than the footways. It is immensely broad. In the middle there runs a street railroad, along which American cars keep passing constantly. On either side there is a strip of wood pavement, over which the droshkis race at the top of their speed ; and between the wood pavement and the curb there is a sort of chaussée of round rough stones. The ground has sunk here as it does everywhere in St. Petersburg ; and wood work, stone work, and iron work alike have been trampled into ups and downs. Indeed, of all the villainously ill-paved cities it has been my lot to traverse with pain and peril, St. Petersburg is by far the worst. Berlin is bad, but then no Prussian driver ever goes above a gentle trot, whereas in Russia they drive as hard as they can tear. Everybody for himself and God for us all seems to be the motto of the Muscovite coachmen. You are driving along as fast as you well can, you hear a rattle behind you as if a fire engine were coming, your droshki swerves on one side with a shock which all but throws you off the seat, and a calèche with an officer in uniform seated in it comes thundering past. It is apparently in its normal state—a one-horse droshki with a head to it, but on either side the horse within the shafts there are one or more horses fastened simply by traces. Lashed along at full speed, with the outside horses at an angle of some forty-five degrees to the pole, the caleche is very like the car of Phaeton in mythological pictures—curious to look at from the pavement, but not pleasant to have dash by you within an inch of your wheels. To-day, while driving about, it appeared as if every staff officer in the city—and one person in twelve well-nigh seems to be at least a general—were amusing himself by galloping about the town in wild huntsman fashion. At the Winter Palace there were any number of imperial, royal, grand ducal, and princely personages ; and everybody, who was anybody, was engaged in paying his respects to some one or more of the illustrious visitors. The day, unfortunately, was one of pelting, pitiless rain, so that the Royal strangers who had arrived for the first time at St. Petersburgh must have had a dismal impression of the Muscovite capital.—*A Month in Russia during the Marriage of the Czarevitch.*

THE errors of the good are often very difficult to eradicate, from being founded on mistaken views of duty.

A DROP of the blackest ink may diffuse a light as brilliant as the light of day.

FOR CABINET PHOTOGRAPHS, or enameled Cards of the very best quality, you must go to the NEW YORK GALLERY, Nos. 25 and 27 Third street. Every picture warranted to give perfect satisfaction.

B. F. HOWLAND, Artist.

WAGONS.

MILLS & EVANS, IMPORTERS OF THOROUGH-BRACE Wagons, light express, two and three spring Wagons, suitable for milk-men and furniture dealers, and others wishing light and durable Wagons. Their Wagons are made expressly for the California market, and Mills & Evans' is the only firm which receives Wagons from the celebrated manufactory of A. W. Sanborn & Co., Manchester, N. H. This latter firm stands A No. 1 in the east, and their wagons have stood the test of our California climate, and are sold by Mille & Evans fifty per cent. lower than any other establishment on the Pacific coast. Call and examine their Wagons, at No. 587 Market street, opposite the Metropolitan market. *

MEDICAL.—"YOUNG MAN'S FRIEND AND PROTECTOR," an Association for beneficent objects, Young men should inform themselves in relation to it, and by applying to, the ACTUARY, Dr. Bourne, 10 Masonic Temple, Post street, they will be furnished with Prospectus.

Great Reduction in Prices at Rosenblatt's PALACE OF FASHION, opposite Occidental Hotel. The large and elegant assortment of Velvet, Cloth and Silk Cloaks, Long and Square Bruche Shawls, Real Lace Collars, Sleeves, Point Handkorchiefs, etc., are now being sold at the following remarkable low rates:

Silk and Cloth Cloaks.....Worth $15; sold for $10
Silk and Cloth Cloaks.....Worth $25 sold for $15
Broche Shawls.....Worth $50; sold for $25
Broche Shawls.....Worth $75; sold for $40
Lace Window Curtains.....Worth $20 a pair for $12
Real Chantilla Veils.....Worth $5 sold for $2 50
French Corsets, $1. All other goods in proportion.

S. ROSENBLATT,
123 and 125 Montgomery st, Opposite Occidental Hotel.

Bradley & Rulofson's

MAGNIFICENT ESTABLISHMENT.

Has more room, larger lights, greater facilities, and

PRODUCES FINER PHOTOGRAPHS

Than any other in the City.

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THE FARMERS' AND MECHANICS' BANK OF SAVINGS,

ON SANSOME, CORNER CALIFORNIA STREET, will open for the receipt of deposits, and the transaction of business, JULY 1, 1867.

CAPITAL STOCK, - - - - - - $150,000.

Directors,

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GENTLEMEN'S DELIGHT.

JUST RECEIVED

AND FOR SALE BY

B. C. HORN,

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GEO. A. PARKER. SAM. B. WATTSON. DAVID CONKLING.

PARKER, WATTSON & CO.,

Importers and Jobbers of

Havana & Domestic Cigars, Tobacco,

ETC.....ETC.....ETC.,

Nos. 306 and 308 Clay street, one door above Front,
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UNITED STATES NAVY,

ALBERTO,
AMERICAN CLIPPER,
CORNER STONE,
PRIDE OF VIRGINIA,
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☞ Shipments of these brands of excellent

CHEWING TOBACCO

Just landed from Steamship Golden Age.

CHRITY & WISE,
Agents of Virginia Manufacturers,
607 FRONT STREET.

C. MAIN. E. H. WINCHESTER. T. R. HAYES.

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Manufacturers and Importers of Harness, Saddles, Bridles, Whips, Collars, Saddlery Ware, etc.

Nos. 214 and 216 Battery Street,
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N B.—Good assortment Concord Stage Harness constantly on hand.

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Book and Job Printers,
Have the Largest Office,
Do the most work,
And do it better
Than other offices
In this City,
536 Try them
With a Job,
And you will be
Satisfied the above
Statements are facts.
Their office is at 536
Clay St., below Montgom'y,
Over Pacific Fruit Market.

EDWARD BOSQUI & CO.,

PRINTERS,

And Blank Book Manufacturers,
517 CLAY STREET,
Between Montgomery and Sansome Sts.,
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TO PATRONS OF THE PRINTERS ART.

CUBERY & CO., No. 536 Market street, Opposite Second, San Francisco, are now prepared to execute all kinds of BOOK and JOB PRINTING. Having superior facilities for printing every description of work, we respectfully solicit the patronage of friends and the public generally.

BRIEFS and TRANSCRIPTS correctly printed according to legal requirements.

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GO TO THE

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NEW GROCERY

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FAMILY FURNISHING

Store,

No. 31 KEARNY STREET,
Third Door South of Post Street,

NOW RECEIVING ORDERS FOR GROCERIES, PROvisions. Table Luxuries, and all Housekeeping articles of the best quality at low prices.

F. DIXEY,

Merchant Tailor,

625 WASHINGTON STREET.

Cloths, Cassimeres for Vestings, always on hand and made to order in the most

Fashionable Styles.

Satisfaction Guaranteed

DR. N. T. WHITCOMB,

DENTIST,

No. 205 Third Street, San Francisco.

Teeth filled with fine gold, artificial bone and platina. All plate work made and repaired, of the best material, at the shortest notice and warranted. None cheaper or better on the coast. Call and examine specimens.

North Beach and South Park Cars pass the door.

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Importers, Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

FINE CLOTHING,

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Gents' Furnishing Goods,

TRUNKS, VALISES, CARPET BAGS, ETC.,

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Corner of Bush,

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BOYS! BOYS! BOYS!

NOW IS THE TIME

H. M. LOCKWOOD & CO.,

New No. 624) CLAY STREET, (Old No

Have received a Large Stock of

GENTS' AND BOYS' CLOTHING

—AND—

FURNISHING GOODS,

Which they are selling

AT VERY LOW PRICES.

Every Garment warranted. All are invited to call examine our goods.

H. M. LOCKWOOD & CO.
624 Clay street, San Francisco

ITALIAN RESTAURANT,

No. 515 Merchant Street,

Between Montgomery and Sansome, San Francisco.

Taglierini, Maccaroni, Risotto and Ravioli, In the Italian Style.

MEALS FIFTY CENTS, OR TO ORDER.

Rooms for private parties up stairs.

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408 Pine Street,

Next door to the new California Market.

GENOA RESTAURANT,

BONZI & PERAZZO,

Succeeeors to L. Gamba,

512 Sacramento Street,

Between Montgomery and Sansome.

MEALS 50 CENTS, or to order. Good Cooks and Polite Waiters. Choice Italian and French dishes. Best Wines, Liquors and Cigars on hand. Private Rooms up stairs.

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Above Montgomery. Meals at all hours. The best of Wines, Oysters, Game, and all the delicacies of the season always on hand. Private Saloons up stairs for Dinner and Supper Parties.

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FAMILIES ARE INVITED TO EXAMINE

OUR VARIED ASSORTMENT

Of the Finest Carpeting in the State. The best of taste displayed in Decoration and the unique Upholstering of Rooms, Halls and Public Buildings, and at prices conforming to the times. Call and examine goods.

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....OF THE....

Cosmopolitan Hotel Baths.

THE PUBLIC ARE INFORMED THAT THIS POPUlar Bathing Establishment has been refitted, improved in many respects, and is now well provided with everything conducive to the comfort and satisfaction of its patrons.

As before, nothing will be omitted in the manner of attendence and the measure of supplies needed in First-class Bathing Rooms.

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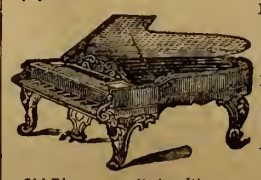

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Old Pianos supplied with new and improved action. Repairing of every description and varnishing attended to with dispatch; also

Agent for Hallet & Cumston's new Concert Scale Pianos. Pianos at prices from $150 to $700.

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Dealers in Stoves and Tin Ware,

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The System of Babbitonian Penmanship is pre-eminently self-instructing. With its ample explanations of right and wrong forms—its sixty wood cuts—its plain intelligent rules, one may sit down by his own fireside and become a finer Penman than he could at much greater cost in the usual way with a living teacher.

There is a great demand for fine Penmen in the commercial world, and this system, at a trifling expense, imparts a skilful command of the Pen, worth hundreds of dollars to the fortunate possessor.

Penmanship is an indispensable accomplisbment to Ladies, and this system is elaborate in a series of elegant copies in the Ladies' Style.

Business men have sometimes lost thousands of dollars from iguorance in regard to Business forms, and there is furnished in a set, without additional charge, a fine variety of Business Forms and Abbreviations. To sum up the Excellencies of this System, it is—

1—Scientific in its Arrangement of Principles;
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4—Stylish in its neat and chaste Gracefulness;
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6—Most Disciplinary for fingers, Arms and Muscles.
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8—Complete and Self-Teaching for Private Learners;
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The Babbitonian Penmanship

Is published on durable card-board slips, ninety-two copies illustrated, put in a neat package with a Chart, the whole complete at the low price of $1 50.

Babbittonian Pens.

One reason why the country is flooded with poor Pens is that they are generally made by mechanics, rather than by artistic and experienced Penmen, the only parties really understanding the requirements of a good article.

The Babbittonian Pens,

Made in the most finished style, by skilful artisans, after models prepared according to the combined wisdom and experience of several amateurs and old Professors of Penmanship, are admirably adapted to meet the public wants.

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Is one of the most exquisite little instruments for delicate writing ever constructed.

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Is pronounced by a large number of Penmen to be more free, more durable, and more varied in capacity for either fine or coarse strokes than any foreign Pen whatever. Suitable for elegant writing, it is a great favorite with the ladies and gentlemen.

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Having great freedom and variety of movement, is unequaled for general business or school purposes. Somewhat coarser than the Extra Fine, it wears longer and moves more easily on paper.

☞ This Pen is now in use in the large counting-houses and banks in this city.

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LOOKING GLASS PLATES, PLATES,

Picture Frames, Photograph Ovals, Mouldings, Etc., Etc.

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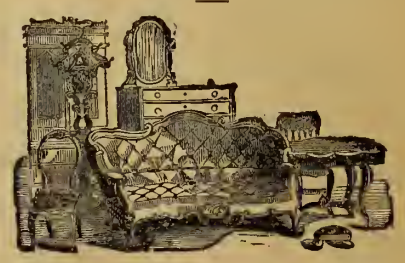
NOTICE.

WE TAKE OCCASION TO INFORM OUR FRIENDS and customers that we have sold our entire stock in warehouse also invoices to arrive to Messrs. N. COLE & CO., 312 and 314 Pine steeet. The whole forms a most complete and desirable assortment of FURNITURE, and well merits attention before purchasing elsewhere.

J. PIERCE & CO.



FURNITURE.

WE beg leave to call the attention of the public to our warerooms,

Nos. 312 and 314 Pine Street.

Having purchased the entire stock of Messrs. J. Pierce & Co., and in addition to our large invoice from our factory at the East, we are prepared to fill all orders promptly, both wholesale and retail, and call the attention of the public to our salesroom, as containing the most complete assortment of desirable goods on this coast.

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PAINTS, OILS, GLASS, &C., &C.,

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DR. V. POPPER,

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No 20 Montgomery street, between Post and Sutter, San Francisco. Office hours from 9 A. M to 5 P. M.

Offers his services to the public as an Operator on such excrescences as hard and soft corns, enlarged joints, club nails, bunions, nails penetrating the flesh, warts, etc.

PHILADELPHIA BREWERY,

Corner Second and Folsom streets,

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HOELSCHER & WIELAND,
Proprietors

"I'VE GOT 'EM, TOO."

Two whiskey-drinking friends who had been on a prolonged spree, wandered into a livery stable, the other night, and were allowed by the man in charge, who knew them, to lie down in a bed in the office to sleep off the fumes of accumulated alcohol. Now it happened that there was a young puppy under the bed, in a basket covered up with a blanket. Suddenly one of the men woke up and heard a succession of smothered barks coming from some direction, he knew not where. Waking up his companion, he said: "Jim, do yon hear that dog barking?" Jim didn't, of course, because the dog had stopped barking. He listened, and hearing nothing, told his friend it was but his fancy—there was no dog barking—he had better go to sleep again. "Didn't yon hear the dog, though?" urged the other, growing suddenly excited, the sweat starting out of him. "No, you fool," said the other. "Then, Jim, I have got the tremens!" he exclaimed, and attempted to leap out of bed. But Jim clung to him, and finally, by soothing conversation, prevailed upon him to lie still, and after a little the frightened bummer went to sleep. Jim didn't, however. He was wakeful from nervous reaction, and the gnawings of a remorseful conscience which a man feels when he is coming out of a debauch. Suddenly the puppy under the bed begnn to bark again. It was a low, muffled sonnd, that seemed to come from the air, and then there was something so mysterions and weird in it that Jim, who sat bolt upright in bed, shivering in every fibre. He listened with straining ears and protruding eyeballs, and when he caught the sound once more,

—'that stretched his father on a bloody bier,'

("That's what the matter, the *bloody beer*,") he clutched his sleeping compauion with frantic energy, and shook him until his teeth rattled, and shrieked, "I've got 'em too, Bill; I've got 'em." "Got what, Jim?" "TREMENS!" The hostlers were alarmed, and came running in, when an explanation ensued, and the puppy who had caused so great agitation was found. Jim and Bill got sober at length, and they havn't been on a spree since.

TO EPICURES.—There is considerable difference between a *gourmand* and a *gourmet*. In the *gourmand* the animal nature predominates, while the *gourmet* cultivates the sense of taste until it is rendered susceptible of receiving the highest gratification. The *gourmand* is satisfied to swill flat beer or sour wine, to eat ill-cooked viands, provided he can get enough to gorge himself withal. Epicures, or *gourmets*, who can appreciate the delicate bouquet of a fine wine as they delight in the perfume of the violet, should pay a visit to the store of F. C. Belden, No. 612 Sacramento street, where they will find the rarest brands of wines, spirits and liqueurs, the choicest teas and an immense assortment of delicacies, such as truffles, *pate de fois gras*, Stilton cheese, caviare. etc.

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Italian Manufactury,

415 and 417 JACKSON ST., SAN FRANCISCO,

Manufacturers and Dealers in

PLAIN, SWEET, CINNAMON AND VANILLA CHOCOLATES;

PREPARED COCOA, COCOA PASTE, CRACKED COCOA, COCOA SHELLS, etc., etc.

PURE GROUND OLD JAVA COFFEE AND COSTA RICA COFFEE;

CHARTRES AND RIO COFFEE; GREEN COFFEE OF EVERY QUALITY.

CHOICE WINES AND LIQUORS.

N. B.—Ghirardelli's Chocolate is manufactured by steam from Cocoa of the finest quality, imported direct. In excellence and delicacy of flavor, it is superior to any imported Chocolate.

SAVE YOUR TEETH.—Do not have them extracted without first consulting a good Dentist. The loss is irreparable, and, in many instances, unnecessary. DR. BEERS, corner of Pine and Kearney streets, makes a specialty of filling the fangs of dead Teeth, and building up broken crowns with Pure Gold—thus restoring them to their original usefulness and beauty

☞ Call and examine the work. Finest quality of artificial work also manufactured.

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NO. 610 CLAY STREET,

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AT THE REGULAR WHOLESALE PRICES.

RETAILING AMERICAN WATCHES

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Dealers in American, Swiss and English WATCHES,

JEWELRY AND ATERIALS.

☞ We have made arraugements to buy AMERICAN WATCHES in large quantities from the Factory, and will receive a discount on the regular Wholesale Prices. We will hereafter

Retail the American Watches AT The Regular Wholesale Prices.

Our only profit being the small per cent. allowed by buying in large quantities.

BAURHYTE & McAFEE,

Steam Boiler and Sheet Iron WORKS.

Owned and conducted by Practical Boiler Makers.

HIGH AND LOW-PRESSURE BOILERS, STATIONARY AND MARINE.

Howard street, bet. Fremont and Beale, San Francisco.

Having had twenty-two years experience in this business, we feel confident of being able to compete—as to quality of work—with any establishment on the Pacific Coast.

Removal! Removal!

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Wholesale and Retail Dealer in

Guns, Rifles and Pistols.

—ALSO—

COLT'S AND DERINGER PISTOLS,

Powder. Shot, Lead, Caps, and Gun Trimmings, etc., etc.

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Between Sansome and Leidesdorff Streets, San Francisco.

☞ New Work made to order, and Repairing executed in the neatest manner.

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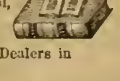

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ESPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO

LADIES' STATIONERY,

Which we Stamp with Initials

WITHOUT EXTRA CHARGE.

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Engraved, Written or Printed.

JOHN DANIEL,

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MANTELS, MONUMENTS, TOMBS, PLUMBERS SLABS, ETC.,

On hand and manufactured to order.

Orders respectfully solicited.

A. J. BRYANT & CO.,

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G. L. BRADLEY. THEO. G. COCKRILL.

Sole Agents for Pacific Coast,

—OF—

BLACKBURN'S CELEBRATED

B B B BOURBON WHISKEY,

Bowling Green, Kentucky.

RE-OPENING

....OF THE....

Cosmopolitan Hotel Baths.

THE PUBLIC ARE INFORMED THAT THIS POPULAR Bathing Establishment has been refitted, improved in many respects, and is now well provided with everything conducive to the comfort and satisfaction of its patrons.

As before, nothing will be omitted in the manner of attendence and the measure of supplies needed in First-class Bathing Rooms.

JOHN COOK, Proprietor.

AMERICAN HOTEL,

Main street, . . Petaluma.

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J. W. Nye & Co., 219 Washington street, corner Cedar.
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Abrams & Markewitz, 34 Kearny street, near Post.
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H. Rothschild (Variety Store), 112 Third street.
Irving, Landers & Co., No. 4 Third street.
M. Waterman, 22 Second street, corner of Stevenson.
Meagher, Taaffe & Co., 9 Montgomery street.

FURNITURE.
Goodwin & Co., 510 and 528 Washington streets.
N. P. Cole & Co., 21 Sutter and 524 Market streets,

FRUIT STORES.
S. P. Jewell, 118 Fourth street, near Minna.

GROCERS.
Fred. Lange, Family Grocer, cor. Powell and Lombard.
Haskell & Co., Market and Sutter sts, below the Market.
McKee's Family store, 31 Kearny, near Post
Seneca Jones, Family Grocer, 105 Third street.
T. Williams, corner Third and Tehama streets.

HAIR DRESSING SALOONS.
Adam Erbe, No. 3, Fourth street.
Prof. Smith, 114 Market street, opposite Third.

HARDWARE AND CUTLERY.
C. L. Newman, 111 Third St bet. Mission and Minna.
J. H. McConnell, Pioneer Cutler, 131 4th st. bt Mis & Hrd.
J. S. Sesser, 138 Fourth st, bet. Mission and Howard.

HATTERS.
Lamott (wholesale and retail) 227 Montgomery street.

HAY AND GRAIN.
Grant & Smith, 26 Market and 19 Sacramento sts.
J. B. Holmes & Co., 110 Market street.
Wm H. Nichols, 18 Sacramento, and 17 Commercial.

HOTELS.
Atlantic House, John McManus, 210 and 212 Pacific st.
"Brauch," M. O'Neil, 12 Sutter street.
Broadway, Burns & Fitzsimmons, 212 Broadway.
Brooklyn, John Kelly, Jr., Sansome, corner Pine.
Brookline House, John Gately, 217 Broadway.
Chicago, E. W. Heimburg & Co., 220 Pacific street.
Empire House, Peter Thompson, 106 Jackson street.
Franklin Hotel, Hugh Curran, cor Sansome & Pacific.
Franklin House, C. Maloney cor. Br'dway & Sansome.
Golden Gate Hotel, J. Blackmun, 728 Market street.
Mariner's Home, Brown & Chandler, 504 and 506 Davis.
"Oriental," H. Saxtorph & Co., Washington & Drumm.
Sanders' Hotel, J. P. Sanders, 24 Sacramento st.
'St. Louis,' H. Heimburg & L. Shroeder, 11 & 13 Pacific.
William Tell House, 317 Bush street, above Montg'y.

INSURANCE.
Firemen's Fund Ins. cor. California and Sansome.
Manhattan, R. B. Swaiu & Co., 'Agets, 206 Front, cor. Cal.
North British Mercantile, S. E. cor Sansome & Califor'a
Occidental Ins. Co., S.W. cor. Montgom'y and California.

LADIES' BIJOUTERIE, CLOAKS, ETC.
Rosenblatt's, 123 and 125 Montgomery street.

LADIES' FANCY GOODS AND TRIMMINGS.
Mrs. J. Egan, 32 Third street, near Market.
S. Summerfield, 20 Second street, and 116 Kearny.
Thomas Collinson, 160 Third, near Howard street.

LUMBER.
Armstrong, Sheldon & Davis, cor. Mission & Spear sts.

MARBLE WORKERS.
P. Kelly, 12 Fourth street.

MILITARY GOODS AND REGALIA.
T. Rodgers Johnson, Odd Fellow's Hall, 325 Montg'ry st

MILLINERS.
Mrs. Desmond, 157 Third street.
Miss A. A. Craddock, 4 Virginia Block, Stockton street.

MUSIC TEACHERS.
Prof. J. R. Bonllet, Pianist and Vocalist, 1320 Stockton.

NOTARY PUBLIC.
H. S. Tibbey, 604, Montgomery street.

PHOTOGRAPHIC GALLERIES.
H. Bush, corner Post, Market and Montgomery streets.
Hicks & Staring, 143 Fourth street.
John D. Godeus, South Park, 444½ Bryant street.
New York, B. F. Howland proprietor, 25 Third street.

PIANOS, MUSIC, ETC.
C. Weiderhold & Co., 685 Market near Third.
Kohler, Chase & Co., 421 Montgomery street.
W. S. Pierce, removed to 534 Market, opposite Second.

PHOTOGRAPHS, CUTLERY, SPECTACLES, ETC.
Lawrence & Houseworth, 317 and 319 Montgomery st.

PLUMBERS AND GAS FITTERS.
Chas. Barman, 121 Fourth street, near Minna.

PRINT SELLER AND PUBLISHER.
Thos. F. Lawlor, 614 Howard street, near Second.

REAL ESTATE AGENTS.
Geo. W. Chapin, 338 Montgomery.
John Pforr, 328 Montgomery.

RESTAURANTS.
Ladies' Refreshment Saloon, Swaiu & Brown, 636 Market
Chas. Louck's "Excelsior," 25 Third street.
Helvetia, Johnbury & Bros., 524 Merchant street.
Market, by Hanzo & Besson, 520 Merchant street.
Palm's Restaurant, 127 Third street.

SALOONS.
Blancy & Carroll, "Sample Rooms," 107 Third street.
"Bourbon Saloon," A. Farr, Long Bridge.
Charley Smith's Saloon, 539 Washington street.
Charter Oak, Frank Kelly, N E. cor Third and Howard
Coates & Henderson, 37 Sutter street
Cleveland's Sample Rooms, 318 Bush, above Montg'y.
"Excelsior," Haase & Co., cor. Drum and Commercial.
Hand's Exchange, John Hand, 47 Third street.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY, CONTINUED.

John H. Earle's Saloon, northeast cor. Clay & Drumm.
J. P. Layen's Saloon, northwest cor. Battery & Br'dway
J. Dillon, "Fourth St. Exchange," cor. Fifth and Mkt.
King & McCormick, "Rotunda," Market & O'Farrell.
"Mausinock," A. Horstkamper, Drumm & Oregon sts.
P. Johnson & J. B. Hoige, 28 Clay street.
Peter Rae's Saloon, California street, below Drumm.
"Potrero Change," J. Siebe & Co., Long Bridge.
Regatta House, Burns & McLean, foot of Third street.
Russell & Holding's Exchange, 622 Market street.
"Sample Rooms," corner Third and Stevenson streets.
Steamship Exchange, Wm. Everard, 214 Stewart street.
Uncle Billy & George, Saloon 707 Davis st.
"Young American," Geo. C. W. Heuer, Stewart & Howard

SCALES.
Fairbanks & Hutchinson, Depot for Fairbanks' Scales 120 California street.

SEWING MACHINES.
Grover & Baker, R. G. Brown, 116 Montgomery.
The Florence, office 111 Montgomery street.

STATIONERS AND BOOKBINDERS.
Althof, Rose & Babls, 423 Clay, and 512 Commercial sts.
Jas. E. Damon & Co., 521 and 423 Sansome street.

STOVES AND TIN WARE.
A. Swigert, corner Fifth and Folsom.
Blanchard Bros., 247 Third street.
M. B. Bullard, Oil Stoves, 13 Kearney street.

TRUNK MANUFACTORY.
James Longshore, 308 Sansome street.

WATER-CURE INSTITUTE.
Dr Bourne's Pioneer, 10 Post, near Montgomery.

WAX FLORIST.
Mrs. M. E. Gerrish, 11 Post street.

AYER'S

AGUE CURE,

FOR THE SPEEDY CURE OF

Intermittent Fever, or Fever and Ague, Remittent Fever, Dumb Ague, Periodical Headache, or Bilious Fevers, indeed for the whole class of Diseases originating in Biliary Derangement, Caused by the Malaria of Miasmatic Countries.

No one remedy is louder called for by the necessities of the American people than a sure and safe cure for Fever and Ague. Such we are now enabled to offer, with a perfect certainty that it will eradicate the disease, and with assurance founded on proof, that no harm can arise from its use in any quantity.

That which protects from or prevents this disorder must be of immense service in the communities where it prevails. *Prevention* is better than cure, for the patient escapes the risk which he must run in violent attacks of this baleful distemper. This "Cure" expels the miasmic poison of Fever and Ague from the system, and prevents the development of the disease, if taken on the first approach of the premonitary symptoms. It is not only the best remedy ever yet discovered for this class of complaints, but also the cheapest. The large quantity we supply for a dollar brings it within reach of every body, and in the bilious districts, where Fever and Ague prevails, everybody should have it and use it freely both for cure and prevention. A great superiority of this remedy over any other ever discovered for the speedy and certain cure of Intermittents is, that it contains in Quinine or mineral, consequently it produces no quinsmo or other injurious effects whatever upon the constitution. Those cured by it are left as healthy as if they had never had the disease.

Fever and Ague is not alone the consequence of the miasmatic poison. A great variety of disorders arise from its irritation, among which are Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Gout, Headache, Blindness, Toothache, Earache, Catarrh, Asthma, Palpitation, Painful Affection of the Spleen, Hysterics, Pain in the Bowels, Colic, Paralysis, and Derangement of the Stomach, all of which, when originating in this cause, put on the intermittent type, or become periodical. This "Cure" expels the poison from the blood, and consequently cures them all alike.

Prepared by DR. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, and sold by all Druggists, everywhere.

CRANE & BRIGHAM, San Francisco, Wholesale Agents.

BROOKLYN HOTEL,

SAN FRANCISCO.

Elegant Brick Fireproof Hotel, on the

S. E. Corner of Pine and Sansome streets,

With all the modern conveniences attached to it.

Gas and water are supplied throughout the House. The Rooms are well ventilated, and the Public will find in this Hotel all the comforts of a home. The Hotel is spacious, and well adapted for the use of Families. Suits of Rooms can be had on reasonable terms.

A Large Reading Room is attached to the Hotel,

Containing 500 Volumes of Standard Works,

Which is entirely for the use of patrons.

THE CITY COACH, with the name of the Hotel on it, will be in readiness at the Wharf, on the arrival of each steamer, to convey passengers and baggage to the Hotel free of charge. JOHN KELLY, Jr., Proprietor.

J. R. MEAD & CO.,

Importers, Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

FINE CLOTHING,

AND

Gents' Furnishing Goods,

TRUNKS, VALISES, CARPET BAGS, ETC.,

200 & 202 MONTGOMERY STREET,

Corner of Bush,

SAN FRANCISCO

BOYS! BOYS! BOYS!

NOW IS THE TIME

H. M. LOCKWOOD & CO.,

New No. 624) CLAY STREET, (Old No

Have received a Large Stock of

GENTS' AND BOYS' CLOTHING

—AND—

FURNISHING GOODS,

Which they are selling

AT VERY LOW PRICES.

Every Garment warranted. All are invited to call examine our goods.

H. M. LOCKWOOD & CO

624 Clay street, San Francisco

WATCHING THE STARS.

Quite an amusing incident took place some time ago, in a town about three miles and a half east from here, towards the rising sun. It appears that a young man had been paying some attention to a young lady, but had only ventured home as far as the gate till last week, when, carried away with the excitement, he ventured to step aside, after being assured by the fair damsel that all would be right. Having for a while quite anxiously waited for the first star to shoot, the old gentleman of the establishment stepped into the parlor, and looked over his spectacles at the surprised couple, but before any questions were asked, the fair young lady spoke up and said:

"Pa, we are waiting to see the stars shoot."

"Yes, you are, hey? well, go to bed, and I'll sit up with this young man; when the stars shoot, I'll tell you," replied the interesting parent, casting a side glance at the feller.

The young man sat a while quietly, without speaking, when he got up and looking out of the window, remarked' "he did't think the stars would shoot after all, and guessed he'd go." The young man says he shan't very soon forget watching for stars to shoot, and most of all he was afraid of, after the gal went to bed, that the darned things wouldn't *shoot.*

Scene in Comedy—Augustus—"I have but one idea." Susan—"I know it." Augustus—"It is that you are dear to me." Susan—"Then I am your one I-dear." (Augustus phaints.)

Signal for a bark—Pulling a dog's tail.

Clipper Restaurant.—The old Clipper has left her moorings and anchored on Sansome street near Pacific, under the command of Capt. John Stock. She will continue to be freighted with the best in the market. Stock stands A No. 1 as a commander and caterer to his thousands of passengers. Branch "Clipper" Restaurants are located at 504 Washington St., one door above Sansome, and 414 Market street between Sansome and Montgomery, where the best of the market can be obtained.

Eos. Californian—Sir: I beg leave to submit, through your paper, a report of the progress of the BUILDERS' INSURANCE COMPANY for the month of August:

Number of policies issued	1,076
Average amount of each risk	$881 16
Average rate per cent	$2 44
Total net premiums	$23,167 62
Losses	6,718 35
Balance in favor of the Company	$16,449 27

All which I trust will be satisfactory to my friends and the public. Respectfully,

THOMAS MOONEY,
President Builders' Insurance Company.

California street, San Francisco, September 2, 1867.

THE CALIFORNIA

Building and Savings Bank,

CALIFORNIA ST., ONE DOOR FROM SANSOME.

Capital and Deposits, - - - - $1,000,000

WHICH IS LOANED ON PROPERTY.

LOANS MADE on CITY REAL ESTATE HOUSES, SHIPS, FACTORIES AND MERCHANDISE.

Deposits received at full interest per month.
Last Dividend paid—one per cent. per month.
Money transmitted from the Interior, by Express or Mail, passed to interest from the day of arrival, and a Certificate returned in course of post.
Strangers may deposit Bonds, Gold Dust, Coin, or Valuable Papers in the Vault, for long or short periods, at a small rent, for which valuables the Company will be accountable. THOMAS MOONEY, President.

BUILDER'S INSURANCE CO.

OFFICE IN THE BUILDING OF THE CALIFORNIA SAVINGS BANK, CALIFORNIA ST., one door from Sansome.

FIRE AND MARINE INSURANCE.

WONDERS OF WONDERS!

TO BE SEEN ONLY AT THE

Pacific Museum of Anatomy and Science,

Eureka Theatre, Montgomery street, between California and Pine.

DEXTER STABLES,

Bush Street, between Occidental and Cosmopolitan Hotels, San Francisco.

W. G. JONES - Proprietor.

PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.'S STEAMSHIPS FOR

NEW YORK, JAPAN AND CHINA,

WILL BE DISPATCHED AS FOLLOWS:

Leave Brannan-street Wharf at 11 o'clock A. M. of the following dates, for PANAMA, connecting *via* Panama Railroad, with one of the Company's splendid steamers from ASPINWALL for NEW YORK.
On 10th, 18th, and 30th of each month that has 30 days.
On 10th, 19th, and 30th of each month that has 31 days.
When the 10th, 19th and 30th fall on Sunday, they will leave on Saturday preceding; when the 18th falls on Sunday, they will leave on Monday following.
Steamer leaving San Francisco on the 10th touches at Manzanillo. All touch at Acapulco.
Departure of 18th or 19th is expected to connect with the French Transatlantic Co.'s steamer for St. Nazaire, and English steamer for South America.
Departure of 10th is expected to connect with English steamer for Southampton and South America, and P. R. R. Co.'s steamer for Central America. Through tickets can be obtained.

STEAMERS FOR SEPTEMBER.

Sept. 10—GOLDEN CITY, Capt. W. F. Lapidge, connecting with HENRY CHAUNCEY, Capt Gray.
Sept. 18—CONSTITUTION, Capt. Parker, connecting with RISING STAR, Capt. Conner.
Sept. 30—GOLDEN AGE, Capt. J. M. Cavalry, connecting with ARIZONA, Capt. Maury.

Passengers will be berthed through. Baggage checked through—100 pounds allowed each adult.
Surgeon on board. Medicine and attendance free.
These steamers will positively leave at 11 o'clock. Passengers are requested to have their baggage on board before 10 o'clock.
Through tickets to Liverpool by the "Cunard," "Inman" and "National" Steamship Lines can be obtained of P. M. S. S. Co.'s office in San Francisco.
For Merchandise Freight apply to Wells, Fargo & Co.
The splendid steamship CHINA, Capt. E. W. Smith, will be dispatched on October 14th, from wharf, corner of First and Brannan streets, for YOKOHAMA and HONGKONG; connecting at Yokohama with the steamer COSTA RICA, for SHANGHAI.
For Passage and all other information, apply at Pacific Mail Steamship company's office, corner of Sacramento and Leidesdorff streets.

OLIVER ELDRIDGE, Agent.

OPPOSITION TO NEW YORK

VIA NICARAGUA,

THROUGH AHEAD OF THE MAIL!

Shortest and Only Healthy Route!

THE NORTH AMERICAN S. S. CO.'S STEAMER

MOSES TAYLOR,

Will sail for SAN JUAN DEL SUR, Nicaragua, from MISSION STREET WHARF, at 12 o'clock, M., on

SATURDAY, - - - SEPT. 14th, 1867.

Connecting at Greytown with the magnificent Steamship NEBRASKA, 3,000 tons, for NEW YORK.
No expense on the Isthmus—100 lbs. baggage free.
Surgeon on board; medicine and attendance free.
As there is no Yellow Fever nor other epidemic in Nicaragua, passengers by this route will not be detained by Quarantine in New York.
The AMERICA will sail October 5th.
For further information, apply to

I. W. RAYMOND, Agent,
Northwest corner Battery and Pine streets, up stairs.

Joseph Catania & Co.,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in

FRESH AND SALT

STALL NO. 48 FISH MARKET, Clay Commercial and Leidesdorff Streets.

A large supply of fresh fish always on hand. Shipping, Restaurants, Hotels and Families supplied at short notice, and on the most reasonable terms.
N. B.—Fish sent to any part of the city free.

BLASTING POWDER.

Price, - - - - $3 00 Per Keg.

ALSO, SPORTING, CANNON, AND MUSKET POWDER, of superior quality.

FUSE AND SHOT always on hand and for sale at the

OFFICE OF THE

CALIFORNIA POWDER WORKS,

No. 318 CALIFORNIA STREET.

JOHN F. LOHSE, Secretary.

PRO BONO PUBLICO.

LACOUR'S

SARSAPARIPHERE

BITTERS

POSSESS INVALUABLE PROPERTIES.

They give Health to the Sick,

Strength to the Weak,

Joy to the Afflicted.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

LUKIN'S

Wines and Liquors,

332 Montgomery Street,
SAN FRANCISCO.

DIRECTORY

—OF THE—

CALIFORNIA MARKET,

California and Pine Streets,
(Between Kearny and Montgomery Streets.)

Butchers.

L. MILLER & CO.,
STALLS 94 AND 95, Pine Street Entrance, and STALL 5, California Street Entrance.

JACOB WRAY,
STALLS 8 AND 9,
Corner Summer Street.

Hams, Bacon, Lard &c.

GEO. CAMPTON,
STALL 62,
Pine Street Entrance.

Poultry and Wild Game.

R. CARD & CO.,
STALLS 83, 84 AND 85,
Pine and Summer Streets Entrance.

Oysters, Clams and Shell Fish.

M. WINANT & CO.,
STALL 56,
OYSTERS AND CLAMS. Pine Street Entrance.

Oysters, Clams and Shell Fish.

WM. ROALFE,
STALLS 40, 41 AND 42,
California Street Entrance.

OCCIDENTAL MARKET DIRECTORY,

Market and Sutter Streets, below Montgomery.

S. C. STORY,
Butcher,
STALL 98, Opposite Second street.

P. DONNELLY & BRO.,
Butter, Cheese, Hams, Eggs & Bacon,
STALL 20, Sutter street side.

J. J. SMITH & CO.,
Poultry, Game, Butter, Eggs, etc.,
STALLS 44 AND 45, Sutter street Entrance.

P. T. GAVEN,
Vegetables, Fruit, Pickles,
PRESERVES, JELLIES, SPICES, &c.
STALL 38.

METROPOLITAN MARKET DIRECTORY,

Market and Sutter Streets, below Montgomery.

P. F. WARD,
Poultry, Game, Eggs, tc.,
STALL 14, Sutter street side.

B. CARLTON,
Fresh, Salt and Smoked Fish,
STALL 34, Sutter street side.

W. MAESSEN,
Smoked and Corned Meat,
STALL No. 3.

THE BEIDEMAN ESTATE.

JOHN W. BRUMAGIM, ADMINISTRATOR, WITH the will annexed, of the Estate of JACOB C. BEIDEMAN, deceased, is NOW READY TO EXECUTE DEEDS to the purchasers at said sale, as the sale has been confirmed by the Probate Court, and an Order of Confirmation has been recorded in the Recorder's office of the city and county of San Francisco.

Please call at the Administrator's office, Nos. 36 and 37 Montgomery Block.

JOHN W. BRUMAGIM,
Administrator, with the Will annexed, of the Estate of Jacob C. Beideman, deceased.

San Francisco, August 19, 1867.

$100 00

SAVED in a very Short Time by using STANDARD SOAP CO.'S **WASHING POWDER.**

TRY IT!

Does Not Injure the Clothes. Sold Everywhere.

GRAND TRIAL

....OF....

SEWING MACHINES.

CONTEST BETWEEN THE

FLORENCE AND WILLCOX & GIBBS.

THE

WILLCOX & GIBBS

TRIUMPHANT!

At the Great UNION FAIR, held at Island Park, between Albany and Troy, in September, two Premiums were offered on Sewing Machines, one for the BEST and the other for the "Second Best"—competition being open to the State.

On the first day of the Fair, the Troy Agent of Florence Sewing Machine Company, having, jointly with the Albany Agent of the same Machine, entered it for competition, published in the Troy Daily Times a challenge to Agents of other Sewing Machines, to meet them at said Fair and compete with them for the Premium.

The challenge was accepted by the Troy and Albany Agents of the Willcox and Gibbs Machine.

Each party was to prepare and subject to the judges a "list" of the several "points of merit" on account of which "superiority" was claimed. These "points were to be separately considered, thoroughly investigated and practically tested, by work done then and there, upon each of the machines; and then decided in favor of the machine which was adjudged to excel on that "point."

Finally it was agreed that the machine which, at the conclusion of the trial, should be found to have the greatest number of those "points" decided in its favor should be decided the "BEST SEWING MACHINE," and awarded the FIRST PREMIUM.

The result of the trial was, that the

WILLCOX & GIBBS WON THE VICTORY

and the prize, by the extraordinary superiority of thirty-five points, decided in its favor, against two points in favor of the Florence.

Full notes were taken of the trial.

It is a fact worthy of remark, that during the entire trial—which continued without intermission for nearly seven hours—not a stitch was missed, nor the thread once broken, nor a needle broken or bent, by the Willcox and Gibbs machine. No kind of work was attempted to be done on it that was not accomplished, and done in a perfect and workmanlike manner; and no effort was made on it that was not entirely successful; while neither of these statements can be truly made in favor of the Florence.

This remarkable trial can not fail, through the facts developed by it, to be productive of important results. It has raised the veil and exposed to public view the true character of the opposition, who will no longer be able to deceive the public by misrepresenting the character and merits of the Willcox and Gibbs machine.

It is an improvement on double thread machines; and its "stitch," which was severely tested by the Judges, was decided to be much stronger and less liable to rip in use or wear than the "Lock Stitch."

It is the simplest in construction—does the greatest variety of work—makes no noise—is not liable to get out of order—costs the least money, and gives the best satisfaction.

☞ Full reports of this trial sent free to any address.

☞ **Country Agents solicited.**

SAMUEL SWIFT,
General Agent for the Pacific Coast,
203 Kearny Street,
San Francisco

THE BENCH AND BAR.

The new book, "The Bench and Bar," tells the following good story of Senator Wade and the late Mr. Giddings as opponents at the bar:

In the early part of his practice Wade was defending a man against an action of slander, and after having concluded a very effective speech to the jury, sat awkwardly leaning backward, his feet on the counsel table, and facing Giddings, who was attempting to be eloquent in behalf of his slandered client. "Old Gid.," familiarly called, knew a little smattering of Shakspeare, and now determined to bring that great author to his aid.

"Gentlemen of the jury," said he, with much ardor,

"He that steals my purse, steals trash;
But he that robs me of my good name—"
"[Ahem!"]

At this point, to his great discomfiture, Shakspeare deserted him. He repeated,

"But he that robs me of my good name—"
[Another pause.]

"Takes that I never had," whispered, Wade, as if prompting him, and so distinctly as to be heard all in the room.

Amid the laughter and his confusion, Giddings brought his speech to such a "lame and impotent conclusion" that his client recovered but six and a quarter cents for his lost character.

Kate hates moustaches; "so much hair
Makes every man look like a bear."
But Fanny, who no thought can fetter,
Blurts out, "The more like bears the better;
Because"—her pretty shoulders shrugging—
"Bears are such glorious chaps for hugging."

"You would be pretty indeed," said a gentleman, patronizingly, to a young lady, "if your eyes were a little larger." "My eyes may be very small, sir, but such people as you *don't fill them.*

FIREMAN'S FUND

Insurance Company.

Office, S. W. cor. California and Sansome steets, San Francisco.

CAPITAL AND SURPLUS, JANUARY 1, 1867,

$680,000.

DIRECTORS.

D. J. Staples,	John O. Earl,
G. T. Lawton,	Alpheus Bull,
W. M. Hixon,	C. T. Forrest,
John Bartou,	W. B. Bourn,
W. H. Lyon,	Joseph Peirce,
Chas. Wolcott Brooks,	M. A. Braly,
I. B. Purdy,	David Dick,
A. Himmelmann,	A. Blackwood,
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Asa Harker, Portland, Oregen.	

Desirable Risks taken at LOW RATES.

The greatest amount taken on any one risk is $50,000. When the risks are considered too large, a portion will be re-insured in respensible Companies.

LOSSES PAID IN U. S. GOLD COIN!

J. D. STAPLES, President,
HENRY DUTTON, Vice-President.
CHAS. R. BOND, Secretary.

OCCIDENTAL

Insurance Company,

Southwest corner Montgomery and California streets.

INDIVIDUAL LIABILITY.

Capital Stock, - - - $300,000

LOSSES PAID IN UNITED STATES GOLD COIN.

THIS COMPANY will insure against loss by Fire on any Dwelling House, Buildings, Merchandise or other property, situated in the State of California. The largest sum they will take on any one risk is thirty thousand dollors.

C. CHRISTIANSEN, Pres't.
J. GREENEBAUM, Vice President.
B. Rothschild, Secretary.

HAMBURG, BREMEN,

Fire Insurance Company.

CAPITAL, - - - - - $1,000,000

MORRIS SPEYER, Agent.

OFFICE—526 Washington Street, a few doors below Montgomery.....San Francisco.

Being no longer governed by the Tariff of the Board of Underwriters, this Company will effect Insurances at as LOW RATES as those of any other responsible Company.

BLASTING POWDER.

Price, - - - - $3 00 Per Keg.

ALSO, SPORTING, CANNON, AND MUSKET POWDER, of superior quality.

FUSE AND SHOT always on hand and for sale at the

OFFICE OF THE

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No. 318 CALIFORNIA STREET.

JOHN F. LOHSE, Secretary.

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LACOUR'S

SARSAPARIPHERE

BITTERS

POSSESS INVALUABLE PROPERTIES.

They give Health to the Sick,

Strength to the Weak,

Joy to the Afflicted,

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

REMOVAL. REMOVAL.

Larkins & Co.,

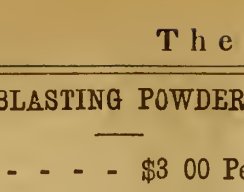
Manufacturers of every description of

CARRIAGES.

CONCORD WAGONS, Ranch Wagons and Buggies made to order. All kinds of Jobbing and Carriage Painting done at the shortest notice.

New Manufactory Nos. 631 and 633 Howard street, corner of Hubbard, between Second and Third, San Francisco.

A. FOLSOM,



Carriage Manufacturer,

No. 531 CALIFORNIA STREET,

Between Montgomery and Kearny streets, San Francisco.

EVERY DESCRIPTION OF CARRIAGES, EXPRESS Wagons, Buggies, etc, made to order, of the best materials and workmanship.

Repairing and General Blacksmithing done with promptness, and at prices to suit the times.

George P. Kimball & Co.,

MANUFACTURERS

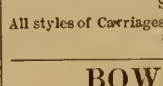
....OF....

CARRIAGES, BUGGIES, STAGE AND THOROUGH BRACE WAGONS,

Market street, near corner of Fourth, San Francisco.

C. ROBERTS,

CARRIAGE AND WAGON MAKER,



HORSE SHOEING AND JOBBING

PROMPTLY EXECUTED.

Fourth Street, between Howard and Folsom, San Francisco.

All styles of Carriages, Wagons and Carts made to order, and Repaired.

BOWEN BROS.

GROCERS,

Tea and Wine Merchants,

S. E. cor. Montgo'ry and California,

San Francisco.

Wholesale Store,

204 Front Street.

D. GHIRARDELLI & CO.'S

Italian Manufactury,

415 and 417 JACKSON ST., SAN FRANCISCO,

Manufacturers and Dealers In

PLAIN, SWEET, CINNAMON AND VANILLA CHOCOLATES;
PREPARED COCOA, COCOA PASTE,
CRACKED COCOA, COCOA SHELLS, etc., etc.
PURE GROUND OLD JAVA COFFEE AND COSTA RICA COFFEE;
CHARTRES AND RIO COFFEE;
GREEN COFFEE OF EVERY QUALITY.

CHOICE WINES AND LIQUORS:

N. B—Ghirardelli's Chocolate is manufactured by steam from Cocoa of the finest quality, imported direct. In excellence and delicacy of flavor, it is superior to any Imported Chocolate.

Chickering & Sons' Pianos

RECEIVED THE

FIRST PREMIUM,

(Gold Medal,)

At the Paris Exposition.

FURTHERMORE, THE Improvements, Workmanship, and General Superiority of those instruments over all others on exhibition, was so marked and important, the Emperor created Mr. T. E. CHICKERING

KNIGHT OF THE LEGION OF HONOR.

KOHLER, CHASE & CO.,
421 Montgomery street.

W. E. BRIDGE,

St. Lawrence Stables,

212 Sutter street, between Kearny and Dupont,

SAN FRANCISCO.

NOTICE.

IN CONSEQUENCE OF THE VERY GREAT DEMAND FOR

CASSIN'S

Grape Brandy Bitters!!

we have been obliged to rent a LARGER BUILDING, and are now removing to Sullivan & Cashman's Block, No. 523 FRONT STREET, opposite our old establishment.

F. & P. J. CASSIN, 520 Front street.

CANTY & WAGNER,

(SUCCESSORS TO J. REGAN,)

113 *Montgomery street, bet. Bush and Sutter*

N. B—All candies sold by us are warranted to be manufactured from Stewart's double refined Sugar, and to be equal to any manufactured in the state. Country merchants solicited to examine our stock and prices. Goods delivered to any part of the city free of charge.

STERETT'S

STEAM

PRINTING HOUSE,

533

CLAY STREET.

Cards, Billheads, Circulars, Books, Briefs, Transcripts, Posters, Bills of Fare Envelopes, Letter and Note Headings, Tickets, Pamphlets, and all Legal Papers printed at short notice, and upon reasonable terms.

N. GRAY & CO.,

UNDERTAKERS,

641 SACRAMENTO STREET, CORNER OF WEBB

Sole agents for BARSTOW'S PATENT METALLIC BURIAL CASES and CASKETS.

IN THE PROBATE COURT of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the Guardianship of the person and estate of WILLIAM CHARLES HOLLINSEAD, Minor.

On reading and filing the petition of Jeremiah V. Hollinsead, Guardian of the person and Estate of William Charles Hollinsead, Minor, praying for an order of sale of the real estate therein described, and it appearing to this Court that said lot constitutes the entire estate of the said Minor, and that there is no personal estate, or money with which to provide for the maintenance and education of the said Minor, or to pay taxes and street assessments levied upon said real estate hereafter, and that it is for the best interest of the estate of the said Minor, that the said real estate should be sold.

It is ordered, That the next of kin of the said Minor, and all persons interested in the said estate appear before this Court, at the Court room thereof, at the City Hall, in the City and County of San Francisco, on Monday, the 16th day of September, A. D., 1867, to show cause, if any they have, why an order should not be granted to said Jeremiah V. Hollinsead to sell the interest of the said Minor in the said real estate described in the petition, at private sale for the purpose of the maintenance and education of the said Minor.

And it is further ordered, that a copy of the foregoing order be published once a week for four weeks, in the CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper published in the city and county aforesaid. M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

Dated August 9th, A. D. 1867.

State of California, City and County of San Francisco, ss.—I, Wm. Loewy, County Clerk of said City and County, and ex-officio Clerk of the Probate Court thereof, certify the foregoing to be a true copy of the original order on file and of record in my office.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Probate Court this 10th day of August, A. D., 1867.

Attest: WM. LOEWY, Clerk,
By A. J. JEGHERS, Deputy Clerk.

I. N. THENNE, Esq., Attorney for Petitioner. au 17-5t

IN THE PROBATE COURT of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the estate of CLAUDE JACQUIN, deceased.

Order of Publication on application for order of sale.

On reading and filing the petition of William Rowan, administrator of the said estate, praying for an order of sale of the real estate therein described, and it appearing to this Court that there is not sufficient personal estate in the hands of the said Administrator to pay the debts outstanding against the deceased, and the expenses of administration, and that it is necessary to sell the whole or some portion of the real estate of said deceased for the payment of such debts.

It is ordered, That all persons interested in the said estate appear before this Court at the Court room thereof, at the City Hall, in the City and County of San Francisco, on TUESDAY, the first day of October, 1867, to show cause, if any they have, why an order should not be granted to said Administrator to sell so much of the real estate of the deceased as shall be necessary to pay such debts and expenses.

And it is further ordered, That a copy of the foregoing order be published once a week for four weeks, in THE CALIFORNIAN, a Newspaper published in the City and County aforesaid.

M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

August 30, A. D. 1867.

Office of the County Clerk of the City and County of San Francisco.—I, Wm. Loewy, County Clerk of the city and county of San Francisco, and ex-officio Clerk of the Probate Court thereof, do hereby certify the foregoing to be a full, true and correct copy of an order duly made and entered upon the minutes of the said Court.

Witness my hand, and the seal of said Court, this 30th day of August, A. D. 1867.

[SEAL AND STAMP] WM LOEWY, Clerk.
au31 5t By Wm. Ledlie, Deputy Clerk.

IN THE PROBATE COURT OF THE CITY AND County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the Estate of WILLIAM MacMICHAEL, deceased.

Order to show cause why order of distribution should not be made.

On reading and filing the petition of Theodore L. Schell, the administrator, with the will annexed, of the estate of William MacMichael, deceased, setting forth that he has filed his final account of his administration of the estate of said deceased, in this Court, and that the same has been duly settled and allowed; that all the debts and expenses of administration have been duly paid; and that a portion of said estate remains to be divided among the legatees of said deceased, and praying among other things for an order of distribution of the residue of said estate among the persons entitled:

It is Ordered, that all persons interested in the estate of said William MacMichael, deceased, be and appear before the Probate Court of the city and county of San Francisco, at the Court room of said Court, in the City Hall in said city and county, on WEDNESDAY, the 9th day of October, Anno Domini 1867, at eleven o'clock, A. M., then and there to shew cause why an order of distribution should not be made of the residue of said estate among the legatees of the said William MacMichael, according to law.

It is further Ordered, that a copy of this order be published for four successive weeks, before the said ninth day of October, A. D. 1867, in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published in the said city and county.

M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

Dated September 6, 1867.
WINANS & BELKNAP, Att'ys for Petitioner. s7 5t

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF THOMAS SMITH, deceased. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, the Administrator of the Estate of Thomas Smith, deceased, to the creditors, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator, at his office and place of transaction of business, No. 520 Montgomery street, in the City and County of San Francisco.

Dated August 14th, 1867.

WILLIAM A. QUARLES,
Public Administrator and the Administrator of the Estate of Thomas Smith, deceased. aug17 5t

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF PUTNAM A. TWISS, deceased. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administratrix of the Estate of Putnam A. Twiss, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them, with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice, to the said administratrix, at her place of residence, No. 867 Folsom street, in the City and County of San Francisco.

Dated, August 28, A. D. 1867. M. A. TWISS,
Administratrix of the Estate of Puntam A. Twiss, dec'd.
au31 5t.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—IN THE MATTER OF the Estate of JOHN S. BOOTHBY, deceased.

Notice is hereby given that all persons having claims against the estate of the said John S. Boothby, deceased, are required to exhibit them, with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice, to MARY A. BOOTHBY, Executrix, at the Capitol Building, at the northweat corner of Kearney and Pine streets, San Francisco. MARY A BOOTHBY,

Executrix of the Estate of John S. Boothby, deceased.
San Francisco, September 3d, 1867. s67-5t

NATURE UNVEILED,

AT THE

PACIFIC MUSEUM OF ANATOMY AND SCIENCE

Eureka Theatre Montgomery street,

Between California and Pine

GOD BLESS THE MEN.

God bless the men!
We say amen!
Who buy us shawls and dresses,
Or candied drops,
Or lemon pops,
Stand treat when heat oppresses!
The ducks and dears,
We'll soothe their fears,
And show a heap of sorrow,
Just as it suits,
For gloves or boots,
That's wanted for the morrow;
O, can't we wile,
And coax and smile,
When they of cash seem weary,
To get the "job".
And ease their fob,
Leaving them ne'er a nary!"

A Father living near Cincinnati, was one evening learning his little boy to recite his Sunday school lesson. It was from the 14th chapter of Matthew, wherein is related the parable of the malicious individual who went about sowing tares, etc. "What is a tare, Johnny?" inquired the parent. Johnny hesitated. "Tell me, my son, what a tare is." "You have had 'em, you know, father," said Johnny, casting down his eyes and wriggling his foot. "Had 'em!" repeated the astonished parent, opening his eyes rather wide; "why, what do you mean, Johnny?" "When you didn't come home for three whole days last week," replied Johnny, "I heard mother tell Aunt Susan that you was off on a tare!" The school was brought to a close rather abruptly, and Johnny retired supperless to bed that evening.

A young lady out West was charged with "putting on airs" because she refused to go to a ball barefooted.

JOHN DURIS,
LAUREL HALL,
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
Fine Brandies, Wines and Liquors,
No. 414 PINE STREET,
Next to California Market, San Francisco.
☞All Goods guaranteed Pure, and delivered free of chargo to any part of the City

STAPLETON'S
Refreshment Saloon,
ON CALIFORNIA STREET,
Adjoining the Market, San Francisco.
The very best Wines, Liquors and Cigars will always be found here.

TEUTONIA SALOON,
Corner of Montgomery and Summer streets.
HEIMBURG, SCHRODER & CO.,
PROPRIETORS.
The best kinds of WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS constantly on hand.
☞Give us a call.

THE "GROTTO,"
JOHN DUNCAN, Proprietor.
530 Sacramento street, opposite What Cheer House,
FINE WINES, LIQUORS, ALES AND PORTER,
Wholesale and Retail.
Importer of Wise's Celebrated Irish Whisky.

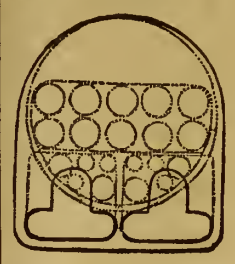
"OUR OPERA."
CAPT. JOHN H. MAY,
615 WASHINGTON STREET, 615,
SAN FRANCISCO,
Opposite Maguire's Opera House.

JOHN TAYLOR,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN
WINES AND LIQUORS.
NO. 16 THIRD STREET,
Between Market and Stevenson Streets., San Francisco.

LUKIN'S
Wines and Liquors,
333 Mongomery Sree,
SAN FRANCISCO.

AUSTIN KEELY. WM. HODGKINS.
Hodgkins & Keely's
UNION HALL EXCHANGE,
S. W. Corner Howard and Third Streets,
San Francisco,
Dealers in fine Wines, Liquors and Cigars. Oystors, Clams, Chops and Steaks, cooked to order at all hours.
☞ House open all night.

MOYNIHAN & AITKIN,
Portland Boiler Works,
311 AND 313 MISSION STREET,
Between Beale and Fremont streets, San Francisco.
Manufacturers of Steam Boilers, high or low pressure—Cylinder, Tubular or Flue; Sheet Iron Work; Steam and Water Pipe of the best quality, and at more reasonable prices than any other establishment on the Pacific Coast.
Being Practical Boiler Makers, of long experience, confining our whole time and attention to our branch of business, and having enlarged our works, and also added the most improved tools in the country, we are enabled to turn out Boilers more expeditiously than any other establishment on the Pacific Coast—using none but the best quality and brands of Boiler and Sheet Iron and Boiler Tubes. Those in want of anything in the above line will do well to give us a call. Orders from the country will receive prompt attention.
All work warranted according to order. Particular attention paid to Repairing Steam Boilers.
T. J. MOYNIHAN, } Proprietors.
JAS. AITKEN, }

NEPTUNE IRON WORKS.

Corner of MISSION and FREMONT streets,
SAN FRANCISCO.
MARINE,
LOCOMOTIVE,
And all kinds of
HIGH-PRESSURE
STEAM BOILERS
Manufactured.
The proprietor imports his own C. H. and B. Iron across the Isthmus, and Tubes of every size. Other parties can never blockade the market. He has made arrangements with the best houses in the East to furnish him with everything in the shape of Iron he wants.
All Boilers guaranteed and tested by U. S. Boiler Inspector before they are sent out of the shop, at my expense. ☞All kinds of Sheet Iron and Water Pipe, Coal Oil Stills, Wrought Iron Worms, etc., manufactured to order. OLD BOILERS REPAIRED.
D. CAMERON.

SAN FRANCISCO
Foundry and Machine Works,
Northeast corner Fremont and Mission streets,
Manufacturers of
MARINE AND STATIONARY ENGINES,
Quartz Machinery, Saw, Flour and Sugar Mills, Mining Pumps, Hoisting Gear, Agricultural Implements, etc.
ALSO,
Wine, Cider, Cotton and Tobacco Presses of the latest Improved Patterns.
STEAM ENGINES AND BOILERS,
Of all sizes, constantly on hand; Quartz Mill Shoes and Dies warranted to be made of the best white iron.
Dunbar's Improved Self-Adjusting Piston-Packing, requires no springs or screws; is always steam-tight; without excessive friction, and never gets slack or leaky.
MACHINERY, OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS,
Bought, sold, or exchanged. Bolt Cutting and Castings at the lowest market rates.
DEVOE, DINSMORE & CO.

IRON SHUTTER WORKS,
Established 1849.
John Upstone,
MANUFACTURER OF FIRE PROOF
Doors and Shutters,
Bank Vaults. Balconies, Gratings, Prison Cells, Awnings, Stairs, Iron Fence, etc.,
Corner of California and Drumm Streets,
San Francisco.
Constantly on hand a large assortment of second hand Fire-Proof Doors and Shutters.

Removal.
THEODORE KALLENBERG,
Machinist,
Has removed from No. 416 Market street, to No. 10 Stevenson street, next to the corner of First.
Maker of Models for Inventors, Drawing Instruments, Small Machines, Philosophical Instruments, Scales and Weights, all kinds of Brass and Iron Work.
REPAIRING PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

I. H. SMALL,
Machine Shop,
BUILDER OF
Steam Engines, Saw Mills, Mining Machinery,
Also, I. H. Small's Patent Boot Screwing Machine
Gears of all kinds Cut at Short Notice,
And at Greatly Reduced Prices.
Repairing of all kinds done with Promptness and Dispatch.
Corner of Market and Beale Streets,
SAN FRANCISCO

WM. O. BREYFOGLE.
(Successor to WARE & MOSHER,)
NO. 26 CALIFORNIA STREET,
Manufacturer and Dealer in
SASH, DOORS, BLINDS & SHUTTERS,
From Kiln-Dried Lumber—at the Lowest Rates.
Orders from the country will receive prompt attention

PRIVATE MEDICAL AID.
QUICK CURES AND MODERATE CHARGES.
DR. W. K. DOHERTY,
PRIVATE MEDICAL AND SURGICAL INSTITUTE,
Sacramento Street, below Montgomery, Opposite Pacific Mail Steamship Co's Office, Private Entrance on Leidesdorff Street,
San Francisco.
Established expressly to afford the afflicted sound and scientific Medical Aid, in the treatment and cure of all Private and Chronic Diseases, cases of Secresy, and all Sexual Disorders.
TO THE AFFLICTED.
Dr. W. K. Doherty returns his sincere thanks to his numerous patients for their patronage and would take this opportunity to remind them that he continues to consult at his Institute for the cure of chronic diseases of the Lungs, Liver, Kidneys, Digestive and Genito-Urinary Organs, and all Private Diseases, viz: Syphilis in all its forms and stages, Seminal Weakness, and all the horrid consequences of Self-Abuse, Gonorrhœa, Gleet, Strictures, Nocturnal and Diurnal Emissions, Sexual Debility, Diseases of the Back and Loins, Inflammation of the Bladder and Kidneys, etc.; and he hopes that his long experience and successful practice will continue to insure him a share of public patronage. By his practice of many years in Europe and the United States, he is enabled to apply the most efficient and successful remedies against diseases of all kinds. He uses no mercury, charges moderate, treats his patients in a correct and honorable way, and has references of unquestionable veracity from men of known respectability and high standing in society. All parties consulting him, by letter or otherwise, will receive the best and gentlest treatment, and implicit secresy.
TO FEMALES.
When a female is in trouble, or afflicted with disease, as weakness of the back and limbs, pain in the head, dimness of sight, loss of muscular power, palpitation of the heart, irritability, nervousness, extreme urinary difficulties, derangement of digestive function, general debility, vaginitis, all disease of the womb, hysteria, sterility, and all other diseases peculiar to females, they should go or write at once to the celebrated female doctor, W. K. DOHERTY, at his Medical Institute, and consult him about their troubles and disease. Irregularities, suppressions, etc., will receive the Doctor's most particular attention. Let no false delicacy prevent, but apply immediately and save yourself from painful suffering and premature death. Ladies whose delicate health or other circumstances prevent an increase in their families, should write or call at DR. DOHERTY'S MEDICAL INSTITUTE, and they will receive every possible relief and help. The Doctor's offices, consisting of a suite of six rooms, are so arranged that he can be consulted without fear of observation.
TO CORRESPONDENTS.
Patients (male or female) residing in any part of the State, however distant, who may desire the opinion and advice of DR. W. K. DOHERTY on their respective cases, and who think proper to submit a written statement of such, in preference to holding a personal interview, are respectfully assured that their communications will be held most sacred. Dr. Doherty takes this opportunity of observing that all letters are only opened and replied to by himself, and the latter as promptly as possible.
If the case be fully and candidly described, personal communication will be unnecessary, as instructions for diet, regimen, and the general treatment of the case itself, (including the remedies) will be forwarded without delay, and in such a manner as to convey no idea of the purport of the letter or parcel so transmitted.
Consultation, by letter or otherwise, Free. Permanent cure guaranteed, or no pay. Address,
W. K. DOHERTY, M. D.,
San Francisco, Cal.
SPERMATORRHŒA.
DR. DOHERTY has just published an important pamphlet embodying his own views and experiences in relation to Impotence or Virility, being a short treatise on Spermatorrhœa, or Seminal Weakness, Nervous and Physical Debility consequent on this affection, and other diseases of the Sexual Organs
This little work contains information of the utmost value to all whether married or single, and will be sent Free by mail on receipt of Six Cents in Postage stamps for return postage. Address,
W. K. DOHERTY, M. D., San Francisco, Cal.

CALIFORNIA BRASS FOUNDRY,
No. 125 First street, opposite Minna,

SAN FRANCISCO
All kinds of Brass, Composition, Zinc, and Babbitt Meta Castings, furnished at the shortest notice. Brass Ship-Work o all kinds, Spikes, Sheathing Nails, Rudder Braces, Hinges, etc., constantly on hand and made to order. Also, manufacture Ship and Steamboat Bells and Gongs of superior tone.
All kinds of Steam, Liquor, Water, Oil, and Flange Cocks and Valves made and repaired.
Hydraulic Pipes and Nozzles, and Hose Couplings and Connections of all sizes and patterns, furnished with dispatch. *PRICES MODERATE.*
V. KINGWELL. JOS. H. WEED, SAM'L WHITE.

J. R. PATTON,
TAILOR,
535 MERCHANT STREET,
Between Montgomery and Sansome, San Francisco.
☞ REPAIRING AND CLEANING NEATLY DONE

JOHN H. TODMAN & CO.,
Successors to JAMES MEARS.
ALE, PORTER AND CIDER
BOTTLING ESTABLISHMENT,
511 Front Street.
A large stock of Champagne Cider on hand, in glass and bulk.

ASSESSMENT OF MORTGAGES.
NOTICE TO TAX-PAYERS.
THE CITY AND COUNTY ASSESSOR IS NOW MAKing up the Assessment Roll of "MONEYS LOANED AND SOLVENT DEBTS SECURED BY MORTGAGE." The Roll is made up from the Records of Mortgages (unsatisfied) in the County Recorder's office. It is important that all persons interested should call, without delay, at the Assessessor's office, City Hall, and have corrected any errors there may be in amounts due or otherwise.
WM. R. WHEATON, Assessor.

SOTOYOME HOTEL,
B. C. WRIGHT, Proprietor, Healdsburg, Cal.

TO THE UNFORTUNATE.
NEW REMEDIES! NEW REMEDIES!
Dr. Gibbon's Dispensary.

ESTABLISAED IN 1854,
616 Kearney street, corner of Commercial, San Francisco.
For the treatment of Sexual and Seminal Diseases, such as gonorrhœa, gleet, stricture, syphilis in all its forms, seminal weakness, impotency, &c. Skin Diseases, (of years' standing,) and Ulcerated legs, successfully treated.
HORRIBLE DISEASES.
How many thousands of persons both male and female are there who are suffering out a miserable existence from the effects of secret indulgence, or from virus absorbed into the system. Look at their pallid, emaciated and disfigured faces, and their broken constitutions, disqualifying them for the happiness of marriage or the enjoyment of life. In this horrid situation thousands suffer until death closes the scene. Let parents, guardians and friends, attend to those who are suffering with any of these horrible, life-destroying maladies—see that they are cared for and cured before it be too late. Send them to Dr. Gibbon, a physician who has made private diseases his especial study for years, and who is certain to cure the most inveterate cases without mercury or any injurious drugs. It is important to those who are afflicted, to be careful of the many pretended Doctors who infest all cities, publishing their skill in curing all diseases in a few days, imposing upon the public by using the names of eminent physicians from Europe and other places. Be therefore careful and make strict inquiry, or you may fall into the hands of these charlatans.
Syphilis is syphilis the world over; so is small pox, consumption, and other diseases, to the contrary of what quacks may say.
SEMINAL WEAKNESS.
Seminal weakness the consequent of self abuse. This solitary vice, or depraved sexual indulgence, is practiced by the youth of both sexes to an almost unlimited extent, producing with unerring certainty the following train of morbid symptoms, unless combatted by scientific medical measure; sallow countenances, dark spots under the eyes, pain in the head, ringing in the ears, noise like the rustling of leaves and rattling of chariots, uneasines about the loins, weakness of the limbs, confused vision, blunt intellect, loss of confidence, diffidence in approaching strangers, a dislike to form new acquaintances, a disposition to shun society, loss of memory, hectic flushes, pimples and various eruptions about the face, furred tongue, fetid breath, coughs, consumption, night sweats, monomania, and frequent insanity. If relief be not obtained, should apply immediately, either in person or by letter, and have a cure effected by his new and scientific mode of treating this complaint, which never fails of effecting a quick and radical cure. Dr. G. will give $100 to any person who will prove satisfactorily to him that he was cured by either of the San Francisco quacks.
Dr. Gibbon is responsible, and will give each patient a written instrument binding himself to effect a radical and permanent cure or make no charge.
Persons at a distance may be cured at home by addressing a letter to Dr. Gibbon, stating case, symptoms, length of time the disease has continued, and have medicine promptly forwarded, free from damage and curiosity, to any part of the country, with full and plain directions for use, for ten dollars, sent in a registered letter, or through Wells, Fargo & Co.
Address DR. J. F. GIBBON, 616 Kearney street, corner of Commercial, San Francisco, Postoffice Box 252.
CAUTION TO THE UNFORTUNATE.
Beware of the San Francisco quacks and pretenders who with bogus sworn-to certificates, dupe the unwary. Some of the self styled doctors whose names are to be found in all the daily and weekly papers of San Francisco and other places, are tradesmen, and become too lazy to work at their trade. Some are tinsmiths, shoemakers, newspaper carriers, intelligence offices keepers, etc. Look over the San Francisco City Directory and you will find their former occupation in it. Look at the Directory for 1862-63. The only way to avoid imposition is make inquiry—it will cost you nothing and may save you many regrets, for advertising physicians in eight cases out of ten are bogus, there is no safety in trusting any of them till you know who and what they are. Dr. Gibbon does not deceive people by exhibiting bogus titles, certificates, pretended patients' letters, etc. Dr. Gibbon Will satisfy persons who may call at his office of his ability to treat diseases that he proposes to cure.
☞ Persons writing to Dr. Gibbon will Please state the name of the paper they see his advertisement in.

A RARE GEM OF ART.
"The Lord's Prayer,"
A pen drawing, by Mr. D. F. Brown, is one of the most remarkable works of art ever exhibited in this country. By patient labor he has succeeded in producing a design which for skill and beauty of execution, exquisite softness and delicacy of finish, and general merit, it would seem scarcely possible to surpass. The central figure—the face of our savior—is one of marvelous power and beauty. This and the faces of the Twelve Apostles, forming the border of the piece, are faithful copies from Leonardo da Vinci's famous painting of the
LAST SUPPER,
Reproducing, with the softest and most perfect shadings, the conceptions and characteristic expressions of the originals. Within this enclosure the words of the Lord's Prayer, in ornamental letters of various original designs and exquisite finish, are an interesting study of art in themselves; while appropriately distributed among these, miniature groups and scenes of marked events of Savior's life, copied from the great masters—five of them from Raphael's celebrated designs—form a harmonious completion of this unique, beautiful and truly wonderful work. The faces of
OUR LORD AND HIS APOSTLES.
Alone, so finely copied, would be a treasure in any house, and worth the full price of subscription.
W. HOLT, General Agent,
305 Montgomery street.

CALIFORNIA
Steam Navigation Company.
STEAMER CAPITAL.... CAPT. E. A. FOOLE.
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" CORNELIA....CAPT W. BROMLEY
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One of the above steamers leave BROADWAY WHARF, at 4 o'clock P. M., *EVERY DAY*, (Sundays excepted,) for Sacramento and one for Stockton, the Sacramento steamer connecting with light-draft steamers for Marysville, Colusa, Chico and Red Bluff.
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MAGUIRE'S OPERA HOUSE.

THOMAS MAGUIRE,.....Sole Proprietor.
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Engagement of the
CELEBRATED IRISH COMEDIAN,
DAN. BRYANT,
Supported by
MR JOHN McCULLOUGH,
MR. HENRY EDWARDS,
MRS. SOPHIE EDWIN,
MRS. JUDAH,
MISS SALLIE HINCKLEY,
AND THE GREAT STAR COMPANY.

Matinee to-day,
LONDON ASSURANCE.

This Evening,.....September 14th,
BORN TO GOOD LUCK,
AND HANDY ANDY.

Monday Evening,
SHAMUS O'BRIEN.

PRICES OF ADMISSION:
Dress Circle.....$1 00 | Orchestra $1 00
Parquetto..... 50 | Upper Circle..... 25

METROPOLITAN THEATRE.

Directress.....MISS EMMA HOWSON
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Engagement of
ALEXANDER FITZGERALD,
SUPPORTED BY
MR. JAMES H. VINSON,
MR. AND MRS. HARRY JACKSON,
THE HOWSON TROUPE,
MRS. C. R. SAUNDERS,
AND A SPLENDID STOCK COMPANY.

SATURDAY,.....STPT. 14,
The Great Prize Drama,
TRUE TO THE CORE,
Will be repeated for the MATINEE TO-DAY, and THIS EVENING, FOR THE LAST TIME.

NEXT WEEK
Will be produced with unparalleled splendor:
AZRAEL, THE PRODIGAL.

PRICES OF ADMISSION.
Dress Circle and Orchestra Seats.....One Dollar
Parquet 50 cts | Gallery 25 cts
No Extra Charge for Reserved Seats.
Doors open at 7 o'clock; to commence at 8.

AMERICAN THEATRE.

Grand Complimentary
FAREWELL BENEFIT
TO
MADAME STELLA BONHEUR,
Tendered by Citizens of San Francisco,
ON WEDNESDAY EVENING.....SEPTEMBER 18,
On which occasion will be performed
LA FIGLIA DEL REGGIMENTO.

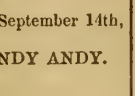
Maria.....Mme Stella Bonheur
Sulpizio.....Signor G. Mancusi
Tonio.....Signor C. Morley
Marchioness.....Mme Hall
Ortensio.....Mons. Roncoveri
Corporal.....Mr. Hennecart
Full Chorus and Orchestra. New Scenery and Costumes.

Conductor.....MR. GEO. T. EVANS

Dress Circle and Parquet.....$1 00
Family Circle and Gallery..... 50
Reserved Seats in Dress Circle and Parquet, 50 cts. extra.
Box Office open MONDAY, September 16th, at 10 A. M., when seats may be secured.

THE CENTRAL PARK OF THE PACIFIC.

WOODWARD'S GARDENS,
Art Gallery, Museum, Gymnasium,
AND
ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.



THESE BEAUTIFUL GARDENS are visited daily by hundreds of the pleasure seeking public, and all agree in pronouncing them the best and only first class suburban resort on the Pacific coast.

The extensive grounds are covered with the rarest trees and shrubbery, making it a most desirable spot for small parties wishing to enjoy a Pic-Nic.

New attractions are being constantly added.

Gardens accessible by the Howard and Market street cars. Entrances on Mission and Valencia streets, between Thirteenth and Fourteenth. OPEN EVERY DAY.

A GRAND INSTRUMENTAL CONCERT every Saturday afternoon; and on Sundays a Grand Concert of Sacred Music, appropriate to the day.

Admission 25 cents. Children half price.

THE CITY GARDENS,
CORNER OF TWELFTH AND FOLSOM STREETS.

☞ The Folsom St. Cars run every five minutes.
☞ The Howard St. Cars run within one block.

ON SATURDAY,
Chris. Andres' Band will give a
GRAND INSTRUMENTAL CONCERT!
COMMENCING AT TWO O'CLOCK.

ON SUNDAY,
A Grand Concert of Sacred Music,
BY CHRIS. ANDRES' BAND,
INTRODUCING
NEW AND APPROPRIATE PIECES!
COMMENCING AT ONE O'CLOCK P. M.

Admission, 25 cents, Children, half-price.

BOWMAN & CO.,
Dealers in Stoves and Tin Ware,
Main street, Petaluma

MURPHY, GRANT & CO.,

NORTHEAST CORNER OF
SANSOME AND BUSH STREETS,
INVITE THE ATTENTION OF
☞ BUYERS ☜
TO THEIR
LARGE AND WELL ASSORTED
STOCK OF
Domestic and Foreign
DRY GOODS,
WHICH THEY ARE OFFERING ON
THE MOST FAVORABLE TERMS.

PARIS EXPOSITION,
1867.
GLORIOUS NEWS
FOR
THE FLORENCE!

OFFICIAL CATALOGUE JUST RECEIVED, (September 8th) the only copy on this coast—29 days from London. FREE FOR INSPECTION.

THE FLORENCE

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SAMUEL HILL, Agent,
No. 111 Montgomery St., San Francisco.

DICKEY'S
CREME DE LIS
DE CALIFORNIE.

FOR CLEANSING AND PRESERVING THE TEETH. Beautifying the Complexion, and removing Freckles, Eruptions, Sunburn, and Tan.

A New Combination, equal to the best French preparations, and free from their poisonous ingredients.

Invented by GEO. S. DICKEY, Chemist,
Corner of Market, Stockton, Ellis and Fourth streets,
San Francisco.

JAS. H. McCONNELL,
Pioneer Cutler,

No. 131 Fourth street, between Howard and Mission, San Francisco.

ALL KINDS OF CUTLERY made to order or repaired.
DAMAGED CUTLERY polished equal to new.
LOCKSMITHING and BELL HANGING, and all kinds of
JOB WORK
promptly attended to.
N. B.—Particular attention paid to BARBERS' WORK.

ITALIAN RESTAURANT,
No. 515 Merchant Street,

Between Montgomery and Sansome, San Francisco.
Taglierini, Maccaroni, Risotto and Ravioli,
In the Italian Style.
MEALS FIFTY CENTS, OR TO ORDER.
Rooms for private parties up stairs.
MR. GUISEPPE CABENASC.

T. B. RODGERS,
CUTLER,
108 Leidesdorff street.
Cornor California, adjoining the Pacific Insurance Office, San Francisco.

NATURE UNVEILED,
AT THE
PACIFIC MUSEUM OF ANATOMY AND SCIENCE
Eureka Theatre Montgomery street,
Between California and Pine

New Fall Dry Goods!

MEAGHER, TAAFFE & CO.
WILL OFFER AT THEIR
RETAIL STORE,
ON
Monday, - - - - September 9,
$200,000
WORTH OF SUPERIOR
French English & American
DRY GOODS,

A LARGE PORTION OF WHICH WERE purchased at the recent GREAT AUCTION SALES of H. M. NEWHALL & CO., and VOISIN, RIS & CO., all of which they offer to their customers at

GREATLY REDUCED PRICES
FROM COST OF IMPORTATION.

SILKS.

3000 yards good Black Dress Silk at $1 per yard.
2500 do do do do do $1 25 do.
2000 do do do do do $1 50 do.
1500 do do do do do $1 75 do.
3000 do Bischoff's Gros de Rhine, $2 do.
5000 do Bonnet's and Bischoff's, $2 25 and $2 50 do.
6000 do Bonnet's super at $3, $3 50 and $4 do.
5000 do Bonnet's extra superior $6, $6 75 and $8 do.
500 Elegant Colored Silk Dresses suitable for Carriage, Walking and Evening Dresses.
400 pieces Colored Poil de Soie and Glace Silks, for Walking Dresses.
Colored Satins for Evening Dresses.

WOOL AND SILK DRESS GOODS.

500 pieces Empress Cloth for Walking Suits.
300 do Poplins and Brocho Cashmeres.
350 do Merinos in all colors from 75c to $1 75 pr yd.
200 Rich Cashmere Mourning Robes.
100 pieces Rich Printed Flannels.
200 do do do de Laines.
150 do Scoth Ginghams, at 25 cents per yard.
Mourning Dress Goods of every description.

LINEN AND COTTON GOODS.

500 pieces good Cotton Shirtings, at 12½c per yd.
600 do do do do 15c do.
New York Mills, Wamasntta, White Rock, Loasdale, etc.
5-4, 6-4, 7-4, 8 4, 9-4, 10-4 Cotton Sheetiugs.
1500 yds good Scoth Linen Sheeting 11-4 wide, $1.
300 do Real Barnsley do from $1 to $2 50.
5000 Barnsley and Scotch Table Damasks, $1 to $3.
5000 doz Huck and Damask Towels, $2 to $20 per doz.
French Cambric, Nainsook, Mull and Organdie Muslins.
Plaid, Striped and Figured Cambrics.
Piano and Table Covers.

WOOLENS.

500 pieces Super French Cloakings.
200 do do Scotch Cloths for Cloaks and Men's wear.
500 do Welsh, English and American Flannels.
2000 Marseilles Quilts.
200 pairs Blankets in all sizes.

HOSIERY.

French and English Hosiery and Under Garments, for Gentlemen, Ladies and Children.

CLOAKS.

SILK, VELVET, and CLOTH CLOAKS, BASQUES and JACKETS, in new and elegant designs.

SHAWLS.

INDIA CAMELS' HAIR SHAWLS.
FRENCH do do do.
BROCHE do.
PLAID WOOL do.
BLACK CASHMERE AND CAMELS' HAIR SHAWLS.

LACES AND EMBROIDERIES.

POCKET HANDKERCHIEFS.
500 dozen KID GLOVES.

9 *MONTGOMERY STEET,*
LICK HOUSE BLOCK.

WHOLESALE HOUSE,
107 BATTERY STREET, near Pine street.
SAN FRANCISCO.

Turnbull & Smith,
PRINTERS,
522 CLAY ST.,
SAN FRANCISCO.

GENTS, PLEASE TAKE NOTICE!
MEUSSDORFFER'S
New Styles of Dress Hats for Fall and Winter, 1867,

ARE NOW READY AT THEIR HAT MANUFACTORIES,
Nos. 635 and 637 Commercial street.....San Francisco
No. 125 J street.....Sacramento
Corner of D and Second streets.....Marysville
No. 72 Front street.....Portland, Oregon

We wish to direct particular attention to our large assortment of the LATEST STYLES, selected by our partner, Mr. J. C. MEUSSDORFFER, at Paris, London and New York. Call and see them at
Nos. 635 and 637 COMMERCIAL STREET.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, THAT IN PURSUANCE of an order of the Probate Court of the City and County of San Francisco, made on the 27th day of August, 1867, the undersigned the Administrator of the estate of JOHN THOMAS, deceased, will sell at public auction, to the highest bidder for cash, in United States gold coin, in one parcel and subject to confirmation by said Probate Court, on WEDNESDAY, the 9th day of October, 1867, at 12 o'clock, noon, at the auction rooms of MAURICE DORE & CO., No. 327 Montgomery street, in said City and County of San Francisco, all the right, title, interest and estate of the said John Thomas, deceased, at the time of his death, and all the right, title and interest that the said estate has by operation of law or otherwise acquired other than, or in addition to that of said John Thomas, at the time of his death, in and to all the real estate described below, with the improvements and appurtenances thereon.

TERMS OF SALE—Cash in United States gold coin. Ten per cent. of the purchase money to be paid to the auctioneer at the time of sale; balance on confirmation by the Probate Court. Deeds and Revenue Stamps at the expense of purchaser.

The following is the property to be sold:

That certain piece or parcel of land lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, bounded and described as follows, to wit:

Commencing at the angle of intersection of the north line of Fell street, with the east line of a fence now or late owned by John Ferguson, and running thence northeasterly along said line of fence seventy (70) feet, thence easterly and parallel with Fell street fifty (50) feet; thence south-westerly and parallel with said fence seventy (70) feet to Fell street; thence westerly along the northerly line of Fell street fifty (50) feet to the point of commencement, being a part of block No. 299 on the official map of said City and County.

Dated September 13th, 1867.

WILLIAM A. QUARLES,
Administrator of the Estate of John Thomas, deceased.
sep14-5t

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE FIFTEENTH Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco.

MARY ANN LEEDOM, Plaintiff, vs. FRANCIS LEEDOM, Defendant.

Action brought in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in said city and county of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to FRANCIS LEEDOM, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named plaintiff, in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein, within ten days (exclusive of the day of service,) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this county; or if served out of this county, but in this District, within twenty days; otherwise within forty days; or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said complaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony existing between plaintiff and defendant, awarding the care and custody of her daughter Julia to plaintiff, and allowing her to resume her maiden name.

And you are hereby notified, that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

Given under my hand and Seal of the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 7th day of August, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-seven.

[SEAL.] WM. LOEWY, Clerk,
By OCTAVIUS BELL, Deputy Clerk.
Geo. W. Tyler, Plaintiff's Attorney. s14-5t

IN THE PROBATE COURT of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the estate of JOHN HIGGINS, deceased.

Order to show cause why order of distribution should not be made.

On reading and filing the petition of Ellen Higgins, Administratrix of the estate of John Higgins, deceased, setting forth that she has filed her final account of her administration of the estate of said deceased, in this Court, and that the same has been duly settled and allowed; that all the debts and expense of administration have been duly paid; and that a portion of said estate remains to be divided among the heirs of said deceased, and praying among other things for an order of distribution of the residue of said estate among the persons entitled:

It is ordered, that all persons interested in the Estate of the said John Higgins, deceased, be and appear before the Probate Court of the City and County of San Francisco, at the Court-room of said Court, in the City Hall in said city and county, on MONDAY, the 14th day of October 1867, at eleven o'clock, A. M., then and there to show cause why an order of distribution should not be made of the residue of said Estate among the heirs of the said John Higgins, deceased, according to law.

It is further ordered, That a copy of this order be published for four successive weeks before the said 14th day of October A. D. 1857, in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published weekly, in the said city and county.

M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

Dated September 11th, 1867.
W. C. Burnett, Esq., Attorney for Petitioner. s14-5t

The Californian

"SURELY THERE IS A VEIN FOR THE SILVER AND A PLACE FOR GOLD WHERE THEY FINE IT."

VOLUME VII., No. 18. OFFICE, No. 532 MERCHANT STREET. | SAN FRANCISCO, SEPTEMBER 21, 1867. | TERMS, $5 A YEAR, BY MAIL, IN ADVANCE. 50 CENTS A MONTH, BY CARRIER.

CONTENTS:

ORIGINAL: Endorsing Impertinence; Is Spiritualism True? Basilica, by A. G. Bierce; Literary Gleanings; Youman on Modern Culture; "Lion's Mouth;" Pastoral Letter, by H.; A Good Thing Indeed—Those Horrid Daily Papers—A Villainous Boarding House Keeper—Educational Advertisements—The Recluse of Sansome street, etc by "Trem;" Dramatic Affairs, by Touchstone; Paragraphs, etc., Selected; Jim Wolf and the Tom Cats, by "Mark Twain;" Bullet Marks, a Story; Why Jack Harper never got Married; Wilkins on Dogs, by John Quill; William Hogruth, a Biography: Shakspeare's Shylock, a Criticism; Poetry, etc.

THE LION'S MOUTH.

"THE gravest beast is an ass, the gravest bird is an owl, the gravest fish is an oyster, and the gravest man is a fool." SYDNEY SMITH.

"I WILL roar, that I will do any man's heart good to hear me." A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

"I WILL aggravate my voice so, that I will roar you as gently as any sucking dove; I will roar you an 't were any nightingale." IBID.

"*Nil falsi audeat, nil veri non audeat dicere.*" CICERO

PASTORAL LETTER OF THE BISHIP OF CALIFORNIA.

After many years of unrecompensed Episcopal labor, being now in receipt of a regular stipend or salary from the Diocese of California, and having won, as it were, a pecuniary recognition of my position, it becomes my bounden duty where any particular form of sin is glaring in the community to "premonish" those committed to my chargo, to address them a solemn warning, and in other ways to "earn my wage" as the medieval fathers have quaintly expressed it. And owing to the inattention, indifference and even non-attendance which too often prevail on the occasion of my oral teachings, there is no other way in which I can reach you except through the columns of a worldly newspaper in the form of a Pastoral Letter. This form is, I take it, not without "due precedence and authority." Were I inclined to quote the Romish Church, I might point you to the Pontifical Allocution, and Encyclical Letter, but the Church of England has in her own domain sufficient examples. I remember, at the Palace at Lambeth, to have been consulted by his Lordship in regard to a "Pastoral," touching the hasty, irreverent and unhallowed "holting" of sacramental wine and bread by the youthful and famished communicants among the parochial poor, and that my suggestion that personal rebuke and discipline were better for the lower order than "pastorals," was cordially received by his Lordship. I might point out the recent letter of the Bishop of Oxford in regard to the "mixed chalice" profanely termed "grog" by an unregenerate solicitor, but I refrain from multiplying examples. The "due authority and precedent" of this form of address, is, I think, fully demonstrated.

In this city, whose population is composed of so many diverse elements, whose civilization is hard, cold and material, whose faults are manifold, it might be supposed that I should address you in regard to meanness, selfishness, corruption, gambling, flippancy, skepticism, avariciousness, snobbishness, illiberality, want of humanity, and the countless failings of our California civilization. But herein you would fall in error. Holy Church leaves these topics to the discussion of so-called moralists, newspapers, reformers and unevangelical ministers. I wish to speak to you on the *desecration of the Lord's Day*.

I am no advocate for the severity of a Jewish Sabbath—nor in deed of any other denominational Sabbath, but that of the Church of England. Whenever the peculiar sanctity and formality of this day is lost, not only the Church but the vocation of its "ministers, priests and deacons" are gone. The minister is peculiarly a Sabbath teacher: the church is peculiarly a Sabbath institution; hence, when you break the peculiar professional sanctity of that day, when, as I learn with mortification, you attempt to spread your religion through the week, and thus feebly try to apologise for a seventh day remissness you offend the Church. Those who plead the example of foreign population do seriously err; what is forgiven in the German, Lutheran or French Catholic is damned in the English Protestant. I might point you to the Sunday *dinner party*, where the sacredness of the day is lost in festivity, where religious austerity is lost in human enjoyment and cheerfulness, where indecorous hilarity and jest take the place of solitary anchorite repasts, where the hard-working mechanic invites a guilty confederate to cut his unhallowed Sunday mutton with him, and the Lord's holiday is disgraced by human family or friendly reunions around the social board. I might speak of the *Saturday night ball*, projected past the secular limits into the next holy day, of the quadrille commenced at five minutes to twelve and ending at five minutes past twelve, leaving the "head couple" and the "first figure" spiritually guiltless, but involving the "sides" and "second figure" in hopeless damnation—I might, I say speak of these things, but I won't.

For worse than all is the SUNDAY PICNIC. As I write these words, my brethren, my pen staggers, the ink refuses to flow, and I blush even in the seclusion of my study. I feel that when Bishop Burgess, of Maine, or any respectable kindred, read these lines, their aristocratic breasts will tremble in their shirt frills; not so much, perhaps, at the open violation of God's holy day as that any member of a refined and fashionable church should so far forget him or herself, as to make a rural holiday of a day usually left to the suburban recreation of apprentices, bond maidens and tradesfolk. And when that gay party passed to the scene of their festivities what was the effect on the vulgar mind? When too, the day had closed, while through all its hours Frivolity had held its carnival, Devotion kept lent, while Jocularity had been ordained, Jest baptized, Sentiment christened, Levity churched, and the damnation of the whole party Confirmed, then do you believe your conduct becoming those "who profess and call themselves Christians?" No, brethren; if this Diocese understand itself—No.

But worse, if possible, than the influence upon yourselves has been that upon "them that are without." If you had kept your indiscretion secret, I might have been spared this pastoral letter. But being people of "good report" socially and financially as well as spiritually, your conduct is continually quoted by scorners outside of the church. "These," say the infidels, in the unrefined language of their order, "these are high old Christians and churchmen—ain't they!" My Christian brethren, consider the mortifying position in which you place yourselves—in which you place the church—in which you place me!

Beloved—the church asks but little. It interferes not with your secular gambling, swindling, licentiousness, gluttony and intemperance—it takes no account of these peccadillos if confined to week days. But it entreats, nay, demands, a proper observance of its Sabbath formula. And in this I, your Bishop, am firm.

WILLIAM CALIFORNIA. †
X.

A Villainous Boarding-House Keeper.

A man who keeps a boarding-house and contracts to give people all they can eat for a stated sum per week, has written an article against eating and drinking which is going the rounds of the press, and is quoted by all the special-contract boarding-house-keepers in this State. This smart fellow starts thus:

"Great eaters never live long. A voracious appetite, as far from being a sign of health, is a certain indication of disease."

We know that man. We know that he considers the man who eats three buckwheat cakes and drinks two cups of coffee at breakfast, has a voracious appetite. He is in the habit of saying as he pours out the second cup of coffee and sees the last buckwheat cake undergoing the process of demolition, "Great eaters never live long." This stingy boarding-house keeper tells us that Kentigern, who never tasted spirits or wine, and worked hard all his life, reached a hundred and eighty-five years. Jenkens, a poor Yorkshire fisherman, who lived on the coarsest diet, was one hundred and sixty-nine years old when he died. Old Parr lived to a hundred and fifty-three; his diet being milk, cheese, whey, small beer and coarse bread. The favorite food of Henry Francisco, who lived to be one hundred and forty, was tea, bread and butter, and baked apples. Epharim Pratt, of Shutesbury, Mass., who died, aged one hundred and seventeen, lived chiefly on milk, and even that in small quantity; his son Michael, by similar means lived to be a hundred and three years old. And so he goes on giving examples of persons who lived long lives, and died without ever knowing the luxury of a good dinner. His last instance is that of a wretched old Methodist clergyman, who lived on bacon and bread made of Indian meal for one hundred and five years. What civilized being would accept one hundred and five years of life on such terms? He finally says:

"We need not expect to live long by doing any one thing which an old man did and omit all others, but by doing as he did, that is, work steadily as well as eat mainly a particular dish."

These statements are abominably wicked and utterly false. Mortuary statistics prove that the two classes whose members live the longest are gentlemen and paupers, and that the average lifetime of the laborer is the lowest of all. That infamous boarding-house keeper would no doubt be much pleased could be persuade his boarders that if they would be contented with "a particular dish" (corned pork,) and work steadily at washing dishes, sawing wood and doing chores generally, they would be sure to live to the age of the degraded Henry Francisco, who lived for one hundred and forty years on tea, bread and butter and baked apples, or the ostrich-stomached Methodist clergyman, who lived on bacon for one hundred and five years. He'd like it, but we at least have the satisfaction of knowing that we have done all that lay in our power to expose the infamous hypocrite and block his little game.

Those Horrid Daily Papers.

When one engages in an ungrateful task, it is pleasing to find that one's exertions in a good cause are recognized. The following letter cheered our drooping spirits and afforded us encouragement to go on in our good work:

MR. LION'S MOUTH: Newspaper grammar is becoming frightfully deranged, nowadays. What is the matter? Is it that gentlemen of this high craft have grown careless of the proprieties, or can it be that the fault is of a grover nature?

Citing examples to you would indeed be labor lost—for have not you, yourself, observed, painfully, the indiscriminate application of singular and plural verbs to such substantives as "public," "company," "bank," etc.? One popular journal speaks of a "man who *seen* another man," etc. Now, since the demise of the late Mr. Bickerstaff, (peace to his ashes,) the mantle of the censor has fallen upon no shoulders worthier than your own—this is the reason why this complaint goes straight to your court. If you will but read the daily papers, as they will appear between this day and next Saturday—mark my word, good Mr. Censor—you will find in them candidates for flagelation—in numbers more than sufficient for your rod.

I simply aspire to the honor if hinting at these derelictions, and am content, having done so. Pardon, Great Mr. Censor, the liberty I have taken in this communcation. FRESHMAN.

"Freshman" flatters us. We have, perhaps, done a little towards checking Fitz-Smythe from indulging in the infamous breaches of all the laws of grammar which he delights in making, we may have occasionally read the editors of the daily papers a lesson which has proved of service to them; but still we fear we have accomplished but little, "Freshman's" complaint has but too much foundation. Though our modesty will not allow us to admit that the mantel of the late Mr. Bickerstaff has fallen on our shoulders, we will never be a silent spectator of ruthless assaults on the English language, but will ever act as the guardian of all that is correct in the speech, morals and manners of the people of San Francisco.

A Good Thing Indeed.

The following advertisement appeared in the *Times* of this city on Thursday, Sept. 19th:

THE advertiser being in the enjoyment of a GOOD THING, is willing to impart it to a select number of subscribers. THIS is *bona fide*. Send thirteen three cent stamps, and direct "M.," TIMES OFFICE, care of W. H. BARTON.

We are really in enjoyment of a good thing, too good a thing to be kept to ourselves, we therefore impart it to our select, but at the same time numerous subscribers. In the last issue of the CALIFORNIAN, September 14th, we published an article taken from Charles Dickens' Magazine, *All the Year Round*, entitled a Good Thing. To this article we refer our readers. We must, however, give a slight sketch of its purport. It open thus:

I am ashamed to confess that I have been a thief. It is humiliating to reflect that, at an earlier period of my career, I should at any time have so far forgotten myself as to have been guilty of the vulgar offence of petty larceny from the person. It is sad to remember, moreover, that, this being my third mistake of that nature, I was condemned for it to five years' penal servitude. Doubly humiliating it was when after having been liberated on a ticket-of-leave for good conduct, I discovered how many professions were open to me of a far more lucrative character than my former calling, and although beyond the reach of the law."

The writer then relates how he raised a capital of fifteen pounds by a smart transaction in pawn-broker's tickets. He then says:

"I next purchased ten pounds' worth of postage stamps, and then sent the subjoined advertisement to three daily newspapers, directing it to be inserted every other day: three insertions in each paper only:

THE advertiser, being in the enjoyment of a GOOD THING, is willing to impart it to a select number of subscribers. This is *bona fide*. Send thirteen postage stamps and a directed envelope to "M.," Esq., care of "H. W.," at Messrs. Danton & Birch, Moon street, City."

We will not relate how the manner in which the "Good Thing" swindle was successfully worked and realized for its projector a profit of £553,14,5 within a few months. We will only give the concluding remarks:

"I wish to add a general moral.

To steal in the lump from any one person is disreputable and foolish, besides rendering you amenable to the law; but so to conduct your negotiations as to distribute a given loss (*your* profit) among the largest possible body of constituents, is the true theory of commercial prosperity."

Those who wish to read the article itself, can, as we observed before, do so either in *All the Round*, or in the last number of THE CALIFORNIAN. The man who inserted that advertisement in the *Times* five days, after an article exposing a real or imaginary swindle must be the most verdant of beings. Even supposing that he had hit upon some original scheme he would have found that Californians are not so easily gulled as Londoners. The postage stamp dodge won't work here. The fact of this bare-faced attempt having been made, is in our opinion, one of the very best things out.

The Recluse of Sansome Street.

Many persons who have gazed at the gigantic pitcher on the top of a crockery store on Sansome street, may not be aware that it is the abode of a human being. Mr. Fitzsimmons Brown, a well-known citizen of San Francisco, assured us that such is the case. It appears that at the time the aforesaid pitcher was building, there was in this city a misanthrope of the name of Samifer, who had long desired to seclude himself from contact with humanity as far as was possible. To be brief; Semifer rented the big pitcher, and made arrangements to have his food sent up to him by means of a system of ropes and pullies. Samifer paid for three years' board, lodging and attendance in advance and retired to his pitcher. He has never been seen since. The proprietor of the big pitcher store has faithfully fulfilled their engagement, and each day a sufficient quantity of coarse, but wholesome and nutritious food is hoisted into the pitcher. A few persons know of this strange fact, and those few daily stop and gaze at the big pitcher, and wonder how Samifer likes it. Strange hallucination! Incomprehensible mania! TREM.

BULLET MARKS.

WE were sitting round our tent one evening, at Wimbledon—the "we" being our major, the captain and sub of our company, his covering sergeant, corporal Williams, and a captain sapper, to wit, myself. We were drinking pale ale and smoking, as was every one else in the hundred tents around us.

"Here's my last bull's-eye," and the sergeant produced from his cap-pouch a flattened bullet, turned inside out as neatly as possible.

"What's the cause of that, I wonder?" said the corporal.

"You see," said the captain—being an engineer he was bound to know—"when the point of the bullet strikes the target, part of the lead is melted by the development of heat caused by the sudden arrest of the bullet's motion, and goes off in the splash, the rest of the bullet is softened by the heat; and inasmuch as the parts must stop in their order of succession, the edge of the cup of the bullet is driven in level with the base of the cup. Is that so, Major?"

"Yes, quite right; but, if you like, I can spin you a yarn about these same bullets, that may just last out these weeds."

"Well, let's have it."

I had a sort of second cousin, Gerald Ashton, who had been brought up with myself and my sister, my father being his guardian.

We had all been like brother and sister, when one day he woke up to find he could not live without a nearer relationship to her. He spoke to the old gentleman, and there was a little fracas.

He had only a hundred a year, and my father did not think that was enough, though Gerald did; there was no objection at all in other respects—let him earn some more and they would see—wait a little—you know the kind of thing an old gentleman would say. Well, it was of no use. He said he felt himself a burden; there was no scope for his energies, and he would go—and go he did.

I urged upon him that he should get something to do. He had been well educated, and a clerkship, or something of the kind, could be got for him if he still resolved not to go on at the hospital.

No—he would go. There was only one thing he did do well, that was shoot; and he would carry his abilities to a market where they would be appreciated. And so, at the mature age of twenty-two, he left us, his profession, his home and his prospects.

He disappeared, and six months after we heard he was with, say the 40th Dragoons, in India.

We wrote, and offered to buy his discharge, but he would "have done of us." He liked it very well; was already corporal; expected the three stripes soon; and was, "Gentleman Jack" with his comrades.

Six months after this I was sent out to India with a company; and as my sister was getting thin, and showing other signs of the desirability of a sea-voyage, and of a warm climate, it was agreed I should take her over.

We searched Calcutta, and in a few weeks settled down.

There was war going on, and I was placed in charge of one of the chief depots for small arms and ammunition, besides having my regular duties with the company.

One day I was down at the store, when my sister arrived, pale and breathless.

"Look, Charles, poor Gerald's in dreadful trouble."

I put her into an office chair, and took the newspaper and read—

"Yesterday evening, as an officer of the 40th Dragoon Guards was returning to camp he was shot from behind a clump of bushes; the bullet struck him in the thigh and lodged in the saddle. Although wounded so severely he had presence of mind to ride straight to the bushes, and there found one of his own men, a corporal of the troop, nicknamed "Gentleman Jack" by his comrades, whose rifle was still smoking from the discharge. Fortunately, at this moment, the guard arrived, and the man was at once arrested. A court-martial will, of course, be held at once, and, although the man has previously borne a good character, and is reported to be respectably connected, it is to be hoped he will receive the proper reward for so abominable a crime."

"Oh," I said, "this is all nonsense. Gerald's no murderer, or else he's very much changed. I'll see what they say at headquarters."

"Do, for God's sake, go. If anything happened to Gerald I should never forgive myself, for if I had run away with him when papa was so cruel, he never would have enlisted at all."

"Don't talk nonsense, Meggie," but go home, and I'll come with the telegraph news."

I went to headquarters; they gave me permission to use the telegraph for a question or two. The report was not encouraging.

It was our Gerald—the officer had seen the flash and heard the report—an extremely loud report, as if there had been two charges of powder in the carbine.

The bullet was found in the saddle, and one cartridge was missing from his twenty rounds. Court-martial had declared him guilty, and the General's confirmation of the sentence had just arrived. Fifty lashes in the camp square, and four years imprisonment in the jail. Sentence to be carried out on the 12th. Everybody very sorry, but quite convinced he had tried to murder his superior officer. No one could understand with what motive.

I did not know what to think; there was more evidence forthcoming in a day or two, when we had the papers.

His statement in defence was, that he had just been returning from the guard when he remembered that he had forgotten to bring in a book one of the officers had asked him to bring in from the town some three miles distant. Without stopping to think he walked off at once; got the book, and was within half a mile of the camp, when he fancied he saw a tiger. He got behind the bushes to watch, and saw one making for the distant camp. Anxious to secure the prize, he incautiously broke open one of his packages, and loaded, to have a shot at it. He had covered the beast, and was firing at the tiger, when he heard another report simultaneously with that of his own carbine. He saw the tiger roll right over as if shot, and then bound away. In another instant the officer came round the tope bleeding and ordered his arrest. He was quite sure that he hit the tiger, and equally sure that another rifle was fired at the same moment that he pulled the trigger.

Of course such a lame statement had no effect, and he was sentenced.

I could not help thinking that there was a flaw in the evidence. How was it if there was, as agreed, a loud report—which meant a full charge of powder—that the bullet stopped at the saddle, instead of going though both saddle and horse. That was a great discrepancy—a full charge would have made a loud report, and sent it right through anything at a distance of two hundred yards. I felt there was something wrong, and made up my mind to go on the spot. I had but six days to go in, but much might be done. Margaret insisted on going with me in spite of all I could do to keep her away.

"Have I not done all you wished me to do since we have been out here? Do, for heaven's sake, let me have my way in this."

So we went up the country in post haste.

I was, of course, as one of the staff, admitted to see poor Gerald, whom I found terribly cut up.

"I don't mind the imprisonment; its the disgrace! The lashes! By God! I shall kill myself directly I get loose after it, I know I shall."

"No, no," said Meggie; don't, for my sake. Oh Gerald! if you know how I have suffered for weeks past, you would live for my sake. I do not care about the brand or the lashes. I know you are innocent, and that there has been some horrible blunder committed in this matter. Oh, Willie, dear, do think of something to save him"

"Oh, do, there's a good fellow! get me some stuff that will make an end of me."

"Don't talk like that, Gerald; there's some infernal mistake in it. Don't despair yet. Let's go over the ground again step by step," and I made him tell me the whole story over again.

"It seems to me, Gerald, we want not a few things to show you are not guilty. We want the tiger you shot at, and that we shan't get; and we want the clue to the mystery of the other rifle."

"Oh, I've thought of it all till I'm sick. I don't care what happens now. I'll wait till the day before it's to come off, and then break my head against the walls."

"Don't be a fool, Gerald! I'm sure you are innocent. So is Margaret."

"Yes; so are a hundred others; but it's all no use. In three days I am disgraced for live, if I life."

"Well, I must leave you now, and see what I can do."

"Let me have five minutes with Meggie, will you?"

I left them alone for some ten minutes, and then told Meggie she must go home with me.

I was beaten; I could not see how I could get any fresh evidence, and without that a reprieve—a postponement—was impossible.

I went to the wounded officer, the captain of his own company, and got him to tell his own story; it was just the same thing over again—always the exceedingly loud report, and the fouled and still smoking carbine.

"I would," said the captain, "have given the price of my commission rather than have had it happen. He's as fine a fellow as ever sat a horse; brave, kind, and as thorough a gentleman as the colonel himself; I always made him my orderly when I could, so as to have company. I declare to you that I did my best at the court martial for him, and got into disgrace with the general presiding for 'coloring my statements'—that was his expression—so as to favor the prisoner. I almost sniveled when I heard the sentence, as if he had been my own brother. The men are mad about it; there has not been a lash or public punishment of any kind in the regiment for the last twenty-five years."

I hardly knew how to pass the time; I tried to think, but my ideas only traveled in the same old grooves again.

I invited the assistant-surgeon to come up to my quarters, and introduce him to my sister. He was quite a young fellow, and seemed quite flattered by my simple attention, for in the army they have not quite made up their minds whether a medical officer should be treated as a gentleman; but the strangest thing I ever saw in my life was my sister's conduct. Of course, speaking to you fellows I shan't be misunderstood, and some of you have seen her. She laid herself out to please him to an extent I never should have thought my dear grave Meggie capable of; sang to him, played to him, and made eyes at him till I thought her brain was turned. She said she should so like to see his quarters, asked him to ask us to lunch, and shut me up like a rat-trap, when I ventured to hint that it might not be convenient.

Well, he went away at last as mad as she. I spoke to her after he was gone, and she fell into my arms, sobbing as if her heart was breaking, and then, without a word of explanation, ran out of the room.

Next day we went to his quarters, and nothing would satisfy her but that he should mix up some medicine for her out of the bottle of this little traveling case. There she was, handling, and sniffing, and tasting everything, like a child of ten rather than a girl of eighteen. She sent him about the room; made him bring books from the opposite side of it so that she might read about the properties of the drugs; and, in short, behaved so like a lunatic that I thought the trouble about Gerald must have affected her mind. I got her away at last, and intended to insist on her remaining in the house and putting some ice on her head. It was quite unnecessary; the minute we left the surgery she was calm and silent as a nun.

"Well, the days passed in some sort of dreary fashion till the evening of the 11th. I had been asked during the day to go down with the officers to see some rifle practice some temporary marks, and I went down.

It was rather late when I rode up to the firing point, and they were just leaving off; and one of them came up and said:

"I say, captain, tell us the cause of these bullets turning inside out?" and he handed me a bullet reversed; just such another as William had in his hand.

I took it, just to explain the matter to him, when a thought struck through my mind like a flash of lightning.

"Saved, by God!" I exclaimed. "Who's got the bullet out of the saddle?"

"What bullet?"

"Gerald's—my cousins."

"Oh! Gentleman Jack's affair. The doctor's got it."

"Where is he?"

"Don't know—quarters, I think."

"No, he's come into town; I saw him on the road as we came by."

I sped on into the town, leaving them to think what they pleased; and spent more than two hours finding the doctor. At last I caught him.

In another minute we were riding full gallop to his quarters.

He had the bullet—a little bruised and flattened, and blunted at the point—it must have been just spent when it struck.

I then went to the sergeant who had charge of the nineteen rounds of ammunition that were found in Gerald's pouch. About midnight I contrived to find him, and after some little delay I got possession of them.

I then returned to the doctor, and we compared the nineteen bullets with the one found in the saddle. I then ran to the telegraph clerk, roused him out of bed, and told him to telegraph to the headquarters in Calcutta, to my lieutenant in charge of the magazines.

After an hour's waiting, ringing at the bell, an answer came that the night watchman would fetch the lieutenant. I then sent message No. 1.

"Examine the books, and see the dates on which the last ammunition was sent for the use of the 40th Dragoons; find the same parcel, and carefully remove one cartridge from each of twenty packets, selected at random; take out bullets, and remove plugs; and send No. in base of cup of bullets."

The answer came back that he understood, and would rouse up the people to do it.

After an hour and a half, the answer came back—

"All the bullets are numbered 5, with a dot on the right."

I then sent message No. 2:

"Examine what cartridges bear that No. 2 with a dot on the left, and report to whom issued, and when—report quickly—a man's life depends on speed.

Again I waited another hour. No answer came.

It was getting late—half-past two; at four the parade would take place. I urged more speed.

The reply came:

"We have ten men employed in breaking open barrels, and searching. No No. 2 yet found."

At last it came:

"One barrel No. 2 in store: the rest of the same shipment was damaged and useless, and sold in bulk to native dealers

for value in old metal at one of the clearance sales some time ago."

I had learned all I could. I spurred back to camp with the bullets, from which I had never parted, in my pouch. I shall never forget the scene.

In the middle of the camp the men were drawn up in three sides of a square; in the centre of the square were the triangles, with Gerald lashed to them. I saw them as I came down the hill take off his jacket and lash his wrists. I sped on. I could see the old colonel, with the paper in his hand, standing alone, and then I saw nothing more, for a dip in the road concealed them; as I rose again to the crest at less than a quarter of a mile, I saw a woman rush in from between the ranks towards the triangles, holding something in her hand. I darted on, and rushed into the square, but just in time to seize the farrier's arm, as the lash was descending, and to see that the woman was my sister, and that she was being led away between two sergeants.

"Stop, colonel, for the love of God!" I cried, with my hand still grasping the farrier's arm; "I have evidence to prove the man not guilty."

I then showed the colonel the bullet that had come from the saddle and the others from the pouch, and pointed out to him that while one was marked No. 2, the others were all marked No. 5, with dot. I assured him on my honor as an officer and a gentleman, that it was almost impossible that a No. 2 bullet could get into a packet of No. 5 bullets. He was only too glad to hear me, and agreed to postpone the execution of the sentence till further orders from the general of his division.

I've heard some shouts, and I've seen some displays of enthusiasm in my time, but I never shall forget the shout that rose the minute that the colonel had pronounced that the execution of the sentence upon Corporal Ashton would be postponed until further orders.

The men had been standing at "attention," many of them with the tears rolling down their cheeks, but when they heard "postponed," they broke ranks, rushed up to the triangles, cut the lashings, broke the cat, screamed, shouted, danced like madmen.

"Three cheers for 'Gentleman Jack' and his wife? Again! again, boys?"

Officers and all joined in for a few minutes. There stood the old grey-headed colonel in the midst of a scene that outbedlamed Bedlam.

As for me I was like a man in a dream; I felt a hundred hands grasping mine. I had my sister sobbing in my arms, and then I heard the colonel say to the bugler, "Sound the assembly."

What a change! in less than a minute I stood by the fallen triangles in the centre of three lines of living statues. Not a sound; not a movement.

"Major Jackson, reform your column and break off the men," said the colonel; and then walked away with myself and my sister.

"But what did your sister do there?"

Well, she had promised Gerald that he should not suffer the disgrace of the lash; and had, during the hour I thought she was fooling with the doctor, managed to get hold of his bottle of prussic acid, and had rushed out with half of it for him and half for herself; and her appearance had so thoroughly surprised every one that she had reached the triangles, and almost raised it to his lips, when the doctor, recognizing his own blue bottle, struck her hand a violent blow, and dashed it to the ground, besides disabling her from getting her own share.

"And how did the affair end? was the general of the division satisfied?"

"I don't think he would have been with that evidence alone, and so he went about to hunt for more. I begged that, as we had found so much, Gerald might be permitted to accompany a party of search, under a guard, to find the missing tiger.

"We went there, Meggie insisted on joining us. All the officers off duty went, and about half the men.

"Gerald then pointed out the spot where he had stood, and where he shot the tiger; and from that point we started, crossing and recrossing, till there could not have been anything as large as a half-crown that could be hidden.

"Meggie and I were riding in front of the line, when Meggie exclaimed:

"'What a horrible smell comes from that copse?'

"Don't smell anything, Meg."

"'You've lived here so long, that you've no sense of smell left."

Of course as Meggie was with us, Blinkers was there too. Blinkers advanced to the copse—paused—and rushed underneath the grass, barking as if infuriated.

"There's something in there, Willie."

Some of the others coming up, we pushed our way into the depths, guided by the frantic bark of Blinkers, and, after being much scratched and torn, found ourselves in the centre of a trampled circle of jungle grass, with the half-devoured remains of a large tiger.

The doctor was sent for, and the wound discovered: the beast had evidently been lamed, the bullet breaking the foreleg. It was also evident that, wounded as it was, it had lingered on till it was mere skin and bone, and had died only within the last few days. Assisted by some natives, the good-natured doctor commenced the horrible task of searching for the bullet, and, after half an hour's labor, the most disgusting he had ever undergone, it was found flattened against the large bone of the hind leg, and handed to me.

Never shall I forget the pleasure I felt when I saw on the rescued bullet, the No. 5, with a dot as fresh and clear as if it had just come from the pressing machine.

Great was the rejoicing that night in the camp of the 40th. Blue fires were burnt, the band came and serenaded Meggie. The whole of the officers, including the old colonel, come as to a levee; but still I felt there was one thing more to be found out. How did the No. 2 bullet get into the saddle?

At length I enquired whether any of the officers missed any of their arms. Curiously enough, the only missing arm was a gun belonging to the wounded captain. I asked, did he remember the size. He did. It was just a shade smaller than the bore of the regimental carbines. You could get a government bullet down by a good deal of hammering.

I now propounded my theory, that the bullet No. 2 had been fired from the captain's missing rifle, for the point of the bullet was marked with rings, and considerably flattened. Now, there was nothing in the flesh, and nothing in the saddle to produce these marks, and they must therefore have been made before firing.

I then proposed that a full search should be made with dogs, for at least two miles round, from where the shot was fired, to see if any traces could be found of either the man or the gun.

We made the most careful search; presently I came to a stone on the road itself, marked in a most peculiar manner.

"What's the cause of these marks? said I to the farrier of the troop, who had volunteered to help, and who said he never felt more grateful to any one in all his life, than he did to me for squeezing his wrist so hard that day.

"What's the cause? Its been used as a hammer for something—a nail in a shoe."

"Nail-heads are square."

"True for you—these are round."

"Do you think a ramrod would make these marks?"

"It just would. Somebody's been driving down a hard bullet with it."

"So I think. Now take this stone and throw it straight over that gap into the middle of the copse, and I'll mark where it seems to fall."

He threw it, and marked the spot, we found our way into the jungle; and there, within a few yards of the stone, under the long leaves, we found what we sought—the remains of a native, stripped entirely of bones and skin except on the hands and feet, and with a great gaping wound in the skull; and in the inside, which the ants had perfectly cleaned out, was a large piece of the breech of the burst gun he had by his side.

The whole evidence was there; two empty cartridge cases; another No. 2 bullet; eight untouched cartridges. It was clear enough that the man, who ever he was, had taken the captain's gun, and putting in two charges of powder, rammed down the too large bullet with the blows of the stone on the now bruised end of the ramrod; and the loud report that all the witnessess spoke of was as loud as the simultaneous report of the discharge of three charges of powder could make it. While the want of force in the bullet was accounted for by the bursting of the gun.

We took home the skull, and the burst rifle, and the cartridge cases, together with some remnants of clothing; and we there found the intended murderer to have been one of the syces, or grooms of the captain, that he had horsewhipped a month before for ill-using a horse of which he had charge.

Of course there was a new trial ordered, and as the evidence was unquestionable, Gerald was discharged.

"Was he discharged?"

"Not a bit—Why should he? The men worshipped him, and the officer who was wounded was invalided; and he and his comrades managed matters among them so well, that at the first parade of the regiment, in Calcutta, some six months afterwards, the old colonel presented to the men a new officer, Captain Aston, added, "If he makes half as good an officer as he did a soldier there will not be a better in her Majesty's service.

"And your sister Margaret?"

"Oh, I've just sent a little case lined with velvet, and something inside engraved 'William Gerald Ashton, from his affectionate uncle.'"

Now, lads, there's the 'out lights,' so we'll turn in quietly, and make bull's-eyes at every shoot to-morrow."

"Infantry."—The term infantry, when applied to foot soldiers, takes its origin from one of the *infantas* (princesses) of Spain, who, hearing that the army commanded by her father had been defeated by the Moors, assembled a body of foot soldiers, who were not before held in much consideration, they received the name of infantry.

GOING TO SCHOOL.

He helped her over the meadow brook,
While her feet were timidly set
(Twin lilies they were!) on the mossy stone,
With the cooling ripples wet.

They passed the brook, and it seemed to sing
With a sweeter, merrier sound,
As the two with their school-books wandered on
O'er the clover laden ground.

O, little maiden! how fair you were,
With your eyes of heavenly blue;
And the dimples played on your cheeks, as play
On the rose, the drops of dew.

As play on a rose the drops of dew,
When the breezes merrily blow!
And your lips, they were tints of the ripening peach,
In the morning's ruddy glow.

Bare feet, how they twinkled around the grass!
Did you know, whenever you took
The path for school, that he waited for you,
By the willow-shaded brook?

Since then, the fragrant blossoms have come
To the boughs, ah! many a time;
And a bridge is over the brook, that sings,
As of old, its pleasant rhyme.

And two are straying upon the bank,
As I pen these wandering words,
And they talk of the happy school day time,
And they watch the building birds.

But a stream there is with a grander flow,
With a sterner, sadder song,
And the lovers will cross to a different school,
And help each other along!

Comparative Effects of Coffee and Wine.—Coffee is said to have a great effect upon the nervous system. A gentleman recently starved himself for some time and then swallowed a strong infusion of coffee, in order to experience its effect. He writes that: "Instantly I ceased to be communicative and kindly, I became cold, cross and selfish. My intellect labored without the slightest fatigue, and almost in spite of myself; upon any given subject it penetrated profoundly, and drew almost infinite consequences." Upon taking some wine, he ceased to be cross and egotistical, and became kind and sympathetic. From this it appears that too much strong coffee on an empty stomach is not productive of amiability, and there is peculiar appropriateness in the association of "coffee and pistols for two."

How the Burmese Kiss.—Chung Loo, a native Burmese, who has been educated in this country, and is now delivering lectures in this country, dressed in costume, in the course of his remarks at Marshall, imparted the following information, which may prove interesting to some.

I notice the ladies of this country sometimes paint to improve their complexion. They do so with us, using for that purpose powder made from a species of fragrant wood. Kissing is unknown with us as practiced in this country. Our language has no such word as kiss. The corresponding endearment in Burmah is to press the lips and nose to the cheek of the fair one and inhale the perfume. To ask for a kiss we say, "give me a smell."

Paris consumes as butcher's meat an average of two hundred horses per month. This meat is sold only for what it is, viz,: horseflesh. It is eaten consciously, and because it is palatable and nutritious. It takes all the forms of other meats, such as steaks, chops, sirloins, cutlets, rumps, ribs, and so forth, and is subjected to a similar variety of treatment. The Parisians, by the by, have lately tried to introduce the flesh of mules, also to the tables, but this has proved too much for even the enlightened digestion of the French people. In May the number of mules slaughtered for the markets there had fallen from sixty to nineteen per month,

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The True Idea of Science.—When Newton discovered the laws of the solar system, he created, for all posterity, the true idea of science. He gave the most perfect example we are very likely to have, of that union of reasoning and observation, which by means of facts that can be directly observed ascends to laws which govern multitudes of other facts—laws which not only explain and account for what we see, but give us assurance beforehand of much that we do not see, much that we never could have found out by observation, though, having been found out, it is always verified by the results.—*J. S. Mill.*

Signs of the Weather.—When sea birds fly out early and far to seaward, fair weather may be anticipated; on the contrary, when they hang about the land or fly inward, stormy weather is indicated. When animals, instead of spreading over their usual range, seek sheltered places, storms may be expected. Dew is an indication of fine weather; so is fog; but clearness of the atmosphere near the horizon is a sign of wet. A good hearing day is also an indication of coming wet.

A critic calls the verses and sentimental stories of young writers the teeth-cutting and measles of literary infancy.

LITERARY GLEANINGS.

YOUMANS ON MODERN CULTURE.

THE controversy now going on with so much animation, betweeu the lovers of the old fashioned classical course of collegiate education, and those who demand a radical change in the entire system, must possess the very highest interest for scholars and thinkers. In the present aspect of the discussion it is not so much ancient and modern literature that are placed in antagonism to one another, literature in general and science in general. Professor Youmans, however, is one of those few campanious of physical science as the chief element of modern culture who do not feel called upon to disparage the literature of imagination, sentiment, and faith, and who, while they would give the larger place in the scheme of education, to natural philosophy, chemistry, geology, and physical science generally, regard poetry, eloquence, and the fine arts together with those studies that the ethical and religious feeling as no less essential. But he strenuously maintains that the pretensions of classical learning have been exaggerated, that in the arrangement of studies in our seats of education the natural sciences have been kept too far in the back ground; and that the extravagant and often terrible drilling in philology to which pupils are subjected at an immature age is at war with the obvious dictates of reason and nature. In this position he is no doubt supported by many of the most eminent classical authorities of the present day. The vast circle of knowledge embraced within the scope of a true education at the present day is thus described in Professor Youmans recent work, "The Culture Demanded by Modern Life."

"The discipline and the knowledge conferred by study of the preceding group of sciences [physiology and psycology] form the true preparation for that higher class of studies, mental, moral, political, and literary, which comples the course of a true liberal educatiou. Although not themselves ranked as sciences, these extensive and important subjects are constantly becoming more scientific in their conceptions and methods, and hence form the natural sequel of a systematic scientific culture. Physiology passes insensibly into psychology, the central science, upon which hinge logic, sociology, political ecouomy, history, ethics, æsthetics, and literature. Mental phenomena are manifestations of life, and their laws are derivative of the laws of life; only through a knowledge of the former, therefore, it is possible to reach a true understanding of the latter. Logic treats of the laws of evidence and proof, by which things and their relations are truly represented in thought. Sociology considers the relations among human beings and the forces which act upon them in society, and it hence only becomes possible through a prior knowledge of the vital and mental organization of man;—political economy, a branch of this subject, treating of industrial and commercial questions, depends upon the same conditions. History is a record of the course of human experience in its multiform phases, and the key to its right interpretation is that knowledge of the character of the Actor and the circumstauces of action which it is the prerogative of science alone to give. Ethics, or moral science, determines the principles which should guide the right ruling of conduct, and depends upon every science which can throw light on the progress of the intellect, the evolutions, and the limits of moral liberty and responsibility imposed by the conditions of physical organizaiton or social circumstances. Æsthetics, which regards the beautiful in nature, and gives rise to the fine arts, depends upon the laws of feeling and sensibility. Its principles are founded in the constitution of human nature, and will probably be yet reduced to a scientific system. To work out its great ideas of "unity," "harmony," "proportion," and the laws of beauty, it awaits a better psychology, and a deeper penetration into the true spirit of nature. Literature is that great body of expression of thought upon a vast variety of subjects, the proper judgment of which depends upon the extent and accuracy of our knowledge of the truth of things in reality, conception, and expression.

"Thus does scientific culture reach its ultimate and exalted ends. Its course is along a line of connections which are casual and dynamic; its ideas constantly flowing on and widening out until they embrace all the higher subjects of human interest and inquiry. The order of dependence of facts and principles must here imperatively determine the true order of study. To pass from languages and mathematics to the complex questions of man and society, is to violate the continuity of nature's logic; to carry false methods of reasoning and judgment into the highest spheres of thought, and provide for those errors of theory and vices of practice which are so lamentably conspicuous in the management of social and public affairs. Only by that scientific discipline which confers a steadfast faith in the uoiversality of law, and only as the discipline of mathematical and physical studies is corrected and amplified by familiarity with biographical conceptions, will it be possible to secure a class of thinkers who can grapple with the upper grade of questions, in which the best welfare of society is involved. The culture afforded by these higher subjects is also varied, copious, and quickeoing. They give breadth, adaptiveness, and enlarged effect to the discipline of the preparatory sciences, and cultivate mental pliancy, readiness of judgment, and practical sagacity."

Professor Youmans further coutends that the prevalent dea of pursuing certain branches of study *purely as a mental discipline* rest upon a fallacious conception of the true purpose of culture. In a previous number of the CALIFORNIAN, we reviewed at considerable length the writer's essay on "The Scientific Study of Human Nature," the object of which was to enforce the principle that the basis of education to be found in the physical organization, and the old method of regarding the mind as something distinct from and independent of the body, is the fruitful scource of evil. This idea is repeated in the present work, and dwelt upon with great emphasis. The brain, it is insisted, is the organ of much, and is affected by every process of thought and feeling. The capacity of the brain limits the power of acquisition. If the methods of study occasion wide breaks in the action of the mind, so that past conceptions are not carried in a consecutive development, there is a loss of mental power. We can make steady and rapid progress only in coutinuous ranges of effort.

The studies which are at present employed for the purpose of "disciplining the mind" are objectionable from this point of view. They do not "enter into the intellectual life of the man: they present a foreign body of thought, which is hostile to the unity of the mental career. The young student is detached from his early associations, transported to the atmosphere of Greece and Rome for a course of years, becomes charged with the antiquated ideas, and then returns to resume his relations with the current of events in his own age. Having faithfully mastered his collegiate tasks, he finds that his acquisitions are not available in the world of action. He has to leave them behind and begin anew, if he would not lose the wealth of modern knowledge, and dilute his intellectual life with the thin nutriment of classical memories."

Professor Youmans thinks that the remedy for these evils is to be found in a judicious course of *scientific* education. His ideal of the "higher culture" demanded by the present age, is a scheme of study which shall represent the existing condition of knowledge, afford a various discipline, and at the same time prepare for the work of actual life, thus combining an "integral discipline," with "living and applicable knowledge." In regard to the defects in *primary* instruction, the author says:

"There is great significance in the fact that the prevailing higher culture is without a foundation. Professing to devote itself exclusively to the molding and evolution of mind—sinking knowledge itself into nothingness in comparison with this effect—its method does not reach back to those beginnings of culture which far outweigh in importance all subsequent action. And this is no trifling criticism of that method. Is it possible for a truly philosophical system of training the mental powers to have been organized for centuries in all the higher institutions, and not have reacted with controlling power upon the processes of primary instruction? Here a true method *must* begin, and here scientific education *does* begin. Commencing early, and commencing with nature, it lays the foundation of culture in the systematic exercise of the observing powers. In childhood there is a vast capability of accumulating simple facts. The higher forms of mental activity not having come into exercise, the whole plastic power of the brain is devoted to the storing up of perceptions, while the vigor of cerebral growth insures the highest intensity of mental adhesiveness. The capability of grasping relations being low, it makes but little difference at first what objects are presented to attention; words or things, with meaning or without, and in the most arbitrary order, stick readily in the memory. Skillful guidance at this period is of the very highest importance. When curiosity is freshest, and the perceptions keenest, and memory most impressible, before the maturity of the reflective powers, the opening mind should be led to the art of noticing the aspects, properties, and simple relations of the surrounding objects of Nature. This should be guided into a growing habit, and the young pupil gradually trained to know how to observe, and what to observe, among all the objects of its unfolding experience."

As mathematics is specially adapted to cultivate the *deductive* reasoning powers, so physics training equally to accuracy and precision of thought, exercises the reasou *inductively*. This point is very clearly put:

"In physics, from particulars we pass to generals; from observed facts to principles, by the mental process of induction, which is a powerful instrumentality. When we contemplate the vast extent of the facts which form the body of the various sciences, and the marvelous rapidity with which they are still accumulating, the task of their acquisition seems appalling, and utterly beyond all grasp of the intellect. But there is an order of Natnre by which individual facts are connected and bound together, and there is a corresponding capacity in the human mind of seizing upon those relations, of binding the facts into groups, and of dealing with them, as it were, at wholesale or in masses. This is the faculty of generalization, by which wide-reaching principles replace or *represent* the infinitude of details, which they include. Indeed, the advance of science essentially consists in the successive establishment of such general principles which rise one above another in higher and higher stage, until a few simple laws are found to explain and represent the wide range of phenomena to which they apply. But now mark, that while in this way knowledge is simplified, the mind is called into higher action. The abstraction of a common law from many facts, while it relieves the memory of the burden of a large portion of them, makes a greater demand upon the understanding. In proportion as knowledge is compressed in bulk, its quality becomes, as it were, more intense; and just to the degree to which this operation is carried, is greater intellectual effort required to master it. Thus in gaining command of the facts of nature and rising to a comprehension of the order of the universe, we are at the same time securing the highest and most salutary form of mental discipline; and a more of it, it may be added, for which the traditional system of culture makes no provision."

THE best quality of mind that any one can come in possession of is the strength to bear up against disappointments and misfortunes.

IN maliciously pointing out the faults of another person you only excite him to the discovery of your own.

AN EXTRA ROAR FROM THE "LION'S MOUTH."

Educational Advertisements.

The advertisements of educational establishments which appear in the San Francisco papers are often couched in shockingly ungrammatical language, but they are not quite so bad as the following which we clip from the *Republican*, Bridgeport, Conn., of March 15th, 1867.

$500 REWARD!

The above amount may be received for every six months' service in any business by

A YOUNG MAN

Who will attend from three to twelve months, Commercial College and Normal Academy of Poultney, Vermont.

This institution is now in a very prospering condition and may be

FOUND

situated sixty-seven miles north of Troy, New York, and is eighteen miles south of Rutland, Vermont, on the Troy and Rutland Railroad. The building is a superior brick edifice, newly furnished throughout. The

DEAD

Languages, Mathematics, Commercial Instruction, Phonography, Telegraphing, Music, Painting, etc., all taught in the best style of the art. Deductions are made to returned and disabled soldiers, sons of clergymen and some others. For these benefits go to school

IN POULTNEY,

which, with its other advantages, is one of the most delightful spots in New England.

THE

opportunities offered to the student to become a superior Penman at this Institution were never before equalled. We pay such attention to reading, Spelling, Compositions, Oratory and Grammar that no one need be a

MURDERER

of the "King's English." Thirty-five dollars pays for the full Commercial course till graduation, time unlimited. Sixty-five dollars pays for board, washing, fuel, lights, rooms fully furnished and cared for by servant, and tuition in Common English per term of thirteen weeks. The community

AT LARGE

are invited to inspect our facilities, etc., etc.

We wonder if the Connecticut people advertise their religious services in the same style as they do their collegiate establishments. We should like to send a boy to that school. This style of advertisement *may* have been suggested by the fact that a young man was found dead in Poultney, who was an inmate of this Academy. Perhaps one of the masters having slaughtered a pupil in a fit of passion, bethought that he might turn his crime to account, and immediately after disposing of the body sat down, with Eugene-Aram-like coolness, and wrote this advertisement. A man who can advertise his school in such a style must be capable of any crime.

The Sprightly "Alta."

Since the return of the gentleman who did Paris and London thoroughly in three months; the gentleman who saw the Kohinoor diamond in among the crown jewels in the Tower of London, and asked if it was "real," and on being told by the chaffing "beefeater," "Oh no, that ou's a himitation 'er Majesty always keeps the boriginal in 'er pocket." believed it and gravely chronicled the *fact* in the *Alta*. Since the return of this gifted man our leading morning papers has become sprightly. An imitation of "The Lion's Mouth" has been started, under the title of "Editorial Notes." Fitz Smythe is allowed to go on with his fooling unchecked, and the *Alta* is now light and pleasant reading. We understand that shortly the auctioneers advertisements will all be published in rhyme and other improvements will be introduced. Lord! How travel does improve a man's mind. The *Alta* will shortly be as gay and sprightly as the *Journal Pour Rire*. Some matter of-fact persons will object to seeing the old grandame tricked out like a grizette with a lot of colored ribbons stuck in her venerable cap; but we enjoy it. Success to the gentleman from Paris and the humorist of the Pacific Coast, Fitz Smythe.

The Nobility of Nevada.

A letter from Unionville, Nev., to the *Examiner*, gives an account of a wheelbarrow bet. The correspondent says:

"Our celebration of your election on Tuesday last, was grand to all but the vanquished foe. Our District Attorney, who is a rampant Radical, a few days previous to the election made a wager with Mrs. O. K. Stamphy, a lady who is as good a Democrat as she is fair, that in the event of Haight's election, he would wheel her in a barrow wherever she desired to go. In the event of his defeat, she was to trundle him from the Humboldt Register office to the Exchange Hotel. Everything prepared, she stepped into a barrow and was covered two feet deep in American flags, by our sore but gallant son of Blackstone. Preceded by a band of music, and amid the booming of Democratic thunder from Captain Reed's Heavy Artillery, the procession moved up town."

We understand that as soon as Mrs. Stamphy was landed O. K. at the Exchange Hotel, she bestowed a title of honor on the District Attorney, that of noble barrowknight

Wandering Minstrels.

Every now and again one sees an advertisement offering a reward (generally $10) for the recovery of some missing Italian boy who has followed the occupation of street minstrel. The fact of the matter is, when these boys are brought to California by their "guardians," or owners, they speedily become too smart to work hard and give up all their earnings for their board and lodging. Raffaelo Piano offers $10 reward for the recovery of Giovanni Masini, aged twelve years, who formerly played the harp in the streets. We rather expect that Giovanni after playing the harp a year or two, determined to play the Piano and executed a rapid movement. We only hope that he will not come within reach of the piano pedals, having once succeeded in showing a clean pair of heels. TREM.

"Hari-kari," or "Happy Dispatch."

All Americans who have witnessed the Japanese carpenters at work in the Metropolitan Theatre, declare that if they are to be taken as samples of their race, the only occasion on which any of them show, in the whole course of their lives, any "happy dispatch," is when they are too lazy to live.

TEUTONIA SALOON.—This saloon has recently fallen into the hands of Messrs. Heinburg, Schroder & Co., who are also proprietors of the St. Louis Hotel, numbers 11 and 13 Pacific street. Under their management the Teutonia Saloon will succeed. They have a good location, and keep the best of Wines, Liquors and Beer. The close proximity to the new market will gain them a host of friends and patrons. The Teutonia is in the basement, southwest corner of Sumner and Montgomery streets.

JIM WOLF AND THE TOM-CATS.

BY "MARK TWAIN."

["Mark Twain," whose humorous sketches nearly all appeared in the columns of THE CALIFORNIAN, has been making that inveterate old story better. Simon Wheeler, of Angel's Camp, Calaveras Co., the narrator of the "Jumping Frog" story, relate another of his "reminiscences" for the public's entertainment. Here it is:]

I KNEW by the sympathetic glow upon his bald head—I knew by the thoughtful look upon his face—I knew by the emotional flush upon the strawberry on the end of the old free liver's nose, that Simon Wheeler's memory was busy with the olden time. And so I prepared to leave, because all these were symptoms of a reminiscence—signs that he was going to be delivered of another of his tiresome personal experiences—but I was too slow; he got the start of me. As nearly as I can recollect, the infliction was couched in the following language:

"We were all boys then, and didn't care for nothing, and didn't have no troubles, and didn't worry about nothing only how to shirk school and keep up a revivin' state of devilment all the time. Thish-yar Jim Wolf I was a talking about was the 'prentice, and he was the best heartcd feller, he was, and the most forgivin' and onselfish I ever see—well, there could n't be a more bullier boy than what he was, take him how you would, and sorry enough I was when I see him for the last time.

"Me and Heury was always pestering him and plastering hoss-bills on his back and putting bumble-bees in his bed, and so on, and sometimes we'd crowd in and bunk with him, not'thstanding his growling, and then we'd let on to get mad and fight acrost him, so as to keep him stirred up like. He was nineteen, he was, and long, and lank, and bashful, and we was fifteen and sixtecn, and tolerably lazy and worthless.

"So, that night, you know, that my sister Mary give the candy-pullin', they started us on to bed early, so as the corp'ny could have full swing, and we rung in on Jim to have some fun.

"Our winder looked out into the roof of the ell, and about ten o'clock a couple of old tom-cats got to rarin' and chargin' around on it and carryin' on like sin. There was four inches of snow on the roof, and it was frozen so that there was a right smart crust of ice on it, and the moon was shining bright, and we could see them cats like daylight. First, they'd stand off and e-yow yow-yow, just the same as if they was a cussin' one another, you know, and bow up their backs and push up their tails, and swell around and spit, and then all of a sudden the grey cat he'd snatch a handful of fur out of the yaller cat's ham, and spin her around, like the button on a barn door. But the yaller cat was game, and he'd come and clinch, and the way they'd gouge, and bite, and howl, and the way they'd make the fur fly, was powerful.

"Well, Jim, he got disgusted with the row, and 'lowed he'd climb out there and snake him off'n that roof. He hadn't reely no notion of doin' it, likely, but we everlastin'ly dogged him, and bully-ragged him, and 'lowed he'd always bragged how he wouldn't take a dare, and so on, till bimeby he hightsted up the winder, and lo and behold you, he went—went exactly as he was—nothin' on but a shirt, and it was short. But you ought to a seen him! You ought to see him cre-e-pin' over that ice, and diggin' his toe-nails and his finger-nails in for to keep from slippin'; and 'bove all, you ought to seen that shirt a flappin' in the wind, and them long, ridicklous shanks of his'n a-glistenin' in the moonlight.

"Them comp'ny folks was down there under the eaves, the whole squad of 'em under that ornery shed of old dead Washn'ton Bower vines—all sett'n round about two dozen sassers of hot candy, which they'd sot in the snow to cool. And they was laughin' and talkin' lively; but bless you, they didn't know nothin' 'bout the panorama that was goin' on over their heads. Well, Jim, he went a-sne-akin and a sneakin up, unbeknowns to them tom-cats—they was a swishin' their tails and yow-yowin' and threatenin' to clinch, you know, and not payin' any attention—he went a-sne-akin' right up to the comb of the roof, till he was in a foot 'n a half of 'em, and then all of a sudden he made a grab for the yallar cat! But my Gosh he missed fire and slipped his holt and his heels flew up and he flopped on his back, and shot off'n that roof like a dart!—went a smashin' and a-crashin' down through them old rusty vines and landed right in the dead center of them comp'ny people!—sot down like a yearthquake in them two dozen sassers of red-hot candy, and let off a howl that was hark f'm the tomb! Them girls—well they felt, you know. They see he warn't dressed for comp'ny, and so they left. All done in a second, it was just one little warhoop, and a whish! of their dresses, and blame the wench of 'em was in sight anywheres!

"Jim he was a sight. He was gormed with that bilin' hot molasses candy clean down to his heels, and had more busted sassers hangin' to him than if he was a Injun princess—and he come a prancin' up stairs just a-whoopin' and a cussin', and every jump he gave shed some china, and every squirm he fetched he dropped some candy!

"And blistered! Why, bless your soul, that pore cretur couldn't reely set down comfortable for as much as four weeks."

ONE OF THE ADVANTAGES OF ADVERTISING.—The advantages of advertising have just received a curious and amusing illustration in Boston. A wealthy gentleman of that city, who owns a country residence in the suburbs, became dissatisfied with it, determined to have another, and instructed an auctioneer for his descriptive powers to advertise it in the papers at private sale, but to conceal the location, telling purchasers to apply at his office. In a few days the gentleman happened upon the advertisement, was pleased with the account of the place, showed it to his wife, and the two concluded it was just what they would secure at once. So he went to the office of the auctioneer and told him that the place he had advertised was such a place as he desired, and he would purchase it. The auctioneer burst into a laugh, and told him that was the description of his own house, where he was then living. He read the advertisement again, pondering over the "grassy slopes," "beautiful vistas," "smooth lawns," etc., and broke out: "Is it possible! Well, auctioneer, make out my bill for advertising and expences, for, by George! I would n't sell the place now for three times what it cost me.

PERFUME.—The first perfumes were obtained by a combustion of aromatic woods and gums (hence the name *perfumum*—'through smoke')—and the first use primitive nations made of them was to offer them on the altars erected to their gods, perhaps with the mystic idea that their prayers would reach them sooner wafted on the blue wreaths of smoke, or for the less poetical purpose of counteracting the smell of the flesh burned in their sacrifices. Modern incense derives its sweet balsamic smell from benzoin (*Styrax benzoin*), which also formed one of the chief ingredients in pastilles and fumigating papers.

CLEVER INVENTION.—Somebody in Paris has constructed an apparatus, which not only marks on a dial the distance traveled by a cab, by means of an index worked by the rotation of the wheels, but it also indicates the distance it would have run at five miles an hour during any time it may have been kept standing after the hiring has commenced.

A GREAT thinker has said that "egotism is an infirmity that perpetually grows upon a man, till at last he cannot bear to think of anything but himself, nor even to suppose that others do."

ONE of the theatres in Paris has the following announcement placarded outside:—"You are requested not to bring children, who, from their age, are incapable of appreciating the talent of the artists."

A MAGNIFICENT DISPLAY OF SILKS.

ALL the world has lately been reading about the wonders of the Exposition Universelle of Paris. The highest achievements of art and taste and skill among all the nations of the Earth were there collected and displayed. All nations lent their choicest productions. But the French being at home determined to be unsurpassed and therefore excelled all their previous efforts. The products of their looms were the admiration and the envy of all their rivals. Especially was this the case in the way of dress goods, silks, satins and other fabrics for ladies' wear. The enterprising and wealthy firm of Meagher, Taaffe, & Co. took especial pains to be represented there by a gentleman of taste and discretion, whose especial duty it was, regardless of expense, to secure for the ladies of California a fair share of the choicest and most *recherche* of the articles in their peculiar line that might be created for the occasion and by the earliest and most rapid means of conveyance to dispatch them to their *magazin* in this city. That portion of the public most interested in such matters were aware of the fact and for weeks past have been on tiptoe of expectation of their arrival. On Friday the steamer arrived, and the announcement was made in the daily papers that it brought the expected invoices, and that the magnificent establishment of the Messrs. Meagher, Taaffe, & Co. would be thrown open to the public on that and the succeeding evening for the examination of these magnificent goods then to be for the first time displayed. The announcement was not unneeded. From early evening until a late hour the ladies with their escorts came in bevies to feast their eyes upon the rich display of splendid goods.

To us also the temptation was irresistible. Casting aside all our other engagements we determined to embrace the opportunity offered and see for ourselves what the artizans of France had exhibited as their latest and choicest achievements.

The splendid establishment with which all our fair readers are so familiar was light as day, and everything was exhibited to the greatest advantage as only the affable and accomplished assistants there know how to arrange such goods. We beheld the most brilliant display of fancy dress silks ever exposed to view at one time in this city. This is saying a great deal, but we know that every one of our fair readers who enjoyed the treat will fully bear us out in our assertion. Those who did not, need not take our remarks upon trust. Let them go there and see for themselves. The goods are there. They speak for themselves. They were not then offered for sale. In their eagerness to gratify the curiosity and taste of the public these gentlemen had hastened to display the goods without even stopping to mark them or fix the prices. They are therefore still on hand, and during the present week will be first offered to purchasers.

Most of the goods displayed were from the looms of Lyons, of the styles and patterns worn almost exclusively by her Majesty, the Empress of the French, ever since the commencement of the distress lately prevailing among the *ouvriers* in that district. Certainly many of the pieces exposed were worthy of being worn by any Empress. They may therefore be expected to satisfy the most exacting of our fair San Franciscans. They were principally intended for evening and dinner dresses. The *chine* silks were the most numerous. A pattern of *Vest Isly* silk with large *chine* figure in green, or green with a slight mixture of *lis d'vin* entirely new in design, at once attracted the attention of all the lady visitors as they approached. Their expressions of admiration and delight were marked and decided, and they lingered long before it. A pearl gray *chine*, beautifully marbled in *colouer de feu*, irresistibly attracted the attention and elicited the admiration of all the guests, and well it might. The salesmen duly appreciating its beauty had made it the centre-piece of the arrangement. It was the only one of the kind imported. Who shall become its envied possessor? A pale gray *chine*, having a remarkably neat wild flower pattern of a darker tint of the same color, also elicited the praises of the ladies, as the taste displayed in its creation was indeed exquisite.

A white *gros grain* embroidered with blue and silver *fluxias* was also much admired, as well it might be, for anything more striking, and yet in perfect taste, could not well be conceived. A pattern of embroidered silver rose buds on plain *gros de Paris* grounds of all colors, pearl, pink, lilac, etc., were all tenderly gazed on and admired with longing eyes. One *poulte de soie* pattern, a plain white ground with a gold embroidered flower, was truly regal in its magnificence, and is destined to adorn one of our fairest and brightest. The name—but no—it is yet a secret we will not betray. A beautiful Jacquard pattern with a broad blue stripe upon a plain white ground and climbing flowered figure between, was never passed without expressions of admiration and intense desire to possess it. A blue *gros de Nap* embroidered with pansies, and the same patterns in other colors, never failed to attract the attention it well deserved. A full assortment of plain *gros grain* silks of all colors, suitable for street dresses, were duly admired by all the numerous visitors. The Bismarck colors, now all the mode in paris and throughout Germany, concerning which a warm debate arose as to whether our grandmothers would have styled them a cinnamon or a golden brown, were also carefully inspected and much admired. The corn colors *bouton d'or* and *glacé* silks pleased those who preferred lighter colors. The *Moire Antique* and *Renaissance* silks came in for a full share of attention and admiration.

The heavy satins in green, bronze, Bismarck, lilac, pearl, and a variety of other colors, next caught the eye, and the display in this line was alone worth the visit.

Improving the opportunity the fair visitors hastened next to inspect a fine disply of laces. One set in *Point de Venise*, over an eighth of a yard in width, fairly covered with the most delicate flower and leaf tracery, excited the covetousness of all who approached that department. Nothing equal to it had heretofore been exposed for sale on this coast. Some of the richest sets owned in San Francisco were mentioned and their fortunate possessors named, but none approached this in elegance of design and perfection of execution or, most important of all, in value. Band, collar and cuffs! How they were ever suffered to leave Paris we cannot imagine. There is nothing like having an agent who knows how to accomplish such results, and this enterprising firm have secured one. Single collars were exhibited worth anywhere from seven to seventy-five dollars.

Elegant Chantilly lace flounces valued at from fifteen to fifty dollars per yard, *Point de Venise* collars and sleeves worth from ten to a hundred and fifty dollars, and Lama and Yak lace shawls and circulars worth from twenty-five to eighty dollars each, also fairly bewildered the delighted visitors, who could readily believe the fact that the silks and laces before them represented the snug little fortune of one hundred thousand dollars.

Neither did the elegant camel's hair shawls from seventy-five to six hundred dollars, or the Paisley shawls sold at from twenty-five to four hundred dollars fail to receive the attention they so richly merited.

A large variety of new styles of robes, among them the *Grande Duchesse*, and cashmere sacks of the most exquisite patterns, from the famous looms of Steinbach, Kœchler & Co., of Mulhouse and Paris, with beautifully colored explanatory designs showing the styles in which they are worn and their appearance when made up, were carefully examined by the ladies, each of whom, it was easy to see, made her selection and determined to possess it when the day of sale arrives.

The variety of merinos, dress goods, ottoman-ve-loars and striped and plain poplins was wonderful in itself.

The elegant opera cloaks of the newest patterns, one in particular of fine white cloth with neat pearl colored satin trimmings, were also duly praised and admired. The full assortment of French, English and Balbriggan hosiery in cotton, Silk and thread work, was carefully inspected and attracted much attention, as the present style of short dresses renders care in the selection of these articles of ladies wear much more important than heretofore.

The married ladies we noticed did not fail to observe the extensive assortment of Barnsley, Irish, Scotch and French linen goods for shirtings and bed and table use, and meatally determined where they would go hereafter in case of necessity to replenish that portion of their household stores.

But every reader knows that the half a mile of shelves in that extensive establishment are always full, and that nothing that is needed for use or display is ever wanting there. The mere enumeration of what we saw would fill our columns. Our readers, therefore, need not fear that we will attempt it. It was the silks we went to see, and to write about. We saw them, and if our affable conductor had supposed we had half a thousand dollars in our pocket which we meant to leave there, he could not have been more considerate and attentive. If we have not said enough concerning them, let our fair readers each appoint herself a committee of investigation, and proceed to examine them for her own satisfaction.—*Golden Era of September 15th.*

MUST BE TORN DOWN.—The brick building on the northeast corner of Washington and Kearny streets, originally occupied by Palmer, Cook & Co. as a banking house, and for the last eleven years occupied by Holcombe & Bros. and Holcombe & Kast, as a boot and shoe store, is going to be torn down, and in a short time the cars will be running over its present site; then thousands of ladies in passing over the spot where "Holcombe's" once stood, will remember the great shoe emporium of the city with pleasure, when they recall all the nice pretty-fitting little boots they used to get there. Holcombe & Kast are now selling off their fine stock, and now is the time to lay in a supply of boots for the winter. The present prices of their goods are far below wholesale value; for instance they are now selling Benkert's boots for $7 50, old price $12 00, and all other goods in proportion. The same quality of goods will probably never be offered in this city again at the same prices.

INDIA RUBBER PAINT.—Epes Ellery has obtained a patent for an excellent article under the above title, that partakes of the nature of a liquid cement as well as paint, and is superior to anything of its kind in use. Persons about to have houses painted or roofs repaired should post themselves about Ellery's patent India rubber paint, which is made by dissolving gum-elastic and other gums in boiling linseed oil, and afterwards adding the color. One coat of this is better than two of common paint, and a number of those who have used it prefer it to any other kind of paint. It is especially good for all roofs, ships' decks and sides, oil-clothing, and iron. It has been used extensively in the Eastern States and gives great satisfaction, and also by many San Franciscans, to whom persons interested can obtain reference. The office is No. 226 Jackson street.

CLOSING OUT.—Mrs. Swift, 203 Kearay street, one door south of Sutter, is closing out her stock of millinery goods and made up hats at very low prices. Mrs. Swift will dispose at wholesale of her entire stock at a sacrifice: especial inducements will be offered to the city or country trade; what hats there are made up will be sold at retail at very low figures. This affords an excellent opportunity for ladies to procure new style hats at great bargains.

THE NIGHT BEFORE THE MOWING.

All shimmering in the morning shine,
And diamond with dew,
And quivering in the scented wind
That thrills its green heart through—
The little field, the smiling field,
With all its flowers a-bowing,
How happy looks the golden field
The day before the mowing!

All still 'neath the departing light,
Twilight, though void of stars,
Save where, low westering, Venus hides
From the red-eye of Mars;
How quiet lies the silent field
With all its beauties glowing;
Just stirring—like a child asleep—
The night before the mowing!

Sharp steel, inevitable hand,
Cut keen, but kind! Our field
We know full well must be laid low
Before its wealth it yields;
Labor and mirth and plenty blest
Its blameless death bestowing;
And yet we weep, and yet we weep
The night before the mowing.

WHY JACK HARPER NEVER GOT MARRIED.

"A FINE looking woman, Jack!" said I. "Who is she?"

We were sitting at the open window, Jack and I, looking idly out at the crowd pouring up and down the street, in the afternoon sunshine. A lady, tall, stylish, handsome, had glanced up in passing bowed to Jack with a brilliant smile, and swept on.

Jack Harper (he is a fine fellow, Jack, and remarkably good-looking) looked at me with an odd little smile.

"Yes," he said, "she is a fine-looking woman, and the wife of my very good friend. I dined there yesterday, and kissed the baby, after dinner. They are the happiest couple I know of."

There was something peculiar in Jack's tone and smile that made me look at him. He noticed the stare, and answered it.

"Hewitt," he said, "you asked me the other day why I never got married. I did not tell you then; but I shall now, if you feel in the mood to listen. It is not much of a story; but, such as it is, you are welcome to it."

"Fire away!" said I. "Let's have a cigar and a story, by all means!"

Jack began, in a regretful tone, and enlightened us with the following narrative:

We were at school together, and sworn chums always. Fred was intended for doctoring, and I for lawyering; so we went our respective ways up the steep hill of life, and didn't meet for as much as three years after our parting at college. I was a idle lawyer, taking life very lazily; and Fred, more fortunate and more energetic, was a made man already. He had settled in Blackfield, the grimiest and dirtiest of manufacturing towns, and a splendid field for an ambitious young doctor. Fred was perpetually urging me to run down and stop a few weeks, just to talk over old times. At length I consented, and took train for Blackfield.

About sunset I reached the town. You have never been in Blackfield, Hewitt, I suppose? Of all the dirty, smoky, noisy, nasty towns I ever set foot in, I can safely say Blackfield is the dirtiest, smokiest, noisiest, and nastiest. Fred was rich enough, and had good taste enough to eschew the town and live out in the shrubs, in a cosy, old-fashioned country hotel, with green fields and waving trees, and pretty country houses all around. Fred was away when I arrived, making his afternoon round of professional calls; so I dined in solitary state, and then loitered out to look at the sunset and smoke a cigar. Whilst I loitered up and down, the still evening-hush was broken in upon by a sudden storm of music. There was a very large, white house opposite, its windows all wide open, and some one in one of the rooms was playing and singing. It was no small treat to so ardent a lover of music as myself, to lounge there in the misty twilight listening to the melody of that clear, soprano voice.

"You play uncommonly well, madam," said I to myself, "and I am exceedingly obliged to you. As a parting favor I wish you would have the goodness to show yourself at the window."

By Jove, Hewitt! Before the thought had well crossed my mind, there she was! She came over to the open window, lifted the blind, and stood looking out. The prettiest girl, Hewitt—blue-eyed, brown-haired, rose-cheeked, and altogether lovely. In one minute my fate was sealed; in one minute I was head and ears in love. I cannot account, to this day, for the suddenness of the attack. It might have been something in the country air. It might have been the playing and singing. It might have been the bright, piquant face, Heaven only knows! but my doom was sealed instanter. Presently the blue eyes strayed in my direction. I don't know what she read in my face, but she blushed beautifully, and beat a precipitate retreat.

I think I was in a sort of a trance from that until Fred came, during which I stood and stared at the house over the way. I have only a vague memory of Fred's impetuous rush up-stairs, of having both hands shook until my arms ached, and of being asked a thousand questions in a breath, not one of which I comprehended in my dazed state. My first intelligent recollection is of inquiring who lived in the house opposite.

"Who lives in the house opposite?" repeated Fred, staring. "You had better ask who does not live there! It's the Garden of Eden, my dear fellow; that's what it is."

"I know it," said I; "but who is the proprietor of the garden?"

"Miss Bongtong, and Miss Lucille Bongtong, two maiden-sisters of a certain, or rather uncertain, age. The place is the famous Blackfield Academy for young ladies."

"Then she must have been one of the young ladies! Fred, I have seen the loveliest girl, and the most perfect pianist, this evening, that I ever came across in the whole course of my life."

"I don't doubt it," said Fred, cooly. "They're a crowd of lovely girls, and all play the piano to a charm. What was she like, this particular one? I go there pretty often, and I know them all."

"You go there, do you?"

"Yes, professionally. Describe the young lady you saw, and I will tell you her name."

"I can't describe her. She is indescribable. She is too perfect for words to do her justice."

"Well, you are pretty far gone, at first sight, Harper!" said Fred, staring at me. "Suppose I help you out. Was she tall or dumpy?"

"Dumpy!" I cried, indignantly, "She was tall and slender—as perfect of form as of face."

"And her eyes? She had eyes, I suppose? Were they black, blue, grey, or green?"

"Blue!" said I, enthusiastically; "and as bright as the stars of heaven. Brown hair, and cheeks like blush-roses. There, you have her!"

"Blue, brown, and blush-roses," Fred said, thoughtfully. "That description applies to a round dozen of Miss Bongtong's pupils. I rather think, though, your divinity is known in every-day life as Miss Isabel Hooper. I had the pleasure of prescribing for her, last week, for a sore throat."

"Fred," said I, you'll give us an introduction, old boy, won't you? You're a lucky fellow to have the run of such a place as that."

"All right," said Fred. "But don't be too sanguine if it turned out to be pretty Issie. She is the wickedest little flirt that—well, sir, what do you want?"

The question was addressed to a boy in the street below, who had hailed my friend.

"It's Miss Bongtong, if you please, Dr. Marks. Her compliments; and Miss Pritchard's got neuralgia in her head, and would you come over and see her, she says?"

"Tell Miss Bongtong I'll be there in five minutes. Now, Jack, old fellow, I'll find out who your piano-playing divinity is."

"I wish I could go with you," said I. "Can't you pass me off as a professional friend from town, of infallible experience?"

But Fred wouldn't, and went whistling over the way, to the paradise where my angel dwelt. I still stood on the piazza, staring at that particular window from which the bright face had looked, hoping intensely that it would appear again. Fred was gone nearly an hour, and I was getting impatient, when the front door opened and he came out. He was talking to some one—a lady—neither so young nor so good-looking as she once had been, but still passable, and most youthfully dressed. I saw then both look over at me, then the lady retired. Fred made his best bow, and recrossed the street.

"Well," said I the moment he joined me. "Did you find out my young lady?"

"I have found her. It is as I thought, Miss Isabel Hooper."

Isabel! My blue-eyed divinity had a name as charming as her face.

"Have you been speaking to her?" I inquired, carelessly lighting a cigar.

Fred nodded, and lit another.

"I met her in the lower hall as I entered, and stopped her to inquire if she had been practicing in the parlor that evening, and serenading my friend on the opposite piazza. You should have seen how she blushed, old boy."

"Fred, introduce me."

"With the greatest pleasure. Are you badly in love with her, do you think?"

"Pshaw? In love with a bread-and-butter-eating school-girl! But she is uncommonly pretty, and a flirt, you tell me, and I should like a flirtation of all things down here to pass time."

Fred gave me a sidelong glance, and smoked away rather savagely.

"Issie's a good little girl," said Fred, after a pause "and an heiress, by the by, too. You might do worse than make her Mrs. Harper."

"When will you give me the introduction?"

"Let me see," Fred said, thoughtfully. "I am in Miss Bongtong's good graces; she escorted me to the door this evening, and can fetch any friend I like to visit the school. I'll ask permission to take you over to-morrow; and when I get you there I will present you to my cousin Alice and half a dozen more of the demoiselles, Miss Hooper among the rest. But, mind you, don't put your foot in it by being attractive to her the first minute. If you do, Miss Bongtong will show you the door."

"Forewarned is forearmed," said I. "I will play the devoted to Miss Bongtong herself, and so secure the entrée."

Fred voted the idea a capital one; and I retired that night to dream of Isabel's blue eyes, and to hear her entrancing music again in my sleep.

Fred went to see after Miss Pritchard's neuralgia immediately after breakfast, and returned with a radiant face. Miss Bongtong had given him leave to bring his friend; and he had encountered Miss Hooper, and told her he was going to fetch over the gentleman she had bewitched the previous evening, to be introduced.

"No! Did you tell her that?" said I. "What did she say?"

"Looked saucy, and made a saucy speech in French, and walked off to her music lesson. I don't think she is displeased, though; and she is going to a party to-morrow night, where you can flirt to your heart's content."

"Where is the party to be?"

"At my aunt's. Cousin Alice, of course, will fetch Isabella, and you come under my especial charge. It's a pity you only want a flirtation, *pour passer le temps*, for Issie's the best and prettiest girl in the world."

I thought so myself, and when Fred went away to see his patients, I took my seat at the window, to watch the house over the way. The piano was jingling all morning; sometimes the playing was torturing to hear; but I stood it all in hope of seeing my divinity. I was rewarded just before Fred's return; and just as I was yielding to despair, the azure eyes and rose-bloom face appeared at the window, looked my way, blushed, and vanished.

I don't think I ever took so much pains with my toilet before going to a fashionable ball, as I did that afternoon before proceeding over the way. I thought myself I was irresistible, and Miss Bongtong seemed to think so too, for my reception was most flattering. I don't know what that villain Fred had been telling her; but she simpered, and dipped, and looked at me under her eyelashes, in a way that rather disconcerted me at first, and which tickled Fred beyond everything. The two long rows of pretty girls up in the class-room were all in a flutter at our entrance; but I never looked twice at any of them, for there was my blue-eyed angel, and how could I see any but herself?

Fred was a great pet with the two Miss Bongtongs—as handsome young doctors are apt to do with elderly young ladies—took the liberty of presenting me to some of the pupils, "Cousin Alice, Miss Moore, Miss White, Miss Brown, Miss Isabel Hooper." I had been bowing mechanically hitherto, but I now looked up and into Miss Hooper's fair face, and the blue eyes dropped, and the rosy light was there again most delightfully. There was no chance of talking—Miss Bongtong seemed rather in a hurry to get us out of the class-room, and enjoy our society herself in the drawing-room. I did my best to fascinate her, and she permitted herself to be fascinated without the slightest demur.

"I suppose we shall have the pleasure of seeing you to-morrow night, Miss Bongtong?" Fred asked, as we arose to go.

"At your aunt's? Yes, certainly. You and Mr. Harper will be there, of course?"

"Of course. Mr. Harper could not stay away if he tried," laughed Fred. "Come, Jack, Miss Bongtong is dying to be rid of us."

Miss Bongtong protested she was nothing of the sort; and upon my word, I believed her. I got a cordial invitation to call again, and departed in the light of Miss B.'s most radiant smile."

Once again that evening I caught a glimpse of my brown-haired Isabel, at the window. This time I had the privilege of bowing, and received a bow in return, which might have turned the head of an anchorite. How I longed for the evening party, and when it came how elaborately I arranged myself in purple and fine linen, and set off with Fred for his aunt's house.

We were a little late—Fred's fault—and everybody seemed to have arrived before us. I was led down the drawing-room, and presented in due form to mine hostess, but all the while my eye was wandering around in search of the magnet that had drawn me there. And, yes! there she was, bewildering in white muslin and pink ribbons, and just taking Fred's arm for a waltz. That was a pleasant sight; and, to improve matters, up stepped Miss Bongtong, simpering more than ever. There was no getting rid of her; I had to ask her to dance, and had the satisfaction of seeing Fred and his pretty partner laughing at the figure we cut. I knew they were laughing at the figure we cut. I knew they were laughing at us; and

I could have shot Fred, and seen Miss Bongtong at Jericho at that moment, with the greatest pleasure.

At last my turn came. I shifted Miss Bongtong over to Jack, asked Miss harper to dance, and led her off at once. I did more; I kept her with me nearly all the rest of the evening, and flirted, as Fred had told me, to my heart's content. I found Miss Issie understood the art of flirtation to perfection, and looked saucily at me out of those adorable blue eyes of hers. But, Hewitt, it wasn't all flirting on my side: I was in love with her, beyond a doubt, and was in the seventh heaven. if not further, all that memorable night. When we parted, in the pale, gray dawn, I had a rose from her bouquet in my buttonhole, permission to fasten her mantle, and press her hand at parting, and went to sleep the happiest man in creation.

After that night, I found there was no leaving Blackfield. The place had became paradise all at once, and I was bound there as fast as if my hotel was a prison, and chains of iron held me. To simply say I was over head and ears in love, is a mild way of putting it. I was no longer a responsible being, but went about in a state of harmless imbecility, with only one idea in my head, and that idea—Isabel!

I saw a good deal of the darling girl. She appeared at the window very often now, and I met her in the town, at the houses of mutual acquaintances, and at the school. I went over the way pretty often. Miss Bongtong was always gracious, but she kept me out of the classroom as much as possible. I had found out, by this time, that Isabel was as good as she was pretty. I found out, too, that I did want a wife, and made up my mind to propose, the first opportunity.

The first opportunity at another party, given by Fred's aunt. Miss Bongtong and her pupils were there; and Isabel, as usual, looked too lovely for description. I was her most devoted, hanging on her every word, and all that sort of thing and only waiting for the right chance to speak. She was saucy, as usual, and the blue eyes were too laughingly bright, and did not droop half often enough, I thought. She was leaning lightly on my arm, as we stood listening to Fred singing some absurd song, and my Isabel laughed at it more than I really saw any need for.

"You don't like comic songs, surely?" I said.

She looked at me with one of her bright, saucy glances.

"Yes, I like everything Fred sings!"

"Fred?" I repeated, turning cold suddenly, "Pardon me, Miss Harper—may I ask what particular interest you take in Doctor Marks?"

She laughed up in my face, with a bright, defiant glance.

"It ought to be a particular interest," she said, gaily, "since I am to be married to him in three months. How surprised you look! Why, we were engaged before you came here. Good-by, Mr. Harper; our flirtation must come to an end—Miss Bontong won't like it!"

Fred had told her, then! Ten minutes after, I was back in my hotel packing up. I found a triangular note on my table, in a lady's hand when I entered. It was from Miss Bongtong, demanding my intention. I sat down at once wrote and despatched this answer:

"Dear Madam,—I have no intentions what ever.

Yours, respectfully,

J. Harper."

Before Fred returned from the party, I was flying along in the cars back to town. I have never been back in Blackfield, and I have never been in love since. The lady you saw passing an hour ago is Mrs. Fred Marks née Hooper, and they came here to reside about a month ago. I dined there, yesterday, and kissed the baby, and we were all very happy together, but somehow I felt like the fox looking at the grapes beyond his reach.

Its Value and Utility.—Mrs. Anna Maria Spooner, 38 Bond street, Brooklyn, gives her opinion of the value and utility of the Grover & Baker Machine for family use as follows: "I believe it to be the best, all things considered, of any that I have known. In the first place, it is very simple and easily learned; the sewing from the ordinary spools is a great advantage; the stitch is entirely reliable; it does ornamental work beautifully, and the embroidery stitch; it is not liable to get out of order; it operates very easily. I suppose I can sum it all up by saying it is a perfect machine. I have had occasion to compare the work with that of other machines. The result was always favorable to the Grover & Baker Machine."

[*From testimony taken before the U. Commissioner of Patents, on the application for the extension of the patent for the Grover & Baker Sewing Machine.*]

How Counterfeiters are Detected at the Bank of England.—When a counterfeit is presented at the Bank of England, the gold is instantly paid for it. If it comes from some known person he is only asked where he got it. If from a stranger, the cashier signals to his detective, always in waiting and the officer follows secretly. Before many hours the bank is in possession of the person's biography. The offender once arrested, is likely to be tried, convicted, and sentenced within two days; wherefore Great Britain is not an inviting field for that branch of industry.

WILLIAM HOGARTH.

"WHO is dis Hogart?" said George II. to the nobleman who had brought a print of the famous "March of the Guards to Finchley" for his Majesty's inspection and approval. "A painter, my liege," answered the courtier. "Bainter!" exclaimed the king. "I hate baiuting, and boetry, doo! neider de one nor de oder ever did any good. Does de fellow mean to laugh at my Garts?" "The picture, an please your Majesty," meekly responded the nobleman, "must undoubtedly be considered as a burlesque," "What? a bainter purlesque a zoldier! He deserves to be picketed for his inzolence! Dake his drompery out of my zight."

Such were, in the year of grace 1750, the royal notions about those things which go so far in elevating the thought and purifying the taste of a people; and the anecdote, which is a true one, indicates, as fairly as any single circumstance which could be cited, the deplorable stato into which everything pertaining to fine arts had fallen. Since the revival of letters, England, in poetry, had been able to hold her own against all comers; and Shakespeare had as much to do with the making of England as any king that could be named. The acted drama had set in at Drury Lane, under the management of David Garrick, a very great reform; and the actor's former tutor, the great Dr. Johnson, rejoiced to see

> —the reign commense
> Of rescued nature and reviving sense.

It was reserved for William Hogarth to redeem his country from the shame of being sensible to art only through the works of the alien. France and Spain, Holland, Germany, and Italy were long generations ahead of England, and had hitherto supplied her with all her art wants; but henceforth she is to have a school of her own, and William Hogarth is to be regarded through all future time as its founder.

Let us answer, then, the royal questiou with which this paper opens: Who is this Hogarth?

William Hogarth was born on the 10th of November, 1697, in Ship Court, Old Bailey, where his father, a reputable scholar, and come of a goodly yeoman family in Westmoreland, kept a school. About the usnal age, the boy, having shown a disposition for drawing, was apprenticed to a silversmith and engraver of arms. He had completed his term of service in 1720, the year in which Law's Mississippi scheme exploded and our own great South Sea bubble burst; at all events, in that year he commenced business on his own account, and to his wonderful skill with the graver he very soon added the higher art of the pencil. "Owing," says Hogarth, "to my desire to qualify myself for engraving on copper, and to the loss which I sustained by practical copies of some of my early and most popular prints, I could do little more than maintain myself until I was near thirty." This would make a second term of service to the arts: the first seven years, until he was about twenty-three, was his apprenticeship and the second seven his probation. The peculiar bent of his genius began to show itself during the latter period, and the designs he executed for the book-sellers, more especially those to illustrate "Apuleius" and "Hudibras" attracted the attention of those interested in art. He tried his hand, too, at portraits, going at his subjects with all the directness of his own nature, and painting the truth as he found it. From that time forth the allegorical vagaries of Verrio and his like fled the Island, and English portraiture became complimentary to common sense.

Hogarth for some time attended the Academy of Sir James Thoruhill, serjeant-painter to the king; and if he did not acquire much practical knowledge of art there, his attendance would appear to have opened the way to something equally important, viz., a good wife. In his thirty-third year Hogarth married Jane Thornhill, aged twenty-one, and as the parents were not consulted, he was for some time, with Sir James, at least, in disgrace. Our artist now took a house in Leicester Fields, addressed himself with fresh vigor to his art, and determined to support his young wife in a position worthy her rank and education. Writing of this time, he says: "I married, and commenced painter of small conversation pieces, from twelve to fifteen inches high. This having novelty, succeeded for a few years. But though it gave somewhat more scope for the fancy, it was still but a less kind ot drudgery: and as I could not bring myself to act like some of my brethren, and make it a sort of manufactory to be carried on by tho help of backgrounds and drapery painters, it was not sufficiently profitable to pay the expenses my family required." If money, however, did not come in very fast, and his price for portraits at this time was something very insignificant, his reputation, at least, was increasing. It was about this period that he designed and etched the first portion of *The Harlot's Progress*, and Lady Thornhill was so pleased with it that she advised her daughter to place it in her father's way. "Accordingly, one morning," says Nichols, "Mrs. Hogarth conveyed it secretly into his diuing-room. When he rose, he inquired from whence it came, and by whom it was brought; and when told, he cried out: 'Very well! very well! The man who can make words like this can maintain a wife without a portiou.' He designed this remark as an excuse for keeping his purse-strings close; but soon after became both reconciled and generous to the young people." From this time forward the fame and fortune of William Hogarth went on increasing, and the genius of the man was allowed on every hand.

"The reasons," says he, "which induced me to adopt this mode of designing were, that I thought both critics and painters had, in the historical style, quite overlooked that intermediate species of subjects which may be placed between the sublime and the grotesque. I therefore wished to compose pictures on canvas similar to representations on the stage; and further hope that they will be tried by the same test and criticised by the same criterion. Let the decision be left to any unprejudiced eye; let the figures in either pictures or prints be considered as players, dressed either for the sublime—for genteel comedy or farce—for high or low life. I have endeavored to treat my subjects as a dramatic writer; my picture is my stage, my men and women my players, who, by means of certain actions and gestures, are to exhibit a dumb show."

The brisk, lively, inquiring nature of William Hogarth, as well as his own art predilections, led him to mix with all sorts and classes of people; and the poorer orders, who appear to have been an altogether neglected and down-trodden section of the community, were peculiarly amenable to hi spencil; but, unlike Morland, he never brought away with him any moral taint from the haunts of the vicious, and he managed to draw instruction and warning from the shortcomings of the high as well as the low. The terrible scourge of his satire, and the genial outflow of his humor were felt by all; and a more daringly outspoken man, or a more conscientious and original artist, England has not seen since his time.

The best of all Hogarth's works, his *Marriage a la Mode*, is in the National Collection. The *Enraged Musician* shows with what happy invention he could work out a grotesque idea. It was intended as a companion to the print representing a *Distressed Poet*. Hogarth was always happy and at home in the streets of London, and we see here with what fidelity he could utilize the sights, and even sounds of ordinary every-day life. As an artist his drawing was not what is called academic and elegant; bnt so far as the truthful rendering of objects and their expression goes, he was unrivelled. His sarcasm reminds one of Swift, whom he greatly admired, and the furnishing of his interiors appropriately has only been equaled in our own day, and that by a master in the sister art of prose fiction. We allude to Charles Dickens. We find the best summing up of Hogarth's person and character in the pages of Allen Cnnningham:

"He was rather below the middle lize; his eye was peculiarly bright and piercing; his look shrewd, sarcastic and intelligent; the forehead high and round. An accident in his youth had left a scar on his brow, and he liked to raise his hat so high as to display it. He was active in person, bustling in manner, and fond of affecting a little state and importance. He was of a temper cheerful, joyous and companionable; fond of mirth and gnod-fellowship; desirous of saying strong and pointed things; ardent in friendship and in resentment. His lively conversation—his knowledge of character—his readiness of speech and quickness of retort—made many court his company who were sometimes the object of his satire; but he employed his wit on those who were present, and spared or defended the absent. As to license of his tongue, he himself often said that he never nttered that sentence about a living man which he would not repeat gladly to his face. As to his works, he always felt conscious of their merit, and predicted with equal openness that his name would descend with no decrease of honor or posterity. He loved state in his dress, good order in his household, and the success of his works enabled him to indulge in the luxuries of a good table and pleasant guests." "In his relati.. of husband, brother, friend and master," says Ireland, "he was kind, generous, sincere and indulgent; in diet abstemious, bnt in his hospitalities, though devoid of ostentation, liberal and free-hearted, not parsimonious, yet frugal; but so comparatively small were the rewards then paid to artists, that after the labor of a long life he left a very inconsiderable sum to to his widow, with whom he must have received a large portion."

After an active life of sixty-seven years, the great father of the English school of painting died on the 26th of October, 1764, at his residence in Leicester square, and was buried in the churchyard of Chiswick. On his tombstone his friend David Garrick has inscribed the following lines:

> Farewell, great painter of mankind!
> Who reached the nobleat point of art,
> Whose pictured morals charm the mind,
> And through the eye correct the heart.
> If Genius fire thee, reader, stay;
> If Nature teach thee, drop a tear;
> If neither move thee—turn away;
> For Hogarth's honored dust lies here.

Physiology is a true science. The man of profound thought, the man of ability, and, above all, the man of genius, has his character stamped by nature; the man of violent passions and the voluptuary have it stamped by habit.

NOTICE.

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J. F. BOGARDUS, J. F. BOWMAN. } Editors and Proprietors.

THE CALIFORNIAN.

SAN FRANCISCO,.....SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 1867.

ENDORSING IMPERTINENCE.

It seems not a little strange that a journal of the grade of the *Bulletin* should lend its columns to such silly impertinence and old-womanish twaddle as the communication in its Thursday's issue, on "Sunday Recreations," addressed "To the Right Rev. William Ingraham Kip, Bishop of California," and signed 'Episcopalian.' The standing of the *Bulletin* is such as to give a certain sort of consequence even to such a specimen of feeble garrulity as that to which we are alluding, and for this very reason that paper should be all the more careful in regard to the character of the communications to which it lends a species of endorsement by publishing them. Had "Episcopalian" (the assumption of which signature in this instance we strongly suspect, from internal evidence, to be a false pretence) been content to discuss the abstract question of Sunday Recreations, without any personal references, there could not, of course, have been any objection to its publication, provided it was judged worth the space it would occupy. But "Episcopalian" evidently was less concerned with the question itself, than with the Bishop, whom he addresses personally in a strain of vulgar familiarity which furnishes presumptive proof that he is not in the habit of holding intercourse with bishops or other dignified personages, otherwise than through the medium of impertinent anonymous epistles. No, it clearly was not so much for the purpose of enlightening the public on Sunday Recreations, that he rushed into print, as it was to enjoy the luxury of alternately lecturing and patronizing a bishop. Every one has observed the mania of a certain class of officions, fussy busy-bodies for writing "open letters" to public men during the excitement of political campaigns. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, these productions are inspired by vanity or malice; for without the operation of these incentives, the personal form would not have been suggested, and the point at issue would more naturally have been discussed in the ordinary way, without a resort to the snobbish assumption before the public of intimacy and equality where they do not exist.

The whole tone of the communication in question, is to say the least, in very bad taste, being characterized by a certain complacent assumption, and an air of didacticism that would better become a very learned pedagogue instructing a very backward pupil, than 'an Episcopalian" addressing his Bishop through a secular paper, on the subject of the soundness of views propounded in a Pastoral Letter. The communication opens with a gracious endorsement of the Bishop's "character," designed apparently to show that though "Episcopalian" feels called upon to set his diocesan right on the subject of Sunday Recreations, and to condemn his *opinions* as unsound, he does not mean to impeach his personal respectability. "With feelings of none but the sincerest respect for your character," etc., commences "Episcopalian," "I come to discuss the "Pastoral Letter recently issued by you," etc. Having thus majestically atronized his Bishop, he in the same stately strain expresses his entire approval of the ordinances of his Maker, so far at least as "the Sabbath" is concerned. "No one," he says, "is more favorable to a decorous and religious observance of the Sabbath than the writer;" "I regard it as one of the most beneficent of the Divine ordinances, showing the love of the Maker for his creatures." So far, all goes smoothly enough. The Bishop's character is endorsed; the "Sabbath" too, is approved of in a general way, and Divine Providence is complimented on the "beneficence" of the ordinance. But this pleasant condition of things cannot last. "Episcopalian" has set out to confute and instruct his diocesan, and in entering seriously upon the task, the gracious tone thus far employed, must be exchanged for one more austere and authoritative. "I take issue with your statement," etc.; "I think you do injustice not only to," etc.; "I am with you, in your condemnation of the Saturday night ball," etc., "but I cannot follow you in your so general denunciation of Sunday picnics;" "I will concede that in the abstract it would be as well," etc.—an amiable relapse into the gracious vein once more. The matter of the communication corresponds to its manner and taste. It is inconsequent in arrangement, crude and sophomorical, and presents nothing bearing the remotest resemblance to an argument. Destitute as it is of any intrinsic worth or interest to redeem its feeble egotism, no influential journal should have contributed to lend it a certain sort of borrowed consequence, by publishing it, least of all, by publishing it in the ill-chosen, if not offensive form of personal address, selected by the writer.

"IS SPIRITUALISM TRUE?"

THE Colorado papers contain the particulars of a "discussion" that came off not long ago, at Central City, we believe, between Mrs. Laura De Force Gordon, and the Rev. Mr. Crawford, the question for debate being stated in the brief formula, "Is Spiritualism true?" We are not advised what course the discussion took, and we confess ourselves quite at a loss to form even a probable conjecture from the terms in which the issue is expressed. Before the question, "Is Spiritualism True?" can be intelligently discussed, it would seem to be necessary that "Spiritualism" should be defined with something like logical precision, a thing that has never yet been done, so far at least as we are aware. Does Spiritualism consist in a belief in the existence of disembodied spirits? If so, all Christians, and nearly the entire religious world, are Spiritualists, and will unhesitatingly take up a position on the affirmative side of the question. Does it consist in a belief in the possibility of spirit intercourse, and that spirits have, and still do, at times hold intercourse with mortals? Then a very respectable body, both of the ancients and moderns, are Spiritualists. This belief has been held in all ages, and in many countries. The Romans believed that Cæsar's spirit appeared to Brutus, and warned him of impending doom on the plains of Philippi. Doctor Johnson devoutly believed in the Lock Lane Ghost And there are to-day, as there always have been, innumerable persons, ordinarily characterized as "superstitions," whose faith in apparitions is immovable. Yet this faith has not been associated with any knowledge or acceptance of the vague and undigested doctrines and ideas which the Spiritualist teachers are pleased to dignify with the name of their "philosophy." Or does Spiritualism consist in a belief that tables tip, and that raps are produced upon them under certain conditions? If this is so, we are "Spiritualists;" for we have witnessed the "phenomena," as have multitudes of others, some of whom believe that they are produced by imposture and jugglery, while others, as Charles Beecher, Dr. Huntington, and many of the Roman Catholic clergy, insist that like the prodigies of the Egyptian soothsayers, and the responses of the ancient oracles, they are the work of demons; still another class being inclined to seek a solution in the operation of natural laws and forces, as yet imperfectly understood, and which are a proper subject for the investigations of physiology and psychology.

But we cannot suppose that in proposing to discuss the issue stated in the terms of the title of this article, Mrs. Gordon meant simply to hold the affirmative, and Mr. Crawford the negative of the proposition that "Spiritualism is true," in any of the senses of the word which we have above given. Mr. Crawford did not mean to deny the existence of spirits; nor is it at all probable that his opponent would have been satisfied with the bare admission that tables are rapped and tipped by the means employed by professed jugglers and thaumaturgists, or that the phenomena are produced by demons, or that they are the result of the operation of natural powers acting according to fixed laws, and without the intervention of spirits. Mrs. Gordon would scarcely, we think, apply the term "Spiritualist" to an individual professing to hold either one of these hypotheses. What then was the meaning attached to the term by the disputants, and what did they, in fact, propose to discuss? What was it that the lady, as the champion of her sect, meant to maintain to be "true," and what was it, the "truth" of which Mr. Crawford held himself ready to dispute? The question is, to us, not a little perplexing; and the only conjecture remaining, after rejecting all those hazarded above, seems to be, that it was the truth of the doctrines and teachings of the Spiritualists, of their "philosophy," or their "beautiful faith" that was designed to be the subject of the discussion.

But if such was the case, the disputants must have found themselves confronted with an insuperable obstacle to anything like precise and logical argumentation, in the fact that the "doctrines" of Spiritism, the dogmas that constitute the creed or articles of belief of the "beautiful faith," have nowhere been authoritatively set forth. There is no volume, accepted by sect at large, in which they are to be found. In fact, there is no community of belief among the spiritists themselves, and no concordance or homogeniousness in the teachings of their leading Apostles. The doctrines preached by the lecturers and taught in their organs are often conflicting, and sometimes directly contradictory. Every lecturer, and "investigator" has his, or her own peculiar notions as to what is sound spiritist doctrine; and the *animus* by which they are inspired seems to be widely different. Some talk like ribald and scoffing infidels of the most vulgar school, and delight in nothing so much as in assailing Christianity and ridiculing its teachers. Others, like Judge Edmonds, speak reverently of the religion founded by Christ, and most respectfully of its ministers. The writings of their chief hierophants do not contain any system of views that can justly be called a philosophy at all. Indeed, none of them have given the world anything that approximates to a system. Some of them write like men of shallow minds and morbid sensibilities who had become intoxicated by too copious draughts from the fountains of German mysticism. The "philosophy" of others is a mosaic of ideas stolen from Swedenbourgh, Theordore Parker and Frances Power Cobbe. So far as their ideas on the subjects of the human soul, a future life, the relations of men to each other, duty, progress, and sociology generally, are concerned, they have certainly derived nothing whatever from the spirits. They have advanced nothing that is new, nothing that some seer like Swedenbourg, some profound and abnormal genius, like Jacob Behmen or Jean Paul Richter, some "progressive thinker" like Parker or Newman, some grand and exalted intellect inspired and purified by the sacred and unselfish "enthusiasm of humanity," like the Italian Mazzini, some spiritual minded clergyman, emancipated from the bondage of his traditional creed, like Martineau, Maurice, Ballou, or Bushnell, had not already discerned without the aid of any other spirit than that which works impartially in all pure souls that hunger for the truth. All the wordy rhapsodies, and pretentious "philosophy" of the spiritists, claimed to be derived from the unseen world through their "mediums" and inspired "revelators" are but a paltry patchwork of thoughts and ideas plundered, and generally spoiled in the plundering process, from men such as we have named, men who without the machinery of "seances" or table-tipping, in the normal exercise of their own intellectual and spiritual powers, have given to the world great thoughts and ideas, expressed in noble and fitting forms, such as neither Davis, nor Fishbough, nor any other of the spiritistic hierophants has yet succeeded in clothing his patchwork pilferings in.

If then, by the question, "Is Spiritualism true?" it is meant, are the "faith and philosophy" true, as set forth in the spiritistic literature, and by the spiritistic lecturers and mediums, if this is what is meant, the inquiry simply amounts to this: "Are all the fragmentary and heterogeuious odds and ends of thought and speculation, which Davis and the lesser lights of the "beautiful faith" have plagiarized from a thousand different sources are these, in the mass and aggregate to be accepted as a 'philosophy' and as the truth?" How Mrs. Gordan and her Rev. antagonist managed to conduct the discussion of such an issue, in a manner at all satisfactory to themselves or edifying to their hearers, we repeat, we are quite unable to imagine; and we are equally unable to conceive how the question, "Is Spiritualism true?" can ever be the subject of intelligent discussion, until some clear and accurate definition of "Spiritualism" shall have been determined upon.

Woe to the Jewelers.—We fear that the goldsmiths and silversmiths of Paris, and perhaps of the rest of Europe and of the United States, will howl, as did those of Ephesus, headed by Demetrius—"Our craft is in danger"—if the latest fashion in watches and jewelry attains much favor. There is a *furore* is Paris for a new style of watch at the present moment. It is large, made of ebony, and ornamented at the back with the initials of the owner in silver, or else with fanciful arabesques. The dial plate, which is small, is surrounded by a thick circle of ebony, the fingers and hours being in silver. This watch hangs from an ebony chatelaine, the rings of which are ornamented with silver, and joined together either by bars or balls of silver, according to the pattern of the chatelaine. There is an attempt to introduce brooches and ear-rings in the same style, but they are not yet adopted. As to the watches, they are to be seen at the waistbands of all the *elegantes*, especially when they wear the inevitable fancy black dress.

Another "Libel" on Alexandre Dumas.—Poor Alexandre Dumas! Since that horrid photograph of him in his shirt-sleeves with Adah Isaacs Menken etc., etc., etc., etc., etc. in his arms appeared we think he might be free from further "libel." But alas! people believe with Salem Scudder, "the apparatus caan't lie," and the pictures, many of which have reached San Francisco and caused much merriment, were generally pronounced genuine. Therefore another "libel" is going the rounds of the press. It is contained in the following paragraph:

Dumas, *pere*, is said to be engaged upon a new novel, the scene of which is laid in America, the time being that of our civil war. It is understood that many of the details and incidents have been furnished by the eccentric equestrienne, Adah Isaacs Menken Heenan, or whatever else her name may be.

Five Years in Japan.—The arduous duties of Mr. Maitland during the present week as Interpreter to the newly arrived Japanese, have precluded the possibility of his furnishing No. VI of the series of papers which we have published under the above title; it will appear in our next issue.

"The Progress of Mankind."—This is the subject of a lecture to be delivered this evening at Lincoln Hall, by Professor Vellmiro, who enjoys a high reputation as a thinker and a scholar. We believe the lecture is repeated on this occasion by request.

Another Paper.—It is rumored that the friends of Geo. C. Gorham have raised the sum of $200,000 for the purpose of starting a paper, of which he is to be editor. If this be true, he will be consoled for losing the Governorship.

[For the Californian.]

BASILICA.

BY A. G. BIERCE.

WITH aimless feet, along the verge
Of ocean, where the rocks emerge,
I strolled, and watched the baffled surge.

In sheltered channels at my feet,
The sleepy ripples crisping neat,
Slid in and out with sluicy heat.

The groaning sea, wind-smitten white—
The day, shot through with throbbing light,
Lay palpitating on my sight.

From bloody death of stricken day,
And ocean's leprous agony,
My weary eyes I drew away,

To where the rocks the margin mar
Of waters where the shadows are—
And saw the smiling of a star.

Imbedded deep in mossy green,
A glinting gem with lustrous sheen,
Burnt wondrous with a flame serene,

My soul grew drunken with its ray—
Like liquid April filling May,
Its wing-light suffused the day.

And day became—with colors cold
New-drowned in beauties manifold—
An opal chalice brimming gold.

A silent music clove the air—
A spirit bent in worship there—
My wish had wrought itself a prayer.

"O, if thy beauty, radiant stone,
Be not rejected love alone,
By wooing skies upon thee thrown;

But rather a desire intense,
Appealing thus to human sense
With more than human eloquence;

If so thou strivest to impart
The aspirations at thy heart—
Pulsing a wish with every spark;

Give me to claim thy sacred ray,
I'll bear the from thy shades away,
And set the in the perfect day.

I'll niche thee in a shrine made fair
With wondrous woods and metals rare,
And dim with amber-tinted air.

And sculpted work of quaint device,
Gem-tinct with gleams of prismic ice—
And lamps antique of fabled price—

And droning troops of monkish bees,
With censers filled at spicy trees,
Shall minister on bended knees."

Grey darkness fell upon the land,
With hasty clutch my eager hand
To snatch the gem from barren strand

Essayed. When, Lo! with stiffened hair—
And vision smit with baleful glare—
And hope sharp-freezing to despair,

With heart compressed as in a vice,
And forehead bound with sudden ice—
I grasped a hidden Cockatrice.

O, with Heart of Stone with eyes of light,
And ivory throat of pallid white,
And snaky folds concealed from sight,—

With jeweled teeth, alas! and breath
Whose touch to passion ministreth—
Sweet-spiced with aromatic death!

No pen of poison, gall-immersed,
Of deadly sins can name thy worst;
Or fitly curse thy race accursed.

San Francisco, Sept. 16th 1867.

CALIFORNIA SCENERY AT THE EAST.—Bierstadt's picture of Yo-Semite has been on exhibition for nearly a year past in New York city; and was recently removed to Boston to give the denizens of the "Hub" a chance to feast their eyes with its grandeur and beauty. The Bostonians were not unappreciative. The Saturday Evening *Gazette* says: "Bierstadt's great picture, 'The Domes of the Yo-Semite,' continues to attract great attention. Its visitors and admirers are numbered by thousands notwithstanding the dulness of the weather. It is a great picture delineating one of the grandest scenes in Nature, and is well worthy the study of all."

INCENDIARISM.—Unless more circumspection is exercised by our local insurance companies as to the character of the parties whom they insure, a grand crash is inevitable. The New York and London companies have taken alarm and debarred a certain class of migratory foreigners from the benefits which they offer to honest people. In San Francisco, such a course of proceedings is eminently necessary, as many persons who come here find it more profitable to destroy than to produce.

ANOTHER LONDON MAGAZINE.—The "New Metropolitan Magazine" is the title of the new monthly to be issued under the editorship of Mr. Anthony Trollope. The first number will appear in October.

DRAMATIC AFFAIRS.

THE old saying runs "good wine needs no bush," but it occasionally becomes the duty of the Press to call the attention of the public to the fact that it is losing much pleasure in not witnessing a dramatic performance of sterling merit, which is, however poorly patronized. There is no need to do this in the case of the performance of Dan Bryant at Maguire's Opera House. The flow of Irish spirit by which the young comedian delights so many nightly, needs no commendation to prolong its attractiveness. Night after night the Opera House is crowded to its utmost capacity. Irish comedy is the rage at present, and Dan Bryant is the most popular of actors. On Monday, the drama of *Shamus O'Brien* was produced to an overflowing house, many persons being unable to obtain even standing room. The play went off very well; it abounds in pathos and humor, and has many beautiful scenes and striking situations. Dan Bryant's make up in the roles of "Owney Dugan," "Danny Doyle," and "Thighecn O'Leary" was very good, and his acting throughout was much applauded. Mr. McCullough was quite at home in the character of "Sir Derry Downs," and the villain of the piece, "Corney Ryan," was well played by Mr. Edwards. Miss Sallie Hinckley, who has of late played every part committed to her in excellent style, performed that of "Kate O'Connor" charmingly. Miss Olivia Rand acted the role of "Mary Kennedy" with great spirit, and sang "Shamus My Own" very well. D. C. Anderson made a fine old priest as "Father Malone," and delivered his blessings most impressively. Willie Edouin displayed much talent in the part of "Miles O'Halloran," and brought down the house by his execution of an Irish jig. The piece was put on the stage in excellent style with new scenery and stage effects. This afternoon and evening *Shamus O'Brien* will be played.

On Wednesday evening John Brougham's play of *The Bells of Shandon* will be produced with new scenery, music and new stage effects, including a beautiful waterfall scene with real water.

On Monday a new attraction was offered at the Metropolitan Theater. A large audience was in attendance to witness the first appearance, since his tour through the interior, of Joe Murphy, the Ethiopian performer and Irish conedian. The performance commenced with the farce of *The Mischievous Nigger*, in which Joe Murphy caused roars of laughter by his impersonation of "Anthony Snow." After this, Harry Jackson sang his original local song, "The Organ Grinder's Wager," which was published originally in last week's CALIFORNIAN; this was received with much applause and laughter. Joe Murphy then sung his famous song, "The Pretty Octoroon," and in response to an encore gave his clever impersonation of a darkey, Lord Dundreary, and afterwards performed a fantasia on the bones. Miss Emma Howson and Henri Herberte sang a duet from *The Amber Witch* beautifully, and the performance concluded with the capital Irish extravaganza of *The Happy Man*, in which Joe Murphy appeared to good advantage as an Irish comedian in the character of "Paddy Murphy," and sang "Pat Malloy" and "St. Patrick's Day" in excellent style. In this piece Miss Clelia Howson played "Ko-ket" in a charmingly *naive* and graceful manner and looked bewitchingly pretty. A similar entertainment was given on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday evenings. Last night the house was closed in order to afford an opportunity for the great preparations necessary to be made before the appearance of the great Haa-ya-takee Troupe can take place. On the same account there will be no performance either this afternoon or evening.

The great Haa-ya-takee, the acrobat, is devoted to his profession. He considers the art of balancing the most noble one in the world. Indeed, he says, on this all the present system of creation depends. What would happen if the myriads of spheres which compose the universe were unequally balanced as regards mutual attraction? Chaos! What would happen should the members of the great Haa-ya-takee troupe perform without sufficient rehearsal and preparation? One or two of them would probably lose their balance and perhaps break their necks. Haa-ya-takee cares not so much for this—all the performers declared their willingness to appear in an unprepared condition arose not from fear of death. "If we break our necks," said they, "it is not our faults, the management must be responsible." No, it was not the risk of dislocating more or less Japanese vertebræ that caused the leader of the troupe to refuse to allow them to appear until they had fully rehearsed their performance. It was because he feared *some act might be performed clumsily.* Said Haa-ya-takee to the management: "You wish me to sacrifice my reputation in order to draw a crowd to your house. Never! If you must have a crowd, if you will drive me to desperation, I will fill the house for you. Advertise that I will, on a certain evening, perform a novel and strange feat, and I will on that evening, on your stage, commit harakeri and thus save my professional honor."

The carpenters of the troupe have been working night and day, and I suppose the members of the troupe, including the great Haa-ya-takee himself, have not averaged per man since their arrival, more than three hours sleep during the twenty-four hours. J. H. Vinson, the indefatigable stage manager, has since the arrival of the troupe slept standing, five minutes at a time, and in addition to this has engaged in deadly conflict with Japanese carpenters.

The preparations at the Metropolitan theatre are really on the grandest scale. A new stage has been built, and as we go to press the finishing touches are being put to it. It is possible that a rehearsal for the Press may be given on Sunday evening. The Haa-ya-takee troupe will appear on Monday evening, or else their leader will commit hari-kari. He has given his word. Those who witnessed the other Japanese performances would be astonished to see the immense paraphanalia which the Haa-ya takee troupe consider necessary in order to preserve their well earned reputation of being *the* troupe of Japan. I have seen enough myself to convince me that the former troupes were as like to this as I to Hercules.

TOUCHSTONE.

BENEFIT OF MME. STELLA BONHEUR.—The performance of *La Figlia del Reggimento* at the American Theatre on Wednesday evening last, for the farewell benefit of Mme. Stella Bonheur, attracted a crowded and extremely fashionable house. The beneficiary was unfortunately laboring under severe illness, and it was only her extraordinary force of will, aided by the skill of her physician, who was behind the scenes during the whole evening, that enabled her to go through with the performance. Her success in the *role* of "Maria," therefore, though very creditable, and in the last scene really brilliant, must be taken as but a faint indication of what she might have done when in perfect health, and a full command of her voice. The part of "Tonio" was very well sung by M. Charles, who kindly undertook it on account of the indisposition of Signor Carmini Morley. The character of the old sergeant "Sulpizio," was capitally rendered by Signor Mancusi. The performance as a whole was tolerably good for a benefit night, although in a regular season a little more precision would have been expected. We trust that Mme. Bonheur will be heard at least once more before her departure.

WOODWARD'S GARDENS.—Nothing can exceed the beauty of these gardens at the present season of the year. The numbers of flowers and fine shrubs give the grounds a charming appearance. The numerous works of art to be seen in the art gallery, the thousands of curiosities, and the museum and many interesting animals on exhibtion combine to make this a most interesting spot.

The money taken to-day will be given to the San Francisco Benevolent Association, therefore those who vist these Gardens will have the additional pleasure of knowing they are aiding a most valuable charity. A fine instrumental concert will be given.

THE CITY GARDENS.—Many gallant young watermen, who do not care to risk themselves amidst the tides and currents of the stormy Bay, enjoy a pleasant row on the lake in these delightful grounds, the ladies enjoy a game of *croquet*, and all are pleased to inspect the zoological collection, walk through the conservatories, saunter along the shady pathways, and enjoy a chat in the pleasant summer-houses.

ANATOMICAL MUSEUM.—A number of new models have been added to this already very complete collection. A periodical visit to this institution will be found of benefit by many who, from a want of knowledge of the structure of their bodies, violate the laws of nature.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

THE SOCIAL AND POLITICAL TENDENCIES OF CHRISTIANITY: A Lecture, By the late Bishop Scott of Oregon: A. Roman Booksellers, Publishers, and Importers, 417 & 410 Montgomery street, San Francisco: 17 Mercer street, New York, 1867.

BURIED ALIVE. By ALEXANDER DUMAS. Author of "The Count of Monte Cristo," "Queen's Necklace," "Three Guardsmen," "Iron Hand," etc., etc. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers; 306 Chestnut street. San Francisco: A. Roman & Co.

ORVILLE COLLEGE. By MRS. HENRY WOOD. Author of "East Lynne," "Verner's Pride," etc., etc. Printed from the Author's Manuscript and advanced proof sheets, purchased by us from Mrs. Henry Wood, and issued here simultaneously with its publication in Europe. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers; 306 Chestnut street. San Francisco: A. Roman & Co.

ACCORDING to an eminent French Physician, a cold in the head can be cured by inhaling hartshorn. The inhaling should be through the nose, seven or eight times in five minutes.

THE German residents in China have sent Count Bismarck a testimonial in the shape of a silver goblet, five pounds in weight, and thickly gilted on the inside. On the cover is a bust of the minister.

IT is reported that the members of the Eureka Typographical Union will soon lose their "grip" on the *Daily Times*.

[Translated from the German of Ludwig Boerne, by Daniel E. Bandmann.]

SHAKSPEARE'S SHYLOCK.

THE play was ended. The ladies came home and told me that the actor who represented *Shylock* was called before the curtain; that he thanked the public in the customary way; and, among other things, stated that such an inhuman monster as *Shylock* was never to be found in real life. I then deemed it fortunate that a severe cold had prevented me from witnessing the performance. But, possibly, the soft words of this philanthropic actor was prompted by a good-natured impulse. Many rich Jews reside in this city (Frankfort,) who are hated and worried by their fellow Christians; and, as this stranger had ministered to the malicious pleasure of the Christian populace by producing "The Merchant of Venice" on the occasion of his Benefit, he wished, after all was over, to say something pleasant to the Jews, who also largely helped to crowd the theatre. If, however, he really meant what he said, he proved his ignorance of the character that he had assumed to interpret. It matters little whether or no there be Jewish anthropophagi and vampires, but it is very important that we reject the erroneous idea that the great poet wished to hold up a mirror for Jews, into which everybody could look for a shilling—just as they can at the dog *Badowsky*.* When Heaven sends a prophet like Shakspeare to an ignorant world, it commissions him not merely to teach us how to read. Shakspeare's mission was neither to preach nor to teach: and, if ever he did desire to act the schoolmaster, it was to the Christians and not the Jews that he addressed the lesson of the "Merchant of Venice." Due respect to *Shylock's* Judasm! a morality that despises all trivial passions. But there is something grand and sublime in his nature, which looks down with haughty scorn upon his own meanness. *Shylock* is an exalted Jew and an avenging angel. He has reached such a height of sensibility that he is capable of doing a magnaimous deed—not in the way of mere usury, to increase his gains, but for the benefit of mankind. He desires to revenge his abused and down-trodden race, upon its tormentors, the Christians. We despise in *Shylock* the devil of avarice; but the distressed and suffering man we pity; and we admire and even love the avenger of inhuman persecution. Let no one think that the Jew wishes merely to get a pound of flesh from the breast of a Christian. Cruel in mind he may be, but he is never cruel in heart. He has a soft and tender nature; he is pitiful; he cannot bear the sight of blood. Who can say that *Shylock* would really have executed his threat? Who knows but that the knife, which he had so malignantly sharpened on his sole, would have fallen at last from his avenging hand? *Antonio* might safely have risked the ordeal—if we read aright the character of *Shylock*. We do not forget the sacrifice that he is willing to make to his revenge. Three thousand, six thousand, nine thousand ducats! and the Jewish ducats are not the common ducats, but ducats of greater value. In Jewish eyes, too, they are more precious because they are Jewish. Shylock will give all, and more than all—that profit which, to the Jew, is more than possession—for his revenge. He has trusted to the god's of vengeance, to the wild winds and the cruel sea; and they have not deceived him. Nor must we be misled by *Shylock's* saying that he hates *Antonio*—

> For that, in low symplicity,
> He lends out money gratis, and brings down
> The rate of usance here with us in Venice.

Shyluck did not hate *Antonio* for that. The Christian mercantile and commercial world of Venice, surely, was not composed of only good and noble Antonios; and one man, be he ever so rich, cannot reduce the value of money. No; *Shylock* is a Jew; he feels a secret shame in sacrificing money to a phantasy; he wants to excuse his conduct to himself—and the excuse that he finds is couched in the words we have quoted. He does not persecute the foe of usury in *Antonio:* but the foe of his faith he persecutes, and in his feverish infatuation he sacrifices wealth to an airy fancy. The actor who would personate *Shylock* may herein find the key to the character. The blood-thirsty hatred of the Jew shou'd terrify us, as every mad fanaticism naturally does; but *Shylock* must not be so interpreted as to awaken disgust and aversion, as does a loathsome bodily disease. *Shylock's* execrable avarice, and the spasms into which self-interest hurls his soul, may revolt us; but the Jew must not herein be made ridiculous. In the presence of a very demon it is no time for laughter. Now, to show us the god in the demon, to pass through a desert of sin wherein, not far distant, murmurs concealed a well-spring of love—this, surely, is a sufficiently hard and great task for the actor. Shakspeare, unlike common men and common poets, who desire to make everything pleasant to their feelings and conformable to their notions of art, does not mingle elements like a chemist, representing clear characters, these lovely, those hateful, these attractive, those repulsive: this Shakspeare never does. He sides with no party. He ascribes the palm only to virtue. He lets his characters quarrel among themselves, and never mingles in the quarrel. He has explained the nature of the Jew's hatred of the Christian, and, equally, laid bare the springs of the Christian's hatred of the Jew. Why should not *Shylock* hate *Antonio*—hate him the more for his very nobility? *Antonio* is a good, noble, generous man—but not to the Jew. Him he abuses at all times. Even at the very moment of asking his aid, he can not conceal his contempt for *Shylock*. The good, the noble *Antonio*, who is willing to sacrifice everything upon the altar of friendship, cannot even speak a kind word to the Jew. After all this, a scapegrace of a Christian runs away with *Shylock's* daughter; and she, intending to become a Christian, enters upon conversion by despising her father because he is a Jew. Such injustice, such cruelty might well convert the nature of a dove into that of a dragon. In his hatred of the Christian, *Shylock* reveages upon himself insulted virtue. He throws away money to avenge his race, and he learns and teaches that gold is not, as the Jews would have it, the monarch of the world, but that love is mightier than avarice, even in a Jew.

Whenever I read Shakspeare it grieves me that he does not live in our age, to make it clear to us. Events seem unreal, when the great master is wanting, to state them to us in a great manner. A character which that great poet has not described to us, because it was unknown to him, is like a book without a title, that we must read before we can know its subject. It often happens that great periods have no great historian, nor poets, nor artists, capable of worthily describing or representing them. The great events are too grand, too restless, or too busy to pose quietly before common artists. These can but briefly snatch their outlines, or must wait till the time be dead, in order to make a lifeless cast. But, before an artist like Shakspeare, times stand still, well knowing that nature owes its immortality to art. How would Shakspeare have described *our* Shylocks, the great Christian Shylocks with badges of their order upon their gaberdines? How would he have described those paper flying Shylocks, without gaberdines, who hold in notes the flesh and blood of nations, and who do not make paper out of rags but rags out of paper? How would he have portrayed those profligates to whom God is a minister of Finance, who said, "Be created," and lo! there was a world of paper; Adam the first banker; Paradise a blessed place of State papers; the Fall of Man the first fall of stocks; The Day of Judgment an ultimatum? A Shakspeare would have unveiled the mysterious ways of these brokers of exchange between nature and art, who stake the gold of the one against the paper of the other. What did that Venetian Shylock do? He gave three thousand ducats for a poor pound of Christian flesh. That at least was dearly bought. But our Shylocks demand, for one small eighth, entire Hellas. Yet the soft-spoken actor could say, here in Frankfort, that a monster like Shylock does not exist in nature, and Shakspeare is a slanderer. Ah, my dear friend, histories lie if they call men Christians because their ancestors ate pork; but Shakspeare never lies.—*N. Y. Weekly Review.*

* This learned animal's performances made a great sensation all over Germany, and it is recorded that the beast was the indirect cause of Goethe's resigning the position of manager of the Weimar Theatre.

WILKINS ON DOGS.

BY JOHN QUILL.

I MUST get the landlord to change my room. It is excessively disagreeable to be compelled to overhear the conversation that takes place between Mr. and Mrs. Wilkins in the room next to mine every night. I loose my natural rest, and then it doesn't seem exact the thing, anyhow, for me to listen to such family talk as this, that I heard during the small hours this morning.

"Not one more cent will I spend for advertising, Mrs. Wilkins, not one more cent. If the dog don't come back now, why let him stay away, and that's the best thing he can do anyhow in my opinion."

"But just this once, Wilk——"

"Not another time, I tell you. Do you want to ruin me? Do you want to make me break myself up for an old bow-legged dog, who absolutely ain't worth a second-hand postage-stamp? Not much, I guess. I ain't a going to do it, I can tell you, so you just might as well shut up about it."

"But, John, we may get him this——"

"Get him!—get him, yes, you will; you'll get him; why didn't you get him the last time you advertised? Why didn't you get him, instead of having about a million swindlers coming to the house with a million bull pups—black and tans, pointers, and setters, and red, black, yellow, brown, white, and flea-bitten dogs, and each man swearing that his dog was the one, and wanting me to give them the five dollars reward. Five million dollars, Mrs. Wilkins! five million dollars for dogs! I guess you don't know the value of money. You think I am a rich man, don't you? Five million dollars for dogs! why you're crazy; shut up and go to sleep, and give me more covers."

"But there wasn't anything like a million, Mr. Wilk——"

"Yes there were; you can't count; there were two millions if there was a dog, and if I ever have them coming round in my front yard again you may shoot me."

"Don't loose your temper, John, I——"

"But I will lose it, I tell you. It's enough to make any man lose his reason to be tied to such a woman as you are, a woman who is plotting his destruction and trying to blast his hopes—blast his hopes, I say, for that's what you are doing, Mrs. Wilkins, reducing me to a skeleton, too, by your misconduct. It would drive any man mad to think that his wife cherished a secret passion for that big man in a fur cap, who made a pretense of bringing around that bull dog, so that he could get me outside and set him on me, and have me chawed up and made a mangled corpse before your eyes, while you sat in the window and gloat over it and winked at him. Its an outrage against decency, Mrs. Wilkins; but you've met your match."

"Mr. Wilkins, you shan't talk——"

"Now, don't try virtuous indignation with me, it won't do. Don't deny it, for I watched you and saw you make signs to that fellow. I'll shoot him the next time I see him, if I don't my name ain't Wilkins."

"Now, John, be calm; you know how much the children want the dear little dog brought——"

"Yes, I do; they want him back, don't they? Amelia Matilda wants him brought back so that he can chaw up all her doll babies again and choke himself to death with the saw-dust, the child revels in that, don't she? And I suppose William Henry wants him back to fly at him and scare him and tear great slices out of his pants, and to run away with his tin velocipede and smash it up? Pshaw, Mrs. Wilkins, you talk wildly, I don't want to bother with you."

"You know the dear children loved him."

"I don't know anything of the kind. Do you call it loving a dog for Breckenridge Augustus to fight him with Jones' big blood-hound, who slit his ear and bit off his hind leg, or to put carpet tacks in his beef and have him howling around the house with the cholic for a week? I don't call that loving him, I don't think that shows the children are fond of him any more than it did when Holofernes Montgomery hacked off his tail with the mince-meat chopper, and then tried to graft a skate strap on to the stump."

"Oh, Mr. Wilkins, he didn't do—"

"On to the stump, while William Henry put him in a starch-box and liked to suffocated him by burying him while they were playing funeral."

"Wilkins, how can you—"

"Funeral; don't interrupt me? Does that look like loving him? Why they hate him, and so do I; for I never saw a more worthless dog in my life. Who'd give a cent for a dog that would stand and look at a rat as stupid as an owl, and never budge until the rat left, and then would go and smell around the place and look brave, while all the time he was scared half to death. Blame such a dog, I say, and you want me to offer five dollars for him so you can have a chance to see that blackguard in the fur cap. If I do, hang me—there now."

"But, John, the dog-catchers may get the poor dear—"

"I hope they will, I'll give any dog catcher five dollars who would put his fingers on that dog and butcher him. That's what I want—I want them to take him up and strangle him and smash his head in, and chop him up. Sausage, Mrs. Wilkins, do you hear? that's what he'll come to, and I hope you'll have to eat it, then maybe you'll get enough of him, you're so fond of him. But you needn't come fooling around me with any of it, I won't eat it; I ain't fond of dog meat, if you are. Now go to sleep, I'm tired of hearing you cackle."

"Mr. Wilkins, you're too aggravating to live. I've got a great mind to go and sleep down stairs."

"Yes, I knew it—I knew it—and meet that dog man with a fur cap and run away with him, and desert me and your nine innocent children. O, very well, go on, I know you ain't satisfied; I know you don't love me; no woman who loves a man ever wants him to advertise and spend five dollars for a confounded old dog."

"As long as you're so excited about it, Mr. Wilkins, I'll tell you a secret—"

"I don't want to hear any of your secrets. Go tell them to the fellow with the fur cap and the dog."

"Secret about our dog—"

"I don't want to hear it, I tell you—"

"You needn't advertise for him."

"What?"

"You needn't advertise for him—he's all right."

"You don't mean to say—"

"I can find him."

"What do you mean, Mrs. Wilkins?"

"Oh, You don't care for the dog, so never mind."

"Tell me what you know this minute."

"Well, then, he's—but no, you'll kill him."

"Mrs. Wilkins, if you don't tell me what you know about that dog there will be a first-class riot in this room."

"Well, if you must know, I've—but no—"

"Sold him, have you? Bully for you—"

"No I haven't sold him, for he isn't in the cellar."

"Well I hope I may—you don't mean to tell me that infernal cur is in our cellar?"

"Yes, he is"

"Then that settles it. You and I can't live together any longer. Any woman who would trifle with her husband's feelings in that manner ain't fit to associate with decent people. Don't you ever speak to me again; I don't want to have anything more to do with such a systematic old Sapphira as you are."

And Wilkins slammed the door as he went out, and I found him next morning sleeping on the sitting-room sofa. But he made it up with his wife, for I saw her that afternoon sewing a patch on his trowsers while he was shaving himself and accusing her of trying to cut her corns with his razor.—*Philadelphia Sunday Transcript.*

For Cabinet Photographs, or enameled Cards of the very best quality, you must go to the NEW YORK GALLERY, Nos. 25 and 27 Third street. Every picture warranted to give perfect satisfaction.

B: F. HOWLAND, Artist:

WAGONS.

MILLS & EVANS, IMPORTERS OF THOROUGH-BRACE Wagons, light express, two and three-spring Wagons, suitable for milk-men and furniture dealers, and others wishing light and durable Wagons. Their Wagons are made expressly for the California market, and Mills & Evans' is the only firm which receives Wagons from the celebrated manufactory of A. W. Sanborn & Co., Manchester, N. H. This latter firm stands A No. 1 in the east, and their wagons have stood the test of our California climate, and are sold by Mills & Evans fifty per cent. lower than any other establishment on the Pacific coast. Call and examine their Wagons, at No. 587 Market street, opposite the Metropolitan market. *

Medical.—"Young Man's Friend and Protector," an Association for beneficent objects, Young men should inform themselves in relation to it, and by applying to, the Actuary, Dr. Bourne, 10 Masonic Temple, Post street, they will be furnished with Prospectus.

Great Reduction in Prices at Rosenblatt's PALACE OF FASHION, opposite Occidental Hotel. The large and elegant assortment of Velvet, Cloth and Silk Cloaks, Long and Square Brocho Shawls, Real Lace Collars, Sleeves, Point Handkerchiefs, etc., are now being sold at the following remarkable low rates:

Silk and Cloth Cloaks.....Worth $15; sold for $10
Silk and Cloth Cloaks.....Worth $25; sold for $15
Broche Shawls.....Worth $50; sold for $25
Broche Shawls.....Worth $75; sold for $40
Lace Window Curtains.....Worth $20 a pair for $12
Real Chantilla Veils.....Worth $5 sold for $2 50
French Corsets, $1. All other goods in proportion.

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123 and 125 Montgomery st, Opposite Occidental Hotel.

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THE FARMERS' AND MECHANICS' BANK OF SAVINGS,

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CAPITAL STOCK, - - - - - - $150,000.

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JUST RECEIVED

AND FOR SALE BY

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PARKER, WATTSON & CO.,

Importers and Jobbers of

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ETC.....ETC.....ETC.,

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Cloths, Cassimeres for Vestings, always on hand and made to order in the most

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Satisfaction Guaranteed.

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STALL NO. 48 FISH MARKET, Clay Commercial and Leidesdorff Streets.

A large supply of fresh fish always on hand. Shipping, Restaurants, Hotels and Families supplied at short notice, and on the most reasonable terms.

N. B.—Fish sent to any part of the city free.

GENTS, PLEASE TAKE NOTICE!

MEUSSDORFFER'S

New Styles of Dress Hats for Fall and Winter, 1867,

ARE NOW READY AT THEIR HAT MANUFACTORIES,

Nos. 635 and 637 Commercial street.....San Francisco
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Corner of D and Second streets.....Marysville
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We wish to direct particular attention to our large assortment of the LATEST STYLES, selected by our partner, Mr. J. C. MEUSSDORFFER, at Paris, London and New York. Call and see them at

Nos. 635 and 637 COMMERCIAL STREET.

PARIS EXPOSITION,

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GLORIOUS NEWS

FOR

THE FLORENCE!

OFFICIAL CATALOGUE JUST RECEIVED, (September 8th) the only copy on this coast—29 days from London. FREE FOR INSPECTION.

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ALL KINDS OF CUTLERY made to order or repaired.

DAMAGED CUTLERY polished equal to new.

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SAVE YOUR TEETH.—Do not have them extracted without first consulting a good Dentist. The loss is irreparable, and, in many instances, unnecessary. DR. BEERS, corner of Pine and Kearney streets, makes a specialty of filling the fangs of dead Teeth, and building up broken crowns with Pure Gold—thus restoring them to their original usefulness and beauty.

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Taglierini, Maccaroni, Risotto and Ravioli, In the Italian Style.

MEALS FIFTY CENTS, OR TO ORDER.

Rooms for private parties up stairs.

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Do the most work,
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Try them
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And you will be
Satisfied the above
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FUSE AND SHOT always on hand and for sale at the

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Manufacturers and Dealers in

PLAIN, SWEET, CINNAMON AND VANILLA CHOCOLATES;
PREPARED COCOA, COCOA PASTE,
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PURE GROUND OLD JAVA COFFEE AND COSTA RICA COFFEE;
CHARTRES AND RIO COFFEE;
GREEN COFFEE OF EVERY QUALITY.
CHOICE WINES AND LIQUORS:

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Is pronounced by a large number of Penmen to be more free, more durable, and more varied in capacity for either fine or coarse strokes than any foreign Pen whatever. Suitable for elegant writing, it is a great favorite with the ladies and gentlemen.

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WE TAKE OCCASION TO INFORM OUR FRIENDS and customers that we have sold our entire stock in warehouse also invoices to arrive to Messrs. N. COLE & CO., 312 and 314 Pine street. The whole forms a most complete and desirable assortment of FURNITURE, and well merits attention before purchasing elsewhere.

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FURNITURE.

WE beg leave to call the attention of the public to our warerooms,

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Having purchased the entire stock of Messrs. J. Pierce & Co., and in addition to our large invoice from our factory at the East, we are prepared to fill all orders promptly, both wholesale and retail, and call the attention of the public to our salesroom, as containing the most complete assortment of desirable goods on this coast.

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Proprietors.

THE BRIDAL.

BY A DECIDEDLY CONFIRMED BACHELOR.

Not a laugh was heard, nor joyons note
As our friend to the bridal we hnrried;
Not a wit discharged with his farewell shot,
As the bachelor went to be married.

We married him quickly to save his fright,
Onr heads from the sad sight tnrning;
And we sighed as we stood by the lamp's dim light,
To think him not more discerning.

To think that a bachelor free and bright,
And shy of the sex as we found him,
Shonld there at the altar, at dead of night,
Be caught in the snare that bound him.

Few and short were the words we said,
Thongh of wine and cake partaking;
We escorted him Lome from the scene of dread
While his knees were awfully shaking.

Slowly and sadly we marched adown
From the first to the lowermost story,
And we never have heard from or seen the poor man,
Whom we left alone in his glory.

How Doth the Little Busy Bee?—A few days since a hive of bees was being conveyed throngh Winchester, Mass., in a cart, when the cover of the hive was by accident shifted. The bees in escaping became enraged and stnng the driver of the cart, and he being enraged in turn, turned the hive into the street, where the bees stung a number of passers-by, who fled in all directions.

Socrates used to say to his friends that his wife was his greatest blessing, since she was a never-ceasing monitor of patience, from whom he learned so much within his own doors that the crosses he met elsewhere were light to him.

"Young man, do you believe in a futnre state? "In conrse I doz; and what's more, I intend to enter it as soon as Betsey gets her things ready."

Opposites frequently go together; chills and fevers are generally associated.

To Epicures.—There is considerable difference between a *gourmand* and a *gourmet*. In the *gourmand* the animal natnre predominates, while the *gourmet* cnltivates the sense of taste nntil it is ren. dered snsceptible of receiving the highest gratification. The *gourmand* is satisfied to swill flat beer or sonr wine, to eat ill-cooked viands, provided he can get enongh to gorge himself withal. Epicures, or *gourmets*, who can appreciate the delicate bonquet of a fine wine as they delight in the perfume of the violet, should pay a visit to the store of F. C. Belden, No. 612 Sacramento street, where they will find the rarest brands of wines, spirits and liqneurs, the choicest teas and an immense assortment of delicacics, such as truffles, *pate de fois gras*, Stilton cheese, caviare. etc.

NOTICE.

IN CONSEQUENCE OF THE VERY GREAT DEMAND FOR

CASSIN'S

Grape Brandy Bitters!!

we have been oblized to rent a LARGER BUILDING, and are now removing to Sullivan & Cashman's Block, No. 523 FRONT STREET, opposite our old establishment.
F. & P. J. CASSIN, 520 Front street.

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STEAM
PRINTING HOUSE,
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CLAY STREET.

Cards, Billheads, Circulars, Books, Briefs, Transcripts, Posters, Bills of Fare Envelopes, Letter and Note Headings, Tickets, Pamphlets, and all Legal Papers printed at short notice, and upon reasonable terms.

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GROCERS,
Tea and Wine Merchants,
S. E. cor. Montgo'ry and California,
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Wholesale Store,
204 Front Street.

JOHN TAYLOR,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN
WINES AND LIQUORS.
NO. 16 THIRD STREET,
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WHOLESALE PRICES.

Nos. 42 and 44 Nassau Street,
NEW YORK.
Dealers in American, Swiss and English WATCHES,
JEWELRY AND ATERIALS.

☞We have made arrangements to buy AMERICAN WATCHES in large quantities from the Factory, and will receive a discount on the regular Wholesale Prices. We will hereafter
Retail the American Watches
AT
The Regular Wholesale Prices.
Our only profit being the small per cent. allowed by buying in large quantities.

BAURHYTE & McAFEE,
Steam Boiler and Sheet Iron
WORKS.

Owned and conducted by Practical Boiler Makers.
HIGH AND LOW-PRESSURE BOILERS, STATIONARY AND MARINE.
Howard street, bet. Fremont and Beale, San Francisco.

Having had twenty-two years experience in this business, we feel confident of being able to compete—as to quality of work—with any establishment on the Pacific Coast.

Removal! Removal!

A. J. PLATE,
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
Guns, Rifles and Pistols.
—ALSO—
COLT'S AND DERINGER PISTOLS,

Powder, Shot, Lead, Caps, and Gun Trimmings, etc., etc.
—HAS REMOVED TO—
NO. 510 SACRAMENTO STREET,
Between Sansome and Leidesdorff Streets, San Francisco.
☞New Work made to order, and Repairing executed in the neatest manner.

Tyler Brothers,

691 Market st., cor. Third,
SAN FRANCISCO,

Importers, Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
SCHOOL BOOKS,
STATIONERY,
PHOTOGRAPH ALBUMS,
BLANK BOOKS,
PORTFOLIOS,
JUVENILE BOOKS,
CHILDREN'S PICTURE BOOKS,
FANCY ARTICLES, Etc.
ESPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO
LADIES' STATIONERY,
Which we Stamp with Initials
WITHOUT EXTRA CHARGE.
WEDDING AND VISITING CARDS
Engraved, Written or Printed.

JOHN DANIEL,
Marble Works,
421 *PINE STREET,*
(Between Kearny and Montgomery.)

MANTELS, MONUMENTS, TOMBS, PLUMBERS' SLABS, ETC.,
On hand and manufactured to order.
Orders respectfully solicited.

A. J. BRYANT & CO.,
IMPORTERS OF LIQUORS,
518 Front Street, San Francisco.
G. L. BRADLEY. THEO. G. COCKRILL.
Sole Agents for Pacific Coast,
—OF—
BLACKBURN'S CELEBRATED
BBB BOURBON WHISKEY,
Bowling Green, Kentucky.

LUKIN'S
Wines and Liquors,
332 Montgomery Street,
SAN FRANCISCO.

DEXTER STABLES,
Bus' Street, between Occidental and Cosmopolitan Hotels, San Francisco.
W. G. JONES. PROPRIETOR.

AMERICAN HOTEL,
Main street, Petaluma.
EMERSON & LAMBERTON Proprietors.

THE CALIFORNIAN'S
SAN FRANCISCO BUSINESS DIRECTORY

APOTHECARIES AND CHEMISTS.
Geo S Dickey, Pioneer Apothecary, cor Ellis & Stockton
ARCHITECTS.
Hoagland & Newsom, s.w. cor Kearny and Sacramento.
BAKERIES.
Dempsey's Bakery, 127 Fourth street,
BOOTS AND SHOES.
P. Kelly, Prize Boot Maker, 323 Bush, above Monty'y.
Wentworth, Hobart & Co. (wholesale manufac.) 210 Pine
BOOT POLISHERS.
M. Ryan, 204 Second street.
BUTCHERS.
J. P. Molt, "South Park Market," Third st., op. S. Park.
I. Gans, "Now York Market," Fourth st, near Market.
CIGARS AND TOBACCO.
Chas. C. Lindacy, Excelsior Store, 156 Stewart street.
Chas, Schwenke & T. Meuser, 16 Stewart streat.
G. H. Behrens & Co., 4 Kearny street, near Market.
CLOTHING.
H M. Lockwood & Co., 624 Clay street.
J. R. Mead & Co., corner Montgomery and Bush streets
William Sherman, 412 Sansome, corner Commercial.
COAL OIL, LAMPS, ETC.
A. C. Dietz & Co., (wholesale,) 521 Front street.
Dell, Cranna & Co. (wholesale) 513 Front street.
COAL DEALERS.
L. Jaffe, Sutter, between Montgomery and Kearny.
COMMISSION MERCHANTS.
J. W. Nye & Co., 219 Washington street, corner Cedar.
W. J. Lowry & Co., S.W. corner Washington and Davis.
Thos. Newell, 62 Clay street between Drumm and East.
CONFECTIONERS.
Alex. L. Ross, 121 Third street.
Baldwin & Lawlers, South Park Store 418 Third st.
N. B. Booth & Co., 20 Kearny, near Market.
Warren Jones, (and Nut Dealer,) 73 Fourth street.
DENTISTS.
Dr. Blake, removed to 645 Clay street
N. T. Whitcomb, 205 Third, near Howard.
DRY GOODS.
Abrams & Markewitz, 34 Kearny street, near Post.
Buyer & Reich, S W corner Jackson and Stockton.
H. Rothschild (Variety Store), 112 Third street.
Irving, Landera & Co., No. 4 Third street.
M. Waterman, 22 Second street, corner of Stevenson.
Meagher, Taaffe & Co., 9 Montgomery street.
FURNITURE.
Goodwin & Co., 510 and 528 Washington streets.
N. P. Cole & Co., 21 Sutter and 524 Market streets.
FRUIT STORES.
S. P. Jewell, 118 Fourth street, near Minna.
GROCERS.
Fred. Lange, Family Grocer, cor. Powell and Lombard.
Haskell & Co., Market and Sutter sts, below the Market.
McKee's Family store, 31 Kearny, near Post.
Seneca Jones, Family Grocer, 105 Third street.
T. Williams, corner Third and Tehama streets.
HAIR DRESSING SALOONS.
Adam Erbe, No. 3, Fourth street.
Prof. Smith, 114 Market street, opposite Third.
HARDWARE AND CUTLERY.
C. L. Newman, 111 Third St bet. Mission and Minna.
J. H. McConnell, Pioneer Cutler, 131 4th st. bt Mis & Hrd.
J. S. Sesser, 138 Fourth st, bet. Mission and Howard.
HATTERS.
Lamott (wholesale and retail) 227 Montgomery street.
HAY AND GRAIN.
Grant & Smith. 26 Market and 19 Sacramento sts.
J B. Holmes & Co., 110 Market street.
Wm H. Nichols, 18 Sacramento, and 17 Commercial.
HOTELS.
Atlantic House, John McManus, 210 and 212 Pacific st.
"Branch," M. O'Neil, 12 Sutter street.
Broadway, Burns & Fitzsimmons, 212 Broadway.
Brooklyn, John Kelly, Jr., Sausome, corner Pine.
Brookline House. John Gately, 217 Broadway.
Chicago, E. W. Heimburg & Co., 220 Pacific street.
Empire House, Peter Thompson, 106 Jackson street.
Franklin Hotel, Hugh Curran, cor Sansome & Pacific.
Franklin House, C. Maloney cor. Br'dway & Sansome.
Golden Gate Hotel, J. Blackmun, 728 Market street.
Mariner's Home, Brown & Chandler, 504 and 506 Davis.
"Oriental," H. Saxtorph & Co., Washington & Drumm.
Sanders' Hotel, J P; Sanders, 24 Sacramento st.
'St. Louis,' H. Helmburg & L. Shroeder, 11 & 13 Pacific.
William Tell House, 317 Bush street, above Montg'y.
INSURANCE.
Firemen's Fund Ins. cor. California and Sansome.
Manhattan, R. B. Swain & Co.,'Agets, 206 Front, cor. Cal.
North British Mercantile, S. E. cor Sansome & Califor'a
Occidental Ins. Co., S. W. cor. Montgom'y and California.
LADIES' BIJOUTERIE, CLOAKS, ETC.
Rosenblatt's, 123 and 125 Montgomery street.
LADIES' FANCY GOODS AND TRIMMINGS.
Mrs. J. Egan, 32 Third street, near Market.
S. Summerfield, 20 Second street, and 116 Kearny.
Thomas Collinson, 160 Third, near Howard street.
LUMBER.
Armstrong, Sbaldon & Davis, cor. Mission & Spear sts.
MARBLE WORKERS.
P. Kelly, 12 Fourth street.
MILITARY GOODS AND REGALIA.
T. Rodgers Johnson, Odd-Fellow's Hall, 325 Montg'ry st
MILLINERS.
Mrs. Desmond, 157 Third street.
Miss A. A. Craddock, 4 Virginia Block, Stockton street.
MUSIC TEACHERS.
Prof. J. R. Boullet, Pianist and Vocalist, 1320 Stockton.
NOTARY PUBLIC,
H. S. Tibbey, 604, Montgomery street.
PHOTOGRAPHIC GALLERIES.
H. Bush, corner Post. Market and Montgomery streets.
Hicks & Staring, 143 Fourth street.
John D. Godeus, South Park, 444½ Bryant street.
New York, B. F. Howland proprietor, 25 Third street.
PIANOS, MUSIC, ETC.
C. Weiderhold & Co., 685 Market near Third.
Kohler, Chase & Co., 421 Montgomery street.
W. S. Pierce, removed to 634 Market, opposite Second.
PHOTOOGRAPHS, CUTLERY, SPECTACLES, ETC.
Lawrence & Houseworth, 317 and 319 Montgomery st.
PLUMBERS AND GAS FITTERS.
Chas. Barman, 121 Fourth street, near Minna.
PRINT SELLER AND PUBLISHER.
Thos. F. Lawlor, 614 Howard street, near Second.
REAL ESTATE AGENTS.
Geo. W. Chapin, 338 Montgomery.
John Pforr, 328 Montgomery.
RESTAURANTS.
Ladies' Refresbment Saloon. Swain & Brown, 636 Market
Chas. Lonck's "Excelsior," 25 Third street.
Helvetia. Johnjury & Bros., 524 Merchant street.
Market. by Hanzo & Besson, 520 Merchant street.
Palm's Restaurant, 127 Third street.
SALOONS.
Blancy & Carroll, "Sample Rooms," 107 Third street.
"Bourbon Saloon," A. Farr, Long Bridge.
Charley Smith's Saloon, 539 Washington street.
Charter Oak, Frank Kelly, N E cor Third and Howard
Coates & Henderson, 37 Sutter street
Cleveland's Sample Rooms, 318 Bush, above Montg'y.
"Excelsior," Haase & Co., cor. Drum and Commercial.
Hand's Exchange, John Hand, 47 Third street.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY, CONTINUED.

John H. Earle's Saloon, northeast cor. Clay & Drumm.
J P Laven'a Saloon, northwest cor. Battery & Br'dwy
J. Dillon, "Fourth st. Exchange," cor. Fifth and Mkt.
King & McCormick, "Rotunda," Market & O'Farrell.
"Manadnock," A. Horstkemper, Drumm & Oregon sts.
P. Johnson & J. B. Hoije, 28 Clay street.
Peter Ring's Saloon, California street, below Drumm.
"Potrero Change," J. Siebe & Co., Long Bridge.
Regatta House, Burns & McLean, foot of Third street.
Russell & Holding's Exchange, 622 Market street.
"Sample Rooms," corner Third and Stevenson streets.
Steamship Exchange, Wm. Everard, 214 Stewart street.
Uncle Billy & George, Saloon 707 Davis st.
"Young American," Geo. C. W. Heuer, Stewart & Howard
SCALES.
Fairbanks & Hutchinson, Depot for Fairbanks' Scales 120 California street.
SEWING MACHINES.
Grover & Baker, R. G. Brown, 116 Montgomery.
The Florence, office 111 Montgomery street.
STATIONERS AND BOOKBINDERS.
Althof, Rose & Bahls, 423 Clay, and 512 Commercial sts.
Jas. E. Damon & Co., 521 and 423 Sansome street.
STOVES AND TIN WARE.
A. Swigert, corner Fifth and Folsom.
Blanchard Bros., 247 Third street
M. B. Bullard, Oil Stoves, 13 Kearney street.
TRUNK MANUFACTORY.
James Longshore, 308 Sansome street.
WATER-CURE INSTITUTE.
Dr Bonrne's Pinneer, 10 Post, near Montgomery.
WAX FLORIST.
Mrs. M. E. Gerrish, 11 Post street.

AYER'S
AGUE CURE,
FOR THE SPEEDY CURE OF

Intermittent Fever, or Fever and Ague, Remittent Fever, Dumb Ague, Periodical Headache, or Billious Fevers, indeed for the whole Class of Diseases originating in Biliary Derangement, Caused by the Malaria of Miasmatic Countries.

No one remedy is louder called for by the necessities of the American people than a sure and safe cure for Fever and Ague Such we are now enabled to offer, with a perfect certainty that it will eradicate the disease, and with assurance founded on proof, that no harm can arise from its use in any quantity.

That which protects from or prevents this disorder must be of immense service in the communities where it prevails. *Prevention* is better than cure, for the patient escapes the risk which he must run in violent attacks of this baleful distemper This "Cure" expels the miasmic poison of Fever and Ague from the system, and prevents the development of the disease, if taken on the first approach of the premonitary symptoms. It is not only the best remedy ever yet discovered for this class of complaints, but also the cheapest The large quantity we supply for a dollar brings it within reach of every body, and in the billious districts, where Fever and Ague prevails, everybody should have it and use it freely both for cure and prevention. A great superiority of this remedy over any other ever discovered for the speedy and certain cure of Intermittents is, that it contains in Quinine or mineral, consequently it produces no quinsmo or other injurious effects whatever upon the constitution. Those cured by it are left as healthy as if they had never had the disease.

Fever and Ague is not alone the consequence of the miasmatic poison. A great variety of disorders arise from its irritation, among which are Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Gout, Headache, Blindness, Toothache, Earache, Catarrh, Asthma, Palpitation, Painful Affection of the Spleen, Hysterics, Pain in the Bowels, Colic, Paralysis, and Derangement of the Stomach, all of which, when originating in this cause, put on the intermittent type or become periodical. This "Cure" expels the poison from the blood, and consequently cures them all alike.

Prepared by DR. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, and sold by all Druggists, everywhere.
CRANE & BRIGHAM, San Francisco,
Wholesale Agents.

BROOKLYN HOTEL,
SAN FRANCISCO.
Elegant Brick Fireproof Hotel, on the
S. E. Corner of Pine and Sansome streets,
With all the modern conveniences attached to it.
Gas and water are supplied throughout the House. The Rooms are well ventilated, and the Public will find in this Hotel all the comforts of a home. The Hotel is spacious, and well adapted for the use of Families. Suits of Rooms can be had on reasonable terms.
A Large Reading Room is attached to the Hotel.
Containing 500 Volumes of Standard Works,
Which is entirely for the use of patrons.
THE CITY COACH, with the name of the Hotel on it, will be in readiness at the Wharf, on the arrival of each steamer, to convey passengers and baggage to the Hotel free of charge. JOHN KELLY, Jr., Proprietor.

J. R. MEAD & CO.,
Importers, Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
FINE CLOTHING,
AND
Gents' Furnishing Goods,
TRUNKS, VALISES, CARPET BAGS, ETC.,
200 & 202 MONTGOMERY STREET,
Corner of Bush,
SAN FRANCISCO

BOYS! BOYS! BOYS!
NOW IS THE TIME
H. M. LOCKWOOD & CO.,
New No. 624) CLAY STREET, (Old No
Have received a Large Stock of
GENTS' AND BOYS' CLOTHING
—AND—
FURNISHING GOODS,
Which they are selling
AT VERY LOW PRICES.
Every Garment warranted. All are invited to call examine our goods.
H. M. LOCKWOOD & CO.
624 Clay street, San Francisco

WALKING A RAFT.

There was a fellow once stepped out of the door of a tavern on the Mississippi, meaning to walk a mile up the shore to the next tavern. Just at the landing there lay a big raft, one of the regular old fashioned whalers—a raft a mile long.

Well, the fellow heard the landlord say the raft was a mile long, and he said to himself, "I will go forth and see this great wonder, and let my eyes behold the timber which the hand of man hath hewn." So he got on the lower end and began to prcambulate over the raft in pretty fair time. But just as he got started the raft started also, and as he walked up the river it walked down, both going at the same rate. When he got to the end of the sticks he found they were near shore and in sight of a tavern ; so he landed and walked straight into the bar-room he had come out of. The general sameness of things took him a little aback, but he looked the landlord steady in the face and settled it in his own way.

" Publican," said he, " are you gifted with a twin brother, who keeps a similar sized tavern, with a duplicate wife, a comporting wood pile, and corresponding circus bill, a mile from here.

The tavern keeper was fond of fun, and accordingly said it was just so.

" And, publican, have you among your dry goods for the entertainment of a man and horse any whiskey of the same size as that of your brother's ?"

And the tavern man said that from the rising of the sun even unto the going down of the same, he had.

They took the drinks, when the stranger said : " Publican, that twin brother of yours is a fine young man—a very fine man indeed. But do you know, I'm afraid that he suffers a good deal with the Chicago diptheria ?"

" And what's that ?" asked the todd-sticker.

" It's when truth settles so firm in a man that none of it ever comes out. Common doctors of the catnip sort call it lyin'. When I left your brother's confectionery, there was a raft at his door which he swore his life was a mile long. Well, publican, I walked that raft from bill to tail, from his door to yours. Now I know my time, and I'm just as good as for a hoss, and better than any man you ever did see. I always walk a mile in exactly twenty minutes, on a good road, and I'll be busted with an overloaded Injun gun if I've been more'n ten minutes coming here steppin' over the blamed logs at that.

CLIPPER RESTAURANT.—The old Clipper has left her moorings and anchored on Sansome street near Pacific, under the command of Capt. John Stock. She will continue to be freighted with the best in the market. Stock stands A No. 1 as a commander and caterer to his thousands of passengers. Branch "Clipper" Restaurants are located at 504 Washington St., one door above Sansome, and 414 Market street between Sansome and Montgomery, where the best of the market can be obtained.

THE CALIFORNIA

Building and Savings Bank,

CALIFORNIA ST., ONE DOOR FROM SANSOME.

Capital and Deposits, - - - - $1,000,000

WHICH IS LOANED ON PROPERTY.

LOANS MADE on CITY REAL ESTATE HOUSES, SHIPS, FACTORIES AND MERCHANDISE.

Deposits received at full interest per month.
Last Dividend paid—one per cent. per month.
Money transmitted from the interior, by Express or Mail, passed to interest from the day of arrival, and a Certificate returned in course of post.
Strangers may deposit Bonds, Gold Dust, Coin, or Valuable Papers in the Vault, for long or short periods, at a small rent, for which valuables the Company will be accountable. THOMAS MOONEY, President.

BUILDER'S INSURANCE CO.

OFFICE IN THE BUILDING OF THE CALIFORNIA SAVINGS BANK, CALIFORNIA ST., one door from Sansome.

FIRE AND MARINE INSURANCE.

BOWMAN & CO.,
Dealers in Stoves and Tin Ware,
Main street, Petaluma

DIRECTORY
—OF THE—
CALIFORNIA MARKET,
California and Pine Streets,
(Between Kearny and Montgomery Streets.)

Butchers.

L. MILLER & CO.,
STALLS 94 AND 05, Pine Street Entrance,
and STALL 5, California Street Entrance.

JACOB WRAY,
STALLS 8 AND 9,
Corner Summer Street.

Hams Bacon, Lard &c.

GEO. CAMPTON,
STALL 62,
Pine Street Entrance.

Poultry and Wild Game.

R. CARD & CO.,
STALLS 83, 84 AND 85,
Pine and Summer Streets Entrance.

Oysters, Clams and Shell Fish.

M. WINANT & CO.,
STALL 56,
OYSTERS AND CLAMS. Pine Street Entrance.

Oysters, Clams and Shell Fish.

WM. ROALFE,
STALLS 40, 41 AND 42,
California Street Entrance.

OCCIDENTAL MARKET DIRECTORY,
Market and Sutter Streets, below Montgomery.

S. C. STORY,
Butcher,
STALL 98, Opposite Second street.

P. DONNELLY & BRO.,
Butter, Cheese, Hams, Eggs & Bacon,
STALL 20, Sutter street side.

J. J. SMITH & CO.,
Poultry, Game, Butter, Eggs, etc.,
STALLS 44 AND 45, Sutter street Entrance.

P. T. GAVEN,
Vegetables, Fruit, Pickles,
PRESERVES, JELLIES, SPICES, &c.
STALL 38.

METROPOLITAN MARKET DIRECTORY,
Market and Sutter Streets, below Montgomery.

P. F. WARD,
Poultry, Game, Eggs, tc.,
STALL 14, Sutter street side.

B. CARLTON,
Fresh, Salt and Smoked Fish,
STALL 34, Sutter street side.

W. MAESSEN,
Smoked and Corned Meat,
STALL No. 3.

THE BEIDEMAN ESTATE.

JOHN W. BRUMAGIM, ADMINISTRATOR. WITH the will annexed, of the Estate of JACOB C. BEIDEMAN, deceased, is NOW READY TO EXECUTE DEEDS to the purchasers at said sale, as the sale has been confirmed by the Probate Court, and an Order of Confirmation has been recorded in the Recorder's office of the city and county of San Francisco.

Please call at the Administrator's office, Nos. 36 and 37 Montgomery Block.

JOHN W. BRUMAGIM,
Administrator, with the Will annexed, of the Estate of Jacob C. Beideman, deceased.
San Francisco, August 19, 1867.

$100 00
SAVED in a very Short Time by using
STANDARD SOAP CO.'S
WASHING POWDER.
TRY IT!
Does Not Injure the Clothes.
Sold Everywhere.

FIREMAN'S FUND
Insurance Company.

Office, S. W. cor. California and Sansome streets, San Francisco.

CAPITAL AND SURPLUS, JANUARY 1, 1867,

$680,000.

DIRECTORS.

D. J. Staples,	John O. Earl,
G. T. Lawton,	Alpheus Bull,
W. M. Hixon,	C. T. Forrest,
John Barton,	W. B. Bourn,
W. H. Lyon,	Joseph Peirce,
Chas. Wolcott Brooks,	M. A. Braly,
I. B. Purdy,	David Dick,
A. Himmelmann,	A. Blackwood,
W. C. Ralston,	F. P McMahon,
Lewis Cunningham, Marysville.	
P. Sather,	S. R. Throckmorton,
James Dows,	W. W. Haney,
John H. Gardiner,	John N. Risdon,
Lewis Sober,	R. J. Tobin,
Jerome Lincoln,	M. Lynch,
Irving H. Knowles,	E. V. Hathaway,
C. G. Athearn,	J. H. Redington,
C. L. Taylor,	J. W. Brittan,
James Pollock, Benicia.	
A. Block,	Fitel Phillips,
A. L. Tubbs,	C. Spreckles,
W T. O'Brien,	J. B. Stetson,
J. E. de la Montagnie,	H. L. Lewis,
W. H. Paterson,	John Mortou,
T. L Baker,	Henry Dutton,
Alex. Weil,	
Asa Harker, Portland, Oregon.	

Desirable Risks taken at LOW RATES.

The greatest amount taken on any one risk is $50,000. When the risks are considered too large, a portion will be re-insured in responsible Companies.

LOSSES PAID IN U. S. GOLD COIN!

J. D. STAPLES, President,
HENRY DUTTON, Vice-President.
CHAS. R. BOND, Secretary.

OCCIDENTAL
Insurance Company,
Southwest corner Montgomery and California streets.

INDIVIDUAL LIABILITY.

Capital Stock, - - - $300,000

LOSSES PAID IN UNITED STATES GOLD COIN.

THIS COMPANY will insure against loss by Fire on any Dwelling House, Buildings, Merchanise or other property, situated in the State of California. The largest sum they will take on any one risk is thirty thousand dollars.
C. CHRISTIANSEN, Pre'st.
J. GREENEBAUM, Vice President.
B. ROTHSCHILD, Secretary.

HAMBURG, BREMEN,
Fire Insurance Company.
CAPITAL, - - - - $1,000,000
MORRIS SPEYER, Agent.
OFFICE—526 Washington Street, a few doors below Montgomery.....San Francisco.

Being no longer governed by the Tariff of the Board of Underwriters, this Company will effect Insurances at as LOW RATES as those of any other responsible Company.

SAVINGS BANK.

THE FARMERS' AND MECHANICS' BANK OF SAVINGS,

ON SANSOME, CORNER CALIFORNIA STREET, will open for the receipt of deposits, and the transaction of business, JULY 1, 1867.

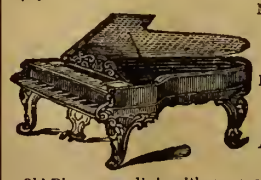
CAPITAL STOCK, - - - - - - $150,000.

Directors,

N. C FASSETT,	JAMES LAIDLEY,
H. DUTTON,	B. H. FREEMAN,
ISAAC E. DAVIS,	R. MORTON,
GEO. M. CONDEE,	SAMUEL L. PALMER,
G. H. WHEELER.	

N. C. FASSETT, President.
G. H. WHEELER, Cashier.

WALTER S. PIERCE,
MANUFACTURER
—AND—
IMPORTER OF
PIANOS.



Old Pianos supplied with new and improved action. Repairing of every description and varnishing attended to with dispatch; also
Agent for Hallet & Cumston's new Concert Scale Pianos.
Pianos at prices from $150 to $700.
Factory and Wareroom, No. 536 Market Street, opposite Second.

STAPLETON'S
Refreshment Saloon,
ON CALIFORNIA STREET,
Adjoining the Market, San Francisco.

The very best Wines, Liquors and Cigars will always be found here.

PHILADELPHIA RESTAURANT.
MULLER & BERGOLD,
408 Pine Street,
Next door to the new California Market.

THE WILLCOX & GIBBS
SEWING MACHINES

Have taken over Two Hundred First Premiums within two seasons, including the Highest Prize at the grand trial

with the Florence at the great Union Fair, New York, at which trial the Florence was overwhelmingly defeated.

CONTEST BETWEEN THE

FLORENCE AND WILLCOX & GIBBS.

THE

WILLCOX & GIBBS

TRIUMPHANT!

At the Great UNION FAIR, held at Island Park, between Albany and Troy, in September, two Premiums were offered on Sewing Machines, one for the BEST and the other for the "Second Best"—competition being open to the State.

On the first day of the Fair, the Troy Agent of Florence Sewing Machine Company, having, jointly with the Albany Agent of the same Machine, entered it for competition, published in the Troy Daily Times a challenge to Agents of other Sewing Machines, to meet them at said Fair and compete with them for the Premium.

The challenge was accepted by the Troy and Albany Agents of the Willcox and Gibbs Machine.

Each party was to prepare and subject to the judges a "list" of the several "points of merit" on account of which "superiority" was claimed. These "points were to be separately considered, thoroughly investigated and practically tested, by work done then and there, upon each of the machines ; and then decided in favor of the machine which was adjudged to excel on that "point."

Finally it was agreed that the machine which, at the conclusion of the trial, should be found to have the greatest number of those "points" decided in its favor should be decided the " BEST SEWING MACHINE," and awarded the FIRST PREMIUM.

The result of the trial was, that the

WILLCOX & GIBBS WON THE VICTORY

and the prize, by the extraordinary superiority of thirty-five points, decided in its favor, against two points in favor of the Florence.

Full notes were taken of the trial.

It is a fact worthy of remark, that during the entire trial—which continued without intermission for nearly seven hours—not a stitch was missed, nor the thread once broken, nor a needle broken or bent, by the Willcox and Gibbs machine. No kind of work was attempted to be done on it that was not accomplished, and done in a perfect and workmanlike manner ; and no effort was made on it that was not entirely successful ; while neither of these statements can be truly made in favor of the Florence.

This remarkable trial can not fail, through the facts developed by it, to be productive of important results. It has raised the veil and exposed to public view the true character of the opposition, who will no longer be able to deceive the public by misrepresenting the character and merits of the Willcox and Gibbs machine.

It is an improvement on double thread machines; and its "stitch," which was severely tested by the Judges, was decided to be much stronger and less liable to rip in use or wear than the " Lock Stitch."

It is the simplest in construction—does the greatest variety of work—makes no noise—is not liable to get out of order—costs the least money, and gives the best satisfaction.

☞ Full reports of this trial sent free to any address.

☞ **Country Agents solicited.**

SWIFT & CO.,
General Agent for the Pacific Coast,
203 Kearny Street,
San Francisco

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, THAT IN PURSUANCE of an order of the Probate Court of the City and County of San Francisco, made on the 27th day of August, 1867, the undersigned the Administrator of the estate of JOHN THOMAS, deceased, will sell at public auction, to the highest bidder for cash, in United States gold coin, in one parcel and subject to confirmation by said Probate Court, on WEDNESDAY, the 9th day of October, 1867, at 12 o'clock, noon, at the auction rooms of MAURICE DORE & CO., No. 327 Montgomery street, in said City and County of San Francisco, all the right, title, interest and estate of the said John Thomas, deceased, at the time of his death, and all the right, title and interest that the said estate has by operation of law or otherwise acquired other than, or in addition to that of said John Thomas, at the time of his death, in and to all the real estate described below, with the improvemcats and appurtenances thercon.

TERMS OF SALE—Cash in United States gold coin. Ten per cent. of the purchase money to be paid to the auctioneer at the time of sale; balance on confirmation by the Probate Court. Deeds and Revenue Stamps at the expense of purchaser.

The followiug is the property to be sold:

That certain piece or parcel of land lying aad being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, bounded and described as lollows, to wit:

Commeucing at the angle of intersection of the north line of Fell street, with the cast line of a fence uow or late owned by John Ferguson, aad running thence northeasterly along said line of fence seventy (70) feet; thence easterly and parnllel with Fell street fifty (50) feet; thence south-westeriy and parallel with said fence seventy (70) feet to Fell street thence westerly along the northerly line of Fell street fifty (50) feet to the point of commencement, being a part of block No. 299 on the official map of said City and County.

Dated September 13th, 1867.

WILLIAM A. QUARLES,
Admiaistrator of the Estato of John Thomas, deceased.
sep14-4t

IN THE PROBATE COURT of the City aad County of San Francisco, State of Califoraia.

In the matter of the estate of CLAUDE JACQUIN, deceased.

Order of Publication on application for order of sale.

On reading and filing the petition of William Rowan, administrator of the said estate, praying for an order of sale of the real estate therein described, and it appearing to this Court that there is not sufficient personal estate in the hands of the said Administrator to pay the debts outstanding against the deceased, and the expenses of administration, and that it is necessary to sell the whole or aome portion of the real estate of said deceased for the payment of such debts.

It is ordered, That all persons interested in the said estate appear before this Court at the Court room thereof, at the City Hall, in the City and County of San Francisco, on TUESDAY, the first day of October, 1867, to show cnuse, if aay they have, why an order should not be granted to said Administrator to sell so much of the real estate of the deceased as shall he necessary to pay such debts and expenses.

And it is further ordered, That a copy of the foregoing order he published once a week for four weeks, in THE CALIFORNIAN, a Newspaper published in the City and County aforesaid.

M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

August 30, A. D. 1867.

Office of the County Clerk of the City and County of San Francisco.—I, Wm. Locwy, County Clerk of the city and county of San Francisco, and ex-officio Clerk of the Probate Court thereof, do hereby certify the foregoing to he a full, true and correct copy of an order duly made and entered upon the minutes of the said Court.

Witness my hand, and the seal of said Court, this 30th day of August, A. D. 1867.

[SEAL AND STAMP] WM. LOEWY, Clerk.
au31 5t By Wm. Ledlie, Deputy Clerk.

IN THE PROBATE COURT OF THE CITY AND County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the Estato of WILLIAM MACMICHAEL, deceased.

Order to show cause why order of distribution should not he made.

On reading and filing the petition of Theodore L. Schell, the administrator, with the will annexed, of the estate of William MacMichael, deceased, setting forth that he has filed his final account of his administratiou of the estnte of said deceased, in this Court, and that the same has been duly settled and allowed; that all the debts and expenses of admiuistration have been duly paid; aad that a portion of said estate remains to he divided among the legatees of said deceased, and praying among other things for an order of distribution of the residue of said estate among the persons entitled:

It is Ordered, that all persons interested in the estate of said William MacMichael, deceased, he and appear before the Probate Court of the city and county of San Francisco, at the Court room of said Court, in the City Hall in said city and county, on WEDNESDAY, the 9th day of October, Anno Domini 1867, at eleven o'clock, A. M., then and there to show cause why an order of distribution should not be made of the residuo of said estato among the logatees of the said William MacMichael, according to law.

It is further Ordered, that a copy of this order be published for four successive weeks, before the said ninth duy of October, A. D. 1867, in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed aud pahlished in the said city and county.

M. C. BLAKE, Probnte Judge.

Dated September 6, 1867.

WINANS & BELKNAP, Att'ys for Petitioner. s7 5t

IN THE PROBATE COURT of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the estato of JOHN HIGGINS, deceased.

Order to show cause why order of distribution should not be made.

On reading and filing the petition of Ellen Higgins, Administratrix of the estate of John Higgins, deceased, setting forth that she has filed her final account of her administration of the estate of said deceased, in this Court, and that the same has been duly settled and allowed; that all the debts and expense of administration have been duly paid; and that a portion of said estate remains to be divided among the heirs of said deceased, and praying among other things for an order of distribution of the residue of said estate among the persons entitled:

It is ordered, that all persons interested in the Estate of the said John Higgins, deceased, he and appear before the Probate Court of the City and County of San Francisco, at the Court-room of said Court, in the City Hall in said city and county, on MONDAY, the 14th day of October 1867, at eleven o'clock, A. M., then and there to show cause why an order of distribution should not he made of the residue of said Estate among the heirs of the said John Higgins, deceased, according to law.

It is further ordered, That a copy of this order he published for four successive weeks before the said 14th day of October A. D. 1857, in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published weekly, in the said city and county.

M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

Dated September 11th, 1867.

W. C. Burnett, Esq., Attorney for Petitioner. s14-5t

NOTICE TO CREDITORS—ESTATE OF PUTNAM A. TWISS, deceased. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administratrix of the Estate of Putnam A. Twiss, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them, with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice, to the said administratrix, at her place of residence, No. 867 Folsom street, in the City and County of San Francisco.

Dated, August 28, A. D. 1867. M. A. TWISS,
Administratrix of the Estate of Puntam A. Twiss, dec'd.
au31 5t.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE FIFTEENTH Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco.

MARY ANN LEEDOM, Plaintiff, vs. FRANCIS LEEDOM, Defendant.

Action brought in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in said city and county of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California s nd Greeting to FRANCIS LEEDOM, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named plaitiff, in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicisl District of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein, within ten days (exclusive of the day of service,) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this county; or if served out of this county, hut in this District, within twenty days; otherwise within forty days; or judgment hy default will he taken against you, according to the prayer of said complaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony existing hetween plaintiff and defendant, awarding the care and custody of her daughter Julia to plaintiff, and allowing her to resume her maiden name.

And you are hereby notified, that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

Given under my hand and Seal of the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Fraacisco, this 7th day of August, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-seven.

[SEAL.] WM. LOEWY, Clerk,
By OCTAVIUS BELL, Deputy Clerk.
Geo. W. Tyler, Plaiutiff's Attorney. s14-3m

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—IN THE MATTER OF the Estate of JOHN S. BOOTHBY, deceased.

Notice is hereby given that all persons having claims against the estate of the said John S. Boothby, deceased, are required to exhibit them, with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice, to MARY A. BOOTHBY, Executrix, at the Capitol Building, at the northwest corner of Kearney and Pine streets, San Francisco. MARY A BOOTHBY,
Executrix of the Estate of John S. Boothby, deceased.
San Fraucisco, September 3d, 1867. sc7-5t

PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.'S
STEAMSHIPS FOR
NEW YORK, JAPAN AND CHINA,
WILL BE DISPATCHED AS FOLLOWS:

Leave Brannnu-street Wharf at 11 o'clock A. M. of the following dates, for PANAMA, connecting *via* Panama Railroad, with one of the Company's splendid steamers from ASPINWALL for NEW YORK.

On 10th, 18th, and 30th of each month that has 30 days.
On 10th, 19th, and 30th of each month that has 31 days.
When the 10th, 19th and 30th fall on Sunday, they will leave on Saturday preceding; when the 18th falls on Sunday, they will leave on Monday following.

Steamer leaving San Francisco on the 10th touches at Manzanillo. All touch at Acapulco.

Departure of 18th or 19th is expected to connect with the French Transatlantic Co.'s steamer for St. Nazaire, and English steamer for South America.

Departure of 10th is expected to connect with English steamer for Southampton and South America, and P. R. R. Co.'s steamer for Central America. Through tickets can he obtained.

STEAMERS FOR SEPTEMBER.

Sept. 10—GOLDEN CITY, Capt. W. F. Lapidge, connecting with HENRY CHAUNCEY, Capt. Gray.
Sept. 18—CONSTITUTION, Capt. Parker, connecting with RISING STAR, Capt. Connor.
Sept. 30—GOLDEN AGE, Capt. J. M. Cavalry, coanecting with ARIZONA, Capt. Maury.

Passengers will he berthed through. Baggage checked through—100 pounds allowed each adult.

Surgeon on hoard. Medicine and attendance free.

These steamers will positively leave at 11 o'clock. Passengers are requested to have their haggage on hoard hefore 10 o'clock

Through tickets to Liverpool by the "Cunard," "Inman" and "National" Steamship Lines can he obtained of P. M. S. S. Co.'s office in San Francisco.

For Merchandise Freight apply to Wells, Fargo & Co.

The splendid steamship CHINA, Capt. E. W. Smith, will he dispatched on October 14th, from wharf, corner of First and Brannan streets, for YOKOHAMA and HONGKONG; connecting at Yokohama with the steamer COSTA RICA, for SHANGHAI.

For Passage and all other information, apply at Pacific Mail Steamship company's office, corner of Sacramento and Leidesdorff streets.

OLIVER ELDRIDGE, Agent.

OPPOSITION TO NEW YORK
VIA NICARAGUA,
THROUGH AHEAD OF THE MAIL!
Shortest and Only Healthy Route!

THE NORTH AMERICAN S. S. CO.'S STEAMER
MOSES TAYLOR,

Will sail for SAN JUAN DEL SUR, Nicaragua, from MISSION STREET WHARF, at 12 o'clock, M., on
SATURDAY, - - - SEPT. 14th, 1867.

Connecting at Greytown with the magnificent Steamship NEBRASKA, 3,000 tons, for NEW YORK.

No expense on the Isthmus—100 lbs. haggage free.
Surgeon on board; medicine and attendance free.

As there is no Yellow Fever nor other epidemic in Nicaragua, passengers by this route will not be detained by Quarantine in New York.

The AMERICA will sail October 5th.

For further information, apply to
I. W. RAYMOND, Agent,
Northwest corner Battery and Pine streets, up stairs.

JOSEPH FREDERICKS
CARPET AND UPHOLSTERY STORE,
PAPER HANGINGS, ETC.,
123 Kearny St., between Suttor and Post, San Francisco

FAMILIES ARE INVITED TO EXAMINE
OUR VARIED ASSORTMENT

Of the Finest Carpeting in the State. The best of taste displayed in Decoration and the unique Upholstering of Rooms, Halls and Public Buildings, and at prices conforming to the times. Call and examine goods.

CANTY & WAGNER,
(SUCCESSORS TO J. REGAN,)
113 *Montgomery street, bet. Bush and Sutter*

N. B—All candies sold by us are warranted to be manufactured from Stewart's double refined Sugar, and to be equal to any manufactured in the State. Country merchants solicited to examine our stock and prices. Goods delivered to any part of the city free of charge.

REMOVAL. REMOVAL.
Larkins & Co.,

Manufacturers of every description of
CARRIAGES.

CONCORD WAGONS, Ranch Wagons and Buggies made to order. ☞ All kiads of Jobbing and Carriage Painting done at the shortest notice.

☞ New Manufactory Nos. 631 and 633 Howard street, corner of Hubbard, between Second and Third, San Fraucisco.

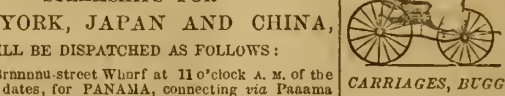
A. FOLSOM,

Carriage Manufacturer,
No. 531 CALIFORNIA STREET,
Between Montgomery and Kearay streets, San Francisco.

EVERY DESCRIPTION OF CARRIAGES, EXPRESS Wagons, Buggies, etc, made to order, of the best materials and workmanship.

Repairing and General Blacksmithing done with promptaess, and at prices to suit the times.

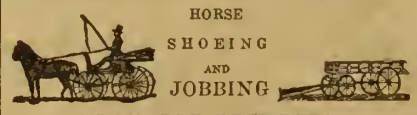
George P. Kimball & Co.,
MANUFACTURERS



....OF....

CARRIAGES, BUGGIES, STAGE AND THOROUGH BRACE WAGONS,
Market street, near corner of Fourth, San Francisco.

C. ROBERTS,
CARRIAGE AND WAGON MAKER,
HORSE
SHOEING
AND
JOBBING



PROMPTLY EXECUTED.
Fourth Street, between Howard and Folsom, San Francisco.
All styles of Carriages, Wagons and Carts made to order, and Repaired.

W. E. BRIDGE,

St. Lawrence Stables,
212 Sutter street, between Kearny and Dupont,
SAN FRANCISCO.

NOTICE.

IN CONSEQUENCE OF THE VERY GREAT DEMAND FOR
CASSIN'S
Grape Brandy Bitters!!

we have been obliged to rent a LARGER BUILDING, and are now removing to Sullivan & Cashman's Block, No. 523 FRONT STREET, opposite our old establishment.

F. & P. J. CASSIN, 520 Front street.

STERETT'S
STEAM
PRINTING HOUSE,
533
CLAY STREET.

Cards, Billheads, Circulars, Books, Briefs, Transcripts, Posters, Bills of Fare Envelopes, Letter and Note Headings, Tickets, Pamphlets, and all Legal Papers printed at short notice, and upon reasonable terms.

BOWEN BROS.
GROCERS,
Tea and Wine Merchants,
S. E. cor. Montgo'ry and California,
San Francisco.
Wholesale Store,
204 Front Street.

BOWMAN & CO.,
Dealers in Stoves and Tin Ware,
Main street, Petaluma

ITALIAN MANUFACTORY
FIRST PREMIUM 1857 1858 1864 1865
OF
MACCARONI, VERMICELLI,
PASTE & FARINA.
706 SANSOME ST. 706
SAN FRANCISCO.
BRIGNARDELLO, MACCHIAVELLO & Co.

FIREMAN'S FUND
Insurance Company.
Office, S. W. cor. California and Sansome steets, San Francisco.

CAPITAL AND SURPLUS, JANUARY 1, 1867,
$680,000.

DIRECTORS.

D. J. Staples,	John O. Earl,
G. T. Lawton,	Alpheus Bull,
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Desirable Risks taken at LOW RATES.

The greatest amount taken on any one risk is $50,000. When the risks are considered too large, a portion will be re-insured in responsible Companies.

LOSSES PAID IN U. S. GOLD COIN!

J. D. STAPLES, President,
HENRY DUTTON, Vice-President.
CHAS. R. BOND, Secretary.

OCCIDENTAL
Insurance Company,
Southwest corner Montgomery and California streets.

INDIVIDUAL LIABILITY.

Capital Stock, - - - $300,000

LOSSES PAID IN UNITED STATES GOLD COIN.

THIS COMPANY will insure against loss by Fire on any Dwelling House, Buildings, Merchanise or other property, situated in the State of California. The largest sum they will take on any one risk is thirty thousand dollars.

C. CHRISTIANSEN, Pre'st.
J. GREENEBAUM, Vice President.
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HAMBURG, BREMEN,
Fire Insurance Company.
CAPITAL, - - - - - $1,000,000
OFFICE—526 Washington Street, a few doors below Montgomery.....San Francisco.

Being no longer governed by the Tariff of the Board of Underwriters, this Company will effect Insurances at as LOW RATES as those of any other responsible Company.

Chickering & Sons' Pianos
RECEIVED THE
FIRST PREMIUM,
(Gold Medal,)
At the Paris Exposition.

FURTHERMORE, THE Improvements, Workmanship, and General Superiority of those instruments over all others on exhibition, was so marked and important, the Emperor created Mr. T. E. CHICKERING
KNIGHT OF THE LEGION OF HONOR.
KOHLER, CHASE & CO.,
421 Montgomery street.

N. GRAY & CO.,
UNDERTAKERS,
641 SACRAMENTO STREET, CORNER OF WEBB
Sole agents for BARSTOW'S PATENT METALLIC BURIAL CASES and CASKETS.

ON COURTING.

BY JOHN QUILL.

When you go courting a girl, never pay much attention to the old lady if she hangs around. You *can* marry a woman without her mother's consent, but if the daughter ain't agreeable you will experience considerable difficulty.

When you are alone with a girl in the dark, and you feel like putting your arm around her, always skirmish a while to ascertain where she sticks her pins, or you may tear the skin off of your fingers. It will be judicious to let go your hold and sit up straight, as if there wasn't anything at all the matter, in case her father comes in, or he may help you off the steps. These old men are very eccentric about such things.

And when you take the girl out to get ice cream, be sure to manifest a magnificent indifference as to whether she takes two plates or one. It conveys an impression of wealth, and makes your six hundred dollar salary swell to a million, apparently.

In popping the question, you will have to use considerable judgment. I wouldn't advise you to go flopping about over the floor on your knees. If you are at all acquainted with the price of pants you will perceive that it don't pay, especially if the girl says she won't go in.

Stand up to the rack like a man and take your fodder. Bury one of her little hands in your fin, squeeze it slightly, sigh like an old blacksmith's bellows with a slit in it, wait until she gets her head down, and then go in and make any little observations about the moon, your heart, blighted being, ecstatic bliss, and such trifles as may strike you.

If she says yes, you can tighten her dress to any extent, and run the risk of kissing her with rapturous appetite. If he says she won't indulge, the sooner you get your hat and get out on the pavement and stamp the bricks and skin your knuckles on the tree boxes, why the better you will feel.

TEUTONIA SALOON,
Corner of Montgomery and Summer streets.
HEIMBURG, SCHRODER & CO.,
PROPRIETORS.
The best kinds of WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS constantly on hand.
☞Give us a call.

THE "GROTTO,"
JOHN DUNCAN, Proprietor.
530 Sacramento street, opposite What Cheer House,
FINE WINES, LIQUORS, ALES AND PORTER,
Wholesale and Retail.
Importer of Wise's Celebrated Irish Whisky.

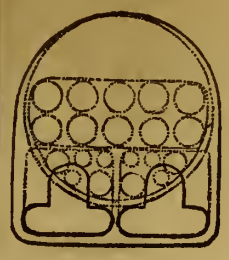
"OUR OPERA."
CAPT. JOHN H. MAY,
615 WASHINGTON STREET, 615,
SAN FRANCISCO,
Opposite Maguire's Opera House.

JOHN TAYLOR,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN
WINES AND LIQUORS.
NO. 16 THIRD STREET,
Between Market and Stevenson Streets., San Francisco.

AUSTIN KEELY. WM. HODGKINS.
Hodgkins & Keely's
UNION HALL EXCHANGE,
S. W. Corner Howard and Third Streets, San Francisco,
Dealers in fine Wines, Liquors and Cigars. Oysters, Clams, Chops and Steaks, cooked to order at all hours.
☞ House open all night.

Removal.
THEODORE KALLENBERG,
Machinist,
Has removed from No. 416 Market street, to No. 10 Stevenson street, next to the corner of First.
Maker of Models for Inventors, Drawing Instruments, Small Machines, Philosophical Instruments, Scales and Weights, all kinds of Brass and Iron Work.
REPAIRING PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

WM. O. BREYFOGLE.
(Successor to WARE & MOSHER,)
NO. 26 CALIFORNIA STREET,
Manufacturer and Dealer in
SASH, DOORS, BLINDS & SHUTTERS,
From Kiln-Dried Lumber—at the Lowest Rates.
Orders from the country will receive prompt attention

NEPTUNE IRON WORKS.
Corner of MISSION and FREMONT streets,
SAN FRANCISCO.

MARINE,
LOCOMOTIVE,
And all kinds of
HIGH-PRESSURE
STEAM BOILERS
Manufactured.
The proprietor imports his own C. H. and B. Iron across the Isthmus, and Tubes of every size. Other parties can never blockade the market. He has made arrangements with the best houses in the East to furnish him with everything in the shape of Iron he wants.
All Boilers guaranteed and tested by U. S. Boiler Inspector before they are sent out of the shop, at my expense. ☞ All kinds of Sheet Iron and Water Pipe, Coal Oil Stills, Wrought Iron Worms, etc., manufactured to order. OLD BOILERS REPAIRED.
D. CAMERON.

SAN FRANCISCO
Foundry and Machine Works,
Northeast corner Fremont and Mission streets,
Manufacturers of
MARINE AND STATIONARY ENGINES,
Quartz Machinery, Saw, Flour and Sugar Mills, Mining Pumps, Hoisting Gear, Agricultural Implements, etc.
ALSO,
Wine, Cider, Cotton and Tobacco Presses of the latest Improved Patterns.
STEAM ENGINES AND BOILERS,
Of all sizes, constantly on hand; Quartz Mill Shoes and Dies warranted to be made of the best white iron.
Dunbar's Improved Self-Adjusting Piston-Packing, requires no springs or screws; is always steam-tight; without excessive friction, and never gets slack or leaky.
MACHINERY, OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS,
Bought, sold, or exchanged. Bolt Cutting and Castings at the lowest market rates.
DEVOE, DINSMORE & CO.

IRON SHUTTER WORKS,
Established 1849.
John Upstone,
MANUFACTURER OF FIRE-PROOF
Doors and Shutters,
Bank Vaults, Balconies, Gratings, Prison Cells, Awnings, Stairs, Iron Fence, etc.,
Corner of California and Drumm Streets,
San Francisco.
Constantly on hand a large assortment of second hand Fire-Proof Doors and Shutters.

A RARE GEM OF ART.
"The Lord's Prayer,"
A pen drawing, by Mr. D. F. Brown, is one of the most remarkable works of art ever exhibited in this country. By patient labor he has succeeded in producing a design which for skill and beauty of execution, exquisite softness and delicacy of finish, and general merit, it would seem scarcely possible to surpass. The central figure—the face of our savior—is one of marvelous power and beauty. This and the faces of the Twelve Apostles, forming the border of the piece, are faithful copies from Leonardo da Vinci's famous painting of the
LAST SUPPER,
Re-producing, with the softest and most perfect shadings, the conceptions and characteristic expressions of the originals. Within this enclosure the words of the Lord's Prayer, in ornamental letters of various original designs and exquisite finish, are an interesting study of art in themselves; while appropriately distributed among these, miniature groups and scenes of marked events of Savior's life, copied from the great masters—five of them from Raphel's celebrated designs—form a harmonious completion of this unique, beautiful and truly wonderful work. The faces of
OUR LORD AND HIS APOSTLES.
Alone, so finely copied, would be a treasure in any house, and worth the full price of subscription.
W. HOLT, General Agent,
305 Montgomery street.

CALIFORNIA
Steam Navigation Company.
STEAMER CAPITAL.....CAPT. E. A. POOLE.
" CHRYSOPOLIS. CAPT. A. FOSTER.
" YOSEMITE.....
" CORNELIA....CAPT. W. BROMLEY
" JULIA.....CAPT E. CONCKLIN
One of the above steamers leave BROADWAY WHARF, at 4 o'clock P. M., *EVERY DAY*, (Sundays excepted,) for Sacramento and one for Stockton, the Sacramento steamer connecting with light-draft steamers for Marysville, Colusa, Chico and Red Bluff.
Office of the Company, northeast corner of Front and Jackson streets.
B. M. HARTSHORNE, President.

I. H. SMALL,
Machine Shop,
BUILDER OF
Steam Engines, Saw Mills, Mining Machinery,
Also, I. H. Small's Patent Boot Screwing Machine
Gears of all kinds Cut at Short Notice,
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Repairing of all kinds done with Promptness and Dispatch.
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THE BEIDEMAN ESTATE.
JOHN W. BRUMAGIM, ADMINISTRATOR, WITH the will annexed, of the Estate of JACOB C. BEIDEMAN, deceased, is NOW READY TO EXECUTE DEEDS to the purchasers at said sale, as the sale has been confirmed by the Probate Court, and an Order of Confirmation has been recorded in the Recorder's office of the city and county of San Francisco.
Please call at the Administrator's office, Nos. 36 and 37 Montgomery Block.
JOHN W. BRUMAGIM,
Administrator, with the Will annexed, of the Estate of Jacob C. Beideman, deceased.
San Francisco, August 19, 1867.

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STANDARD SOAP CO.'S
WASHING POWDER.
TRY IT!
Does Not Injure the Clothes.
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PRIVATE MEDICAL AND SURGICAL INSTITUTE,
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DR. W. K. DOHERTY returns his sincere thanks to his numerous patients for their patronage and would take this opportunity to remind them that he continues to consult at his Institute for the cure of chronic diseases of the Lungs, Liver, Kidneys, Digestive and Genito-Urinary Organs, and all Private Diseases, viz: Syphilis in all its forms and stages, Seminal Weakness, and all the horrid consequences of Self Abuse, Gonorrhœa, Gleet, Strictures, Nocturnal and Diurnal Emissions, Sexual Debility, Diseases of the Back and Loins, Inflammation of the Bladder and Kidneys, etc.; and he hopes that his long experience and successful practice will continue to insure him a share of public patronage. By his practice of many years in Europe and the United States, he is enabled to apply the most efficient and successful remedies against diseases of all kinds. He uses no mercury, charges moderate, treats his patients in a correct and honorable way, and has references of unquestionable veracity from men of known respectability and high standing in society. All parties consulting him, by letter or otherwise, will receive the best and gentlest treatment, and implicit secrecy.
TO FEMALES.
When a female is in trouble, or afflicted with disease, as weakness of the back and limbs, pain in the head, dimness of sight, loss of muscular power, palpitation of the heart, irritability, nervousness, extreme urinary difficulties, derangement of digestive function, general debility, vaginitis, all disease of the womb, hysteria, sterility, and all other diseases peculiar to females, they should go or write at once to the celebrated female doctor, W. K. DOHERTY, at his Medical Institute, and consult him about their troubles and disease. Irregularities, suppressions, etc., will receive the Doctor's most particular attention. Let no false delicacy prevent, but apply immediately and save yourself from painful suffering and premature death. Ladies whose delicate health or other circumstances prevent an increase in their families, should write or call at DR. DOHERTY'S MEDICAL INSTITUTE, and they will receive every possible relief and help. The Doctor's offices, consisting of a suite of six rooms, are so arranged that he can be consulted without fear of observation.
TO CORRESPONDENTS.
Patients (male or female) residing in any part of the State, however distant, who may desire the opinion and advice of DR. W. K. DOHERTY on their respective cases, and who think proper to submit a written statement of such, in preference to holding a personal interview, are respectfully assured that their communications will be held most sacred. Dr. Doherty takes this opportunity of observing that all letters are only opened and replied to by himself, and the latter as promptly as possible.
If the case be fully and candidly described, personal communication will be unnecessary, as instructions for diet, regimen, and the general treatment of the case itself, (including the remedies) will be forwarded without delay, and in such a manner as to convey no idea of the purport of the letter or parcel so transmitted.
Consultation, by letter or otherwise, FREE. Permanent cure guaranteed, or no pay. Address,
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DR. DOHERTY has just published an important pamphlet embodying his own views and experiences in relation to Impotence or Virility, being a short treatise on Spermatorrhœa, or Seminal Weakness, Nervous and Physical Debility consequent on this affection, and other diseases of the Sexual Organs
This little work contains information of the utmost value to all whether married or single, and will be sent FREE by mail on receipt of Six Cents in Postage stamps for return postage. Address,
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A large stock of Champagne Cider on hand, in glass and bulk.

ASSESSMENT OF MORTGAGES.
NOTICE TO TAX-PAYERS.
THE CITY AND COUNTY ASSESSOR IS NOW making up the Assessment Roll of "MONEYS LOANED AND SOLVENT DEBTS SECURED BY MORTGAGE." The Roll is made up from the Records of Mortgages (unsatisfied) in the County Recorder's office. It is important that all persons interested should call, without delay, at the Assessessor's office, City Hall, and have corrected any errors there may be in amounts due or otherwise.
WM. R. WHEATON, Assessor.

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New attractions are being constantly added.

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A GRAND INSTRUMENTAL CONCERT every Saturday afternoon; and on Sundays a Grand Concert of Sacred Music, appropriate to the day.

Admission 25 cents. Children half price.

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ON FILING A PETITION.

UNDER THE LAWS OF MEXICO, which are now in force in this city, all the inhabitants are entitled to a HOMESTEAD LOT OF LAND, simply on petition. Justice Field has decided, and the Supreme Court of the United States has confirmed that decision, that the city of San Francisco is a Pueblo of four square leagues of land, and that the citizens thereof are the owners, which vests the right in each citizen to a lot of land for a homestead; and the undersigned have opened an office at 37 MERCHANTS' EXCHANGE, to enforce those rights, by petition to the Mayor, etc.; and each and every citizen can procure a Free Homestead by calling at their office and signing a petition, which will forthwith vest the right to the lot in question in them, and thereby secure to the petitioner porperty worth a large sum of money under the existing laws now in force.

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N. B.—The Supreme Court of the United States have settled this question in another case, as to the ownership of the Outside Lands. In the case of J. B. Townsed vs. Geo. G. Greeley, December Term, 1866, No. 124, the Court say: "It is, therefore, now the settled law that the municipal lands held by the city of San Francisco, as successors to the former Pueblo existing there, are not held in absolute property, but IN TRUST for its inhabitants."

Therefore, all the inhabitants have to do, under this decision, is to ask the city, by petition, for their vested rights, as this is the only way, under the law, that they can procced to get their property.

E. L. B. BROOKS,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law.

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The above named responsible and well known Company has complied with the law of the State of California, and has deposited $75,000 as additional security for policy holders,

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DRY GOODS,

A LARGE PORTION OF WHICH WERE purchased at the receat GREAT AUCTION SALES of H. M. NEWHALL & CO., and VOISIN, RIS & CO., all of which thoy offer to their customers at

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3000 yards good Black Dress Silk at $1 per yard.
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5000 do Bonaet's and Bischoff's, $2 25 and $2 50 do.
6000 do Bonnet's super at $3, $3 50 and $4 do.
5000 do Bonnet's extra superior $6, $6 75 aad $8 do.
500 Elegant Colored Silk Dresses suitable for Carriage, Walking aad Evening Dresses.
400 pieces Colored Poil de Soie and Glace Silks, for Walking Dresses.
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WOOL AND SILK DRESS GOODS.

500 pieces Empress Cloth for Walking Suits.
300 do Poplins and Broche Cashmeres.
350 do Merinos in all colors from 75c to $1 75 pr yd.
200 Rich Cashmere Mourning Robes.
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200 do do do ds Laines.
150 do Scoth Ginghams, at 25 cents per yard.
Mourning Dress Goods of every description.

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500 pieces good Cotton Shirtings, at 12½c per yd.
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1500 yds good Scoth Linen Sheeting 11-4 wids, $1.
300 do Real Barnsley do from $1 to $2 50.
5000 Barnsley and Scotch Table Damasks, $1 to $3.
5000 doz Huck aad Damask Towels, $2 to $20 per doz:
French Cambric, Nainsook, Mull and Organdie Muslins.
Plaid, Striped and Figured Cambrics.
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For the perfect exclusion of wind, dust, and rain; ☞ And for CRAMER'S PATENT WINDOW LIFTING PLATES AND RODS.

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No expense on the Isthmus—100 lbs. baggage free.
Surgeon on board; medicine and attendance free.
As there is no Yellow Fever nor other epidemic in Nicaragua, passengers by this route will not be detained by Quarantine in New York.
A Steamer will follow October 25th.
For further information, apply to

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Pacific Museum of Anatomy and Science,

Eureka Theatre, Montgomery street,
betweeu California aad Pine.

The California

"SURELY THERE IS A VEIN FOR THE SILVER AND A PLACE FOR GOLD WHERE THEY FINE IT."

VOLUME VII., No. 19.
OFFICE, No. 532 MERCHANT STREET.

SAN FRANCISCO, SEPTEMBER 28, 1867.

TERMS, $5 A YEAR, BY MAIL, IN ADVANCE. 50 CENTS A MONTH, BY CARRIER.

CONTENTS:

ORIGINAL—A Valedictoy, by Berte V. F; Homes in California; Literary Gleanings; Religious Aspect of Darwinism; Matthew Arnold's Poems, etc; Dramatic Affairs, by Toughstone; "Lion's Month;" A Japanese Star; A Local Religious Poet; The Virtue of Breed; A Sensible Poetess, etc., etc, by Trem. SELECTED: Wilkins' View of Parties, by John Quill; The Murder of Dr. Graves; Memoirs of the Stage; A Day on the Deep Sea; Historic Doubts; The Pantheon at Rome; Lublache; Black and Golden Hair; A Unique Valedictory, by Prentice Mulford; Poetry, Paragraphs, etc.

POEM.

Written by Frank Bret Harte, on the occasion of the laying of the corner stone of the Californian Deaf, Dumb and Blind Asylum, September 27, 1867.

Fair the terrace that o'erlooks
Carving bay and sheltered nooks;
Groves that break the western blasts,
Steepled distance fringed with masts,
And the Gate that fronts our home
With its bars of cold sea foam.

Here no flashing signal falls
Over darkness sea and sail;
Here no ruddy light-house calls
White-winged Commerce with its hail;
But above the peaceful vale
Watchful, silent, calm and pale,
Science lifts her beacon walls.

Love, alone, the lamp whose beam
Shines above the troubled stream;
Here shall patience, wise and sweet,
Gather round her waiting feet
God's unfinished few, whom fate
And their failings consecrate;
Haply that her skill create
What His will left incomplete.

Ah, Bethsaida's pool no more
Sees the miracles of yore;
Faith no more to blinded eyes,
Brings the light that skill denies;
Not again shall part on earth
Lips that nature sealed from birth.
Though His face the Master hides,
Love eternal still abides
Underneath the arching sky,
And his hand through Science guides
Speechless lip and sightless eye.

This is our Bethsaida's pool,
This our thaumaturgic school;
We, O Lord, more dumb than these—
Knowing but of bended knees
And the sign of clasped hands—
Here upon our western sands,
By these broad Pacific seas,
Though these stones are eloquent,
And our feeble, faltering speech,
Gains what once the pebbles lent
On the legendary beach
Unto old Demosthenes.

THE LION'S MOUTH.

"THE gravest beast is an ass, the gravest bird is an owl, the gravest fish is an oyster, and the gravest man is a fool." SYDNEY SMITH.

"I WILL roar, that I will do any man's heart good to hear me." A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

"I WILL aggravate my voice so, that I will roar you as gently as any sucking dove; I will roar you an 't were any nightingale." IBID.

"*Nil falsi audeat, nil veri non audeat dicere.*" CICERO.

A Local Religious Poet.

We have always regretted the ruthless walling up of the Poets' Corner in the *Alta*, which used to so beautifully lighten up the heavy commercial matter on the fourth page. We lament the fact that the *Call* now seldom publishes original poetry by "Betty Briar," Herbert C. Dorr, and other local poets and poetesses. We now have an idea for the *Alta*, which, we trust, it will deem worthy of adoption. What the *Alta* most needs at present is a slight religious flavor to tone down the flippancy of Fitz Smythe, and correct the free-thinking editorials of the editor lately arrived from Paris. Let the *Alta* engage a religious poet. *Le Courrier de San Francisco* has one. In Thursday's issue of the *Courrier*, five verses of original poetry appeared over the signature of "Henri Million." They were sweet, soothing and religious. They were addressed "A Marie." We discovered after reading the first two verses that the Virgin Mary was addressed. In the first verse, Henri Million, in the most *naive* manner, confesses that this is the first occasion on which his muse has "promenaded herself, elevating her voice." He then remarks that while working down below he salutes the sweet name of Marie, and requests her to direct his steps. The third verse we skip; the fourth we will translate as literally as possible:

"Upon the ocean of the world,
Fair Mother of God,
To quiet its storm
Spread out thy mantle blue."

If the blue mantle of the Virgin is spread out on the ocean, Henri Million promises that he will light his candle on arriving at the port on the altar of the Virgin, who saves from death. Now, if the *Alta* would only publish a few original sacred odes, or—failing to procure them—republish some of Dr. Watts' hymns, it would gratify many readers no doubt. It is not creditable that the leading American daily of San Francisco should be outdone in religion by a French paper.

There's no Place Like Home.

We have always considered the Home of the Inebriate a most valuable institution, but until its merits were fully set forth in the *Alta* of Tuesday, never fully appreciated them. The reporter of the *Alta* says:

"Many a poor wretch now in San Quentin, if he had, in other days, a Home such as this to go to, where he would be kindly treated and supplied with clean clothes when convalescent, once more to go forward, seek employment, return again for food and lodging if employment could not be procured, and thus continue for a few days, would now be an ornament to society."

There's no place like home, and there's no home like the Home of the Inebriate. Why don't all the "poor wretches" make themselves ornaments to society by going to the Home of the Inebriate? Why doesn't every poor wretch get blazing drunk, get sent to the Home of the Inebriate, be kindly treated, supplied with clean clothes, and when convalescent seek employment? If he fails in getting work, he can once more get blazing drunk and return for food and lodging. Here's a chance for "poor wretches." The *Alta* holds out still more inducements to "fine fellows" to become inmates of the Home of the Inebriate. It says:

"Many a fine fellow, with brilliant intellect, now bereft of reason, might hold the highest position in the State if he had had the care and comfort the Home of the Inebriate now affords."

Here's a chance for a fine fellow. If he will only avail himself of the care and comfort the Home of the Inebriate now affords, he may occupy the highest position in the State—that is, he elected Governor? Who knows whether Gorham might not have been elected if he had only had a home like the Home of the Inebriate! There's no place like home. The oftener you go there, the more you appreciate its comforts. We hope that the Legislature will make a liberal appropriation to aid this admirable institution, which has done an incalculable amount of good; but there are always too many boarders to render it necessary for the reporter of the *Alta* to act as "runner" for the establishment and advertise its merits as a comfortable home.

A Japanese Star.

Understanding a little of the Japanese language, we think it our duty to inform the public of the purport of the first speech which the great acrobat, gymnast and balancer, Ha-yah-takee, addressed to them. A few prefatory remarks must be made. Until Monday evening last, Ha-yah-takee had never performed before Europeans. The American portion of the management explained to him as well as possible the manners, customs and ideas of Californians, and warned him not to make his performance "too Japanese." Ha-yah-takee replied indignantly that "his performance had been witnessed on several occasions by eighteen thousand princes and government officers, and had never failed to call forth the most enthusiastic applause, and he rather thought that he knew what he was about." On Monday evening, Ha-yah-takee appeared on the stage of the Metropolitan Theatre. He looked round with an air expressing, "Don't kneel, my friends; don't go into convulsions of delight; keep cool." The audience *were* rather cool. Ha-yah-takee then approached the foot-lights, and having made a bow, drew himself up to his full height, and exclaimed in the Japanese language, and with the tone and manner of J. H. Allen, when, in the *Duke's Motto*, he cries "I am here," "I am Ha-yah-takee!" Still the audience kept their seats, still they kept cool. Ha-yah-takee looked puzzled. Then he performed some very clever top spinning feats, still the applause was not as loud as he expected; then Ha-yah-takee made a low bow, and said:

"Princes, officers and ladies—hogs of barbarians! you miserable, unappreciative, uneducated grandsons of monkeys, I am Ha-yah-takee. I have the honor to present to you, most noble ones, my performance, you unfortunate, idiotic wretches! Happy was the day that I arrived among a people so polished, so enlightened, so—oh, you blind, miserable owls, you deaf dogs, you diseased green lizards!"

Here Ha-yah-takee nearly choked with rage. He had intended to be polite, but his ill-temper got the better of him, and when he occasionally recollected that none of the audience understood what he was saying, he would give vent to his true sentiments. Ha-yah-takee had cause for complaint. In his own country he is, in addition to being the best balancer, acrobat and juggler in Japan, an eminent humorist, and he howled with rage when his most funny jokes were received in dead silence by a California audience. We wonder if Heller wouldn't feel a little mad if he played before a native audience in Japan, and they wouldn't laugh at his jokes. We fancy he'd bow politely and give them a speech something like that which, as far as we could guess, (our knowledge of Japanese is not very large, we having only taken three lessons,) was delivered by the great Japanese star.

The Virtue of Breed.

There has been much discussion as to whether it is possible, by persistently cutting off cat's tails, to breed a race of tail-less cats; whether or no all the varieties of the rabbit can be produced in course of time from the progeny of one pair by judicious in-breeding, etc., etc. It is generally acknowledged that Noah took only one pair of pigeons into the Ark, and that if the one that was let out had not returned we might never have known the luxury of squabs or pigeon pie. One of the most favorite strains of pigeons is the "tumbler." Tumblers as a general rule produce pure tumbler pigeons. These pigeons begin to tumble and go through a variety of aerial acrobatic performances as soon as they are able to fly. Ha-Yah-Kee's children, like the tumbler pigeons, are born acrobats. They revel in gymnastic and acrobatic performances. The last is at present only a month old but it has already been found attempting to balance its bottle on its innocent nose. Young Sein-Se-Ketchie five years old, who performs the tub feat so perfectly, is a perfect enthusiast. We went into the theatre yesterday and fraternized with young master Sein-Se-Ketchie jumped him up and down, threw him in the air and went through other performances with him. He was delighted, and in choice Japanese said "I wish you'd keep that up for an hour or so." We continued for some little time, he laughing all the time in pure English—there was Japanese accent about his laugh, it was Ah, ah, ah! Eh, eh, eh! throughout. It struck us as rather a curious circumstance, that a kid who had from his cradle been set muscular tasks, should enjoy being jumped and thrown about. There must be something in breed, and the sons of acrobats—Japanese acrobats at least—must take to acrobatic and gymnastic performances instinctively and thoroughly enjoy them. selves.

A Sensible Poetess.

"Kate" sent some poetry to the *Sunday Mercury*, and it was considered by the editor a little too rough even for the *Sunday Mercury*. He says in his answers to correspondents: "Our advice to Kate is hereafter to forswear Apollo and betake herself to a practical imitation of Cinderella." Was Kate to be thus snubbed with impunity! We trow not. She bethought herself, "If the *Sunday Mercury* will not publish my poetry for nothing, I know a paper which will publish it in its advertising columns for next to nothing." So she went to the *Times*, and in yesterday's issue of that sheet appeared the following:

EDITOR MERCURY, YOUTH OF EXTRA BRAINS.

You say in wooing the muse I've lost my pains;
And you advise me Apollo to forswear.
You mean, sir, to terrify me with fear;
You recommend in your estimation
Cinderella's practical occupation.
A man in your office should have more scruple
When playing with the feelings of the people.
You had not cause for such comments at all,
The great God has made this world for all;
You should seize the golden opportunity
To amuse the public community.
It's a lack of gallantry on your part
To aim your arrows at a woman's heart
I view such conduct with a scornful eye,
And public derision I alike defy.
So you're lord of the Temple of the Muse,
And all those attempts meet polish'd abuse;
I wish you luck, sir, at the Temple gate;
So now adieu. Yours, very truly, KATE.

Thus did Kate write herself down a female donkey at small expense. She defies public derision and is determined to publish her poetry in "two squares one time" if it takes her last red cent. We hope we are not aiming "arrows at a woman's heart" in making these remarks. If we are and wound the susceptible "Kate" we offer as a compensation the republication of her two squares of rhyme (It) as a compensation. We consider Kate a very sensible poetess. The advertising columns of newspapers are open to all who are able to pay for them. If all the young poets and poetesses of California would be willing to pay a moderate sum for the publication of their effusions in the advertising columns of daily newspapers, it would be good for business and assist the *times*.

The American Eagle in the Minstrel Business.

One of the characters in *The Bells of Shandon*—we forget which, says that "if the American Eagle ever gets her claws on the Irish harp, she will play a tune which will make Englishmen tremble." We don't think that the American Eagle is exactly cut for the business of a wandering minstrel. We should be sorry to see the American Eagle trying to play the Irish harp, (it has done so already to some extent and its efforts have been unappreciated); the eagle can yet hold its own without considering it necessary any more to swear that no American Eagle is healthy unless it takes its shamrock salad every day before breakfast.

THE MURDER OF DR. GRAVES.

PARK Lane—or that part of Park Lane in which the Three Crowns Tavern was situated—was not, a hundred years ago, the fashionable quarter which it now is. It was chiefly known for the mountainous cinder-heaps which the dustmen, who had settled there from unknown times, had accumulated in waste places by the roadside. It was a wild, ragged, desolate region, into which few persons except the inhabitants of mean houses in the lane, or the bricknmakers or dustmen who lived in wretched hovels in the fields, would like to venture after dark. But the Three Crowns was a good house. It was both a coffee house and a tavern, with a bowling-green, and was frequented much by military men, some of whom met there regularly at night. The mounted patrol, who accompanied visitors at night on their way from Marylebone Gardens, frequently stopped for refreshment there, and left one or two of the convoy to swell the company—fellows who like to finish their night's amusement with a bowl at the tavern. They had sometimes, perhaps, less reputable visitors—for the Three Crowns pryed no more into its customers' affairs than other taverns. The man in the laced coat and jaunty three-cornered hat, who drank and played with any one who would might be the terror of the western roads—mayhap, the very hero of that dismal paragraph in the *Daily Postboy*, which some neighbor would read to him aloud. When his bill was paid, and his foot in the stirrup, neither the Three Crowns nor its company troubled their heads any further about him.

One evening—it was in the winter time—there came into the Three Crowns two strangers of respectable appearance, who desired to stay there for the night. One was a man of about forty years of age, of a short, strong-built figure; he carried his right arm in a sling. The other was older, of much larger stature, and evidently a man of great muscular strength. They attracted little attention; though it was afterwards remembered that they remarked to Mr. Bond, the laudlord, that they had just arrived from Richmond, and having business in London, they intended to remain there for a day or two. The elder one wrote some letters, about which they appeared to consult together sitting at a little table apart. Their manner, as far as could be called to mind, was easy and cheerful; they partook of supper; and the younger one, remarking that it was yet only nine by the great clock that stood in the room, proposed to take a short walk, as he said he was in the habit of doing after supper. They accordingly went out, and it was subsequently observed in confirmation of the truth of that intention, that although they were both booted and spurred, they left their horses in the stables. How long they were absent became afterwards, for reason which will be mentioned, a question of dispute. Some thought the time must have been near an hour; but it was stated and confirmed by two persons that a short time after they came in, it was noticed by the same clock which had marked the time of their going out.

That night was committed one of the most singular and terrible murders ever remembered in London. Before showing how suspicion fell in some degree on these two men, it is necessary to relate the circumstances exactly as they occurred.

There resided at that time, in Warwick street, Charing Cross, a physician, whose name was Graves. He was a man in the prime of life, in good practice, and though reputed to be of a somewhat stern character, well known for a man of perfect honor and intogrity. Late on the evening of the arrival of the two strangers at the Three Crowns, a man with a whip in his hand, and carrying a horn lantern, presented himself at the physician's house, and requested a woman servant to convey to her master a note that he had brought with him. The contents of the note were not known, nor did the servant observe the handwriting. Mr. Graves on reading it, immediately rose from his book, and desired his servant to keep burning the fire in his study until he should return, ordered his grey-coat and hat, and went out with the messenger. It was a black and bitter cold night, a keen wind sweeping the streets and carrying in their faces a cloud of sharp dust from the frozen ground. A male servant of Dr. Graves, as he was coming home, met his master and the man in the street, and he had observed a hackney-coach standing at the corner of Warwick street, in Cockspur street. The doctor stopped him to give some trifling directions, and passed on; and a moment after the man heard the hackney-coach drive away, from which he concluded that his master had hired it to visit some patient.

The household of Dr. Graves sat up for him that night; but he did not return, and no tidings came of him for several hours. Sometime after he had left home, there drove up to the door of the watch-house in Bishopsgate street a hackney-coach, the driver of which, who appeared to be in great terror, informed the watch that he had found in his vehicle the body of a gentleman, apparently dead. He stated that he had been hired about nine o'clock that evening in the Haymarket by a gentleman who ordered him to drive to the corner of Warwick street. He then bade him leave his coach there, and take a letter to one Dr. Graves in that street, who would, he said, come back with him. When he returned with the doctor, the same man was standing in the doorway of the coach. He made some observations to the doctor, who entered, and desired the driver to go to Barnard's Inn, in Holborn. On the way, the man who had hired him looked out of the window, and requested him loudly and angrily to hasten, and continued in that position for sometime, urging him to speed on the account of the importance of their business.

At Barnard"s Inn, his two passengers alighted; and the one who had hired him giving him three shillings for his fare to that place, and thence to Camomile street in the city, bade him proceed to a certain number in the latter street, where he was told that a gentleman would be ready to come away with him as before. They then went in at the gate of Barnard's Inn, and the driver left them; but when he came to Camomile street, he could not find the house to which he had been directed, and therefore took his place at a spot in that neighborhood, where chairs and coaches stood for hire. But some time afterwards, happening to look into his vehicle for a new candle for his lantern, which he kept in a box beneath his seat, he found a man still sitting in the corner, and apparently reclining against the back of the coach. Much astonished to find any one there so long after his two passengers had gone, he called to him but received no answer; whereupon he shook him and called to him; but finding him still silent, and feeling that his arm was heavy, he raised his lantern, the light of which was flickering out, and recognized the features of the Doctor to whom he had conveyed the note. His eyes was fixed and staring, his tongue protruding, and his countenance livid, like that of one who had suffered strangulation. A subsequent examination showed the lips were swelled, and one of the nostrils scratched, as if violence had been used to prevent his uttering any noise; his wrists were also marked as though they had been grasped tightly. The manner of the murder was immediately discovered. A thick cotton handkerchief was found wound round his neck, still tight and twisted, as if a stick had been inserted in a loop, and turned violently; and between the neck and the handkerchief was discovered a small block of a hard kind of wood, little bigger than a marble, which the murderer had inserted for the purpose of pressing harder upon the windpipe, and had apparently forgotten to remove. A purse of gold was found in one of his pockets; another pocket was found hanging out, and it was conjectured that a pocket-book had been stolen.

The coachman maintained the truth of his statements before a magistrate, insisting that only two persons had rode with him, and that he had distinctly seen two persons leave the vehicle at Barnard's Inn. Nothing was known at the physician's house of the nature of his errand, or of the contents of the note; nor could the note itself be found; from which it was imagined that he had cast it, after reading it, into the fire. There being no evidence against the coachman, and no reason to doubt the honesty of his statements, he was discharged; and although he was privately watched by the authorities, nothing suspicious was discovered in his conduct.

Considerable excitement was caused by the intelligence of the murder, and many theories started to explain the extraordinary statements of the coachman. What could have been the nature of the message which was brought to the Dr. and which induced him at a late hour on a wintry night to leave his study, and direct the man to drive to Barnard's Inn? Inquiries were made there; but it could not be discovered that any person in that quarter had known, or had any dealings with the murdered man. The Doctor, though said to be somewhat harsh in his manners, as men of his profession frequently are, was known to be at bottom a good-hearted man, and had few enemies. He was a tall man, and a man of great strength, whereas, by the coachman's description, the stranger who had hired him was a short man, and in all probability much inferior to him in that respect. How, then, could he have obtained such a mastery over him as to have been able to strangle him without attracting the attention of the driver? There was, it is true, the statement of the man, that two persons had left his vehicle; but few doubted that the darkness of the street, and his own natural presumption that as two persons were within, two must have alighted, had deceived him, and prevented his observing the real fact. As to the direction to drive to Camomile street, no one believed that this was any other than a trick to gain time, and to delay the discovery of the murder. But the mystery remained unsolved, and public curiosity looked eagerly for the announcement that some person had been fixed upon as the perpetrator of the crime.

We shall now see in what way the the two strangers who arrived on the night of the murder at the Three Crowns were found to be sufficiently connected with the murdered man to direct attention to the question of how they had employed themselves on that evening. Their names were Johnathan Springett and Samuel Bate. They retired to rest that night, after playing some games at cards, at the same time as the other guests; but the house being full, they had been placed in the room generally occupied by Mallet, the head waiter, in which two bedsteads had been placed for the occasion. They arose at the ordinary breakfast hour in the morning, and went out; and about noon they presented themselves at the door of the house of Dr. Graves in Warwick street, and desired to speak with him. On being informed that he was dead, they expressed much surprise, and said that they had not observed that the shutters were closed. They informed the servants that they had written to the Doctor only the night before, appointing to meet him at twelve o'clock that day on some business connected with the trusteeship. A letter, indeed, had arrived there that morning to the effect stated, which had been opened by the police. Its contents were simple enough; but where nothing is known, any fact is eagerly seized.

Some inquiries were made, and, that evening, both Springett and Bate were suddenly arrested at the Three Crowns. It was shown that Dr. Graves was the sole surviving trustee of a settlement made upon the wife of Springett on her first marriage; and that by the terms of the settlement, Bate would become trustee on his decease. It was also found that Bate and Springett were very intimate, and that the wife of Springett had been once or twice in London within the last month, to have an interview with Dr. Graves, as it was supposed, upon the subject of his trust. Mrs. Springett admitted that the object of her visits was to endeavor to induce the Doctor to allow her husband to employ a portion of the trust-money in establishing a business in London, and that the Doctor had resolutely refused to do what he declared would be contrary to his duty. The two men maintained that their journey to London had no other object than to endeavor to induce the deceased to comply with their request, by offering a legal indemnity from Bate against any loss that he might suffer in consequence. As to their absence from the tavern on the night of the murder, they said that they had walked as far as a hosier's shop at the corner of Old Bond street, Piccadilly, where they had posted a letter for Richmond, and another for Dr. Graves, which was the letter received on the following morning; and it was admitted that their absence had been too short to allow the possibility of their having been engaged in the murder. The coachman recognized neither of them. Springett, he said was most like the man who hired him; but he had not carried his arm in a sling, as Springett did. Springett explained the fact of the sling by saying that he had injured his arm by a fall some time previously. His voice, moreover, was unlike that of Springett, being hoarse and deep, like one who was suffering from a cold. It was argued, also, by the prisoners, that it would have been impossible for them to induce Dr. Graves to accompany either of them in the way described, as he did not know anything of Bato, save by name; and that, disapproving of the second marriage of Mrs. Springett, he had always endeavored to avoid her husband, and had never communicated with him, save by letter. These facts afforded so strong a presumption of the innocence of the prisoners, that, although it was suspected that they had reason to be glad of the Doctor's death, they were discharged; after having been frequently remanded and kept in prison during nearly two months.

Full a year after these events, when the subject of the murder had ceased to be talked about at the Three Crowns there arrived at that house, one night, a tall, elderly man, attired like a clergyman, and wearing an old-fashioned, full-bottomed wig, who brought with him some trunks, and stated that he had just come by coach from the West of England, having business connected with a lawsuit in London. He desired to be accommodated with a sleeping room, saying that he should probably remain there some time. Mallet, the waiter, showed him a room which was vacant; but he made some objection to it, and inquired if they had no other. The waiter then showed him another room which he also found fault with on account of its being near the top of the house—he being, as he said, naturally afraid of fire; but being informed that they had no other bedroom unoccupied, he at length consented to sleep in the room which he had first seen.

His objections to the sleeping-rooms were regarded as the whims of a naturally prim and fastidious man; but there was a strangeness in his manner which attracted the attention of Mallett. He wore at all times a pair of spectacles with broad black rims, and had several patches upon his face: and his clothes were large and ill-fitting. He absented himself during the day-time, and when there at night, he invariably set apart from the rest of the company, and appeared to be deeply engaged in perusal of an ancient volume, which he carried with him. He seldom spoke, and his voice was singularly harsh and disagreeable; but Mallet was several times struck with the idea that he had heard a voice somewhat like it before. He watched him, and one evening, when he supposed that he had retired to rest, he met him up-stairs in a passage that had no connection with his own room. He was so near the door of the chamber in which Mallet himself slept, that he could not divest himself of a suspicion that he had intended to enter there, but he found the door fastened. He excused himself

by saying that he was about to descend, and had missed his way; but Mallet, though unwilling to communicate his suspicions to any one, resolved from that time to watch him more closely.

Mallet's bedroom had a long window opening on to the leaded roof of a building which formed part of the tavern. It was the very room in which the two men slept who had been suspected of the murder of Dr. Graves. One night, being unable to sleep, and having his eye fixed upon the window, he suddenly perceived the figure of some person who appeared to be intently examining the room through the glass The bed was in a dark recess at the other side of the apartment; so that he knew that no one at that distance could see whether he was awake or sleeping. Mallet, therefore, stretched out his hand, and taking a loaded pistol which he had placed by the bedside since the night when he had met their singular guest in the passage, he continued to watch the figure in silence. He was a courageous man, and was determined to ascertain what the object of his visiter was, before giving any alarm.

A moment after, he perceived that the window, which reached to the ground, and was divided lengthways, slowly opened, and he heard the footfall of a man cautiously stepping into the room. The intruder closed the window gently behind him, and then stopped a moment to listen. Mallet breathed loudly, to convey the impression that he was asleep: and expecting that he intended to do him some injury, or perhaps to endeavor to possess himself of the contents of a box in which some persons might know that the waiter kept money, he determined to spring upon him the moment he approached the bed. But, after remaining motionless for some moments, he perceived to his surprise that the man went directly to the fire-place, and groping about there, seemed to have discovered that it was closed up by a wind-board. He forced the board in, apparently by pressing it at the edges; and thus having made a slight noise, he paused to listen again. Finding that the inmate of the chamber was still breathing deeply, he appeared to grope for a while inside the lower part of the chimney; after which, he walked noiselessly again toward the window.

At this moment Mallet sprang from the bed, seized the stranger, and demanded his business there. The man made no answer, but struck him several violent blows in the face, hoping to overcome him and make his escape. Mallet, however, grappled with him, and determined not to quit his hold. He was himself of strong make; but the intruder was a man of extraordinary muscular power. He pressed his antagonist heavily against the wall, and seizing his neckcloth with one hand, endeavored to throttle him. Mallet had been unwilling to fire his pistol, but in the struggle it was accidently discharged, the bullet passing through the pane of glass without injury to either; and the noise of this quickly brought assistance. Long before this time, Mallet had discovered in him the pretended clergyman in the full-bottomed wig, but on lights being brought, he being then without his disguises, he recognized him immediately as the man Bate, who had slept there a twelvemonth before, and had been suspected, with his companion, of the murder of Dr. Graves.

His object in entering the room at night was soon surmised. In his possession were found a pocket-book and a silver gilt snuffbox, both of which were subsequently found to have belonged to Dr. Graves. They were begrimmed with smoke and soot, and had evidently been just removed by him from a ledge in the chimney, where he had, no doubt, secreted them a twelvemonth before. But a stronger evidence of guilt was discovered against him in the fact that, in one compartment of the pocket-book was found the very letter which had induced the Doctor to leave his house on the night of the murder. It purported to come from an acquaintance of a woman whom the Doctor once befriended, and who was stated to be then lying dangerously ill at a house in Barnard's Inn, whither it was requested that he should come immediately in a coach which would be waiting for him. Though signed in a fictitious name, and in a disguised hand, it was clearly recognised for the writing of Bate, and it was conjectured that, having removed the pocket-book and box from the body of the murdered man while his companion was busier urging the coachman to drive quickly, and having determined to keep them himself, and conceal the fact from his partner in the crime, he had hidden them in the chimney before he had found an opportunity to examine them; and, being suddenly apprehended, had been prevented from taking them away. The length of time which he had suffered to escape was explained by the natural supposition that, although anxious to remove evidences of his guilt, he had not dared to appear again at the Three Crowns until the events we have related might be supposed to be almost forgotten.

Springett was immediately after apprehended, and hoping, perhaps, for some favor, by throwing the guilt more completely on his associate, he confessed his participation in the crime. It was he who had hired the coach; and Bate, being a tall man, very much of the Doctor's figure, it had been resolved that he should get into the coach while the driver was gone with the letter; so that, although the Doctor would find two men there, a circumstance which they explained to him by saying that they also had been sent for by the sick woman, being relatives of her's, the driver would be ignorant of the fact, and would naturally suppose, when they alighted in the dark, that Dr. Graves and Springett had both left the vehicle. Springett admitted that his arm was not so weak as he pretended, and that he had removed the sling before hiring the coach, and had endeavored to disguise his voice, but he denied that he had actually assisted in the struggle. Bate, he said, had suddenly attacked the Doctor, when he (Springett) was urging the driver to hasten; but he could not deny that they both expected to derive the benefit from the Doctor's death, and that they hereby obtained full control over the trust money which they had since employed in keeping a gambling-house in Leicester Fields. As to the time of their absence from the tavern, Springett acknowledged that before calling the attention of several persons to the time of their return, he had taken an opportunity of putting back the hands of the clock in the room.

Bate, on the other hand, finding that the denial was useless, and being enraged at the conduct of Springett, declared that it was he who had obtained the particulars of the Doctor's friendship for the woman, and had conceived the idea of pretending that she had come to live in Barnard's Inn and had fallen sick there, which story he felt assured would be sufficient to entrap Dr. Graves into their snare. As to the murder, itself, he declared that Springett had grasped the Doctor's wrists, and otherwise assisted him, and that he had only looked out of the window, and endeavored to distract the attention of the driver, when their victim was already too weak to make further resistance. Springett gained nothing by his accusation of Bate. He was soon afterwards executed at Tyburn; but Bate was found one morning, sometime previously, self-strangled by a piece of cord, which he found means of obtaining.

LABLACHE.

His traveling about was always a serious matter. No ordinary vehicle was safe to hold him. His enormous weight rendered it necessary for his servant to take about a chair and bedding for his special use. It was difficult to find a carriage the doors of which were large enough for him to pass. On one occasion, the rehearsal at her Majesty's Theatre terminating sooner than was expected, and before his brougham had come to fetch him, a street cab was ordered. The cabman looked alarmed when his fare issued from the stage-door and showed the test which the vehicle had to undergo. "He'll never get in, sir," said the man, despairingly to me, as I was shaking hands with Lablache, who seemed also to have his doubts upon the question. We approached the vehicle; the door was open wide. Sideways, frontways, headways, backways, the prize *basso* tried to effect an entrance, but in vain. Without assistance it was impossible. Two men went to the opposite side and dragged with all their force, while two others did their utmost to lift him in. "It's no go," cried the cabman; "he'll ruin my cab." One more effort. A long pull, a strong pull—a push and pull together—the point was gained—Lablache inside, puffing and blowing from the exertion. But the difficulties had not yet come to an end. Wishing to change his position—he had inadvertently sat down with his back to the horse—he rose, and the whole of his prodigious weight was upon the few slender boards forming the bottom of the cab. Imagine the horror of the cabman, the astonishment of Lablache, and the surprise of a large crowd which had been attracted by the terrible struggle that had been going on, when the boards gave way, and his feet and legs were standing in the street. The driver swore—Lablache grinned—the crowd roared. No scene in a pantomime was ever more ridiculous. Fortunately, Lablache sustained no injury. Had the horse moved, the consequence of the accident might have been serious. The same process of shoving and pulling, but reversed, was necessary to extricate him. Whether greater violence than at first was used or not, the door in this instance was torn from its hinges, and the cab, previously a good-looking vehicle, now presented a most melancholy appearance of a complete wreck. The cabman uttered curses loud and deep, but was pacified by the assurance that the damage should be made good, and his loss of time remunerated. I do not think the great *basso* ever again attempted to ride in a cab.—"*The Enterprising Empresario*," *in Once a Week.*

Facts Worth Remembering.—The total number of human beings on the earth is computed at three thousand millions, and they speak three thousand and sixty four known tongues. The average duration of life is thirty-three and one-third years. One-fourth die before they are seven years old, and one-half before the age of seventeen. Out of one hundred persons, only six reach the age of sixty years. Out of five hundred persons only one attains the age of eighty. Sixty persons die every minute. Tall men live longer than short ones, and married men longer than single ones. Rich men live on the average, forty-two years, but the poor only thirty years. There is one drunkard to every seventy-four persons.

A SUMMER-DAY RHYME.

BY JAMES A. WHITNEY.

Again the glare on the dusty street
Of the sultry sun is shining down,
And I know that away in the valley sweet,
On the hill-top gray and the pasture brown,
On the oaten field, with its billowy crest
Yellow and sloping toward the west,
And the beechen wood where the branches meet,
The warm beams fall with a kindling glow,
While the air is hushed and the birds sing low
In the cool, deep glen where the rushes grow.

Nor stop nor pause on the rattling street
In the sound of carriage, and coach, and car,
Or the ceaseless tread of hurrying feet
Dull mingling with the roar and jar;
And I know in the fields where the grass is grown,
Where the clover blooms are in sweetness strown,
The iron harvester echoes afar
The cold clear tones of its blade so keen,
That stealthily glides through the herbage green,
While it falls down with the flowers between.

On either side of the stone paved street,
Proud and grandly the buildings rise,
Tower and turret and steeple greet
The eye that glances toward the skies;
And I think of the hills whence the wanderer sees
O'er the lapse of fields and the maze of trees,
The stream that calm in the valley lies
Where the corn is high and the cattle graze,
And on whose borders a smoky haze
Foretells the coming of autumn days.

Surging and flowing along the street,
The crowd moves on with its countless hearts,
Hearts that sorrow and hearts that beat
With hopes that triumph till love departs;
And I dream of the lanes where no footstep falls,
Of the lone, weird woods where the blue-jay calls,
And forth from the thicket the partridge starts,
Where low thro' the branches the south wind grieves,
And sifting soft through the tremulous leaves,
Sunshine with shadow fantistic weaves.

—*New York Home Journal.*

THE PANTHEON AT ROME.

The Pantheon, built, as its name implies, for a temple to all the gods, and now used as a church, is, perhaps, the best preserved monument of Rome's glory. It was erected by Agrippa, B. C. 27, and notwithstanding the ravages of time and wear, still stands, an object of admiration to every beholder. The interior is a rotunda, one hundred and forty-two feet in diameter, exclusive of the walls, which are twenty feet thick, and the height from the pavement to the opening in the top is the same as the diameter, half the distance being occupied by the beautifully arched dome. This opening in the top, twenty-eight feet in diameter, is the only window, and is formed by a bronze ring which supports the arch of the dome. Out of the many thousands of pounds of bronze originally used upon the buildings, this ring and door alone remain, and some doubts have been raised as to the antiquity of the latter. The outside, once covered with the finest white marble, now shows the brickwork in which there are many blind arches. The portico, "the most sublime result that was ever produced by so little architecture," is one hundred and ten feet long and forty-four feet deep, and composed of sixteen Corinthian columns, eight in front and eight in four lines behind them. The columns are of Egyptian granite, each one a single block, forty-six and a half feet high and five feet in diameter, with capitals and bases of white marble. The Pantheon is also interesting as being the burial place of Raphael, which fact is indicated by an inscription on a marble slab let into the wall. He died on his thirty-seventh birthday. The investigations of antiquaries had caused so much doubt to be thrown upon the statement of Raphael's burial there that, in 1833, the coffin was opened to settle it, and a cast was taken from his skull and hand. The Phrenologists connected with the Academy of St. Luke had long admired a skull which they supposed to be that of Raphael, but this investigation caused them to put it aside.

Scratch the green rind of a sapling, or wantonly twist it in the soil, and a scarred or crooked oak will tell of the act for years to come. How forcibly does this figure show the necessity of giving right tendencies to the minds and hearts of the young!

Conversation.—The great secret in conversation is, to admire little, and hear much; always to distrust our own reason, and sometimes that of our friends; never to pretend wit, but to make that of others appear as much as we can; to hearken to what is said, and to answer to the purpose.

The myriads of great inventions in the world are the results of all varieties of talent. If all men had been equal to Bacon or Newton, and yet all alike, the condition of our race would never have been half equal to what it is.

Of all ignorance, that which is silent is the least productive, for praters may suggest an idea, if they cannot start one.

LITERARY GLEANINGS.

THE RELIGIOUS ASPECT OF DARWINISM.

A RECENT number of the New York *Round Table* contains an article presenting some fresh and interesting thoughts on the religious objections that have been made to the Development Theory :

"To many worthy persons," says the writer, "the Darwinian hypothesis seems the last word in the teachings of materialism and atheism. This is not an unnatural impression. The human mind delights in bringing the unseen close to the seen, and in attributing an event whose law is not yet explained, to some mysterious and supernatural cause. The daily phenomena of nature, and even the production of the individual organism—however high in the scale—are willingly referred to natural causes. But when the origination of whole 'kingdoms of life' is considered, or the formation of great classes of individuals with similar characteristics, even distinguished naturalists cannot avoid abandoning the scientific method and calling in the miraculous act of creation.

"A theory which endeavors to explain the marvelous variety of the material creation, the existence of countless species and genera in all the branches of living organisms, the color of the flower, the shape of the insect's wing, the form of the bird, the organs and adaptations of the shell, the fish, the plant and the highest animal, by the operation of the simple laws of inheritance and natural selection working on a few primeval forms of life, certainly at first sight appears to remove the Creator far from us. All those exquisite adaptations —the mathematical form of the bee's cell, the instincts of ants and beavers and various animals, the wonderful structure of the eye, the bill of the woodpecker and the rudimentary eyes of the mole, the bucket of the orchid, the ingenious and complicated machinery for fructification in the vegetable world, the organ and form of each great family of living existences so wonderfully suited to its element and its wants—all these, which to the short human sight seem precisely analogous to the effects produced by the human reason and invention, have to be given up as proving a direct reasoning contrivance from the immediate hand of the Divine Contriver. The old doctrine of final causes, as employed by Paley— an assistance to so many weak in faith, and a stumbling-block to so many— must be abandoned, at least in its ancient form. These adaptations are seen to come from the slow working of a few principles, acting through countless ages, with innumerable failures, and what might be called imperfections, but at length issuing in those admirable, though not yet perfect, contrivances.

"Can we wonder that such an hypothesis, if proved true, should seem to the unreflecting mind, or even to many thoughtintellects, to remove the Creator from the universe and substitute the dry action of law?

"But why should this be its effect to the religious mind? As science advances and nature is more and more penetrated, we must all be willing to admit that our previous conception of the Deity and his modes of action, taking our analogies in our own mental states, is necessarily imperfect. The Divine Being may be a contriver, an architect, but not contrive or build as man does. Because he does not mould a bee's cell or put together the machinery of an eye as man would, does not exclude him from his works. It should be remembered that science, under its most material direction, has not been able to seperate the Deity from the universe. Even if the as yet unproved hypothesis of the convertibility of forces should be able to demonstrate that all material forces are one, there is yet that one force to be accounted for. If here selection be proved the law as a groundwork of the organic universe, and the various kingdoms of life be traced back to but one source or three or four different sources, we must then explain the origin and the intelligent direction of that one force which lay back of the first germ of life, and which still moves the universe.

"The tendency of science is indirectly to acknowledge continually an unknown, mysterious, intelligently-acting power or principle. And though it promises not to seek for the primary cause or even to investigate any theory of the nature of that cause, but simply to note facts carefully and faithfully, and then to generalize them, yet indirectly it may afford to the religious thinker and investigator many solid grounds to confirm his intuitions.

"Natural selection simply throws back the power which moves the machinery of the universe. It does not deny it or seek to weaken our belief in it. On the contrary, it strengthens our faith in its intelligent action, and adds to our conception of its grandeur by extending the slow processes, even in framing the simplest forms of life, over atoms of atoms."

Darwin himself says in the conclusion of his last edition of *The Origin of Species*, that "there is grandeur" in the view of life as presented by his theory, a view, representing life "with its several powers as having been originally breathed by the Creator into a few forms, or into one; and that while this planet has gone cycling on, according to the fixed laws of gravity from so simple a beginning, endless forms, most beautiful and most wonderful, have been, and are being evolved.

On the more perplexing and perilous question of the gradual formation and transmission of human instincts, mental and moral faculties—in a word, of what we call *mind and soul*—the writer in the *Round Table* says :

"If anywhere in the long course of the development of organic life it demands a creative act, it is where mind begins. Nor are even the transmutations united on this great question. Wallace, the co-discoverer of the great law of natural selection, admits that a new era began in the physical history of the world when soul was infused, when the half human creatures of the pliocene or some earlier age 'had to mind to vary' as do the animals. Darwin must admit a creative act in the origin of the different kingdoms of life; he may also admit it when soul originates. But to a reasoning faith we do not see that it can make much difference whether the Creator now at some unknown point of growth of the human germ, inbreathes by miraculous act the soul—'the power of our endless life'—or whether the first appearance of this new and transforming element in the world was the result, ages ago, of forces He had set in motion, and which continue still to act by transmission and selection under His supporting power."

The longer and more patiently the mind dwells upon this stupendous idea, the less repulsive does it become, and the less identified, by any necessity, with either materialism or atheism. The thought that all the phenomena of nature and all the innumerable forms of life are the result, not of single arbitrary acts of creation, but of the long inter-play of forces-working according to law of forces put into operation count, less ages ago, does not all dispense with the necessity of a Divine Contriver, nor is there anything in it that is calculated to belittle our conception of the Creator.

BURNING WORLDS.

We observe that the following paragraph, from the *North British Review*, is making the round of the newspapers :

"What this change is to be, we dare not even conjecture; but we see in the heavens themselves some traces of destructive elements, and some indications of their power. The fragments of broken planets, the descent of the meteoric stones upon our globe, the wheeling comets, welding their loose materials in our own satelite, the appearance of new stars, and the disappearance of others, are the solar furnace, all foreshadow of that impeuding convulsion to which the system of the world is doomed. Thus placed on a planet which is to be burned up, and under heavens which are to pass away; thus treading, as it were, on the cemeteries, and dwelling upon the mausoleums of former worlds, let us learn the lesson of humility and wisdom, if we have not already been taught in the school of revelation."

An eastern paper, speaking of the probable destruction of our planetary system by fire, thus alludes to the astounding phenomenon which not long ago attracted the attention, and stimulated the speculation of astronomers on both sides of the Atlantic :

"In May last, a little twinkler in the constellation Corona Borealis, or 'Northern Crown,' suddenly blazed a star of the second magnitude, and on analyzing its rays with the spectroscope, the light was pronounced to be identical with that emitted by certain gasses in a state of combustion. The universal opinion of scientific men who observed the spectacle, was that the star was on fire—an opinion which was strengthened, as time wore on, by the gradual dying out of its newly acquired lustre. By the 22d of June the star had dwindled from the second to the nineteenth magnitude. It has since become still more insignificant, and when burnt out—assuming the theory regarding it to be correct—it will, of course, be invisible.

"Although we have spoken of the burning as in progress, the probability is that the casualty occurred in a former and more remote age. The distance of the star from the earth is so enormous that the light of the conflagration may have been many centuries—perhaps thousands of years on its journey hither! It must be borne in mind too that the fixed stars are supposed to be solor systems like our own; not single worlds, but congeries of worlds, with suns for their centers. The theory of the astronomers is that a planetary system has been consumed! Imagine our own sun—now the genial source of life and warmth suddenly wrapped in flames by the liberation and ignition of its eternal gas! What would be the effect! Every planet and satelite, from red Mercury to the pale orb that runs it course on the uttermost confines of the sphere of solar attraction would be destroyed in a twinkling of an eye. The earth would be calcined, and of all its millions, not a vestige would remain. We may well shudder at the idea of a system of worlds having been obliterated in a moment and without warning, and yet, to the systems remaining, the one extinguished was but as a grain of sand to the myriads on the sea shore. A due consideration of this latter fact may possibly calm the fears of those who look for a grand catastrophe in this part of the universe at an early day. If the incomputable millions of systems suspended in space are to be destroyed one by one—and this would seem to be a natural inference from the late phenomena, if it has been rightly interpreted by the astronomers—our term may be much further off than the Millerites anticipate."

MATTHEW ARNOLD'S NEW VOLUME.

The late occupant of the Chair of Poetry at Oxford, has recently published a new volume of poems. "It is only at intervals," says the *Imperial Review*, "that Mr. Matthew Arnold reminds us with what skill and grace he can give expression to subtle thought and feeling in verse. As a poet, he has never attained to a wide popularity, and probably never will. And to this it is to be presumed that he is serenely indifferent. We do not imagine that he would be inclined to estimate very highly the value of the popular favor that is extended, with perfect impartiality, both to Tupper and to Tennyson. He does not attempt to conciliate popular tastes, and has never deferred to popular prejudices and prepossessions. He has not yielded to the impulse of literary fashion in poetry, and has been almost insensible to the influence that one or two of his contemporaries have exercised on the poetry of the present day. His writings possess a strong individuality of their own; they accurately reflect the sympathies of one who, above all, reverences intellectual beauty and greatness." There are not many poems of the kind in our language that can equal the following in quiet beauty :

"Far on its rocky knoll descried
Saint Michael's chapel cuts the sky.
I climed; beneath me, bright and wide,
Lay the lone coast of Brittany.

"Bright in the sunset, weird and still,
It lay beside the Atlantic wave,
As if the wizard Merlin's will
Yet charmed it from his forest grave.

"Behind me on their grassy sweep,
Bierded with lichen, scrawled and gray,
The giant stones of Carnac sleep,
In the mild eveuing of the May.

"No priestly, stern procession now
Streams through their rows of pillars old;
No victims bleed, no Druids bow;
Sheep make the furze-grown aisle their fold.

"From bush to bush the cookoo flies,
The orchis red gleams everywhere;
Gold broom with furze in blossom vies,
The bluebells perfume all the air.

"And o'er the glistening, lonely land,
Rise up, all round, the christian spires.
The church of Carnac, by the strand,
Catches the westering sun's last fires.

"And there across the watery way,
See, low above the tide at flood,
The sickle-sweep of Quiberon bay
Whose beach once ran with loyal blood!

"And beyond that, the Atlantic wide!
All round, no soul, no boat, no hail!
But, on the horizon's verge descried,
Hangs, touches with light, one snowy sail!

"Ah, where is he, who should have come
Where that far sail is passing now,
Past the Loire's mouth, and by the foam
Of Finistere's unquiet brow:

"Home, round into the English wave?
He tarries where the Rock of Spain
Mediterranean waters lave;
He enters not the Atlantic main.

"O, could he once have reached this air
Freshened by plunging tides, by showers!
Have felt this breath he loved, of fair
Cool northern fields, and grass, and flowers.

"He longed for it,—pressed on!—In vain.
At the Straits failed that spirit brave.
The South was parent of his pain,
The South is mistress of his grave."

"In poetry of this kind," says the *Imperial Review*, "much of the effect depends on the existence of a certain intellectual sympathy between writer and reader." If this is absent the language remains nearly barren of significance. And it is owing to the action of this intellectual law that Mr. Arnold's poems remain uninteresting to many. Only those who have something in common can properly appreciate one another. Mr. Arnold has lately assumed, in some degree, the position of a prophet vigorously denouncing all that he holds evil, and as enthusiastically clamoring for what he holds to be necessary for the welfare of the country. And wicked scoffers have ventured to sneer at the "elegant Jeremiah" in response to his exertions. Does he, in the following pithy and spirited verses, give his own estimate of his position, and his resolution as to his future course of action?—

"Creep into thy narrow bed,
Creep, and let no more be said!
Vain the onset! all stands fast;
Thou thyself must break at last.

"Let the long contention cease!
Geese are swans, and swans are geese,
Let them have it how they will!
Thou art tired; best be still!

"They out-talked thee, hissed thee, tore thee
Better men fared thus before thee;
Fired their ringing shot and passed,
Hotly charged,—and broke at last.

"Charge once more, then, and be dumb!
Let the victors, when they come,
When the forts of folly fall,
Find thy body by the wall."

THE bright clouds, moulded by the fingers of the winds, blossom in the sunshine, petals of the flower-cup of heaven.

WILKINS' VIEW OF PARTIES.

BY JOHN QUILL.

"NOW, Johnny, dear, I think you might, just this once."

"It's perfectly useless for you to 'Johnny, dear' me, Mrs. Wilkins, I pledge you my word and honor, as a gentleman that I will give no party in my house this winter. You can bet your life on that, so that finishes it, and you might as well go to sleep. I'd rather hear you snore than talk any time."

"But, my dea——"

"Now don't aggravate me, Mrs Wilkins; don't make me mad. Let me have a little peace and quiet for gracious sake. I want to see how it sounds when you're not talking. I ain't agoing to have any party, and that settles it."

"Well, then, I think it's real mean; there's O'Ferguson's had one, and we must return it or be disgrac——"

"Must? Who says we must? I tell you distinctly we mustn't, Mrs. Wilkins, and there ain't any O'Ferguson this side of the grave that will make me change my mind. O'Ferguson! Well, I should think so. O'Ferguson be hanged. Do you suppose because that corpulent old calf chose to make a deliberate and systematic fool of himself I've got to do the same thing? I guess not. I don't run with that machine. And if I wanted to give a party, I wouldn't do it just because O'Ferguson did. That's so now."

"Mr. Wilkins, you shan't talk so about that family; Selina's my own cousin."

"I know she is, and that's the very identical reason I don't like her. She's no credit to anybody. I won't have her in my house again, I tell you. Do you suppose I'm going to have her come here as she did last winter to that party, and stand along side of me like a prize ox, and make me appear insignificant in my own parlor, and then try to break down the stairs by falling against the banister. I ain't agoing to do it."

"O what a story, Wilk——"

"Yes, and pretending it was the ice cream that didn't agree with her, and then going into the parlor and undertaking to sing, and giving all my friends up stairs the impression that we were grinding coffee in the front parlor, and waking up Jones' baby next door so that it bellowed all night, and started all the cats in the neighborhood to yowling like mad. Why it was ridiculous, Mrs. Wilkins, perfectly ridiculous."

"You're talking like a fool, Wilk——"

"And there was young Noodle, he actually insulted me at my own table. Actually had the cheek to call me an 'old boy,' and ask me to 'pass the rosy.' What kind of manners has a man got, I'd like to know, who proposes my health at my own table, as, 'here's good look to old Wilk, may he live long and prosper,' and when I went up stairs wasn't he and Grubb laying on the bed with their boots on, and talking about my being 'an old turtle,' who 'threw a nasty fin'—while Jenks was painting moustaches on my portrait with a piece of burnt cork?"

"I don't want to hear about it."

"Don't want to hear about it? But I tell you you've got to hear about it. Do you suppose I'm going to be shut up in my own house. You don't want to hear how I went into the library and caught you with your face close to that infernal Fitzsmythe's, and then how you started up with a lie on your lips, and said you were trying to blow something out of Fitzsmythe's eye. Do you suppose I believe that? I'll black his eye for him, I will by George, when I meet him again. No man shall kiss my wife, degraded as she is, before my face. If he shall—blame me."

"There's not a word of truth in——"

"And when I got mad about it, for you to turn round and pretend to faint, and to fall into his arms, and look more like a second-hand jointed doll, than a decent woman, while he kept squeezing your hand under the pretense that he was trying to restore the circulation. I say I won't have it. If you're going to bring a lot of half-grown snobs to my house to rob me of my wife's affection right out in the face of company, no more parties do you get out of me, so you might just as well stop your clatter and go to sleep."

"But, Mr. Wilkins, I just want to say a word——"

"That's the way with you; you always want to say just one word, and then you go on and talk the dictionary stupid. I don't want to hear it. You get no party out of me. I ain't going to have Holofernes Montgomery disgracing himself by dancing around over the floor with about as much grace as a crippled tumbley bug, and kicking the company on the shins. And there was Bencephalus Alexander pinning Miss Gritz's dress around the piano leg, so that when she went to strike out in the next figure, she ripped out a thousand yards of millinery and gathers, while he hastily went up stairs and came down into the parlor dressed in the baby's yellow flannel night gown with a hoop-skirt on, to represent a canary bird in a cage."

"It was only his little fun——"

"Hang his little fun, I won't put up with it. I tell you I would be guilty of heartless cruelty to my own offspring if I permitted them to behave so. And there's Mary Jane. You've educated her to play the piano, and no sooner do we get a stranger in the house than she goes and glues up her spit curls, and comes down and does her very level best to split the keys of that piano, and bust the strings into atoms. She's being ruined with company. No innocent and happy child twelve years old, would ever plan to run away with that little jackass Bob Flips, and get Breckenridge Augustus to make a rope ladder out of the clothes line so that she could elope out of the dining-room window at eight o'clock in the evening, and fly up the alley in a velocipede. It's outrageous. I won't have the pure unsullied minds of my children tainted so. It's bad enough to have a perfectly heartless and worldly mother like you——"

"Mr. Wilkins I'll pull your hair if——"

"—Like you, who absolutely don't care a cuss if they grow up and go to the poor-house and penitentiary, so that she can invite a lot of cattle here to stomp out my carpets, and eat my victuals and smoke my cigars, and make me feel wretched in my own house. But go on—go on—I'm of no account. I can't check you in your headlong career, I know. But you shan't ruin me, if I know it. I'm virtuous, and by George I'll be happy if my own wife does go to the deuce."

"Don't talk about virtue, Mr. Wilkins; where were you last night?"

"What?"

"Where were you last night?"

"What do you want to know for?"

"What was the matter with you that you came to bed with a standing collar on, and a cigar stump in your mouth?"

"I didn't."

"Yes, you did, and your breath smelt of cloves and lemon peel. You talk about decency. But I know all about that club, and it nearly breaks my heart."

"What club?"

"O, you needn't pretend you don't know about it, 'The Sacred Brothers.'"

"Who in the deuce——"

"Now don't get mad, Wilkins. You know you've sworn an awful oath never to go home until you've drank nine drinks. It's disgraceful. Positively disgraceful."

"Who told you about it?"

"O never mind, it was a friend of mine."

"Has that Fitzsmythe been——"

"O, never mind."

"Mrs. Wilkins, if you don't tell me I'll murder you."

"Well, it was—but no I won't tell."

"Tell me, I say, or I'll go to to the window and holler murder. I will, by George."

"Well then it was your friend—I'm afraid you'll be mad."

"Look here, do you want to create trouble in this family? Who was that man, I ask you?"

"Well it was O'Ferguson."

"O Ferg!—what!—you don't mean to say that he!—Did he tell you that. Well, if I don't lather him, the dirty blackguard,"

"What are you doing, Mr. Wilkins?"

"Why, I'm putting on my clothes to go down there now. I'd flog that man in the deadest hour of night."

And Wilkins slammed the door and went out. But I have reason to think that he didn't flog O'Ferguson, for a man with about the configuration of Wilkins was seen next morning, at three o'clock, trying to sing, "I won't go him till morning," and making a wretched failure of it.—*Philiadelphia Sunday Transcript.*

THE MONOTONY OF LIFE.—The general character of life is that of monotony. Whether we regard the life of man, or the life of beasts, we are struck by the same remarkable fact, that life, to all outward appearance, is a monotonous succession of scenes and movements—all but identical. We wonder how the interest is kept up. But we never tire of going to bed at night; and we are very sorry when we tire of getting up in the morning. We never weary, except with regret, of breakfasting, dining, and supping; and yet these actions are repeated incessantly three hundred and sixty-five times in the year, with renewed excitement on every succeeding occasion. We take off our clothes once every day, and we put them on once every day. We do this, at nearly the same hour, in daily succession; and when health is good, the pleasure derived from so doing is not marked by the repetition of the act; for the ebbing and flowing of our bodily sensations prepare us, without any efforts on our part, for all the vicissitudes of our existence. When hungry, food is agreeable: when weary, sleep or rest is a treat; when warm, the cool air is agreeable; when cold, the pleasure derived from a cheerful fireside and a comfortable supper is delicious. The excitement is kept up by contrasts; and we purchase the enjoyment of one feeling by encouraging the reverse. With health, and youth, and prosperity, we should never be weary. It is age, and weakness, and poverty that prepare us for death; and even that comes easy upon most men, at last, like a sleep, and the heaviness of the heart gives even the last sleep a welcome.

BLACK AND GOLDEN HAIR.

The disposition to secure to one's self a head of black hair has often been the fashion, and people have devised all sorts of means to have their hair of the proper shade. It so happens that it is much easier to dye the hair a jet black than any other color, and this circumstance is favorable to the frequent revival of black as the fashionable hue. There is, however, in some cases an apparent difficulty, for nature has almost invariably established a sort of harmony between our proper complexions, our hair, and our eyes. We cannot possibly alter our eyes, but we can change our complexions and our hair; in fact, we do so, for now that belles who take the lead in such matters come out with "coal black hair," like the milkmaid's in the song, a mysterious shade is also imparted to the skin. A gypsy complexion and glorious raven tresses, such as Sir Walter Scott commemorates, cannot fail to be very impressive and effective; but the bronze and the black lose their power if matched with a pair of eyes such as nature gives with Indian locks and complexions. Under these circumstances it is certainly advisable that those who cannot resist the temptations of the color in vogue should approach it with caution, and pause the moment art begins to destroy the charms of nature; for charms are destroyed so long as they are eclipsed. When golden hair was all the rage, we fancied we were making ourselves like the ancients; for they tell us, according to Mr. Truefitt, that the old poets ascribed red hair to warriors, and tresses of gold to syrens—that Apollo had golden locks, Mars had red hair, Venus yellow tresses, and Minerva flaxen braids. The revival of this old style may probably be traced to theological tendencies, for the advocates of pre-Raphaelitism are mostly High Church, and mostly patronize fair hair. I know they say Queen Elizabeth had hair as yellow as a guinea, and this is perhaps why Shakspeare patronized that color, though it hardly accounts for Milton's preference for black. Blacks are of course diversified, and some of them are decidedly dangerous, and may bring years of penalty in return for a fleeting enjoyment like that of being *a la mode.*

THE surgeons' reports show that our armies have suffered greatly from chills and fever which is induced by the miasma and change of climate to which they are exposed. They also find Ayer's Ague Cure is an effectual remedy for this distemper, and are urging the Government to adopt it within the regulations. The Surgeon-General hesitates, because it is put up in a proprietary form. However great that convenience to the public, he prefers the physicians of the army should give their own directions for the doses. Whatever professional pride may dictate, he knows as well as we do, that Dr. Ayer's "Cure" is an almost perfect antidote for the Ague, and that the soldiers should have the benefit of it, as well as the people.—*Washington (D. C.) Correspondent.*

Two Hundred Thousand Dollars worth of new Fall Dry Goods to be sold at great bargains. Meagher, Taaffe & Co., having made immense purchases of new Fall Dry Goods at the recent great auction sales of H. M. Newhall & Co., and Voison, Ris & Co., are now selling them at surprisingly low prices at their retail store, No. 9 Montgomery street. The goods consist of French, English and American dry goods, black and colored silks, wool and silk dress goods, shawls, laces, embroideries, and every style of housekeeping goods. For a more particular specification of these goods, see Meagher, Taaffe & Co's. advertisement elsewhere in this paper.

PREMIUMS FOR HAIR WORK.—Mrs. C. Cook received two premiums at the late Fair held at Sacramento—one for the superior workmanship of hair jewelry, the other for devices and landscapes in hair. This lady received the premiums at the last Fair given in San Francisco, and will probably continue to receive them at every Fair where her beautiful handiwork will be exhibited. Call and examine her display of all kinds of hair work, at No. 519 Montgomery street, between Clay and Commercial, over Barrett & Sherwood's.

THE ITALIAN RESTAURANT.—This favorite restaurant, No. 515 Merchant street, opposite the Washington Market, has for years past sustained an enviable reputation for the good fare it served for the moderate price of fifty cents per meal. "The Italian" has recently been purchased by Mr. Guiseppe Cabenaso and the public may rely that nothing will remain undone by its new proprietor to sustain its good name and popularity.

CALIFORNIA POWDER WORKS.—These works are located at Santa Cruz, and have supplied the whole Pacific Coast with a superior article of blasting, sporting and cannon powder since their erection, and such has been the demand on their resources from time to time, that additional machinery and buildings were found necessary to supply the increasing demand. The California Powder Works were the first to reduce the price for Blasting Powder to $3 per keg. The importation of Eastern manufactured blasting powder has almost entirely fallen off in consequence. We have now not only a superior article of powder, but a cheaper one as the result. Mr. John F. Lohse is the Secretary, office No. 318 California street.

CURING THE SICK WITHOUT MEDICINE is an easy affair to one who knows how. Dr. Bourne knows how, and attends to his professional duties personally. Dr. Bourne is not a horse jocky. He can be found at his office, 10 Masonic Temple, from ten o'clock morning until five evening, Sundays excepted. Guarantees cures for a stipulated fee, and is sure to cure. *

"DR. BOURNE'S BATHS," 10 Masonic Temple, are open until seven o'clock, evening, for the express accommodation of those who quit business at six o'clock; who, however, must take a bath before supper New arrangement—one dollar and upward, for gentlemen only. *

RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, fever and ague, dyspepsia, dropsy, etc., cured for a stipulated fee, in almost all cases, by Dr. Bourne, 10 Masonic Temple, Post street. *

CURES GUARANTEED TO THE SICK in almost all cases—no medicines—quick and pleasant—by Dr. Bourne, 10 Masonic Temple Post reet. *

AMARANTH.

BY H. SAVILE CLARKE.

O LOVE! the dearest theme of all,
The oldest of the world's old stories,
No fairer fate can e'er befall
A poet than to sing thy glories.
And, as Anacreon confest,
In verses full of power and passion,
His lyre would always praise love best,
The world has followed in the fashion.

Old Horace, in the classic days,
Sang sweetest of Love's fatal arrow;
Catullus wrote an ode in praise
Of Lesbia, and her pretty sparrow;
Beranger sang of his Lisette;
And Burns to Mary brimmed the chalice;
There's Beatrice—Dante's pet:
The Laureate's Adeline, and Alice.

And still to love the lyre is strung,
Still Eros rules our modern measures;
There's not a maiden's name unsung,
No phase of Love's eternal pleasures.
Love beckons in the painter's dream,
Makes music in the poet's metre,
O'er youth and age he rules supreme:
Can any other sway be sweeter?

And still the songs of all the world
Shall celebrate Love's endless blisses
While on a neck a tress is curled,
And while a red lip pouts for kisses.
In verse, by any poet planned,
The praise of Love the sweetest line is,
Until Fate takes the pen in hand,
And on the page of life writes "Finis."

MEMOIRS OF THE STAGE.

REMOVING stage and theatres, and the actors and actresses, and the talk about the stage, and the readble books of memoirs, what a blank would be left!

Inseusibly the theatre influences us more than we imagine. Our novelists and romancists have a hankering to write their chapters in dramatic form, and your true forcible writer, when he comes to an exciting piece of business, will, if he have any skill, conjure up a stage before him, light up scenery and footlights, and see the whole in busy action. Our women dress themselves as for the stage, and for stage effect. Stage talk and stage gossip, proposals for new plays, green-room rumors, critiques, who does not love these things? They have a dim and indescribable charm. Above all stage memoirs, the anything but brief chronicles of the time, making almost fascinating reading. For her garrulity, a vulgar vanity and candor, blend with a dramatic abundance of detail, that give a unique value. Some are good, some bad, some utterly worthless, because written with a genteel affectation and unfaithfulness. But they are curious nevertheless.

Old Cibber's Apology has been put at the head of the list. It is in truth a book apart from the rest, and of almost a philosophical quality. But, to get well behind the scenes and see all the littleness of that day, we should take up Mrs. or Miss George Anne Bellamy. A more curious, rambling book: purposeless, dateless, yet full of color and detail. Execrable English, the language of a housemaid turned into a fine lady by fine clothes and plenty of money.

The works of actor writers would fill many a shelf. We have Chetwoode, perhaps the oldest Victor, Hitchcock, Edwin, Reynolds, Michael Kelly, Lee Lewes, and many more; but from them stand out two of remarkable merit, admirable, graphic, honest, accurate, and most entertaining—Tate Wilkinson and O'Keefe.

Tate is really a remarkable book, and for perfect *genuineness*, and for power of expressing the turns and workings of the human mind, may be set beside Boswell. Even his unconscious perversons of the truth are transparent, and make the book more honest. It is a series of pictures, and we see Foote and Garrick, lords and ladies, London and Dublin. That this unique book should not have been better known is surprising; but it has grown very scarce.

This was the day of strolling companies. England was divided into theatrical circuits, which the country managers "went" regularly, like the gentlemen of the law. Engaged by one of these, Wilkinson, freed from Mr. Garrick's tyranny, found his way to Portsmouth. His picture of the place is full of drumming and drilling, with the fleet lying out in the roads, and "the gallant Rodney" on shore. It was all drawbridges and lines, and military gates and posts; where the visitor was stopped and questioned. Officers of the navy and army filled the streets. The little theatre of the place was sure to have support from such a constituency.

But the company was a strange and motley one. A Mr. White was jeune premier, who lisped and pronounced Garrick "Gaa-ick;" Moody, newly come from Jamaica; a stout Mrs. Osborne; a Miss Kitty White, whose mamma was the amusement of the profession for her rambling talk and strange blunders. There were crowded houses. The officers were glad to know the droll Wilkinson, and even "the gallant Rodney" was specially courteous to him. One night, when he was playing "Hamlet," and Moody as "Gravedigger," was shoveling away, up to his middle, the manager plucked him by the sleeve, and whispered, hurriedly, "Take care; for Mr. Garrick is in the pit!" We may conceive the sensation behind the scenes; every one thinking that the eye of "the London manager" was on him or her. It was near the end of the play; so Wilkinson could not well make out the great actor in the pit, and went home to supper and bed, thinking the whole was a mistake. But next morning came a message from the Fountain Tavern with Mr. Garrick's compliments to Mr. Wilkinson; would he come and breakfast with him? Surprised and overjoyed, the actor hurried away, and was greeted heartily at the Fountain Tavern by his old manager. Nothing could have been more charming or even engaging than Garrick's behavior. He was out, he told the other, on a little holiday, staying with Dr. Garney, at Wickham, some eight miles off—an old friend to whom this visit had been promised for years. Dr. Garney was a retired physician, who had made his fortune, and was greatly respected in that part of the country.

Mrs. Garrick was there also; and Mr. Garrick said he had been charged by her and the Doctor to make Mr. Wilkinson fix his own day, and come out to them. "A visit," added Mr. Garrick, kindly, "which we shall all return." After breakfast, they went out to walk and see the town, the great Mr. Garrick leaning on Mr. Wilkinson's arm—"an honor I dreamed not of." They went on to the ramparts, saw the dock-yards, and all the time Mr. Garrick was asking about his young friend's prospects, and how he was doing, and congratulated him on being such a favorite. Indeed, it needs not Mr. Wilkinson to tell us that, "whenever Mr. Garrick chose to throw off dignity and acting, and was not surrounded by business to perplex him, he had it in his power to render himself a most pleasing, improving, and delightful companion." He was in such good spirits that he had a bottle of hock made into a cool tankard for luck.

On the appointed day, Wilkinson drove out in a post-chaise to Dr. Garney, dressed in gold lace, like a gentleman. He was received by Garrick, as he says, "like his son." The Doctor and his wife were "good" people, and made him welcome. So did Mrs. Garrick. "She was, in truth, a most elegant woman; grace was in her step." Garrick showed him the place, which was charming, "a little paradise," with exquisite views, gardens, conservatories, and a lofty observatory built by the Doctor himself. He "ran and skipped like a lad of twenty." He delighted Wilkinson by complimenting him on his dress, merely objecting to the buckles, which were too large for the *mode*, and rather like a sailor's. The actor's heart was rejoiced at being treated "like a man of fashion" at dinner. Garrick spoke of the benefit night, and said to the Doctor and his lady that he would take it as an obligation to himself if they would give their patronage to his friend, Mr. Wilkinson. At ten o'clock, after a pleasant game on the bowling-green, Mr. Garrick saw him out to his chaise, gave him some parts to study, and said he hoped there would be no impropriety in bespeaking a play for Friday, July 27; "and we desire, Wilkinson, you will fix on a favorite character, and do your best for the credit of both; and damn it, Tate, Mrs. Garrick expects you will have a dish of tea ready after her jaunt, by way of relaxation," (this was an allusion to his Monologue:) "and if you disappoint us, Dr. and Mrs. Garney and all the party will be very angry. So take care!" And thus ended a very happy day for the young actor.

We may conceive the sensation Wilkinson's news produced in the company. But Wilkinson was not to have the lion's share, as he had hoped. There was a sort of emeute, each actor being eager to play his favorite and most conspicuous part, so as to catch the eye of the London manager.

Mr. White, the jeune premier, very dirty and unshaven about his face, and fond of morning gin, asked, with bitter contempt, "Who is Mr. Gaa-ick? Mr. Gaa-ick has no command over the Portsmouth company. I think Mr. Gaa-ick cannot be displeased with my 'Macbeath,' though I want no favor from Mr. Gaa-ick."

All combined against Wilkinson's monopoly, and the *Beggar's Opera* was fixed on as giving a fair chance to all. But Mr. Wilkinson was to have his Monologue and the Author, as his share.

All the genteel people of the neighborhood hearing of the "bespeak," and that Mr. and Mrs. Garrick were coming in, crowded to the little box-office; and when Friday night came round, there was really a full house. The *Beggar's Opera* began, but the great party had not come. The first act went by, the second began, and the actors and audience began to grow dissatisfied, thinking they had been led there under false pretence. In particular Mr. White was scornful and angry, some of his best bits of his Macbeath having been played. But towards the end of the act, the party from Wickham entered, and took their places with the eyes of the whole house on them. It was noticed that Mr. and Mrs. Garrick paid the closest attention, and applauded heartily. We may be sure that night was long remembered at the Portsmouth little theatre, and it seems a fresh picture, and its primitiveness and rustic character, coming after the London worldliness, must have been enjoyed by Garrick himself.

After the play, there was supper at the Rainbow Tavern at which various local persons of distinction came in and paid their compliments to Mr. and Mrs. Garrick. Before them all, Mrs. Garrick very delicately and kindly thanked Wilkinson for his performance. At some time past midnight she retired, having to sleep at the house of one of Dr. Garney's friends, these good people "not hearing" of her staying at a tavern. Mr. Garrick, who, says Wilkinson "never failed in his attention to his lady," would not suffer her to go with the servant, and wrapping himself in a handsome sea-captain's cloak which belonged to Mr. Wilkinson, attended her up the street. When he returned, he said he was quite pleased with his walk, as it had made him acquainted with Mr. Wilkinson's snug roquelaire, which he thought would be exactly the sort of thing for him during the winter months between Southamptou street and the theatre, and save him many a sedan-chair journey. He therefore commissioned Tate to get him one in Portsmouth, and bring it up to London.

It was a very pleasant night. They sat till past three. Great consideration and homage was paid to the illustrious guest, who never showed to such advantage. The whole of this scene does, indeed, exhibit the guest of the good honest Garneys unrestrained, not "stuck up."

Later the actor wishing to pay a complimentary visit to Dr. Garney, determined to ride out. His description of his adventure is delightfully naive and graphic:

"I had seldom," he says, "used myself to that mode of traveling; for *though* I had frequently gone from London to Hampton Court and Richmond, yet it was generally in a post-chaise." The ostler of the Fountain brought to the door a very fine-looking horse and asked him if he rode much. The other "assured him the contrary." "Because I beg then sir, as you are not a jockey, that I may take those spurs off." He then set off, and for the first mile or so, which was through streets and over drawbridges, "I found it a very delicate matter, either by giving the horse his own way or checking him, to keep him within the power of my art of horsemanship. By degrees, the horse seemed wisely to comprehend that his own self-will and sagacity were superior to his rider's. My ignorance was manifest to the animal, and he was fully convinced I assumed a government to which I was not by any means competent, he was determined on rebellion, and to himself usurped the reins of power." Having achieved two miles with safety, the horse suddenly set off with fury, throwing his rider into an abject state of alarm, which was increased by finding it a narrow road, and the London wagon lumbering on leisurely in front, "at which," says Mr. Wilkinson, "this dreadful beast rushed so that the wheel stopped and checked my right leg, and brought me to the ground, and on my fall the horse's hind hoof struck my jaw, and made it bleed most plentifully. Providentially the men stopped the wagon, but almost against their will; for they could not conceive, from the fury of the beast and the supposed misguided rage of the rider, but I was some foolish mad fellow eager to show my horsemanship, neck or nothing." The wagoners were half angry, half amused. "They only damned for *a feul;* for they were right *zure I mun be mad to ride dumb beast to fright the wagon, like.*" But when Tate explained it *was* an accident, they laughed heartily, and said "I should never win the King's Plate at Newmarket." Wilkinson was helped on the horse's back, who had been grazing all this time, and resumed the reins. "I determined to be very steady, and not venture on the perilous canter any more: a gentle trot at the most was to suffice, and that with all precaution. We were joggiug on as if by mutual agreement, when an officer, going on to Hilsea Barracks, came flying by, calling out, 'Your friend Scott dines at Hilsea; do come to dinner, Wilkinson,' and went galloping on. My fiery-footed steed, scorning to be outdone in courtesy, obeyed the summons with the utmost swiftness, while, Gilpin-like, I held by the pommel of the saddle, expecting every instant my neck would be broke. I was at the last gasp with this devil of a horse; for the officer had no thought but I was determined to outride him, and be at Hilsea the first; but on seeing the turnpike, I cried aloud, 'Shut the gate! Murder! murder! For God's sake, shut the gate!' At first they did not comprehend me, but on observing my awkward manner of riding on this my flying horse, and my continued cry of 'Shut the gate,' they did so before I got to it; and then another fear arose, which was, that of the horse's despising the barred gate, and leaping over it. Fortunately the creature, either in pity to my fears or regard for his own limbs, or from the custom of stopping at the gate (which I cannot pronounce,) halted there, and that suddenly, on a supposition, maybe, that the king's duty was necessary to be loyally paid, to which he was possibly daily accustomed, and to my astonishment in the midst of horrors he pleasingly surprised me by so doing, for he seemed equal to any mad exploit whatever."

From the turnpike-man he got a glass of water, and set off again "on the irregular paths of Portstown;" and he naturally reckoned the animal had "settled to reason," but on the up hill, down dale, once more he began more swift than ever.

"For one to expatiate on the wonders I this day performed in the noble art of vaulting horsemanship might make Astley fearful of a rival, and dare me to a trial of skill." It ended by horse and rider tumbling down an uneven hill, and rolling over to the bottom, A more humorous description, in which there is quaintness, and naivetee, and perfect candor, cannot be conceived. It makes a very fair specimen of this curious actor's memoir.

O'Keefe's recollections appeared in the year 1826, yet they struck back a marvelous distance. He, too, only cares to tell what he saw, and writes without that pomp of words anda ffectation which is the blemish of the modern personal memoir. He gives a series of little glimpses of life a hundred years ago, which shows us the colors and dresses, as if painted pictures. He saw the days of the old Dublin Theatre, when old Lord Trimleston was driving about in a superb chariot painted over with "boys in the Flamingo style," the gift of Marshal Saxe. "Drapier's heads" were still the popular sign, swinging over his head as he walked, and an old Captain Debusay walked about the street "unremarked" in the dress of Charles the Second's day. In London he saw the mob attack the Moorish ambassador's house on suspicion of his having put to death one of his slaves, and beat him and his people all down the Haymarket. He saw Churchill walking about, "a large man of athletic make, dressed in black, with a large black scratch-wig." He was in a coffee-house in St. Martin's-lane one morning when the newsman came in and laid No. 45 of Wilke's North Briton on the table. Later standing at Charing-cross, he noted a tall slender figure in a scarlet coat, large bag, and fieree three cornered hat, carefully picking his way across the street through the mud. That was "Jack Wilkes." But his picture of Ireland in those days makes us sigh and look back wistfully. There were no gipsies, no poor-rates, and no pawnbrokers. The great pride of a countryman on a Sunday was to have three or four waistcoats. The milkmaid sang as she milked; and if the song stopped, the cow began to kick the pail. They all cut each other's turf, and dug each other's potatoes, lending the car or horse. The grand object was to have the halfpenny of a Saturday night, the piper's fee, who played for the jig. In Dublin, so eager were the authorities to encourage the linen manufacture, that the yearly carriage licenses were set apart to buy spinning-wheels; and once a year there were set out at the top of St. James street, and distributed gratis to every one who came. These were charming times, when "my lord's" or "the squire's" was known as the "big house" and had its fool and running footman; and O'Keefe often saw these latter skimming along the road in a white jacket, blue silk sash round the waist, black velvet cap and silver tassel, a frill round the neck, and a seven-foot staff, tipped with silver, through whose aid they leaped the diches. Will those days ever come again for ould Ireland?

Curious in their own way are the strange, rambling, vain and vulgar recollections of Miss George Anne Bellamy, daughter of Lord Tyrawly. The center of all is of course, the writer; but this becomes an end and aim to which everything is distorted. Histrionic vanity is a special department in the collection of human weeknesses; yet, with this disadvantage, her story is valuable and characteristic from its sheer outspoken vanity, which overcomes every inducement to affectation. We see Garrick in his Dublin town playing at Smock Alley Theater, and the *recherché* of all *recherchés;* we see "Peg" Woffington in the green-room, and Miss Ballamy and that famous actress "having it out" a battle royal behind the scenes about their dresses as the Rival Queens. We see how, on benefit nights, the stage was "built up" with an amphitheatre that reached to the flies, so that when the curtain rose there were nearly as many before the foot-lights as behind. Thus the actor, to "come on," had to force his way through a crowd at the wings; and the charming Cibber, dying as "Juliet," had a whole crowd of admirers seated on chairs quite close round the tomb. Did an actor drop his hat or glove, a friendly spectator was seen to go forward gravely and hand it to him. There was no end to the conventional absurdities of the stage in the last century. When the hero was near his end, two of the stage servants appeared with a small strip of carpet, which they solemnly laid in the center so that he might die in comfort. But in the case of an inferior actor, writhing and working in agonies, clawing and tearing at the grand, as was then fashionable, it was found that he had quite wrapped himself up in his strip of carpet. "Gold tickets"—happy days for actors!—were then in vogue, every man of fashion who patronized the stage sending his ten and twenty guineas on benefit night. We see Dr. Young, Mr. Foote (whom we see best of all in Mr. Forster's essay,) Sheridan the actor, Quin, "Counsellor Murphy," Doctor Johnson, and a host more. The King of Denmark came to see Jane Shore, and—not so very unnaturally—fell fast asleep. Then the lively Miss Bellamy, putting extry energy into her part, drew up close to his box, and called out, "O thou false lord!" which roused him, and amused the house. She passed through the strangest vicissitudes; now, being "abducted" at the stage door; now, going to Paris and living sumptuously; now, ending miserably in a debtors' prison.

HISTORIC DOUBT.

WE all have a lively knowledge of the accepted story of the Maid of Arc. We know how the lonely girl of thirteen followed her father's flocks, or sat beneath the venerable oak-tree, shunning the companionship of her schoolmates. Righteous indignation flashed from her eye as she walked over the ashes of the once lovely church of Domremy her happy village home, despoiled by the Burgundian marauders. We can follow her to Vouceouleurs, and thence to Chinon, where she at once selected the disguised Charles from the crowd of courtiers, and confidently announced her high mission. We can trace her to Orleans, where she led the van, and sent haughty summonses to the English with the signature, "Jhesus Maria et Jehanne la Pucelle;" at length driving back the enemy from the beleagured city, and thus kindling anew in her countrymen the light of patriotism, and beginning a new era in French history. Then we remember her reverses: how she was captured during the siege of Compiégne, and handed over by her captors to the English, who datained her at Rouen; how the zeal of the Bishop of Beauvais and the University of Paris procured her trial on the charge of being a "disciple and lymb of the fiend, that used false enchantments and sorcerie;" how her accusers allowed her neither counsel nor adviser of any kind; and, during a trial of fifteen days duration, examined her with great virulence; how they extorted her opinion of the revelations made to her by certain heavenly voices, and of the visions which she was permitted to behold, and her declaration that she would choose to obey those voices rather than the ordinances of the Church.

For this reason she was condemned by the University to be burnt at the stake. But her courage failed her, more perhaps at the thought that she was fighting single-handed against the venerable wisdom of the Church than at the peril of life which she had braved so lightly on the battle-field. She signed a recantation and her sentence was commuted to perpetual imprisonment.

Two days and nights of solitude brought back her old convictions, and dispersed her new doubts. Her only feeling was one of shame at having turned aside for a moment.

"What I resolved," she declared, "I resolved against truth. Let me suffer my sentence at once, rather than endure what I endure in prison." She was taken at her word.

On the thirtieth of May, fourteen hundred and thirty-one—exactly a year and a week after her capture, when she was not more than twenty-one years old, if as much—she was informed of her doom: To be burnt alive, that very day, in the market place of Rouen. For a few moments the awful shadow of death, so sudden and terrible, was too chill and black for her to bear. She wept bitterly and called aloud on the great Judge of Heaven to wreak instant vengeance on her enemies and to save her from their cruelty. But her courage soon returned. At nine in the morning she was placed in the hangman's car and escorted to the market-place by a party of English soldiers. A lying sermon was preached. She was bound to the pile; a mock mitre was placed upon her brow, inscribed with the words, "Héretique Relapse, Apostate, Idolátré," and the wood was lighted. Her ashes were thrown into the Seine. Meanwhile, the Charles whom she had crowned was forgetting all but himself in his regal revels, and stifling conscience for his desertion of the high-minded maid in the company of dames and light maidens with whom he was in stronger sympathy.

This is the account which the ordinary historical authorities give of the end of Joan of Arc; but a few old records exist at Metz and Orleans, which tend to prove that she was alive long after the period of her reported martyrdom; and, a short time ago, these were collected and made the most of by Monsieur Delepierre, in an interesting tract entitled *Doute Historique* (Historic Doubt.) When are we to take up again a fact in history, and say to ourselves, This is settled beyond all dispute?

He begins by quoting the authority of the Pere Vignier, an eminent antiquarian of the seventeenth century. This investigator, while examining the archives at Metz, in the year sixteen hundred and eighty-seven, found an entry to the effect that, on on the twentieth of May, fourteen hundred and thirty six, "La Pucelle Jehanne, who had been in France," came to that town; and, "on the same day came her two brothers, one of whom was a knight, and called himself Messire Pierre, and the other, Petit Jehan, an esquire," who thought that she had been dead; but, "as soon as they saw her they recognized her, as she did them." The document goes on to state that on the next day they took her to Boquelon, and procured for her a horse, a pair of leggins, a cap and a sword; and "the said Pucelle managed the horse very well, and said many things to Sieur Nicole, so that he felt sure that this was she who had been in France; and she was identified by many signs as La Pucelle Jehanne de France, who had consecrated Charles at Rheims." After going to Cologne and many other places, where she was looked upon as the genuine Maid, she reached Erlon, where "she was married to Monsieur de Hermoise, a knight;" and soon after this "the said Sieur de Hermoise and his wife La Pucelle came and lived in Metz, in the house which belonged to said Sieur."

The Pere Vignier did not set much value on this record (and we cannot blame his skepticism) until the next year, sixteen hundred and eighty-eight, when he happened to dine with a Monsieur des Armoises, who after the entertainment, gave him the keys of the family library, where to his surprise and delight, he stumbled on a marriage contract between "Robert des Armoises, knight, and Jeanne d'Arcy, called Maid of Orleans." This confirmation of the Metz record satisfied him.

Monsieur Delepierre then refers to some documents found at Orleans in seventeen hundred and forty, which contain charges under the years fourteen hundred and thirty-five and fourteen hundred and thirty-six, for money given to a messenger, who "brought letters from Jehanne La Pucelle," and to Jehan de Lils, (that being the title by which her brothers had been ennobled,) "to help him in returning to his sister." There is a third entry; "To Jehanne Darmoises, as a present, made to her on the first of August, fourteen hundred and thirty-nine, after the deliberation of the council of this city, for the services rendered by her at its siege: two hundred and ten livres."

As a last documentary evidence, there is a petition from her brother, previous to his being ennobled in fourteen hundred and forty-four—a date contradicicted by the Orleans charge, which was made in fourteen hundred and thirty-six. This petition represents that "he had left his native place to join the king's service in company with his sister, Jehanne La Pucelle, with whom, up to the time of her absence, and since then till the present he had risked his life."

Monsieur Delepierre also urges, that at the time of Joan's reputed execution, in the year fourteen hundred and thirty-one, there was a common talk that she was not dead, but that the English had put another victim in her place. Thus the *Chronicle* of Metz, after relating the story of her imprisonment, trial, and burning, concludes, "*ainsi qu'on le raconte, car depuis le contraire a été prouvé.*" (As they relate, for the contrary has since been proved.)

He regards the period which elapsed between her condemnation and execution, and the extraordinary precautions which were taken to conceal her, as calling for some explanation. He notices that several women who assumed the name of the Maid of Orleans were tried and punished as imposters, while no proceedings were taken against this Jehanne des Armoises, or de Hermoise, or Darmoises. In conclusion, he considers that these various facts are only explicable on the supposition that some young woman was substituted for her at the burning pyre of Rouen and that she continued a captive until the death of the Duke of Bedford in fourteen hundred and thirty-five, when she was released from prison, and returned to pass many more years in the world.

Assuming the genuineness of the evidence thus adduced (but trustworthy critics have rejected it,) there is little to prove that this Jehanne was not one of the many impostors whom the circumstances of the time produced; but one more successful than the rest. The personations by Lambert Simnel, Perkin Warbeck, and others in our time, are instances of credulity and deceit working together successfully. The state of France was so unsettled, and the circumstances of this case were so peculiar, that this fraud was easy. Many would be ready to receive a clever impostor, without instituting any very curious investigation; and the brothers of Joan, if they were not themselves deceived, might be disposed to countenance a fraud which would increase their influence. Then the cowardly sacrifice of the Maid would be a sufficiently delicate subject with the king and courtiers for them to wish to hush it up. Besides the Amazonian Joan was as much needed at the time of her death as she was during her life. The enemy had been but feebly, incoherently repulsed. The forces she had set in motion were at work; but they needed her strong will to urge them on. Do we believe that having nearly burnt more than her fingers over State affairs, she gave them up, and ended her days as a comfortable housekeeper?

NEW VOLCANIC ISLANDS.—The *Perseverancia*, a Portuguese journal, announces that two islands near Lisbon have been subjected to continued volcanic eruptions. Strong shocks of earthquake have been felt, and many islets analogous to Santorini have been elevated. Early in June, a submarine volcano cast up igneous matter, so that a tongue of land conecting the continent and islands were formed.

WHAT madness it is for a man to starve himself to enrich his heir, and so turn a friend into an enemy; for his joy at your death will be in proportion to what you leave him.

A HEAD properly constituted can accommodate itself to whatever pillows the vicissitudes of fortune may place under it.

MANY dread being ill who are very willing their lives should be so.

NONE talk so loudly of benevolence as those who subsist on it.

THE grave of a freeman is far grander than the throne of a slave.

NOTICE.

The publication of "The Californian" takes place on Saturday mornings, and copies may be obtained in the City at all News stands, and of our News-agents through the country. It will also be served by carriers on the morning of publication.

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J. P. BOGARDUS, J. F. BOWMAN. } *Editors and Proprietors.*

THE CALIFORNIAN.

SAN FRANCISCO,.....SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 28, 1867.

HOMES IN CALIFORNIA.

MR. BOWLES, Mr. Greeley, and most of the other intelligent and observing gentlemen who have from time to time visited this coast, and have afterwards published their impressions concerning California and her people, generally agree in speaking indulgently, rather than admiringly of our present social condition. Few of them have failed, in one way or another, to note among its existing characteractics, the comparitive feebleness of that "home-feeling" and of those family ties which acquire depth and strength in older communities. An absence of sentiment among our women and young people, and a disposition among all classes to decide every question of worth, value, and desirableness by reference to a pecuniary, or a bold utilitarian standard, are also prominent topics of remark with these observers from abroad. As to the alleged comparative weakness of home feeling, and of the ties of kindred among us, we suspect that men who have passed the middle age of life are liable to see indications of this kind through the illusory page of their own feelings and experiences. Elderly persons are apt to think the world has changed, when the change is really in themselves. Instances are by no means infrequent of the same species of complaint in regard to society at the East, on the part of Californians returning after a long absence to their early homes. Hawthorne predicted the decadence of "homes" as a consequence of the general substitution of air-tight stoves for the old-fashioned fire-place, arguing that "homes" without "hearths" were an impossibillity. It seems at any rate to be quite certain that the family sentiment, and the feeling of kindred, are generally stronger in cold countries than in those of a milder temperature. A comparison of the poetry and fictitious literature of Germany and the north of Europe with that of southern nations, will illustrate this in the most striking manner. Family ties constitute a very large element in the legends and tales of the Germanic and Scandinavian races, while in those of the South, passion and gallantry predominate, almost to the exclusion of other elements. Most assuredly a rigorous climate that during a considerable portion of the year keeps the household together, and brings it in a family group around the fireside in the long nights of Winter, would seem *a priori* more favorable to the strengthening of domestic ties and the development of the sentiments of home, than one so mild and genial as to make it not only practicable but pleasant to pass the greater part of the time not devoted to sleep, in the open air. As to the alleged materialistic tendancy in Californian society, the disposition to refer the decision of questions of relative value to a pecuniary standard, to base social distinction upon wealth or occupation; these things undoubtedly exist; but are they confined to California? Are they not rather marked features of the society of nearly all great American cities? Most assurredly if the delineations of fashionable life at the East, which we find in the current literature of the day, are to be accepted as at all reliable, Shoddy aristocracy and Bummagem gentility are quite as predominant and influential in New York and the other principal Atlantic cities, as in San Francisco. So far as there is any foundation for the complaints in regard to the absence in California, of "homes" and of the associations that hallow the word, such complaints have equal force as applied to American homes generally. The change has come with our departure from simple and primitive modes of life, the introduction of more artificia habits, an increased taste for luxury, and a consequent relaxation in the fashionable code of social morality. It is a most significant and deplorable fact, that there are entire circles of our existing society in which children in the family are regarded as an incumbrance and an annoyance, rather than as a comfort and a delight. And this can only be explained by the fact that in such circles the majority of children are undisciplined and spoiled. Upon the whole, we are inclined to the opinion that, notwithstanding the supercedure of broad-mouthed fire-places and back logs, by grates and fenders there may still be homes no less happy than in the days of our grandfathers; that they are as horrible in California as in New York; and that the most formidable obstacle to their realization is the neglect of firm and wise family discipline on the part of parents, so that children become plagues and annoyances, instead of being the light and joy of the house.

The French papers report the death of Madame Victorien Sardou, wife of the celebrated dramatic author.

The August number of *Blackwood* contains an able article on "Intemperance and Intolerance." The opening paragraph furnishes the key-note of the article: "For thousands of years it has been the general belief of the most civilized nations of the world, that wine was one of the noblest gifts of Heaven to the human race—a gift like all others, to be temporarily enjoyed and gratefully acknowledged. * * * Of late years, and especially in Great Britain and America—wine being too expensive for the bulk of the people, and good beer being non-existent in America, and heavily taxed and greatly adulterated in Great Britain—a taste for alcobolic drinks has unfortunately arisen, and produced an excessive indulgence. * * * To remedy this evil a sect of fanatics has sprung up on both sides of the Atlantic, whose principle is, that because some men drank too much whisky, no man, if they can prevent it, shall be allowed to drink any whisky—and most tyrannical and unreasonable prohibition of all any wine or beer." It is calculated to startle our somewhat large lager-drinking population, to learn upon such high authority that "good beer is non-existent in America;" and we should imagine that it be no less startling to the English lover.

Gen. Henry A. Wise, in the course of an oration recently delivered by him on the occasion of a Church Festival in Virginia, said that the South must bring in all the white foreigners who can be persuaded to immigrate and make common cause against the freedmen. Poor freedmen! exclaimed Mr. Wise; I really have a great pity for them. They are most cruelly separated from the best of the white men—the true gentlemen who were always their real friends. They are at liberty now to side with bad counselors if they want to. They are exposed to demagogues; they are tempted by whisky; they need not work unless they choose; they may vote. Of course they won't vote for us, and we can't allow them to vote for anybody else. A war of races is inevitable.

The speaker further expressed his anxiety to be acquitted of any impious purpose of "upholding the designs of Diety;" whereupon the New York *Tribune* remarks: "He need be under no uneasiness on that score. Gen. Wise has always been understood to belong to the opposite side."

The *Rocky Mountain Herald*, is the title of a new journal to be published at Denver, Colorado, by O. J. Goldrick & Co., as editors and proprietors. We have received a printed circular stating that the *Herald* will start with a large circulation obtained in every city and settlement between Cheyenne and Santa Fe, thus making the paper a most advantageous medium for Plains and Mountain advertising. On the margin of the circular are penned half a dozen lines not designed for the public eye, asking an exchange with the Californian, in terms more complimentary than classical, and concluding with the assurance that the *Herald* will abound in "screeds of interesting news from the 'Eastern Slope' of the Sierra Madre—as sure as scalping!" Those who know anything of Mr. Goldrick's fresh talent as a journalist, will not doubt that the *Herald* will be a readable paper.

The July number of the *London Quarterly* contains a very interesting article entitled "New Paris," in which the salient features of *La Nouvelle Babylone*, as Eugène Pellehan has been pleased to call it, are presented in a vivid and striking manner. The titles of nine books of which Paris is the theme, eight of which have been published during the present year, are prefixed to the article and constitute its text. One of the books mentioned is Louis Verrittol's *Les Odeurs de Paris*, which has gone through five editions. The title reminds one of Coleridge's "Expectoration" against Cologne, in which city he declares

> "I counted two-and-seventy stenches,
> All well defined, and several stinks."

Concluding with the classic apostrophe:

> "Ye nymphs that reign o'er sewers and sinks,
> The river Rhine it is well known
> Doth wash your city of Cologne;
> But tell me nymphs! what power divine
> Shall henceforth wash the river Rhine?"

A number of partizan journals are using it as an argument against Mr. Swett, candidate for Superintendent of Public Instruction, that he has compiled a "school reader" which contains selections from patriotic speeches by such men as Gen. Baker, and by other "abolitionists." Anything more paltry and ignoble than the spirit that inspired an objection like this, it would be difficult to conceive. The spectacle of Californian journals objecting to specimens of E. D. Baker's splendid eloquence in a school reader, because the old hero was a Republican, furnishes a sad illustration of the meanness, and pettiness of soul that are sometimes engendered by bitter partizanship.

From the general tone of the Republican papers at the East, it would seem that they are learning to regard the impeachment of the President as a direct necessity. Quite a number of leading journals that have heretofore treated the proposition with marked coldness, and several that have directly opposed it, now speak of it favorably. The New York *Tribune* is one of the latter class.

A UNIQUE VALEDICTORY.

Mr. Prentice Mulford, in entering upon his new duties as editor of the Stockton *Gazette*, bids adieu to San Francisco and to old associates and associations in the following quaint and characteristic strain:

"Before welcoming a new set of rounds on the treadmill of life, it is decent and appropriate to bid farewell to those we leave. We leave thee, San Francisco, in time, perhaps, to escape being swallowed up by an earthquake. (We now advocate the interests of Stockton, and shall unintermittingly continue to pull earthquakes on the Bay city.)

"Farewell, then, Montgomery street, with your hurrying, rushing, pushing crowd, your street corner idlers, your gay, gorgeous and, for the most part, badly dressed women, your pig and dwarf shows, with their concomitant din of drum, fife and hurdy-gurdy.

"Farewell, Kearny street, with your broad and narrrow side, walks, reminding us of the two roads taken, respectively, by saints and sinners. Farewell you street cars of capacity unmeasurable and Chesterfieldian conductors. Farewell to Telegraph Hill, with its goats, its shanties and its children, who never tumble off those precipices and make an item for the local man. Farewell to Long Bridge, its moonlight promenades, its whispering lovers, embowered in the shade of lofty lumber piles and its rowdy boys.

"Farewell to the Opera House and the Metropolitan, with its enevitable array of heartless critics—emaciated Williams, of the *Bulletin;* massive and gloomy Kendall, of the *Call;* quiet and stealthy Densmore, of the *Era;* profound Parsons, of the *Times;* God knows whom of the *Alta;* carping Johns, of the *Californian;* lymphatic Ford, no more, of the *Mercury*, and all the rest not to the above mentioned belonging, who gain their *entre* on the strength of unadulterated brass or a few wildly written paragraphs, produced spasmodically at intervals.

"Farewell to the immodest San Francisco wind, which such unwarrantable liberties takes with the attire of our wives and daughters. Farewell to the dust, eye-searching and crevice penetrating. Farewell to the suburban sands and sand-hills disappearing so fast before the strong arm of the steam or Corkonian paddy.

"Farewell to Meigg's wharf with its collection of sagacious, philosophical and entertaining monkeys, its boorish bears, its chattering parrots and macaws, its whistling jays.

"Farewell to his omnipresent majesty, Emperor Norton, with his new hussar cap presented by Louis Napoleon, his knobby stick and knobby and hirsute proboscis.

"Farewell to Bowman of the *Chronicle*, ever bound up Montgomery street at six A. M. bending under the weight of new books, pamphlets, magazines and exchanges. He is taking them to his den there to devour them. 'Tis there he skins the *Banner of Progress* and chops from the Monterey *Gazette*. A lion to roar, a wasp to sting. N. B. He has recently moulted, shed his coat, laid aside his old chyrysalis, and is now a big bug of great promise and more performance among the butterflies of fashion. Farewell to the *Examiner* sanctum, graced (if you say disgraced we'll metaphorically and metaphysically knock you down) by the namesakes of the first and last Presidents, Washington with a B. Johnson (not Thompson) with a P——and a G. Farewell——there are some to whom we will not say farewell. 'Tis a gloomy world and there are thoughts, memories and recollections which know no such word. Behind us are left a few great souls to whom remembrances are realities. There is no adieu, we trust to the place we have held in their hearts, though temporarily we are bereft of their tangible presence."

Mr. Harte's poem on the laying of the foundation stone of the Asylum of the deaf mutes and the blind, is very much above the average of productions of the kind, written for "occasions." The first three stanzas, in particular, could scarcely be better. The last, we suspect, was composed in haste, and at the latest moment. Otherwise, we doubt much whether the allusion, "Unto old Demosthenes," with his mouth full of pebbles, in connection with the stones of the asylum, through which we "are eloquent," would have passed the ordeal of Mr. Harte's critical judgment.

The New York *Tribune* gives currency to a statement that the President has a regular corps of private detectives, paid out of the secret service fund, who are employed to watch all persons who favor his impeachment. It adds: "If he keeps on in his present course, his spies will have to watch more than two millions of voters."

Matthew Arnold's new volume of poems receives great praise from leading London journals. The London Review says that "Mr. Arnold's New Poems," are marked by such beauties of description and thought, and such power of art, as we can find in no other living poet but Tennyson."

Key, who is always getting himself into trouble, says Byron plagiarized from Shakspeare, whom he pretended not to like, and proves it in this wise:

"Not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more.
—*Shakspeare.*

"I love not the man less but nature more."—*Byron.*

Charles Henry Webb, the author of "Liffith Lank," has been writing a series of pleasant gossippy letters from Saratoga and Niagara, which have been lately appearing in the New York *Tribune.*

Speaking of the Grant correspondence, the Boston *Advertiser* says:

"Careful inquiry concerning the same, leaves scarcely any doubt but that the President furnished it for publication, while in a condition similar to that in which he was when he took the oath office."

[For the Californian.]

A VALEDICTORY.

A COOL, delicious valley, a gently sloping mountain, whose distant summit my straining eyes can scarcely reach. A petulant child clinging close upon the skirts of its wearied mother; bright eyes, laughing through tears; ponting lips and dimpled shoulders—tenderly the care-worn woman loosens the dimpled hands—gathers closer her dusky drapery and floats away. A sweet odor of clover blossoms steals up the valley—swollen angry streams shrink to winding silver threads, and the clinging moss creeps down beside them. For a moment the wayward child, with sad eyes, looks back—one faint regretful sigh sends a little shiver through every bare tree-twig, and then she turns with radiant face to revel in her new-found pleasures. Now she blows tiny-bubbly clouds that skim in endless shapes along the horizon—she flings violets with a reckless hand; the daisy and crocus nestle at her feet. She laughs at you, she frets, she scorns you—she gives you a tress of her fragrant hair to caress—she pelts you with blossoms—she covers her face and weeps. The mantle falls, and lo! voluptuous Summer stands tip-toe with rosy mouth upturned. Earth feels the throb of her warm bosom. Balls of purple and amber cloud roll low along the hills to kiss her feet—ripples of sunlight shoot everywhere through the Heavens. Soft music floats on the drowsy air—the locust hums a dreamy song—birds twitter and chirrup in shadowy nooks—on the ear falls the tinkle and tuneful plash of distant fountains. How the tuber-rose slowly unfolds her waxen leaves, and precious odors steal from her heart to toy with the wanton winds. The vine bends low beneath its lucious burden; I pluck and eat; I drink the new pressed wine, and feel its life in every vein. "Live while you live"—I fill and drink again. It is noon—beneath the golden glare my slumberous eyelids droops;—here could I rest and dream forever. Again I inhale the ambrosial breath—the soft arms entwine and gently urge me "on." I see the pinnacle nearer and nearer, though distant still and dipped in feathery mist. Bright castles rise among its floating folds and die again. Softer, sweeter the music—subtler the perfumes that rise beneath my careless feet. Softer—fainter still. The sun rolls down from his meridian, and the blazing oars now strike my path—but here and there. A sudden cool wind chills my blood—another step—another—I stand upon the mountain top alone! Behind me an impenetrable curtain—before me the sombre gray of an Autumn sky! Sad maiden, pale and passionless, with sighing plaintive voice. The descent is steep and rugged—the beauty, the warmth, the glorious castles, are vanished. The base lies under heavy hanging clouds, and I hear the careless roll of a distant river. Come back! oh, come back! A pitying hand for a moment lifts the veil. Dim, dim, and far off, but beautiful still. The golden sun is shining—fruit hangs rare—ripe on vine and tree—revelry and merriment there. I am not even missed, and my mistress woos others with as loving a kiss as ever she gave to me. Along the flower-fringed path where once I strayed, *some* plants have drooped and died—beside each withered stalk is raised a monument—I read the inscription, "Neglected Opportunity;" and others come, with pruning knife and ruthless hand, to disinter my sacred dead and plant an emblem of their own. Oh! cruel hand drop the veil—better far the rugged road and steel gray sky! Adieu, caprecious, happy Spring! Adieu, sweet breath'd Summer! Farewell, O dazzling Youth, thou wilt come again "no more, forever."

BERTE, V. F.

San Francisco, September 25th.

DRAMATIC AFFAIRS.

EVERY night during the week Maguire's Opera House has been crowded. The engagement of Dan Bryant promises to prove an even more successful one than that of Edwin Adams. On Wednesday evening, *The Bells of Shandon*, by John Brougham, was produced. There are some original situations, and some lively dialogue in this play, but there is much of the sameness and hackneyed sentiment which characterises the Irish drama. It will be played this afternoon. The bill for this evening's entertainment is *The Bells of Shandon* and *Handy Andy*.

Stage manager Graves has prepared a rich and varied bill of fare for next week. On Monday and Tuesday, *Rory O'Moore* and *More Blunders Than One*, will be played. On Wednesday, *The Colleen Bawn;* and on Thursday, *Ireland As It Is. The Irish Nation* will also be played during the week.

On Monday, according to announcement, the great Ha-yah-takee troupe of Japanese performers, made their appearance at the Metropolitan Theatre. The house was filled with people packed as closely together as sardines. The receipts amounted to over $1200. That Ha-yah-takee is the most wonderful balancer in the world, is probably true. I cannot imagine his being surpassed. The stage was fitted up in the most original and splendid style. The feats were all wonderful and amusing, yet for all this, I fear that the American managers, who have speculated in Hah-yah-takee stock, have bought a pig in a poke, and regret their bargain. Ha-yah-takee would not inform any one what he intented to do on the first night, he would give no programme, he only pledged his word—the word of the great Ha-yah-takee—that the entertainment should be in every respect wonderful; he would entertain no suggestions, would tolerate no interference. The management were powerless; Ha-yah-takee had to take his own course. The consequence was, that although he performed many wonderful feats, he quite tired out the patience of his audience. On the ensuing night he consented to cut the talking portion of his entertainment short, and to give fewer repetitions of feats. Every night the performance has improved, and every night the house has been crowded. If the Ha-yah-takee troupe could remain here for a few weeks longer, I have no doubt their entertainment would be sufficieutly Californianized, and the tediousness, which at first characterized it, would be quite done away with. One of the most wonderful of the performances is the bridge feat. Ha-yah-takee balances on his feet two bamboos, each thirty feet long, which support an imitation basket. A little boy climbs up each bamboo, and the two perform a variety of feats; after which they creep up into the basket. After some few minutes interval, during which the boys are engaged in changing their clothes, (in the basket, all this time balanced on the feet of Ha-yah-takee,) the bamboos fly apart and the basket is transformed into a bridge, on which the boys perform posturing feats, and finally each hangs by one leg from one end of the bridge. This is decidedly the most wonderful balancing feat ever performed. The bamboo bridge, and two boys together, weigh about 180 pounds and this weight Ha-yah-takee balances on his feet twenty-four minutes. Several changes were made in the programme during the week. This afternoon a selection of the most popular performances will be given. To-night this troupe will give their last performance in San Francisco. An immense programme has been prepared Two tremendous feats will be performed. Ha-yah-takee will balance on his feet a tree, on which three boys will go through a series of trapeze gymnastic peformances; and he will also execute his wonderful walk over lanterns on a swinging platform. In addition to these and other great feats, Mrs. Ha-yah-takee will dance on the slack-rope. As this is the last opportunity which will be afforded the citizens of San Francisco of witnessing this really wonderful performance, I am afraid that many who are anxious to see it will be unable to obtain admission. Seats can be secured during the day without extra charge.

Mrs. Charles Poole, an actress from Australia, arrived in this city on Sunday, from Melbourne, via Panama.

TOUCHSTONE.

ITALIAN OPERA.—Donizetti's *L'Elisire d' Amor*, was performed at the American Theatre, on Thursday evening, for the farewell benefit of Signorina Brambilla, who sustained the character of "Adina" to the satisfaction of a crowded and fashionable house. Signor Morley sang his best as the love-sick "Nemorino;" Signor Mancusi was immense as "Dulcamara," and M. Charles did very well as "Sergeant Belcore." The duet between Brambilla and Mancusi, in the third act, was unanimously encored, as was also the lady's rendering of "Il Bacio," substituted for the regular finale of the opera.

THE CITY GARDENS.—The rainy season is approaching, therefore, all should derive as much enjoyment as possible from the short period of sunshiny weather which yet remains. These pleasant days may be thoroughly enjoyed in the City Gardens, amidst flowers, birds, and rare animals. Improvements are being constantly made; every day some new attraction is added. The restaurant department under the charge of Nick, formerly of the Washington Restaurant, is very complete, and many go out for the purpose of dining at the City Gardens.

WOODWARD'S GARDEN'S.—These beautiful grounds are in fine condition at present. The zoological collection has had many additions made to it; the conservatories are full of flowers, the museum contains thousands of curiosities, and the Art Gallery is a very popular feature. On Saturday and Sunday music is added to the other attractions, a fine concert being given by some of the best instrumental performers in the city.

ANATOMICAL MUSEUM.—This institution is thoroughly appreciated by the citizens of San Francisco, and is visited by thousands from all parts of the State. The popular lectures on physiology and the laws of health, which are delivered every evening, are instructive and entertaining.

"JOHN PAUL," in a letter from Niagara Falls to the *Springfield Republican* says:

"It is really very singular how few clothes one wants on a journey, if he's good-looking, and how little money he can get along with, if he has only got style into him, and a moderate amount of cheek. Why, I know a chap who traveled from Chicago to New York without costing him a cent—indeed he came out a new hat ahead when he arrived at his destination."

CALIFORNIA.

BY BAYARD TAYLOR.

O fair young land, the youngest, fairest far
Of which our world can boast—
Whose guardian planet, Evening's silver star,
Illumes thy golden coast.—

How art thou conquered, tamed in all the pride
Of savage beauty still!
How brought, O panther of the splendid hide,
To know thy masters will!

No more thou sittist on thy tawny hills
In indolent repose:
Or pourest the chrystal of a thousand rills
Down from thy house of snows.

But where the wild oats wrapped the knees in gold,
The ploughman drives his share,
And where, through cañons deep, thy streams are rolled,
The miner's arm is bear.

Yet in thy lap, thus rudely rent and torn,
A nobler seed shall be:
Mother of mighty men, thou shalt not mourn
Thy lost virginity!

Thy human children shall restore the grace
Gone with thy fallen pines;
The wild, barbaric beauty of thy face
Shall round to classic lines,

And Order, Justice, Social Law shall curb
Thy untamed energies;
And Art and Science, with their dreams superb,
Replace thine ancient case.

The marble, sleeping in thy mountains now,
Shall live in sculptures rare;
Thy native oak shall crown the sage's brow—
The bay, the poet's hair.

Thy tawny hills shall bleed their purple wine,
Thy valleys yield their oil;
And Music, with her eloquence divine,
Persuade thy sons to toil.

Till Hesper, as he trims his silver beam,
No happier land shall see,
And Earth shall find her old Arcadian dream
Restored again in thee!

Musical Taste in San Francisco.

There are, sad to say, many persons who have objected to the Japanese music at the Metropolitan Theatre—in fact there are only a select few who can appreciate its beauties. The enlightened press of San Francisco which should lead in matters of art, has shown a terrible lack of appreciation of Eastern melody, and has displayed its ignorance by a sweeping condemnation of that which possessed many features deserving of praise. The plaintive melodies of the Japanese, no doubt, to the uncultured ear appear mere discord, as did *L'Africaine* to the majority of our population. But still we maintain that in light melodies, expressive of (Japanese) pleasure, grief or pain, these newly-arrived artistes excel. The musical artists have had to struggle against much professional jealousy evinced in quarters where we should least have expected it to manifest itself. Professor Herold declares that he could produce better music from a two-year-old Steinway piano than any Japanese could elicit from the two-hundred-year-old drum, distorted banjos and clumsy bones which formed the *impedimenta* of their minstrel company. This is very wrong. It is un-Christian. Frank Howson, Jr., declared that *he* didn't like the musical portion of the Japanese entertainment and dropped a hint about his violincello solo being "far better than Mrs. Ha-yah-takee's tum-tumming." When the soft voices of the female chorus rose in a supplicatory hymn to the Great God of all. Master Sein-Se-Ketchie risked his life, the audience laughed. We maintain the fact that there has been much music performedby the Japanese minstrels diunrg the past week. The Irish are terriby afraid of the Chinese usurping their honorable positions as hod-carriers and sand-shovellers. In like manner all the musicians and singers of San Francisco have tried to "run down" the orchestral music supplied by the talented artistes who have accompanied the Ha-yah-takee troupe. It is a horrid shame.

A Fair Question.

A series of "questions for the supporters of Fitzgerald" appear in the *Bulletin* of Friday, over the signature of "Sect-Hater." We wish to ask "Sect-Hater" this question. "To what sect do *you* belong?"

HOWEVER high we rise, we should lure others upward to the same heights by gushing melodies of our lips and hearts.

"THE love of money is the root of all evil," and the root, like those of the cancer, is generally ineradicable.

GENUINE CHAMPAGNE.—It is now pretty generally understood that but little genuine champagne has ever found its way to the shores of America. Here are well manufactured articles in bottles adorned with blazing labels and big names, but still these are not champagnes. We can manufacture in California a champagne equal to many of the imported brands. All that is necessary to ensure success is a careful selection of the wine fit for the purpose. Isidor Landsberger, who received the premium at the last State Fair, for fine native wines and liquors, has carried the art of making sparkling wine to a high pithe of perfection. The manufactory is at 429 Jackson street, and every week many pipes of California wine are changed into champagne, sparkling Moselle, sparkling Hock, and other wines; all who have tasted confess that this home-made surpasses much of the imported article.

WAX FLOWERS.—There are many idle ladies in San Francisco, who are at a loss how to occupy their time. These ladies had better pay a visit to Mrs M. E. Gerrish and take a few lessons in the beautiful art of wax-flower making, and that other accomplishment at present so fashionable in Europe, welcomanse. Mrs. Garrish received the premium for wax-flowers at the last State Fair.

A DAY ON THE DEEP SEA.

I DON'T think deep-sea fishing is open to the old sneer about a line with a worm at one end and a fool at the other. In the first place, a worm is rarely used at one end; and in the next, when it comes to hauling in a big fish of sixty pounds or so, that will pull like a baker, fight like a man, and oark like a dog, something better than a fool is needed at the other end.

The day's fishing alluded to in my title I enjoyed (*sic*) during a visit to Guernsey in the Autumn of last year. Considering what capital sport sea-fishing really is, and the facilities afforded for its practice by our coasts, it is a subject of surprise that a pastime so readily accessible should be so generally ignored.

Down at "Point," I found out an old fisherman, and made known my desire to accompany him on his next turn. The Guernsey peasantry and laborers, with scarcely an exception, possess a native gentleness and ease of manner that go far to corroberate their claim as descendants of Huguenot refugees of high birth. Most of them speak good English, with a very pretty accent as well as a somewhat nnintelligible patois of Norman-French. Guernsey folk have a much neater way of getting you to repeat a request than an abrnpt British "Eh?" or "What?" or the still more nnceremonious "What say?"

"What do you please?" asked the old man, not quite nnderstanding my proposition.

I told him I "pleased" fishing, not delicate fine-weather sport, but a genuine experience of real rough fisherman's fishing. It took a vast amount of persuasion to induce old Pierre Jacquelines to allow me to go with him. There "weren't much fish," 'twas "a bad tide," "too much sea on," "didn't know if he should get bait," and so on. In point of fact, there *was* a deal of "sea on" at the time, and being not a little doubtful of my own ability to stand such a quantity, perhaps I should have been less anxious to press the matter, but feeling a little piqued at the old man's reluctance to go. He gave way at last, however (almost to try my chagrin, I own, for there certainly *was* a deal of "sea on,") and trotted off with me to the qnay to get some bait. Detaching one from many small egg-shaped wicker baskets I saw moored to stakes in the water, he opened it and showed me the bait—writhing, glancing little sand-eels, of the sort known as "sand-launce," which glistened like silver and purple in the water. Making the basket fast to the stern of a boat, old Pierre bade me step in and rowed off to his fishing smack, a large, wide, flat-bottomed craft, drawing scarce a foot of water, built very strong and stiff to withstand heavy seas, and carrying two little sails, with peaks, schooner-wise, bnt without fore-sheet or jib.

On board we found the old man's "boy," "young Pierre," as he called him—a bronzed, stalwart child indeed, tall, and broad-chested and forty, if a day. Their first care was to make me into a waterproof parcel by wrapping me up in oil-cloths and canvass, and neatly tying me round and across with twine, explaining as they did so that they "expected it wettish." Next, each of the two fishermen went down into an enormous pair of leggings, which came up and tied round their necks with a string, like a long two-legged bag having arm-holes. A great slouchy oilskin coat, with a high collar that fitted in under their canvass hats, completed their armor.

Would I steer? Wouldn't I? I caught at the chance, for rough as it was, even a tiller was something to hold on by. Well, our course was a mile out, by those rocks; I should like to see a buoy there—that was their buoy, and there was their "trot"—all I had to do was to make for the buoy, and "keep her to the wind." That was all very well, but it seemed as though we should never keep the craft to the water, she had such an unaccountable propensity for mounting up skywards, and trying to leap right out of the sea, then rushing down into a wave, and hurtling over the next one, much as a young bird trying to fly. However, I endeavored to put a good face on it, and asked the men if they would have some tobacco.

"Please?" inquired old Pierre interrogatively, meaning, as I found, "what did *I* please?" and not "thank you." I therefore repeated my offer, somewhat rashly adding that for my own part, I required a pretty constaut supply of the weed. "No, please," they didn't smoke; and if I intended to do so, I had better be quick about it. The same idea occurred to me simultaneously, for we were pitching about at such a wild rate I could not predicate with any degree of certainty that a few minutes more would find me in the same mind.

"Keep her up to it, sir," said the fisherman, encouragingly. She was already so much "up to it," that the water came splashing in sheets over us all, nearly blinding me as to where we were going; she was so much "up to it,' that I could seldom see anything ahead of us but some great crested hill of glistening water, up which our boat was always going to climb, or poised for a moment on its top before darting down with a swash and a hiss into the seathing valley below. She was so much "up to it," in fact, that when the first wave that washed over us had put out my pipe, nearly washing it down my throat into the bargain, I let it go without a pang.

"Hi, now sir, steady? Here we are. Sharp up to the wind when I say now—now?" As I put up the helm, young Pierre grappled the buoy, and the old man struck the masts, leaving us tossing about with one end of the "trot" across our bows. Tho "trot" or "bolter," as is sometimes called, is a strong line, a rope indeed, some three hundred yards long, from which depend four or five hundred hooks. snooded on strong water-cord, or wired strands at regular intervals of about two feet. It is buoyed across the run of the tide, secnred in its place by a grapnel, and floated by large corks, which dot out its track in the sea. In this position it becomes like a long row of baited meat-hooks, on which the fish come and hang themselves up. We commenced what is called "under-running the trot," that is to say, hauling the "trot" over our boat, taking off the fish, and fresh baiting the hooks with offal and pieces of mackerel and shad.

We had a pretty good haul, for there were a John Dory, two or three fine turbot, numbers of brill and several great gaping skate of twenty pounds and more apiece, besides mackerel, and pollack and smaller fry. The two first named sorts and some of the largest brill are what the fishermen term "royal fish." Nearly all of them find their way to the London market which depends in a great measure for its supply on Guernsey and the other Channel Islands. These great flat fish are not easily unhooked by a novice, having great strength in their tails, wherewith they can give the unwary a severe blow. The skate especially is a very ugly customer to deal with in more senses than one, for it is the most hideous fish that swims. However, our fishermen put one hand into their great gills, throwing them one by one into a kind of tank that is "forrard," in a very matter-of fact sort of, way, occassionally administering a blow with an iron pin to some fish more nnruly than the rest. Having baited and laid down our "trot" again, (I may mention it is an offense punishable with transportation to haul another person's "trot,") we step our masts and set sail for more active fishing, in which we meditate hooking the fish, instead of leaving it to them to hook themselves.

Our fishing-ground is thirteen miles off, right at the back of the island, so we have a long run before us. We go down with the tide, keeping well out from land, since the island is so rocky it is dangerous to coast it when there is much "sea." We fish at low water and about two hours into the "young flood" (these being the universal sea-fishing hours,) and come back again at night with the return of tide.

Dnring a three hours' sail, tacking down against the wind, my whole energies were devoted to holding on, to prevent, on the one hand being pitched head first into the fishing tank "forrard," and, on the other, so to manage to dodge the waves that broke over us, as to avoid being washed over the stern. Now and then, I believe, I made a sickly attempt to smile, but so palbably artificial was the effort, that on every such occasion old Pierre would ask if I didn't feel well. I kept on assuring him I was quite well in so marked a manner that he invariably recommended me to try and nibble a biscuit and take a drop of brandy. It being utterly impossible to follow his advice, since when I opened my mouth a wave was sure to fill it, carrying biscuit and brandy to the fishes, I gave up the attempt in despair, and framed some utterly transpaent excuse (but which I thonght wholly inscrutable at the time) for abandoning the helm. I then took to contemplating the sky, doubtless with a very fixed expression of countenance, until I became so giddy I could not tell which was the sky and which was sea, for the billowy clouds were heaving and rolling like the water. Fully aware of feeling very particularly unwell, I was actually debating in my miud about offering the meu a handsome consideration to toss me overboard, when a violent lurch of the boat hurled me right across into old Pierre's lap. With consummate coolness, the old fellow merely inquired, "What did I please?"

The exclamation "Oh!" is a word peculiarly adapted to sufferers, because though a short one, you may make a great deal out of it by sighing it out in a helplessly lugubrious drawl, as I believe I did. What I am afraid I meant by it at the time was, "Oh! fisherman, fisherman!—take all the ready money about my person, only take me up quick, and put mo ashore." I think he must have so understood it, for he replied:

"Bear np sir—it is all right; we have reached our fishing-ground and there's a capital tide. Bring her to, my son," this to Pierre junior, (the vessel he meant, not me; I was beyond "bringing to" at the time, and nearer "bringing up.") Look out for our marks—Pleinmount Cave and the white house in a line, one mile out. So let go the anchor!"

I listened in a most uncomfortable kind of trance, my deliberate opinion being at the moment that all the fish in the sea were worth nothing in comparison to the blessedness of setting foot once more on dry land. I remember they scuffled about a good bit in getting the sails down, and I was vaguely conscions of the grating noise the anchor chain made in running out. Then we were left tossing on a heaving ground swell, np and down, lurch, down, roll, up, lurch. When we went down, the boat seemed to sink away from underneath, falling quicker than I did, and always in the opposito direction to that for which I was prepared, dodging all my efforts to accommodate myself to its motion. Our craft had "heaved to and reached." So had I, and forthwith commenced throwing myself overboard by installments. Oh! my brothers and sisters who know what it is to be sea-sick, paradox it may seem to others, not so to you, you are all very well so long as you can be ill; it is when you *can't* you are truly and deplorably bad. The study of anatomy teaches that the human heart and the human liver are intimately connected with the human larynx by certain cords and membranes. You may learn the same truth from sea-sickness in half the time, and in a more convincing manner, realizing experimentally and beyond donbt that your heart and your liver have strings to them and get pulled into your throat, and go up and down like the boat, only always going down when the boat goes up, and coming up when it goes down. Then you begin to feel the truth of the proverb, "Hope comes to all except the lost and the sea-sick."

I was ronsed from a painful lethargy by the sound of something whizzing and spinning in the boat. It was a snipe-billed gore-fish, dancing and pirouetting and entangling the fisherman's line—the first fish. To my sickly notion, it looked ill and giddy, as I was—it did me good to see any living thing in the same plight—and when Pierre senior put three lines into my hand my fingers certainly closed on them, though in a helpless kind of a way. I noticed, even then, they were horsehair lines, nearly a quarter of an inch in diameter, beautifully plaited like a hair watch-gnard, loaded at every yard, and baited with sand-launce. I believe Pierre explained they were weighted with lead sinkers of from six to eighteen pounds apiece, to counteract the strength of the tide, and to remain at different depths, the lightest almost floating. When he brought me a stout cord in addition, the thickness of flag halliards, having a large meat-hook at the end baited with slices of mackerel, and balanced with thirty pounds of lead for bottom fishing, and whispered in my ear the magic word "conger!" I certainly felt better; the prospect of the excitement of getting a good conger "on" almost giving me an appetite on the spot.

The first good tug at my horsehair lines acted on me like a strong tonic, and I was surprised how soon I forgot all the ailments of the sea in the busy employment of hanling home dancing gore-fish, and mackerel weighing three or four pounds and whiting pollack of eight or ten as fast as ever I could get them into the boat, bait my hooks with fresh eels, and get the lines out again. We were all three fishing, and in the course of an hour I should judge we had upwards of forty fine fish of different sorts, which is rather more rapid sport than the fresh water fisherman experiences, whilst most of the fish fight as gamely as trout. The excitement by this time made me disregard all the pitching of the boat or the drenchings of occassional waves. Then came a tug at the conger line, like a strong ringer pulling a bell. Dropping all the others, I held on with both hands.

"Give him line, sir," said Pierre; "let him run, bnt mind he has no slack; steady!" he cried, as he saw the cord run through my fingers so fast that it made them burn and tingle again. "Steady! he's too good a fish to lose," and he came to my assistance. Whenever our fish slacked the cord by doubling, we hauled on him, keeping a gentle hand on his mouth, but giving him his head when he was inclined to bolt, and managing him like a restive horse. He certainly pulled like one. It was as much as ever my entire strength could hold him. I asked old Pierre what he judged the weight of the fish to be? "Near upon seventy pounds, sir," he replied; "but it is time he was in the boat, and we knew for certain."

We tired master conger a bit by letting him run and half drown himself; then gradually shortening his line till we got sight of him—great, black, writhing serpent that he was, lashing up the foam with his tail, and barking at us fiercely when his head came out of water. Pierre soon struck him with our gaff-hook, and we pulled his twining carcase into the boat. He measured over seven feet long, and the old man's estimate of his weight was not exaggerated. Our conger was a very savage fish—he gnashed his teeth at us even when held down with the gaff-hook, and young Pierre, for my instruction, presented him with a piece of wood to bite. on which he pretty soon left the marks of his teeth. It is said congers will bite fingers with even greater relish—of which fact I have little doubt. We despatched our prize by first stunning him, and than cutting the back of his neck so as to divide the spine.

As the tide began to "make," we got np anchor and ran back before the wind—pretty smooth sailing in comparison to what we experienced before—whilst I resumed my place at the helm, old Pierre making me steer through masses of sunken rocks that gleamed np past us every minute in a way that made me highly nervous, in spite of his quick eye, lest a wrong turn of the tiller should bring us upon them. However, the old man consoled me with the assurance that after all six inches was very good clearance from a rock, and reminded me I had been a long time without a pipe. This was quite true, in spite of my boast, and I was not a little glad of the triumphant excuse that my tobacco was wet, my lights spoiled, and my pipe gone. The old fellow was determined to accommodate me though, for he drew out from his locker some fine honey-dew and a dry box of lucifers, loaded a clean "cutty," and tendered a light. I was better, very much better, but really doubted if I could face a pipe just now without a relapse. Still, as it wouldn't do to be beat, I managed just to keep it alight, bnt hereby testify never before or since to have smoked a pipe in such dreadful discomfort.

When we got ashore, I felt for'l the world like a preserved New York lobster, for my oil-skin wrappings not only kept a great deal of salt water outside, but held a great deal of water inside, which had washed down my neck and remained bottled up in the waterproofing. In fact, when I came to be opened and tapped, it was surprising to see how much seawater was concealed about my person.

Our conger duly appeared next day in the Guernsey fish-market. Old Pierre had particularly wished me to try some of him for soup, assuring me I should not know it from turtle—it 's indeed stated to be really very good—but Guernsey market provided something I preferred to conger, that is to say, a hind-quarter of native lamb, weighing only three pounds seven ounces; the whole *side*, indeed, weighed but seven and a quarter pounds. The flavor of Guernsey lamb would have been delicious to a more delicate appetite than my day's fishing had provided for me.—*All the Year Round.*

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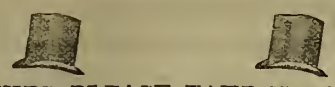

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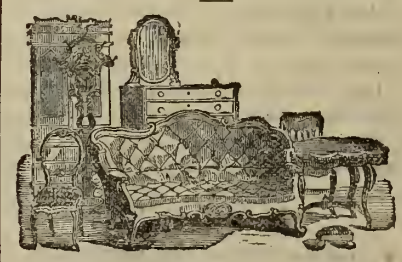

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Proprietors.

TOUCHING INCIDENT.

A correspondent of the Philadelphia *City Item* who has been "doing" Niagara and Saratoga, met with a touching incident on the cars. He relates it in good style: Near your correspondent sat a handsome young woman of five and-twenty. She was tastefully dressed, but appeared sad and troubled. I offered her a glass of Carte D'or and some luncheon, which she politely declined. Encouraged by her amiability, I said—"Excuse me—perhaps I am too bold—but, ahem—are you a married woman?" With native artlessness she replied—"No, sir; to the best of my knowledge and belief I am a maiden!" "If I may judge from the sad expression of your face," I continued, "the story of your life must be very interesting?" "It is," she responded; "but I cannot give it to you in detail, as my journey will be at an end in half an hour. Let me say briefly, that I loved early and wisely, but my intended was thrown from a horse and killed. My second lover fell at Gettysburg. The third died of typhoid, and the fourth became a victim to that "hope deferred which maketh the heart sick," and died only last week. Andrew Johnson promised him a good office in Rochester, but Andrew recklessly broke his word, (as he is in the habit of doing,) and my poor swain became mortified, sickened, and died." "And what do you propose to do?" I inquired. "Nothing but watch and wait," was the courageous response, as she lifted her crinoline and tripped out of the cars.

AN ASSISTANT CONDUCTOR.—One of our readers, the other day, seeing a paragraph about two young gentlemen of Charleston shipping before the mast, was reminded of two young friends of his in Mississippi, who, finding on their return home that their "expectations" had disappeared, leaving nothing but their paroles, heroically "accepted the situation" of brakesmen, on a railroad. By and by they found themselves in Jackson, with a brief interval of leisure, which they invested in call on some of their lady friends, by whom they were cordially received. It was already known, or soon discovered, that they were railroad men, and a young lady asked one of our heroes what his position was. From the rough experience of past years he had learned that in the eyes of the world station makes the man, and being a little doubtful how a knowledge of his actual employment would be received, replied that he was a "check agent." "And what are you?" was the question to his comrade. He had a moment to think, and answered that he was "assistant conductor.' "But," said the fair querist, "I did not know that there was more than one conductor." "Oh, yes," was the ready answer, "Pete Kirby starts the train and I stop it."—*Mobile Times.*

NOTICE.

IN CONSEQUENCE OF THE VERY GREAT DEMAND FOR

CASSIN'S

Grape Brandy Bitters!!

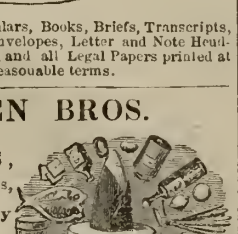
we have been obliged to rent a LARGER BUILDING, and are now removing to Sullivan & Cashman's Block, No. 523 FRONT STREET, opposite our old establishment.
F. & P. J. CASSIN, 520 Front street.

STERETT'S
STEAM
PRINTING HOUSE,
533
CLAY STREET.

Cards, Billheads, Circulars, Books, Briefs, Transcripts, Posters, Bills of Fare Envelopes, Letter and Note Headings, Tickets, Pamphlets, and all Legal Papers printed at short notice, and upon reasonable terms.

BOWEN BROS.

GROCERS,
Tea and Wine Merchants,
S. E. cor. Montgo'ry and California,
San Francisco.



Wholesale Store,
204 Front Street.

AT THE REGULAR

RETAILING AMERICAN WATCHES

C. E. COLLINS & CO.,
603 MONTGOMERY STREET,
SAN FRANCISCO.
Nos. 42 and 44 Nassau Street,
NEW YORK.
Dealers in American, Swiss and English WATCHES,
JEWELRY AND MATERIALS.

☞We have made arrangements to buy AMERICAN WATCHES in large quantities from the Factory, and will receive a discount on the regular Wholesale Prices. We will hereafter
Retail the American Watches
AT
The Regular Wholesale Prices.
Our only profit being the small per cent. allowed by buying in large quantities.

WHOLESALE PRICES.

BAURHYTE & McAFEE,
Steam Boiler and Sheet Iron WORKS.

Owned and conducted by Practical Boiler Makers.
HIGH AND LOW-PRESSURE BOILERS, STATIONARY AND MARINE.
Howard street, bet. Fremont and Beale, San Francisco.

Having had twenty two years experience in this business, we feel confident of being able to compete—as to quality of work—with any establishment on the Pacific Coast.

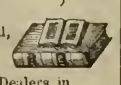
Removal! Removal!

A. J. PLATE,
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
Guns, Rifles and Pistols.
—ALSO—
COLT'S AND DERINGER PISTOLS,

Powder, Shot, Lead, Caps, and Gun Trimmings, etc., etc.
—HAS REMOVED TO—
NO. 510 SACRAMENTO STREET,
Between Sansome and Leidosdorff Streets, San Francisco
☞New Work made to order, and Repairing executed in the neatest manner.

Tyler Brothers,

691 Market st., cor. Third,
SAN FRANCISCO,



Importers, Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
SCHOOL BOOKS,
STATIONERY,
PHOTOGRAPH ALBUMS,
BLANK BOOKS,
PORTFOLIOS,
JUVENILE BOOKS,
CHILDREN'S PICTURE BOOKS,
FANCY ARTICLES, Etc.

ESPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO
LADIES' STATIONERY,
Which we Stamp with Initials
WITHOUT EXTRA CHARGE.
WEDDING AND VISITING CARDS
Engraved, Written or Printed.

JOHN DANIEL,
Marble Works,
421 *PINE STREET,*

(Between Kearny and Montgomery.)
MANTELS, MONUMENTS, TOMBS, PLUMBERS' SLABS, ETC.,
On hand and manufactured to order.
Orders respectfully solicited.

A. J. BRYANT & CO.,
IMPORTERS OF LIQUORS,
518 Front Street, San Francisco.
G. I. BRADLEY. THEO. G. COCKRILL.
Sole Agents for Pacific Coast,
—OF—
BLACKBURN'S CELEBRATED
B B B BOURBON WHISKEY,
Bowling Green, Kentucky.

LUKIN'S
Wines and Liquors,
332 Montgomery Street,
SAN FRANCISCO.

DEXTER STABLES,
Bush Street, between Occidental and Cosmopolitan Hotels, San Francisco.
W. G. JONES — PROPRIETOR.

AMERICAN HOTEL,
Main street, Petaluma.
EMERSON & LAMBERTON Proprietors.

THE CALIFORNIAN'S
SAN FRANCISCO BUSINESS DIRECTORY

APOTHECARIES AND CHEMISTS.
Geo S Dickey, Pioneer Apothecary, cor Ellis & Stockton
ARCHITECTS.
Hoagland & Newsom, s.w. cor Kearny and Sacramento.
BAKERIES.
Dempsey's Bakery, 127 Fourth street,
BOOTS AND SHOES.
P. Kelly, Prize Boot Maker, 323 Bush, above Montg'y.
Wentworth, Hobart & Co. (wholesale manufac.) 210 Pine
BOOT POLISHERS.
Henry C Smith, corner Market and Sansome streets.
BUTCHERS.
J. P. Molt, "South Park Market," Third st., op. S. Park.
I. Gans, "New York Market," Fourth st, near Market.
CIGARS AND TOBACCO.
Chas C. Lindsey, Excelsior Store, 156 Stewart street.
Chas. Schwenke & T. Meuser, 16 Stewart street.
G. H. Behrens & Co., 4 Kearny street, near Market
CLOTHING.
H M. Lockwood & Co., 624 Clay street.
J. R. Mead & Co., corner Montgomery and Bush streets
William Sherman, 412 Sansome, corner Commercial.
COAL OIL, LAMPS, ETC.
A. C. Dietz & Co., (wholesale,) 521 Front street.
Dell, Cranna & Co. (wholesale) 513 Front street.
COMMISSION MERCHANTS.
J. W. Nyo & Co., 219 Washington street, corner Cedar.
W. J. Lowry & Co., S.W. corner Washington and Davis.
Thos. Newell, 62 Clay street between Drumm and East.
CONFECTIONERS.
Alex L. Ross, 121 Third street.
Baldwin & Lawlers, South Park Store 418 Third st.
N. B. Booth & Co., 20 Kearny, near Market.
DENTISTS.
Dr. Blake, removed to 645 Clay street
N. T. Whitcomb, 205 Third, near Howard.
DRY GOODS.
Ahrams & Markewitz, 34 Kearny street, near Post.
Boyer & Reich, S W corner Jackson and Stockton.
H. Rothschild (Variety Store), 112 Third street,
Irving, Landers & Co., No. 4 Third street.
M. Waterman, 22 Second street, corner of Stevenson.
Meagher, Tauffe & Co., 9 Montgomery street,
FURNITURE.
Goodwin & Co., 510 and 528 Washington streets.
N. P. Cole & Co., 21 Sutter and 524 Market streets,
FRUIT STORES.
S. P. Jewell, 118 Fourth street, near Minna.
GROCERS.
Fred. Lange, Family Grocer, cor. Powell and Lombard.
Haskell & Co., Market and Sutter sts, below the Market.
McKee's Family store, 31 Kearny, near Post.
Seneca Jones, Family Grocer, 105 Third street.
T. Williams, corner Third and Tehama streets.
HAIR DRESSING SALOONS.
Prof. Smith, 114 Market street, opposite Third.
HARDWARE AND CUTLERY.
J. H. McConnell, Pioneer Cutler, 1314 th st. bt Mis & Hrd.
J. S. Sesser, 138 Fourth st, bet. Mission and Howard.
HATTERS.
Lamott (wholesale and retail) 227 Montgomery street.
HAY AND GRAIN.
Grant & Smith, 26 Market and 19 Sacramento sts.
J. B. Holmes & Co., 110 Market street.
Wm. H. Nichols, 18 Sacramento, and 17 Commercial.
HOTELS.
Atlantic House, John McManus, 210 and 212 Pacific st.
"Brauch," M. O'Neil, 12 Sutter street.
Broadway, Burns & Fitzsimmons, 212 Broadway.
Brooklyn, John Kelly, Jr., Sansome, corner Pine.
Brookline House, John Gately, 217 Broadway
Chicago, E. W. Heimburg & Co., 220 Pacific street
Empire House, Peter Thompson, 106 Jackson street.
Franklin Hotel, Hugh Curran, cor Sansome & Pacific.
Franklin House, C. Maloney, cor. Br'dway & Sansome.
Golden Gate Hotel, J. Blackman, 728 Market street.
Mariner's Home, Brown & Chandler, 504 and 506 Davis.
"Oriental," H. Saxtorph & Co., Washington & Drumm.
Sanders' Hotel, J P. Sanders, 24 Sacramento st.
'St. Louis,' H. Heimburg & L. Shroeder, 11 & 13 Pacific.
William Tell House, 317 Bush street, above Montg'y.
INSURANCE.
Firemen's Fund Ins. cor. California and Sansome.
Manhattan, R. B. Swain & Co., Agets, 206 Front, cor. Cal.
North British Mercantile, S. E. cor Sansome & Califor'a
Occidental Ins. Co., S.W. cor. Montgom'y and California.
LADIES' BIJOUTERIE, CLOAKS, ETC.
Rosenblatt's, 123 and 125 Moutgomery street.
LADIES' FANCY GOODS AND TRIMMINGS.
Mrs. J. Egan, 32 Third street, near Market.
S. Summerfield, 20 Second street, and 116 Kearny.
Thomas Collinson, 160 Third, near Howard street.
LUMBER.
Armstrong, Sheldon & Davis, cor. Mission & Spear sts.
MARBLE WORKERS.
P. Kelly, 12 Fourth street.
MILITARY GOODS AND REGALIA.
T. Rodgers Johnson, Odd-Fellow's Hall, 325 Moutg'ry st
MILLINERS.
Miss A. A. Craddock, 4 Virginia Block, Stockton street
MUSIC TEACHERS.
Prof. J. R. Boullet, Pianist and Vocalist, 1320 Stockton.
NOTARY PUBLIC,
H. S. Tibbey, 604, Montgomery street.
PHOTOGRAPHIC GALLERIES.
H. Bush, corner Post. Market and Montgomery streets.
Hicks & Staring, 143 Fourth street.
John D. Godeus, South Park, 444½ Bryant street.
New York, B. F. Howland proprietor, 25 Third street.
PIANOS, MUSIC, ETC.
C. Welderhold & Co., 685 Market near Third.
Kohler, Chase & Co., 421 Montgomery street.
W. S. Pierce, removed to 534 Market, opposite Second.
PHOTOGRAPHS, CUTLERY, SPECTACLES, ETC.
Lawrence & Houseworth, 317 and 319 Moutgomery st.
PLUMBERS AND GAS FITTERS.
Chas. Barman, 121 Fourth street, near Minna.
REAL ESTATE AGENTS.
Geo. W. Chapin, 338 Montgomery.
John Pforr, 328 Montgomery.
RESTAURANTS.
Ladies' Refreshment Saloon, Swain & Brown, 636 Market
Helvetia, Johnjury & Bros., 524 Merchant street.
Market, by Hanzo & Besson, 520 Merchant street.
SALOONS.
Blancy & Carroll, "Sample Rooms," 107 Third street.
"Bourbon Saloon," A. Farr, Long Bridge.
Charley Smith's Saloon, 539 Washington street.
Charter Oak, Frank Kelly, N E. cor Third and Howard
Coates & Henderson, 37 Sutter street
Cleveland's Sample Rooms, 318 Bush, above Montg'y.
"Excelsior," Haase & Co., cor. Drum and Commercial.
Ring's Saloon, Peter Ring, corner California, below Drumm.
Fourth Street Exchange, Charles F. Shiter, 245 Fourth st eet.
J P. Laven's Saloon, northwest cor. Battery & Br'dwy
J. Dillon, "Fourth St. Exchange," cor. F'rth and Mkt.
King & McCormick, "Rotunda," Market & O'Farrell.
"Manadnock," A. Horstkemper, Drumm & Oregon sts.
P. Johnson & J. B. Holje, 28 Clay street.
Peter Ring's Saloon, California street, below Drumm
Regatta House, Burns & McLean, foot of Third street.
Russell & Holding's Exchange, 622 Market street.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY, CONTINUED.

"Sample Rooms," corner Third and Stevenson streets.
Steamship Exchange, Wm. Everard, 214 Stewart street.
Uncle Billy & George, Saloon 707 Davis st.
"Young American," Geo. C. W. Heuer, Stewart & Howard
SCALES.
Fairbanks & Hutchinson, Depot for Fairbanks' Scales 120 California street.
SEWING MACHINES.
Grover & Baker, R. G. Brown, 116 Montgomery.
The Florence, office 111 Montgomery street.
STATIONERS AND BOOKBINDERS.
Althof, Rose & Bahls, 423 Clay, and 512 Commercial sts.
Jas. E. Damon & Co., 521 and 423 Sansome street.
STOVES AND TIN WARE.
A. Swigert, corner Fifth and Folsom.
TRUNK MANUFACTORY.
James Lougshore, 308 Sansome street.
WATER-CURE INSTITUTE.
Dr Bourne's Pioneer, 10 Post, near Montgomery.
WAX FLORIST.
Mrs. M. E. Gerrish, 11 Post street.

AYER'S AGUE CURE,

FOR THE SPEEDY CURE OF

Intermittent Fever, or Fever and Ague, Remittent Fever, Dumb Ague, Periodical Headache, or Bilious Fevers, indeed for the whole Class of Diseases originating in Biliary Derangement, Caused by the Malaria of Miasmatic Countries.

No one remedy is louder called for by the necessities of the American people than a sure and safe cure for Fever and Ague. Such we are now enabled to offer, with a perfect certainty that it will eradicate the disease, and with assurance founded on proof, that no harm can arise from its use in any quantity.

That which protects from or prevents this disorder must be of immense service in the communities where it prevails. *Prevention* is better than cure, for the patient escapes the risk which he must run in violent attacks of this baleful distemper. This "Cure" expels the miasmic poison of Fever and Ague from the system, and prevents the development of the disease, if taken on the first approach of the premonitary symptoms. It is not only the best remedy ever yet discovered for this class of complaints, but also the cheapest. The large quantity we supply for a dollar brings it within reach of every body, and in the bilious districts, where Fever and Ague prevails, everybody should have it and use it freely both for cure and prevention. A great superiority of this remedy over any other ever discovered for the speedy and certain cure of Intermittents is, that it contains in Quinine or mineral, consequently it produces no quinsmo or other injurious effects whatever upon the constitution. Those cured by it are left as healthy as if they had never had the disease.

Fever and Ague is not alone the consequence of the miasmatic poison. A great variety of disorders arise from its irritation, among which are Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Gout, Headache, Blindness, Toothache, Earache, Catarrh, Asthma, Palpitation, Painful Affection of the Spleen, Hysterics, Pain in the Bowels, Colic, Paralysis, and Derangement of the Stomach, all of which, when originating in this cause, put on the intermittent type, or become periodical. This "Cure" expels the poison from the blood, and consequently cures them all alike.

Prepared by DR. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, and sold by all Druggists, everywhere.
CRANE & BRIGHAM, San Francisco,
Wholesale Agents.

BROOKLYN HOTEL,
SAN FRANCISCO.
Elegant Brick Fireproof Hotel, on the
S. E. Corner of Pine and Sansome streets,
With all the modern conveniences attached to it.
Gas and water are supplied throughout the House. The Rooms are well ventilated, and the Public will find in this Hotel all the comforts of a home. The Hotel is spacious, and well adapted for the use of Families. Suits of Rooms can be had on reasonable terms.
A Large Reading Room is attached to the Hotel,
Containing 500 Volumes of Standard Works,
Which is entirely for the use of patrons.
THE CITY COACH, with the name of the Hotel on it, will be in readiness at the Wharf, on the arrival of each steamer, to convey passengers and baggage to the Hotel free of charge. JOHN KELLY, Jr., Proprietor.

MURPHY, GRANT & CO.,

NORTHEAST CORNER OF
SANSOME AND BUSH STREETS,
INVITE THE ATTENTION OF
☞ BUYERS ☜
TO THEIR
LARGE AND WELL ASSORTED
STOCK OF
Domestic and Foreign
DRY GOODS,
WHICH THEY ARE OFFERING ON
THE MOST FAVORABLE TERMS.

PHILADELPHIA RESTAURANT.
MULLER & BERGOLD,
408 Pine Street,
Next door to the new California Market

A BRIEF BIOGRAPHY.

Perhaps the briefest personal memoirs ever written were the "Memoirs of Count Roptopchin;" written in ten minutes. We subjoin a few paragraphs, each of which constitute a "chapter."

My Birth.—On the twelfth of March, seventeen hundred and sixty-five, I emerged from darkness into the light of day. I was measured, I was weighed, I was baptized. I was born without knowing wherefor, and my parents thanked Heaven without knowing for what.

My Education.—I was taught all sorts of things, and learned all sorts of languages. By dint of impudence and quackery, I sometimes passed for a savan. My head has become a library of old volumes, of which I keep the key.

My Suffering.—I was tormented by my masters; by tailors who made tight dresses for me; by women, ambition, self-love, by useless regrets, and by remembrances.

Memorable Epochs.—At the age of thirty, I gave up dancing; at forty, my endeavors to please the fair sex; at fifty, my regard of public opinion; at sixty, the trouble of thinking; and I have now become a true sage, or egotist, which is the same thing.

Respectable Principles.—I have never meddled with any marraiges or scandal. I have never recommended a cook or a physician; and, consequently, have never attempted the life of any one.

My Dislikes.—I have a dislike to softs and fops, and to intriguing women, who make a game of virtue; a disgust of affectation; pity for made-up men and painted women; an aversion to rats, liquors, metaphysics, rhubarb, and terror of justice and wild beasts.

Analysis of my Life.—I await death without fear and without impatience. My life has been a bad melodrama on a grand stage, where I have played the hero, the tyrant, the nobleman, but never the vault.

My Epitaph.—Here lies, in hope of repose, an old deceased man, with a worn out spirit, an exhausted heart, and a used-up body. Ladies and gentleman, pass on!

BUILDER'S INSURANCE CO.

OFFICE IN THE BUILDING OF THE CALIFORNIA SAVINGS BANK, CALIFORNIA ST., one door from Sansome.

FIRE AND MARINE INSURANCE.

THE CALIFORNIA

Building and Savings Bank,

CALIFORNIA ST., ONE DOOR FROM SANSOME.

Capital and Deposits, - - - - $1,000,000

WHICH IS LOANED ON PROPERTY.

LOANS MADE on CITY REAL ESTATE HOUSES, SHIPS, FACTORIES AND MERCHANDISE.

Deposits received at full interest per month.
Last Dividend paid—one per cent. per month.
Money transmitted from the interior, by Express or Mail, passed to interest from the day of arrival, and a Certificate returned in course of post.
Strangers may deposit Bonds, Gold Dust, Coin, or Valuable Papers in the Vault, for long or short periods, at a small rent, for which valuables the Company will be accountable. THOMAS MOONEY, President.

☞ **Use Ellery's Patent India Rubber Cement and Paint.**—It is for all outside surfaces, TIN, IRON, OR METAL ROOFS; Iron however manufactured, Brick and Wooden Buildings, Ship and steamboat Painting; will not rot, peel, blister, or crack. Water-proof coating for cloth roofing on tops of houses, decks of steamboats, tops of stages and cars. Cloth roofs cemented and painted for $9 per 100 square feet. New or old Tin Roofs, in good or bad condition, cemented and painted, guaranted, at $1 to $2 50 per 100 square feet.
EPES & E. H. R. ELLERY,
No. 226 Jackson street.

MRS. C. COOK,

FIRST PREMIUM HAIR JEWELRY,

519 Montgomery street,

Between Clay and Commercial.....SAN FRANCISCO.

M. H. QUINN,

HAT MANUFACTURER,

127 Fourth street, bet. Howard and Misaion, San Francisco.

Dress Silk Hats for Ladies or Gentlemen Manufactured to order, Cleaned or Renovated, at reasonable prices,

J. R. MEAD & CO.,

Importers, Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

FINE CLOTHING,

AND

Gents' Furnishing Goods,

TRUNKS, VALISES, CARPET BAGS, ETC.,

200 & 202 MONTGOMERY STREET,

Corner of Bush,

SAN FRANCISCO

BOYS! BOYS! BOYS!

NOW IS THE TIME

H. M. LOCKWOOD & CO.,

New No. 624) CLAY STREET, (Old No

Have received a Large Stock of

GENTS' AND BOYS' CLOTHING

—AND—

FURNISHING GOODS,

Which they are selling

AT VERY LOW PRICES.

Every Garment warranted. All are invited to call examine our goods.

H. M. LOCKWOOD & CO.
624 Clay street, San Francisco

H. T. GRAVES,

Manfacturer of

WIRE CLOTH, COAL SCREENS, FLOUR SEIVES, QUARTZ SCREENS, for Batteries, Door and Window Screens, for excluding Flies and Mosquitos.

CLOAK, SHAWL, CLOTHING AND BONNET STANDS.

Fancy Work for Gardens, and a great variety of

WIRE WORK OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS.

Sole Agent for the sale and application of

BROWN'S PATENT AND METALIC WEATHER STRIPS,

For the perfect exclusion of wind, dust, and rain; ☞ And for CRAMER'S PATENT WINDOW LIFTING PLATES AND RODS.

Call and examine them at the

CALIFORNIA WIRE WORKS,
412 Clay street, San Francisco.

JOHN TAYLOR,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN

WINES AND LIQUORS.

NO. 16 THIRD STREET,

Between Market and Stevenson Streets., San Francisco.

ZEITSKA & SHEPPARD,

Merchant Taylors,

NO. 610 CLAY STREET,

Near Montgomery,

SAN FRANCISCO.

STAPLETON'S

Refreshment Saloon,

ON CALIFORNIA STREET,

Adjoining the Market, San Francisco.

The very best Wines, Liquors and Cigars will always be found here.

ASSESSMENT OF MORTGAGES.

NOTICE TO TAX-PAYERS.

THE CITY AND COUNTY ASSESSOR IS NOW MAKing up the Assessment Roll of "MONEYS LOANED AND SOLVENT DEBTS SECURED BY MORTGAGE." The Roll is made up from the Records of Mortgages (unsatisfied) in the County Recorder's office. It is important that all persons interested should call, without delay, at the Assessessor's office, City Hall, and have corrected any errors there may be in amounts due or otherwise.
WM. R. WHEATON, Assessor.

PRO BONO PUBLICO.

LACOUR'S

SARSAPARILLIERE

BITTERS

POSSESS INVALUABLE PROPERTIES.

They give Health to the Sick,

Strength to the Weak,

Joy to the Afflicted.

☞ SOLD EVERYWHERE. ☜

GENTLEMEN'S DELIGHT.

JUST RECEIVED

AND FOR SALE BY

B. C. HORN,

CORNER OF

FRONT AND CLAY STREETS.

HAMBURG, BREMEN,

Fire Insurance Company.

CAPITAL, - - - - - $1,000,000

MORRIS SPEYER, Agent.

OFFICE—526 Washington Street, a few doors below Montgomery.....San Francisco.

Being no longer governed by the Tariff of the Board of Underwriters, this Company will effect Insurances at as LOW RATES as those of any other responsible Company.

OCCIDENTAL

Insurance Company,

Southwest corner Montgomery and California streets.

INDIVIDUAL LIABILITY.

Capital Stock, - - - $300,000

LOSSES PAID IN UNITED STATES GOLD COIN.

THIS COMPANY will inaure against loss by Fire on any Dwelling House, Buildings, Merchanise or other property, situated in the State of California. The largest sum they will take on any one risk is thirty thousand dollars.
C. CHRISTIANSEN, Pre'st.
J. GREENEBAUM, Vice President.
B. ROTHSCHILD, Secretary.

FIRE INSURANCE.

Manhattan Fire & Marine Insurance

OF NEW YORK.

Incorporated.....1821.
Cash capital.....$500,000
Surplus.....650,000

Total Asseta, over.....$1,190,000

The above named responsible and well known Company has complied with the law of the State of California, and has deposited $75,000 as additional security for policy holders,
Buildings, Merchandise, Furniture, and other property insured against loss or damage by Fire, on the most favorable terms. Also, Insurance on Merchandise, Specie and Freight to or from all parts of the world. Losses promptly adjusted and paid in United States Gold Coin.
R. B. SWAIN & CO., General Agents,
206 Front street, corner of California.

FIREMAN'S FUND

Insurance Company.

Office, S. W. cor. California and Sansome steets, San Francisco.

CAPITAL AND SURPLUS, JANUARY 1, 1867,

$680,000.

DIRECTORS.

D. J. Staples,	John O. Earl,
G. T. Lawton,	Alpheus Bull,
W. M. Hixon,	C. T. Forrest,
John Barton,	W. B. Bourn,
W. H. Lyon,	Joseph Peirce,
Chas. Wolcott Brooks,	M. A. Braly,
I. B Purdy,	David Dick,
A. Himmelmann,	A. Blackwood,
W. C. Ralston,	F. P McMahon,
Lewis Cunningham, Marysville.	
P. Sather,	S. R. Throckmorton,
James Dows,	W W. Haney,
John H. Gardiner,	John N. Rison,
Lewis Soher,	R. J. Tobin,
Jerome Lincoln,	M. Lynch,
Irving H. Knowles,	E. V. Hathaway,
C. G. Athearn,	J. H. Redington,
C. L. Taylor,	J. W. Brittan,
James Pollock, Benicia.	
A. Block,	Fitel Phillips,
A. L. Tubbs,	C. Spreckles,
W T. O'Brien,	J. B. Stetson,
J. E. de la Montagnie,	H. L. Lewis,
W. H. Paterson,	John Morton,
T. L Baker,	Henry Dutton,
Alex. Weil,	
Asa Harker, Portland, Oregon.	

Desirable Risks taken at LOW RATES.

The greatest amount taken on any one risk is $50,000. When the risks are considered too large, a portion will be re-insured in responsible Companies.

LOSSES PAID IN U. S. GOLD COIN!

J. D. STAPLES, President,
HENRY DUTTON, Vice-President.
CHAS. R. BOND, Secretary.

FREE HOMESTEADS FOR ALL

ON FILING A PETITION.

UNDER THE LAWS OF MEXICO, which are now in force in this city, all the inhabitants are entitled to a HOMESTEAD LOT OF LAND, simply on petition. Justice Field has decided, and the Supreme Court of the United States has confirmed that decision, that the city of San Francisco is a Pueblo of four square leagues of land, and that the citizens thereof are the owners, which vests the right in each citizen to a lot of land for a homestead; and the undersigned have opened an office at 37 MERCHANTS' EXCHANGE, to enforce those rights, by petition to the Mayor, etc.; and each and every citizen can procure a Free Homestead by calling at their office and signing a petition, which will forthwith vest the right to the lot in question in them, and thereby secure to the petitioner porperty worth a large sum of money under the existing laws now in force.
BROOKS & MERRITT,
No. 37 New Merchants' Exchange.

N. B.—The Supreme Court of the United States have settled this question in another case, as to the ownership of the Outside Lands. In the case of J. B. Townsed vs. Geo. G. Greeley, December Term, 1866, No. 124, the Court say: "It is, therefore, now the settled law, that the municipal lands held by the city of San Francisco, as successors to the former Pueblo existing there, are not held in absolute property, but IN TRUST for its inhabitants."
Therefore, all the inhabitants have to do, under this decision, is to ask the city, by petition, for their vested rights, as this is the only way, under the law, that they can proceed to get their property.
E. L. B. BROOKS,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law.
All legal business transacted in the French and Spanish languages, if desired.

THE WILLCOX & GIBBS SEWING MACHINES

Have taken over Two Hundred First Premiums within two seasons, including the Highest Prize at the grand trial

with the Florence at the great Union Fair, New York, at which trial the Florence was overwhelmingly defeated.

CONTEST BETWEEN THE

FLORENCE AND WILLCOX & GIBBS.

THE

WILLCOX & GIBBS

TRIUMPHANT!

At the Great UNION FAIR, held at Island Park, between Albany and Troy, in September, two Premiums were offered on Sewing Machines, one for the BEST and the other for the "Second Best"—competition being open to the State.

On the first day of the Fair, the Troy Agent of Florence Sewing Machine Company, having, jointly with the Albany Agent of the same Machine, entered it for competition, published in the Troy Daily Times a challenge to Agents of other Sewing Machines, to meet them at said Fair and compete with them for the Premium.

The challenge was accepted by the Troy and Albany Agents of the Willcox and Gibbs Machine.

Each party was to prepare and subject to the judges a "list" of the several "points of merit" on account of which "superiority" was claimed. These "points were to be separately considered, thoroughly investigated and practically tested, by work done then and there, upon each of the machines; and then decided in favor of the machine which was adjudged to excel on that "point."

Finally it was agreed that the machine which, at the conclusion of the trial, should be found to have the greatest number of those "points" decided in its favor should be decided the "BEST SEWING MACHINE," and awarded the FIRST PREMIUM.

The result of the trial was, that the

WILLCOX & GIBBS WON THE VICTORY

and the prize, by the extraordinary superiority of thirty-five points, decided in its favor, against two points in favor of the Florence.

Full notes were taken of the trial.

It is a fact worthy of remark, that during the entire trial—which continued without intermission for nearly seven hours—not a stitch was missed, nor the thread once broken, nor a needle broken or bent, by the Willcox and Gibbs machine. No kind of work was attempted to be done on it that was not accomplished, and done in a perfect and workmanlike manner; and no effort was made on it that was not entirely successful; while neither of these statements can be truly made in favor of the Florence.

This remarkable trial can not fail, through the facts developed by it, to be productive of important results. It has raised the veil and exposed to public view the true character of the opposition, who will no longer be able to deceive the public by misrepresenting the character and merits of the Willcox and Gibbs machine.

It is an improvement on double thread machines; and its "stitch," which was severely tested by the Judges, was decided to be much stronger and less liable to rip in use or wear than the "Lock Stitch."

It is the simplest in construction—does the greatest variety of work—makes no noise—is not liable to get out of order—costs the least money, and gives the best satisfaction.

☞ Full reports of this trial sent free to any address.

☞ **Country Agents solicited.**

SWIFT & CO.,
General Agent for the Pacific Coast,
203 Kearny Street,
San Francisco

BROKEN VOWS.

BY A POLICE REPORTER.

At the Police Court, yesterday morning, John and Henry Cook were charged with uttering threats against the life of Mr. Burkard. The three were well dressed and respectable looking young men.

Mr. Burkard said: "Until a week ago, your Honor, I was eogaged to be married to Sally, the sister of the prisoners. I will not speak ill of her, though we are enemies now, for it was owing to my engagement that I took the pledge and am a sober man. You see I was drunk when I proposed and was accepted. That showed me to what liquor could bring a mao, and I at once took the pledge. I was engaged to her three months, and during that time I did my duty. I visited her daily, took her to places of amusement, and told her sweet lies. In fact, I did everything required, except to name the marriage day. In that I procrastinated. I told her she did not know me well enough yet, that the weather was too warm, that she had better wait until the cholera season was over, but it did no good. She insisted that we should be married before Mary B——, and she would be.

"I became desperate. I had no intention of marrying her or any one else. I know what matrimony is; I have been whipped by my father because my mother has happened to caress me. Not knowing what else to do, I pretended to be drunk when visiting Sally eight days ago. She had some friends with her in the parlor, and that pleased me. I kissed her, and tried to kiss them, male and female. Then I told her in a hiccoughy way that I had been unable to get the false hair and palpitating bosom she wished; that they cost to much.

"That did it. Indignant at thus apparently having her dearest secrets exposed to the young ladies and gentlemen there, she angrily told me to go; that I must never come near her again. Believe me, judge, I was happy to hear it, and left at once.

"I did not visit her, and three days afterward I received a note from her telling me she was sick and wished to see me. Not being a doctor I stayed away. The next day I received a similar note; my answer was the same.

"Then I received a note telling me I was a faithless brute, and a cruel wretch. That she had two big brothers, (I knew it.) and that they would at once avenge her wounded honor and broken heart by beating me. I believed her, and I have carefully avoided the big brothers. I am a law-abiding young man, and do not wish to fight. They have been to see me eight times already; I made the servant tell a lie—may God forgive me—and say I was out. But I know they will catch me, and then I shall feel very bad. To prevent that I have had them arrested. I wish them bound over to keep the peace; they can also keep their sister Sally. They have said they will kill me."

Justice—"You were right to have them arrested. They must each give bonds in the sum of $500 to keep the peace. As for you, sir, your conduct has been disgraceful. The name of my first love was Sally, and no one shall go back on a girl of that name. You are fined fifteen dollars."

THE CALIFORNIA

Building and Savings Bank,

CALIFORNIA ST., ONE DOOR FROM SANSOME.

Capital and Deposits, - - - - $1,000,000

WHICH IS LOANED ON PROPERTY.

LOANS MADE on CITY REAL ESTATE HOUSES, SHIPS, FACTORIES AND MERCHANDISE.

Deposits received at full interest per month.
Last Dividend paid—one per cent. per month.
Money transmitted from the Interior, by Express or Mail, passed to interest from the day of arrival, and a Certificate returned in course of post.
Strangers may deposit Bonds, Gold Dust, Coin, or Valuable Papers in the Vault, for long or short periods, at a small rent, for which valuables the Company will be accountable. THOMAS MOONEY, President.

BOYMAN & CO.,
Dealers in Stoves and Tin Ware,
Main street, Petaluma

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, THAT IN PURSUANCE of an order of the Probate Court of the City and County of San Francisco, made on the 27th day of August, 1867, the undersigned the Administrator of the estate of JOHN THOMAS, deceased, will sell at public auction, to the highest bidder for cash, in United States gold coin, in one parcel and subject to confirmation by said Probate Court, on WEDNESDAY, the 9th day of October, 1867, at 12 o'clock, noon, at the auction rooms of MAURICE DORE & CO., No. 327 Montgomery street, in said City and County of San Francisco, all the right, title, interest and estate of the said John Thomas, deceased, at the time of his death, and all the right, title and interest that the said estate has by operation of law or otherwise acquired other than, or in addition to that of said John Thomas, at the time of his death, in and to all the real estate described below, with the improvements and appurtenances thereon.

TERMS OF SALE—Cash in United States gold coin. Ten per cent. of the purchase money to be paid to the auctioneer at the time of sale; balance on confirmation by the Probate Court. Deeds and Revenue Stamps at the expense of purchaser.

The following is the property to be sold:

That certain piece or parcel of land lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, bounded and described as follows, to wit:

Commencing at the angle of intersection of the north line of Fell street, with the east line of a fence now or late owned by John Ferguson, and running thence northeasterly along said line of fence seventy (70) feet; thence easterly and parallel with Fell street fifty (50) feet; thence south-westerly and parallel with said fence seventy (70) feet to Fell street; thence westerly along the northerly line of Fell street fifty (50) feet to the point of commencement, being a part of block No. 299 on the official map of said City and County.

Dated September 13th, 1867.

WILLIAM A. QUARLES,
Administrator of the Estate of John Thomas, deceased.
sep14-4t

IN THE PROBATE COURT of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the estate of CLAUDE JACQUIN, deceased.

Order of Publication on application for order of sale.

On reading and filing the petition of William Rowan, administrator of the said estate, praying for an order of sale of the real estate therein described, and it appearing to this Court that there is not sufficient personal estate in the hands of the said Administrator to pay the debts outstanding against the deceased, and the expenses of administration, and that it is necessary to sell the whole or some portion of the real estate of said deceased for the payment of such debts.

It is ordered, That all persons interested in the said estate appear before this Court at the Court room thereof, at the City Hall, in the City and County of San Francisco, on TUESDAY, the first day of October, 1867, to show cause, if any they have, why an order should not be granted to said Administrator to sell so much of the real estate of the deceased as shall be necessary to pay such debts and expenses.

And it is further ordered, That a copy of the foregoing order be published once a week for four weeks, in THE CALIFORNIAN, a Newspaper published in the City and County aforesaid.

M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

August 30, A. D. 1867.

Office of the County Clerk of the City and County of San Francisco.—I, Wm. Loewy, County Clerk of the city and county of San Francisco, and ex-officio Clerk of the Probate Court thereof, do hereby certify the foregoing to be a full, true and correct copy of an order duly made and entered upon the minutes of the said Court.

Witness my hand, and the seal of said Court, this 30th day of August, A. D. 1867.

[SEAL AND STAMP] WM. LOEWY, Clerk.
au31 5t By Wm. Ledlie, Deputy Clerk.

IN THE PROBATE COURT OF THE CITY AND County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the Estate of WILLIAM MacMICHAEL, deceased.

Order to show cause why order of distribution should not be made.

On reading and filing the petition of Theodore L. Schell, the administrator, with the will annexed, of the estate of William MacMichael, deceased, setting forth that he has filed his final account of his administration of the estate of said deceased, in this Court, and that the same has been duly settled and allowed; that all the debts and expenses of administration have been duly paid; and that a portion of said estate remains to be divided among the legatees of said deceased, and praying among other things for an order of distribution of the residue of said estate among the persons entitled:

It is Ordered, that all persons interested in the estate of said William MacMichael, deceased, be and appear before the Probate Court of the city and county of San Francisco, at the Court room of said Court, in the City Hall in said city and county, on WEDNESDAY, the 9th day of October, Anno Domini 1867, at eleven o'clock, A. M., then and there to show cause why an order of distribution should not be made of the residue of said estate among the legatees of the said William MacMichael, according to law.

It is further Ordered, that a copy of this order be published for four successive weeks, before the said ninth day of October, A. D. 1867, in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published in the said city and county.

M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

Dated September 6, 1867.
WINANS & BELKNAP, Att'ys for Petitioner. s7 5t

IN THE PROBATE COURT of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the estate of JOHN HIGGINS, deceased.

Order to show cause why order of distribution should not be made.

On reading and filing the petition of Ellen Higgins, Administratrix of the estate of John Higgins, deceased, setting forth that she has filed her final account of her administration of the estate of said deceased, in this Court, and that the same has been duly settled and allowed; that all the debts and expenses of administration have been duly paid; and that a portion of said estate remains to be divided among the heirs of said deceased, and praying among other things for an order of distribution of the residue of said estate among the persons entitled:

It is ordered, that all persons interested in the Estate of the said John Higgins, deceased, be and appear before the Probate Court of the City and County of San Francisco, at the Court-room of said Court, in the City Hall in said city and county, on MONDAY, the 14th day of October 1867, at eleven o'clock, A. M., then and there to show cause why an order of distribution should not be made of the residue of said Estate among the heirs of the said John Higgins, deceased, according to law.

It is further ordered, That a copy of this order be published for four successive weeks before the said 14th day of October A. D. 1857, in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published weekly, in the said city and county

M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

Dated September 11th, 1867.
W. C. Burnett, Esq., Attorney for Petitioner. s14-5t

NOTICE TO CREDITORS—ESTATE OF PUTNAM A. TWISS, deceased. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administratrix of the Estate of Putnam A. Twiss, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them, with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice, to the said administratrix, at her place of residence, No. 867 Folsom street, in the City and County of San Francisco.

Dated, August 28, A. D. 1867. M. A. TWISS,
Administratrix of the Estate of Putnam A. Twiss, dec'd.
au31 5t.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE FIFTEENTH Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco.

MARY ANN LEEDOM, Plaintiff, vs. FRANCIS LEEDOM, Defendant.

Action brought in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in said city and county of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to FRANCIS LEEDOM, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named plaintiff, in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein, within ten days (exclusive of the day of service,) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this county; or if served out of this county, but in this District, within twenty days; otherwise within forty days; or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said complaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony existing between plaintiff and defendant, awarding the care and custody of her daughter Julia to plaintiff, and allowing her to resume her maiden name.

And you are hereby notified, that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

Given under my hand and Seal of the District Court of of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 7th day of August, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-seven.

[SEAL.] WM. LOEWY, Clerk,
By OCTAVIUS BELL, Deputy Clerk.
Geo. W. Tyler, Plaintiff's Attorney. s14-3m

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—IN THE MATTER OF the Estate of JOHN S. BOOTHBY deceased.

Notice is hereby given that all persons having claims against the estate of the said John S. Boothby, deceased, are required to exhibit them, with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice, to MARY A. BOOTHBY, Executrix, at the Capitol Building, at the northwest corner of Kearney and Pine streets, San Francisco. MARY A. BOOTHBY,
Executrix of the Estate of John S. Boothby, deceased.
San Francisco, September 3d, 1867. se7-5t

PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.'S STEAMSHIPS FOR NEW YORK, JAPAN AND CHINA,

WILL BE DISPATCHED AS FOLLOWS:

Leave Brannan-street Wharf at 11 o'clock A. M. of the following dates, for PANAMA, connecting via Panama Railroad, with one of the Company's splendid steamers from ASPINWALL for NEW YORK.

On 10th, 18th, and 30th of each month that has 30 days.
On 10th, 19th, and 30th of each month that has 31 days.
When the 10th, 19th and 30th fall on Sunday, they will leave on Saturday preceding; when the 18th falls on Sunday, they will leave on Monday following.

Steamer leaving San Francisco on the 10th touches at Manzanillo. All touch at Acapulco.

Departure of 18th or 19th is expected to connect with the French Transatlantic Co.'s steamer for St. Nazaire, and English steamer for South America.

Departure of 10th is expected to connect with English steamer for Southampton and South America, and P. R. R. Co.'s steamer for Central America. Through tickets can be obtained.

STEAMERS FOR SEPTEMBER.

Sept. 10—GOLDEN CITY, Capt. W. F. Lapidge, connecting with HENRY CHAUNCEY, Capt. Gray.
Sept. 18—CONSTITUTION, Capt. Parker, connecting with RISING STAR, Capt. Conner.
Sept. 30—GOLDEN AGE, Capt. J. M. Cavalry, connecting with ARIZONA, Capt. Maury.

Passengers will be berthed through. Baggage checked through—100 pounds allowed each adult.

Surgeon on board. Medicine and attendance free.

These steamers will positively leave at 11 o'clock. Passengers are requested to have their baggage on board before 10 o'clock.

Through tickets to Liverpool by the "Cunard," "Inman" and "National" Steamship Lines can be obtained of P. M. S. S. Co.'s office in San Francisco.

For Merchandise Freight apply to Wells, Fargo & Co.

The splendid steamship CHINA, Capt. E. W. Smith, will be dispatched on October 14th, from wharf, corner of First and Brannan streets, for YOKOHAMA and HONGKONG; connecting at Yokohama with the steamer COSTA RICA, for SHANGHAI.

For Passage and all other information, apply at Pacific Mail Steamship company's office, corner of Sacramento and Leidesdorff streets.

OLIVER ELDRIDGE, Agent.

JOSEPH FREDERICKS

CARPET AND UPHOLSTERY STORE,

PAPER HANGINGS, ETC.,

123 Kearny St., between Sutter and Post, San Francisco

FAMILIES ARE INVITED TO EXAMINE

OUR VARIED ASSORTMENT

Of the Finest Carpeting in the State. The best of taste displayed in Decoration and the unique Upholstering of Rooms, Halls and Public Buildings, and at prices conforming to the times. Call and examine goods.

CANTY & WAGNER,

(SUCCESSORS TO J. REGAN,)

113 *Montgomery street, bet. Bush and Sutter*

N. B.—All candies sold by us are warranted to be manufactured from Stewart's double refined Sugar, and to be equal to any manufactured in the State. Country merchants solicited to examine our stock and prices. Goods delivered to any part of the city free of charge.

JOHN H. TODMAN & CO.,
Successors to JAMES MEARS.

ALE, PORTER AND CIDER

BOTTLING ESTABLISHMENT,
511 Front Street.

A large stock of Champagne Cider on hand, in glass and bulk.

Removal.

THEODORE KALLENBERG,

Machinist,

Has removed from No. 416 Market street, to No. 10 Stevenson street, next to the corner of First.

Maker of Models for Inventors, Drawing Instruments, Small Machines, Philosophical Instruments, Scales and Weights, all kinds of Brass and Iron Work.

REPAIRING PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

REMOVAL. REMOVAL.

Larkins & Co.,

Manufacturers of every description of

CARRIAGES.

CONCORD WAGONS, Ranch Wagons and Buggies made to order. ☞ All kinds of Jobbing and Carriage Painting done at the shortest notice.

☞ New Manufactory Nos. 631 and 633 Howard street, corner of Hubbard, between Second and Third, San Francisco.

A. FOLSOM,

Carriage Manufacturer,

No. 531 CALIFORNIA STREET,

Between Montgomery and Kearny streets, San Francisco.

EVERY DESCRIPTION OF CARRIAGES, EXPRESS Wagons, Buggies, etc., made to order, of the best materials and workmanship.

Repairing and General Blacksmithing done with promptness, and at prices to suit the times.

George P. Kimball & Co.,

MANUFACTURERS

....OF....

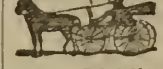
CARRIAGES, BUGGIES, STAGE AND THOROUGH BRACE WAGONS,

Market street, near corner of Fourth, San Francisco.

C. ROBERTS,

CARRIAGE AND WAGON MAKER,

HORSE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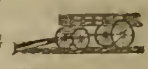


PROMPTLY EXECUTED.

Fourth Street, between Howard and Folsom, San Francisco.

All styles of Carriages, Wagons and Carts made to order and Repaired.

W. E. BRIDGE,

St. Lawrence Stables,

212 Sutter street, between Kearny and Dupont, SAN FRANCISCO.

ITALIAN MANUFACTORY

OF

MACCARONI, VERMICELLI,

PASTE & FARINA.

(706 SANSOME ST. 706)

SAN FRANCISCO.

BRIGNARDELLO, MACCHIAVELLO & Co.

CALIFORNIA
Steam Navigation Company.

STEAMER CAPITAL.....CAPT. E. A. POOLE.
" CHRYSOPOLIS.CAPT. A. FOSTER.
" YOSEMITE.....
" CORNELIA....CAPT W. BROMLEY
" JULIA.....CAPT. E. CONCKLIN

One of the above steamers leave BROADWAY WHARF, at 4 o'clock P. M., *EVERY DAY*, (Sundays excepted,) for Sacramento and one for Stockton, the Sacramento steamer connecting with light-draft steamers for Marysville, Colusa, Chico and Red Bluff.

Office of the Company, northeast corner of Front and Jackson streets.

B. M. HARTSHORNE, President.

MOUNTING A STAGE-COACH.

An awful wicked man—who, of course, is a correspondent for some newspaper—has been watching fairies in their flight from mother earth to the top of a stage-coach, and thus tells how it is done :

It is a sight to see these fair country women of ours climb to the top of a stage coach, as they do every day twenty times at Plymouth and Wolfsboro. This is how they do it: First there is a step-ladder placed against the forward wheel—four steps to it. The gentlemen escort takes the parasols.

There is a little blushing conference as to which of the party shall first scale the stage; it is settled, of course, in favor of the youngest. She gathers up her robe, leaving only the white embroidered skirt to fall to the top of her dear little garter, and there is just a tilt of her crinoline, like a wink, to show a purity of whiteness and tidyness and trimness, and before the suggestion has carried from your eye to your brain, with a movement like a pigeon's, she has flown to the top of the wheel. Modesty, hovering about her in the air, makes a windblow to her feet that close over the little soles the robe she has dropped again with a *naive* ingenuity. With a quick, spiral twirl of her body, the dress floats up to the dasher and lodges there, and she draws her feet into it up another step as a bird's feet retreat into its downy wings. Once more, for an instant, as she crosses the driver's seat to her own, a vision of proportions fall like a white love-letter in which there is only purity and *naivete* and maidenhood, with a photograph taken out of it—and then you see a rose-colored little face laughing down from its high perch, and a slim-gloved hand like a dove's foot, reaches down for its parasol, saying :

"My! how queer it is up here!" But see the jealous lover spoil all this art with his uncharitable busyness in and folding up his lady's robes. He don't deserve her! Fifty to one he will make a bad husband! He actually strangles the little feet, bags the limbs, clogs the movement of his lady, so that, perhaps, she stumbles, "barks" her poor shins, and really gets a *cul de sac* of shoe-string, harness, gown and brake, so that there is three times the ordinary exposure, and it serves young Greengills right. She sticks there like a swallow with a string to its leg, arrested when her flight was most graceful. Equally bad is the effort of the nervous woman to control her buskins. We don't want to see them. As a rule, men prefer to look the other way when such things make their unexpected phantom. But the nervous woman exaggerates the importance of her limbs. In the vain effort to think behind her and look before her, she flutters, blushes, hurries, slips, and at last, out of sheer tremulousness, one of her extremities is propelled by a luckless miss away down earthward, and what do we observe?

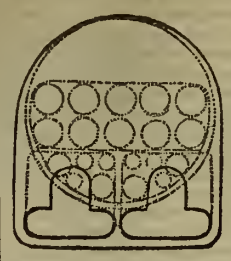
"I gad!" says the driver, irreverently, "there's a hair-pin dressed up!"

TEUTONIA SALOON,
Corner of Montgomery and Summer streets.
HEIMBURG, SCHRODER & CO.,
PROPRIETORS.
The best kinds of WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS constantly on hand.
☞Give us a call.

THE "GROTTO,"
JOHN DUNCAN, Proprietor.
530 Sacramento street, opposite What Cheer House,
FINE WINES, LIQUORS, ALES AND PORTER,
Wholesale and Retail.
Importer of Wise's Celebrated Irish Whisky.

"OUR OPERA."
CAPT. JOHN H. MAY,
615 WASHINGTON STREET, 615,
SAN FRANCISCO,
Opposite Maguire's Opera House.

AUSTIN KEELY. WM. HODGKINS.
Hodgkins & Keely's
UNION HALL EXCHANGE,
S. W. Corner Howard and Third Streets, San Francisco,
Dealers in fine Wines, Liquors and Cigars. Oysters, Clams, Chops and Steaks, cooked to order at all hours.
☞ House open all night.

NEPTUNE IRON WORKS.
Corner of MISSION and FREMONT streets,
SAN FRANCISCO.

MARINE,
LOCOMOTIVE,
And all kinds of
HIGH-PRESSURE
STEAM BOILERS
Manufactured.
The proprietor imports his own C. H. and B. Iron across the Isthmus, and Tubes of every size. Other parties can never blockade the market. He has made arrangements with the best houses in the East to furnish him with everything in the shape of Iron he wants.
All Boilers guaranteed and tested by U. S. Boiler Inspector before they are sent out of the shop, at my expense. ☞All kinds of Sheet Iron and Water Pipe, Coal Oil Stills, Wrought Iron Worms, etc., manufactured to order. OLD BOILERS REPAIRED.
D. CAMERON.

SAN FRANCISCO
Foundry and Machine Works,
Northeast corner Fremont and Mission streets,
Manufacturers of
MARINE AND STATIONARY ENGINES,
Quartz Machinery, Saw, Flour and Sugar Mills, Mining Pumps, Hoisting Gear, Agricultural Implements, etc.
ALSO,
Wine, Cider, Cotton and Tobacco Presses of the latest Improved Patterns.
STEAM ENGINES AND BOILERS,
Of all sizes, constantly on hand; Quartz Mill Shoes and Dies warranted to be made of the best white iron.
Dunbar's Improved Self-Adjusting Piston-Packing, requires no springs or screws; is always steam-tight; without excessive friction, and never gets slack or leaky.
MACHINERY, OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS,
Bought, sold, or exchanged. Belt Cutting and Castings at the lowest market rates.
DEVOE, DINSMORE & CO.

IRON SHUTTER WORKS,
Established 1849.
John Upstone,
MANUFACTURER OF FIRE-PROOF
Doors and Shutters,
Bank Vaults, Balconies, Gratings, Prison Cells, Awnings, Stairs, Iron Fence, etc.,
Corner of California and Drumm Streets,
San Francisco.
Constantly on hand a large assortment of second hand Fire Proof Doors and Shutters.

Pioneer Iron Shutter Works,
ESTABLISHED 1849.
CALVIN NUTTING,
Manufacturer of
FIRE-PROOF DOORS & SHUTTERS,
STEEL LINED BANK VAULTS,
Prison Cells, Balconies, Awnings, Gratings, Iron Fence, Stairs, etc.
123 Bush street, between Sansome and Battery, San Francisco.
Constantly on hand a large assortment of second hand Fire-Proof Doors and Shutters.

I. H. SMALL,
Machine Shop,
BUILDER OF
Steam Engines, Saw Mills, Mining Machinery,
Also, I. H. Small's Patent Boot Screwing Machine
Gears of all kinds Cut at Short Notice,
And at Greatly Reduced Prices.
Repairing of all kinds done with Promptness and Dispatch.
Corner of Market and Beale Streets,
SAN FRANCISCO

CALIFORNIA BRASS FOUNDRY,
No. 125 First street, opposite Minna,
SAN FRANCISCO

All kinds of Brass, Composition, Zinc, and Babbitt Meta Castings, furnished at the shortest notice. Brass Ship-Work of all kinds, Spikes, Sheathing Nails, Rudder Braces, Hinges, etc., constantly on hand and made to order. Also, manufacture Ship and Steamboat Bells and Gongs of superior tone.
All kinds of Steam, Liquor, Water, Oil, and Flange Cocks and Valves made and repaired.
Hydraulic Pipes and Nozzles, and Hose Couplings and Connections of all sizes and patterns, furnished with dispatch. *PRICES MODERATE.*
V. KINGWELL. JOS. H. WEED, SAM'L WHITE.

WM. O. BREYFOGLE.
(Successor to WARE & MOSHER.)
NO. 26 CALIFORNIA STREET,
Manufacturer and Dealer in
SASH, DOORS, BLINDS & SHUTTERS,
From Kiln-Dried Lumber—at the Lowest Rates.
Orders from the country will receive prompt attention

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—OF THE—
CALIFORNIA MARKET,
California and Pine Streets,
(Between Kearny and Montgomery Streets.)

Butchers.
L. MILLER & CO.,
STALLS 94 AND 95, Pine Street Entrance, and STALL 5, California Street Entrance.

JACOB WRAY,
STALLS 8 AND 9,
Corner Summer Street.

Hams, Bacon, Lard &c.
GEO. CAMPTON,
STALL 62,
Pine Street Entrance.

Poultry and Wild Game.
R. CARD & CO.,
STALLS 83, 84 AND 85,
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Oysters, Clams and Shell Fish.
M. WINANT & CO.,
STALL 56,
OYSTERS AND CLAMS. Pine Street Entrance.

Oysters, Clams and Shell Fish.
WM. ROALFE,
STALLS 40, 41 AND 42,
California Street Entrance.

OCCIDENTAL MARKET DIRECTORY,
Market and Sutter Streets, below Montgomery.
S. C. STORY,
Butcher,
STALL 98, Opposite Second street.

P. DONNELLY & BRO.,
Butter, Cheese, Hams, Eggs & Bacon,
STALL 20, Sutter street side.

J. J. SMITH & CO.,
Poultry, Game, Butter, Eggs, etc.,
STALLS 44 AND 45, Sutter street Entrance.

P. T. GAVEN,
Vegetables, Fruit, Pickles,
PRESERVES, JELLIES, SPICES, &c.
STALL 38.

METROPOLITAN MARKET DIRECTORY,
Market and Sutter Streets, below Montgomery.
P. F. WARD,
Poultry, Game, Eggs, tc.,
STALL 14, Sutter street side.

B. CARLTON,
Fresh, Salt and Smoked Fish,
STALL 34, Sutter street side.

W. MAESSEN,
Smoked and Corned Meat,
STALL No. 3.

THE BEIDEMAN ESTATE.

JOHN W. BRUMAGIM, ADMINISTRATOR, WITH the will annexed, of the Estate of JACOB C. BEIDEMAN, deceased, is NOW READY TO EXECUTE DEEDS to the purchasers at said sale, as the sale has been confirmed by the Probate Court, and an Order of Confirmation has been recorded in the Recorder's office of the city and county of San Francisco.

Please call at the Administrator's office, Nos. 36 and 37 Montgomery Block.

JOHN W. BRUMAGIM,
Administrator, with the Will annexed, of the Estate of Jacob C. Beideman, deceased.
San Francisco, August 19, 1867.

$100 00
SAVED in a very Short Time by using
STANDARD SOAP CO.'S
WASHING POWDER.
TRY IT!
Does Not Injure the Clothes.
Sold Everywhere.

PRIVATE MEDICAL AID.
QUICK CURES AND MODERATE CHARGES.
DR. W. K. DOHERTY,
PRIVATE MEDICAL AND SURGICAL INSTITUTE,
Sacramento Street, below Montgomery, Opposite Pacific Mail Steamship Co's Office, Private Entrance on Leidesdorff Street, San Francisco.
Established expressly to afford the afflicted sound and scientific Medical Aid, in the treatment and cure of all Private and Chronic Diseases, cases of Secresy, and all Sexual Disorders.

TO THE AFFLICTED.
DR. W. K. DOHERTY returns his sincere thanks to his numerous patients for their patronage and would take this opportunity to remind them that he continues to consult at his Institute for the cure of chronic diseases of the Lungs, Liver, Kidneys, Digestive and Genito-Urinary Organs, and all Private Diseases, viz: Syphilis in all its forms and stages, Seminal Weakness, and all the horrid consequences of Self Abuse, Gonorrhœa, Gleet, Strictures, Nocturnal and Diurnal Emissions, Sexual Debility, Diseases of the Back and Loins, Inflammation of the Bladder and Kidneys, etc.; and he hopes that his long experience and successful practice will continue to insure him a share of public patronage. By his practice of many years in Europe and the United States, he is enabled to apply the most efficient and successful remedies against diseases of all kinds. He uses no mercury, charges moderate, treats his patients in a correct and honorable way, and has references of unquestionable veracity from men of known respectability and high standing in society. All parties consulting him, by letter or otherwise, will receive the best and gentlest treatment, and implicit secresy.

TO FEMALES.
When a female is in trouble, or afflicted with disease, as weakness of the back and limbs, pain in the head, dimness of sight, loss of muscular power, palpitation of the heart, irritability, nervousness, extreme urinary difficulties, derangement of digestive function, general debility, vaginitis, all disease of the womb, hysteria, sterility, and all other diseases peculiar to females, they should go or write at once to the celebrated female doctor, W. K. DOHERTY, at his Medical Institute, and consult him about their troubles and disease. Irregularities, suppressions, etc., will receive the Doctor's most particular attention. Let no false delicacy prevent, but apply immediately and save yourself from painful suffering and premature death. Ladies whose delicate health or other circumstances prevent an increase in their families, should write or call at DR. DOHERTY'S MEDICAL INSTITUTE, and they will receive every possible relief and help. The Doctor's offices, consisting of a suits of six rooms, are so arranged that he can be consulted without fear of observation.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.
Patients (male or female) residing in any part of the State, however distant, who may desire the opinion and advice of DR. W. K. DOHERTY on their respective cases, and who think proper to submit a written statement of such, in preference to holding a personal interview, are respectfully assured that their communications will be held most sacred. Dr. Doherty takes this opportunity of observing that all letters are only opened and replied to by himself, and the latter as promptly as possible.
If the case be fully and candidly described, personal communication will be unnecessary, as instructions for diet, regimen, and the general treatment of the case itself, (including the remedies) will be forwarded without delay, and in such a manner as to convey no idea of the purport of the letter or parcel so transmitted.
Consultation, by letter or otherwise, FREE. Permanent cure guaranteed, or no pay. Address,
W. K. DOHERTY, M. D.,
San Francisco, Cal.

☞ SPERMATORRHŒA.
DR. DOHERTY has just published an important pamphlet embodying his own views and experiences in relation to Impotence or Virility, being a short treatise on Spermatorrhœa, or Seminal Weakness, Nervous and Physical Debility consequent on this affection, and other diseases of the Sexual Organs
This little work contains information of the utmost value to all whether married or single, and will be sent FREE by mail on receipt of SIX Cents in Postage stamps for return postage. Address,
W. K. DOHERTY, M. D., San Francisco, Cal.

A RARE GEM OF ART.
"The Lord's Prayer,"
A pen drawing, by Mr. D. F. Brown, is one of the most remarkable works of art ever exhibited in this country. By patient labor he has succeeded in producing a design which for skill and beauty of execution, exquisite softness and delicacy of finish, and general merit, it would seem scarcely possible to surpass. The central figure—the face of our savior—is one of marvelous power and beauty. This and the faces of the Twelve Apostles, forming the border of the piece, are faithful copies from Leonardo da Vinci's famous painting of the
LAST SUPPER,
Reproducing, with the softest and most perfect shadings, the conceptions and characteristic expressions of the originals. Within this enclosure the words of the Lord's Prayer, in ornamental letters of various original designs and exquisite finish, are an interesting study of art in themselves; while appropriately distributed among these minature groups and scenes of marked events of Savior's life, copied from the great masters—five of them from Raphael's celebrated designs—form a harmonious completion of this unique, beautiful and truly wonderful work. The faces of
OUR LORD AND HIS APOSTLES.
Alone, so finely copied, would be a treasure in any house, and worth the full price of subscription.
W. HOLT, General Agent,
305 Montgomery street.

North American Steamship Company
THROUGH TO NEW YORK VIA NICARAGUA.
THROUGH AHEAD OF THE MAIL!
☞*Shortest and Only Healthy Route!*☜
THE NORTH AMERICAN S. S. CO.'S STEAMER
AMERICA,
2500 tons, EDGAR WAKEMAN, Commander,
Will sail for SAN JUAN DEL SUR, Nicaragua, from MISSION STREET WHARF, at 12 o'clock, M., on
SATURDAY, - - - - OCT. 5th, 1867.
Connecting at Greytown with the magnificent Steamship SANTIAGO, 2500 tons, for NEW YORK.
No expense on the Isthmus—100 lbs. baggage free.
Surgeon on board; medicine and attendance free.
As there is no Yellow Fever nor other epidemic in Nicaragua, passengers by this route will not be detained by Quarantine in New York.
A Steamer will follow October 25th.
For further information, apply to
I. W. RAYMOND, Agent,
Northwest corner Battery and Pine streets, up stairs

MAGUIRE'S OPERA HOUSE.

THOMAS MAGUIRE,.....Solo Proprietor.
CARS. THIBETTS,.....Business Manager
C. L. GRAVES,.....Stage Manager
WM. STEVENSON,.....Treasurer

Engagement of the CELEBRATED IRISH COMEDIAN,
DAN. BRYANT,
Supported by
MR JOHN McCULLOUGH,
MR. HENRY EDWARDS,
MRS. SOPHIE EDWIN,
MRS. JUDAH,
MISS SALLIE HINCKLEY,
AND THE GREAT STAR COMPANY.

Bryant Matinee to-day,
BELLS OF SHANDON.

This Evening,.....September 28th,
BELLS OF SHANDON,
—AND—
HANDY ANDY.

PRICES OF ADMISSION:
Dress Circle.....$1 00 | Orchestra.....$1 00
Parquette..... 50 | Upper Circle..... 25

METROPOLITAN THEATRE.

THE GREAT

HA-YAH-TAKEE TROUPE

OF

JAPANESE PERFORMERS,

This Afternoon and Evening.....September 28th,

IN NEW AND ASTONISHING FEATS,

TRIPLE TREE BALANCING WITH THREE BOYS,
SLACK-WIRE DANCING BY MME. HA-YAH-TAKEE,
ASTONISHING LANTERN FEAT, ETC., ETC.

THE CENTRAL PARK OF THE PACIFIC.

WOODWARD'S GARDENS,

Art Gallery, Museum, Gymnasium,
AND
ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

THESE BEAUTIFUL GARDENS are visited daily by hundreds of the pleasure seeking public, and all agree in pronouncing them the best and only first class suburban resort on the Pacific coast.

The extensive grounds are covered with the rarest trees and shrubbery, making it a most desirable spot for small parties wishing to enjoy a Pic-Nic.

New attractions are being constantly added.

Gardens accessible by the Howard and Market street cars. Entrances on Mission and Valencia streets, between Thirteenth and Fourteenth. OPEN EVERY DAY.

A GRAND INSTRUMENTAL CONCERT every Saturday afternoon; and on Sundays a Grand Concert of Sacred Music, appropriate to the day.

Admission 25 cents. Children half price.

THE CITY GARDENS,

CORNER OF TWELFTH AND FOLSOM STREETS.

☞ The Folsom St. Cars run every five minutes.
☞ The Howard St. Cars run within one block.

ON SATURDAY,
Chris. Andres' Band will give a
GRAND INSTRUMENTAL CONCERT!
COMMENCING AT TWO O'CLOCK.

ON SUNDAY,
A Grand Concert of Sacred Music,
BY CHRIS. ANDRES' BAND,
INTRODUCING
NEW AND APPROPRIATE PIECES!
COMMENCING AT ONE O'CLOCK P. M.

Admission, 25 cents, Children, half-price.

NATURE UNVEILED,

AT THE
PACIFIC MUSEUM OF ANATOMY AND SCIENCE
Eureka Theatre Montgomery street,
Between California and Pine

WONDERS OF WONDERS!

TO BE SEEN ONLY AT THE
Pacific Museum of Anatomy and Science,
Eureka Theatre, Montgomery street,
between California and Pine.

DICKEY'S

CREME DE LIS

DE CALIFORNIE.

FOR CLEANSING AND PRESERVING THE TEETH. Beautifying the Complexion, and removing Freckles, Eruptions, Sunburn, and Tan.

A New Combination, equal to the best French preparations, and free from their poisonous ingredients.

Invented by GEO. S. DICKEY, Chemist,
Corner of Market, Stockton, Ellis and Fourth streets,
San Francisco.

BOWMAN & CO.,
Dealers in Stoves and Tin Ware,
Main street, Petaluma

"You may talk to me of Baltimore and Philadelphia and New York, and their railroads and the trade of the Atlantic—let me tell you that the Pacific coast is already beginning to revolutionize the world."—*Speech of the Hon. Wm. H. Seward to the people of Annapolis, Maryland, June, 1867.*

ADDRESS

TO THE PERMANENT CITIZENS OF THE PACIFIC STATES AND TERRITORIES.

CITIZENS—We enjoy the finest country that the sun shines on, the most varied and fertile soil, the most extensive seaboard, and the greatest breadth of land having the richest metallic deposits possessed by any one nation of the earth, a land affording all the most varied material for manufactures, wools, hides, cotton, silk, coal, fibre-gums, wood, and, above all, abundance of every kind of food.

We are only a million of people, and yet have more land and set than Russia with sixty millions—more land than France and Germany with their hundred millions of people. In the face of these vast resources, there are towns crumbling to decay, men seeking without finding employment. Something wrong here or this would not be happening. Let us consider.

The instructed mind of the population is nearly devoted to political office-seeking. Their ambition is misdirected. The rising youth are trained to idleness. This mode of thinking and training must be reversed if we would hold this magnificent country against the incoming barbarian.

We must teach our youth the glories of manufactures, of commerce, of industry. We must nourish every effort, however rude, at manufacturing what we require. By devoting some of our capital and our young people to manufactures and general industries we shall soon become busy, get rich, bring more and more people into the country, create new wants, build up new factories and villages around them; cultivate more land, build more ships, generate more commerce, and thereby create profitable employment for all who want work.

Now, fellow-citizens, some money capital is required to help on this industrial movement. Where shall we get it? There is a considerable fund which we may divert from its present bed and channel, viz: the Insurance Fund.

Consider. The people of the Pacific States pay *two hundred thousand dollars a month* to the Insurance Companies for assuring them against losses from fire or shipwreck.

There are some fifteen of those Insurance offices in this city, each fishing for its share of this large fund. Each office pays a heavy rent, a half dozen officers and clerks, besides printing and advertising; the lowest cost is a thousand dollars a month on each office, and with some it is double that. There are too many persons employed in the business; too much dozing over newspapers; too much red tape and circumlocution; too high salaries and too little work. Think of two hundred thousand dollars a month! two millions and a half a year!! paid to those sleepy gentlemen for what little they do. This must be reformed. Three or four Insurance offices are quite enough for the million of scattered inhabitants of the Pacific States. A dozen of them may be abolished with great benefit to the community; some one or two have already withdrawn. This change would liberate some fifty men of education, whose business capacity would be of much greater service to the community in other branches of industry, such as manufactures, agriculture, commerce, the fisheries, the forests and the mines. This change would also divert a million or two of dollars to other and more needful industries, whereby a thousand fold more of national capital and employment would be generated than by the present drowsy system.

The managers of the Builders' Insurance propose, with the co-operation of the people, that this vast monthly stream of wealth shall be arrested and diverted to the aid of home manufactures, to effect a great reform and remove from the people's shoulders the expense of supporting a small army of insurance clerks and agents. The Builders' Insurance Company has passed through its first year (the most trying) with singular success. It has gathered a hundred thousand dollars, paid promptly all its losses, and established a business income of fully twenty thousand dollars a month! This has been done while we were yet but an experiment, and enjoying the confidence of only a portion of the public. We now appeal to the entire people. We ask them to send their insurance business to us on the following conditions, and soon we shall have an income of ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS A MONTH, and here is what we shall do with the money:

First, we calculate, from our present experience, that we shall lose by fire and marine disasters half our monthly income (on our first year's experience our "losses" were but one-third of our income.)

Suppose then that our income shall be worked up to one hundred thousand dollars a month, and suppose that we shall pay out losses to the extent of fifty thousand dollars a month, we shall still have fifty thousand dollars a month to bank up, (or half a million a year.) We propose to make two parts of this sum—one part (a quarter of a million a year) to be invested in City Bonds, to protect the assured, and one part (about a quarter of a million a year) we propose to convert into a

MANUFACTURERS' LOAN FUND,

Which shall be lent exclusively to manufacturers on mortgage of their premises and machinery, at as low rate of interest and on as long time as is generally current on real estate.

By the aid of this fund the budding industries of the Pacific States may be nourished into active life; more and varied employments can be originated for the people; immigration may be welcomed and not feared; the farmer will have got a market at his own door for the produce of his land; the manufacturer will find a lively home demand from the farmer for the products of his machines.

All this, good people, can be achieved *by your own votes at your own firesides*, without the aid of Congress or the Legislature—it is simply to vote that your insurance shall go to the BUILDERS', by which vote you shall enable us to plant factories all over the country. You shall fill the rivers and harbors with busy ships; you shall send out upon the distant waves fishing expeditions that will bring back wealth to your cities: you shall form a nursery of seamen around your own shores—the ova of a future commerce and a protective navy; you will create the hum of busy workmen in every desirable locality on the Pacific coast; you will bring from neglected fields produce of the utmost value; all of which will most certainly multiply a thousand fold the wealth of the country in which your lot is cast, making a worthy home for yourselves and a future country for your offspring.

People of the Pacific States and Territories! We pledge ourselves to you to effect, with your co-operation, some of those things. We have kept all our pledges so far, and have uttered nothing that was not true. Already have we helped to move the shuttle and the loom, which others, with more means, have passed by and neglected. Already have we helped to build and rig ships in our own dock-yards, and sent them over the wide waves in search of riches for the city. Already have we given many liberal bounties and donations to the deserving institutions of the city. Give your vote to the BUILDERS', and we shall share its profits with every useful charity and every honest industry, and help along every enterprise that promises benefit to the people.

We call for the yeas and nays.

THOMAS MOONEY, President.

EDWARD MACCANN,
WM. B. COOKE,
W. G. WEIR,
J. D. CONNELL,
J. W. MCCORMICK,
C. A. JENKE,
HERMAN SCHWARZE,
J. W. MCKENZIE,
} Directors.

H. V. HERBERT, Secretary.

No Charge for Consultation.

ADOLPH CAMAN, M. D.,
HOMŒOPATHIC PHYSICIAN,
ACCOUCHEUR AND SURGEON,

Devotes special attention to the diseases of Women and Children. He takes a professional pride in curing those cases which have baffled the skill of other eminent physicians.

DR. CAMAN would call attention to the beneficial effects of the Homœopathic treatment in all cases of Chronic Diseases, Insanity, Paralysis, all kinds of Spasms, Delirium Tremens, and persons suffering from an unnatural thirst for spirituous liquors.

No. 26 Montgomery Street, opposite the Lick House.

I. LANDSBERGER

HAS BEEN AWARDED BY THE STATE AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY
THE FIRST PREMIUM
—FOR THE—
Best Sparkling California!!
Of his own manufacture.
THREE FIRST PREMIUMS
FOR THE
Best White and Red Wines.
A SPECIAL PREMIUM
FOR THE NOTABLE SUPERIORITY OF ALL HIS WINES.

Three First Premiums at the Fair of 1867!!

Being the largest number of Premiums awarded to any one person.

No. 429 JACKSON STREET, between Sansome and Montgomery.

First Premium

AWARDED BY THE STATE FAIR TO

SILAS SELLECK,

FOR THE BEST PLAIN PHOTOGRAPH.

—ALSO—

SPECIAL PREMIUM

For the Best Cabinet Portraits.

MR. SELLECK is now prepared to execute the very best PHOTOGRAPHS, in all the different styles, at No. 415 Montgomery Street.

N. B.—The best Water Color and India Ink Artist in this city is attached to this Gallery.

BERNHEIM & EHRENPFORT,

WHOLESALE
Candy Manufacturers,
No. 408 CLAY STREET,
Between Sansome and Battery Sts., San Francisco.
FANCY AND COMMON CANDIES
OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.
Sugar Toys, Figures, Animals, Birds, etc.

Are prepared to receive orders to any extent and in any desired style.

BERNHEIM & EHRENPFORT.

Turnbull & Smith,
PRINTERS,
522 CLAY ST.,
SAN FRANCISCO.

Good Work!—One Price!—Punctuality!

D. BRUCE,

PRINTER,
COMMERCIAL STREET BELOW MONTGOMERY.

J. CUTBERLET,

CUSTOM
BOOT AND SHOE STORE.
—ALSO—
FRENCH SCREWED BOOTS AND SHOES,
No. 546 Washington Street, near Montgomery Street.

The finest quality of CUSTOM WORK neatly executed. Always on hand other fine work ready made.

F. D. RING,

MANUFACTURER OF
JEWELRY AND SILVER WARE,
No. 540 Market Street, adjoining the Hibernia Bank,
SAN FRANCISCO.

All kinds of precious Stones set in the latest style and most approved manner. Watches and Jewelry carefully repaired by experienced workmen.

THE DEW OF EDEN.

LADIES OF CALIFORNIA?—If you will keep your complexions in the freshness, delicacy and beauty of youth, you must use the DEW OF EDEN, for it is the only article extant that will do for those using it all that it purports without injury, as it contains no mineral or poisonous substances whatever. It preserves the skin from the effects of climate and atmospheric changes; prevents the formation of Freckles, Tan, Morphew, Sunburn and Wrinkles. It keeps the skin soft, tender and beautiful; because it is congenial and natural to it, and composed of ingredients that supply to it what time and exposure take too rapidly away. It preserves and restores. It is valuable to the young, but more so to those from whom the stern hand of Time is stealing the treasures of youth; to such, it will actually arrest its depredations and avert its ravages upon the human face divine. It will surely smooth out those lines of care to a great extent, and restore the skin to comparative youth. Used on the hands daily, it preserves them in all fineness of texture and delicacy of early years. It gives a beautiful tint to the nails of the fingers, and keeps them tender and soft. It is not a cosmetic, and must not be used with any kind of paint. A simple powder, however, of harmless nature, may be used without detriment with this protective.

No lady once using the DEW OF EDEN will ever afterward dispense with it from her toilet.

Depot, 311 Kearney Street; and for sale by
R. H. McDONALD & CO.,
Importers and Dealers in Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals, etc., corner of Pine and Sansome Streets, San Francisco.

IN THE PROBATE COURT of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the Estate of JAMES CONLON, deceased.

Order to show cause why order of distribution should not be made.

On reading and filing the petition of Ellen Conlon, Administratrix of the estate of James Conlon, deceased, setting forth that she has filed her final account of her administration of the estate of said deceased, in this Court, and that the same has been duly settled and allowed; that all the debts and expenses of administration have been duly paid; and that a portion of said estate remains to be divided among the heirs of said deceased, and praying among other things for an order of distribution of the residue of said estate among the persons entitled:

It is ordered, that all persons interested in the estate of the said James Conlon, deceased, be and appear before the Probate Court of the City and County of San Francisco, at the Court Room of said Court, in the City Hall, in said City and County, on MONDAY, the twenty-eighth day of October, A. D., 1867, at 11 o'clock, A. M., then and there to show cause why an order of distribution should not be made of the residue of said estate among the heirs of the said James Conlon, deceased, according to law.

It is further ordered, that a copy of this order be published for four successive weeks before the said twenty-eighth day of October, A. D. 1867, in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published in the said city and county.

M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

Dated September 21st, A. D. 1867.

SAMUEL L. LUPTON, Esq., Attorney for petitioner.

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IN THE PROBATE COURT of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the estate of EDWARD CAVERLEY, deceased.

Order to show cause why order of distribution should not be made.

On reading and filing the petition of Ann Caverley, the Administratrix of the Estate of said deceased, setting forth that she has filed her final account of her administration of the estate of said deceased, in this Court, and that the same has been duly settled and allowed; that all the debts and expenses of administration have been duly paid; and that a portion of said estate remains to be divided among the heirs of said deceased, and praying among other things for an order of distribution of the residue of said estate among the persons entitled.

It is Ordered, that all persons interested in the estate of the said Edward Caverley, deceased, be and appear before the Probate Court of the city and county of San Francisco, at the Court Room of said Court, in the City Hall, in said city and county, on MONDAY, the twenty-eighth day of October, A. D. 1867, at eleven o'clock, A. M., then and there to show cause why an order of distribution should not be made of the residue of said estate among the heirs of the said Edward Caverley, deceased, according to law:

It is further Ordered, that a copy of this order be published for four successive weeks, before the said twenty-eighth day of October A. D. 1867, in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published in the said city and county.

M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

Dated September 26th, A. D. 1867.

J. T. BERGEN, Esq., Attorney for Petitioner.

se 28 oc 5-12 19-26

The California.

"SURELY THERE IS A VEIN FOR THE SILVER AND A PLACE FOR GOLD WHERE THEY FINE IT."

VOLUME VII., No. 20. OFFICE, No. 532 MERCHANT STREET. | SAN FRANCISCO, OCTOBER 5, 1867. | TERMS, $5 A YEAR, BY MAIL, IN ADVANCE. 50 CENTS A MONTH, BY CARRIER.

CONTENTS:

ORIGINAL.—Negro Industry; American Institutions from a Tory Point of View; Mark Twain's English Reviewers; "The Musical Mouthly;" Literary Gleanings; Blackwood on the Subject of American Repudiation; The Southern Debt, etc.; Dramatic Affairs, by "Touchstone;" "The Lion's Mouth;" Japanese Music; Emigration of Dogs, Lively and Enlightened Santa Cruz, The Slightly-flavored "Alta," A Workingman's Paper, etc. etc., by Trem. SELECTED: A Love Story; My Mexican Mines, by C. H. Webb; Lady Joan's Vow, Wilkins on Calisthenics, by John Quill; Poetry, Paragraps, etc.

THE LION'S MOUTH.

"THE gravest beast is an ass, the gravest bird is an owl, the gravest fish is an oyster, and the gravest man is a fool." SYDNEY SMITH.

"I WILL roar, that I will do any man's heart good to hear me." A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

"I WILL aggravate my voice so, that I will roar you as gently as any sucking dove; I will roar you an 't were any nightingale." IBID.

"*Nil falsi audeat, nil veri non audeat dicere.*" CICERO.

A Non Sequitur.

Under the heading of "A Good Democrat," the local editor of the *Times* tells a story of a Democrat residing near Telegraph Hill, who cut down a rose tree when told that it was a variety named "President Lincoln." He winds up as follows:

"This man was a Democrat, and according to the lights of his party, should be accounted a staunch and true one. He is also a specimen Democrat, and therefore we introduce him to our readers. He is evidently no believer in Shakspeare, (probably never having heard of that writer,) and does not think that

'A rose by any other name would smell as sweet.'"

We cannot own the inference drawn a just one. This Democrat does not think that "a rose by any other name would smell as sweet," but a precious deal sweeter.

A Pardonable Error.

J. H. Vinson, the stage manager of the Metropolitan Theatre, has been indefatigable in his efforts to acquire a knowledge of the Japanese language. He very soon learned to say "good night" in Japanese, and then requested the interpreter to teach him to say "good morning" in the same charming language. He was informed that O-hi-o was the Japanese for "good morning," and on the following day, when the Japanese came down to the theatre, Mr. Vinson commenced to display his newly-acquired knowledge. As each one of them came on the stage, he said in the most affable manner, "Kentucky;" they did not seem to understand him, and he complained to the interpreter that he had not given him the right word. On being told that he had made a mistake, that O-hi-o was the word instead of Kentucky, he said: "Yes; so it is. But I wasn't far off, I got the next State to Ohio."

The Highly-flavored "Alta."

No one can complain that the *Alta* is slow at present, or that it does not gratify the public taste for spicy and highly-flavored items of news. The headings of the news paragraphs in yesterday's issue were alone worth the price of the paper. "ATROCIOUS MUTILATION—A YOUNG GIRL OF EIGHT YEARS OF AGE LITTERALLY CHOPPED INTO CHUNKS, AND THE PIECES SCATTERED BROADCAST," is one of the most startling. No one but a gentleman lately arrived from Paris could have written that. "Chopped into chunks" is sublime. The expression, "a *young* girl of eight years of age" is good, no one but a careful and experienced writer would have been thus careful to prevent the public from falling into the error of supposing that it was an *old* girl of eight years of age, who was "chopped into chunks." We then have a thrilling description of the manner in which three men were blown to pieces and two others shockingly wounded, a most inspiriting account of the butchery of Lieutenants Murdaugh and Borchet, and the mutilation of their bodies, and other paragraphs equally spicy. The police reports are once more written in the well-known facetious style of that inimitable humorist, Fitz Smythe—the literary Emperor Norton of San Francisco—thus:—

"Raphael Levy, for snatching Lazarus Moses, *alias* Fagin, baldheaded, (literally,) and then poulticing the bare spot with one of Cadue's best Folsom paving cobbles, was fined $10, with the alternative of going to jail for twenty days.

"Robert Armstrong, for an assault and battery on John Tuck, was fined $25, and John Tuck, for tucking his tongue out at Robert Armstrong, and "calling him out of his name," was ordered to appear for sentence."

And altogether the *Alta* is becoming one of the most sprightly papers in the United States.

The Best Country Newspaper in the State.

A half interest in "the best country newspaper in the State" is advertised for sale in the *Call*, price $2,000. Surely this cannot be the Sacramento *Union*. We consider the *Union* "the best country paper in the State," but a half interest would be very cheap at $2,000.

Emigration of Dogs.

Many a well-bred, amiable and gentlemanly dog has been slaughtered in this city by the dog-butcher of the Pound and his assistant assassins. Luckily for the dogs there are places in this State where their value is appreciated. In Humboldt county a petition, praying for the repeal of a law passed at the last session of the Legislature, imposing a tax on dogs, is in circulation. The Humboldt people appreciate dogs. Since this fact has become generally known among the dogs of San Francisco, many have emigrated from this city. Every day two or three canine stow-aways are found on board the Sacramento boat. These energetic animals are anxious to get to Sacramento, and intend to walk from thence into Humboldt county, where they will be respected, and can earn their own living by taking care of stock. If some of the lazy bipeds who prowl round this city, and who deserve to be pounded far more than do the good dogs, would also emigrate to the agricultural and stock raising districts, it would be a great blessing.

Lively and Enlightened Santa Cruz.

On Sunday last, Santa Cruz, as we learn from the *Sentinel*, "had a lively little earthquake of half a minute's duration, which made the crockery rattle and started people out to see the sky fall." On the following evening Santa Cruz was, for the first time, illuminated with gas. A city which has a larger-sized earthquake than has been experienced in San Francisco for eighteen months on Sunday, and is lighted by gas on Mondy, may claim to be "some pumpkins," or as the *Sentinel* expresses it:

"This event may be considered important, as it is the point from which a village starts to put on city airs, usages and customs."

A Working-Man's Paper.

The *Evening Dispatch*, which aims to be considered especially the organ of the poor and laboring, as opposed to the wealthy and speculating classes, in its issue of yesterday, called for the passage of a more stringent game law. It objects to quail being netted and trapped and thus sent to market at a reasonable price and in large quantities. It talks in the most aristocratic style of "the healthy sports of the field," etc. Why should not the poverty stricken working-man of California enjoy occasionally a cheap quail, although after his toil of eight hours per diem, throughout the week, renders him too fatigued to participate in "the healthy sports of the field." Are quail to be protected from traps and nets for the purpose of affording the comparitively sm all number of city sportsmen who can afford to get guns, powder and shot, an opportunity of slaughtering them. No aristocratic game laws for California! Let the people catch the quail by nets, traps, or any other means, that quail may be cheap.

Horrid Depravity.

The *News Letter*, which has long enjoyed an amiable reputation in this community, a conservator of public morals, patriotism and piety, was much shocked by the prize fight between "two young ladies" which took place at the Olympic Theatre on the occasion of J. Stackhouse's benefit one evening last week. It says:

"Prize fighting is a gross and brutal exhibition when two men beat each other out of the likeness of pigs into that of raw beef, and all for money. This is rank and smells to Heaven. But when two "young ladies" come forward at a theater in San Francisco, and begin to maul each other's lovely mugs, and all for love, what shall we say? These modern martyrs of a grand idea take too much to heart the reported physical degeneracy of their sex in America. It is pathetic to think of Molly's gentle first tapping the claret from Kate's aspiring nose; pathetic to picture the drunken rainbow hues that will invest Molly's left peeper, when Kate has plauted her manly; but sadder far this, than these, than all, is the thought of the emotions that must stir the breast of Tommy, the trainer, the guide, philosopher, and friend of both. We cannot endure the contemplation of so much noble nature, nobly striving with the right—and left. We take leave of the beautiful trio with the reflection, that any importation of Japanese beastliness is superfluous, so long as we can furnish native brutes like these."

We only regret that the *News Letter*, perhaps, from a mistaken idea of delicacy and regard for the feelings of their parents, did not publish the names of the "young ladies" who made such "native brutes" of themselves. No such feeling can deter us. The "young ladies" were named respectively Lew Rattler and Johnny De Angelis.

Japanese Music.

In our last roar from the *Lion's Mouth*, we expressed our indignation at the lack of appreciation of the beauties of Japanese music, evinced by the public of San Francisco, and the jealousy displayed by musical artists. We are happy to state that a change has taken place. Ha'yah-takee's performance on a Japanese violin converted even the leader of the opposition orchestra. If the people of San Francisco were to listen to a concert of Japanese music every night for the space of eighteen months, they would appreciate it but at present, though understood and admired by all thorough musical critics, it is caviare to the general.

Shockingly Indelicate.

The *Banner of Progres*, which is at present edited by the gifted M., the intellectual T. being at present engaged in spiritualizing the denizens of Jackass Gulch or Red Dog Cañon, we forget which, contains a "pome" with this heading: [For the *Banner of Progress*,] "Lines Composed at the Funeral of a Friend." J. T. Rouse wrote these lines. We should feel comforted on our death-bed—as the last expiration left our pallid lips, if we were only assured that J. T. Rouse would write lines at our funeral. It is enough to tempt a man to become a subject for a funeral to know that he leaves a friend behind him who will not waste the time he spends at his funeral in vain regrets, but will take out of his pocket the blank leaf of a letter and begin to compose lines "for the *Banner of Progress*." TREM.

MY MEXICAN MINES.

SOME four or five years ago I went to California. Why I went there I have not yet been able to determine. There was no necessity in the case—certainly nothing in the world is easier than *not* to go to California. But I went. Just six weeks after going out from Hell Gate the Golden Gate swung to behind me, on hypothetical hinges. The great city of San Francisco loomed up before me in all its fragrance and freshness. Of all the happy moments experienced in a somewhat checkered career, two are so particularly memorable that they can never be forgotten: one is when, after that terrible sea-voyage with its dirt and discomfort, I landed in San Francisco—the other when I left it. Do not imagine that in this statement I intend to bring discredit or contempt upon the Queen City of the Pacific Coast—that Mecca which all pilgrims praise, but where few take up permanent residences. Rather let the confession turn to my own disadvantage; set it down to the peculiarity of a roving and restless temper, which could scarcely be happy and contented in Paradise—at least in such a Paradise as is commonly painted for the edification of the popular mind.

At the time of my arrival in San Francisco the mining excitement was at its height. Joint stock companies under every conceivable name for "developing" mines in the most extraordinary localities were every day organized, the list of the incorporations regularly filling a column in the morning papers. Nearly the whole coast was staked out into claims. People bought anything and everything that was offered as "feet." The man who blundered over a boulder fell into fortune, for he could come into town, report that he had found a lead "as good as the Gould and Curry," and sell out at any price he pleased. (Gould and Curry, a mine situated on the famous Comstock Ledge, selling at $5,000 a foot and paying a dividend of $150 a month, was the favorite standard of comparison.) Tunnels were run through granite mountains, shafts were sunk nearly to the center of gravity, until square miles of ground looked as though it had been bored over by gigantic gophers. Especially was this the case in Nevada, through which State one cannot travel even at this time without incurring the risk of falling into pit-holes from which there could be no resurrection. Those were flush times indeed. A company called "The Lone Mountain Gold and Silver Mining Company" was organized for the purpose of working a fancied vein in that silent cemetery. Fortunately it gave out at an early period, or the poor pioneers who for uneventful years had slumbered beneath the clover and daisies would have been turned out from what they had considered their last resting-place, to take compulsory glimpses of the moon. Tunneling the tomb of an ancester in search of the precious metals may seem too outrageous for belief: but I solemnly assure the reader that the company above mentioned was actually incorporated and that the ground was broken. Yea, I will even own that I had stock in it myself. There were no bounds to the excitement and enterprise of the frenzied treasure-seekers, and when it is considered how many holes can be dug in the earth's surface without finding gold, one ceases to wonder at the many failures which followed.

But the great States and Territories of California, Nevada, Oregon, Arizona, Idaho, and Montana did not afford a field wide enough for mining ambition. Mexico stretched out her golden arms. Mines that had yielded millions of dollars under the crude manipulations of native hands were to be had for mere songs—for the promise of a song. Mines that were opened, mines that stood ready to be rifled, like the legendary pigs that in the good old days ran about the streets of London ready roasted and clamoring to be eaten. Did you doubt the stories! Lo, were not the pages of Ward's History of Mexico unfolded to your gaze! Was it not there put down, in the plainest black and white, how the San This and the Santa That had turned out treasure faster than all the mules that the country contained could pack away? These mines, abandoned by their improvident owners, only needed the *open sesame* of capital at their doors to again unlock their riches. If they yielded so enormously by the imperfect native method of treating ores, what will they not yield under the improved system which American skill and capital can command, cried the sanguine soul of the speculator?

Wood, water and labor—the great requisites in a mining country—were plenty and cheap. The mining laws were in favor of the worker. What wonder then that there was a rush for Mexican investments! Those who had made money at home sought to double it abroad; those who had lost expected to make up their losses and more in this new field of enterprise. My seat was among the latter. Reaching California when speculation was at full tide, I was just in time to launch my little boat on the top wave, and get the full benefit of the ebb. A friend gave me "points;" he had the "inside track," he said. And he had as I found to my cost, quite the "insido track" of *me*. The stock which he kindly sold me, with the assurance that its certain appreciation would enable us to

visit Europe together, fell on my hands to a merely nominal figure; my name appeared on the delinquent list at the Broker's Board about the same time that his was registered in Paris.

EL TIGRE COLORADO.

But I was not bereft of friends by my misfortune; I found scores of friends—sympathizing friends. One, in particular, expressed a great desire to see me get even. The way that he proposed to get me "even" was decidedly odd—though, after all, but an application of the hair-of-the-dog-that-bit-you principle. A benevolent old Spaniard with one eye was in town to dispose of a mine which he owned in Durango. There were 1,800 feet in the mine (putting my foot in made it 1,801;) he wouldn't sell the whole of it, not even to his best friends—he couldn't, he said, in justice to his family. But would he sell half at $100 a foot, for the sake of raising the money to purchase and erect the needful machinery. The mine was called *El Tigre Colorado*—Spanish for "The Red Tiger." He had a drawing or plan of the mine with him, beautifully executed and highly colored—the reason, perhaps, that it was called Colorado. There were galleries and chambers and columns and pillars without end; it all looked not unlike a five-story hotel. The columns and pillars, he explained, had been left there in accordance with a law of the country, which insisted upon that solid support. Even if the rest of the mine "petered out," those pillars—nearly pure silver—could be taken out, and made to yield millions! The course of the vein—he called it *veta*—was marked and accompanied with marginal notes. Here it was only four feet wide; there it branched out to twenty; here it would not yield more than two or three hundred dollars a ton; there, where the *veta* was widest, as many thousand. It was easy enough to calculate the profit to accrue from first workings. The mill which it was proposed to erect would crush and work thirty tons of ore a day; but suppose it only worked twenty. The ore would easily average $1,000 a ton; but suppose it only yielded $500. Twenty times $500 was $10,000. Allow $250 for expense of working—there you had a clear profit of $9,750 a day. Counting twenty-six working days to a month, and you had $253,500, which gave a dividend of about $140 a month to the share. Or suppose it were only $100—the fortunate possessor of twenty shares would even then have an income in gold of $24,000 per annum. Was that to be sneezed at? And the investment was *so* small! Who could resist the temptation? I, for one, could not; a present Judge of the Supreme Court of the United States could not; any number of widows and orphans and young men ambitious of matrimony could not—my friend who endorsed the character of his friend, the benevolent old Spaniard with one eye (and not without consideration, as we afterward ascertained,) was persuaded to use his influence to procure us stock: we "went in" with avidity. Fortunately the fool-killer did not come round about that time, or I should not be here to tell the tale of how we came out.

Well, machinery was bought and shipped and the old Don went down to superintend things. This was July. He assured us that about Christmas we might look for returns. And we did look for them—but I anticipate. The machinery went with him, and both were safely landed at Mazatlan.

Every steamer thereafter brought us most excellent news. The machinery was almost at the mine; and at the mine everything was prepared for the reception—the beds were placed for the batteries, the engine-house was nearly completed, and the gist of all was that we might expect dividends about Thanksgiving time instead of Christmas. The mine looked better and better every day, he said; he had got the old works connected with the new—we would see what he meant by reference to the map of the mine which he had left with us—and the result surpassed his most sanguine expectations. He had laid bare a stretch of metal 600 feet in length and 6 feet wide, which assayed some $2,500 a ton, and would not work less than $2,000; and with a fine burst of that poetry for which the mellifluous *lingua Hispaniola* is noted, he wound up by saying, "Compose yourselves, my children, and prepare to be astonished. I will send you some specimens that will cause you to open your eyes wide as your beautiful plaza." Consequently we were jubilant, and paid the little assessment of $20 a share, which it was found necessary to levy, without a murmur; and so the months wore on. Christmas came and went. The news was always excellent, but that was all. Once the Don sent us a drawing of the mill and works as they would appear when completed, with the American flag flying from the roof, and the smoke of the furnaces rolling to the skies in great volumes; but there the news ended. We could not exactly understand how, with the machinery so near the mill all the while, we never received intelligence of its actual arrival; nor why a little detail of facts was not indulged in instead of these glittering generalities; and an assessment of $30 a share coming pat on the last assurance that we all might consider ourselves millionaires, made some of us look grave, and set the older ones thinking. The result was that a purse was made up, and one of the stockholders appointed to go down and look into things. With admirable judgment the gentleman—my friend—who sold us the stock and acted as a sort of *factotum* for the old Don was selected for the mission. By return steamer we heard from him. Everything was lovely, and all that we had to do was to possess our souls in patience, pay our assessments regularly, and our fortunes were made; and the next steamer brought up the gentleman himself. When questioned closely there was a vagueness about his answers which suggested a suspicion, and another meeting of stockholders was called. It was then ascertained that our embassador, discovering that the mine was some three hundred miles in the interior, and only to be reached by muleback, never stirred out of Mazatlan, contenting himself with sending us the statements transmitted to him by the old Don, from whom he received another gift of shares in the Red Tigre of Durango. His reports turned out to be nothing but echoes!

So we dispatched another envoy—a practical, hard-pated, thorough-going old Englishman, familiarly known as "The Baron." For three months we heard nothing at all from him. At the end of that time the Baron landed from the steamer, and the cause of his silence was soon explained. On arriving at Mazatlan he found that not a pound of the machinery had ever left that port for the interior. The Don had mortgaged it for all it was worth, and there it lay, subject to the order of a private money-lender. On inquiring the way to our mine, the famous Tigre Colorado, the citizens of Mazatlan stared at him in surprise; they had never before heard the name! So he purchased a mule and saddle and pushed for the interior, where he hoped to find the population better posted. After many hardships and much soreness of flesh he succeeded in reaching Tamisula, a town which we had been told was five leagues distant from our mining property. Here he inquired if any one in those parts knew anything about El Tigre Colorado. "*Si, Señor,*" cried one of the natives, clapping his hands; and, turning to a crowd of by-standers, he explained with a caramba or two that here was one of those fools of Americans come down to look for the mine sold them by Don Enrique. Volunteering his services as guide, this same native set off with the Baron. The Tigre Colorado proved to be located on the top of an inaccessible mountain—I forget how many feet above the level of the sea—where it defied both mule and man. As near as I could make out from the Baron's report, the facts of the case were about as follows: In the first place, it was impossible to get to where the mine was said to be. In the second place, if one could have got there he'd have found no mine. In the third place, could one have got there, and had he found a mine, it would not have been worth the working. Never was there a more complete swindle.

Retracing his steps, our Baron set out in search of Don Enrique. At last he found him on a plantation which he had purchased, incurring debts in the Company's name and selling off the produce in his own. What was raised on the place I do not now remember, and do not know that I ever knew, but whatever it was the crop was all disposed of long before the Baron arrived. But not so the debts. The Don had paid nothing to his hands, and they were on the eve of an outbreak. In a brief speech to the excited mountaineers, the Don introduced the Baron to them as a plenipotentiary who had come to pay off the outstanding debts of the Great American Company. The consequence was that the unsuspicions and unwitting Baron alighted from his mule in the midst of some hundreds of peons, all clamoring for money. He not understanding a word of Spanish, and they not speaking a word of English, it was some time before one party to the discussion knew what the other was at. That point once explained, however, the "plenipoteutiary" very concisely and clearly stated to them that he came *after* money, not to *pay* money; that he had nothing but bread and cheese in his capacious wallet. On this, off they rushed to Don Enrique, howling like a pack of wolves. He counseled them not to believe a word of what the American said; that was the way these sharp, shrewd traders always talked; they must persist in their demands, and not be put off by empty words. So they returned to the charge. The poor man reiterated his assertions, and endeavored to explain the matter. As well might he have talked to the winds. Satisfied that he was endeavoring to cheat them out of their just dues, and in reality had stores of gold and silver in his saddle-bags that was of right theirs, they set upon him in wild fury, and would have beaten him to death had it not been for the opportune arrival of a file of soldiers. As it was they pounded him so severely that he was confined to his bed for a month, and landed in San Francisco with his eyes still poulticed and the sense of hearing in one ear totally destroyed.

A few of the Company were not yet satisfied, and made me liberal offers if I would undertake a Mexican mission for the representation of our common interests; but not having a head for skillful financiering, still less a head for the pouching that the Baron's experience so plainly prognosticated, I declined the appointment with thanks; and that was the last of El Tigre Colorado.

THE HUMBUGGIO MINING COMPANY.

But it was not the last of my Mexican ventures. Throughout the whole of the affair above narrated it will be seen that we plainly invited our fate. Buying a mine that not a soul of us ever saw, on the representation of a stranger whom none of us knew save by the indorsement of one with whom we were almost equally unacquainted, and shipping machinery in the dark—was ever there seen such folly? But here came an opportunity to retrieve my fortunes and avail myself of the experience gained at such cost—picking my path through the future by the aid of the stern-lights of the past. A brawny ex captain of the British army, who had long been sojourning in Guaymas as British Consul or something else that carried with it buttons and consideration, came to San Francisco with his pockets full of maps and papers pertaining to two noted mines—mines that had a history, that were mentioned in Ward's Mexico, that were famous in the annals of the country. Moreover, he bore with him letters of introduction from Mexican magnates to San Francisco financiers—careful, prudent men, whose lead the multitude deem it safe to follow in all cases. There was no chicanery about this concern—here I speak by the card—for the organizers and officers of the company were and are among the best and dearest friends. We all went in together—and I considered myself extremely fortunate to get *in*. This was a very different affair from the Red Tiger. Here we knew what we were about; had documentary evidence to begin on, and no lack of capital to go ahead with. One of the best theoretical and practical miners on the coast—a graduate of the famous Gould and Curry—was selected for superintendent. He took stock. Engineer, blacksmiths, carpenters, firemen—all were Americans and practical miners; and all of them took stock. There was no one connected with the Company in any capacity whatever who did not manifest confidence by putting capital—the last test. The machinery which we purchased was one of the most expensive and improved kind; nothing was left undone or unbought that could in any way contribute to that success which none doubted. Stores for the men, garden seeds, soap, sugar, calomel, raisins, pepper, canned fruits, pickled lobsters and oysters—all the necessaries of life and many of the luxuries of the season were shipped in profusion—a year's supply. We watched our argosy go out with triumphant hearts, and our eyes might have been taken for diamond editions of the Pleasures of Hope.

That the reader may not think that we built entirely without foundation I append the prospectus, cut with some remorse at the sacrifice from the little pamphlet once so dear to me, and which I have long preserved as carefully as one does a memento of a girl who has jilted him, a token exchanged when all was love and confidence. I only change the names slightly:

PROSPECTUS OF THE HUMBUGGIO MINING COMPANY.—*Capital Stock*, $206,700. *Four Thousand One Hundred and Thirty four Shares, each Share representing one Spanish foot, at* $50—$206,700.

The property consists of eight hundred varas of the Mine called "Nuestra Señora del Humbuggio," and five hundred and seventy-eight varas of the Mine called "La Motherinluwo;" altogether one thousand three hundred and seventy eight varas, or four thousand one hundred and thirty four Spanish feet. Twenty-eight hundred are offered for sale at $50—$140,000; the remaining one thousand three hundred and thirty-four feet are reserved by the proprietors.

Will be paid for the two Mines, in cash, the sum of	$ 50,000
For the erection of Reduction of Works and for working capital will be required the amply sufficient sum of	62,000
Leaving a reserve fund of	28,000
Total	$140,000

The sum set down for Reduction Works and Working Capital includes every thing required for the successful working of the Mines, so that Shareholders will only have to pay $10 per foot.

The sum of $15 upon each foot, or share, will be paid on subscription, and the balance will be called in by the Directors of the Company in installments when needed.

The sum of $32,000 will be paid for the Mines on delivery of the title-deeds, and the balance of $18,000 will be gradually paid, according to the assessments made. The ores are argentiferous, charged with gold; are docile in their reduction, *and will average at least one hundred and twenty-five dollars per ton;* the expenses of their extraction and reduction by the barrel process may be estimated at about $25 per ton.

At a distance of one mile and a half from the Mines there is a suitable place for the establishment of Reduction Works, dwellings, etc., never-failing and healthy water being supplied by a creek, while timber, fuel, and pasturage are in abundance close by. A wagon road may be made from the Mines to the Reduction Works at an outlay of a few hundred dollars.

A steam-engine of sufficient force, and a twenty-stamp battery, with the corresponding number of barrels, will be required for the reduction of twenty tons of ore daily. This amount of ore can be extracted from the Mines at present, but may be greatly augmented in a few months, when the present workings have been expended. During the erection of the machinery the Company intend to reduce the ores in the Mexican patio process, so that the proceeds of the Mines will pay at once a profit of $150 to $200 a day.

The Mines of the Company are situated in the celebrated Jesus Maria, in the Sierra Madre, or Mother Mountains, in the State of Chihuahua, Mexico, close to the boundary line of Sonora, at a distance of two hundred and fifty miles from the ports of Guaymas and Agiabampo, on the Gulf of California. There is a wagon road for about two-thirds of the distance; a couple of hundred pack-mules can be had at a few days' notice, and the entire freight from San Francisco to the Company's Mines will not exceed $100 per ton.

The climate of this part of the Sierra Madre is delightful and healthy; provisions are low, and labor is abundant and cheap.

The above Mines hold out a most profitable investment in the Sierra Madre, which is generally admitted to contain the richest Mines of the Mexican Republic.

Do any wonder that with such a prospectus, which in every word and syllable stood to us as does the Koran to the Faithful, we were jubilant and exultant? The stock had then cost the original subscribers $25 a share. A little changed hands at $100—very little, however, for few would sell at any price. And this firm and favorable feeling was immensely streugthened by the first letter of the superintendent, who wrote that he found the mine better in all respects and more promising than had been represented; that it *was* better than Gould and Curry—and he being an old employee of the latter Company, it seemed likely that *he* should know. For my one hundred shares I was offered one hundred dollars each in gold—$10,000 in all. It had cost me but $2,500. The temptation was stroug to sell, but who likes to fling fortune away? However, I wrote to the resident Guaymas correspondent of a newspaper with which I was connected, who I knew had just returned from a tour of inspection to the mines of Chihuahua, telling him my offer, and asking his advice. He most emphatically and decidedly advised and exhorted me not to sell. *Such* a mine he had never seen; Golconda paled its ineffectual ores in comparison. And the surroundings; the wood, the water, the climate! Well, I refused the offer, and held on.

Our Secretary went down there and spent two or three months, returning in a great state of excitation, with his pockets literally "full of rocks," as specimens. He had seen the wealth of our possessions with his own eyes; there could be no doubt about it; and he bonght stock right and left of all who could be persuaded to part with any.

By-and-by came news that the mill was up and ready to run. But unfortunately it was the dry season, and the mill could not run without water. Anon came the rainy season, and then the mine could not be worked because the shafts were full. It struck me that if the mill could not be run at one season for want of water, and the mine could not be worked at another because of it, returns might be rather indefinitely postponed. But this little objection was explained away; a hydraulic ram would moisten the mill. and a tunnel would drain the mine. And again all went merry as marriage bells.

We received regular letters, and not an unfavorable one among them all. One steamer brought a letter, but not the usual accompanying report. This, however, was susceptible of explanation by the complaint that they were out of gunpowder. How could they make a report without it? A barrel or two was shipped, and reports were at once resumed.

At last came one which startled every stockholder into ecstacies. Three hundred and fifty tons of ore, averaging $125 to the ton, were ready for the mill. The next day the batteries were to commence their poundings and the quicksilver its subtle work of amalgamation. "Look for a shipment of $25, 000 or $30, 000 by the next steamer!" wrote the superintendent.

I was offered $150 a share for my stock—but no. This was my opportunity, and I was resolved not to lose it. Bets were offered that the shares would go to $500 in six months; to $1.000 within the year; that a dividend of five dollars a share would be declared within sixty days. Who would be such a fool as to sell under such circumstances?

I was such a fool as not to!

In due time came the steamer—bringing intelligence that the three hundred tons of ore worked did not pay expenses, owing to some difficulty in its proper treatment, and that we must not expect a shipment for some little time. Then I was perfectly willing to sell, but the buyer was not to be found.

Still, we were not disheartened; assessments were levied, but all paid them cheerfully—for we had confidence in the mine. And this confidence seemingly brought its reward when we soon got a hurrah letter—a regular Fourth of July sort of a document—from the superintendent. "I have the pleasure of informing the Humbuggio Company," he began, "that the mine is *bonanza*. ("Bonanza" really means smooth sailing, a fair breeze, etc.; but is used by the Mexican miners to express very rich ores, or "shoots." Specimens of the *bonanza* accompanied the letter—lumps of soft, blue-looking rock, not much harder than clay, all spangled with beads and threads of pure silver. Unfortunately, however, it seemed that just as the shaft was well timbered up for extraction of ore in large quantities, the water rushed in from some old works and drove the miners out. So another delay was indicated.

And so the thing went on for a year and more—hope and disappointment alternating, yet a secret trust underlying the stratum of despair, which moved us all to pay the regular assessments with tolerable composure.

Once embarked in an enterprise of this kind, our position is somewhat like that of an eel in a mud-pipe—there is no backing out, and the only way is to wriggle on in the hope of getting out at the opposite and larger end. Justice compels me to say that assessments could have been levied with no greater regularity by any set of Directors than they was by ours. As regularly as the month came round the stereotyped advertisement appeared in the proper newspapers that, at a meeting of the Directors of the Humbuggio Gold and Silver Mining Company, an assessment of $2 50 a share had been levied upon each and every share of the capital stock of the Company, and that all shares on which the assessment was not paid before a certein date would be advertised for sale at a given time in accordance with the by-laws of the Company. Two hundred and fifty dollars in gold is not to be picked up each month of the year in every bush. For the first time in my career I found that I had a definite aim in life—to clear up assessments as fast as they became due. It was nip and tuck with me between holding on to my stock and being sold out; but by great industry and prudence I managed to keep a little ahead and my mouth above water. Not so the mine; it was flooded the greater part of the time; but a tunnel which was being driven through an interminable mountain would effect the work of drainage—when completed. The mountain being of a peculiarly adamantine construction progress was only made at the rate of about six inches per diem; but, as there were only four or five hundred feet to be tunneled, that didn't matter much. It was simply a matter of time.

In the meanwhile dissatisfaction was felt with the superintendent. and his removal was decided upon. The fault, it was claimed, was all his. Comparing the sanguineness and universal approbation with which his administration was accepted with the result, it sometimes occurred to me that the fault perhaps lay in the mine. But no—several of the stockholders, practical miners, who had examined the mine, and were familiar with its every inch, were confident of its value, and that only gross mismanagement could have thus far prevented returns. So another superintendent, an original subscriber to the stock, and a man of extensive experience in various mines and mills all the world over, was appointed and sent down. He, too, was highly elated on arriving at the scene of action. Of course he found fault with every thing that the former superintendent had done, and remodeled and reorganized all the workings. More, he wrote up offering to take all the stock that was offered for sale, and urging and imploring all his friends to buy in.

Just as the new superintendent got fairly in the saddle, the resident Director at Guaymas, an original projector, the ex-Captain, died. At a meeting which was held in consequence one of our Directors piously spoke of the untowardness of the poor Captain's being taken away just as everything looked so bright, lamenting the he could not have been spared to witness the successful fruition of the great enterprise. To my mind it seemed that the regret was equivaleut to an aspiration for the immortality of the deceased party; but still I hoped.

Under the new management Humbuggio stock looked up—being flat on its back it could not well look any other way—and I had an offer for mine which would have let me out a little ahead. The temptation to take it was sore upon me. For I began to say to myself that the established fact upon which we all had been accustomed to build so confidently, that the mine *had* yielded immense sums of bullion, was rather an argument against its promise than otherwise. It proved that the natives knew something about mining, and the inference was, that they would not have abandoned work had they not found that it could not be coutinued with profit. It occurred to me that if *they* could not make the mine pay, and our first superintendent with *his* eminent character and Gould and Curry experience could get nothing out of it, the chances were that the mine was indeed impracticable if not valueless, and had been abandoned for that very reason. And one morning I started out, strong in my common sense deductions, to to find a purchaser. "What, sell *now!*" cried a friend whom I met and conferred with, "after holding on so long; absurd!" I gave him my reasons. He explained them all away. The upshot of it was, that when the man who had made the offer for my stock called on me to learn the decision I refused. For the second or third time during my Humbuggio probation two fools met.

But why prolong the details when the reader must have already anticipated the *denouement*. The second superintendent was found fault with and dismissed, and a new one appointed. My good friend the Secretary, after a severe fit of sickness, brought on not so much by his own disappointment as by the fact that he had innocently been the means to incur losses which they could ill afford, took the steamer for Guaymas and a mule for the interior, affirming his determination never to return until the enterprise was successful.

"Then good-by forever, old fellow!" I said, as I shook hands with him on the wharf.

The mine was then deeply in debt, and the rainy season was at its height. But, rain or shine, the assessments went on with unvarying regularity. These I paid with a Christian composure, hoping against hope, and loth to sacrifice what had cost me so much for so little, until one fatal day the end came. The good Bank of California, which had stood my faithful friend through thick and thin, refused to make any further advances. The wonder to me was that they had not nipped me in the bud long before, for the stock was, and had for some time been, hypothecated to them for twice what it was worth. But all bankers are not blood-thirsty, and occasionally you meet one like Ralston, who consents of his own accord to temper the wind to the shorn sheep. Turning my stock over to his bank—the only institution I knew of that was able to carry it any longer—I fled the country and reached this glad haven, where assessments cease from troubling and the speculator who repents of his stupidity is comparatively at rest.

I have not heard from the Humbuggio directly since leaving San Francisco. Once a man, who said he came directly from the mine, called upon me to give the latest news from there; but I sent out a servent for a policeman immediately he made his errand known. In an accidental and indirect way I have heard that they "struck a horse" soon after my leaving, and that the mill has since been running on custom-work. I expect to yet hear that, diverted from the glorious purposes for which it was originally intended, it is grinding mule-feed for the rude branches of the primeval people who inhabit that damnable country where Juarez and Maximilian have held alternate sway.

"We have not abandoned the enterprise," wrote a friend from there some time since; "we are simply lying on our oars." Lying on and *about* their ores is the only thing the wretched owners of those worthless mining properties have been known to do since a time whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary.

In conclusion I have very little to say. I have merely given my experience, and the reader can draw his own deductions. Far be it from me to discourage mining enterprises. Many have proved successful beyond the wildest dreams of their originators. I simply wish to warn the multitude of their uncertainty in general, and disabuse them of the idea that mines which will turn out millions of dollars a year are often sold for a few thousand in cash. So far as the uncertainty of the thing is concerned, what can be more instructive and suggestive than to know that in the matter of this Humbuggio the best experts, men of the oldest experience, were deceived? Of all our three superintendents there was not one who did not in his very soul believe that the Humbuggio was richer and more valuable than any mine the famous Comstock Ledge of Nevada coutained, and would make larger returns, investing their own money and persuading and beseeching all their friends to do the same. Of all the hundred reports that came from the mine, from travelers, prospectors, and men who had not a dollar's interest in the affair, not one spoke in its disfavor—all were agreed as to the great value of the mine. Yet it never yielded a dollar, and in all probability never will until the red locks of Mars have grown gray. Lay your money down on the green cloth and you know precisely what you are to lose. Stake it on a mining venture and you are entirely at sea in that particular. For it is not only the first step there that costs. The sly sapping of the inevitable assessments is as insidious but as sure as the encroachments of rust or the wearing of rock by a constant dropping of water. My little investment in the Humbuggio cost first and last just $10,000 in gold—more money than ever I expect to see again in the whole course of my natural life. From the periling of such an amount at one dash I would of course have shrunk with horror; but it was taken by installments. It is almost incredible how speedily one's life-blood can drain out in a tiny trickling. My other little mining adventures in dear delightful El Dorado cost me about $5,000 more in gold. And the first dollar I have ever received from any connection I have ever had with mines comes from this article narrating my experience. Not only is it the first, bnt also, in all human probability, the last.—*Harper's Magazine.*

We Fade as a Leaf.—As the trials of life thicken and the dreams of other days fade, one by one, in the deep vista of disappointed hope, the heart grows weary of the struggle and we begin to realize our insignificance. Those who have climbed to the pinnacle of fame, or revel in luxury and wealth, go to the grave at last with the poor mendicant who begs pennies by the wayside, and like him are soon forgotten. Generation after generation. says an eloqnent modern writer, have felt as we feel, and their fellows were as active in life as ours are now. They passed away as a vapor, while nature wore the same aspect of beauty as when her Creator commanded her to be. And so likewise shall it be when we are gone. The heavens will be as bright over our grave as they are now around our path; the world will have the same attraction for offspring yet unborn that she has had once for ourselves, and that she has now for our children. Yet a little while, and all this will have happened! Days will continue to move on, and laughter and song will be heard in the very chamber in which we died; and the eye that mourned for us will be dried and will glisten with joy; and even our children will cease to think of us, will not remember to lisp our name,

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An injury is not always a reason for retaliation; nor is the folly of others with regard to us a sufficient reason for imitating it with regard to them.

Beware how you become personal; an insult offered to accident or deformity is rarely forgiven, and never forgotten.

LITERARY GLEANINGS.

"BLACKWOOD" ON THE PROSPECTS OF AMERICAN REPUDIATION.

The July number of *Blackwood's Magazine* contains a peculiarly bitter article on "The American Debt and the Financial Prospects of the Union," in which our affairs are presented in the most gloomy aspect. The country has been ruined by the war, the debt is much larger than has been represented, and the chance is that it will never be paid. On the subject of repudiation, the writer says:

"When the war was brought to so unexpected a conclusion in April, 1865, the North was as much surprised as it was delighted; yet it labored under the fear that if the Union was to be restored in fact as well as in theory, and more especially if the Southern States were to be treated as Mr. Johnson and others declared they ought to be treated—viz: as if they had never been out of the Union—and if in consequence they were to be allowed to send Representatives and Senators to Congress as freely as if the war had not occurred, the Southern Representatives acting in accord and perfect amity with the Northern Democratic party, strong everywhere except in New England, and not utterly powerless even there, would endeavor to legalize the Southern debt, and to make it as binding upon the whole people as the debt of the North. It is impossible to say whether this fear were well or ill founded, or whether the Southern States would not have divided among themselves their war debt, according to population, and made it a State instead of a National responsibility. However this may be, the victorious Republican party, acting through Mr. Johnson, elected by them, but not their man—and having few if any sentiments or principles in common with them, except the one great principle that the Union must be preserved at any cost, at the cost even of liberty and solvency—imposed upon the prostrate South the condition, the *sine qua non*, that it should, in its several States, utterly repudiate the Southern debt. Repudiation was a word and an idea which it was in the highest degree unwise and impolitic to familiarize the mind of either the Northern or the Southern people. The word should never have been uttered, much less should its acceptance as a rule of conduct have been imposed at the point of the bayonet upon a people who never dreamed of such dishonesty, and who would have been contented to pay their war debt, as a debt of honor due among themselves, if time had been allowed, and fate in future years had been propitious. Whatever comes of it, the North must bear the blame of the forcible application of the legal sponge to a liability which one-half of the country then considered, and still considers, to be sacred. Unfortunately the idea of repudiation, like that of which the poet sings, is one which a nation perhaps

"May first endure, then pity, then embrace;"

and if we may judge from the tone of the Northern press, it is one which a considerable section of the Northern people do not regard with any particular horror. The wealthy trading and commercial classes, the members of the learned professions, the cultivated people who have studied history, and generally the natural aristocracy of the country, the educated and the refined, whether rich or in humble circumstances, look upon any possible repudiation of the debt as the greatest possible calamity and disgrace that could befall the nation. But these are not the majority. These are not the people who are all powerful to elect members to Congress, or whose opinions shape the policy of the Union. They are not the people to whom a vulgar press appeals for support and popularity. They are not the people on whom the burden of taxation falls with the severest weight, and who would doubtless bear the load were it doubled or trebled in oppressiveness, rather than sanction any resort to an act of national bankruptcy. Herein lies the greatest future danger of the Union. The reaction against the financial excesses of the war has but just begun. The tide of factitious prosperity, after it ceased to flow, remained for a little while quiescent at its fullest height, and then began to ebb. The ebb continues, and is exposing evils, and laying bear ghastly sights upon the shore, which few imagined and still fewer care to behold. The working classes are suffering and discontented, and every man has a vote. If these classes once become thoroughly imbued with and reconciled to the idea of repudiation—if they teach themselves or are taught by others that it will be better to make a clean sweep of all past liabities, and start afresh—and if the wire pullers and organisers of party, and the people who hunger and thirst for office, and the emoluments and distinctions which accompany it, makes this an election cry and the main plank of a political platform on which a President is elected—who shall say that the learned judge mentioned at the opening of our article, though he spoke in jest, did not utter so much truth and wisdom as if he had spoken in earnest?"

The "learned judge" referred to is represented as having been asked to run for the Presidency in opposition to Mr. Lincoln, on a war platform, whereupon he replied, "I don't want to be President, and I don't approve of your war platform; but if I *did* want to be President, I should wait for *four years after the conclusion of peace*. We shall all be ready for repudiation by that time; and I should run on a repudiation platform and carry all before me." Most American readers will, we suspect, regard this "learned judge" as a blood relation of the Mrs. Harris family, an altogether apocryphal personage created by the Tory Magazine in the same spirit, and for pursoses similar to those which instigated Mrs. Gamp in the invention of her favorite myth.

THE SOUTHERN DEBT.

The Confederate debt, the Tory writer thinks, may yet be paid by the Southern States as "a debt of honor." After stating the Federal debt at the "too-magnificent total" of $4,000,000,000, he proceeds:

"But this sum, large as it is, does not represent the whole indebtedness of the Americans. It represent merely the amount which the North expended in the conquest of the South, and which that very conquest prevented the South from contributing to in any appreciable proportion. The amount of debt which the South incurred in resisting the invading armies and fleets of the North is known even to the Southern people. There has been no one to 'take stock' of it. There has been no responsible minister either acquainted with the details or authorized to make them known. The Southern people feel and know that they and their children are ruined; that the wealth of a whole generation, in one of the most fertile portions of the habitable globe, has been expended in a gallant but useless struggle; and that if they were to estimate their debt as fully equal to that of the North, they might possibly underrate it. In the North, it was true, there was all but limitless waste, but in the South there was all but limitless destruction. The South owes nothing beyond the limits of its own impoverished and devastated States, except the cotton loan effected in England, which some day or other, if it have the power, it may possibly recognise as a debt of honor, more sacred than if it were a debt recoverable by process of law. That debt is but a poor two millions and a half sterling or thereabouts; but the debt which it incurred to its own people is probably not far short in amount of the Federal debt of the North. Putting it at only half of the Federal debt, and adding the two debts together, we arrive at the stupendous sum of 6,000 million dollars, or 1,200 millions of pounds sterling!"

JEAN INGELOW CRITICISED.

Mrs. Harriet Prescott Spofford contributes a rather rambling review of Jean Ingelow's new volume to the September number of the *Galaxy*, in which the author of the "Story of Doom" is awarded a place among the "great poets" of our language. He gives a few extracts:

"Miss Ingelow, in the present volume, more than realizes the promise of her first; for although there is no minor piece in this one quite equaling the immortal "High Tide," neither is there in the former volume anything to hint of the sustained height and strength of the "Story of Doom." The poet gives us evidence that she has by no means escaped from all those intricacies of affectation which so often make her hard to follow and sometimes, indeed, often dull, but she loads them with so much beauty that it is difficult to quarrel with her for daring to sing as she chooses, and the music of her verses is so rich and so abounding that one is inclined to rest content without wearying and seeking far for hidden meanings. Indeed, what gives Miss Ingelow real troubadour rank is this singing quality of her poems, their intrinsic melody, which lends them the character of written tunes, so that they are in poetry the counterparts of 'Songs without Words,' in music. In pure and perfect poetry, philosophy has little place; for it is only when philosophy has done its most and can do no more, that poetry has a right to lift its voice; the poet exults in the loveliness of Nature—in the Creator, manifested through creation—his song is the last and best result—it is the light of the world: but when he goes exploring mysteries and deep reasonings, he goes groping in the dark—and none but Homer and nightingales sing in the dark. Thus when one is obliged in Miss Ingelow's pages, or another's to read a thing twice to discover its sense, it would have been as well in the first place to skip it. Of the few rhapsodies and philosophies, however, in the book under the notice, the most are so much of a religious kind as to impress one through their fervor, a sort of methodistical warmth and raptnre, coloring them, now and then as expressions of feeling acquiring value to others than the subject of it—as in the paraphrase of the conclusion of the one hundred and second psalm:

The heavens are the work of thy hands;
They shall perish, but thou shalt endure:
Yea, they all shall wax old,
But thy throne is established, O God, and thy years are made sure;
They shall perish, but thou shalt endure—
They shall pass like a tale that is told.

"This religious vein of the volume culminates in the 'Song for the Night of Christ's Ressurrection,' which the author calls, 'a humble imitation,' and which is a very humble one. There are a few successful sentences, such as the opening one.

It is the noon of night,
And the world's Great Light
Gone out, she widow-like doth carry her.

"While there is a certain Miltonic ring in the line

And shed out comforting light among the stars;

but the remainder of the poem, in view of the attempt, is trivial, with the exception of an image of the fatal sisters sitting disconsolate that they may not cut the thread, and of the following stanzas:

Last, with amazed cry,
The hosts asunder fly,
Leaving an empty gulf of blackest hue;
Whence straightway shooteth down,
By the Great Father thrown
A mighty angel, strong and dread to view;
And at his fall the rocks are rent
The waiting world doth quake with mortal tremblement

The regions far and near
Quail with a pause of fear,
More terrible than aught since time began;
The winds, that dare not fleet,
Drop at his awful feet.
And in its bed wails the wild ocean;

Then, with great dread and wail,
Fall down, like storms of hail,
The legions of the lost in fearful wise;
And they whose blissful race
Peoples the better place,
Lift up their wings to cover their fair eyes,
And through the waxing saffron brede.
Till they are lost in light, recede, and yet recede.

"These lines, and the peaceful quiet of those succeeding them, induce one to say that if the 'Hymn on the Morning of Christ's Nativity,' had been written, the 'Song for the Night of Christ's Resurrection' would have been a good poem; but, taken as a whole, both this poem and 'Gladys and her Island' have the air of a school day theme—an endeavor to see how much can be said on a stated subject; and while with a different title—Miss Ingelow is seldom fortunate in her titles—the former poem might fully rival Mrs. Browning's 'Dead Pan,' the attempt to tread side by side with Milton on his table-lands and mountain summits is courageous, not to say presumptuous."

Mrs. Spofford concludes her criticism as follows:

"With all that poetic power which sublimates the real things of life, Miss Ingelow is a close observer, and the capacity of closed observation is the next best thing to imagination. How every one that loves nature must recognise this truth of landscape or sea-view:

In remembrance though I lay them up,
They are forever, when I come to them,
Better than I had thought—

and who has not seen, with her,

The Summer stars
Come starting out of nothing.

"Combine this faculty of observation with the imaginative gift—which combination is perhaps the true source of the descriptive power—and every saying becomes a happy one. Thus our author speaks of a painter as one

Content to give his mind
To the enrichment of mankind
And the laying up of light
In men's houses—

and of forest trees she says that

They stood close
And awful; drank the light as it dropped,
And kept the dusk of ages at their roots.

"The immagination which flies like the sun's ray, searching out the deeps of space with light, must forever remain the highest attribute of the human mind, all statisticians to the contrary. We have quoted largely enough to prove our poet's authority to claim a portion of the purple with Mrs. Browning and Anne Whitney. Without having so large a nature as Mrs. Browning, she is her equal in many special powers, sometimes, as in her various melody of rythme, surpassing her, and failing only in that ability which Mrs. Browning held of inspiring her admirers with passionate personal devotion. It has been the habit to class Jean Ingelow with Miss Rossetti and a host of miner singers, but she rises above the level ocean. And although other things in this book may come nearer the heart and the fancy, yet we think the reader, on turning its last leaf, will pronounce with us that the 'Story of Doom' is one of the most magnificent things that have been given this generation."

MISCELLANY.

CARLYLE is out with another of his characteristic "latter day" revelations. He proclaims to the perverse generation his opposition to the Reform movement in England, his contempt for the abolition of slavery in America, his scorn of democracy in all its forms, and his faith in despotism as the one great principle which is to work out the salvation of mankind. He announces, as a living fact, that the democratic movement in England must go on its logical end; that England must, before long, take the Niagara leap of completed democracy. At the same time he prophesies that the triumph will be short, and that the world must finally go back to the good old *régime* of kings and oligarchies.

THE leading poem in Mr. Buchanan's forthcoming volume of verse is the story of a fisherwoman on the coast of Scotland, entitled "Meg Blane." Of the other long Scotch poems, one entitled "The Northern Wooing" is a love-story; another has for theme the too-celebrated Highland evictions; and a wild Convenanting piece, entitled "The Battle of Drumlie Moor." Mr. Buchanan's prose volume, "David Gray, &c." will contain, besides the biography which gives the book its name, papers on English and American poets, and on the principles of poetic art in general.

"THE Book of Artists: American Artist Life," by H. T. Tuckerman, is to be published by Putman & Son, and will comprise biographical and critical sketches of the painters of America, early as well as late, and an account of notable pictures and private collections, will be a large octavo, illustrated by a portrait of Mr. Huntington, President of the National Academy of Design. A limited number of copies will be printed on large paper, for extra illustration, and twenty-five copies on quarto, with extra photographs, both for subscribers only.

MR. JOHN STUART MILL has had conferred upon him the highest honors at the disposal of the law facultiy of the University of the Halle. The same faculty refused a like honor to Count Bismarck, though when a student he matriculated in law.

A DICTIONARY—perhaps the first of its kind—will shortly be published at Gottingen. It is an explanation of Egyptian hieroglyphics. Its author is Dr. Brugsch, Prussian Consul at Cairo. The book will contain the meaning of about five thousand eight hundred signs.

THE inexhaustable Edmund Yates is about to publish a novel in a new Liverpool paper, bearing the name of the "Leader"—a title made famous in journalism several years ago by a London paper started by Mr. Thornton Hunt and Mr. G. H. Lewes.

MESSRS. VIRTUE & Co., purpose commencing, in October, the publication of a new monthly magazine, under the editorship of Anthony Trollope. It will be called the *New Metropolitan Magazine*.

MR. G. P. PUTNAM has finally determined to revive *Putnam's Monthly*, under the title of *Putnam's Magazine*, in January, 1868.

THE Rev. Charles Kingsley the English novelist and poet, is on his way to the United States.

SUNLIGHT.

A blue haze in the distance lies,
The crisp green meadows are newly shorn,
Cloudlets drift in the Summer skies,
Birds are lone in the fragrant thorn.

The leaves, like lovers, kiss in the breeze;
And over the fields of glossy wheat,
Like ripples glancing on sunny seas,
Light winds dance on their fairy feet.

The river, glimmering to the sun,
Like a forest of templar lances shows,
Motionless as a kneeling nun,
The gray spire shines from cottage rows.

Swifter than swallow down the wind,
O'er the bridge and through the vale,
The engine rushes, and far behind
Wreaths of luminous vapors sail.

To one long pent in city lane,
Noting the Spring by slow degrees;
Of Summer little but warmth and rain,
What magic in such works as these!

The breast expands as to night dew,
Wood violets spring in haunts of dove,
Hope brightens to her brightest hue,
And the heart glows with faith and love.

—*St. James Magazine.*

WILKINS ON CALISTHENICS.

BY JOHN QUILL.

I WAS down at Old Castle, Delaware, last week, and Mr. and Mrs. Wilkins occupied the room in the hotel next to mine. They talked very loud, and as I could not sleep, there was nothing for me to do but lie still and listen. This is about what took place:

"I tell you, Mrs. Wilkins, you've got to put a stop to it; I won't have it. This thing has been going on long enough, and it's about played out. Here you've been agoing to that gymnasium now nigh on to six months, and you're getting to be a perfect she Samson; you're getting more muscle than any woman who moves in good society's got any right to have. I don't want to be married to an Amazon, I tell you; I don't want my wife going about trying how many fifty-six pound weights she can lift; I don't want to be tied to a woman who hits from the shoulder, do I? and who can knock an ox down with her fist, and smash a door panel with one lick? Not much I don't, and I say I won't have it."

"But, Mr. Wilk—"

"Oh, there's no use of talking, for it's got to be stopped. Ain't you ashamed of yourself, and you, a mother of nine children, to be dressing yourself up in Bloomer costume and showing your thick ankles—

"Mr. Wilkins, you——"

"Showing your clumsy ankles—you needn't get mad, for they are thick, and you know it—and swinging dumb bells and sticks and clubs, trying to dislocate your arms, so as to give me another doctor's bill to pay, and reduce me to bankruptcy; I'll sue for divorce, I will, by George, if it ain't stopped; I won't put up with it any longer, if I do, hang me."

"Mr. Wilkins, do stop swearing."

"Swearing? I'll curse until daybreak if you aggravate me so. It is enough to make a man swear, and you know it is. I tell you it ain't respectable for you to go to that gymnasium, and let that booby of a teacher put his arm around you all the time he is pretending to show you how to move your elbows."

"Mr. Wilkins, this is scand——"

"To move your elbows, and then for you to come home and begin exercising yourself on the joists in the garret, pulling yourself up to see how many times you can touch your chin. In my opinion you'd better be down stairs practicing with a bar of soap and a washboard—a good deal better than doing that, or going out into the yard and trying to balance a clothes prop on your chin."

"Why, M-i-s-t e-r Wilkins, I never——"

"Don't Mister Wilkins me, you can't say you never did it, for I know you did. Didn't I see you the other day while I was at the back parlor window? You'd better say next that you never tried to catch the dining-room chairs by the rounds and hold them out at arm's length?"

"Of course I d—"

"But I know you did, though, and I tell you I'm sick of it. I don't want to live all my life with a woman who can whip me. I expect you'll be practicing on me next—I expect nothing else than you'll be trying to see if you can throw me. But I don't want to have anything to do with you. If you come wrestling around me, you'll get hurt. I give you fair warning; I won't stand any of your nonsense."

"Mr. Wilkins, I declare you're too bad, for—"

"I know I am; I know I don't suit you; I know you wish you were married to another man. You'd like me to have a plug-muss with you every day, and have me try to beat you at hitting, and get me to go around this community and brag of your muscle. But I ain't proud of you; I'm mortified about it. It pains me to think that you are so depraved. I know you ain't satisfied, so you'd better apply for a divorce and go and get married to the Belgian giant, or some prize-fighter, and spar with him, and crowd him to the ropes, and sluice him in the gob, if you know what that means, and I dare say you do, for you learn all that low slang down to the gymnasium."

"Mr. Wilkins, I won't stand this any longer, it is perfectly—"

"Oh, I know it is, I know you won't stand it. I expect now you will get up out of bed and try to throw me out of the window and break my legs, or upset the stove on me. I expect that; this is the chance you've been a laying for all this time; I know it; I'm your victim; kill me, murder me, put me out of my misery, and then go down and marry that prize-fighter, that's what you want. But there's one woman will shed some tears over my grave; you'll be glad to get rid of me, but there's one woman will be sorry."

"Wilkins, who do you mean?"

"Oh, never you mind; you'd hate her if you knew she liked me, and maybe you'd exercise yourself on her, but I won't give you a chance."

"It's that horrid, nasty Maria Browne, I know; she never puts her foot in this house again."

"Yes, there's one woman would be sorry to see me go, and if you ever die I'm a going to marry her—"

"You brute, how can you talk so?"

"Marry her, and see if I can't have some peace of my life. She won't go to any gymnasium and behave as you do——"

"It's that Browne, I know."

"Because she didn't approve of such things, I know, for she said so, and she thinks that you——"

"Has she been daring to talk about me to you, the vile minx?"

"Yes, she has; and she says for her part she thinks that—that——"

"Well, out with it."

"Oh, that——that——that you——oh, I guess I won't repeat it—it ain't necessary,"

"But I will know."

"Well, then—but no, it was told me in confidence."

"Phugh! I don't care what Maria Browne thinks; she may say what she pleases; I don't care a cent."

"But it wasn't Maria, but the other woman, and she observed—but no——"

"I won't hear it; don't you dare to tell me; I wouldn't listen if you was to bellow it into my ears."

"Well, then, I'll tell you; she said that——"

"Shut up, or I'll stuff a pillow down your throat."

"That of all the Jezebels she ever did hear of—"

"I tell you I won't listen to you."

"Ever did hear of, you were the worst, and if she were me she'd give warning to the storekeepers not to trust you, and make you wear old fashioned bonnets for the rest of your natural life."

"And she said she didn't wonder I was miserable, for any man would be who was married to such an old lunatic—"

"John Wilkins, I'll be the death of you. Take that now! —there—there—there."

Here there was a series of thumps upon the floor, the noise of a scrimmage, then a groan, and I turned over and went to sleep, while Mrs. Wilkins came down to breakfast the next morning dressed all ready to go to the gymnasium and reported that Mr. Wilkins was taken sick during the night, and couldn't leave his room. But I know what's the matter with poor Wilkins, and I sympathize with him in his misery.

Universalism will celebrate the one hundredth aniversary of its existence in America, in 1870. The Society has now seven newspapers and three magaziues, with 700 ministers and 500 organizations.

San Francisco Pioneer Matting and Mat Company.—Cocoanut fibre matting has been proved by long use in all parts of the world to be the cheapest, most endurable and in every way the best ever invented. A manufactory of this article was established in San Francisco a little more than a year ago. These San Francisco manufactures far surpasses the Foreign ones, and since the establishment of the San Francisco Pioneer Mat and Matting Company the price of the Foreign article has been reduced from $1 50 per yard to 75 cents. The imported matting has a tariff of 30 per cent. levied on it, and thus our home manufactured article as well as being intrinsically the best, is the cheapest. C. W. Clark, wholesale dealer in paper hangings, at the corner of Sansome and Clay streets, is the agent of the company.

California Gloves.—A Glove manufactory has been started at No. 526 Merchant street, between Montgomery and Sansome, for the manufacture of buckskin gloves for miners, lumbermen, farmers, teamsters, draymen, expressmen, and sportsmen. A large force is employed cutting out and sewing these gloves, which, owing to their superiority of material and workmanship, will outwear two pairs of Eastern made ones. The imported buckskin gloves are made from "split" buckskins, and are sewed by machinery. The California gloves are all sewed by hand, and are manufactured from the unsplit buckskin. Try them.

The place to buy jewelry is at F. D. Ring's new store, No. 540 Market street, opposite Second. Mr. Ring has an entire new stock of the latest styles of jewelry and settings. Mr. Ring is a practical workman in his art, and pays particular attention to all kinds of repairing. Contrast his prices with the Montgomery street jewelry stores before purchasing.

Fast Young Ladies.—In order to be a fast young lady, it is necessary to lay aside all reserve and refinement—everything that savors of womanly weakness; to have no troublesome scruples, but be ready to accord an appreciating smile to the broadest joke. There must be no feeling of dependence on the stronger sex; but, by adopting, as far as decency permits, masculine attire, masculine habits and masculine modes of expression, accompanied by a thorough knowledge of slang, and a fluency in using it, these ladies show themselves to be above all narrow-minded prejudices. There must be no thinking about other people's feelings; if people will be thin-skinned, let them keep out of their way at all events. Should "mamma" raise her voice in feeble remonstrance, the fast young lady impresses upon her that "she is no judge of these matters. In her old school days, every one was slow; but it is quite changed now." In short, to sum up, to be a fast young lady, modesty, delicacy, refinement, respect for superiors, consideration for the aged, must all be set aside; and boldness, independence, irreverence, brusqueness, and we fear too often, heartlessness, must take their place.

What Jennie June Says.—Mrs. J. C. Croly (Jennie June) testifies:

Q.—Do you, or not, prefer the Grover & Baker Machine for family sewing, and if so, why? State the reasons fully.

A.—I prefer it to any machine. I like the Grover & Baker Machine in the first place, because if I had any other I should still want a Grover & Baker; and having a Grover & Baker it answers the purpose of all the rest. It does a greater variety of work, and it is easier to learn than any other. I like the stitch because of its beauty and strength, and because although it can be taken out, it don't rip, not even by cutting every other stitch.

Q.—Among your acquaintances state whether this machine and its work is preferred to other machines?

A.—Yes, it is, especially within the last two years. I know three other ladies who have sold off other machines—sold at reduced prices—in order to get Grover & Baker, but recently and they are very enthusiastic about their new machines.

[*From testimony taken before the U. S. Commissioner of Patents, on the application for the extension of the patent for the Grover & Baker Sewing Machine.*]

Wine and Tea Depot.—At last we have established in our midst a long needed Family Wine, Liquor and Tea Depot at 609 Sacramento street, a few doors above Montgomery, under the control of Messers. Whiting & Berry. We say long needed from the fact that heretofore ladies could not enter the numerous sample rooms or corner groceries to purchase the necessaries for their family. These enterprising gentlemen have at last overcome that obstacle, and have followed in the footsteps of the celebrated Messrs. Bigelow & Dawes, of Loudon, Binninger & Co., New York, and of Cozzens & Co., Washington, D. C. Ladies can go shopping here and purchase their supplies without having their ears shocked with bar-room slang. Mr. Whiting is an old Californian, and is well known in this community as an upright business man. He has represented this district in the State Senate. This wine and tea store has already attracted the attention of the public by its stylish appearance, and the reputation already achieved by the choice wines, liquors teas sold there.

Chiriqui Images.—We have had the pleasure of examining a quantity of gold received by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., from Honduras, in payment for their medicines, which are extensively sold throughout Central America. Among massive crosses, bracelets, and chains, are the rude images which have been taken from the graves of the Chiriqui chiefs—birds, turtles, serpents, bugs and reptiles done in solid gold. They carry us back beyond historic times, to periods and places where barbarism reigned supreme. They seem to come here now in mute appeal from the winding sheets of their ancestors, to ask for the simple Indians in the mountains, medical protection from cultivated skill, against diseases which gather them up in too early graves. Ignorant and unlettered as they are, they have learned of the white man enough to know where to apply for relief, and what will bring it. Our well known townsman, above named, inform us that they require their remittances from foreign countries now to be made in silver and gold.—*Lowell (Mass.) Sentinel.*

The Dew of Eden.—This extraordinary cosmetic is something entirely different from any now in use. It is not an enamel, or a paint, or a powder; nor is it one of those pernicious preparations that impart a temporary bloom to the complexion at the expense of permanent injury. Strictly speaking, it is not a cosmetic at all, but rather a cleansing, healing and medicinal fluid. It preserves the freshness and beauty of the skin, and restores them when lost. It prevents the formation of tan, freckles, and wrinkles, and tends gradually to remove them, where they already exist. It can be obtained at 311, Kearny street, and also at McDonald & Co's., corner of Pine and Sansome streets. For further particulars see an advertisement on the fourteenth page of to-day's Californian.

"Our Opera."—Capt. John H. May has removed his popular saloon, bearing the above taking title, a few doors above, in the fine store, so long occupied by Braverman and Levy. "Our Opera" is now directly opposite the Opera House, and is a very convenient place to take a drink. Capt. May's reputation for preparing the best wines and liquors that can be obtained in the city and a plentiful supply of hot water—on cold nights.

Saddles, Harness, Etc.—C. F. Hayward, for many years engaged in the saddle and harness trade, has opened a store at No. 305 Battery street, for the sale and manufacture of harness of every description and of the best material, also saddle and harness blankets made to order. Hayward will be pleased to see his old friends from the country as well of the city. Give him a call.

"The" Hat Store.—The Hat Store, No. 647 Washington street, is the place to purchase a stylish silk or felt hat. "The" Hat Store turns out its full show of the latest style of hats—made to order or ready made—call and leave your orders.

A LOVE STORY.

I.

"NOW hush, my dearie, hush, there's a man! Your mother is a poor creature, but she can take care of her little lad yet, and she *will*. It will never be *she* that will sit by and see him thrashed—not for all the Langtons and all the book-learning in England!"

The speaker sat in her cottage kitchen, in an arm-chair by the fireside, plaiting straw, a feeble, sickly-looking woman, with a querulous face. She had fretted herself into ill-health two years ago when her husband died, John Morton, the Brent fisherman, who had lost his life one wild night coming home round the headland with his laden boat; and she was never likely, with her indolent and repining nature, to be anything but an invalid now for the rest of her days.

On the stool at her feet sat the boy whose unmerited whipping she bewailed—a small child, disfigured by abundant weeping. The room had also one other occupant, a dark-eyed girl of nineteen or twenty, who sat in the window sewing.

She sat sewing, but let her work drop down upon her knees as Mrs. Morton spoke, and raised a face that was full of a strange kind of pain.

"Mother," she said, in a low intense tone, "I could not help it."

"You didn't try to help it," Mrs. Morton retorted quickly "You wouldn't care if Langton broke every bone in his body—as he *has* nearly done—bad luck to his ugly face," she cried, bitterly.

"Mother, hush!"

As Mrs. Morton spoke these last words the girl's eyes had flashed, and her fingers had contracted almost convulsively.

And yet few others—men or women—in the parish, would have been much concerned at a far greater amount of vituperation passed upon Philip Langton; few who had had any dealings with him would have been disposed to stand up very warmly in his defence. He was not a popular man in Brent.

He had come to the place a year ago to be master of the village school—the rector's school, as it was called. High testimonials had procured him the appointment, nor indeed were his abilities ever questioned; *they* were all that could be desired, and more than were needed for the post. He was found, however, to be violent-tempered, haughty, reserved, independent, and he soon got an ill name alike with the rector and scholars.

He had been born and brought up as a gentleman. His father and mother had died when he was a child; at eighteen he had quarreled with the uncle under whose guardianship he had been brought up, and utterly without resources of his own had left his house, and from that time to this his life had been a restless battle and struggle. He was clever, ambitious, and determined—and friendless. In twelve years, spite of his talents, he had risen to no higher post than this humble one of village schoolmaster.

In the same school at Brent, three months after the arrival of Mr. Langton, Margaret Morton had been appointed mistress. She was young to hold such a post, but since her father's death, the support both of her mother and brother had fallen almost entirely upon her; and this circumstance, when the place became vacant last winter, had given her, in the estimation of the kind-hearted pastor, a strong claim to the appointment. She had besides been monitress in the school for some years; she was a good girl, too, and the rector liked her, and before she had occupied her new post for a month, it became clear that the whole school was of one feeling with him.

I say she was clever. In a very short time Philip Langton discovered that. Presently, moved, I suppose, by some feeling of kindness, he offered, if she cared for it, to help her to advance her studies. Perhaps she too had some ambition, some desire to be at a future time more than a village schoolteacher. Be that as it may she accepted his offer, and she had now been his pupil for six months. He had found her quick, earnest, and trusting: repaying that trust, he had made himself to her patient, unwearied and gentle. Master and pupil suited each other.

It was evening, seven o'clock on a June day. The school had long been cleared of its throng of children; books and slates were put away into their places; the brick floor was clean swept. At the girls' room the door was locked, but the boys' room was still open, and alone, at the master's desk stood Mr. Langton, a thin slight, man, with a dark, resolute face, by no means prepossessing or handsome.

He used to give Margaret her lesson usually about this hour, and he was waiting for her now. To-day, however, he had to wait a quarter of an hour or more before she came. When she did come at last, he was writing, and only raised his head for a moment as he heard her step.

"You are late," was all he said.

"Yes; I was detained a little while at home."

She had brought out her books and arranged them before he moved from his desk. Coming at length in silence, he drew a seat beside her and took the open book out of her hands

"What have you prepared?"

"Two pages."

He began to question her upon them forthwith. She could usually answer what he asked her readily, to-day, however, her thoughts were evidently wandering. He tried more than once to fix her attention, but still, in spite of that, the lesson was ill said.

He put down the book at last.

"You are not well to-day?" he asked.

"O yes, I am well," she said quickly.

"What are you thinking of then? Not of your lesson?"

"No." She hesitated a moment.

"Tell me."

"I wanted to speak to you, Mr. Langton," she said, suddenly. "You were very angry with my brother this morning."

"Well?"

"You hurt him very much."

"I meant to hurt him."

"He is very young."

"Young or old he did wrong."

There was a pause. Mr. Langton sat forward, leaning his dark face on his hand.

"Well?" he said again.

Her eyes had fallen. When he questioned her, they looked back to his face; she began to speak again, and gradually as she spoke her cheek flushed hot and bright.

"Could you not be a little gentler with them—a little less angry with them when they do wrong? I know that they must be punished; I know that Tom deserved to be punished to-day; but if you could be a little gentler! When you are angry every one misunderstands you. O, Mr. Langton!" she cried, "you don't know half of what is said against you."

The tears had sprung up into her eyes; her earnest distress had filled her face with a look almost of passion.

"I cannot attend to all the fools' tongues in Brent," was his scornful answer. "Stand *you* by me, and they may talk as they please."

"But could you not bear a little with them?" she pleaded timidly. "Mr. Langton, you must not think that they can do you no harm. They *can* harm you; they send every complaint they have against you to the rectory. They are saying already"—the poor girl's voice almost broke down—"they are saying already," that you will not be much longer here."

"Ay? are they saying that?" and he laughed.

She gave him one sad look, and then dropped her head, and spoke no more. Her clasped hands lay on her lap; presently as she sat, large tears fell down and wet them. She never moved; he also sat motionless. She thought he did not know she was weeping, but she was wrong there; he was conscious of every tear she shed.

Quietly watching her, he let the silence last for several minutes; then bending to her at last, he said these words:

"If it comes to that—if I am not to be here much longer—Margaret, will you let me leave Brent as poor as when I came."

She started as he spoke, but she neither replied to him nor raised her head. He did not withdraw his look from her; after a few moments he spoke again.

"I have loved no woman before. You are my first love, Margaret. Will you be my wife?"

She answered him then.

"What am I that you should ask me this?" she said in agitated voice. "I am nothing but a poor, ignorant girl. O, no—no—no!" she cried. "Your wife must not be one like me!"

"Margaret!" he said.

She had not looked up till then, but at that call, as if its passionate tenderness compelled her, she raised her face. What need was there to speak again? By her two hands he drew her near to him, and took her in his arms.

II.

They told no one of their engagement, for they knew the outcry that would on all hands follow its discovery, and no one suspected it. For three months they were both infinitely happy.

Even in the school during these months there was an improvement. Margaret's power over Mr. Langton was very great; one word or one look from her, one touch of her hand, could subdue him in his angriest and haughtiest moods; and rendered pliable by his love for her, he strove, and often successfully, to bend his pride and curb his temper. Thus, for a time, all things went wonderfully well. But this hollow kind of peace was not a thing to last. Margaret could not be always by his side, or in his sight; and one day, at length, in an unlucky hour, suddenly without warning, the three months tranquility expired.

Mr. Langton quarreled with the rector. The rector was really wrong in the ground of quarrel, and Philip right; but Philip in his indignation, forgot all deference due to him as his employer, stood up to him as equal to equal, and the end of that day's business was, that when the school-house was closed in the afternoon, the key of it went into the rector's pocket.

He had written the sentence of their separation. Margaret knew that, but she did not reproach him. They met together that evening for the last time, at the foot of a cliff beside the sea which had witnessed many a meeting of theirs before, with the calm wide water stretching from their feet.

"It must have come sooner or later," he said. "Do not grieve so for it, my darling. I was wasting time here. My going now will only bring me back to you the sooner."

She looked up wistfully to his face.

"The future is all so dark," she cried; "we cannot see into it. I feel as if I was holding the last link of a golden chain; and to-night—to-night before I sleep—it will have fallen from me."

"No; it will *not* have fallen!" he answered, cheerfully. "Your hand grasping one end, mine holding fast the other, it will remain stretched out between us until the hour I come back. Margaret, I will work for you, I will struggle for you; I will rise for you. And *you*," he cried, "wait for me! for no power, but the power of God taking my life, shall keep me from coming back."

"I will wait," she said, "I will wait years and years. If you die before I see you again I will wait for you till we meet in heaven."

III.

She did wrong to keep their engagement from her mother. Poor Margaret knew that, and was troubled by the knowledge; but she had not courage to awaken the storm of abuse which she knew well would fall upon her head should she divulge it, so she let time pass on, and told her mother nothing. She kept her secret for two years, hearing from her lover occasionally, but not often, and living on her silent trust in him.

After these two years were ended, one day, a bright summer afternoon, Mrs. Morton stood at her cottage door, shading her eyes from the strong sunlight as she looked eagerly towards the school-house, whence the school-children were coming pouring out and swarming down the road, and whence presently, with a step that was slower than theirs, came Margaret. Mrs. Morton's tongue was loosened as she drew near.

"O, dear me! what a time that school does keep you!" she ejaculated. "Such a state I've been in all day; my poor head's just worn out with thinking. Margaret, you never will guess as long as you live but what do you think the postman brought me here this morning?"

"What, mother?" As she spoke Margret's whole face flushed.

"O, you may well ask wha I tell you you'll never guess. Why, he brought a letter from your uncle Tom in America—who might have been dead and buried, for anything I've known, these five years—and he's sent us money to go out to him. Yes—he says we're to go out to him, every one of us, and he'll keep us as long as we live. Why, Margaret!" Mrs. Morton cried. "Margaret!" God bless the girl, are you going to faint?"

"Mother, come in. Mother, come in, and shut the door."

White and trembling, Margaret passed into the kitchen. She let her mother join her there, and grasping her hands tight within her own, she began to speak hurriedly, in a low, constrained, almost hard tone.

"Mother, I cannot go; I cannot leave England," she said. "If you go, you must go alone. No—no—don't look like that at me. *I* have had news too, to-day. O, mother!" she cried, all hardness suddenly breaking down as she clasped Mrs. Morton's hands upon her breast. "speak gently to me, look kindly on me. Dear mother! dear mother! I am going to be Philip Langton's wife"

Mrs. Morton stood before her daughter, face to face, and caught her by her arms.

"You are going to be *what?*" burst from her lips. "Going to be *what?*" she cried.

"I am going to be his wife." Her answer came almost triumphantly now. "I promised him long before he went. He wrote to me to-day, to tell me that he could marry me. And he is coming!" she cried, the light flashing into her face.

It was the last flash of gladness that lighted that poor face for many a day to come. Margaret had told her secret and what followed was a storm of tears and passionate reproaches so violent as to exhaust all the small stock of strength that Mrs. Morton had, and force her, before many hours were over, to her bed, where she lay and sobbed and moaned all night, and by morning had worn herself ill enough to make Margaret unable to leave the house. Throughout the whole day, from morning to night, her daughter sat beside her listening to her reproaches, and her self-bewailings and pionate entreaties. For years past, indeed for well nigh her whole life long, Mrs. Morton had been very well aware that her strength lay in her fretful pertinacity, and her deadness to every other creature's comfort but her own. In former days she had ruled her husband by her querulous selfishness for years she had ruled her daughter by the same means: selfishness was to her her armor of proof, and so she resorted to it now. Margaret had worked for her, and devoted herself to her, and humored her, and Mrs. Morton felt that it would be hard now to do without this filial care; and feeling this, whatever a generous and noble nature could least bear to re

itself accused of, these things did the mother launch at her daughter's head. She huog herself as a dead weight rouud Margaret's neck, and then, wringing her hands, called every one to witness how Margaret was aoout to throw her mother off.

For two days Margaret bore this persecution almost in silence, sitting hour after hour by her mother's side, with her poor heart growing cold and faint within her. What should she do? They were all against her—mother, brother, friends; she had no one to take her part, no one—not a single one—to utter Philip Langton's name except with abuses or reproach. What should she do? Hour after hour for those two weary days the poor girl's desolate question went up to Heaven.

And slowly and relentlessly, as those hours went on, the hope that had been her torch so long paled and died out. She fought for two days, and then the battle ended. When the evening of the second day came she knew that she must give him up.

She must give him up—her love!—her life! She was sitting when the struggle ended by her mother's side, who, worn out with forty-eight hours of fretting, was lyiog at last with closed eyes and lips. She had lain so for half an hour, her thin face shrunk, her pale cheeks hollowed with those two days' illness, and for half an hour Margaret had sat and watched her. Sat in the deep silence—the first moments of peace that had been giveu her—and watched her as she lay there, sickly and feeble and lonely, till a conviction rose within her heart that conquered her—a despairiog hopeless conviction—that she *dared* not leave her.

She sat when it had come, and rocked herself to and fro, crouching her head, putting out her hands and covering her face, moaning over and over again some low, unintelligible, broken-hearted words. She never changed sound or movement till Mrs. Morton's querulous voice broke on her misery. She only changed them then to raise her white face to her mother, and strive to utter words which at her first effort choked her and would not come.

And when at last, kneeling by the bedside, with her face pressed upon her outstretched hands, the poor girl uttered them, giving her broken-hearted promise that she would go, for her reward there came this answer—

"Could you not have said as much at the beginning," Mrs. Morton said, "without doing your best to kill me first? But you are still as you have been all your life—thinking of no creature in the world except yourself."

IV.

The promise was giveu, and from that time onward she was altogether passive. The chief object of every one about her was to hurry her away before Philip Langton could hear that she was going. She know this, but she never said a word. Living as they did they only needed a few days to make their preparations for departure. The rector promised, without detaining Margaret, to find a substituto for her in the school. By the end of a week they were all in readiness to go.

She sat, on the last oight, in her own room alone. Through all the week poor Langton's unanswered letter had lain upon her heart. To-night she wrote to him.

Like one whom sorrow had stunned into insensibility, she told him all that had been done; she told him of the promise she had given, almost without one demonstration of emotion. And only then, when all was said, suddenly at some stray thought—the chance recalling of a few words uttered long before—all the great agony of her heart burst forth.

"Do you remember," she said, "that eveniog when we parted, how I told you that I felt as if I had hold of the last link of a chain?"

And then—

"What am I to do?" she broke out wildly. "O my God! what am I to do? How am I to live all my life long alone? O Philip, help me! I shall die. O, if I could have seen you once more—only once more before I go! All day long—all night, as I lie awake, I think of it. O, Philip! write to me—write to me and forgive me, or my heart will break."

She had been in her new homo for a month when the answer to that appeal was brought to her. A hard and cruel answer This was what it said:

"I trusted all my happiness to you, and you have wrecked it. For this I give *no* forgiveness. From your solemn promise to become my wife—from your solemn promise to wait for me till I should come and claim you—no power on earth had the right to set you free. You have broken those promises of your own weak choice and will. Had I been by your side you had not dared to do this wrong to me. If you had been faithful I would have loved you as never living man will love you now. I would have cherished you as never man will cherish you. You have chosen your own lot apart from me. And I—"

The letter broke off here. To this last black desolate line there was added nothing but the passionate bitter cry—"Margaret! Margaret!"

V.

A pleasant room, with the windows opening to a terrace, and, beyond, a garden slopiog to the sea. A summer day in southern latitudes.

"And so, after all these years," cried a lady recliniog on a cushioned sofa, "Henry Fitzgibbon has come back again?"

"Ay, he has come at last."

"I am so curious to see him. We must go early, Mr. Travers, aud have a talk with him before the other people come. And with regard to the girls, Miss Morton"—Mrs. Travers raised herself a little, and turned her head—"as my sister likes you to be early, you had better join us about eight."

At the far end of the room Margaret Morton sits writing, with a cheek that nine years have paled, and a figure that their hand has made more slight. All the rounded comliness of former days is gone; and yet that calm, refined, strong face is beautiful now with a beauty it never possessed of old. The dark eyes have a deep, tender look in them, sometimes sad, oftener composed and cheerful; for she has wrought her way out of that great angnish of her youth, and it shades her years now only with a silent and subdued sadness, not any longer with passionate sorrow and revolt.

Yet the *love* that caused that bitter suffering has been the leading star—the refining element of her life. Its influence has led her in everythiog that she has done—in everything that she has struggled to become. She has been true to it in her whole heart and being, in spite of Philip's injustice, in spite of her own renunciation.

Sho has risen to the position of a governess in a merchant's family. Hither and thither her lot has led her, during these nine years, over that wide American continent. She is now in a pleasant southern town on the coast of Florida. She is all alone in the world. The kind uncle who brought her over is dead; the sickly mother dead, too, a year ago; her brother, the only one remaining, is a fortune-seeker in California.

"You will be at my sister's at eight o'clock," Mrs. Travers said; and at eight o'clock Margaret and her two pupils sat in Mrs. Maurice's drawing-room.

She sat before a side-table strewn with books, and whiled the time away in turoing them over. There were a few small groups of ladies in the room, making a faint buzz of conversation, but it was not loud enough to interrupt her. For a long while she read undisturbed, until the feeble buzz at last leapt into quicker animation, for the drawing-room door was opened, and new voices sounded, new faces entered and filled the room.

A few feet from where she sat there stood a small empty sofa. Toward this there presently came two persons, and took possession of it—Mrs. Travers, and a gentleman whose face was strange to Margaret. As they sat down it was he who spoke first.

"Begin from your own marriage, and tell me everything," he said. "What has become of all my old friends? I can scarcely see or hear any of them."

"I can giveo you a score of histories," she answered. "Who shall I begin with? And they fell at once into a talk together.

It might have lasted perhaps for half an hour, when, after a momentary pause, Margaret heard these words:

"In the midst of all this," Mrs. Travers' companion said, "how in the world have you contrived to be so little changed? To look at you I can scarcely believe that I have been away; yet the whole morning I have been complaining to Langton that I cannot recognize a single face I see."

She looked up with an involuntary start, but it was only for a moment. She had heard strangers called by that name before. There were more Langtons in the world than hers.

"By the way," Mrs. Travers said, "who *is* this Mr. Langton? Where did you pick him up?"

"Langton? O, he is a man with some name in political circles in England. He is just now secretary to Lord——"

"He is not in the room at present, is he? I am so blind—but I don't see him."

"No; he and Travers got into a discussion together, and we left them to fight it out."

They turned the talk back to their own affairs. With a low sigh Margaret stooped her face again upon her book. "It is not Philip, it is not Philip," she whispered to herself. Bending her head she shaded her eyes, and for a minute closed their lids; and before her attitude was altered, before her eyes were reopened, there upon her ear the long unheard voice.

"How beautiful your open sea is," it said. "It brings to my mind the only place where I ever lived before by the open sea—a little village in tho south of Englaod."

She looked up and saw him. That vision that nine years had robbed her of; that lover to whose memory her life, with all its struggles, successes, endurances, had been an offering. There, before her, his foot within a pace of where she sat, his dark, familiar face clear in her sight; familiar, and yet how strange, after this absence, this silence, this abnegation of nine years.

A hand was laid kindly on her arm, and on her ear came tho tones of another voice:

"You feel this room very hot," it said. "Do you not, Miss Morton? I am sure you are hot, you look so pale and tired. Come away with me, and let us take a little walk upon the terrace."

The outstretched hand drew her from her seat. O, this was cruel! There leaped up to her lips one piteous cry, one helpless cry of passionate resistance; and then she rose, and went. Away she went from where her huogry eyes had rested, to the dimly-lighted terrace.

"Now, take my arm, we will walk for a little here."

She answered "Yes," but she could not do it. She tried, and walked a dozen steps; then suddenly stood still, and cried, "Let me sit down."

She leant against a pillar near her.

"Mrs. Carlton, let me sit down! Here, where it is not light; O, here, where it is not light!" she cried.

"My dear, there is no seat; stand still one moment."

Pausing to ask no questions, Mrs. Carlton hurried to the house. She was absent for a few seconds; then she returned, and not alone. Another arm was laden with the chair that she had gone to find and another hand set it by Margaret's side.

"Thank you, Mr. Langton. Now, my dear, sit down. You will be better soon in this fresh air."

She sat down as she was bidden; helplessly, without a word. She gave no thanks.

Having come, he stayed. Deliberately and at once he took the place where she had stood, and leant against the pillar. He stood with his face partly toward her, with the light upon it.

"We shall never teach this northern snowdrop to bear our southern warmth," Mrs. Carlton said. "Mr. Langton, are all your country women so hard to accustom to new climates? Are they all such fragile creatures as this one?"

He turned his head where Margaret sat, and looked at her. Following that look there came no change upon his face, no token in him of recognition, nothing but this quiet answer:

"You are used to a warmer coloring here. Our northern snows rob English women of that."

"And yet England is a good way from the pole. And *you* are not like a snowdrop, Mr. Langton, at all."

"I am scarcely English; my mother was an Italian."

"Was she? I did not know. And have you lived in Italy? Ah, Mr. Langton!" she cried suddenly, in a quick outburst of southern enthusiasm, "Tell me about Italy. What parts of it do you know? Do you know Rome and Venice? Ah! tell me about them."

Her request was eager, but he was very slow to do her bidding. Possibly his thoughts were occupied to-night with other things than Italy's falling palaces and walls; yet presently her quick questionings roused him; he warmed and spoke. There, where the light fell on his face, illumining each kindling lineament, he stood and talkod to her of home, and yet in the midst of it, so calmly, quietly mingling with it, that one home figure, the center star of Margaret's life. But even he so chaoged. All calmed, softened, refined; the cold dark race, dark and irregular still, but in its whole expression grown so full of harmony and strength; its restive pride composed, its aggressive temper all subdued.

She listened to him as he talked, listened at first with a strange thrilling wonder of delight, then presently with a nameless sickening pain. Oh! she had striven all these years to reach up to his height, and he had left her in the race, as if she had not run.

"And now, after all your European wanderings," Mrs. Carlton said, "you have at last come here?"

He answered, "Yes."

"Are you going farther south?"

"No; I shall retrace my steps now."

"But not at once I hope?"

"I may leave to-morrow. If not to-morrow, still as soon as possible."

Sitting in the shadow, Margaret heard and lifted up her head, swiftly, suddenly, driven by the startling cry of her sharp misery. She lifted up her head, and her raised eyes saw——

Oh! this was no straoger's look upon her—this was no stranger's gaze, sending its keen light through her!

"So soon as to-morrow? Why, Mr. Laogton, you will have seen nothing."

"I shall have seen what I came to see," he answered.

"Ah well! About that I cannot speak," she said, laughiog; and there was a few moments' pause, which was broken presently by a sound of music coming through the opened door.

"That is Mrs. Travers' voice," Mrs. Carlton said.

"Mr. Langton you must come and hear her, she has the finest voice I koow. Miss Morton will you remain here, or come with us? You had better both come."

She went forward toward the door and Mr. Langton followed her. One moment Margaret saw the two figures stand upon the threshold; then one went forward and the other retraced his steps.

He came back in silence, calmly and quietly, to the place that he had left, into Margaret's full sight—there where she sat motionless, her clasped hands as he neared her only closing their fingers tighter.

NOTICE.

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J. P. BOGARDUS,
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THE CALIFORNIAN.

SAN FRANCISCO,.....SATURDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1867.

AMERICAN INSTITUTIONS FROM A TORY POINT OF VIEW.

It is a wholesome corrective of national, as well of individual vanity, to endeavor occasionally to look at ourselves from the stand-point of those who most heartily dislike us. Criticism, however prejudiced, if it is sincere, is generally sure to have some colorable foundation in truth—some such approximation to it at least, as the resemblance that exists between a public man and his caricature. There was a great deal of this sort of truth in Dickens' "American Notes," and also in his "Martin Chuzzlewit;" and it was very silly of us to fly into a passion, because the novelist chose to caricature some of the more disagreeable features of our institutions and society—features which must necessarily seem peculiarly repulsive to the average Englishman. This kind of "wholesome corrective" can be enjoyed *ad libitum*—any particularly sensible and irascible American would find it *ad nauseam*—by the diligent perusal of the last batch of Tory periodical literature that has reached our shores. *Blackwood* is tolerably sure to administer a pill or two every month, and the *London Quarterly*, at longer intervals, supplies a larger, if not a stronger dose. The July number of the last named periodical contains an article entitled "Reform Essays," which is full of medicinal virtue for our national vanity, if astringency and bitterness can make it so. Among the "Essays" reviewed in the article, is one by Mr. Dicey, on "The Balance of Classes," in which the author argues for the American doctrine of the government of numbers, and another on "Popular Constituences," by Mr. Leslie Stephen, who also seems to have a strong bias in favor of democratic institutions, though he makes many damaging admissions in regard to their actual working, upon which the reviewer pounces with sneering exultation. Mr. Stephen concedes that American statesmen of the last, and of the present generation, do not come up to the European level, as did our great civilians of the epoch of the Revolution. He thinks that since then, "refined and delicate minds" have been frightened from the political arena. "The business of the country has been left to men not above joining in the dirtiest intrigues, or pandering to the lowest popular prejudices." Money and the mob "are said to be supreme in Washington; the action of Congress is also said to be determined by log-rolling and buncombe;" and the essayist does not undertake to question the substantial truth of these charges. "This is plain speaking," cries the exultant reviewer, "and when we couple with these facts the notorious truth that these evil symptoms have increased just in proportion to the increase of democracy, we seem to have made out a pretty strong case against the imitation of American institutions." Mr. Stephen, while endeavoring in all apparent loyalty and good faith to do his whole duty, as advocate, for his American clients, and for representative republican government generally, assumes the deprecatory tone of an apologist, and exhibits none of the indignant energy of the confident champion of a just cause. He declines to plead the general issue in answer to the Tory indictment against American institutions; his plea is rather one of "confession and avoidance," as it would be termed in the language of the common law. American statesmen are not great men—but that is because "the temptations to a practical life overpower intellectual training," and because a "cultivated class, or rather a class from which cultivated statesmen may be drawn, does not exist in the country." The comment of the reviewer upon Mr. Stephen's explanation, or apology, is: "This is something like the excuse for a next morning's headache, 'It wasn't the wine; it was the salmon.' Give what account you like, of the phenomena of American politics, only don't ascribe them to Democracy. It is better to deny, in spite of the notorious fact, that there is a large class of cultivated Americans, than to admit that they will not touch pitch for fear of defilement." And in truth, the comment does not seem to be unjust, for our apologist accounts for the low standard of our political leaders by referring to the small number of educated men, the inferior importance among us, of political as compared with private life, the influx of poor foreigners, in short, he makes it depend, as the reviewer phrases it, "upon anything in the world, except upon the leading, salient, notorious element of American institutions, democracy." Thus the difference between our advocate, and our bitter and scornful assailant goes no farther than this, that while the former sorrowfully admits all the evil that is said of us and of our society and politics, and seeks to show that these things have no necessary connection with our institutions, the latter holds "democracy" accountable for everything.

But our country finds in another of the essayists, Mr. Goldwin Smith, a less doubtful defender. "Equality, says Mr. Smith, has created in America a nation, great both in peace and war, wealthy, intelligent, united, capable of producing statesmen and soldiers, yet itself superior to its ablest men." And again: "A step, though only a step, has been made toward the realization of that ideal community, ordered and bound together by affection instead of force, the desire of which is in fact the spring of human progress." If this rose-colored picture is a little vague, it is certainly very pretty. But of course it awakens the ire and scorn of the Tory reviewer, who proceeds forthwith to demolish our kindly panegyrist, with as much ferocity as though he were implicated in the wickedness of the subject of his somewhat rhetorical laudation. Mr. Smith is, in the first place, sharply rebuked for having dared to speak of us as "a nation" at all. We are not a nation in any proper sense, but merely "a distracted aggregate of communities, trembling between central despotism and individual repulsion." It is equally absurd to speak of us as "great both in peace and war." We are not "great in peace," for we are "notoriously a prey to furious internal discord;" nor can we with any propriety be called "great in war," since the only "warfare on a great scale" that we have ever seen, is the "civil strife" from which we are "just bleeding." In regard to Mr. Smith's specification of "wealth," the reviewer intimates that he will suspend his verdict until he sees our currency at par; and as to the "intelligence" imputed to us, till he finds us intelligent enough to adopt "a commercial policy which does not violate every principle of economic science"—a hit, and not an undeserved one, at the short-sightedness and ignorance of well-settled laws of political economy that are evinced in our "protective" legislation. As to being "united," we are sneeringly told "the less said the better." But what more than all else provokes the wrath and derision of the critic, is "the audacity that talks of a community 'bound together by affection,' while one half of the States has its sword at the throat of the other half, and connects this state of things, however remotely, with the ideal of human progress."

But though Mr. Smith takes a highly favorable view, and in the main rather a rose colored one of the existing condition of things in the United States, and though he is very far from adopting Mr. Stephen's "confession and avoidance" style of advocacy, he is nevertheless compelled to make certain admissions to our disadvantage, which would seem, without explanation, to furnish an argument against our institutions. For instance, he admits "the want of taste and refinement in our politics," but thinks that is "not democratic, but colonial." He concedes the stupidity of our protective policy, but adds: "Protectionism is the vice, not of democracy, but of ignorance," to which the reviewer retorts: "But ignorance is itself the vice of a democracy." Proceeding to amplify and illustrate this brief but pregnant apothegm, he says: "Nobody ever supposed that democracies imposed prohibitive duties with a view to injure themselves; the complaint is, that the democratic government of America is so deplorably ignorant that after a question has been thoroughly sifted by reason and experience, and definitely settled in the forum of intelligence, it perseveres in a course of action demonstrably injurious to itself, and that from inability to grasp the argument, perhaps from utter ignorance that there is anything to say on the other side." Of Mr. Smith's "admissions," it may be said (which is not the case will all those so freely volunteered by Mr. Stephen) that they are such as the majority of well-informed Americans would join him in making, though they might not be always satisfied with his explanations. He is an ardent admirer of the theory of our government, and is even more sanguine in regard to its successful working in certain particulars, than many of our own public men. The Tory conviction in regard to us is, that we owe nothing of such prosperity as we have enjoyed, to the excellence of our institutions, but that on the contrary nothing could have saved us from being ruined by their inherent viciousness, but the extent of our territory, the cheapness and fertility of our lands, and the sparseness of our population. According to this view, our social and political condition is daily becoming worse, and must ultimately culminate in despotism or anarchy. Mr. Smith, on the other hand, thinks that most of the defects and evils the existence of which he admits, are the result of inexperience or ignorance, and that time will remove, instead of aggravating them. As we grow older, we shall become wiser in our legislation, more thoughtful in our politics, more amenable to reason and less controlled by prejudice and passion; our statesmen will learn to take broader views, the influence of the better instructed will prevail in the community, and the people will be less subject to the dominion of demagogues. Let us trust that our English admirers, of the schools of Mr. Smith and Professor Cairnes, and Mr. Frederick Harrison, are not too sanguine in indulging these cheering anticipations concerning us, and that the future will falsify the sinister auguries of those who believe that the inevitable progress of democracy is a steady march to social and political ruin meantime it is well to remember that more is to be learned from the searching criticism of enemies, than from the laudations of admiring friends, and that it is a weakness unworthy of a reasoning being to allow such criticism to excite in us either childish irritation or boorish passion.

NEGRO INDUSTRY.

THE investigations which have been caused by the negro outbreak at Morant Bay, in October, 1865, and by the embittered controversy that has ever since been raging in England between those who condemn, and those who attempt to justify the course of Governor Eyre in suppressing said outbreak, have resulted in throwing much new light upon the condition of the negroes in Jamaica since the emancipation, and upon a number of vexing questions in regard to their willingness to labor for wages, their obedience to law, and their general fitness for freedom and the exercise of civil and political rights.

Besides the report of the "Jamaica Royal Commission," appointed to examine into all matters connected with the outbreak and its suppression, quite a number of books and pamphlets have been written by persons who have enjoyed exceptional opportunities for becoming acquainted with the subject. The titles of five of these books are prefixed to an article in the July number of the *Westminister Review*, entitled, "Jamaica," and whatever knowledge we possess of their character and contents, is derived from the extracts quoted in the article referred to. It seems that previous to the abolition of the slave trade, in 1802, the planters of Jamaica were able to supply themselves with slaves from Africa at so small a cost, that the most profitable way of working them was to require the utmost possible amount of work from them regardless of the unnatural severity of the labor, and of its effects upon the nigger. Under this system, seven years was the average of the negro's life. The planter found it the most economical course to "use them up," and buy a fresh lot. After the abolition of slavery in the island, the planters were loud in their complaints of the "laziness" of the negroes and in their assertions that the necessary amount of labor could not be procured. But the testimony of all candid and disinterested witnesses goes to show that in Jamaica, after the establishment of the free labor system, the planters had no reason to complain in these respects, and that the negroes were ready and willing to work for fair wages promptly paid. The difficulty was, that the landed proprietors had been unfitted by their habits as slave-owners, for the management of hired laborers. In proof of this, we think it will be sufficient to cite the testimony of Messrs. Harvey and Brewin, two gentlemen who were deputed in 1866, by the Society of Friends in England, to visit Jamaica and obtain information as to the actual condition of the negroes. These gentlemen say in their report, that "the most important comment on the local administration of justice in the island is supplied by the fact that the laborers (the negroes) have ceased to appeal to the courts for redress in any dispute about work or wages, and almost in any case whatever between them and the class above them." The Commissioners further report that, "it was shown before the royal commission that it would be a sheer waste of time for a laborer to prosecute any such case, since *the magistrates would put him off from court to court, would adjourn the court, or prevent the formation of a quorum, and so defeat any complaint against one of themselves or of their friends.*" It is possible, that the books from which the testimony to which we refer is derived, were written by persons whose sympathies with the negro have unduly affected their judgment. But if they are to be accepted as honest and trustworthy witnesses, it is impossible to avoid the conclusion that the greater part of the sins charged against the blacks of Jamaica, are the natural result of the treatment they have received at the hands of the whites.

IT IS said that the Sacramento *Union* has made arrangements to import an editor from New York to supply the place of the late Mr. Watson. With a very high appreciation of Mr. Watson's great talent, we must nevertheless say, that his place seems to have been well filled for some time past. His successor, though less accomplished as a rhetorician, and a less brilliant writer, is fully equal to him in real ability, and much superior in the treatment of all subjects of a practical character. The *Union* never published an abler article than the one entitled "An Independent Party," which appeared in its columns some week or ten days since. With the exception of the lamented Tuttle, we have never known a case in which an "imported editor" has proved a distinguished success in Californian journalism.

MR. GEO. WILKES, of the New York *Spirit*, is particularly savage on President Johnson. In a recent issue of his paper he says: "Public affairs grow more and more disgusting. It is little to say that while the President remains in office, we are to have no peace, but only plots and counterplots, the morning manœuvre and the evening imbroglio. While we can bear passions and prejudices and mistakes, we become sick of mean and mousing methods—of the tremulousness irresolution of Macbeth without his intervals of compensating courage. There is a choice of ways, even in the perpetration of bad actions, and if there be one especially miry and crooked, the President is sure to find it out and follow it.

THE Paris Exposition will be closed on the 31st of October.

[*Continued from Seventh Page.*]

He stood before her in silence for several moments: then through the distant music she heard his voice.

"She said I should see nothing," he said abruptly. "She was wrong. Shall I tell you what I have seen?"

His eyes were directed toward her, but he did not wait for her to speak. Before she could reply he spoke again.

"She told me tell her about ruined cities. There are other ruins besides fallen stones. One such," and his voice sank into infinite tenderness, "I have seen to-night—a temple that I left entire, fresh from God's hand."

She rose up suddenly from her seat and stood before him with her slight figure erect, and with all that she had in her of gentle pride gathered upon her face.

"My white face does me wrong to-night," she said. "I am no ruin. I have known sorrow, as others have; but no sorrow I have felt has crushed me. I have grown to look old, perhaps; but I am not young now, even in years."

His dark face for a moment had thrown off its mask, but all tenderness that in word or look had begun to appear in him shrank back before her words. The pause that came when she ceased to speak was broken by this cold reply—

"If there has been no suffering then my petition may be granted more easily. I have come a long way," he said slowly, "to ask forgiveness for a wrong done to you long ago." He paused for a moment, and then his voice grew bitter as he ended. "It will cost you little to grant it. When the pain of a wrong has ceased, we can can forgive the wronger easily."

She had been very calm outwardly when she had spoken, but now her hands were crushed together, and her eyes, fixed on his face, were troubled and dark. She stood one moment shrivering, then all her love rose in a wild defence, and out of that nine years' silence leapt this cry—

"It has not ceased. O, the pain has not ceased!"

Her head fell down upon her parted hands, she hid her face upon them, and broke with passionate helplessness into a low piteous sob.

And then, as she stood there desolate, she felt his arm circling her round; and passionate once more, in its deep loving tenderness, she heard his voice—

"Magaret, I have been faithful," he cried. "In spite of that harsh wrong I have lived for you. I have worked for you. I came to pray for more than forgivenesss. I came to pray for my reward."

It was far away, that English village by the old familiar sea, yet, before his tones had died away, how there flashed back on her a picture of it, clearer than the sight of tropic land. She lifted up her eyes—the passionate gaze of old was on her face; she raised her arms—they fell to their old place upon his neck; she spoke to him.

Long years ago he had told her to wait for him till he came back. Like a child delivering up its trust, she whispered—

"I have waited!"

That was all. From him there only came one passionate low utterance of her name. Then between them there was perfect silence, and they stood beneath the tropic trees as they stood nine years before under the sea-cliff at Brent.

Political Conventions sometimes present stormy scenes, but the convention of spiritualists recently convened at Cleveland, Ohio, seems to have been composed of more discordant and explosive materials than any political one on record. The politicians generally manage, after more or less wrangling, to agree upon a platform of some sort. But the spiritualists were unable to agree in anything, and so they broke up in something very like a row. One chief cause of the disturbance seems to have been the bringing in of a report by a committee of leading members, to whom the subject had been referred, exposing the imposture of the whole class of "rope-tying" and "dark-cabinet" mediums, and recommending that they should not be recognized as in good standing in the table-tipping communion. We do not see clearly how the rope-tying and dark-cabinet branches of the business differ in principle from the spirit-painting, spirit-flower-making, and other departments, or how the one is more likely to be an imposture than the others.

A California Vine.—A gentleman writing from Santa Barbara, in the southern part of this State, gives the following description of a grapo vine in the locality, said to he the largest in the world, planted forty years ago by a Spanish woman: "The vine four and a half feet from the ground is one foot in diameter, or a little more than three feet around it; then it bulges out for a foot and a half higher and much larger. At that height it branches out, and the branches are supported by scaffoldings, so that I could walk upright under it with my hat on. The branches spread over an area of from one thousand to twelvo hundred feet. The annual crop of grapes from this vine average four tons, and has been as high as six tons; only think of it, from eight to twelve thousand pounds of grape on a singlo vine. It looks almost incredible, but it is a veritable fact."

A talkative man neither hears nor is heard, He won't listen to others, nor they to him.

DRAMATIC AFFAIRS.

THE rush to witness the performances of Dan Bryant, the Irish Comedian, at Maguire's Opera House, has continued unabated throughout the week. Every night the theatre has been thronged by an audience ever ready to applaud on the slightest provocation, and to laugh at the mildest joke. Among the new performances given, *Rory O'Moore*, *More Blunders than One*, *Ireland as it Was*, and *The Colleen Bawn* may be mentioned. At the matinee to-day the *Colleen Bawn* will he played, and the evening's entertainment will consist of *Ireland as it Was* and *Barney the Baron*.

The great Ha-yah-takee troupe have during the present week surpassed all their former performances. Each night there has been a change of scenery, acts and performers. The tree feat is the most wonderful balancing act ever performed. To-night this wonderful troupe give their last performance, on which occasion they will perform their most astounding feats. A matinee will he given to-day, when young California will be shown that a little Japanese boy, of five years old, is capable of performing feats which would require many years of practice from our most experienced gymnasts.

On Monday evening, Miss Emma Howson, whose talent as a lyric artiste, has rendered her so popular with the public of San Francisco, will be the recipient of a complimentary benefit. The public like a little change; they have had tragedy, spectacular plays, Irish comedy, and Japanese gymnastics; it is some time since they were favored with English Opera; setting aside the merit of the beneficiary, it may safely he prophesied that a large audience will assemble on Monday night in the Metropolitan Theatre, to listen to the delightful opera of *Maritana*, which will he presented with a full chorus and orchestra. On Monday, Alexander Fitzgerald, who, in consequence of the prolonged run of *True to the Core* and the arrival of the Japanese, has had hut little opportunity of distinguishing himself, will take his first benefit, and appear in *Othello*. On Wednesday evening, Andrew Torning, the scenic artist, actor and manager, who has for so many years been identified with the progress of the drama on the Pacific coast, will take a farewell benefit previons to leaving for Australasia.

On Monday evening, Stephen Masset, sometimes "Jeems Pipes, of Pipesville," will receive a complimentary benefit at Platt's Hall, previous to his departure for Japan and China. Mr. Massett's entertainment is a varied one, consisting of songs, recitations and imitations, and has been received with much favor in the principal cities of the Eastern States.

On Monday, October 14th, the Occidental Theatrical Association, under the management of Geo. M. Ciprico, the professor of elocution at the Russ House, will give one of their pleasant entertainments at Turn Verein Hall. The dramatic portion of the entertainment will consist of the drama of *Don Cæser de Bazan*, in which Mr. Ciprico will enact the title role. A social dance will terminate the evening's entertainment.

Touchstone.

Mark Twain's English Reviewers.—Mark Twain's book is thus spoken of by that most critical of the London Reviews, the *Saturday Review*:

"'The Celebrated Jumping Frog' and its companion may be recommended to any one who is capable of appreciating humor, or enjoying a good laugh. There are not many of these sketches which could be read by the most confirmed hypochondriacs with an unmoved countenace; and not one of them which might not be read aloud, without missing a word, by the most fastidious mother to a family circle."

We are glad that this collection of sketches, most of which appeared originally in the Californian, have been endorsed by such high authority; we are especially pleased that the *Saturday Review* does not side with the "prurient prudes" who have charged Mark Twain with coarseness.

City Gardens.—To-day, a grand instrumental concert will be given at these popular pleasure grounds, and to-morrow a fine programme of sacred music will he performed. The concerts hitherto given, have been of a high order and merit. The zoological collection has had several additions made to it, including that of an American lion.

Woodward's Gardens.—An important addition to the already large collection of animals on exhibition in these gardens, was made this week, in the shape of a large South American tiger, one of the most beautiful and graceful members of the cat family. A fine concert will he given to-morrow. These gardens are now in fine order, and the public should enjoy them as much as possible before the rainy season sets in.

San Francisco Stock and Exchange Board.—We have received from the publishers, John H. Carmany & Co., proprietors of the *Weekly Stock Circular*, a neatly executed diagram of the San Francisco Stock and Exchange Board. The occupant of each desk is designated by name, a list of all members of the board and their addresses, and the scale of commissions are given, and the publication is one likely to be very serviceable to those who have business with the Board.

THE MUSICAL MONTHLY.

On Tuesday, October 1st, the first number of a periodical entitled, *The Musical Monthly*, made its appearance. M. Gray, the music dealer, at 609 and 613 Clay street, is the publisher. The typographical portion of the work is neatly executed by Towne & Bacon. No. 1 reflects credit on the taste of the editor, the selections made from various musical papers being fresh and well chosen. The original criticisms on local musical events, though not very extended, are well written. The following, which we horrow from the columns of this paper, will interest many who listened with delight to the performances of Paul Julien.

We find in the *Courrier de San Francisco*, a letter of Gottschalk's, quoted from the *L'Art Musical* of Paris, and part of which we translate. The letter is dated at Montevideo, the 25th May last:

"Yesterday morning they performed a service for the repose of the soul of poor Paul Julien, who died in Mauritius, last January. His widow has come hack here (she had been married in Montevideo a year before) with her child, a little girl but a few months old. The news of his death, which I heard of by a singular chance, at the moment of landing here, and when the funeral service was just closing, has greatly affected me,

"I knew poor Julien, when, hardly ten years old, he arrived at Paris, and entering the Conservatoire hy storm, carried off, at the end of six months, the first prize for violin-playing; and his memory had always remained with me. It was twelve years since I had seen him for the last time, a bright-faced lively boy, who astonished and delighted us all, with his amazing talent, and his childish enthusiasm.

"It was with difficulty, therefore, that I recognized in the fine, manly head of a portrait published at San Francisco, the features of the boy-genius who, when but ten years old, already promised to add another master to the French school.

"Alas! it is hnt a few years since we promised each other, then widely separated, to meet once more in Paris. * *

"L. M. Gottschalk."

The fourth and fifth pages of *The Musical Monthly* are devoted to one of J. L. Hutton's sweet songs entitled "Good Morning Sweet to Thee."

BOOKS RECEIVED.

The Life and Death of Jason: A Poem, By William Morris. Boston: Roberts Brothers. San Francisco: A Roman & Co., 1867.

A Painter's Camp. By Philip Gilbert Hamerton. In three hooks. Book I, in England. Book II, in Scotland. Book III, in France. Boston: Roberts Brothers. San Francisco: A Roman & Co., 1867.

Stories and Sketches. By Our Best Authors. Boston: Lee & Shepard. San Francisco: A. Roman & Co., 1867.

Diseases of the Heart: Their Diagnosis and Treatment. By David Wooster, M. D. Member of the Royal Academy of Medicine and Surgery of Turin; Assistant Surgeon in the "Mexican War," Surgeon (Major) in the late Civil War; Author of "Diphtheria and Congenital Asphyxia," (1859),) founder and former editor of "The Pacific Medical and Surgical Journal," etc., etc. San Francisco: H. H. Bancroft & Co., 1867.

The Pacific Musical Gazette.—No. 6, of the *Pacific Musical Gazette*, duly made its appearance on the first of October. The month of September was rather a dull one in the musical world, and presented but few local events worthy of comment. Four pages of music are included in the present number, the compositions given comprise Henry Harding's beautiful motette, "I Will Lift Up Mine Eyes." The "leader" in this number is a powerfully written article against the Philistinism" which exists in San Francisco. The text for an earnest sermon against Philistines is thus expressed:

"Our esteemed contemporary, the Californian, recently contained an article on the Philistinism of San Francisco. Carlisle and Matthew Arnold are quoted, as defining the term "Philistines" to be a class of people who have "little sympathy with culture, except in its directly practical hearings;" who reverence only wealth and success; who are devoted to material interests; and who are lavish in expenditure for objects which minster to the grosser tastes, hut begrudge the cost of a work of art; who never haggle about the price of wines or cigars, but beat down their children's music teacher."

The editor goes right to the point and in an earnest, prayerful, almost tearful manner, he exhorts the Philistines who "never haggle about the price of wines and cigars, hut *beat down their children's music teacher*, to strive to become civilized by degrees, and calls upon them to aid in the formation of musical societies which shall have the effect of purifying our musical atmosphere.

My Mexican Mines, is the title of a very clever and readable sketch by Charles Henry Webb, which will be found on the first page of our present issue.

THE GUERDON.

Alain, the poet, fell asleep one day
In the lord's chamber, when it chanced the queen,
With her twelve maids of honor, passed that way—
She, like a slim white lily set between
Twelve glossy leaves, for they were robed in green.

A forest of gold pillars propped the roof,
And from the heavy corbels of carved stone
Yawned drowsy dwarfs, with satyrs' face and hoof;
Like one of those brave pillars overthrown,
The slanted sunlight through the casement shown,

Gleaming across the body of Alain—
As if the airy column in its fall
Had caught and crushed him. So the laughing train
Came on him suddenly, and one and all
Drew back, affrighted, midway in the hall.

Like some huge beetle curled up in the sun
Was the man lying in the noontide glare,
Deformed and hideous to look upon,
With sunken eyes and masses of coarse hair,
And sallow cheeks deep seamed with time and care.

Forth from her maidens stood Queen Margaret;
The royal blood up to her temples crept
Like a wild vine with faint red roses set,
As she across the pillared chamber swept,
And, kneeling, kissed the poet while he slept.

Then from her knees uprose the stately queen,
And, seeing her ladies titter, 'gan to frown
With those great eyes, wherein methinks were seen
Lights that outflashed the lustres in her own—
Great eyes that looked the shallow women down.

'Nay, not for love"—'twas like a sudden bliss,
The full sweet measured music of her tongue;
"Nay, not for love's sake did I give the kiss,
Not for his beauty, who's not fair nor young,
But for the songs which those mute lips have sung."

LADY JOAN'S VOW.

BY I. D. FENTON.

What can a young lassie, what will a young lassie—
What can a young lassie wi' an auld man?

In spite of this assertion, many a "young lassie" has been well content to marry an "auld man;" provided always there has been plenty of tocher on the right side. So it was that Samuel Baldwin, Knight, and sojourner in the parish of Lymington, did, in the year of grace, 1730, find a young and beautiful bride. Tradition passes over the history of their married life in ominous silence. Suffice it, that when Sir Samuel died there was found a curious paper, stating it to be his will and pleasure that his body should be carried out to Scratchells Bay, and there sunk. "In order," the document went on to say, "that my wife, Joan, may not be able to dance upon my grave, which, in the bitterness of her wrath, she has vowed to do."

In obedience to this singular command, the worthy knight's body was duly weighted and left to rest under the shadow of the Needles; while the young widow took entire possession of the dead man's property, no one disputing the will which she produced.

Now the Lady Joan Baldwin looked marvelously fair in her weeds; and, although it is of no use gilding pure gold, every day experience proves there are exceptions to the rule; therefore, fair as the widow was, the gilding derived from the funds made her doubly fair, and brought to her feet the greedy, the needy, the rich, the poor. Time went on, and to the disappointment of the gossiping world Lady Joan seemed in no haste to change her condition, but the rather to aim at universal conquest. The ladies grew not only scandalous but wrath, for so equally were Joan's favors distributed that every man secretly considered himself the most fortunate, and thus, there being no rejected suitors, there were no deserters, and the wrathful indignation of the neglected sisterhood was the more excusable. Things went on after this fashion until a hunting meeting came off. Lyndhurst was full of great noblemen. The Lady Joan was the toast at many a wild carouse. The hunt lasted for several days, and when the festivities were at a hight, an event occurred that put the place on the *qui vive*.

At the close of a long and successful day in the forest, a stranger rode home at the widow's bridle-hand.

"Some Lymington fellow," said the Londoners.

"Some court *roué*," said the Lymington folk.

Yet, though unknown to the lady's jealous followers, the stranger was evidently not only on good, but familiar, terms with the widow; who, in place of remaining the night at Lyndhurst, rode on to Lymington, escorted by the new arrival. Next day, there was a rage and amazement in many a heart. Lymington church bells clanged a joyous wedding peal. The widow had outwitted them.

Disappointed suitors let loose their tongues, and out of very spite hunted up the fact that the man who had outdone them all and carried off the prize, was an old lover, to whom, before she was "my lady," Joan Armitage had plighted her troth, and who, they asserted, had remained in the neighborhood disguised as a forester, nothing loth to wait for the knight's well-tochered widow. Nor was this all: darker stories were whispered, and at last it was even hinted that the knight had met his death unfairly, and that the settlement and will by which the widow claimed her great wealth was forged by the mysterious lover. Joan heard of these things, and only laughed. "I married for money once, I can marry for love this time." Yet in spite of the boasted love, and the constant presence of the man she had chosen, a great change became visible: the bright color faded out of her cheeks; her eyes grew sunken and dim; her laugh hushed: life and energy seemed to be fading away. The bridegroom, too, was a changed man; he became silent and morose; scarcely ever left his wife's side; and watched her with a pertinacity which the lookers on called jealousy. Some said Lady Joan was conscience smitten; some said her husband ill-treated her; both reports were as far from the truth as such generally are. It was only to a chosen friend that the unhappy man unbosomed himself.

"Night after night," he said, "I wake and behold her place vacant. Night after night I have endeavored to remain awake, that I might unravel the mystery; but in vain. I invariably fall asleep, and when morning comes Joan is lying by my side, and were it not that her face is pale and haggard, and her feet cut and travel-stained, I could believe I had been dreaming."

"You have questioned the Lady Joan, of course?" said his friend.

"Not a word, Dick."

"Then, why not watch her?"

"Ay, that is it! I want you to help me. Do you consent to lie in wait this very night, and we will follow her?"

So it was arranged. Dick Berkeley was waiting in the street, when, shortly after the church tolled twelve, the house door opened, and the Lady Joan, clad only in her white night-dress, tripped down the steps. Dick had always been an admirer of the ladies; but he stood amazed exceedingly as he caught sight of her beautiful face, lighted up with a gleam he had never seen before; her long hair flouting, Godiva like, in the wind, her fair arms stretched over her head, and her clasped hands seemingly wrung together in agony. There was something so extraordinary in the circumstances attaching to the lady—something so wild and passionate in her attitude and expression—that Dick's heart was stricken, and although he hesitated for a moment, he did not lose sight of her. He had pledged his word to follow her, and so he went, keeping close behind her as she walked down the High street, and through the ill-paved by-lanes, leading to the so-called quay As she approached, a small boat, with one boatman, glided up the river, and as it grated against the steps, Lady Joan stepped in.

"Quick, quick!" whispered her husband, who had come up with Dick a little while before. "Follow her to the devil!"

Dick shuddered, but unfastened a boat, and they were soon in pursuit.

"Not too near," said Dick, lying on his oars; for the husband, beside himself with jealous fury, was gaining upon the little boat. "Not too near, I say, or they will suspect us; they are making for the castle."

He was wrong, however; they passed Hurst Castle, and steered straight across the Solent; rounded the Needles, and turned into Scratchells Bay. Here, those who followed, saw a fearful sight.

The water was as smooth as glass, but bright with a lurid, weird-like flame; and upon it danced the Lady Joan, filling the air with her shrieks, while all the time, round and round, sliding, curtesying, bounding, she performed her ghastly minuet.

An hour, which seemed an age to the lookers on, passed. Held by some strange power, they still sat, watching with staring eyes, and curdling blood, until the white figure was taken back into the boat, and rowed to shore again.

Not one word passed between the friends; but next day Joan's husband set off on a journey to London, where he meant to lay the mysterious case before eminent doctors, both spiritual and physical, in the hope of obtaining a release from his devil-possessed wife.

Not so Dick Berkeley. That love is capricious, and, moreover, covers a multitude of sins, we all know. The glamor was over poor Dick, who was so passionately enamored of Lady Joan, that he even envied the devil the pleasure of ferrying her to her nightly task; and Lady Joan, who had grown weary of the evil tempter, and surveillance of her husband, proved herself nothing loth to accept Dick's homage. And Dick, finding the lady willing, and the coast clear, made such use of his time that in a week from her husband's departure, Joan had consented to elope with her new lover, and carry off with them all the wealth she could bring to account.

They embarked in a French sloop, the captain of which agreed to take them to Cherbourgh; but as ill-luck would have it, the ship was becalmed just beyond the Needles, in the haunted Scratchells Bay.

"I'll be able to keep my vow at last," laughed Lady Joan. "Sir Samuel was buried here; if there is a fiddler among the crew he shall come up, and I shall dance over the old wretch's grave in spite of his queer will."

There was no fiddler; and Dick, who, ever since the wind had fallen so suddenly and left them in the fatal Bay, had been getting more and more frightened, managed to persuade Joan that such an action would be folly, and soon forgot the horrors of the past in the happiness of the present.

At midnight, Dick, who was still awake, saw his mistress rise. He rose too; and following her on deck, perceived the same scene and horror he had witnessed before; and as he leaned against the bullwark, the devil prompting him, he thought, "Why not leave her here, and carry of the riches she had robbed the old man of."

No sooner said than done. The breeze, which seemed to be waiting for his wish, sprang up; the sails filled, and the sloop began to move through the glancing water. But only for a second; the heavens grew black; thunder pealed; and a fiery bolt rushing down from the angry clouds, split the ship in two.

Dick found himself floating upon the waves, clinging frantically to a broken mast, not another vestige of the wreck was visible. But there, pirouetting, with streaming hair and gasping lips, Lady Joan danced her death dance.

Dick was sorry for her now, and called to her in his own despair and agony; but she heeded him not. As a long, red streak away in the west told of coming day, the shrieks grew wilder and the dance more furious. Higher spread the rosy dawn, until the Needles caught the reflection, and reared themselves like a blood stained hand. Dick tried to shut his ears; but the frantic shrieks would not be drowned. One, at last, came wilder and more horrible than all. The white figure disappeared beneath the waves, now glowing like fire, and the unhappy man was left clinging to the spar, alone upon the wide waters.

Hours after he was picked up by a passing ship, and carried to Ireland, from whence he wrote, detailing the circumstances, and announcing his intention of taking holy orders, wherefrom he hoped to obtain absolution and relief.

* * * * * * * *

Such is the Legend of Scratchells Bay; and although I never could succeed in seeing the phantom-dance of the Lady Joan, the old boatman, who gave me the history of her fate, assured me that when he was fishing off the Bay, he saw her; and was so frightened that he drank a whole bottle of rum, and found himself in the morning drifting nearly to Southampton water. I fancy my friend was of the poet's opinion, and might have justly said—

Truth, they say, lies in a well,
Why, I vow, I never could see;
Let the water drinkers tell—
There it always lay for me.

Youth.—Youth is the time of enterprise and hope; having yet no occasion of comparing our force with any opposing power, we naturally form presumptions in our favor, and imagine that obstruction and impediment will give way before us. The first impulses rather inflame vehemence than teach prudence; a brave and generous mind is long before it suspects its own weakness, or submits to sup the difficulties which it expected to subdue by storm. Before disappointments have enforced the dictates of philosophy, we believe it in our power to shorten the interval between the first cause and the last effect; we laugh at the timorous delays of brooding industry, and fancy by increasing the fire we can, at pleasure, accelerate the motion.

Feather Pillows.—If a person sleeps upon the back, no pillow is needed. If one sleeps upon the side, a pillow should be used thick enough to support the head in a direct line with the body. No more. Curled hair is one of the best materials for pillows. Feathers should never be allowed about a bed in any form. For pillows they are especially injurious, as they partly surround the head and keep it overheated, which weakens the scalp and produces a tendency to falling out of the hair, congestion of the head and headache. Then again, the effete emanation that are always being thrown off from feathers are taken directly into the lungs with the inspired air.

Rules for Hard Times.—Stop grumbling. Get up two hours earlier in the morning, and begin to do something out of your regular profession. Mind your own business, and with all your might, let other people's alone. Live within your means. Sell your horses. Give away, sell or kill your dog. Eat with moderation and go to bed early. Talk less of your peculiar gifts and virtues, and more of your friends and neighbors. Be cheerful. Fulfill your promises. Pay your debts. Be yourself all you would see in others. Be a good man and stop grumbling.

It is impossible to make people understand their ignorance, for it requires knowledge to perceive it; and, therefore, he that can perceive it hath it not.

Were but human beings always that which they are in their best moments, then should we know here already on earth a kingdom of heaven, of beauty and goodness.

To mourn for the dead is to mourn for the lost casket when you still retain the jewel it held. The memories of the dead one's virtues are the jewel, and cold clay but the casket.

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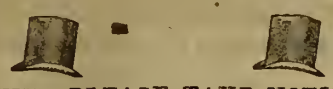

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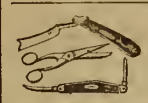

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WE TAKE OCCASION TO INFORM OUR FRIENDS and customers that we have sold our entire stock in warehouse also invoices to arrive to Messrs. N. COLE & CO., 312 and 314 Pine steeet. The whole forms a most complete and desirable assortment of FURNITURE, and well merits attention before purchasing elsewhere.

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PROFITABLE INVESTMENT.—For small depositors, or for young men who are inclined to save their money instead of spending it unwisely, says the Boston *Transcript*, no better or more secure investment can be made than in a savings bank. We have seen to-day a bank book containing a deposit made in 1836 of twenty dollars, and to its credit stands $139 05, nearly seven times the original amount. The interest is about 19 per cent. per year. The investment has remained undisturbed since it was first made.

RECIPE FOR A PLAY.—Take an old Gothic castle and place in it a virtuous dairymaid and marry her sister, a libertine lord, a villainous tool, and a very comic servant. Mix them well, season them with a spice murder, and let them simmer gently for half an hour. Then introduce a heavy father, with virtuous top-boots and a homely waist-coat. Stir up well with a row, and bring in a hero at the end who was supposed to be dead, but who eventually proves to be the rightful heir to the estate. Pair off in couples and serve up married.

AMONG the dogs exhibited at the Ile de Bilancourt was a beautiful little King Charles, weighing some twenty ounces. This little *bijou* was purchased by M'lle Cora Pearl for 2,200 francs, a large sum for so small a puppy, though, after all, but a trifle to *la grande lione.*

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No exposure on the Isthmus—100 lbs. baggage free.
Surgeon on board; medicine and attendance free.
As there is no Yellow Fever nor other epidemic in Nicaragua, passengers by this route will not be detained by Quarantine in New York.
A Steamer will follow October 25th.
For further information, apply to
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Our only profit being the small per cent. allowed by buying in large quantities.

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Franklin House, C. Maloney cor. Broadway & Sansome.
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Charley Smith's Saloon, 539 Washington street.
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"Manadnock," A. Horstkemper, Drumm & Oregon sts.
P. Johnson & J. B. Holje, 28 Clay street.
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Russell & Holding's Exchange, 622 Market street,

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With all the modern conveniences attached to it.
Gas and water are supplied throughout the House. The Rooms are well ventilated, and the Public will find in this Hotel all the comforts of a home. The Hotel is spacious, and well adapted for the use of Families. Suits of Rooms can be had on reasonable terms.
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Containing 500 Volumes of Standard Works,
Which is entirely for the use of patrons.
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Grape Brandy Bitters!!
we have been obliged to rent a LARGER BUILDING, and are now removing to Sullivan & Cashman's Block, No. 523 FRONT STREET, opposite our old establishment.
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Cards, Billheads, Circulars, Books, Briefs, Transcripts, Posters, Bills of Fare Envelopes, Letter and Note Headings, Tickets, Pamphlets, and all Legal Papers printed at short notice, and upon reasonable terms.

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JOHN W. BRUMAGIM, ADMINISTRATOR, WITH the will annexed, of the Estate of JACOB C. BEIDEMAN, deceased, is NOW READY TO EXECUTE DEEDS to the purchasers at said sale, as the sale has been confirmed by the Probate Court, and an Order of Confirmation has been recorded in the Recorder's office of the city and county of San Francisco.

Please call at the Administrator's office, Nos. 36 and 37 Montgomery Block.

JOHN W. BRUMAGIM,
Administrator, with the Will annexed, of the Estate of Jacob C. Beideman, deceased.
San Francisco, August 19, 1867.

$100 00
SAVED in a very Short Time by using
STANDARD SOAP CO.'S
WASHING POWDER.
TRY IT!
Does Not Injure the Clothes.
Sold Everywhere.

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ARE NOW READY AT THEIR HAT MANUFACTORIES,
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We wish to direct particular attention to our large assortment of the LATEST STYLES, selected by our partner, Mr. J. C. MEUSSDORFFER, at Paris, London and New York. Call and see them at
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CREME DE LIS

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FOR CLEANSING AND PRESERVING THE TEETH. Beautifying the Complexion, and removing Freckles, Eruptions, Sunburn, and Tan.

A New Combination, equal to the best French preparations, and free from their poisonous ingredients.

Invented by GEO. S. DICKEY, Chemist, Corner of Market, Stockton, Ellis and Fourth streets, San Francisco.

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California and Pine Streets,
(Between Kearny and Montgomery Streets.)

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STALLS 94 AND 95, Pine Street Entrance, and STALL 5, California Street Entrance.

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STALLS 8 AND 9,
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Hams, Bacon, Lard, &c.

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STALL 62,
Pine Street Entrance.

Poultry and Wild Game.

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STALLS 83, 84 AND 85,
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OYSTERS AND CLAMS. Pine Street Entrance.

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Butter, Cheese, Hams, Eggs & Bacon,
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WILL BE DISPATCHED AS FOLLOWS:

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On 10th, 18th, and 30th of each month that has 30 days.
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When the 10th, 19th and 30th fall on Sunday, they will leave on Saturday preceding; when the 18th falls on Sunday, they will leave on Monday following.

Steamer leaving San Francisco on the 10th touches at Manzanillo. All touch at Acapulco.

Departure of 18th or 19th is expected to connect with the French Transatlantic Co.'s steamer for St. Nazaire, and English steamer for South America.

Departure of 10th is expected to connect with English steamer for Southampton and South America, and P. R. R. Co.'s steamer for Central America. Through tickets can be obtained.

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Oct. 10—MONTANA, Capt. E. T. Farnsworth, connecting with HENRY CHAUNCEY, Capt. Gray.
Oct. 19—GOLDEN CITY, Capt. W. F. Lapidge, connecting with RISING STAR, Capt. Connor.
Oct. 30—SACRAMENTO, Capt. Parker, connecting with ARIZONA, Capt. Maury.

Passengers will be berthed through. Baggage checked through—100 pounds allowed each adult.

Surgeon on board. Medicine and attendance free.

These steamers will positively leave at 11 o'clock. Passengers are requested to have their baggage on board before 10 o'clock.

Through tickets to Liverpool by the "Cunard," "Inman" and "National" Steamship Lines can be obtained of P. M. S. S. Co.'s office in San Francisco.

For Merchandise Freight apply to Wells, Fargo & Co.

The splendid steamship CHINA, Capt. E. W. Smith, will be dispatched on October 14th, from wharf, corner of First and Brannan streets, for YOKOHAMA and HONGKONG; connecting at Yokohama with the steamer COSTA RICA, for SHANGHAI.

For Passage and all other information, apply at Pacific Mail Steamship company's office, corner of Sacramento and Leidesdorff streets.

OLIVER ELDRIDGE, Agent.

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All kinds of precious Stones set in the latest style and most approved manner. Watches and Jewelry carefully repaired by experienced workmen.

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Dress Silk Hats for Ladies or Gentlemen Manufactured to order, Cleaned or Renovated, at reasonable prices.

Use Ellery's Patent India Rubber Cement AND PAINT.—It is for all outside surfaces, TIN, IRON, OR METAL ROOFS; Iron however manufactured, Brick and Wooden Buildings, Ship and steamboat Painting; will not rot, peel, blister, or crack. Water-proof coating for cloth roofing on tops of houses, decks of steamboats, tops of stages and cars. Cloth roofs cemented and painted for $9 per 100 square feet. New or old Tin Roofs, in good or bad condition, cemented and painted, guaranted, at $1 to $2 50 per 100 square feet.

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Money transmitted from the interior, by Express or Mail, passed to interest from the day of arrival, and a Certificate returned in course of post.
Strangers may deposit Bonds, Gold Dust, Coin, or Valuable Papers in the Vault, for long or short periods, at a small rent, for which valuables the Company will be accountable. THOMAS MOONEY, President.

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TRUNKS, VALISES, CARPET BAGS, ETC.,

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H. M. LOCKWOOD & CO.,

New No. 624) CLAY STREET, (Old No

Have received a Large Stock of

GENTS' AND BOYS' CLOTHING
—AND—
FURNISHING GOODS,
Which they are selling
AT VERY LOW PRICES.

Every Garment warranted. All are invited to call examine our goods.

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WIRE CLOTH, COAL SCREENS, FLOUR SEIVES, QUARTZ SCREENS, for Batteries, Door and Window Screens, for excluding Flies and Mosquitos.

CLOAK, SHAWL, CLOTHING AND BONNET STANDS.

Fancy Work for Gardens, and a great variety of

WIRE WORK OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS.

Sole Agent for the sale and application of

BROWN'S PATENT AND METALIC WEATHER STRIPS,

For the perfect exclusion of wind, dust, and rain; ☞ And for CRAMER'S PATENT WINDOW LIFTING PLATES AND RODS.

Call and examine them at the

CALIFORNIA WIRE WORKS,
412 Clay street, San Francisco.

JOHN TAYLOR,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN
WINES AND LIQUORS.
NO. 16 THIRD STREET,
Between Market and Stevenson Streets.. San Francisco.

ZEITSKA & SHEPPARD,
Merchant Taylors,
NO. 610 CLAY STREET,
Near Montgomery,
SAN FRANCISCO.

STAPLETON'S
Refreshment Saloon,
ON CALIFORNIA STREET,
Adjoining the Market, San Francisco.

The very best Wines, Liquors and Cigars will always be found here.

ASSESSMENT OF MORTGAGES.

NOTICE TO TAX-PAYERS.

THE CITY AND COUNTY ASSESSOR IS NOW MAKing up the Assessment Roll of "MONEYS LOANED AND SOLVENT DEBTS SECURED BY MORTGAGE." The Roll is made up from the Records of Mortgages (unsatisfied) in the County Recorder's office. It is important that all persons interested should call, without delay, at the Assessessor's office, City Hall, and have corrected any errors there may be in amounts due or otherwise.

WM. R. WHEATON, Assessor.

PRO BONO PUBLICO.

LACOUR'S

SARSAPARIPHERE

BITTERS

POSSESS INVALUABLE PROPERTIES.

They give Health to the Sick,

Strength to the Weak,

Joy to the Afflicted.

☞SOLD EVERYWHERE.☜

BERNHEIM & EHRENPFORT,

Wholesale Candy Manufacturers,

No. 408 CLAY STREET,

Between Sansome and Battery Sts., San Francisco.

FANCY AND COMMON CANDIES
OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

Sugar Toys, Figures, Animals, Birds, etc.

Are prepared to receive orders to any extent and in any desired style.

BERNHEIM & EHRENPFORT.

HAMBURG, BREMEN,
Fire Insurance Company.

CAPITAL, - - - - $1,000,000

MORRIS SPEYER, Agent.

OFFICE—526 Washington Street, a few doors below Montgomery.....San Francisco.

Being no longer governed by the Tariff of the Board of Underwriters, this Company will effect Insurances at as LOW RATES as those of any other responsible Company.

OCCIDENTAL
Insurance Company,

Southwest corner Montgomery and California streets.

INDIVIDUAL LIABILITY.

Capital Stock, - - - $300,000

LOSSES PAID IN UNITED STATES GOLD COIN.

THIS COMPANY will insure against loss by Fire on any Dwelling House, Buildings, Merchanise or other property, situated in the State of California. The largest sum they will take on any one risk is thirty thousand dollars.

C. CHRISTIANSEN, Pres't.
J. GREENEBAUM, Vice President.
B. ROTHSCHILD, Secretary.

FIRE INSURANCE.

Manhattan Fire & Marine Insurance

OF NEW YORK.

Incorporated.....1821.
Cash capital.....$500,000
Surplus.....650,000

Total Assets, over.....$1,190,000

The above named responsible and well known Company has complied with the law of the State of California, and has deposited $75,000 as additional security for policy holders,

Buildings, Merchandise, Furniture, and other property insured against loss or damage by Fire, on the most favorable terms. Also, Insurance on Merchandise, Specie and Freight to or from all parts of the world. Losses promptly adjusted and paid in United States Gold Coin.

R. B. SWAIN & CO., General Agents,
206 Front street, corner of California.

FIREMAN'S FUND

Insurance Company.

Office, S. W. cor. California and Sansome streets, San Francisco.

CAPITAL AND SURPLUS, JANUARY 1, 1867,

$680,000.

DIRECTORS.

D. J. Staples,	John O. Earl,
G. T. Lawton,	Alpheus Bull,
W. M. Hixon,	C. T. Forrest,
John Barton,	W. B. Bonn,
W. H. Lyon,	Joseph Peirce,
Chas. Wolcott Brooks,	M. A. Braly,
I. B Purdy,	David Dick,
A. Himmelmann,	A. Blackwood,
W. C. Ralston,	F. P McMahon,
Lewis Cunningham, Marysville.	
P. Satber,	S. R. Throckmorton,
James Dows,	W W. Haney,
John H. Gardiner,	John N. Risdon,
Lewis Sober,	R. J. Tobin,
Jerome Lincoln,	M. Lynch,
Irving H. Knowles,	E. V. Hathaway,
C. G. Athearn,	J. H. Redington,
C. L. Taylor,	J. W. Brittan,
James Pollock, Benicia.	
A. Block,	Fitel Phillips,
A. L. Tubbs,	C. Spreckles,
W T. O'Brien,	J. B. Stetson,
J. E. de la Montagnie,	H. L. Lewis,
W. H. Paterson,	John Morton,
T. L Baker,	Henry Dutton,
Alex. Weil,	
Asa Harker, Portland, Oregon.	

Desirable Risks taken at LOW RATES.

The greatest amount taken on any one risk is $50,000. When the risks are considered too large, a portion will be re-insured in responsible Companies.

LOSSES PAID IN U. S. GOLD COIN!

J. D. STAPLES, President,
HENRY DUTTON, Vice-President.
CHAS. R. BOND, Secretary.

FREE HOMESTEADS FOR ALL

ON FILING A PETITION.

UNDER THE LAWS OF MEXICO, which are now in force in this city, all the inhabitants are entitled to a HOMESTEAD LOT OF LAND, simply on petition. Justice Field has decided, and the Supreme Court of the United States has confirmed that decision, that the city of San Francisco is a Pueblo of four square leagues of land, and that the citizens thereof are the owners, which vests the right in each citizen to a lot of land for a homestead; and the undersigned have opened an office at 37 MERCHANTS' EXCHANGE, to enforce those rights, by petition to the Mayor, etc.; and each and every citizen can procure a Free Homestead by calling at their office and signing a petition, which will forthwith vest the right to the lot in question in them, and thereby secure to the petitioner property worth a large sum of money under the existing laws now in force.

BROOKS & MERRITT,
No. 37 New Merchants' Exchange.

N. B.—The Supreme Court of the United States have settled this question in another case, as to the ownership of the Ontside Lands. In the case of J. B. Townsed vs. Geo. G. Grecley, December Term, 1866, No. 124, the Court say: "It is, therefore, now the settled law that the municipal lands held by the city of San Francisco, as successors to the former Pueblo existing there, are not held in absolute property, but IN TRUST for its inhabitants."

Therefore, all the inhabitants have to do, under this decision, is to ask the city, by petition, for their vested rights, as this is the only way, under the law, that they can proceed to get their property.

E. L. B. BROOKS,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law;
All legal business transacted in the French and Spanish languages, if desired.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

I LOVE to look on a scene like this
Of wild and careless play,
And persuade myself that I am not old
And my locks are not yet gray;
For it stirs the blood of the old man's heart
And makes his pulses fly,
To catch the thrill of a happy voice
And the light of a pleasant eye.

I have walked the world for four-score years,
And they say that I am old—
That my heart is ready for the reaper Death,
And my years are well nigh told.
It is very true—it is very true—
I am old and I "bide my time;"
But my heart will leap at a scene like this,
And I half renew my prime.

Play on! play on! I'm with you there
In the midst of your merry ring;
I can feel the thrill of the daring jump,
And the rush of the breathless swing;
I hide with you in the fragrant hay,
And I whoop the smothered call,
And my feet slip on the sceedy floor,
And I care not for the fall.

I am willing to die when my time shall come.
And I shall be glad to go—
For the world, at best, is a weary place,
And my pulse is getting low;
But the grave is dark, and the heart will fail
In treading its gloomy way;
And it wiles my heart from its dreariness
To see the young so gay.

A PET LION.—A gentleman, visiting a house in Algeria, says: "In a few minutes a door opened and a lion entered the room, the man only leading him by the tuft of his mane. He was a magnificent animal, two years old, and full grown, all but his mane, which, although but a foot long, made, however, a respectable appearance. He did not seem to care about our being strangers, but wandering about the room like a large dog, permitted us to take liberties with him, such as patting him, shaking a paw, and making him exhibit his teeth and claws. He showed a marked predilection in favor of old acquaintances, and lying down before them, turning on his back to be scratched. After a scratch or two he began to yawn, and was fairly settling himself for a nap, when a cigar was puffed in his face, a proceeding he evidently did not approve of. Rising in a hurry, curling his lips and wrinkling his nose, he exposed to view a splendid set of teeth, a sure sign that he was not pleased. A hearty sneeze seemed to restore him to good temper, and bearing no malice, he returned a friendly pat bestowed on him by Capt. Martenot, who had been the aggressor, by rubbing his head caressingly against his knee."

AN INGENIOUS DEVICE OF THE INDIANS.—It is said the Indians on the Plains have an ingenious way of setting fire to houses with their arrows. They wrap with a rag some powder on the heads of their arrows, and on the tip of their arrow-head place a percussion-cap. When the arrow strikes the object to be fired, the cap is exploded and the powder and rag ignited. The rag burns long enough to set any combustible with which it may come in contact on fire.

J. CUTBERLET,
CUSTOM
BOOT AND SHOE STORE.
—ALSO—
FRENCH SCREWED BOOTS AND SHOES,
No. 546 Washington Street, near Montgomery Street.
The finest quality of CUSTOM WORK neatly executed. Always on hand other fine work ready made.

I LANDSBERGER
HAS BEEN AWARDED BY THE STATE AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY
THE FIRST PREMIUM
—FOR THE—
Best Sparkling California!!
Of his own manufacture.
THREE FIRST PREMIUMS
FOR THE
Best White and Red Wines.
A SPECIAL PREMIUM
FOR THE NOTABLE SUPERIORITY OF ALL HIS WINES.
Three First Premiums at the Fair of 1867!!
Being the largest number of Premiums awarded to any one person.
No. 429 JACKSON STREET, between Sansome and Montgomery.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, THAT IN PURSUANCE of an order of the Probate Court of the City and County of San Francisco, made on the 27th day of August, 1867, the undersigned the Administrator of the estate of JOHN THOMAS, deceased, will sell at public auction, to the highest bidder for cash, in United States gold coin, in one parcel and subject to confirmation by said Probate Court, on WEDNESDAY, the 9th day of October, 1867, at 12 o'clock, noon, at the auction rooms of MAURICE DORE & CO., No. 327 Montgomery street, in said City and County of San Francisco, all the right, title, interest and estate of the said John Thomas, deceased, at the time of his death, and all the right, title and interest that the said estate has by operation of law or otherwise acquired other than, or in addition to that of said John Thomas, at the time of his death, in and to all the real estate described below, with the improvements and appurtenances thereon.

TERMS OF SALE—Cash in United States gold coin. Ten per cent. of the purchase money to be paid to the auctioneer at the time of sale; balance on confirmation by the Probate Court. Deeds and Revenue Stamps at the expense of purchaser.

The following is the property to be sold:

That certain piece or parcel of land lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, bounded and described as follows, to wit:

Commencing at the angle of intersection of the north line of Fell street, with the east line of a fence now or late owned by John Ferguson, and running thence northeasterly along said line of fence seventy (70) feet; thence easterly and parallel with Fell street fifty (50) feet; thence south-westerly and parallel with said fence seventy (70) feet to Fell street; thence westerly along the northerly line of Fell street fifty (50) feet to the point of commencement, being a part of block No. 299 on the official map of said City and County.

Dated September 13th, 1867.

WILLIAM A. QUARLES,
Administrator of the Estate of John Thomas, deceased.
sep14-4t

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE FIFTEENTH Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco.

MARY ANN LEEDOM, Plaintiff, vs. FRANCIS LEEDOM, Defendant.

Action brought in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in said city and county of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to FRANCIS LEEDOM, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named plaintiff, in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein, within ten days (exclusive of the day of service,) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this county; or if served out of this county, but in this District, within twenty days; otherwise within forty days; or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said complaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony existing between plaintiff and defendant, awarding the care and custody of her daughter Julia to plaintiff, and allowing her to resume her maiden name.

And you are hereby notified, that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

Given under my hand and Seal of the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 7th day of August, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-seven.

[SEAL.] WM LOEWY, Clerk,
By OCTAVIUS BELL, Deputy Clerk.
Geo. W. Tyler, Plaintiff's Attorney. s14-3m

IN THE PROBATE COURT OF THE CITY AND County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the Estate of WILLIAM MacMICHAEL, deceased.

Order to show cause why order of distribution should not be made.

On reading and filing the petition of Theodore L. Scholl, the administrator, with the will annexed, of the estate of William MacMichael, deceased, setting forth that he has filed his final account of his administration of the estate of said deceased, in this Court, and that the same has been duly settled and allowed; that all the debts and expenses of administration have been duly paid; and that a portion of said estate remains to be divided among the legatees of said deceased, and praying among other things for an order of distribution of the residue of said estate among the persons entitled:

It is Ordered, that all persons interested in the estate of said William MacMichael, deceased, be and appear before the Probate Court of the city and county of San Francisco, at the Court room of said Court, in the City Hall in said city and county, on WEDNESDAY, the 9th day of October, Anno Domini 1867, at eleven o'clock, A. M., then and there to show cause why an order of distribution should not be made of the residue of said estate among the legatees of the said William MacMichael, according to law.

It is further Ordered, that a copy of this order be published for four successive weeks, before the said ninth day of October, A. D. 1867, in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published in the said city and county.

M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

Dated September 6, 1867.
WINANS & BELKNAP, Att'ys for Petitioner. s7-5t

IN THE PROBATE COURT of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the Estate of JOHN HIGGINS, deceased.

Order to show cause why order of distribution should not be made.

On reading and filing the petition of Ellen Higgins, Administratrix of the estate of John Higgins, deceased, setting forth that she has filed her final account of her administration of the estate of said deceased, in this Court, and that the same has been duly settled and allowed; that all the debts and expense of administration have been duly paid; and that a portion of said estate remains to be divided among the heirs of said deceased, and praying among other things for an order of distribution of the residue of said estate among the persons entitled:

It is ordered, that all persons interested in the Estate of the said John Higgins, deceased, be and appear before the Probate Court of the City and County of San Francisco, at the Court-room of said Court, in the City Hall in said city and county, on MONDAY, the 14th day of October 1867, at eleven o'clock, A. M., then and there to show cause why an order of distribution should not be made of the residue of said Estate among the heirs of the said John Higgins, deceased, according to law.

It is further ordered, That a copy of this order be published for four successive weeks before the said 14th day of October A. D. 1857, in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published weekly, in the said city and county.

M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

Dated September 11th, 1867.
W. C. Burnett, Esq., Attorney for Petitioner. s14-5t

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—IN THE MATTER OF the Estate of JOHN S. BOOTHBY, deceased.

Notice is hereby given that all persons having claims against the estate of the said John S Boothby, deceased, are required to exhibit them, with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice, to MARY A. BOOTHBY, Executrix, at the Capitol Building, at the northwest corner of Kearney and Pine streets, San Francisco. MARY A BOOTHBY,

Executrix of the Estate of John S. Boothby, deceased.
San Francisco, September 3d, 1867. se7-5t

IN THE PROBATE COURT of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the estate of EDWARD CAVERLEY, deceased.

Order to show cause why order of distribution should not be made.

On reading and filing the petition of Ann Caverley, the Administratrix of the Estate of said deceased, setting forth that she has filed her final account of her administration of the estate of said deceased, in this Court, and that the same has been duly settled and allowed; that all the debts and expenses of administration have been duly paid; and that a portion of said estate remains to be divided among the heirs of said deceased, and praying among other things for an order of distribution of the residue of said estate among the persons entitled.

It is Ordered, that all persons interested in the estate of the said Edward Caverley, deceased, be and appear before the Probate Court of the city and county of San Francisco, at the Court Room of said Court, in the City Hall, in said city and county, on MONDAY, the twenty-eighth day of October, A. D. 1867, at eleven o'clock, A. M., then and there to show cause why an order of distribution should not be made of the residue of said estate among the heirs of the said Edward Caverley, deceased, according to law:

It is further Ordered, that a copy of this order be published for four successive weeks, before the said twenty-eighth day of October A. D. 1867, in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published in the said city and county.

M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

Dated September 26th, A. D. 1867.
J. T. BERGEN, Esq., Attorney for Petitioner.
se 28 oc 5-12 19-26

IN THE PROBATE COURT of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the Estate of JAMES CONLON, deceased.

Order to show cause why order of distribution should not be made.

On reading and filing the petition of Ellen Conlon, Administratrix of the estate of James Conlon, deceased, setting forth that she has filed her final account of her administration of the estate of said deceased, in this Court, and that the same has been duly settled and allowed; that all the debts and expenses of administration have been duly paid; and that a portion of said estate remains to be divided among the heirs of said deceased, and praying among other things for an order of distribution of the residue of said estate among the persons entitled:

It is ordered, that all persons interested in the estate of the said James Conlon, deceased, be and appear before the Probate Court of the City and County of San Francisco, at the Court Room of said Court, in the City Hall, in said City and County, on MONDAY, the twenty eighth day of October, A. D., 1867, at 11 o'clock, A. M., then and there to show cause why an order of distribution should not be made of the residue of said estate among the heirs of the said James Conlon, deceased, according to law.

It is further ordered, that a copy of this order be published for four successive weeks before the said twenty-eighth day of October, A. D. 1867, in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published in the said city and county.

M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

Dated September 21st, A. D. 1867.
SAMUEL L. LUPTON, Esq., Attorney for petitioner.
se 28-nc 5-12 19-26

JOSEPH FREDERICKS
CARPET AND UPHOLSTERY STORE,
PAPER HANGINGS, ETC.,
123 Kearny St., between Sutter and Post, San Francisco
FAMILIES ARE INVITED TO EXAMINE
OUR VARIED ASSORTMENT
Of the Finest Carpeting in the State. The best of taste displayed in Decoration and the unique Upholstering in Rooms, Halls and Public Buildings, and at prices conforming to the times. Call and examine goods.

CANTY & WAGNER,
(SUCCESSORS TO J. REGAN,)
113 *Montgomery street, bet. Bush and Sutter*
N. B.—All candies sold by us are warranted to be manufactured from Stewart's double refined Sugar, and to be equal to any manufactured in the State. Country merchants solicited to examine our stock and prices. Goods delivered to any part of the city free of charge.

JOHN H. TODMAN & CO.,
Successors to JAMES MEARS.
ALE, PORTER AND CIDER
BOTTLING ESTABLISHMENT,
511 Front Street.
A large stock of Champagne Cider on hand, in glass and bulk.

THE DEW OF EDEN.
LADIES OF CALIFORNIA?—If you will keep your complexions in the freshness, delicacy and beauty of youth, you must use the DEW OF EDEN, for it is the only article extant that will do for those using it all that it purports without injury, as it contains no mineral or poisonous substances whatever. It preserves the skin from the effects of climate and atmospheric changes; prevents the formation of Freckles, Tan, Morphew, Sunburn and Wrinkles. It keeps the skin soft, tender and beautiful; because it is congenial and natural to it, and composed of ingredients that supply to it what time and exposure take too rapidly away. It preserves and restores. It is valuable to the young, but more so to those from whom the stern hand of Time is stealing the treasures of youth; to such, it will actually arrest its depredations and avert its ravages upon the human face divine. It will surely smooth out those lines of care to a great extent, and restore the skin to comparative youth. Used on the hands daily, it preserves them in all fineness of texture and delicacy of early years. It gives a beautiful tint to the nails of the fingers, and keeps them tender and soft. It is not a cosmetic, and must not be used with any kind of paint. A simple powder, however, of harmless nature, may be used without detriment with this protective.
No lady once using the DEW OF EDEN will ever afterward dispense with it from her toilet.
Depot, 311 Kearney Street; and for sale by
R. H. McDONALD & CO.,
Importers and Dealers in Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals, etc., corner of Piao and Sansome Streets, San Francisco.

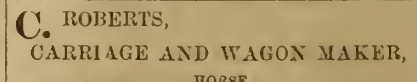
No Charge for Consultation.
ADOLPH CAMAN, M. D.,
HOMŒOPATHIC PHYSICIAN,
ACCOUCHEUR AND SURGEON,
Devotes special attention to the diseases of Women and Children. He takes a professional pride in curing those cases which have baffled the skill of other eminent physicians.
DR. CAMAN would call attention to the beneficial effects of the Homœopathic treatment in all cases of Chronic Diseases, Insanity, Paralysis, all kinds of Spasms, Delirium Tremens, and persons suffering from an unnatural thirst for spirituous liquors.
No. 26 Montgomery Street, opposite the Lick House.

REMOVAL. REMOVAL.
Larkins & Co.,

Manufacturers of every description of
CARRIAGES.
CONCORD WAGONS, Ranch Wagons and Buggies made to order. All kinds of Jobbing and Carriage Painting done at the shortest notice.
New Manufactory Nos. 631 and 633 Howard street, corner of Hubbard, between Second and Third, San Francisco.

A. FOLSOM,

Carriage Manufacturer,
No. 531 CALIFORNIA STREET,
Between Montgomery and Kearny streets, San Francisco.
EVERY DESCRIPTION OF CARRIAGES, EXPRESS Wagons, Buggies, etc., made to order, of the best materials and workmanship.
Repairing and General Blacksmithing done with promptness, and at prices to suit the times.

George P. Kimball & Co.,
MANUFACTURERS

....OF....
CARRIAGES, BUGGIES, STAGE AND THOROUGH BRACE WAGONS,
Market street, near corner of Fourth, San Francisco.

C. ROBERTS,
CARRIAGE AND WAGON MAKER,
HORSE

SHOEING
AND
JOBBING

PROMPTLY EXECUTED.
Fourth Street, between Howard and Folsom, San Francisco.
All styles of Carriages, Wagons and Carts made to order and Repaired.

W. E. BRIDGE,

St. Lawrence Stables
212 Sutter street, between Kearny and Dupont,
SAN FRANCISCO.

ITALIAN MANUFACTORY

OF
MACCARONI, VERMICELLI,
PASTE & FARINA.
(706 SANSOME ST. 706)
SAN FRANCISCO.
BRIGNARDELLO, MACCHIAVELLO & Co.

CALIFORNIA
Steam Navigation Company.
STEAMER CAPITAL.....CAPT. E. A. POOLE.
" CHRYSOPOLIS. CAPT. A. FOSTER.
" YOSEMITE.....
" CORNELIA.....CAPT. W. BROMLEY
" JULIA.....CAPT E. CONCKLIN
One of the above steamers leave BROADWAY WHARF at 4 o'clock P. M., *EVERY DAY*, (Sundays excepted,) for Sacramento and one for Stockton, the Sacramento steamer connecting with light draft steamers for Marysville, Colusa, Chico and Red Bluff.
Office of the Company, northeast corner of Front and Jackson streets.
B. M. HARTSHORNE, President

MARY.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

The graceful and the beautiful,
The gentle, kind, and airy,
Together met to mould the form
And gift the mind of Mary;
There's nature in each careless curl,
In every grace a moral;
Her mouth—'tis Cupid's mouth—sweet girl,
And full of pearls and coral!

She's like the key-stone to an arch
That consummates all beauty;
She's like the music to a march,
Which sheds a joy on duty!
All happy thoughts and feelings rife
Seem evermore to guide her;
The very ills and cares of life
Forget themselves beside her!

Each sweet expressive glance appears
Of nature's best selection:
It took the world six thousand years
To perfect such perfection!
All gifts divine that could combine
All charms of nymph or fairy,
Agreed to grace one beauteous face,
And witch the world with Mary!

She speeds as if with wings, so fleet
No birds could e'er surpass them,
Yet none can ever spy her feet,
Though 'tis believed she has them!
She lends a spell to every scene,
Her step makes winter venal;
A something half divine, between
The earthly and eternal!

EARLY MARRIAGES IN DAMASCUS.—We were not permitted to depart without seeing the ladies of the house, and accepting the invariable Eastern hospitalities. Attending the venerable mother, entered a young girl of about fourteen, small and delicate form and feature, and exceedingly pretty. Her black hair was plaited in broad braids that were long enough to reach the shoulders, about which the ends were left to fall in soft fringes. Her wide Turkish trousers were of rose-colored silk; the sleeves of her embroidered jacket fell away loosely from a white arm; a little jaunty Greek cap surmounted the glossy braids, the silken tassel reaching to the silky fringes of her hair. She did not take her seat, English fashion, with the mother, on the divan, as is sometimes done by way of courtesy to the guest, but dropped *á la* Turk, on the cushions near our feet. While we saying to ourselves, "What a sweet child this is!" and wondering whether she would ever develop the affections of young ladyhood, the old man spoke of her as being the wife of his son, and said they had been married three years. It is not uncommon for marriages to take place in the East when the bride is only eight years of age.—*Correspondent New York Tribune.*

A SENSIBLE WIDOW.—Some years ago a gentleman died. His widow inherited his property, and collected the insurance on his life, and very soon enlarged, repaired, and fitted up her residence in quite a luxurious style. A friend calling, expressed some little surprise that she had made these nice arrangements so soon after the decease of Mr ——. "Why shouldn't I do it," replied the practical relic. "My husband, good man that he was, is enjoying a glorious mansion in the skies, and of course wishes me to be as comfortable as possible here on earth."

TEUTONIA SALOON,
Corner of Montgomery and Summer streets.
HEIMBURG, SCHRODER & CO.,
PROPRIETORS.
The best kinds of WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS constantly on hand.
☞Give us a call.

THE "GROTTO,"
JOHN DUNCAN, Proprietor.
530 Sacramento street, opposite What Cheer House,
FINE WINES, LIQUORS, ALES AND PORTER,
Wholesale and Retail.
Importer of Wise's Celebrated Irish Whisky.

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Opposite Maguire's Opera House.

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Foundry and Machine Works,
Northeast corner Fremont and Mission streets,
Manufacturers of
MARINE AND STATIONARY ENGINES,
Quartz Machinery, Saw, Flour and Sugar Mills, Mining Pumps, Hoisting Gear, Agricultural Implements, etc.
ALSO,
Wine, Cider, Cotton and Tobacco Presses of the latest Improved Patterns.
STEAM ENGINES AND BOILERS,
Of all sizes, constantly on hand; Quartz Mill Shoes and Dies warranted to be made of the best white iron.
Dunbar's Improved Self-Adjusting Piston-Packing, requires no springs or screws; is always steam-tight; without excessive friction, and never gets slack or leaky.
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Established 1849.
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Doors and Shutters,
Bank Vaults. Balconies, Gratings, Prison Cells, Awnings, Stairs, Iron Fence, etc.,
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Constantly on hand a large assortment of second hand Fire-Proof Doors and Shutters.

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Constantly on hand a large assortment of second hand Fire-Proof Doors and Shutters.

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Machine Shop,
BUILDER OF
Steam Engines, Saw Mills, Mining Machinery,
Also, I. H. Small's Patent Boot Screwing Machine
Gears of all kinds Cut at Short Notice,
And at Greatly Reduced Prices.
Repairing of all kinds done with Promptness and Dispatch.
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All kinds of Brass, Composition, Zinc, and Babbitt Meta Castings, furnished at the shortest notice. Brass Ship-Work o all kinds, Spikes, Sheathing Nails, Rudder Braces, Hinges, etc., constantly on hand and made to order. Also, manufacture Ship and Steamboat Bells and Gongs of superior tone.
All kinds of Steam, Liquor, Water, Oil, and Flange Cocks and Valves made and repaired.
Hydraulic Pipes and Nozzles, and Hose Couplings and Connections of all sizes and patterns, furnished with dispatch. *PRICES MODERATE.*
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Owned and conducted by Practical Boiler Makers.
HIGH AND LOW-PRESSURE BOILERS, STATIONARY AND MARINE.
Howard street, bet. Fremont and Beale, San Francisco.
Having had twenty two years experience in this business, we feel confident of being able to compete—as to quality of work—with any establishment on the Pacific Coast.

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NO. 26 CALIFORNIA STREET,
Manufacturer and Dealer in
SASH, DOORS, BLINDS & SHUTTERS,
From Kiln-Dried Lumber—at the Lowest Rates.
Orders from the country will receive prompt attention

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THEODORE KALLENBERG,
Machinist,
Has removed from No. 416 Market street, to No. 10 Stevenson street, next to the corner of First.
Maker of Models for Inventors, Drawing Instruments, Small Machines, Philosophical Instruments, Scales and Weights, all kinds of Brass and Iron Work.
REPAIRING PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

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California and Pine Streets,
(Between Kearny and Montgomery Streets.)

Butchers.
L. MILLER & CO.,
STALLS 94 AND 95, Pine Street Entrance,
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JACOB WRAY,
STALLS 8 AND 9,
Corner Summer Street.

Hams, Bacon, Lard &c.
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Poultry and Wild Game.
R. CARD & CO.,
STALLS 83, 84 AND 85,
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Butter, Cheese, Hams, Eggs & Bacon,
STALL 20, Sutter street side.

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Poultry, Game, Butter, Eggs, etc.,
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P. T. GAVEN,
Vegetables, Fruit, Pickles,
PRESERVES, JELLIES, SPICES, &c.
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DIRECTORY,
Market and Sutter Streets, below Montgomery.
P. F. WARD,
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STALL 14, Sutter street side.

B. CARLTON,
Fresh, Salt and Smoked Fish,
STALL 34, Sutter street side.

W. MAESSEN,
Smoked and Corned Meat,
STALL No. 3.

THE BEIDEMAN ESTATE.

JOHN W. BRUMAGIM, ADMINISTRATOR, WITH the will annexed, of the Estate of JACOB C. BEIDEMAN, deceased, is NOW READY TO EXECUTE DEEDS to the purchasers at said sale, as the sale has been confirmed by the Probate Court, and an Order of Confirmation has been recorded in the Recorder's office of the city and county of San Francisco.

Please call at the Administrator's office, Nos. 36 and 37 Montgomery Block.

JOHN W. BRUMAGIM,
Administrator, with the Will annexed, of the Estate of Jacob C. Beideman, deceased.
San Francisco, August 19, 1867.

$100 00
SAVED in a very Short Time by using
STANDARD SOAP CO.'S
WASHING POWDER.
TRY IT!
Does Not Injure the Clothes.
Sold Everywhere.

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QUICK CURES AND MODERATE CHARGES.
DR. W. K. DOHERTY,
PRIVATE MEDICAL AND SURGICAL INSTITUTE,
Sacramento Street, below Montgomery, Opposite Pacific Mail Steamship Co's Office, Private Entrance on Leidesdorff Street,
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Established expressly to afford the afflicted sound and scientific Medical Aid, in the treatment and cure of all Private and Chronic Diseases, cases of Secresy, and all Sexual Disorders.

TO THE AFFLICTED.
DR. W. K. DOHERTY returns his sincere thanks to his numerous patients for their patronage and would take this opportunity to remind them that he continues to consult at his Institute for the cure of chronic diseases of the Lungs, Liver, Kidneys, Digestive and Genito-Urinary Organs, and all Private Diseases, viz: Syphilis in all its forms and stages, Seminal Weakness, and all the horrid consequences of Self-Abuse, Gonorrhœa, Gleet, Strictures, Nocturnal and Diurnal Emissions, Sexual Debility, Diseases of the Back and Loins, Inflammation of the Bladder and Kidneys, etc.; and he hopes that his long experience and successful practice will continue to insure him a share of public patronage. By his practice of many years in Europe and the United States, he is enabled to apply the most efficient and successful remedies against diseases of all kinds. He uses no mercury, charges moderate, treats his patients in a correct and honorable way, and has references of unquestionable veracity from men of known respectability and high standing in society. All parties consulting him, by letter or otherwise, will receive the best and gentlest treatment, and implicit secresy.

TO FEMALES.
When a female is in trouble, or afflicted with disease, as weakness of the back and limbs, pain in the head, dimness of sight, loss of muscular power, palpitation of the heart, irritability, nervousness, extreme urinary difficulties, derangement of digestive function, general debility, vaginitis, all disease of the womb, hysteria, sterility, and all other diseases peculiar to females, they should go or write at once to the celebrated female doctor, W. K. DOHERTY, at his Medical Institute, and consult him about their troubles and disease. Irregularities, suppressions, etc., will receive the Doctor's most particular attention. Let no false delicacy prevent, but apply immediately and save yourself from painful suffering and premature death. Ladies whose delicate health or other circumstances prevent an increase in their families, should write or call at DR. DOHERTY'S MEDICAL INSTITUTE, and they will receive every possible relief and help. The Doctor's offices, consisting of a suite of six rooms, are so arranged that he can be consulted without fear of observation.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.
Patients (male or female) residing in any part of the State, however distant, who may desire the opinion and advice of DR. W. K. DOHERTY on their respective cases, and who think proper to submit a written statement of such, in preference to holding a personal interview, are respectfully assured that their communications will be held most sacred. Dr. Doherty takes this opportunity of observing that all letters are only opened and replied to by himself, and the latter as promptly as possible.
If the case be fully and candidly described, personal communication will be unnecessary, as instructions for diet, regimen, and the general treatment of the case itself, (including the remedies) will be forwarded without delay, and in such a manner as to convey no idea of the purport of the letter or parcel so transmitted.
Consultation, by letter or otherwise, FREE. Permanent cure guaranteed, or no pay. Address,
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☞ SPERMATORRHŒA.
DR. DOHERTY has just published an important pamphlet embodying his own views and experiences in relation to Impotence or Virility, being a short treatise on Spermatorrhœa, or Seminal Weakness, Nervous and Physical Debility consequent on this affection, and other diseases of the Sexual Organs
This little work contains information of the utmost value to all whether married or single, and will be sent FREE by mail on receipt of Six Cents in Postage stamps for return-postage. Address,
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A RARE GEM OF ART.
"The Lord's Prayer,"
A pen drawing, by Mr. D. F. Brown, is one of the most remarkable works of art ever exhibited in this country. By patient labor he has succeeded in producing a design which for skill and beauty of execution, exquisite softness and delicacy of finish, and general merit, it would seem scarcely possible to surpass. The central figure—the face of our Savior—is one of marvelous power and beauty. This and the faces of the Twelve Apostles, forming the border of the piece, are faithful copies from Leonardo da Vinci's famous painting of the
LAST SUPPER,
Re-producing, with the softest and most perfect shadings, the conceptions and characteristic expressions of the originals. Within this enclosure the words of the Lord's Prayer, in ornamental letters of various original designs and exquisite finish, are an interesting study of art in themselves; while appropriately distributed among these, miniture groups and scenes of marked events of Savior's life, copied from the great masters—five of them from Raphel's celebrated designs—form a harmonious completion of this unique, beautiful and truly wonderful work. The faces of
OUR LORD AND HIS APOSTLES.
Alone, so finely copied, would be a treasure in any house, and worth the full price of subscription.
W. HOLT, General Agent,
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THROUGH TO NEW YORK VIA NICARAGUA.
THROUGH AHEAD OF THE MAIL!
☞*Shortest and Only Healthy Route!*☜
THE NORTH AMERICAN S. S. CO.'S STEAMER
AMERICA,
2500 tons, EDGAR WAKEMAN, Commander,
Will sail for SAN JUAN DEL SUR, Nicaragua, from MISSION STREET WHARF, at 12 o'clock, M., on
SATURDAY, - - - - OCT. 5th, 1867.
Connecting at Greytown with the magnificent Steamship SANTIAGO, 2500 tons, for NEW YORK.
No exposure on the Isthmus—100 lbs. baggage free.
Surgeon on board; medicine and attendance free.
As there is no Yellow Fever nor other epidemic in Nicaragua, passengers by this route will not be detained by Quarantine in New York.
A Steamer will follow October 25th.
For further information, apply to
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MRS. JUDAH,
MISS SALLIE HINCKLEY,
AND THE GREAT STAR COMPANY.

Bryaot Matinee to-day,
COLLEEN BAWN.

This Evening,.....October 5th,
IRELAND AS IT WAS,
—AND—
BARNEY THE BARON.

PRICES OF ADMISSION:

Dress Circle	$1 00	Orchestra	$1 00
Parquette	50	Upper Circle	25

METROPOLITAN THEATRE.

LAST PERFORMANCES OF THE GREAT

HA-YAH-TAKEE TROUPE.

This Afternoon and Evening.....October 5th,
NEW AND ASTONISHING FEATS,
TRIPLE TREE BALANCING WITH THREE BOYS,
SLACK-WIRE DANCING BY MME. HA-YAH-TAKEE,
ASTONISHING LANTERN FEAT, ETC., ETC.

Monday Evening, October 7th—Complimentary Benefit to MISS EMMA HOWSON. Wallace's Grand Opera of "Maritana."
Tuesday Evening, October 8th—Benefit of ALEXANDER FITZGERALD. "Othello."
Wednesday Evening, October 9th—Benefit of ANDREW TORNING. "Flying Dutchman" and other entertainments.

THE CENTRAL PARK OF THE PACIFIC.

WOODWARD'S GARDENS,
Art Gallery, Museum, Gymnasium,
AND
ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

A GRAND SACRED INSTRUMENTAL CONCERT, under the leadership of PROF. J. SMITH, late of the
SECOND ARTILLERY BAND,
EVERY SUNDAY AFTERNOON:

THESE BEAUTIFUL GARDENS are visited daily by hundreds of the pleasure seeking public and all agree in pronouncing them the best and only first class suburban resort on the Pacific coast.
The extensive grounds are covered with the rarest trees and shrubbery, making it a most desirable spot for small parties wishing to enjoy a Pic-Nic.
New attractions are being constantly added.
Gardens accessible by the Howard and Market street cars. Entrances on Mission and Valencia streets, between Thirteenth and Fourteenth. OPEN EVERY DAY.
Admission 25 cents. Children half price.

THE CITY GARDENS,
CORNER OF TWELFTH AND FOLSOM STREETS.

☞ The Folsom St. Cars run every five minutes.
☞ The Howard St. Cars run within in one block.

ON SATURDAY,
Chris. Andres' Band will give a
GRAND INSTRUMENTAL CONCERT!
COMMENCING AT TWO O'CLOCK.

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A Grand Concert of Sacred Music,
BY CHRIS. ANDRES' BAND,
INTRODUCING
NEW AND APPROPRIATE PIECES!
COMMENCING AT ONE O'CLOCK P. M.

Admission, 25 cents, Children, half-price.

WONDERS OF WONDERS!
TO BE SEEN ONLY AT THE
Pacific Museum of Anatomy and Science,
Eureka Theatre, Montgomery street,
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NATURE UNVEILED,
AT THE
PACIFIC MUSEUM OF ANATOMY AND SCIENCE
Eureka Theatre Montgomery street,
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Harness, Saddles, etc.,
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SIGN AND ORNAMENTAL PAINTERS,
671 Howard street, near Third.

"Yon may talk to me of Baltimore and Philadelphia and New York, and their railroads and the trade of the Atlantic—let me tell you that the Pacific coast is already beginning to revolutionize the world."—*Speech of the Hon. Wm. H. Seward to the people of Annapolis, Maryland, June, 1867.*

ADDRESS

TO THE PERMANENT CITIZENS OF THE PACIFIC STATES AND TERRITORIES.

CITIZENS—We enjoy the finest country that the sun shines on, the most varied and fertile soil, the most extensive seaboard, and the greatest breadth of land having the richest metallic deposits possessed by any one nation of the earth, a land affording all the most varied material for manufactures, wools, hides, cotton, silk, coal, fibre gums, wood, and, above all, abundance of every kind of food.

We are only a million of people, and yet have more land and sea than Russia with sixty millions—more land than France and Germany with their hundred millions of people. In the face of those vast resources, there are towns crumbling to decay, men seeking without finding employment. Something wrong here or this would not be happening. Let us consider.

The instructed mind of the population is nearly devoted to political office-seeking. Their ambition is misdirected. The rising youth are trained to idleness. This mode of thinking and training must be reversed if we would hold this magnificent country against the incoming barbarian.

We must teach our youth the glories of manufactures, of commerce, of industry. We must nourish every effort, however rude, at manufacturing what we require. By devoting some of our capital and our young people to manufactures and general industries we shall soon become busy, get rich, bring more and more people into the country, create new wants, build up new factories and villages around them; cultivate more land, build more ships, generate more commerce, and thereby create profitable employment for all who want work.

Now, fellow-citizens, some money capital is required to help on this industrial movement. Where shall we get it? There is a considerable fund which we may divert from its present bed and channel, viz: the Insurance Fund.

Consider. The people of the Pacific States pay *two hundred thousand dollars a month* to the Insurance Companies for assuring them against losses from fire or shipwreck.

There are some fifteen of those insurance offices in this city, each fishing for its share of this large fund. Each office pays a heavy rent, a half dozen officers and clerks, besides printing and advertising; the lowest cost is a thousand dollars a month on each office, and with some it is double that. There are too many persons employed in the business; too much dozing over newspapers; too much red tape and circumlocution; too high salaries and too little work. Think of two hundred thousand dollars a month! two millions and a half a year!! paid to those sleepy gentlemen for what little they do. This must be reformed. Three or four insurance offices are quite enough for the million of scattered inhabitants of the Pacific States. A dozen of them may be abolished with great benefit to the community: some one or two have already withdrawn. This change would liberate some fifty men of education, whose business capacity would be of much greater service to the community in other branches of industry, such as manufactures, agriculture, commerce, the fisheries, the forests and the mines. This change would also divert a million or two of dollars to other and more needful industries, whereby a thousand fold more of national capital and employment would be generated than by the present drowsy system.

The managers of the Builders' Insurance propose, with the co-operation of the people, that this vast monthly stream of wealth shall be arrested and diverted to the aid of home manufactures, to effect a great reform and remove from the people's shoulders the expense of supporting a small army of insurance clerks and agents. The Builders' Insurance Company has passed through its first year (the most trying) with singular success. It has gathered a hundred thousand dollars, paid promptly all its losses, and established a business income of fully twenty thousand dollars a month! This has been done while we were yet but an experiment, and enjoying the confidence of only a portion of the public. We now appeal to the entire people. We ask them to send their insurance business to us on the following conditions, and soon we shall have an income of ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS A MONTH, and here is what we shall do with the money:

First, we calculate, from our present experience, that we shall lose by fire and marine disasters half our monthly income (on our first year's experience our "losses" were but one-third of our income.)

Suppose then that our income shall be worked up to one hundred thousand dollars a month, and suppose that we shall pay out losses to the extent of fifty thousand dollars a month, we shall still have fifty thousand dollars a month to bank up, (or half a million a year.) We propose to make two parts of this sum—one part (a quarter of a million a year) to be invested in City Bonds, to protect the assured, and one part (about a quarter of a million a year) we propose to convert into a

MANUFACTURERS' LOAN FUND,

Which shall be lent exclusively to manufacturers on mortgage of their premises and machinery, at as low rate of interest and on as long time as is generally current on real estate.

By the aid of this fund the budding industries of the Pacific States may be nourished into active life; more and varied employments can be originated for the people; immigration may be welcomed and not feared; the farmer will have got a market at his own door for the produce of his land; the manufacturer will find a lively home demand from the farmer for the products of his machines.

All this, good people, can be achieved *by your own votes at your own firesides*, without the aid of Congress or the Legislature—it is simply to vote that your insurance shall go to the BUILDERS', by which vote you shall enable us to plant factories all over the country. You shall fill the rivers and harbors with busy ships; you shall send out upon the distant waves fishing expeditions that will bring back wealth to your cities: you shall form a nursery of seamen around your own shores—the ova of a future commerce and a protective navy; you will create the hum of busy workmen in every desirable locality on the Pacific coast; you will bring from neglected fields produce of the utmost value; all of which will most certainly multiply a thousand fold the wealth of the country in which your lot is cast, making a worthy home for yourselves and a future country for your offspring.

People of the Pacific States and Territories! We pledge ourselves to you to effect, with your co-operation, some of those things. We have kept all our pledges so far, and have uttered nothing that was not true. Already have we helped to move the shuttle and the loom, which others, with more means, have passed by and neglected. Already have we helped to build and rig ships in our own dock-yards, and sent them over the wide waves in search of riches for the city. Already have we given many liberal bounties and donations to the deserving institutions of the city. Give your vote to the BUILDERS', and we shall share its profits with every useful charity and every honest industry, and help along every enterprise that promises benefit to the people.

We call for the yeas and nays.

THOMAS MOONEY, President.

EDWARD MACCANN,
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Tea, Wine and Spirit Merchants,
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Observe Firm Name on each cork and fac simile signature on label.
[Trade Mark Registered.] WHITING & BERRY.
This is the only exclusive TEA, WINE AND SPIRIT STORE on the Pacific Coast.
It is neither a saloon or sample room, (as no wine or spirits are permitted to be drank on the premises,) but a depot where selected Teas and Pure Wines and Spirits may be procured at wholesale or retail for medicinal and family use. In this respect it is our aim to vie with Bininger & Co., New York, Bigelow & Dawes, London, and Cozzen & Co., of Washington, whom every facility is offered to ladies as well as gentlemen in making their own selections and purchases in quantities to suit.
N. B.—Our Treatise on Wines, Spirits and Teas, may be had at our depot gratis, and will be mailed to consumers and dealers in the interior when requested.
WHITING & BERRY,
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The Ladies are of one mind in pronouncing BOWMAN'S AMERICAN WASHING COMPOUND the best preparation for washing and cleaning in use. It is acknowledged to be a saving both in money and labor. The Compound softens the dirt, consequently the clothes require not more than one-half the rubbing necessary in washing by the old method: besides all who give it a trial acknowledge that their clothes are made whiter in washing with this Compound, than they were ever known to be by using any other preparation. For washing Woolen Goods and Flannels it cannot be equaled. Calicoes that can be washed with soap, without fading, are washed in the water used for boiling the white clothes. This Compound has been used in the eastern States for the past three years with perfect success. Warranted not to injure the clothes. For sale by all Grocers.
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One Thousand Dollars Reward.

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Our new Family Machine, which has been over two years in preparation, and which has been brought to perfection regardless of time, labor and expense, and is now confidently offered to the public as incomparably the best Sewing Machine in existence. Send for illustrated price list, describing this excellent Machine.
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FIRE-PROOF DOORS, SHUTTERS, BANK VAULTS,
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IRON FENCE, STAIRS, ETC.
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Constantly on hand, a large assortment of Fire-Proof Doors and Shutters.

AYER'S PILLS

ARE PARTICULARLY ADAPTED to derangements of the Digestive Apparatus, and diseases arising from Impurity of the Blood. A large part of all the complaints that afflict mankind originate in one of these, and consequently these PILLS are found to cure many varieties of Disease. They are sugar-coated, and hence may be taken readily by the most sensitive and delicate persons.
Subjoined are the statements from some eminent physicians, of their effects in their practice:

AS A FAMILY PHYSIC.

From Dr. E. W. Cartwright, of New Orleans—Your Pills are the prince of purges. Their excellent qualities surpass any cathartic we possess. They are mild, but very certain and effectual in their action on the bowels, which makes them invaluable to me in the daily treatment of disease.

FOR JAUNDICE / ALL LIVER COMPLAINTS.

From Dr. Theodore [illegible], of New York City—Not only are your Pills admirably adapted to their purpose as an aperient, but I find their beneficial effects upon the Liver very marked indeed. They have in my practice proved more effectual for the cure of *Bilious Complaints* than any one remedy I can mention. I sincerely rejoice that we have at length a purgative which is worthy the confidence of the profession and the people.

DYSPEPSIA—INDIGESTION.

From Dr. Henry J. Knox, of St. Louis—The Pills you were kind enough to send me have been all used in my practice, and have satisfied me that they are truly an extraordinary medicine. So peculiarly are they adapted to the diseases of the human system, that they seem to work upon them alone. I have cured some cases of *Dyspepsia* and *Indigestion* with them, which had resisted the other remedies we commonly use. Indeed I have experimentally found them to be effectual in almost all the complaints for which you recommend them.

FOR HEADACHE—SICK HEADACHE—FOUL STOMACH—PILES—DROPSY—PLETHORA—PARALYSIS—FITS—DYSENTERY—DIARRHŒA—RELAX—ETC., ETC.

From Dr. Edward Boyd, Baltimore—Dear Dr. Ayer: I cannot answer you what complaints I have cured with your Pills better than to say all that we ever treat with a purgative medicine. I place great dependence on an effectual cathartic in my daily contest with disease, and believe as I do that your Pills afford us the best we have, I of course value them highly.

☞ Most of the Pills in market contain mercury, which although a valuable remedy in skillful hands, is dangerous in a public pill, from the dreadful consequences that frequently follow its incautious use. These contain no mercury or mineral substances whatever.

Prepared by DR. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass., and sold by all Druggists and Dealers in Medicine everywhere.
CRANE & BRIGHAM, San Francisco,
Wholesale Agents.

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The California.

"SURELY THERE IS A VEIN FOR THE SILVER AND A PLACE FOR GOLD WHERE THEY FINE IT."

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THE LION'S MOUTH.

"THE gravest beast is an ass, the gravest bird is an owl, the gravest fish is an oyster, and the gravest man is a fool." SYDNEY SMITH.

"I WILL roar, that I will do any man's heart good to hear me." A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

"I WILL aggravate my voice so, that I will roar you as gently as any sucking dove; I will roar you an 't were any nightingale." IBID.

"*Nil falsi audeat, nil veri non audeat dicere.*" CICERO.

A Sensible Move.

At the last meeting of the Board of Supervisors a petition, signed by one hundred and sixty persons, in relation to the muzzling of dogs, was presented, and referred to the Committee on Health and Police. The petitioners prayed for the passage of an ordinance making it optional to pay a dog tax of say $2 per annum, or to muzzle their dogs. They objected to the muzzles, because the dogs could neither eat or drink with them on; besides which, they were an intense annoyance to pointers and setters. They contended that, as there was no hydrophobia in Caltfornia, their dogs never went rabid, and that the tax proposed would augment the treasury receipts. With the very slightest effort, six thousand signatures could have been obtained. The persons who make a living out of skinning dead dogs, and selling them, may object to the granting of this petition, but no one else can do so. There are many more reputable modes of gaining a living than prowling around a city and kidnapping quiet little spaniels, inoffensive poodles, and noble unsuspecting newfoundlands. If this petition is not granted, the day will come when some young Kanaka Whittington, will become Lord Mayor of the Sandwich Islands, in consequence of arriving in San Francisco, the possessor of the only dog seen for years in the State of San Francisco. The cause of the scarcity of cats in the barbarous country where Richard Whittington achieved his wealth was this: The savage monarch of the country, in consequence of his eldest child having provoked a cat to bite it, issued a decree providing that all cats found running around without muzzles should be killed. The sausage trade flourished—*as it does in San Francisco*—epidemic diseases appeared, rats and mice multiplied, and by the time the last cat had been slaughtered the savage king and his idiotic subjects became aware of the folly they had committed. It is all very well to say that we need not wait for a Whittington to bring us a dog, because we can telegraph for a thousand dogs if we want them; but in the meantime, think of the inconvenience we may suffer. Let the members of the present Board of Supervisors do one sensible thing before the time comes for them to leave office. Let them grant that sensible petition, or else go to the dogs as fast as they can.

"The Dog Law."

An admirable article, under the above title, appears in the *Bulletin* of Thursday, Oct. 10th. The *Bulletin* is generally found on the side of the weak and defenceless, and we are glad to perceive that it has at length spoken a word for the dogs. It says, speaking of the law at present in force:

The fact is, that the present dog law is not only absurd and cruel, but does not even effect its object. In the two first characteristics, it is not different from the legislation of the last half century upon this subject, which is now clearly shown to have been based on the shallowest ignorance and the blindest superstition. The old belief in the heathen "dog days," and the theory that the months of July and August were peculiarly provocative of canine madness have been exploded by the common sense of statistics. Yet our dog law is copied from Eastern statute books, applied to a country where rabies is almost unknown, and the prohibition extends through the entire year. It is no more ridiculous to kill dogs in New York or Boston, because "Sirius, the dog star rages," than it is to kill them in San Francisco, because a few have been "vicious"—a complaint neither epidemic nor incurable. Until it can be more clearly proven that our climate developes an undue ferocity in lap dogs, setters and spaniels—though it be entirely distinct from hydrophobia and without fatal results—such a law must be foolish, unjust and criminal, and the sooner it is repealed the better.

Of course there are vicious dogs in San Francisco, just as there are vicious men—though, perhaps, not in equal proportion—but this fact does not warrant placing the innocent and the guilty on an equal footing. Dogs have rights, and good dogs should not be persecuted because bad dogs bite, any more than good men should be deprived of their right to enjoy life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. The *Bulletin* did a good deal towards defeating Gorham, who knows whether it may not influence the Board of Supervisors to grant the petition for the repeal of the existing dog law?

A Dearth of News.

The cartoon in the last number of *Punch*, from the pencil of the inimitable Teniel, represents Mr. Punch asleep, and floating round him are visions of the wonderful creations of the daily press during the dull season of the year. The large gooseberry is there, the shower of frogs makes its appearance, the toad imbedded in a stone quarry for three thousand years smiles grimly on him, and the apparitions of other old acquaintances disturb his slumbers. The London press is pretty good at manufacturing whoppers, but the newspapers of these great and glorious United States can beat it. The following which is going the rounds of the press isn't bad:

"A washerwoman in Milwaukee, known as "Old Kate," died recently, with curious symptoms. The doctors found a number of large live crabs in her stomach. She had probably drank the eggs in water."

"Old Kate" must have been very fond of salt water as a beverage, to have swallowed a number of crab's eggs. Perhaps, however, Milwaukee crabs live in fresh water. If this is the case, it would be interesting to ascertain how long "Old Kate" was engaged in hatching the crab's eggs which she drank, and also, whether or not, she ever drank whisky. From our knowledge of washerwomen, we have no hesitation pronouncing the above story, an infamous fabrication. Washerwomen use water to wash with, but we do not believe that "Old Kate," if she was a fair representitive of her class, ever swallowed enough water, either salt or fresh, to enable her to get down a crab's egg the size of one of Wright's Vegetable Pills.

Important Intelligence.

The *Bulletin* is to some extent, imitating the *Alta* and striving to become sprightly. The following important paragraphs served to fill up its leading editorial column yesterday:

MR. A. JONES and Mr. M. McCool are to give joint exhibitions in the West. How beautiful to see brethren spar together in unity.

THERE are five patent egg hatching machines in this country. Why don't somebody now invent patent eggs?

MRS. SENATOR WILSON has lately undergone a successful operation for cancer.

The first of these jokes is very fine. Bible jokes are always good; it might be added to by saying, that Providence cares for the fall of a "sparrer," and Jones and McCool are of more value than many "sparrers." The egg joke isn't bad, but the intelligence that Mrs. Senator Wilson has lately undergone a successful operation for cancer, suggests painful thoughts, and casts a shade of sorrow over the spirits of those who have been excited to merriment by the fun contained in the preceding paragraphs.

However, the *Bulletin* must make an effort to be amusing. A two column report of a trial for murder on the high seas, another column composed of "Squatter Riot," and "Dens of Crime in San Francisco," are pretty heavy balast for a paper.

A Bad School for Wives.

The commencement exercises of the Toland Medical College, were held on Thursday evening at the American Theatre. Dr. Blake took advantage of the occasion to make some terribly severe remarks with respect to the system of overtasking girls in the public schools:

He said some of these schools and colleges were great manufacturies of invalids, and that he would not advise any of them who sought a healthy wife to marry a girl who takes a diploma at one of those institutions. In some countries there were laws to prevent children being overtasked in cotton mills and such places and restricting the hours. He thought some such legislation, to regulate the school system was wanted in this country.

This is rather rough on the public schools; if Dr. Blake's assertion be indeed true, the sooner a change in the system is made, the better. Our Californian girls are the most beautiful in the world, and it won't do to have them spoiled by too much schooling. It is a fact that there is too much unnatural, unhealthy, intellectual cramming practised in many schools, and that much of the hastily swallowed learning administered, fails to be any service to the mind, and the manner in which it is administered, seriously injures the physical constitution.

A Fitz Smythe on the "Call."

Now the *Call* has a Fitz Smythe. The *Alta* is doing much mischief among the newspapers of the city. Each one of them thinks it is necessary to have a fool on the establishment. The local of the *Call* in Wednesday's issue published the following as fun:—

SENDING HIM SEED.—Mr. Perkins, the celebrated seed-grower of Alameda County, has packed one hundred and thirty varieties of California seeds, and will forward them to the Emperor of Russia, by the next steamer. As Mr. Perkins can't see the Emperor, he is going to have it to say that he "seed" him.

We have seen and talked to the inmates of lunatic asylums, we were at one time deeply interested in an Asylum for Idiots, but we never, no, never, did either a lunatic, or an idiot perpetrate such a "joke" as that. Why was not a copy of the *Call* sent to the Paris Exposition as a sample of the literature of California?

Twopence More and up goes the Donkey.

The Avitor is bound to go up, but nothing can raise it but more funds. Gas won't raise the Avitor, money must be had. The process of reconstruction is now nearly complete and in a very short time, up goes the Avitor. TREM.

PEG-LEG SMITH—A TRUE STORY OF THE PIONEERS.

BY CHARLES PORTER SUMNER.

IN the "rainy season" of 1851 I accidently found myself in the town of Auburn, California, as the guest of Col. Harry C—, the agent in that vicinity at that time of Adams & Co.'s Express. I need hardly remark, at this late date, that the "rainy" season in the land of gold is no misnomer, a young duck being about the only biped who *could* be entirely happy during its continuance. The miners, of course, welcome it as it ensures them plenty of water in the "diggings," but even a man who is taking out forty dollars to the pan *may* be excused if he grumbles a little at being obliged to do it in a state of chronic dampness. Colonel Harry and myself had the reputation of being "gay ducks," but we were neither waterfowl nor miners, and we therefore "kept out of the wet" as much as possible, proving that we "knew enough to go in when it rained," at least.

Now I had gone to Auburn for the express purpose of exploring the mines themselves, and as this could not be either comfortably or adequately performed under such circumstances, I found my occupation gone, and was forced to look for amusement to whatever might be going on inside the tavern at which I had taken up my quarters. This house, dignified by the title of "Auburn Hotel," was quite in keeping, both in structure and internal arrangements, with its surroundings; and *they* were queer enough, as any miner of that period will confess. It consisted of a wooden building, gable-ended and two stories in height, looking exactly like a New England barn, with windows cut in it at just such places as an intelligent man would not expect them to be, and coated all over with a dingy brown substance intended for *white*wash. The only doors facing the street were, however, placed in one corner, (instead of in the centre, as a *barn* door should be,) but with this exception the simile holds good.

The interior was, nevertheless, the most striking feature of the establishment, especially when it is recollected that the building was a *hotel*—and a remarkably good one for that time and region. The lower floor, some forty feet square, was divided into exactly equal portions by a large canvas curtain, the outer division being the bar-room and social hall, while the inner was the dining-room and kitchen, to which a slit in the center of the canvass gave access. The upper floor, which was reached by a ladder in the dining-room, consisted of one large room closely filled with wooden cots and straw beds, accommodating some fifty guests. If a greater number chanced to be in the house at once, the "surplus" took their chance anywhere on the floors.

In the bed-room of this unique hostelry it was my good fortune to become acquainted with the subject of this sketch, under the following stirring circumstances. Several storm-bound travelers, inclusive of myself, had been sitting, during the quarter part of the afternoon, around the ample fire-place, and, as evening drew near, conversation became exhausted, and, in consequence of which, and the influence of the ceaseless rain, we were about as melancholy a party as can well be imagined. At this critical moment sundry sounds, as of a horse floundering through the knee-deep mud at the door, aroused our attention, and instantly afterwards a rich, mellow voice, commanding the animal to halt, was heard.

"There's Peg-leg Smith!" exclaimed one of our party, arousing himself with an unmistakable expression of interest. "I thought he was in Sacrament."

(It may be here interpolated, to avoid confusion, that the worthy miner meant "Sacramento," and *not* the Eucharist.)

"It's him, sure enough," said another, rising and lounging to the door. "Now, I guess, we'll have some fun."

The advent of the unknown certainly seemed to interest my companions for the first speaker and another arose and joined the second at the small window cut in the door. Scarcely had they reached his side, when an exclamation from all three brought the rest of us to our feet.

"Jehoss-a-phat!" cried one of them. "He's going it already! Come here, boys."

We went accordingly and the scene revealed to us through this dirty little window, certainly repaid the trouble. Directly opposite to the door of the tavern, and some thirty paces distant, was a small mound, on the top of which was placed the curb and windlass of a well, which probably had been dug previous to the occupation of the locality by the miners. At the side of the well-curb, and lying at full length on the platform surrounding it, was an old man—sixty years of age at least—and over him, in a threatening attitude, stood a rough, villainous-looking biped of not more than thirty. Our conclusions as to the meaning of the tableau were prompt, and fully borne out by the facts as we subsequently heard them. The old man had been drawing water while the young ruffian was waiting to do the same, and the motions of the former not being rapid

enough to suit the latter, he had, without further provocation, incontinently knocked the old gentleman down.

But this was not the only, or the main, cause of my companions' curiosity. Directly in front of us, and making his way as rapidly as circumstances would admit, towards the scene of conflict was the most extraordinary personage I had yet seen in the mines, and who must now be described in a manner to a correct understanding of the subject which follows. Imagine, then, a man not more than five feet-two in height, but so stoutly built that he weighed nearly fourteen stone, with scanty, iron-gray hair, overhanging jaws, and an eye like a hawk's, the whole face expressive of intense determination, but, at the same time, *anything but repulsive*, and you have Peg-leg Smith in all but one particular. This was, however, an important one. His left leg was wholly wanting, from a point just below the joint of the knee, and the place of the lower limb was supplied by a singular peg of wood and iron firmly strapped to the stump.

This machine was unlike any wooden-leg I had ever seen, but it answered his purpose admirably; for he made his way through the deep, tenacious mud, with a curious motion, compounded of a jerk and a hop, at a speed perfectly astonishing under the circumstances. The spectacle was not only wonderful but so extremely ludricous that my mind involuntarily called up the idea of a fat goose on stilts, a simile which, when I repeated it aloud to my companions, called forth from one of them a solemn remark which effectually banished all desire to laugh from me for some time. The remark was in substance:

"Stranger, I advise you not to let Pete *hear* you call him a goose. There'd be trouble—sure's you're born!"

By this time, however, my hero arrived at the scene of action, and his proceedings were then so interesting that my unfortunate speech was speedily forgotten. He reached the platform directly behind the bully (who was still stooping over his victim, quite oblivious of the new-comer's presence) and grasping the well-curb with one hand, and balancing himself on his sound leg, he deliberately lifted the wooden one, with which he administered a most *tremendous* kick on the posterior portion of the stooping form of the other! The effect was instantaneous and reliable. With one plunge the bully fell headlong from the platform to the bottom of the mound, a distance of some ten feet, and striking in the soft mud, he remained buried in it up to his shoulders for several seconds kicking frantically to extricate himself the while.

The laugh was now with me, and we enjoyed it heartily, until a change came o'er the spirit of the scene. After lifting the old man up "Pete" began leisurely to descend the hill, and had reached a point half-way down, when the bully regained his legs. Suddenly we saw the latter, (still spluttering and wiping the mud from his eyes with his left hand,) thrust his right behind him and draw forth a revolver. One of my companions instantly threw open the door, and shouted loudly:

"Look out, Pete! He's goin' to shoot!"

Most men would have been discomposed at this sudden and alarming announcement, but our hero was made of cooler stuff. Thrusting his peg-leg deep in the mud, he quickly swung round on it as a pivot, and drawing his own revolver, had the ruffian "covered" before the latter had recovered his eyesight by clearing off the *covering* of mud.

"Take care, stranger," said Peg-leg Pete with perfect calmness, "I've got a bead on you and I *never* miss. Drop that shootin'-iron and walk down hill, or I'll——"

He did not need to finish the sentence. The bully saw that, if he made the least motion to cock or aim his weapon, he was a dead man, and, dropping the pistol, he turned and went splashing through the mud towards the gulch at the speed of a quarter-horse! That night he received a "vigilant" notice to quit, and I need scarcely say that he was never again seen in "them diggin's."

Smith now came towards us and began to remove the saddle from his horse, which had been quietly standing before the door. I noticed, then, that in the place of a stirrup on the left side of the saddle, a long pouch or socket of strong leather was attached to the flap at a convenient point, and I rightly conjectured that, when its owner was on horseback, this socket had the honor of receiving his peg-leg. The saddle itself was made in the Mexican fashion—than which there are none more easy or secure—and I readily believed, what I was afterwards told, that, with its aid and the socket, the wildest mustang on the prairies could hardly unseat him. In fact, he was one of the best riders on the plains.

The landlord now appeared to take the horse to the stable, and Smith entered the bar-room, greeting those who knew him with hearty joviality. He was speedily introduced to those who had been strangers to him and I was astonished to find, when I was thus placed near him, that the whole of his great weight (for so short a man) was made up entirely of bone and muscle. There was not an ounce of superfluous fat about him, and I was at once convinced that he was capable of enduring every hardship and fatigue. He was, in fact, an abbreviated Hercules, and in perfect fighting condition.

The whisky was here circulated in his honor, and congratulations were showered upon him as to his late exploit—of which, however, he made very light.

"Psho!" said he in that rich, mellow voice, the very index of good humor, which I had before remarked; "Psho! I'm obleeged to ye, Ben, for tellin' me he'd got his weepun out, but that kind o'cuss could never kill *me!* He mought ha' hit me—I don't say agin that—but the bullet hain't run yet that'll wipe *me* out."

This sounded so very much like "brag" that I was at first much surprised, but before I went to rest that night I had heard enough about him to strongly coincide with him in the opinion thus modestly expressed. The fact was, that Peter Smith was one of the most noted trappers, scouts, and guides on the Western Plains, and if one-third *only* of the tales told about him were true, he certainly must have borne a charmed life against bullet or arrow, wild Indian or wild beast. The most singular part of his history was that he had lost his leg when only twenty-five years of age, (he was over fifty when I saw him,) and for nearly twenty-five years more he had followed the same adventurous life, gaining fame by his exploits continually. Finding himself "gittin" a little stiff at last," as he expressed it, he had, some three years before, settled on a farm in the San Jose Valley, which his wife attended to while he roamed about the country.

While the conversation had been going on, night had fallen and supper time had arrived. Col. Harry C——, who boarded at the hotel, joined me while the meal was in progress, and the whole company, having satisfied their appetites, drew around the fire in the bar-room to enjoy a social chat. California is, as every one is aware, the land of marvelous adventure and "hair-breadth 'scapes by flood and field." Not one of that company but had been in imminent peril of life or limb scores of times—saving myself, perhaps, and I was hardly an exception, as I may have an opportunity to relate at some future period. It was not surprising, therefore, that I heard, during the evening, many tales bordering on the marvelous, one of which I now propose to recount:—no other, indeed, than narration of the circumstances under which Peg-leg Smith lost that most useful member, his left leg.

"Captain Smith," said Col. Harry, during a pause in the conversation, brought about by his production of a certain flask of "Red Eye" thereabouts; "Captain Smith, my friend and myself have a great curiosity, pardonable I hope, to hear how you lost your leg. If you have no objection to tell us the story—for a story *must* be connected with it, I am sure—you would decidedly oblige us."

"I haint no objection, I'm sure," responded the Captain with genuine courtesy, "but it hain't no great shakes of a story, an' I reckon most of the present company has hearn on it afore."

The response was in the affirmative, as to their previous knowledge of the facts, by most of the party, but they one and all protested that it *was* a story, and one worth repeating; they would therefore be highly pleased to hear it from his lips, their information having been obtained from other quarters, perhaps not so reliable. The worthy captain required urging, and it was easily perceived, from his manner, that nothing discreditable to himself was connected with the adventure. Thus urged, then, he first "moistened his clay" with a generous libation of the "perticular," and settling himself easily in his chair, so as to bring his "peg" well to the front, thus began:

"Forty four years ago, come next June, this here individooal found himself standin' in the road, near an old farm house, not many miles from the very middle of York State, with a Spanish sixpence and four cents in copper, in his pocket, and not one friend or relation in the world. I think I was risin' eight year old then, and I've some belief, yet, that I knowed my mammy and daddy when I was a babby. For nigh four year, though, I'd lived with the man that owned the farm house I spoke of, and he'd been pretty good to me, but he died that very mornin' and his wife, who didn't like me, immegently cuffed me out into the road and told me to go about my business.

"I mought be s'posed that I hadn't any partic'lar business to go about then, so I stood there a considerable spell raythor undecided what to do. I didn't, really, even know what my name was. When my mammy and daddy died I was too young to know, and I'd allus been called 'Pete' in the farm house, so I was about as poor as any boy you ever heered on. I kept a thinkin' a little while, and by-and-bye I came to a realizin' sense of my situation. I knew it was no use to go back to the house, for the old woman had eight or ten boys and gals of her own, about as many as she could rake and scrape for. It was *that* that made her mad at me at first. She and her old man had allus been quarrelin' about his bringing a panper brat home to take care of, and robbin' his own children, and I can't blame her for much now, though it came rather hard then.

"I need't be particular as to what I did for a livin' at that time, or for sometime arter. I was a smart chunk of a boy for my age, and I worked among the farmers around there for a spell, gettin' enough to eat and growin' reg'lar until I could work for pay. I kept comin' farther west all the time, til bime-bye I found myself on the Ohio river and took to flat-boatin,' like a 'Digger' does to snakes. I don't know adzactly how long I followed that, but when I was about twenty years old I found myself in St. Louey with a hoss, and a rifle that never missed, and had joined hands to go with a party of trappers out onto the plains.

"Then came hard times, sure enough? Ef it wasn't that I got to love the life, for its freedom and excitement, in a very short time I'd ha' broken down and gin up a dosen times. One spell we'd be trackin' a sand plain without water for forty-eight hours and more, under a sun that burnt up your ha'r and your hide till it smoked. Another time we'd get on the mountains in a snow storm that fell eight feet deep on a level in twenty hours. That little fall, by-the-bye, snowed us up in a cañon for three weeks, but one died; and when we got out we had to loot it two hundred miles before we got onto the open plain where game was plenty. We lived on the meat of our horses on that march, for when they died we chopped 'em up and packed with us to keep life in our bellies. It was a tough time and we didn't go much among the mountains, *in winter*, arter that.

"Then thar was the Ingins. You folks what only read about 'em and see nothin' wuss nor a 'Digger' all your lives, you hain't *any* idea what a Ingin really is. A full blooded Comanche or Blackfoot warrior is the nearest thing to Satan I ever expec' to see before I go under; and not then, I hope. Cunning as a fox, sly as a red squirrel, fuller of tricks nor both together, knowin' all you know, and a good deal more, about the woods and the plains, and merciless as a starved painter when he pulls down a buck, don't begin to give 'em half a character. When you've got to fight as they fight and haint got the odds on your side, I'd rather tackle single handed, ten white men o' the settlements, or twenty yellow-belly Mexicans, any day.

"But its no use spinnin' a long yarn about life on the plains—you must go and try it, for ten years or so, if you want to *know* about it—so I'll git ahead with what you wanted me to tell ye. I'd been follerin' trappin' for more than four years, and had got to like it almost as well as eatin' venison, when Sim Ballard, Nate Thomas, Joe Brady and myself found ourselves one day in a little cañon way up on the head waters of the Arkansas. We had started out from Whitestone three weeks before, and hadn't pushed on very fast, for it was airly in the season and we had plenty o' time to git to the huntin' grounds. One of our hosses was a little sick, so we concluded to camp at that place for a day or two and doctor him up. It was a pretty place, now I tell you! The hollow—for it was only made by two rollin' hills not very high—ran straight up from the river for about a quarter of a mile and then swelled up into the hills. The hills themselves were cotton-woods and white-barks, thick enough to hollow pretty well, but not so close as to make it troublesome to git through 'em. In the hollow itself there wasn't a single tree, 'cept right in the middle, and there was a grove of about twenty as pretty white-barks as ever I see. They stood on a little mound nigh ten feet nor the rest of the valley, and in the middle o' this there was another hollow, so the mound made a ring round it. The grass was thick all over and full o' yallar and blue and white flowers, there was plenty o' shade from the sun, and we could see the river windin' past the ends o' the hills like a sheet o' silver. A prettier place for a camp couldn't be found from the Hills to the Lake o' the Woods.

"Well, here we camped, right in the hollow in the grove, so the ring o' the mound was all round us, and made a first-rate cover if any of the red devils should come across us. We didn't expec' nothin' o' the kind, for we'd seen no Ingin sign as we come along, and we took a scout on the trail ahead, the first day, and saw none there. But I told you before that there's no calculatin' the cunnin' of a full-blooded Ingin, and perhaps we weren't so well posted about 'em then as we got to be arterwards. Howsomever, they *was* all round us, and watchin' us close, at that very time, and we found it out at last in rather a rough fashion.

"In the day time we picketed our horses in the valley, so they could get plenty of grass, and at night we coralled 'em inside the mound. Two on us went huntin' at a time, and tother two stayed in the camp, taken turns to sleep in the day time so we could watch at night. On the fourth night 'twas my first watch, and I was walkin' up and down thinkin' how bright stars looked through the tops o' the trees, when, all of a sudden, I heered a dry branch crack like some one had trod on it, just outside the mound. That was enough for me. You never can be too keerful under such circumstances, and I had the boys waked in about a jiffy. It mought, in course, have been a deer, or a painter, for we'd signs o' both and shot some o' the deer, but it was a great deal better to be waked up twenty times than to lose your ha'r while you was sleeping.

"I wasn't a minute too quick nyther, for we'd scarcely got to our stations—which I needn't say we had ready picked out aforehand—when such a yell broke out, on the north side of the mound, as I hope none o' you may have 'casion to hear all your born days, and the next minute we saw the red-devils rushin' through the trees toward the fire. Four on 'em

dropped as soon as we *did* see 'em, and, not expectin' such a greetin,' the others retreated arter given us a volley which didn't tetch any on us. Only one thing saved us on that first rush, though we *was* awake. You see the ring around the monnd was only ahout two feet high on the north side, while in every other part it was from six to eight. Of course the red skins had heen reconnitrin' long enough to find out that that was the only part where they wouldn't have to climh, and as they wanted to surprise us they choose that place so that they could rush right into the fire. That made them all keep together, so when four on 'em fell to once, they saw we was awake and fell hack to try a fresh plan. Ef they could ha' come on us all sides to once we were gone coons, sure.

"It was most mornin' before they tried it agin, and this time they got covers behind the trees on the north side o' the mound. Of course we had to go to cover in the same way on the other side and there we kept it up till hroad daylight. We killed two more before that and found out, when we could see, that there was only eight on 'em left. Shortly arter day break they tried to retreat agin, hut of course they uncovered themselves a little and two more dropped in their tracks. Another put his hand on his rump and yelled as though he'd heen burnt with a red-hot ramrod. That scared the rest so that they hroke and run without tryin' for any shelter, and like dam fools we hroke arter them.

"We had just got outside o' the mound when they got to the trees on the side-hills, and stoppin' there behind 'em, they gave us a volley that settled *me* at least. At that very instant I thought a whole mountain had fell on my left foot, and before I knew it I was lyin' flat on my face hleedin' like a stuck pig. Tho rest o' the hoys pushed on and managed to settle two more o' the red devils, and I don't think the other three has stopped runnin' yet they was so hadly scared.

"I mought as well say now that the reason why we settled so many on 'em, and they didn't hurt us more, was that our rifles was first rate ones, true as a die, while theirs was Guv'ment guns given 'em by the agents to hunt with; hesides *we* knew how to handle ours, and in those days guns was mostly new to Ingins. They know more ahout 'em now and I don't see, for the life o' me, *why* Guv'ment gives 'em guns. They hunted well enough for themselves with their bows and arrows and traps before they ever heard of a gun, and even if they starved all out it would he better for them and us.

"There wasn't one on us hut was wounded more or less, but I was worst hurt as the boys found when they come to pick me up. *They* keep on their feet and get around pretty spry arter they'd handaged their hurts, hut *I had a ball plump through my left ankle which smashed all the bones into splinters!*

"They picked me up and carried me inside the mound and made me as comfortahle as they could, but that wasn't much. Arter we had a council what we should do and finally made up our minds we must take the back track to the first settlement ahout a hundred miles away. But then came the question what was to he done with me? It was plain enough that to start in the state I was the leg would mortify before I got half way, and I was a gone coon, sure. The hoys had a talk among themselves and then Sim Ballard told me what they thought:

"'Pete,' said he, 'there's one chance for ye—and only one. Ef we can get that mashed foot off of ye and rest here a few days till the worst pain is over, we *may* git ye into Darhy's ranch on horsehack hy goin' slow. Ef ye start as ye are, or ef you stay here as you are, you'll mortify and die, sure. We'll stay by ye, in course, but we can't doctor up such a leg as that, and it's a gonner anyhow. What say ye?"

"We larn to settle things quick out on the plains, and I saw they was right. It was my duty not to go under ef I could help it, so I axed him ef he thonght he *could* take it off.

"'Well,' said he, 'I seen it done once when I was huntin' with the Crow Ingins and I thiuk I can do it in their fashion.'

"'Go ahead, then,' said I, 'it's my duty not to lose a chance.'

"There was no more talk ahout it, but they went to work to fix things at once. One of our huntin' knives was sharpened on a stone till it would cut a hair. Another one was notched along the edge with a hatchet till it made a tol'ahle good saw, and the barrel of one of the Ingin guns was put in the fire and kept red hot. When they got all this done they propped me up agin a tree and tied me fast so I couldn't move, and then they give me ahout a pint of old Bald Face to drink. I ain't very skeery now, nor I wasn't then, hut when they said the time had come I tell *you*, boys, I felt like a drawed skunk and no mistake. It was no use to go back though, so I grit my teeth and gave the signal.

"First they tied a strip o' green deer's hide around my leg just ahove the knee, so tight it sunk into the flesh all round: I've got the mark of it now. Then Sim took the sharp knife and cut down to the bones just below the knee. I stood that pretty well for the leg was numh from the tight band round it. Then Joe pulled down the hottom flesh and Sim took the saw-knife and sawed off both hones. *That* was a teaser, but it was nothing to what was comin', for as soon as the leg dropped, *Nate handed Sim the red-hot gun barrel and he rubbed it all over the stump till it fizzled and smoked worse nor a burnt venison steak!*

"I just let one yell out o' me you could ha' heerd a mile, and than I don't remember anything more, for, though it may look sneakin', for the first and last time in my life I helieve I fainted away. When I come too they'd got me bandaged up all right, with a hirch hark poultice on the stump and a flask full o' water, with a hole punched in the bottom, tied on to a saplin' so it kept droppin' on the stump all the time. The pain at first was awful and it was more than two weeks before they dared tc move me, but, thank God, the Ingins didn't come nigh us and everything went well. One month and eight days after the operation they got me in to Darhy's ranch, travelin' slow all the time, and liftin' me off the horse whenever I wanted to rest. As mought be s'posed I was nothin hut a skilliton and it was more than six mouths before I was my own man agin. I've had good luck, thank God, pretty nigh ever since, and you may be sure I never wanted to part from those hoys till they all went under, one after the other. "That's the way I lost my leg, Colonel, and now let's liquor, for talkin's dry work."

A STRANGE CAPTURE.

AN ADVENTURE WITH A SLAVER.

SOME years ago, I commanded one of her Britannic Majesty's Dispatch gun vessels, stationed on the west coast of Africa for the suppression of the slave trade. In the course of two years thus engaged we had, as usual, done very little good, and lost a great number of men hy coast fever and sickness generally. A few vessels had heen captured, but many more had slipped through our fingers, hy reason of the treachery of the informers on shore, most of whom eventually proved to he in the pay and interests of the slave-dealers. The slave-captains, too, had become very knowing; they were mostly old hands at the husiness, and contrived to give us the slip in many different ways.

For instance, in chasing them on a dark night, they would show a hright light over the stern, and after we had followed this for some hours would drop a large cask with a large lighted lantern fitted to it, and at the same instant putting out their own light. It was easy for them then to alter their course so as to double back and sail away in the darkness, leaving us intent on watching their false light. This stratagem generally succeeded when the nights were very dark.

Or, when hotly pursued in the daytime, they frequently practised a most inhuman trick to increase their distance When we were close upon them they used to throw a slave overhoard with a plank to cling to, or very often without even that. They well knew that a British man-of-war would not pass a poor wretch struggling in the water and leave him to drown. Thus whilst sail was heing shortened, the ship hove to, hoats lowered, the man picked up, and the vessel got on her course again they contrived to get a fine start ahead, for manœuvres, even in the smartest ship, will take some considerable time; and in this way, as much ground was lost as would take many hours to recover, for a stern chase is a long one.

The luck had been against us for a long time, and after many false informations and fruitless chases, we succeeded in capturing a slaver in a most singular manner, without any chase at all.

It happened in this way. One fine morning, when cruising on the coasts of Loango and Congo, the officer of the watch reported a strange sail in sight. I went on deck, took my glass, and there, surely enough, was a very suspicious-looking craft right ahead. It was a dead calm and we soon steamed up to her.

She was a clipper barque of about four hundred tons. From her taut spars great clouds of snowy canvas flapped heavily against the rigging as her long low hull rolled slowly from side to side on the glossy surface of the heaving ground-swell. Judging from her rakish appearance, and hy her heing a great deal out of the usual track of the homeward or outward bound vessels—in fact, heing in a very suspicious locality—one naturally came to the conclusion that she must he a slaver. I hoped to have very soon the pleasure of lifting her hatches to ascertain whether this assumption was correct or not. As a preliminary step, the demand to show her colors was made; to my great annoyance she hoisted the stars and stripes of America. This precluded the right of search. However, I resolved to board her, and try to detect some signs of her having a hlack cargo. With that object in view I had the gig manned, and in a few minutes was alongside of the doubtful craft.

The captain, a tall, gaunt Yankee, received me at the gangway, and, without waiting to be asked, produced his papers, which seemed to be all regular enough. The barque was the *Independence*, of Boston, Massachusetts, Robert Stormont, master, from New York to the Cape of Good hope on a trading voyage. She was now homeward hound, and was twenty-seven days out From the Cape, so the captain informed me. Having taxed him with heing out of the usual route, he explained that this was a new notion of his—he kept well over to the eastward so as to make a fair wind of the northeast trades, when he should meet them. Whilst pointing out to him the fallacy of this idea, I took a few turns up and dowu the deck with him, and succeeded in drawing him into a long argument. Whilst thus engaged, I noticed that all the hatches were indeed hattened tightly down; but that there were no things stowed on the top of them as is usually the case in merchant vessels whose hatches are never required to be opened during the voyage. This strengthened my suspicions, and from the captain's extreme eagerness in satisfying all my inquiries, I had very little doubt as to the nature of his cargo.

It was certain that if he had slaves on board, those hatchways could not remain closed for an hour without suffocating them. If they were opened during that time, the presence of the slaves would he easily perceptihle, and in that case the vessel would be a lawful prize.

Consideriug these things, I sat on the taffrail, and taking out a bundle of choice Havanas, proposed a smoke. This the Yankee agreed to, and we smoked away and got tolerably social, although at the same time it was amusing to seo how very fidgety he was getting.

In the course of the conversation it turned out that he had heen in China, and as that was the last station on which I had served we were enabled to compare notes on that suhject. He interested me very much hy giving an account of the clever way in which he suppressed a mutiny that hroke out in his ship on her last voyage. It appeared that he was chartered to take three hundred Chinese coolies, the very dregs of the population, from Hong Kong to California. It occurred to these Celestial vagabonds, some time after the vessel had put to sea, to murder the officers and crew and run away with the ship. In order to effect their purpose they adopted a highly ingenious expedient. Several large hon-fires were made on the lower deck and a cry of "Fire, fire," was raised; the Chinamen thinking that the officers and crew would all rush down below to put the fire out, and then they would he easily able to fall upon them with knives, and murder them all simultaneously. But our friend, the captain, far too wide awake for that, simply had all the hatches hattened down, and smothered the Chinamen in their smoke. When they were sufficiently choked and thus reduced to suhjection, he demanded that they should deliver up the ringleaders of the mutiny. This they did, and without any trial he hung them, six in number, at the foreyard-arm the same day.

We continued thus, spinning yarns and smoking for some time longer, when a hreeze sprang up, and the Yankee, thinking to shake me off, said—

"Wa'al stranger, guess we've got the wind at last. I'm sorry you must say good-hye, but I reckon I must fill away and go on my course, for I can't afford to he stopping here all day talking."

"Don't mention it, my dear friend," I replied. "You see there is no necessity for that. I may just as well go your way as any other, for I'm only cruising. Here, take another cigar and settle down again."

I then shouted to the first lieutenant to keep within hail, on the same course as the harque. Upon this the Yankee's long, sallow face darkened and grew longer; he was evidently much put out.

He certainly did not appear to appreciate this act of courtesy on my part. I kept on talking, and tried to involve him in another argument, anything for an excnse to pass the time. But he was trying equally hard to put an end to the conversation hy sullenly replying "yes" and "no" to everything, and never volunteering a remark or comment of his own. Bnt in nowise put out hy his hroad hints, I commenced a series of long winded stories, keeping him at the same time well supplied with cigars.

It was delightful to see how excessively nervous and fidgety he was. He well knew that if this lasted much longer his cargo would not he worth much; so he kept on giving me the strongest hints to go, all of which I pretended not to understand. At length he appeared to be losing his temper, and the more cross he got the more ohtusely good natured and urhane I became.

I now very quickly hrought matters to an issue by hailing the gig that was towing astern.

"Gig there."

"Sir," replied the coxswain.

"Go on hoard and get your dinners, and tell the first lieutenant to send the boat hack with some more cigars in an hour's time, and say that I have found the captain such a remarkably agreeable man that I intend to spend the afternoon with him. D'you understand?"

"Ay, ay, sir."

When our friend the Yankee heard this he let fly a volley of oaths and then said resignedly—

"Guess it's no use, captain. I'm fairly smoked out this time; the ships yours, I reckon," and then, turning to the mate, "Here, Nathan, haul down that flag and git them hatches up and let them unfort'nit cusses git some air, for I reckon they're smothered pretty considerable. This is a dodge as I never heerd on afore."

She had nearly six hundred slaves on hoard. I am glad to say none died of suffocation through my ruse. She was the hest prize that we took during that commission.—*Cassel's Magazine.*

LITERARY GLEANINGS.

SCIENCE VS. LITERATURE.

In the CALIFORNIAN of September 21st, we gave several columns to the discussion now going on between the devotees of classics and those of physical science. The interest which the question must possess for all scholars and persons of scholarly taste, together with its great importance in a practical point of view with reference to its bearing upon the scheme of education to be adopted in the future in our colleges and academies, furnishes sufficient apology for recurring to it.

The men of science, or at least a large portion of them, seem inclined in this discussion, not so much to oppose the claims of the ancient classic languages and literature to a prominent place in our higher educational systems, as to oppose the claims of literature altogether; science, they think, should occupy not merely a large space in the *curriculum*, but it should pretty nearly monopolize it. Among the more noteworthy articles to be found in the Eastern periodical press, elicited by Dr. Youmans' "Modern Culture," is one in a recent number of the New York *Nation*, in which it is argued that the reform most urgently needed in our system of liberal education, consists not so much in the substitution of one branch of studies for another, as in the more liberal, rational, and intelligent pursuit of all branches. Says the writer:

"Whether we study antiquity in Felton's 'Ancient and Modern Greece,' or science in Cooke's 'Chemical Physics,' we are equally wasting our time over profitless and ill digested details. But on the other hand, in studying Grote's 'Plato' or Grove's 'Correllation of Physical Forces,' we are truly educating ourselves; we are not only gaining priceless information, but acquiring mental discipline—deftness in the use of scientific methods of research. It is a grave error to suppose that fairness of mind, accuracy of judgment, or shrewdness of perception are to be secured by abandoning one class of studies for another. In the main, these things belong as much to one kind of research as to another kind. The narrowness and torpidity—the 'Kronian' characteristics (to use an Aristophanic word)—of classically educated men are due far more to the irrational method in which they have pursued their studies than to those studies themselves. Let the student really fathom who Julius Cæsar was, what he thought, what he did, wherein he differed from Marcus Cato or another, why his policy succeeded, and what its effects have been upon all human generations down to our time—let him duly fathom all this, and he will have gone far toward getting as good a political education as a man needs to have. Let him, again, justly estimate the value of ancient chronology; let him, for instance, intelligently appreciate the fact that much of Bunsen's and Lepsius' Egyptology is but a tissue of air-woven fables, and he will be as little likely to surrender himself to any current delusion as a man who has studied astronomy or chemistry. The trouble is, that our scheme of classical education does not provide for any adequate knowledge even of classical subjects. Its energies are entirely devoted during seven or eight years to the imperfect acquirement of two languages which ought to be thoroughly mastered in three or four. No time is left for anything else. We read Aristophanes, and never suspect his divine, soul-stirring humor. We read Demosthenes and remain ignorant of Athenian politics. Depend upon it, if we were taught these things differently, if we were to study the classics so that we should recognize Sulla or Pericles on meeting them, we should less frequently be heard to complain of the uselessness of our 'college lumber.'"

In a previous issue of the CALIFORNIAN, we have made mention of Dr. Bigelow's essay on classical and utilitarian studies, in which the extreme utilitarian ground against "classical rubbish" is taken. Professor Bowen, in a reply to the Doctor's phamphlet, marched direct to the other extreme, and not content with making a vigorous and able defence of the classics, actually went the length of questioning the value of science altogether. Science is purely utilitarian, and not in high and noble way. It does little for a man as a spiritual being. It promotes his physical comfort, gives him steam-ploughs, yeast powders, and innumerable other Yankee inventions. It has enabled us to send messages across the ocean, in so many seconds instead of so many days, and to have our photographs taken. But after all, what real good is there in these things? This is not the precise language of the Professor, but it is a fair and unexaggerated representation of the spirit of it; and this cant of classicality is more repugnant to good sense than even the narrow utilitarianism that rails at "dead languages" and at "book-learning that won't help a man to get a living."

Concerning the value of scientific studies, as *a part*, but not the whole of a scheme of education, and the correlative value of classical studies, the *Nation* says:

"They (scientific studies) impart to us skill in classification in terminology, and in the use of hypothesis, accuracy in observation and skill in experiment. They beget in us a wholesome scepticism concerning the all-sufficiency of our mental powers and show us that some things can be done while others cannot, and teach us that there are such things as laws or uniformities of succession in nature which must not, cannot, under any circumstances, be disregarded with impunity. They nourish in us a religious state of mind, inviting us to approach nature and life with trust and not with fear. But more need not be said. We need do no more in behalf of the claims of science than refer to Dr. Youmans' book, where nearly all that can be urged on the subject is most forcibly urged. For our own part, while recognizing most of what is said in the book as an expression of our own ideas and opinions, we still retain an intense feeling of the indispensable value of the classics. Believing, as Mr. Mill does, that there is no reason, except the stupidity of instructors, why classics and the sciences should not both be taught, we hold that they should both be taught. Our earnest recognition of the claims of the one should never blind us to the claims of the other. We are surprised at one little remark in Dr. Youmans' introduction. Having quoted Mr. Mill's address in behalf of scientific studies, he thinks it proper to add that the same vigorous discourse contains a strong argument for the classics. But while, says Mr. Youmans, 'Mr. Mill urges the importance of scientific studies *for all*, an examination of his argument for the classics will show that it is applicable only to those who, like himself, are professional scholars, and devote their lives to philological, historical, or critical studies.' An examination of Mr. Mill's argument for the classics will, we believe, show that it is as universally applicable as his argument for the sciences. He does not bring forward a single reason why the classics should be studied which does not fit the case of the dry-goods merchant as well as the case of the college professor. Nowhere in his address does he faintly intimate that he is not putting one class of studies upon the same footing as as the other."

Those who feel a strong interest in this important educational question, and would wish to see it presented in all its more important aspects, with great ability, candor, and thoroughness, should read Dr. Youmans' "Culture Demanded by Modern Life," especially the introduction, together with Mr. Mill's St. Andrew's Address. Together, they are almost exhaustive of the subject.

HAZLITT PHOTOGRAPHED.

William Hazlit, the contemporary and associate of Coleridge, Southey, Wordsworth, and Lamb, and who was popularly classified with them as belonging to the "cockney school," is the least known to the readers of this generation. Of the entire group, not in the literal sense a "cockney," being of Irish extraction, and born in Shropshire, Hazlitt defiantly accepted the epithet, and affected to glory in it. "Your true cockney," he said, "is your only true leveler. Let him be as low as he will, he fancies he is as good as anybody else." His reputation as a critic was very great during his life time. He was full of eccentricities, some of which were far from agreeable. The last sketch we have seen of this singular man, is furnished by a writer in a recent number of the *London Quarterly*, in an article entitled "Charles Lamb, and Some of His Contemporaries."

HIS ARROGANCE.

Of Hazlitt's less amiable idiosyncrasies, the writer in the *Quarterly* says:

"The faults of Hazlitt were the more disagreeable because the man was one of those warm-blooded creatures whom we wish to like if they will but let us. And though he does his best to prevent our liking him, it is not in his power to prevent any one who knows the English language from admiring. The admiration is uneasy, chequered, qualified, but it is admiration still. If Hazlitt lacked the poetic genius of his two gentler friends, he was gifted with an eloquence more masculine. The fibre of his brain was less fine than theirs, but it was of stronger tissue. He had in early youth cultivated his reasoning faculty with a patient study unknown to those playmates of the muse, and that faculty was sufficiently acute to have achieved him no mean repute in metaphysical speculation, or in the more practical domain of judicial criticism, had it not been constantly obscured and perverted by passions fiercely combative, which, accompanied with an arrogant self-esteem, and a very limited knowledge of the world, too often deprived his judgment of value, because they robbed it of charity and candor. And it was exactly where his knowledge of the world was the most deficient that his passions and his arrogance led him to parade his defect with the loftiest austentation. He delighted in analytical comments on the public characters of his time; and it is difficult to conceive any man of letters with so profound an ignorance, not only of the characters thus superciliously depicted, but of the estimates formed of them by persons the most competent to know."

Hazlitt was no respecter of person, as his "Political Essays," and his critical writings generally, will abundantly show. Of the Duke of Wellington's speeches on Indian affairs, he says:

"We confess those speeches which we have heard appear to us prodigies of physical prowess and intellectual imbecility; the ardor of his natural temperament stimulating and controling the ordinary faculties of his mind; the exuberance of his animal spirits contending with the barrenness of his genius, produce a degree of dull vivacity, of paraded insignificance and impotant energy, which is without any parallel but itself."

Hazlitt's temperament was vehemently aggressive, and he was never so happy or so vigorous as when making a savage attack. Speaking of his intellectual obligations to Coleridge, he says: "I was at that time" (when brought into contact with the poet-philosopher) "dumb, inarticulate, helpless, like a worm by the way-side, crushed, bleeding, lifeless. But now, bursting from the deadly bands

> "That bound them
> With Styx nine times round them,"

my ideas float on winged words, and as they expand their plumes, catch the golden light of other years. My *soul*, indeed, has remained in its original bondage, dark, obscure, with longings infinite and unsatisfied; my *heart* shut up in the prison house of this rude clay, has never found, nor will it find, a heart to speak to; but that my *understanding* also, did not remain dull and brutish, or at length found a language to express itself, I owe to Coleridge." And yet, after such an acknowledgment as this, he can thus assail the greatest of his intellectual benefactors:

"No one ever yet gave Mr. Coleridge a penny for his thoughts.' * * * * 'He is the secret Tattle of the Press. * * * * He is the dog in the manger of literature; an intellectual Marplot who will neither let anybody else come to a conclusion nor come to one himself.' * * * * * 'He lives in the belief of a perpetual lie, and in affecting to think what he pretends to say,' etc."

And again, in his essay "On the Prose Style of Poets," he thus characterizes the style of Coleridge:

"With bits of tarnished lace and worthless frippery, he assumes a sweeping Oriental costume. * * * * He is swelling and turgid, everlastingly aiming to be greater than his subject, filling his fancy with fumes and vapors in the pangs and throes of miraculous parturition, and bringing forth only stillbirths."

And this dreaded critic was as inconstant in his admiration as he was ferocious in his censure. At one time he was among the most enthusiastic admirers of Wordsworth; yet when the "slashing" fit is on him, he can deal as savagely with him, as with the most empty pretender to the bays, as witness the following:

"The spirit of Jacobin poetry is rank egotism. We know an instance; it is that of a person who founded a school of poetry on sheer humanity, on ideal boys and on mad mothers, and on Simon Lee the old huntsman. The secret of the Jacobin poetry, and the anti-Jacobin politics of this writer is the same. His lyric poetry was a cant of humanity about the commonest people, to level the great with the small, and his political poetry is a cant of loyalty, to level Bonaparte with kings and heriditary imbecility. This person admires nothing that is admirable, feels no interest in anything interesting, no grandeur in anything grand, no beauty in anything beautiful. He tolerates nothing but what he himself creates."

HIS BETTER SELF.

And yet, these critical outbursts do not indicate the real character of the man; and the writer in the *Quarterly* says, with a rare depth of appreciation:

"But amidst all his intolerant prejudices, and his wild extravagance of apparent hate, there is in Hazlitt from time to time—those times not unfrequent—outbursts or sentiment scarcely surpassed among the writers of our century for tender sweetness, rapid perceptions of truth and beauty in regions of criticism then but sparingly cultured—nay, scarcely discovered—and massive fragments of such composition as no hand of ordinary strength could hew out of the unransacked mines of our native languages.

"Nor is it without a melancholy and softening interest that we detect sometimes, amidst the very lucubrations that most displease the taste by virulent personalities, some excuse for the writer's indulgence of hate in the sorrows of his private life, the mortifications of his literary career; and imagine that we can trace that bitterness of spirit which taints the current flow of his mind to its springs in disappointed affection and baffled aspiration. For it is one of the peculiarities in the egotism of this writer to launch into savage diatribes on the faults to which his acute self consciousness made him aware that he was most subjected. He would insist on the virtue of a courtesy, denounce the vituperation which comes from envy at another's success, call before him the phantom of his own mind, arraign it, and condemn. Surely there is something of the soured philanthropy of Alceste in the burst of wild declamation with which he concludes his ironical Essay 'On the pleasure of Hating:'

"'Mistaken as I have been in my public and private hopes, calculating wrong; always disappointed where I placed most reliance; the dupe of friendship and the fool of love, have I not reason to hate and despise myself? Indeed I do; and chiefly for not having hated and despised the world enough.'

"This is not the writing of a cynicle hate, but of a passionate despair; and, unless we mistake, of such despair as is never wrung from a strong man except where the heart is constitutionally warm and the aspirations originally noble. Such a despair the best and the greatest have conceived when, walking in the Valley of Shadow, they forget that the visibility of shadow is the evidence of light."

MISCELLANY.

MR. JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL will publish a new volume of poems in the Autumn.

MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE has so nearly completed as to have sent to the printer portions of a new work, which is described as a "chronicle of old-time folks in a New England village, fifty or sixty years ago."

MR. BAYARD TAYLOR is employing his leisure time in Germany upon his translation of Gœthe's *Faust* and a serial entitled *The By-Ways of Europe*, which is to appear in the *Atlantic Monthly*.

PROF. AGASSIZ'S *Journey in Brazil* is completed and in the printer's hands, and its author is engaged in superintending its illustration.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT, the poet, has arrived home, from his late journey in Europe.

HOLME'S "Guardian Angel," now running through the *Atlantic Monthly*, will be publiished in a volume, in November.

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON is preserving the papers of his illustrious father, "The Great Duke," by committing them to type, of which, however, but three impressions will be made, and to these no general access will be allowed.

ROBERT BUCHANAN has in press "North Coast Poems," and a volume of prose, entitled "David Gray and other Personal Papers."

FEMALE SECRET SOCIETIES.

BY JOHN QUILL.

"Mr. Wilkins you are very unreasonable."

"No, I'm not, Mrs. Wilkins; no, I'm not. I'm a perfectly reasonable man, bnt your ontrageons conduct will deprive me of reason if it ain't checked. I shall go mad with rage and mortification. Bnt it's got to be stopped. I'm the master of this house, and—look at me, Mrs. Wilkins—I swear a frightful oath, that if you don't give up that secret society, I'll—I'll—raise a riot. I will, by George!"

"But you don't understand, Mr. Wilk——"

"Yes, I do understand it. I nnderstand that you and a lot of other old hens get together and cackle every Tuesday night, down there in a room, and talk scandal and blackguard your neighbors, and call yourselves 'The Society of the Holy Danghters of Tabitha." Who in the duse was Tabitha, anyhow? Some old second rate washerwoman, I expect, and here yon, the wife of a respectable man like me, want to go down and call yonrself her daughter, and associate with a lot of old women."

"Mr. Wilkins, I——"

"And carry on your tomfoolery where nobody can see you. I tell you it ain't decent, and it shan't be done. I'll put a stop to it. I'll go down and see the Mayor, and have the place torn ont by the police. Secret society! Pshaw! I'd just like to see a secret society that had women belonging to it. Why yon might just as well go out and stand on the pavement with a fire horn and holler out what you've got to say at once, as to tell it to a lot of old women."

"Wilkins, what do you mean? I'll——"

"A lot of women, who could no more help circulating any facts around the neighborhood than they could help snuffing. That's so, and I say you shan't be running around, gabbling among my friends, and giving them the pass-word. There's Smith's wife, she thinks you're crazy, because you came a gripping around her like some first-class lunatic, and Smith advised me to have you put in the asylum——"

"What an awful story!"

"Because he said he was afraid you'll murder some of your own children. I won't have it any longer. I'm tired of it. My offspring shan't be polluted by such wickedness. Here you ought to be teaching them Christianity, aud displaying a mother's love, instead of which I saw you a practicing the grip for nearly two honrs, the other day, on the baby's off leg, and making all kinds of passes before it's face until the child's been cross-eyed for a week, and all along of your infernal foolishness. Why don't you practice on me? Why don't you show me your grips? Why, because you're afraid to. Yon know I won't stand any of your nonsense, and so you go and try to ruin a poor innocent child that never did you any harm, and who ought to be drawing sustenance from the maternal fonnt, instead of being poisoned with that stuff in the bottle with the gum nozzel."

"Wilkins, you talk like a fool."

"And there's Bucephalus Alexander, hasn't he gone and formed a secret society with William Henry and Amelia Matilda? And didn't they try to initiate Holofernes Montgomery into it yesterday, by making him walk up a rocky pathway made out of old starch-boxes, so that he fell down and like to have knocked his knee-cap into a thousand pieces; while they blindfolded Breckenridge Augustus, and made him slide down a board that they called "the mysterious precipice,'" into the bath-tub, so he tore the whole hide off him, and got his best jacket wet, while Bucephalus Alexander pretended to give Mary Jane the grip, and squeezed her hand so that she's got three fingers out of joint, and can't play the piano for a month, and says she's very likely crippled for life? I tell yon I won't have it. Yon may go to destruction as quick as you like, but my innocent children shan't; so don't you go to that secret society again, now mind me."

"But Wilk——"

"Now it's perfectly nseless to 'but' me. I tell you I won't have it. No woman that belongs to me shall go down and associate with a lot of pagans, for that's what they are. I know them; I know they carry on frightful orgies there every night, and have demon dances like the *Black Crook*, and bow down before some old wooden-headed, slab-sided idol, and sacrifice little children to it, and tear their clothes and rip them np, and behave in the most scandalous and outrageous manner. Mrs. Wilkins, and do you suppose I'm going to have that? Do you snppose I'm going to stand placidly by and pay millinery bills while my wife is bowing down to wood and stone, and making a perfectly ridiculons and wicked old clam of herself? Not mnch, I ain't. I'm not such a fool; yon can bet on that."

"Mr. Wilkins, there's not a word of truth——"

"O you needn't deny it; I know all about it. Didn't I hear yon talking to that old Mrs. Grimes last night, and telling her that you thought the Great High Priestess was a 'nasty s d that you thonght 'there was no use of her putting on airs, becanse she carried the holy rag and mixed the sacred lemonade?' Sacred lemonades are al very well, but you don't suppose I believe that, do you? That accounts for where my old Irish whisky has been going, and for your coming home late on Tuesday nights with the hiccups, and always saying, you felt faint. It's a shame and disgrace, but you don't impose on me. I heard old Grimes talking about the blessed gingerbread——"

"That's not so, Mr. Wilk——"

"Gingerbread, and saying that she thought she would have green tea next time, when the Great High Priestess would decide on the pass-word for the month; and how, in her opinion, it would be better to have the words 'Beauty and Peace' said three times slowly, while you twiddle your thumbs and wink twice with your right eye. Beauty and Peace! the idea of a parcel of old mummies——"

"Mr. Wilk——"

"A parcel of old shriveled-up mummies, who look more like so many chunks of dried beef than human beings, talking about beauty! Why you know about as much about beauty as a speckled jackass does about four dollars a week; and as for peace, in my opinion, you'd better begin that at home. I want peace—I want quiet, you're the person who robs me of it, and I say that there's got to be a change or I'll die."

"Ain't you ashamed of——"

"Die in the very bloom of my youth and beauty; be cut down like grass, and all because you run around and behave like a demnition maniac, and associate with disreptutable people, and worship false gods, and carry on like mad, and rip your things up, and neglect your family and your business at home. It's perfectly scandalous, and must be stopped, by George. You hear me swear it! By George, I say."

"Well, you don't neglect one portion of the family, anyhow."

"What?"

"I say one member of the family ain't neglected by you."

"Why, what do you mean, Mrs. Wilkins?"

"You needn't preach to me about decency after your vile behavior."

"What's the matter with you, anyway? Why don't you talk sensible, and say what you mean?"

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself, and you the father of a family."

"Oh, spill out what you know, and then stop your clatter."

"Well, then, Mr. Wilkins, I think it's outrageous in you to lay there and talk to me the way you do, when it's only the day before yesterday that I saw you kiss our hired girl on the back stairs. You'll break my heart—yes, you will."

"Well, I hope I may be——Mrs. Wilkins, don't cry. It ain't so—it ain't, by George. Oh, stop off your waterworks. I didn't mean it. Sarah Ann—Sarah Ann, never mind. Oh, cry, then, cry—I don't care a cuss, you ain't worth bothering with."

And Wilkins went out and slammed the door. But he made it up in the morning, for I heard him pitching into Mrs. Wilkins for letting the baby swallow the gum ring.—*Philadelphia Sunday Transcript.*

THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

There is something desolate, cold and cheerless suggested by the words Rocky Mountains. As the mountains are approached the idea is by no means expelled; the mountains look black and dismal, and all the darker from the contrast of the pure and glittering snow that covers the everlasting peaks. But upon approaching their base and entering into the foot-hills, the dark masses assume the form and color of living nature, and one is struck with the richness in trees, apparently all pine. The boundless forests seem sufficient to snpply the wants of a nation. Rich and luxuriant grasses soon come into view; flowers in great variety, and of hues bright and profuse, gladden the eye on every side, when the dark illusion fades away, and the stranger feels that despite the wild and rugged peaks, even in the very midst of rough upheavels and fantastic overturning, there appear spots of rich verdure that might be made into luxuriant gardens. Along the gulch, and even on the summits, there is a rich black soil frequently many feet in depth, which, under the skillful manipulation of man, would, in this electric climate, complete with California in luxuriousness of production, while the many streams that ooze out on every side afford the most ample means of irrigations. While with our small population we are almost dependent on the valley for the common products of the kitchen garden, we have yet within a circuit of three miles around Central City enough unsurpassed rich soil to supply a population of 20,000 persons, and ready meams of building houses and fenses on the spot. In fact, the using of the loose stones for that purpose would uncover more soil than could readily be made available for profitable use.—*Colorado Times.*

"Le Meunier's" poem will appear in the next issue of THE CALIFORNIAN.

TEAM BATHS FOR ONE DOLLAR, at Dr. Bourne's, No. 10 Masonic Temple, Post street. Notice is received that this is the only establishment which excludes all loathsome diseases and improper persons.

BENEFIT OF SIGNOR MANCUSI.—On Wednesday evening next, Signor Mancusi, who has displayed so much talent in *Crispino é la Comare*, rivaling the celebrated Ronconi, and whose "Nelusko" in *L'Africaine*, was pronounced "perfect" by our best critics, will take a benefit at the American Theatre. The favorite opera of *L'Eliser d'Amore* will be giveu. Siguor Mancusi beiug assisted by Signora Brambilla and Signor Carmini Morley who have kindly volunteered. Had it not been for the presence of Signor Mancusi in this city, our citizens would probably not have enjoyed the pleasure of the late opera season, and the careful manner in which he sings the music of the roles in which he appears, eutitles him to respect and substantial appreciation from the public.

AN OREGON TRADITION—In olden times, on the North Pacific coast, there was a story often told among the early settlers of Oregon, Washingtou Territory and Vancouver's Island, that some uncivilized Indian aborigines of Washington Territory had paddled their way coastwise in a canoe as far as Portland, in Oregon, up through the ugly Columbia river, and that in progress forward they met with, on the banks of the river, partially imbedded in the mnd, the somewhat broken remains of a Chinese junk. This astonished the Indians, who regarded themselves the sole lords of creation, while it afterward excited the curiosity and spirit of inquiry of such few white men as were then in these distant and comparatively unknown regions of the earth. The finding of the Chinese junk is still a matter of tradition among the Indian tribes who inhabit these regions, and is freely spoken of by the American and Europeau population, and the conclusion come to is, that at some far off period of the world's existence the Chinese—always enterprising people—sent an expedition northward, which became a prey to pittiless storms that are so often to be encountered in the Columbia river. Certain it is at all events, the junk was found in the Columbia, and it is only reasonable to conclude that it came from China.

THE SAN JOSE SILK FACTORY.—It will be seen by reference to the doings of the Industrial Immigration Association of San Francisco that the silk factory has enlisted the Association in its interest, and that it has already begun the work of practical relief by liberal subscriptions to the stock of the factory. In all enterprises of this kind, in every effort to build up and encourage home industry and manufactnres, Mr. Thomas Mooney, of San Francisco, exhibits a degree of enlightened forecaste, and a just appreciation of results, and of the duties, as a man of wealth, he owes to society, far in advance of any man on the Pacific coast. In this respect, he is doing as much or more than his very distinguished countryman, Matthew Carey, did for American manufactures in the early days of of American manufacturing enterprise and industry in the Atlantic States. Everything we have seen from Mr. Mooney has impressed us with the highest respect for him. He is not niggard in his contributions and subscriptions when a public good is to be accomplished. His mind is large, accurate and eminently utilitarian, and seems animated by a love of promoting all useful enterprises. Such a man deserves and will acquire the highest public regard, The San Jose Silk Factory, under such auspices, aided by the skill and enthusiasm of Messrs. Newman and Prevost, will soon be a success and a profitable one.—*San Jose Patriot.*

LITTLE SAVINGS.—Let a man who has hitherto spent his money as soon as he has received it and had no thought for the morrow, once commence to save money in ever such small sums, and he will find the habit grow on him. A most valuable institution will be opened very shortly in this city, one which will do much toward encouraging habits of prudence with regard to money in our citizens who are not blessed with too much. The City Bank of Savings Loan and Discount, No. 627 Sacramento street, corner of Webb, will commence business on Tuesday, the 15th inst., and will then be ready to receive deposits, and make loans and discounts. This bank is under the management of responsible men, and the small savings of the careful mechanic and laborer will be safe with them.

CUTTER'S WHISKY.—This well-known brand of whisky that has stood the test of years in California for its superiority to all other brands, is still to be had in spite of the spurious articles peddled throughout the State. Henry M. Cutter is the agent, and son of the celebrated distiller of Old Bourbon Whisky, of Bourbon County, Kentucky—agent, No. 620 Front street. The trade can rely on getting the genuine article by ordering it from the above agency, put up in cases or in the original packages. The Pacific Mail Steamship and other Steamship Companies, the druggists, groceries, and the trade, find Cutter's Old Bourbon Whisky to be the genuine article for the health of passengers, medicinal and family uses

SAN FRANCISCO FASHIONS.—In no part of the world probably do ladies dress with more taste than in San Francisco. Most certainly there are few cities in the world of equal size which can boast such a store as the cloak house of Meyer Jonasson & Co., on Montgomery street, opposite the Lick House. Here can be found cloaks of every imaginable style. The Fall and Winter fashions have arrived, and this large firm has its numerous employees busily occupied in filling ordors. There is one style of cloak to be seen at this establishment which is peculiarly San Franciscan in character, and bids fair to become the most popular cloak of many a season.

RIVALRY IN TRADE.—The shoe dealers are in quite an excited state, in consequence of the very low prices at which Messrs. Holcombe & Kast are disposing of their stock. As they have to move and make room for the widening of Kearny street, now is the time for all to secure a good article at a reasonable price. A few dollars used in this manner, will procure many necessary articles of housekeeping, and we cordially reccommend this firm to the favorable consideration of the public.

OCTOBER.

Solemn, yet beautiful to view,
Month of my heart, thou dawnest here,
With sere and faded leaves to strew
The Summer's melancholy bier.
The moaning of thy winds I hear,
As the red sunset dies afar,
And bars of purple clouds appear,
Obscuring every western star.

Thou solemn month! I hear thy voice,
It tells my soul of other days,
When but to live was to rejoice,
When earth was lovely to my gaze.
O, visions bright! O, blessed hours!
Where are those living raptures now?
I ask my spirit's wearied powers,
I ask my pale and fevered brow.

Alas! for Time and Death and Care,
With gloom about our way that fling
Like clouds in August's gusty air,
The burial pageant of the Spring!
The dreams that each succeeding year,
Seemed bathed in hues of living pride,
At last, like withered leaves appear,
And sleep in darkness, side by side.

CURIOSITIES OF FRENCH DUELING.

ACCORDING to some authors, dueling is of the very highest antiquity, its origin being ascribed to Cain, in whose invitation to his brother, as given in the French translation, "Let us go forth," they profess to discover the exact terms of the cartel. France, no doubt, borrowed the custom directly from Germany, where first we find the duel regarded as an appeal to Heaven. Divested of its religious character, the duel becomes the judicial combat and the wager of battle, till, losing the sanction of the law, it arrives at its modern position as simply an "affair of honor."

The judicial combat became rare in France after the fourteenth century; during a period of one hundred years, only four examples of it are found. A great blow was given to it in 1835 by the unfortunate result of a duel fought in the presence of Charles VI. and all the court: the judgment of God, as it was impiously called, proved *unfavorable to a man who, accused of a crime*, protested his innocence, and was thereupon compelled to take his part in a duel ordered by the parliament. Being conquered, he was hung on the gallows, which formed a part of the preparations of the battle-field; but some time afterward, another man declared himself guilty of the crime which had led to the duel. This was, in fact, the end of the judicial combat. Henceforth, the parliaments systematically refused to lend their sanction to these appeals; and the duel became simply a question of obtaining "satisfaction" for wounded honor.

Royalty, however, continued to preside at hostile meetings, which, indeed, were only permitted on formal demand to the King. The sceptre thrown into the arena was the signal for discontinuing the combat; and the most infuriated champion did not afterward dare for his life to strike a blow.

Dueling had got to such a height in 1566 it was classed among the worst crimes, and made punishable with death. But this severity only gave to the practice the sweetness of forbidden fruit. Duels were fought on the slightest pretexts, and where they were wanting, on none. In less than twenty years, eight thousand pardons had been granted to gentlemen who had killed their adversaries. One day, two duelists crossing the Seine for the purpose of fighting, see others hunting about for boats in which to follow and prevent the combat. They hasten their boatmen, and, scarce on shore, they cry out in chorus: "Quick! quick! they're coming to separate us. A few passes, and they both fall dead. At another time, a madman named De Gensac persists in fighting two men at once, and to those who try to stop him, he exclaims: "What! have you never seen one man against two? The histories are full of it. Come on both! I'll get myself in the chronicles!" And, in truth, it was almost worth while to have one's exploits recounted in the deliciously *naïve* language of Brantome. Witness his reflection on a fight, three against three: "Some say that M. le Baron de Biron, more courageous and quick of hand, killed his man the first, and went to the help of the others; in which he did right well, and showed that with his valor he had no small judgment and foresight!" Bussy d'Amboise, who took advantage of the massacre of St. Bartholomew to kill a relation with whom he was at law, had, before this exploit, signalized himself as a duelist. A gentleman named St. Phal called his attention to some X's in a piece of embroidery; Bussy, to bring on a duel, swore they were Y's. On this weighty subject there came off a six on each side. Bussy was wounded, but soon sent another challenge, and even had the audacity to offer battle to the captain of the King's Guards, sent to stop this second fight. It needed the intervention of the King and his brother to put an end to this almost interminable quarral.

The game went bravely on: from 1589 to 1608, eight thousand duelists fell; and King Henry IV. would have been only too glad to take his share of the work. "If I were only your friend," he wrote to Duplessis Mornay, "and not your King, there is no sword which would more readily come out of its scabbard for you than mine." In this reign, Lagarde Valon had, by his exploits awakened the envy of another cut-throat, named Bazanez, who accordingly sent to his rival a hat, threatening to come and take it and the new wearer's life at the same time. Lagarde wore the hat, and went about seeking Bazanez, whom he did not know by sight. Finding one another at last, the two bravos went to work. A tremendous blow fell right on the top of Bazanez's head—in vain: the skull was so hard that the sword glanced off. The second blow had more effect. "There's for the hat," said Lagarde "and there for the feather; and here for the hand." Bazanez; was fast losing blood, but was not done for yet. He rushed on his man, and by main force knocked him down. "Beg for your life!" he cried, as one after the other he dealt Lagarde fourteen blows between the neck and the waist. "No! no!" cried Lagarde at each stroke, and with a desperate effort he bit off half the chin of Bazanez, and knocked in the back of his head with the pommel of his sword. Wonderful to relate, both survived—one to die some years later in an ambuscade, the other to become the terror of the country into which he withdrew.

The rage for combats at last got too much even for the easy King, and a new edict of great severity was issued; but the fighting went on all the same, and the King shut his eyes. The mania even increased in the reign of Louis XIII. We read of two men who get into a hogshead, and there hack one another to pieces with knives. Two others, on a simple question of precedence, clasp the left hands, and poinard each other. At length, after law upon law, came out the celebrated edict of 1626, of which such use was to be made by Richelieu. François to Montmorency, Count of Bonteville, the most notorious duelist of that day, could never hear it said of a man that was brave without at once going off to challenge him. He had fought more than twenty duels. To defy the new edict, he fixed on the Place Royale, at three o'clock in the afternoon, as the place and time of what was to be his last combat. Richelieu insisted on his execution: "We must cut the throats of these duelists or of your majesty's edicts;" so Bonteville died, in spite of all intercession. Edicts and he could, indeed, not well live together. Condemned to death by default before this, he had caused the proclamation to be torn down by force, and pursuit getting hot, had made for the frontier with an escort of two hundred men.

Severe as Richelieu was on dueling grandees, he appears, from the chroniclea, to have been very tolerent of combats among the smaller fry. The Baron d'Aapremont, for example, almost fought three duels in a single day. Beginning in the morning, he killed an adversary, who only contrived to pink him in the leg. Troubled by this wound, the Baron, unable to eat at table, amused himself by throwing at his friends pellets of bread, one of which chanced to strike a gentleman, who considered that he had thereby received an affront. Having run this second adversary through the arm, the Baron was enlisted as a second in a third duel, which, however, was stopped. The Chevalier d'Andrieux was another bravo of the same stamp. At thirty years of age, he had killed seventy-two men. Preparing for another duel, "Chevalier," said his adversary, "you will be the tenth man that I have killed!" "And you my seventy-third!', replied the Chevalier, whom the result proved to be in the right.

This humorous gentleman was in the habit of promising to his disarmed adversaries their lives if they would forswear their hopes of salvation; this done, he would cut their throats, that, as he said, he might have the pleasure of killing them body and soul.

Ludovic de Piles and his brother were journeying toward Paris, and arriving at Valence, entered an inn, and asked for supper. The landlord declared that he had only eggs and cheese. "For whom, then, is that spit turning?" "For four officers." "Go and ask them to allow us to join them." This request met with a prompt refusal. Ludovic and his brother supped wretchedly, and went to bed in a room divided from that of the officers by a thin partition only. Ludovic, enraged at the treatment he had met with, lay wide awake, and heard jests at the expense of the pair who had fared so ill. In the morning, the two brothers started betimes, but before they had gone a league, "I've left my purse behind," cried Ludovic. "Do you go on; I shall come up with you by dinner-time." Returning to Valence, he went straight to the room of the officers. "Gentlemen," said he, "I am one of the two travelers with whom you refused to share your supper. You had a right to do this, but not to make your jokes upon us. I don't like it, and I ask satisfaction of all you." One after another, the four officers fall, and Ludovic, rejoining his brother, rejoices that he has recovered his purse. Not a word of the duels, of which the brother hears for the first time of Cardinal Mazarin, who advises him to keep Ludovic out of the way.

Cyrano de Bergerac made a point of always holding himself in readiness to act as second to whomsoever might need his services. He was a most skillful swordsman, but was blessed by nature with so long a nose, that all his adroitness could that I met them without charging them." And charge she did, for the last time, for her adversaries had the bad taste to kill her.

In the gallery of *femmes vaillantes*, La Beaupré holds a foremost place. After an exchange of strong language with La des Urlis, she rushed away, and came back, bringing two swords. Des Urlis took one, thinking no ill; but La Beaupré pressed her hard, wounded her in the neck, and would certainly have killed her, had not timely help come.

Another singular affair was the duel between the Marquise de Nesle and the Comtesse de Polignac, in the Bois de Boulogne. The former proposed pistols; the Countess accepted, and generously gave her adversary the first shot. The Marquise fired, and missed, breaking a branch from a tree. "Anger makes the hand shake," was the cool comment of the Countess, who fired, and carried away the tip of her adversary's ear.

Returning to male duelists, we light on M. de Sainte-Foix, a terribly quarrelsome gentleman, who retired from the army, and took to literature, without abandoning his warlike habits. Here is a specimen of his manner of whiling away an idle hour. He was one day in the Café Procope, when one of the King's Guard entered and ordered a cup of coffee and a roll, adding in an undertone to himself: "That will do for my dinner." "You're making a miserable dinner," said Sainte Foix, addressing him. He repeated this several times, till at last the guardsman got angry; a fight ensued, and Sainte-Foix was wounded. "It's all one," he said; "a roll and a cup of coffee *are* a wretched dinner."

Two officers of the Guards had a quarrel, which ended in a blow. The aggrieved person plastered on his cheek a piece of taffeta, the size of the palm of his hand, and then politely invited the giver of the blow to accompany him to a quiet spot. The result of this promenade was, that the wearer of the taffeta gave his adversary a wound bad enough to lay him up for two months. Before leaving the ground, he quietly drew from his pocket a pair of scissors, and just cut off from the piece of stuff a little circle. The wounded man was beginning to get about, when a visitor was announced by the servant. "It is a gentleman who wears a piece of taffeta on his face; he says that you expect him." "O, ah; just tell him I'll come down." Another combat ends with the same fortune, and the scissors are again brought into play. These duels went on with the requisite intervals, till at last the taffeta had decreased almost to a point. "I'm at the end of my piece," said the wearer C. to T., whose body was a mass of scars, "and you're at the end of your troubles." And so he was, for in the last duel, preluded by this little address, T. was killed.

The great revolution so absorbed men's minds, that eccentric duels disappear for a while. Except that some are remarkable from the presence of political notabilities, there are few which would interest the reader. Combats became more frequent under the Empire, though an officer who was frequently engaged in duels was certain to earn the profound contempt of Napoleon. From the mass of uninteresting duels, let us pick out one worthy of mention, if only from the fact that it came to an end in 1813, after a duration of nineteen years. Fournier, a captain of hussars, and a most inveterate duelist, had, without provocation, called out and killed at Strasbourg a young man named Blumm, the only support of a large family. Fournier's skill was so great that this affair was regarded as little better than murder. On the evening of Blumm's burial, General Morean gave a ball, and as it was suspected that Fournier would present himself, orders were given to Captain Dupont to refuse him admittance. The consequence was that Dupont received a challenge, which he gladly accepted, in the hope of at last chastising the insolence of a hardened cut-throat. Fournier fell wounded. "The first point to you," he exclaimed. "Then you mean to go on again?" "Yes; and before long, I hope."

A month later, it was Dupont's turn to be wounded, not save it from an occasional cut. These multiplied in the immense number of duels he fought, till his notched nose became quite a curiosity—one, however, which it was dangerous to look at too closely: a dozen men paid with their lives for a simple inspection of the monstrous and disfigured cartilage. One of his exploits was to throw himself into the midst of a band of assassins, of whom he killed two and wounded seven, while the rest took to flight.

The mania for duels was not confined to the sterner sex; witness the exploits of the better-half of Chateau-Gay de Murat. This virago used to appear on horseback in great boots, with her petticoats tucked up, and carrying a sword at her side, and pistols at her saddle-bow. Having a bone to pick with a M. Codieres, she called him out. He "came up smiling," and played about with his sword, till he found that the lady was seriously bent on sending him to the ancestral vault. Changing tactics, he pressed her so hard, avoiding wounds, that at last she dropped to the ground through sheer fatigue, and had to cry for quarter. Quarreling afterward with some gentlemen, she happened to meet them at the chase, and made preparations to charge. Her groom cried out: "Come off, madam; come off; they are three against

one." "Never mind," quoth the dame; "no one shall say Fournier proposed pistols; but Dupont refused to accept a weapon which would give his adversary all the advantage. Fournier was so skillful with the pistol, that frequently, as the men of his regiment passed on horseback at a gallop smoking, he would, with a bullet, knock the pipes out of their mouths. The two were so nearly equal with the sword that the contest seemed interminable; but they resolved to persevere till one or the other should admit himself beaten. To regulate their combats, the terms of an agreement were come to: "1. Whenever Dupont and Fournier shall be within thirty leagues of one another, each shall go half way, in order that they may meet sword in hand. 2. If one of the two contracting parties should be prevented by his military duty, he who is free shall be bound to journey the whole distance, in order that the rules of the service and the requirements of the present treaty may be made to harmonize. 3. No excuses shall be accepted save those arising from military duties. 4. The present treaty being concluded in good faith, there can be no departure from conditions agreed on by the parties."

The agreement was religiously adhered to, and the warmest friendship could not have created in the two officers a more eager desire to avail themselves of every opportunity to meet. "My dear friend," wrote one of these eccentric combatants, "I shall be at Strasbourg on the 5th of November, about noon. Wait for me at the Hotel des Postes. We'll just have a touch at one another." Every now and then, the advancement of one or the other, would interpose delay. This obstacle removed, Fournier (let us say) would write thus: "My dear Dupont, I learn that the Emperor, recognizing your deserts, has just made you a General. Accept my sincere congratulations on a promotion which is only what you deserve. Your nomination is a double source of joy to me. On your account, I rejoice, and on my own also, for your promotion will give us the opportunitv of an early meeting." At last they are both Generals, but the combats go on. At one time, Dupont runs Fournier through the neck, and pins him to a wall, just like a butterfly in a case, but dares not change his position, as, if he does, Fournier can run him through. There they remain till their noise attracts the attention of some officers, who seperate them. Dupont at last began to get weary of this endless contest; he was thinking of marrying, but must first settle with Fournier. Hunting him up, he proposed to finish up with pistols. To equalize the chances, it was decided that the combat should come off in a little wood. Accordingly, on the appointed day, the last act opened Advancing warily, the two at last caught a glimpse of one another. Each immediately took refuge behind a tree. Dupont, inferior in skill, had recourse to artifice. He quietly lifted up his coat-tail, and pushed it beyond the tree; a ball whizzed through it immediately. A few minutes later, the mouth of his pistol appeared on the other side of the tree, while, at the same time, just a corner of the hat projected, as if the wearer were peeping out to take aim. In a moment, a ball carried the hat away among the bushes. "Your life is in my hands," said Dupont; "but I won't take it." "As you like," said Fournier. "Only mind," continued the victor, "I reserve my right to put a couple of balls into your head whenever I like; so don't come near me." And thus ended this long quarrel.

On the author of the Comte de Pontécoulant, we give the following: Colonel Barbier-Dufai, a noted duelist, insulted Raoul X——, a young soldier, solely with the intention of provoking him to a duel. Finding, however, that Raoul was a mere boy, a fact disguised by his large statue, the fighting Colonel made excuses, and wished to withdraw. Raoul refused to consent to this course, and swords were drawn. The disparity of the combatants was so great, that the Colonel, after four times disabling his adversary, proposed that some other mode of fighting should be found. It was impossible to use pistols in the street; what was to be done? At this moment, the rumble of a hackney-coach was heard, and Dufai found the wished for solution, "Stop this cab," he said to his seconds, "and run and exchange these swords for a pair of daggers of equal length." "This is what I propose," he added to Raoul: "we will get into the coach, armed each with a dagger, and bound to one another, with our right arm only free; then let the doors be shut, and the coach go twice round the Place du Carrousel." Raoul accepted; the proposed arrangements were made; and, at a signal, the cab started, two seconds on the box seat, the other two behind. As the horses, driven by the seconds, dashed round at a pace unequalled in the history of hackney-coaches, one cry was heard, then a second, then all within was still. The journey finished, the seconds rushed to the doors, and, from a pool of blood, drew out the combatants. Raoul was dead; the Colonel, pierced with wounds, and with his face torn by Raoul's teeth, yet managed to survive.

From the *Annual Register* also we give particulars of the following duel, of which, as we have found no mention of it in the French histories, we are inclined to think that it may perhaps be no more the record of an actual encounter than the affair of Raoul X——(we have grave doubts as to the reality of personages designated by this initial in French anecdotes) and Dufai. The quarrel was between M. de Grandpre and M. le Pique, and the combat came off at, or perhaps we should say above, Paris in May, 1808. "Being both men of elevated minds, they agreed to fight in balloons, and in order to give time for their preparation, it was determined that the duel should take place on that day month. Accordingly, on the third of May, the parties met at a field adjoining the Tuilleries, where their respective balloons were ready to receive them. Each attended by a second, ascended his car, loaded with blunderbusses, as pistols could not be expected to be efficient in their probable situations. A great multitude attended, hearing of the balloons, but little dreaming of their purpose; the Parisians merely looked for the novelty of a baloon-race. At nine o'clock the cords were cut, and the balloons ascended majestically admidst the shouts of the spectators. The wind was moderate, blowing from the north-northwest, and they kept, as far as could be judged, within about eighty yards of each other. When they had mounted to the height of about nine hundred yards, M. le Pique fired his piece ineffectually; almost immediately afterwards, the fire was returned by M. Grandpre, and penetrated his adversary's balloon, the consequence of which was its rapid descent, and M. le Pique and his second were both dashed to pieces on a house-top, over which the balloon fell. The victorious Grandpre then mounted aloft in the grandest style, and descended safe with his second, about seven leagues from the spot of ascension."

It is hard to doubt, we confess, after the natural touch, "wind moderate, blowing from the north-northwest." Surely the force of dueling can no further go; so here, in spite of the temptation offered by numerous anecdotes of more recent duels, we conclude our article.—*Histoire Anecdotique du Duel, by M. Colombey.*

A WOMAN'S STRATAGEM.

My lover was the noblest man of all:
Of many a noble soul in Padua
The bravest and the noblest. Who like him
Spoke words that fired the hearer when he heard—
Did deeds that wrung the praises from his foes,
Ay, and their envy too? For so it chanced,
Two factions tore the state with mortal feud,
Malice and murder, not a man went forth
But kept his eyes astrain, his hands alert,
His poniard sharply pointed. As for me
(Like poor Giulietta of the Capulets,)
My lover was the marked and special foe,
The hatred of the house that gave me birth:
Dear Gesu, how they hated! Yet by stealth
We kept a tryst or two. They heard of it!
Trust me, in Padua, if a mouse creep forth
At midnight, keep his tryst and tumble back
In the small hours of the morning, not a soul
Next day but hears it in the market-place.
This roused their vengeance, and to make it sure
They gave my hand—confirmed it with an oath—
To Agostino, whom I knew right well
To be both base and treacherous, loved of none,
Or man or woman, Thus the matter stood.
One day the priests came to me, and began
To argue. Have you never heard a priest
Argue? Maria, how my flesh did creep!
I can't remember half the things they said,
So subtly were they spoken! but at length—
You see, I am a mere child still!—it seemed
Almost a virtue to be vile: almost
A vice to shun the villainy they proposed.
So, to be brief, I lent myself at last
(They pledged God's favor for it!) and agreed
To bring Giovanni to a rendezvous
That very night beneath the palace walls,
Under the lime trees. There—be being secure
(As not foreboding falseness from a soul
He had taken to swear his oaths by)—all the while
Three trusty witnesses with ears aprick
In the lime trees—I, for my part, was to draw
His plots and purposes from him, word by word.
I undertook the business. Could I stand
Out and refuse their bidding—three such priests,
Backed by our Mother Church? I laid my plans
Calmly and warily—What's that you say?
Just hear the rest of the story. So the hour
Came round too quickly; and I took my place
At the time appointed, Father Angelo
Perched slyly in angle of the wall
To watch us. Punctual to a fault he came
Close muffled as I warned him, with his face
Hid from their curious gaze. He cast his arms
About me, strained me closely, and—just then
The moon peeped round the corner of a cloud,
And caught us—how I blushed! He held me tight,
Spite of the moon, and murmured in my ear
Words—how should I remember?—lover's words,
That mean much or nothing. Do you think
I marked them, with my bravos overhead,
Biting their sharp stilletoes with their teeth
To keep the laughter in? I paused awhile,
You'll say I shrunk to call them? Next I drew
His ear down close to hear me, and—perhaps—
It may be—once—one little kiss: you see
His face just touched! I scarcely think I kissed!
We'll say his cheek kissed me. And then he spoke
In whispers. Trust me, they had heard enough
Of love! So then I set me to my task,
Drew his secret from him word by word.
He poured his tale out, as a man that pours
The best flask in his cellar for his friend
To pledge him with before they say Addio.
Why not? *we* said Addio, for were not these
The last farewells between us, ere his soul
'Scaped from my hands to God's? I raised my voice,
And spoke that they might hear me: "Is this all?
All—every word of the story?" Thereupon,
Sans ceremony, down my bravoes dropped,
Like three ripe peaches dropping from the wall,
And while his answer withered on his lips
(Did he suspect me false then?)—one, two, three,
They stabbed him! You may fancy how I screamed!
They stabbed him twice again to make all sure,
Then left me with my dead. I think one tear
Escaped me—one was genuine, as I sat
Wailing my fate. But up the Padre came,
And took me to confession. "Is he dead?"
His voice unshaken (as befits the voice
Of one who served his mistress—that's the Church!)
"Ay, dead, dead, dead!" I answered with a groan.
So to confession. All my lover's tale
I told him—plot and counterplot—as, thus
Giovanni purposed—thus Giuseppa swore—
And thus was Giulio's counsel. Then he stood
And gave me absolution: and I saw
A light was in his eyes, of triumph won,
And vengeance close at hand. But as for me,
I think mine eye was bright—I know my heart
Laughed inwardly, albeit my body shook,
As shook those lime-trees when the moon stole forth
And caught us kissing. So I got me home,
And ere the quick sun's earliest beams had touched
The top vanes of the churches, we were safe;
My lover, still the noblest man of men—
Giovanni and I!
You guess the rest of the tale?
'Twas Agostino that was kissing me
Under the lime-trees. I had spread my nets
Warily, promising I know not what
Sweet things, and luring him with honeyed lies.
(Leave a woman alone for that!) Poor fool.
I pitied him; but what was I to do?
I had but two to choose from, so I chose
Giovanni, and hold him in Verona's walls
Safe to this day, uomo degli uomini!

Bentley's Miscellany.

STRYCHNINE.

STRYCHNINE is a chemical preparation of the *nux vomica*, which is the fruit of the genus *strychnos*. It grows in Ceylon and the several districts of India, and is a tree of moderate size. Its stem is short and crooked, and its leaves are thick and shining. The fruit is of a rich orange color, with a hard and smooth rind, and the pulp is white and soft; within the rind are round flat seeds scarcely an inch in diameter, and of an ashen gray color, and covered with small or minute silky hairs. The Germans call these seeds "gray eyes," the Arabs "dog-killer" and "fish-scale," and it is vulgarly called in America, "dog-button," from being often used as a poison for canine quadrupeds.

The seed of this fruit or the nux vomica, sometimes called vomix nut, is a deadly poison, and its nature and properties were understood by the Orientals, and used as a medicine long before it was known to other nations. Strychnine is the chemical preparation of the nut, and is vegetable alkaloid; it has an intensely bitter taste, similar to that of some metallic salts. It is an energetic poison, acting on the nervous system, producing tetanus. In the arts it has no use. In order to procure strychnine the seeds are boiled in dilute sulphuric acid until they are soft, and crushed, and the expressed liquid mixed with an excess of hydrate of lime, which throws down the alkaloids. The precipitate is then boiled in spirits of wine or alcohol, and filtered while hot. This liquid when properly purified, crystalizes in small brilliant, octahedral crystals, which are transparent and colorless.

It is said that the natives of Hindoostan often use nox vomica in the same way as the opium eater, and commence by taking about one eighth of a nut a day, and gradually increase to an entire nut. If it is eaten directly before or after food no unpleasant effects are produced, but if neglected spasms are the result.

TAKING THINGS EASY.—When a man tells you that he "always takes things easy," and "never puts himself out of the way for anything or anybody," set him down in your mental memorandum book as a case of chronic laziness and selfishness. Such easy going individuals never win either fortune or fame. They may call their indifference independence; but if so, they make a miserable mistake. Real independence is the offspring of well directed energy; and the "philosophy of indolence" is nothing better than a mean and contemptible sophistry. "Whatever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might," is the vigorous language of Inspiration; and David Crockett's "Be sure you are right, then go ahead," is simply the divine command translated into rough Anglo-Saxon.

EDWIN BOOTH'S new theatre, New York, will cost about $200,000. Its site is the corner of Sixth avenue and Twenty-third street.

MANY a man's tongue is a two-edged sword, one of the edges cutting his friends, and the other himself.

COVETOUSNESS terms liberality a spendthrift, and prodigality calls her a churl; she is alike contrary to both.

NOTICE.

The publication of "The Californian" takes place on Saturday mornings, and copies may be obtained in the City at all News stands, and of our News-agents through the country. It will also be served by carriers on the morning of publication.

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J. P. BOGARDUS, J. F. BOWMAN. } *Editors and Proprietors.*

THE CALIFORNIAN.

SAN FRANCISCO,.....SATURDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1867.

THE MORAL OF IT.

WHETHER or not we accept as reliable in detail, the dispatches of yesterday in regard to the elections in Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Indiana, it is evident that the great reactionary movement long forseen by many, and which we predicted several months before the late election in this State, is still in progress with undiminished momentum, without having yet attained its culminating point. Whether or not, it is true that in Ohio the negro-suffrage amendment has been defeated by a majority of forty thousand votes, there can be no doubt whatever that there is a vast multitude of electors throughout the North, who hated slavery without entertaining any particular affection for the negro, and in whose minds the antipathies of race and caste, are as yet stronger than any political affinities. In our judgment the reaction of which the indications are so unmistakable and which seems likely to restore the Democratic party to power, is chiefly due to two causes, first, the general discontent under the burdens of taxation, and the growing alarm at the financial condition of the country; and second, a wide spread feeling in the popular mind, that the humanitarianism of the Republicans has been carried too far, and has had too exclusively in its contemplation, the benefit of the negro. The appeals of the Democratic press to these two feelings have been strong, persistent, artful; and it is not to be wondered at that they have proved successful. Whether we regard the antipathy to the negro and Chinese races, which exerted so powerful an influence upon our own State election as a conservative instinct implanted by nature in the Caucasian breast for wise purposes, or as a narrow and hateful prejudice which is ever strongest in the ignorant and ignoble, there can be no question at all as to its strength and tenacity. Experience has shown that it is one of those sentiments that are far more easily stimulated than rebuked. To appeal to it successfully, requires but a moderate share of the talent of the demagogue; while the most persuasive pleading of the humanitarian, and the loftiest eloquence of the orator seem to have proved powerless to dislodge it from the minds of the masses.

The other point, namely, taxation, and the burdens growing out of the war, has furnished the Democratic party with another pregnant text upon which they have not failed to improve in a very effective manner. The class of men who are capable of feeling keenly the inconveniences of heavy taxation is vastly larger than the class of men who are accessible to motives of lofty and unselfish patriotism; and even among those who in great crises, or in moments of exaltation and enthusiasm, are susceptible to the influence of such motives, the great majority cannot long sustain their feelings at the elevated pitch of disinterestednees and self-denial. During the terrible excitement of the war, feeling was stimulated, and there was nothing to cool the ardor of patriotic impulse. There was something in the very atmosphere that tended to make men careless of small privations, and to a certain extent, reckless of interest. While every day brought news of battles fought and victories won, while gallant men were laying down their lives by thousands for the cause of the Union, those who espoused that cause, yet did not fight for it, would have beenashamed to complain of mere sacrifices of property even had they felt as many of them have comfort since learned to feel. But unfortunately, the burdens, or instead of ceasing with the contest, not only continued, but increased after the rebellion had collapsed. The excitement ceased at the very time when the load began to be felt, and when the need of some stimulus to patriotic endurance was greatest. At the close of the war, a formidable task devolved upon the Republican party, a task to which no party has ever yet proved equal, that, namely, of introducing innovations and changes to adapt a country that has passed through a revolutionary crisis, to a new condition of things, without provoking reaction and losing popularity. The Republicans had to meet in some way, all the difficulties of Reconstruction; and it was utterly impossible for them, unless gifted with more than merely mortal wisdom, to meet those difficulties in such a way as to escape criticism. The party in power, in periods of doubt and difficulty always labors under the terrible disadvantage that it has to take the initiative, to *do something*, to strike out some line of policy; while its adversary, the party out of power, has nothing to do but to criticise, to object, and to point out difficulties and inconveniences, a task which is always comparatively simple. In the case in question, the work devolving upon an "opposition" was especially easy. The problem that presented itself at the close of the war to the leaders of the party then in power, was appalling in its complexity. Principles had to be settled before the facts upon which their determination depended had been ascertained. Upon many of the most important questions involved in the problem of Reconstruction, there was a bewildering confusion of theories and opinions. The popular mind was unsettled. There were no precedents to furnish light or guidance; the circumstances were new, and the principles applicable to them had to be reasoned out *a priori*. To devise a plan or policy that would not involve grave difficulties, and be open to many plausible objections was simply an impossibility; and of course the Republicans failed to devise any such plan or policy. Accordingly, nothing could be simpler than the course marked out for the "opposition" to pursue from the date of the earliest movement of Congress in the work of re-establishing the Union, or, as the pious Nashy expressively phrases it, of "making things normal again." To object that things were done without precedent, for which no precedent existed, because the circumstances themselves were unprecedented; to denounce measures as unconstitutional which were dictated by the law of self-preservation, and when the necessity for those measures grew out of novel circumstances, unforeseen, and unprovided for by the founders of the Constitution; to propose nothing themselves, and to subject everything that was proposed by their opponents to carping and disingenuous criticism; to pretend to approve the objects of the war and to admit its necessity while they harped incessantly upon evils that were its inevitable consequences; to profess devotion to the Union, while opposing with bitter obstinacy the measures necessary to preserve it, and heaping derision and slander upon the ablest and most conspicuous defenders; to sneer at the plea for justice to the negro, as the cant of a spurious philanthropy, and to lose no opportunity of appealing to all the most sordid and selfish instincts of human nature—these were the obvious and easy tactics naturally suggested to an "opposition" by the political situation; and being promptly adopted, and persistently acted upon, they have been as fruitful in results as the most sanguine reactionist could have anticipated But the important question is, not as to the present extent, but as to the real significance of this reaction in the popular mind. Does it indicate that the people regret the sacrifices they have made for the suppression of the rebellion, and appalled by the difficulties of Reconstruction, and the present aspect of the negro question, that they are inclined to look upon the war itself as a mistake, or merely that no party can long remain in control of public affairs and exposed to the searching criticism of vigilant and bitter opponents without suffering a loss of their popularity and being precipitated from power? This is a question which with others of a less speculative character, will be determined at the next Presidential election.

The failure of the attempt to establish the College of California upon a permanent basis, after a struggle of many years on the part of a few enlightened friends of liberal culture, furnishes another striking proof of the Philistinism of the present generation of Californians. The efforts of the men who have been laboring in the cause have met with little encouragement in the community at large, showing that the people had no very lively appreciation of the benefits to be derived from an educational institution of any higher grade than the schools and academies, ambitiously called "colleges," which already abound throughout the State. For learning itself, aside from direct utilitarian applications and results, there seems indeed to be very little respect among us. The consequence is, that the project of establishing a Californian University has been abandoned, and the Trustees have tendered to the State authorities, for the use of the Agricultural College, the lands held by them for the former institution. The Agricultural College will doubtless meet with cordial support, being a practical, potato-growing institution, uninfected by the effeminacy of "book learning," and having associations with sub-soil ploughs, guano, and poudrette, instead of with Greek roots and the Differential Calculus.

We have received a copy of a neat pamphlet of twenty-three pages containing the oration and poem delivered before the Society of California Pioneers on the occasion of celebrating their seventeenth aniversary. The oration, which is a production of more than ordinary ability, was delivered by William H. Clark Esq. ex-President of the association, and the poem, entitled "A Legend of San Francisco," was written by Charles Warren Stoddard, and read by John Swett, the Superintendent of Public Instruction. Among the Pioneers pesent on the occasion were ex-Presidents Haris, Roach, and Sutton; ex-Vice Presidents Cunningham and Chappille, together with eighteen members entitled to wear the red badge by virtue of their having become residents of California prior to 1849, and one hundred and seventy-four whose residence dates back to that year.

Charles Henry Webb is writing "Things" for the New York *Citizen*. He has dropped his old *nom de plume*, "Inigo," and writes under his own name.

[For the Californian.]

ORIGIN OF THE LAST BONNET.

Says Dolly, "I want a new bonnet.
Now, spider, pray will you not try
To make one?" "Oh, yes," says the spider,
"If I can but catch me a fly."

Then Dolly fell into a slumber,
To make bonnet strings for the fair;
A gossamer line telegraphic
The spider spun over her hair.

A fly paying homage to beauty,
In circles about her young head,
Alighting, his feet were entangled
At once in the gossamer thread.

Aroused by the sensitive fibre,
The spider sprang after his prey,
Whose fright giving strength to his pinions,
They freed him and bore him away.

But like a well-bred *cavallero*,
Before he expanded his wings,
He left as his card for the spider,
A speck on the gossamer strings.

And thus was the latest of fashions
Invented—the bonnet was won,
And Dolly awoke from her slumbers,
To find herself leading the *ton*.

S.

CLASSICAL DIVERSIONS.

THE composition of Greek and Latin verses, is an exercise which still retains in the English Universities as much prominence as it enjoyed in the time of Gray, who was almost as proud of some of his Latin poems, as he was of his famous elegy. In our American colleges the study of the classics is seldom carried beyond the point of prose composition in its simplest form, and there are very few even among our most accomplished scholars who could without great labor, acheive so comparatively easy a task as the production of half a dozen "nonsense hexameters." Accordingly, we are not surprised to find that the Latin versions of certain favorite American poems, that have from time to time appeared in the New York *Citizen*, are the work of an Irish or Canadian scholar, namely, of William Henry Halpine of Huron University, Canada West, and a brother of the editor of the *Citizen*. Professor Halpine's latest feat of this kind, consists of translation into Latin verse of a poem delivered by "Miles" on Washington's birthday, 1865, as "An Appeal to the Patriotic and Benevolent for a Soldiers' Home." There may be some few among the readers of the Californian who have preserved sufficient of their early classical education to make a specimen of this skillful and graceful performance interesting to them.

We give a single stanza, the original English first, followed by the Latin rendering:

Forever past the days of gloom,
The long sad days of doubt and fear,
When women, by her idle loom,
Heard the dread battle's nearing boom
With clasped hands and straining ear;
While each new hour the past pursues
With further threat of loss and pain,
Till the sick senses would refuse
To longer drink the bloody news
That told of sons and brothers slain.

Nunc sunt amaræ præteritæ dies!
Dies acerbæ tristitia et metu!
Quum virgines matresque flentes,
Textilibus studiis relictis,
Hausere bellorum auribus horridum
Clamorem acutis, et duplici mann;
Hora dolores quaque plures
Majus et exitium minante;
Donec recusat victa doloribus
Mens res amaras accipere auribus;
Natis cruento Marte cæsis,
Fratribus excitio peremptis!

The *Citizen* states that among the unprofessional scholars of New York, who possess sufficient classical accomplishments to be able to indulge in metrical diversions of this sort, are General John A. Dix, and Alexander T. Stewart, the great dry goods merchant, who is said to be as proud of "his still perfect Latin and Greek," as of "the vast fortune which he has evoked under the enchanting rod of his well directed industry."

The City Gardens.—The moonlight concert at the City Gardens last night was well attended. It is to be regretted that the rainy season which is fast approaching will soon put a stop to these delightful entertainments. A few more can be given and we trust will be. San Francisco has long needed a pleasant resort, where friends can meet one another, promenade, talk and enjoy themselves. This afternoon a prime concert will be given, and to-morrow a choice selection of sacred music will be played. Boating on the lake, bowling alleys, croquet ground, etc., afford a plentiful supply of amusement.

Woodward's Gardens.—The South American lion recently added to the zoological department of these delightful gardens, attracts much attention. Beautiful birds, flowers, fruits, paintings, and thousands of works of Nature and Art, render Woodward's Gardens a most charming spot in which to spend a few hours. To-day a prime concert will be given and a sacred concert will take place to-morrow.

THE "CALIFORNIAN" AT YOSEMITE VALLEY.

A Disagreeable Ride—At Coulterville—The Route to the Valley—In the Valley—A Few Wild Thoughts—Table of Altitudes—Mariposa—An Unfortunate Town—Off for Stockton—Messrs. Fisher's Line of Stages—Stockton and the Stocktonians—A Visit to the Insane Asylums—Down the River—In San Francisco, etc.

[SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE TO THE "CALIFORNIAN."]

BOHEMIAN PALACE, SEPT., 1867.

After a miscrable, dry, dusty, rickety, ride from Stockton *via* Murphy's and the Big Trees of Calaveras county, we make a detour over one of the most abominable pieces of stage road on the surface of this opaque planet, extending from the barbarian and pockmarked town of Murphy's to the pleasant and poetic looking little city of Sonora, that lies nestled at the feet of the sunny hills. From here we start for the famous resort known as the Crimean House, a sad, dejected, dilapidated looking tavern, standing alone in an open dry piece of mountain prarie. The C. H. is fifteen miles from Sonora. Leaving this ancestral institution, with its dingy walls and its happy nomadic proprietor haunting your memory, we move for Coulterville, twenty-four miles distant. This part of the journey is quite pleasant, as there are a number of empty barns along the route, no inhabitants, and no dogs. In the pious langnage of Goldsmith :

Ill fares the land to hastening ills a prey,
Where poodle dogs and pious men doth fade away.

AT COULTERVILLE

The shades of evening had fallen—beautiful shades with silver stars glistening in the mystic heavens when I rode into Coulterville. Here the traveler, by instinct, inquires for that genial and big hearted man, J. C. Coulter, after whom the snburban city has been named, as being the most proper person to initiate him in the manner of traversing that mysterious and "narrow way," that leads to the famous Yosemite Valley. In the morning, mounted on a "prancing steed," from the splendid stocked livery stahle of Mr. C., we start for the valley. It is sixteen miles to Black's, a small "country tavern," at the terminus of the wagon road from Coulterville, and at a piont where commences the trail to Yosemite. From Black's, where the traveler usually stops over night when he proceeds hy this route, you depart next morning on the trail a distance of some 50 or 60 miles. Some tourists take guides, others "go it alone," as Charles Reade has it in that book of moral spices, *Griffith Gaunt*. A day's ride through dense forests and pleasant openings, over intricate paths, and night comes to find the weary traveler safely and cozily located at the cheerful hearthstone of the Yosemite Valley Hotel, presided over hy J. M. Hutchings, Esq.

IN THE VALLEY.

A three days' reconnoisance of the valley made us wish our limited time extended to three weeks duration! This is certainly one of the most noble and impressive valleys on the face of God's green earth. How magnificently sublime are the towering walls of granite that raise themselves up towards Heaven, as if they sought to worship at the shrine of their Omnipotent Architect, who here erected Nature's Eternal Temples in the Eternal Valley, imhued with His grandeur and His greatness. The various diamond cataracts that sing their mountain music, and float like magic spray upon the polished granite, how tenderly heautiful they look! O, if I were only a poet, how would I describe this enchanting Valley of the Gods. Fit abode for Bohemian and Peri. But I must at present curtail myself in the line descriptive, and will be content (as I presume you will be) with giving you a table of the altitudes at Yosemite Valley.

WATERFALLS:

Indian Name.	*Signification.*	*American Name.*	*Height above Valley.*
Po-ho-no	Spirit of the Evil Wind	Bridal Veil	940 ft
Yo-Semite	Large Grizzly Bear		2634 ft
First Fall, 1600 feet; Second Fall, 434 feet; Third Fall, 600 feet.			
Pi-wy-ack	Cataract of Diamonds	Vernal	350 ft
Ye-wi-ye		Nevada	700 ft
To-lool-we-ack		South Fork	700 ft
To-coy-æ	Shado to Indian Baby Basket	Royal Arch Fall	1800 ft
Loya		Sentinel Fall	3200 ft

MOUNTAINS:

Tis-sa-ack	Goddess of the Valley	South Dome	6000 ft
		Cloud's Rest	6450 ft
To-coy-æ	Shade to Indian Baby Basket	North Dome	3725 ft
Hunto	The Watching Eye	Round Tower	2400 ft
Mah-ta	Martyr Mountain	Cap of Liberty	4600 ft
		Mt. Starr King	5600 ft
Tu-tock-a-mu-la	Great Chief of the Valley	The Captain	3100 ft
Wah-wah-le-na		Three Graces	3750 ft
Pom pom-pa-sus	Mountains playing Leap-Frog	Three Brothers	4300 ft
Poo-seo-nah Chuck-ka	Large Acorn Cache	Cathedral Rock	2400 ft
		Sentinel Dome	4500 ft
Loya		Sentinel Rock	3270 ft

The Yosemite Valley is 4,060 feet above the sea. Its general course is northeasterly and southwesterly. The main Merced river runs through it. In many places the walls of the valley are nearly vertical. The monntains surronnding it will average ahont 4,000 feet in height.

So much for the valley. Now for the return. Departing we come by the way of Mariposa, visit the Big Trees, near Clark's, and which are a much more interesting sight than those in Calaveras county. It is a big day's ride from the valley to Mariposa, over the mountains, although the distance is only forty-seven miles. some say fifty, so people tell me, but I found no difficulty in riding the distance and visiting the Big Trees besides, five miles off the road, and reached the city (Mariposa) in time for an eight o'clock supper.

MARIPOSA.

This once lively and pleasant little town has suffered seriously hy fires, having heen twice destroyed. Its people have seen enongh of fire on this earth, and I trust they will be more fortunate in their locations hereafter, hoth as to this world and the next. The town is still plucky, and determined not to give up the ghost yet. It is heing rebuilt, and many of the new buildings will be handsome brick structures. The city and county supports two very excellent weekly newspapers. The *Gazette*, edited by A. M. Swaney, and the *Mail*, presided over by my friend Reynolds, a valliaut victor in the late political war. Tourists arriving here by calling on Messrs Washburne & Cook, will be able to procure all desired information with regard to the country, the Big Trees and the valley.

OFF FOR STOCKTON.

We are off for Stockton, a stage trip of one hundred miles. We leave Mariposa at one o'clock P. M. and reach Stockton the following day at the same hour. This route to reach Yosemite Valley is much more pleasant and agreeable than that hy way of Murphy's. When parties of five or more desire it, by addressing the Messrs. Fishers, of Stockton, owners of the line, they will be driven through by daylight to Mariposa, and the day following, Messrs. Washburne & Cook will express the same party through by daylight, reaching the Yosemite Hotel before snndown. So that it only takes two days by this arrangement to reach the Yosemite from San Francisco.

STOCKTON AND THE STOCKTONIANS.

I spent a very pleasant day among the Stocktonians. Had a hrief glance at their pleasant, prosperous city of 5,500 inhabitants. Wheat and churches are the two great staples of Stockton. I visited the Lunatic Asylums. In the male asylnm there are 540 patients, in the female, 213. The matron of the latter information informs me that the patients are usually very orderly and quiet, and that among themselves they never quarrel, hut on the contrary, are generally very affable to each other. The seamstress, Mrs. Pike, a most estimable and kind hearted young woman, has a number of her more unfortunate sisters under her charge, whom she educates to sew, embroider, knit, and work sswing machines. The patients seem to be quite happy when they can thns be employed, and much prefer it to idleness. The sleeping apartment in both asylums appear to be over scrupulously clean, but the male inmates seem to be very slovenly and unclean in their persons and manners. On the contrary, woman's instinctive ove of order and beauty, seems not to fail her even in her present condition as seen here at the asylum, so that in neatness and taste they look as tidy as if they were each of them a mistress in her home.

DOWN THE RIVER.

The steamer *Cornelia* and her consort, the *Julia*, are popnlar boats on the Stockton route, and hetween them the river trade finds no rivals; and could have no superiors, run as they are now, on the hest time. Safe and commodious, they satisfy a great public want.

IN SAN FRANCISCO.

Once again we find ourselves in this glorious city. It looks like home. When a man becomes thoroughly educated in the "world," he can live nowhere else than in a great city. All cities are minature worlds. They are the great theatres of dramatic life. Of all lives give us the life blood and the currents of metropolitan existence—though fate does decree that we proceed to Russian America to-morrow.

DR. ADONIS.

DRAMATIC AFFAIRS.

DAN Bryant draws large audiences, shouts of laughter, yells of applanse, and lots of money, every night. On Monday, and Tuesday evening, the entertainment consisted of *Shandy Maguire*, a terrific Irish drama, and the capital farce of *The Irish Lion*. On Wednesday, *Shamys O'Brien*, which has become very popular with the theatre-goers, was played, and on Thursday, *The Bells of Shandon* was presented. Last night, *Irish Emigrant* and *Handy Andy* were performed.

This afternoon, *Shandy Maguire* will be played, and the performance this evening will consist of *Shamus O'Brien* and *The Irish Lion*. On Monday, an Irish drama entitled *Ishnavouge*, will he produced and played throughout the week.

A large audience assembled in the Metropolitan Theatre on Monday evening, on the occasion of Miss Emma Howson's benefit. The opera of *Maritana* was capitally performed. The fair heneficiary gained great applause for her rendition of the title role, and was encored in "Scenes that are Brightest" and the duet of "Sainted Mother," with Miss Clelia Howson. Henri Herherte sang and acted "Don Cæsar de Bazan" with great spirit and delighted the audience hy the manner in which he sang, "Let me Like a Soldier Fall,' though he certainly strained a little too much for effect in the highest notes. Miss Clelia Howson made a capital "Lazarillo," singing the music charmingly, and acting the part with an earnestness, which gained for the faithful page, the sympathy of every one in the house. On Tuesday, Mr. Fitzgerald took a benefit, and made his first appearance in tragedy, performing "Othello," in the play of that name. The house was not a good one, neither was the performance. Mr. Fitzgerald made some good points in the more impassioned scenes, but there was a terrible stiltedness and sameness of style in his reading. I must say that Mr. Fitzgerald is entirely wrong in the stage bnsiness which he introduces in the third scene of Act III, where the following takes place between "Othello" and "Desdemona :"

Des.—Why is your speech so faint? are yon not well?
Oth.—I have a pain upon my forehead here,
Des.—'Faith, that's with watching; 'twill away again;
Let me but bind it hard, within this hour
It will be well.
Oth.—Your napkin is too little.
[*He puts the handkerchief from him and it drops.*]
Let it alone. Come I'll go in with you.

When Mr. Fitzgerald, in the character of "Othello," put the handkerchief from him and it dropped, "Desdemona" stepped forward and attempted to pick it up. "Othello," making a prohibitory gesture with his hand, said :

"Let it alone. Come, I ll go in with you."

The exclamation, evidently, does not refer to the handkerchief, but to "Othello's" head. "Desdemona," in her anxiety to afford "Othello" relief, does not notice that she has dropped it, neither does "Othello." Had "Desdemona" attempted to pick up the handkerchief, and been deterred from doing so by "Othello," her defense, when, taxed with having given it to "Cassio," would have been very easy—"you know that when you had a pain in your head the other day, I tried to hind your forehead with the handkerchief, you pushed it from you and peevishly forbade me pick it up." Desdemonia might easily under common circnmstances forget so trrivial an affair as the loss of a handkerchief, but would certainly, when accused of having given it to a lover, remember, having been told by her husband to let it alone, when she dropped it. The loss of the handkerchief should be made to appear as accidental, and care should be taken to show that the attention of "Othello" and "Desdemona" is diverted from it. "Emela" says :—

"She let it drop by negligence."

The "Iago" of Mr. Bates was a very unfinished performance. He bellowed the soliloquies, instead of uttering them in a calm, reflective manner, and failed to express the delight which "Iago" took the villainous labor he was engaged in. Mrs. Fitzgerald, who on this occasion made her first appearance on the San Francisco stage, did not display much force, but generally read correctly and with good taste. Frank Howson made a slightly heavy old "Cassio;" J. H. Vinson was excellent in the character of "Brabantio," and Mrs. P. R. Saunders played "Emelia" very well.

On Wednesday, Andrew Torning, the talented scenic artist, whose productions have assisted in the success of hundreds of plays produced on the San Francisco stage, was the recipient of a complimentary benefit, tendered him by the Howard Social Club. It wasn't half a benefit. The Howard people did their best I dare say, hut the people might have a good deal better for Mr. Torning before he left for Australia. Some of the finest scenery in this State—not intending any disrespect to the Yosemite Falls and the Big Trees—has been made by Andrew Torning, and as San Francisco is deficient in real gurgling violets, umbrageous forests and mossy banks, we cannot very comfortably spare this clever imitator of Nature's works. Mr. Torning will leave for Sidney on the 16th inst., in the barque *Sunshine*. *The Flying Dutchman* and *Pierette, or the Village Rivals*, were played on the occasion of Mr. Torning's benefit. On Thursday evening, to gratify a very general wish, the opera of *Maritana* was repeated and performed in a style which pleased even the most critical. Last night *The Flying Dutchman*, which presents some very fine scenic effects and affords Andrew Torning a good opportunity to evince his talent as a pantomimic artist, was repeated. This afternoon *The Flying Dutchman* will be played for the last time.

This evening, W. B Hamilton, the veteran actor and manager, will take a benefit. On this occasion Miss Caroline Hamilton, the daughter of the beneficiary, will make her first appearance on any stage, in the character of "Julia," in *The Hunchback*. Miss Hamilton has been for some time under the tuition of her aunt, Miss Caroline Chapman, one of the most thoroughly accomplished and artistic actresses who have ever graced the San Francisco stage.

On Monday, the grand spectacular drama entitled *Azael, The Prodigal Son*, will he produced with gorgeous scenery and dresses, grand processions, dancing girls, etc. During the last month the preparations for the production of this drama have been in daily progress, in spite of the occupation of the Metropolitan Theatre by the Japanese. On this occasion Mrs. F. M. Bates, who made snch a favorable impression on the public on her first appearance, will commence an engagement at the Metropolitan Theatre. Mrs. Bates is a charming actress and will prove a valnahle addition to the company.

On Tuesday, after the regular business of that admirable association, the British Benevolent Society, was dispatched, a delightful musical reunion took place. The ladies and gentlemen of the Motet and Madrigal Society, which comprises many members of "The Twelve," volunteered their services, and many fine old English hallads, glees and madrigals were sung. Henri Herberte was never in hetter voice, he sang, "The Queen's Letter," and "The Village Blacksmith" splendidly. Swift and Wunderlich gained great applause and a unanimous encore for their duet of "Robin Ruff." Mrs. Uhrig Leach, Mrs. Grotjean and other ladies sang very finely "The Chough and Crow," "Home, Sweet Home," and of course, "God Save the Queen;" were among the musical compositions rendered. The members of the British Benevolent Society were delighted, and unanimously resolved to tender the Motet and Madrigal Society the use of the rooms for their next concert, and in addition, about one hundred tickets were spoken for. The British Benevolent Society has since its institution accomplished an immense amount of good in a very quiet manner. If the members agree to enliven their monthly meetings by a little music and social amusement their labors will be executed pleasantly, and perhaps many may be induced to take an active part who have hitherto shrnnk from doing their duty. TOUCHSTONE.

REGRET.

BY A. C. SWINBURNE.

Now the days are all gone over
Of our singing, love by lover,
Days of summer-colored seas,
Days of many melodies.

Now the nights are all past over
Of our dreaming, where dreams hover
In a mist of fair false things,
Nights with quiet folded wings.

Now the kiss of child and mother,
Now the speech of sister and brother,
Are but with us as strange words,
Or old songs of last year's birds.

Now all good that comes or goes is
As the smell of last year's roses,
As the shining in our eyes
Of dead Summer in past skies.

—*Fortnightly Review.*

THE MAREMNA.

The Maremna is in Summer, the word that drives the sleep from many an Italian woman's pillow as she thinks of the perils that her husband, her brother, or her betrothed is encountering as he reaps the fertile harvest, and gains, at the risk of his life, the wages that will enable him and his to live through the Winter. "*A me mi pare una Maremna amara*" is the burden of the song with which many a child is rocked to sleep. And with reasons. The Maremna is the Littorale or shore of the Tuscan sea; and there the coasts that bound the blue waters of the Mediterranean are lined by tangled jungles and pestilential marshes, where at each sunset arises the baleful fever which, passing in scorn over the ruined cities that its pernicious breath has depopulated, creeps along like the sleuth-hound until it finds the hardy mountaineer returning from his day of labor, and smites him with the wasting blight that saps his strength. Yet year after year do the sons of Italy descend with unwearied energy to these valleys and deadly plains, to reap the crops that have grown uncared-for but luxuriantly, death and disease stalking behind them, and the fear of falling victims to the power of the evil air urging them to increased exertions in order that they may earlier return and share their scanty gains with their wives and children. They march gaily, too, often singing alternately in their rough monotone the songs they have composed themselves, cheerful in the consciousness that they are fulfilling a duty, and this although knowing that they have to fight a foe against whom neither courage, nor energy, nor strength can avail, but whose damp breath appears to draw the marrow from their bones and fill them with fever; sometimes sending them weak and emaciated, useless as workmen, to their native homes; sometimes in a few hours laying their bodies low, to lie, far from family and friends, in unconsecrated ground.

ONE OF THE "RULERS" THAT PRUSSIA WIPED OUT.—The Duke of Nassau could never console himself for the narrowness of his dominions, which was the perpetual sorce of fun to the Prussian papers. They one day declared that he, having exiled a courtier, stood on his palace'st errace to see the order executed; the next day the Prussian newspapers would publish a pseudo-decree, forbidding all faithful subjects from discharging muskets or pistols in a horizontal line, in order to avoid violating the frontiers of neighboring States; to their jokes upon his demifluvial navy (he owned only half a river) there were no end. The louder Prussia laughed the more melancholy the duke became. His courtiers tried their best to raise his spirits: the census returns were exaggerated, the births were increased, deaths were diminished, maps made which represented hamlets which ceased to exist in the days of Germanicus as flourishing cities—all in vain. One day a railway company asked permission to build their road across his duchy; he granted permission on condition that the road should pursue a zigzag line, so as to double or tripple the distance run, and force locomotives to travel slowly, so that passengers might think the Duchy of Nassau one of the largest in Germany. He recovered his good humor from that day.

RHEUMATISM.—The latest numbers of the *Medical and Surgical Reporter* contain an article on the "Causes and Treatment of Rheumatism," in which it is held that this disease is chiefly caused by either an acid or an alkali disturbance of the fluids of the body, which, after having been ascertained by the proper tests, at once indicate the sure treatment. When the distnrbance is caused by an excess of acids, alkalies, like potash and soda, produce a cure, and when the alkalies are in excess, acids, like lemon-juice, etc., are successfully administered. This would seem to explain why sometimes one class of remedies and sometimes an entirely opposite kind is required to cure the malady, even in the same persons.

VIRTUE is the humble violet nestled away under its broad, green leaves, over whose head the storms of adversity may pass in safety; vice, the gaudy, poisonous flower, one moment flaunting in fancied security, the next crushed to the earth by some gust of passion, to be trampled upon and neglected, even by those who admire its dangerous beauty. Virtue is the brightest, vice the blackest, thread in the web of life.

DAMASCUS TO-DAY

WE all know something of Damascus—that it is one of the earliest cities in the world which attained prominence; that it is mentioned in the first book of the Bible; was captured by David; that its inhabitants are about half Christians and half Jews, and their mode of life different to that of Western countries. We have heard, also, of Damascus' principal street, called "Straight" (which is straight, but very narrow,) and that the private houses are magnificent, internally, and mean externally; yet we like, at intervals, to refresh our memories of the picturesque city, and read about the grand Orientals of the present. Presuming that our readers will share the pleasure with us, we make room for a few passages, from the *Tribune*, whose correspondent is on the spot:

THE CITY.

Damascus is the "heart of the Orient." If that be so, then some of the veins flowing to the Orient's heart have deeper tinges of Eastern hues than the heart itself. Had one never seen Cairo, Damascus would seem intensely Eastern; after Cairo, it is hard, and cold, and regular. The buildings of Cairo are ancient, dilapidated, and decayed; those of Damascus are in good repair, better built, and better kept; but one may see in a ride from the Mouski to the Citadel more varieties of ancient and modern Oriental architecture than in all the streets called Straight; in Cario, lattices, balconies, and jalousies, stucco and tile-work, and arabesques; houses that approach nearer and nearer each other toward the top, till kisses or whispers might be exchanged across the street; quaintest of gateways and windows, towers and minarets, and domes. In Cairo one is bewildered by the number of changes that pass under his eye in a walk of half an hour. Damascus has all these, doubtless, but nowhere blended in such multiplicity of detail. Her edifices, are as I have mentioned before, nearly all of one color, and all of one general style, flat-roofed and heavy, and, to external appearance, merely mud huts on an enlarged and improved plan.

LUXURIOUS RESIDENCES.

This absence of street architecture or decoration, gives to the eye of an American—accustomed to seeing houses built with special view to the showing off well from the street—an air of poverty and meanness which stamps itself upon our impressions of the place. Such an impression, however, is quickly dispelled, so far as Damascus is concerned, when we get once within the inclosing walls are generally mosaisics, or paintings in imitation of tile-work. Every court has its pavements and its fountains—almost every one its flowers and its trees. Many of the rooms are elegant, the furniture wanting in many things that constitute our home comfort; but, in the richness of their tapestries, the luxuriant sweep of their drapery, the softness of their couches, and the brightness of their mirrors, these Orientals are not to be surpassed.

SCENE FROM THE TEMPLE.

In the great mosque of the Omeiyades, or as it is now called of "St. John," a scowling inspection of our slippers was made, lest, by some neglect, our unholy tread should pollute the sacred temple. A man stood holding aside the screen, that a look might be taken at the so-called "tomb of St. John," allowing the turbaned gazers to linger, but hurrying us impatiently away. Like almost all the ancient structures of the East, it has long passed its age of beauty. The Oriental coloring is faded: the pavements are sunken, the mosaics crumbling and dropping from the walls. Its lofty height, the majesty of its mighty columns, its immense dome, must continue to impress the beholder for centuries to come. For any examination in detail we were not permitted to linger, but were hastened away, because, said the guide, of an approaching funeral procession." We stayed long enough, however, to get a look at the Greek inscription that ignorance has permitted to remain all these years over one of the beautiful portals: "Thy Kingdom, O Christ, is an everlasting Kingdom, and thy throne is established forevermore." We found Hassan waiting in the porch, with his arms full of boots and shoes, and we followed him up a winding stair to the top of the tall minaret, to get a view of the city. We took our stand in the little gallery running outside the tower, where the muezzin stands at early morn, with his message for the people, "Prayer is better than sleep! Awake and pray;" and again, at noon and night, the same voice falls upon them with "God is great"—"God is but one!"—"Come to prayer!"—"There is no God but God!" From this light the picture was lovely, indeed, for the long line of mud-colored, windowless walls, seen from the street, no longer shut out the real beauty of the city, but seemed strong and suitable inclosures for the beautiful courts and gardens. The varied color of the roofs, the domes and minarets glistening in the sun, the clustering tops of the khans, the gardens smiling in all the beauty of June, the tossing palms, the sparkling waters of the Abana, the distant stretch of desert sand, and afar the snowy summits of Lebanon—it was, indeed, very beautiful.

AN Englishman has devised a plan for supplying the residents of crowded cities with fresh country air, imported at so much per cubic foot, and laid in pipes, like Spring Valley water.

THE CUSTOM OF DRINKING HEALTHS.

"HEALTHS" in honor of mortals came to us from abroad. The first given in Britain was given by a lady. It was the "Health of the King;" and mischief came of it. The lady was Rowena, daughter of Hengist. That Saxon ally of the British King Vortigern entertained at a banquet the monarch who he intended first to make his son-in-law and then to destroy. After dinner-the ladies were admitted—a custom which has not yet died on occasions of public festivity—and Rowena was at the head of them. She carried aloft a capacious goblet of wine, and approaching the dazzled and delighted King, she said, with a courteous reverence: "Lord King, I drink your health." This was said in Saxon, and Vortigern shook his head to imply that he had not been taught Saxon, and was very sorry for it. He looked inquiringly at his interpreter, and that official translated the lady's words. But this rendered Vortigern little the wiser, as Rowena stood silently gazing at him, cup in hand, and he found himself in utterly new circumstances, and in dreadful want of a master of the ceremonies. "What ought I to do?" he asked of the interpreter; and the latter replied, "As the lady has offered to drink your health, saying: 'Wacht heil!' you should bid her quaff the wine, saying, 'Drinc heil!'" And Vortigern shaped his British mouth to the utterance of the foreign odium, and Rowena smiled so exquisitely at his uncouth accent, before she kissed the brim of the cup, that the King lost head and heart, and speedily became double drunk with love and wine. Thus was a drinking of healths brought into Britain, and under such distinguished patronage that it became a universal fashion. And it had a pretty circumstance attached to it, which, in later degenerate days, went out with the fashion itself. The gallant Vortigern, when he returned the Saxon lady's compliment, and took the cup to drink, not only quaffed it to her health, but before he did so, kissed her rose-tinted lips with such fervor that the custom of giving health was at once firmly established, and when a lady drank to a gentleman he not only pledged her with the formulary of "Drinc heil," but saluted her lips.

In course of time came the "reigning toasts," and noble ladies felt flattered at knowing they were the "toasts of the town." Clubs engraved their names on the club glasses, and the first poets of the day added a tribute of laudatory verse. Then came fashion of a grosser sort when each gallant, toasted the lady next to him, swore he would drink no wine but what was strained through her petticoat! We may fancy with what boisterous politeness the edge of the petticoat was seized, with what hilarious coyness it was defended, how some of the damsels looked over, under, or from the sides of their fans, while others affected to close the eyes which they kept open to look through the interstices of the convenient screen. Then the hems of the garments were placed over the glasses, the wine was poured through, and the Quixotic fellows quaffed the draft in honor of the fair ones! There came a time, however, when men had more refinement, and would not give up to the tipsy salutations of "health drinkers" the names of the true and modest mistresses of their hearts. The lover who was a gentleman, and yet who was a "good fellow" always kept his gentility before him, and his mistress' name to himself. An illustration of this is afforded us through Mr. John Bruce having luckily inserted in his admirable edition of Cowper, that writer's "Early Poems." In one of these, "The Symptons of Love," writen to "Delia," but really addressed to the author's early and only love, his cousin Theodora, are the following lines:

> And lastly, when summoned to drink to my flame
> Let her guess why I never once mentioned her name,
> Though herself and the woman I love are the same.

Connected with this subject of toasting the ladies, ill-fortune has sometimes come of it when it might be least expected. For example: "Honest men and bonnie lassies!" is a toast which one would think could never bring offence with it; but while the rule holds the exception presents itself. A young minister in Scotland was about to preach a probationary sermon in a church for the ministry of which he was a candidate. Being a stranger, he was housed and entertained by a parishioner, who invited many of his fellows to sup with the candidate on Saturday night. The elders had quietly saturated themselves with toddy and smoke when the unlucky probationer, in his innocence, proposed, before they parted, "Honest men and bonnie lassies!" The uncorighteous looked through their smoke and over their glasses with orthodox horror, and said that no minister would have their sympathy who could not stick quietly to his liquor, but whose thoughts were running on the lasses so near the Sabbath! The company assented, and the candidate had to forego the honor he coveted.

There was fine and generous delicacy and great readiness of wit in George II. when, during one of his absences abroad, on being asked if he would object to a toast which wished health to the Pretender, he replied that he would readily drink to the health of all unfortunate princes. This expressed readiness however, did not encourage the Jacobins in openly drinking to the only King they acknowledged. They continued, as they and their fathers before them had done, to have a bowl of water on the table, and holding their glasses over it, to drink to "the King," implying, of course, the King over the water.

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B. F. HOWLAND, Artist.

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MEDICAL.—"YOUNG MAN'S FRIEND AND PROTECTOR," an Association for beneficent objects, Young men should inform themselves in relation to it, and by applying to, the ACTUARY, Dr. Bourne, 10 Masonic Temple, Post street, they will be furnished with Prospectus.

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Cloths, Cassimeres for Vestings, always on hand and made to order in the most

Fashionable Styles.

Satisfaction Guaranteed.

Joseph Catania & Co.,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in

FRESH AND SALT

STALL NO. 48 FISH MARKET, Clay Commercial and Leidesdorff Streets.

A large supply of fresh fish always on hand. Shipping, Restaurants, Hotels and Families supplied at short notice, and on the most reasonable terms.
N. B.—Fish sent to any part of the city free.

GEO. A. PARKER. SAM. B. WATTSON. DAVID CONKLING.

PARKER, WATTSON & CO.,

Importers and Jobbers of

Havana & Domestic Cigars, Tobacco,

ETC.....ETC.....ETC.,

Nos. 306 and 308 Clay street, one door above Front,
SAN FRANCISCO.

N. GRAY & CO.,
UNDERTAKERS,

641 SACRAMENTO STREET, CORNER OF WEBB

Sole agents for BARSTOW'S PATENT METALLIC BURIAL CASES and CASKETS.

Chickering & Sons' Pianos

RECEIVED THE

FIRST PREMIUM,

(Gold Medal,)

At the Paris Exposition.

FURTHERMORE, THE Improvements, Workmanship, and General Superiority of those instruments over all others on exhibition, was so marked an important, the Emperor created Mr. T. E. CHICKERING

KNIGHT OF THE LEGION OF HONOR.

KOHLER, CHASE & CO.,
421 Montgomery street.

SOTOYOME HOTEL,
B. C. WRIGHT, Proprietor, Healdsbur Cal.

PARIS EXPOSITION,
1867.
GLORIOUS NEWS
FOR
THE FLORENCE!

OFFICIAL CATALOGUE JUST RECEIVED, (September 8th) the only copy on this coast—29 days from London. FREE FOR INSPECTION.

THE FLORENCE

RECEIVED THE ONLY PREMIUM awarded to any Sewing Machine (except Button Hole Machine) for sale on the Pacific Coast.

SAMUEL HILL, Agent,
No. 111 Montgomery St., San Francisco.

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108 Leidesdorff street.

Corner California, adjoining the Pacific Insurance Office, San Francisco.

SAVE YOUR TEETH.—Do not have them extracted without first consulting a good Dentist. The loss is irreparable, and, in many instances, unnecessary. DR. BEERS, corner of Pine and Kearney streets, makes a specialty of filling the fangs of dead Teeth, and building up broken crowns with Pure Gold—thus restoring them to their original usefulness and beauty.

☞ Call and examine the work. Finest quality of artificial work also manufactured.

ITALIAN RESTAURANT,

No. 515 Merchant Street,

Between Montgomery and Sansome, San Francisco.

Taglierini, Maccaroni, Risotto and Ravioli In the Italian Style.

MEALS FIFTY CENTS, OR TO ORDER.

Rooms for private parties up stairs.
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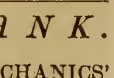

Above Montgomery. Meals at all hours. The best of Wines, Oysters, Game, and all the delicacies of the season always on hand. Private Saloons up stairs for Dinner and Supper Parties.

SAVINGS BANK.

THE FARMERS' AND MECHANICS' BANK OF SAVINGS,

ON SANSOME, CORNER CALIFORNIA STREET, will open for the receipt of deposits, and the transaction of business, JULY 1, 1867.

CAPITAL STOCK, - - - - - - $150,000.

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H. DUTTON,	B. H FREEMAN,
ISAAC E. DAVIS,	R. MORTON,
GEO. M. CONDEE,	SAMUEL L. PALMER,
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DICKEY'S
CREME DE LIS
DE CALIFORNIE.

FOR CLEANSING AND PRESERVING THE TEETH. Beautifying the Complexion, and removing Freckles, Eruptions, Sunburn, and Tan.

A New Combination, equal to the best French preparations, and free from their poisonous ingredients.

Invented by GEO. S. DICKEY, Chemist, Corner of Market, Stockton, Ellis and Fourth streets, San Francisco.

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Main & Winchester,

Manufacturers and Importers of Harness, Saddles, Bridles, Whips, Collars, Saddlery Ware, etc.

Nos. 214 and 216 Battery Street,
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N.B.—Good assortment Concord Stage Harness constantly on hand.

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TOWNE & BACON,
Book and Job Printers,
Have the Largest Office,
Do the most work,
And do it better
Than other offices

536 In this City,
Try them
With a Job,
And you will be
Satisfied the above
Statements are facts.
Their office is at 536
Clay St., below Montgom'y,
Over Pacific Fruit Market.

EDWARD BOSQUI & Co.,
PRINTERS,
And Blank Book Manufacturers,
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Between Montgomery and Sansome Sts.,
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TO PATRONS OF THE PRINTERS ART.

CUBERY & CO., No. 536 Market street, Opposite Second, San Francisco, are now prepared to execute all kinds of BOOK and JOB PRINTING. Having superior facilities for printing every description of work, we respectfully solicit the patronage of friends and the public generally.

BRIEFS and TRANSCRIPTS correctly printed according to legal requirements.

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FOR POSTERS, HANDBILLS,
AND
Show Work of All Kinds,
GO TO THE
COMMERCIAL PRINTING HOUSE
OF
FRANCIS & VALENTINE,
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BLASTING POWDER.

Price, - - - - $3 00 Per Keg.

ALSO, SPORTING, CANNON, AND MUSKET POWDER, of superior quality.

FUSE AND SHOT always on hand and for sale at the

OFFICE OF THE

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415 and 417 JACKSON ST., SAN FRANCISCO,
Manufacturers and Dealers in

PLAIN, SWEET, CINNAMON AND VANILLA CHOCOLATES;
PREPARED COCOA, COCOA PASTE,
CRACKED COCOA, COCOA SHELLS, etc., etc.
PURE GROUND OLD JAVA COFFEE AND COSTA RICA COFFEE;
CHARTRES AND RIO COFFEE;
GREEN COFFEE OF EVERY QUALITY.
CHOICE WINES AND LIQUORS.

N. B.—Ghirardelli's Chocolate is manufactured by steam from Cocoa of the finest quality, imported direct. In excellence and delicacy of flavor, it is superior to any Imported Chocolate.

DR. N. T. WHITCOMB,
DENTIST,

No. 205 Third Street, San Francisco.

Teeth filled with fine gold, artificial bone and platina. All plate work made and repaired, of the best material, at the shortest notice and warranted. None cheaper or better on the coast. Call and examine specimens.

North Beach and South Park Cars pass the door.

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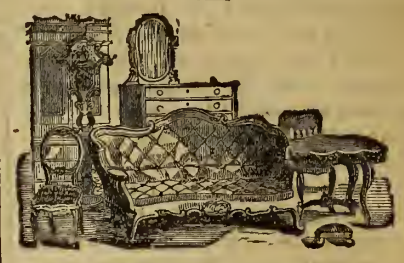
(Successor to D. HAUSMANN & Co.,)
IMPORTER AND MANUFACTURER OF
MIRRORS, LOOKING GLASSES,
LOOKING GLASS PLATES, PLATES,
Picture Frames, Photograph Ovals, Mouldings, Etc., Etc.
119 Sansome street, between Bush and Pine,
San Francisco.

NOTICE.

WE TAKE OCCASION TO INFORM OUR FRIENDS and customers that we have sold our entire stock in warehouse also invoices to arrive to Messrs. N. COLE & CO., 312 and 314 Pine steeet. The whole forms a most complete and desirable assortment of FURNITURE, and well merits attention before purchasing elsewhere.

J. PIERCE & CO.



FURNITURE.

WE beg leave to call the attention of the public to our warerooms,

Nos. 312 and 314 Pine Street.

Having purchased the entire stock of Messrs. J. Pierce & Co., and in addition to our large invoice from our factory at the East, we are prepared to fill all orders promptly, both wholesale and retail, and call the attention of the public to our salesroom, as containing the most complete assortment of desirable goods on this coast.

N. P. COLE & CO.

WM WORTHINGTON,
House and Sign Painter,

Dealer in

PAINTS, OILS, GLASS, &C., &C.,

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Between Third and Fourth streets. San Francisco.

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DR. V. POPPER,
Surgeon Chiropedist

No 20 Montgomery street, between Post and Sutter, San Francisco. Office hours from 9 A. M to 5 P. M.

Offers his services to the public as an Operator on such excrescences as hard and soft corns, enlarged joints, club nails, bunions, nails penetrating the flesh, warts, etc.

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Corner Second and Folsom streets,

SAN FRANCISCO.

HOELSCHER & WIELAND,
Proprietors

ZEITSKA & SHEPPARD,
Merchant Taylors,
NO. 610 CLAY STREET,
Near Montgomery,
SAN FRANCISCO.

STAPLETON'S
Refreshment Saloon,
ON CALIFORNIA STREET,
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The very best Wines, Liquors and Cigars will always be found here.

TEUTONIA SALOON,
Corner of Montgomery and Summer streets.

HEIMBURG, SCHRODER & CO.,
PROPRIETORS.

The best kinds of WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS constantly on hand.
☞Give us a call.

THE "GROTTO,"
JOHN DUNCAN. Proprietor.

530 Sacramento street, opposite What Cheer House,
FINE WINES, LIQUORS, ALES AND PORTER,
Wholesale and Retail.
Importer of Wise's Celebrated Irish Whisky.

"OUR OPERA."

CAPT. JOHN H. MAY,

621 WASHINGTON STREET, 621,
SAN FRANCISCO,
Opposite Maguire's Opera House.

ASSESSMENT OF MORTGAGES.
NOTICE TO TAX-PAYERS.

THE CITY AND COUNTY ASSESSOR IS NOW MAKing up the Assessment Roll of "MONEYS LOANED AND SOLVENT DEBTS SECURED BY MORTGAGE." The Roll is made up from the Records of Mortgages (unsatisfied) in the County Recorder's office. It is important that all persons interested should call, without delay, at the Assessessor's office, City Hall, and have corrected any errors there may be in amounts due or otherwise.

WM. R. WHEATON, Assessor.

"I Tbought thfy had Stopped Your Grog."—The following story is told by "Mark Twain" of a gallant naval officer: Twenty or thirty years ago, when missionary enterprise was in its infancy among the islands of the South Seas, Captain Summers anchored his sloop-of-war off one of the Marquesas, I think it was. The next morning he saw an American flag floating from the beach, Union down. This excited him fearfully, of course, and he sent off a boat at once to induire into the matter. Presently the boat returned, and brought a grave-looking missionary. The captain's anxiety ran high. He said:

"What's the trouble ont there?—quick!"

"Well, I am grieved to say, sir," said the missionary, "that the natives have been interrupting onr sacerdotal exercises."

"No!—blast their yeller hides, I'll—what—what was it yon said they'd been doing?"

"It pains me, sir, to say that they have been interrupting onr sacerdotal exercises."

"Interrupting your — your h—ll! Man them starboard guns! Staud by, now, to give 'em the whole battery!"

The astonnded clergyman hastened to protest agaiust such excessive rigorous measnres, and finally succeeded in making the old tar nnderstand that the natives had only been breaking up a prayer meeting.

"Oh, devil take it, man, is that all? I thonght you meant that they'd stopped your grog!"

MURPHY, GRANT & CO.,

NORTHEAST CORNER OF

SANSOME AND BUSH STREETS,

INVITE THE ATTENTION OF

☞ BUYERS ☜

TO THEIR

LARGE AND WELL ASSORTED

STOCK OF

Domestic and Foreign

DRY GOODS,

WHICH THEY ARE OFFERING ON

THE MOST FAVORABLE TERMS.

First Premium

AWARDED BY THE STATE FAIR TO

SILAS SELLECK,

FOR THE BEST PLAIN PHOTOGRAPH.

—ALSO—

SPECIAL PREMIUM

For the Best Cabinet Portraits.

MR. SELLECK is now prepared to execute the very best PHOTOGRAPHS, in all the different styles, at No. 415 Montgomery Street.

N. B.—The best Water Color and India Ink Artist in this city is attached to this Gallery.

MRS. C. COOK,

FIRST PREMIUM HAIR JEWELRY,

519 Montgomery street,

Between Clay and Commercial.....SAN FRANCISCO.

M. H. QUINN,

HAT MANUFACTURER,

127 Fourth street, bet. Howard and Mission, San Francisco.

Dress Silk Hats for Ladies or Gentlemen Manufactured to order, Cleaned or Renovated, at reasonable prices.

F. D. RING,

MANUFACTURER OF

JEWELRY AND SILVER WARE,

No. 540 Market Street, adjoining the Hibernia Bank,

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All kinds of precious Stones set in the latest style and most approved manner. Watches and Jewelry carefully repaired by experienced workmen.

Dr. John T. Crook,

Late of the Pacific Mail service, has established himself in the practice of his profession in this city.

—OFFICE:—

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OFFICE HOURS—9 to 10 A. M.; 2 P. M.; 4 to 6 P. M.

AT THE REGULAR

RETAILING AMERICAN WATCHES

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Nos. 42 and 44 Nassau Street,

NEW YORK.

Dealers in American, Swiss and English WATCHES,

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☞We have made arrangements to buy AMERICAN WATCHES in large quantities from the Factory, and will receive a discount on the regular Wholesale Prices. We will hereafter

Retail the American Watches

AT

The Regular Wholesale Prices.

Our only profit being the small per cent. allowed by buying in large quantities.

WHOLESALE PRICES.

Removal! Removal!

A. J. PLATE,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in

Guns, Rifles and Pistols.

—ALSO—

COLT'S AND DERINGER PISTOLS,

Powder, Shot, Lead, Caps, and Gun Trimmings, etc., etc.

—HAS REMOVED TO—

NO. 510 SACRAMENTO STREET,

Between Sansome and Leidesdorff Streets, San Francisco.

☞ New Work made to order, and Repairing executed in the neatest manner.

Tyler Brothers,

691 Market st., cor. Third,

SAN FRANCISCO,

Importers, Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

SCHOOL BOOKS,
STATIONERY,
PHOTOGRAPH ALBUMS,
BLANK BOOKS,
PORTFOLIOS,
JUVENILE BOOKS,
CHILDREN'S PICTURE BOOKS,
FANCY ARTICLES, Etc.

ESPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO

LADIES' STATIONERY,

Which we Stamp with Initials

WITHOUT EXTRA CHARGE.

WEDDING AND VISITING CARDS

Engraved, Written or Printed.

JOHN DANIEL,

Marble Works,

421 *PINE STREET,*

(Between Kearny and Montgomery.)

MANTELS, MONUMENTS, TOMBS, PLUMBERS' SLABS, ETC.,

On hand and manofactured to order.

Orders respectfully aollcited.

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518 Front Street, San Francisco.

G. L. BRADLEY. THEO. O. COCKRILL.

Sole Agents for Pacific Coast,

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BLACKBURN'S CELEBRATED

BBB BOURBON WHISKEY,

Bowling Green, Kentucky.

LUKIN'S

Wines and Liquors,

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DEXTER STABLES,

Bush Street, between Occidental and Cosmopolitan Hotels, San Francisco.

W. G. JONES - PROPRIETOR.

AMERICAN HOTEL,

Main street, - Petaluma.

EMERSON & LAMBERTON Proprietors.

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GROCERS,

Tea and Wine Merchants,

S. E. cor. Montgo'ry and California,

San Francisco.

Wholesale Store,

204 Front Street.

THE CALIFORNIAN'S

SAN FRANCISCO BUSINESS DIRECTORY

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ARCHITECTS.
Hoagland & Newsom, s.w. cor Kearny and Sacramento.

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Dempsey's Bakery, 127 Fourth street,

BOOTS AND SHOES.
P. Kelly, Prize Boot Maker, 323 Bush, above Montg'y.
Wentworth, Hobart & Co. (wholesale manufac.) 210 Pine

BOOT POLISHERS.
Henry C Smith, corner Market and Sansome streets.

BUTCHERS.
J. P. Molt, "South Park Market," Third st., op. S. Park.
I. Gans, "New York Market," Fourth st, near Market.

CIGARS AND TOBACCO.
Chas. C. Lindsey, Excelsior Store, 156 Stewart street.
Chas. Schwenke & T. Meuser, 16 Stewart street.
G. H. Behrens & Co., 4 Kearoy street, near Market.

CLOTHING.
H. M. Lockwood & Co., 624 Clay street.
J. R. Mead & Co., corner Montgomery and Bush streets
William Sherman, 412 Sansome, corner Commercial.

COAL OIL, LAMPS, ETC.
A. C. Dietz & Co., (wholesale,) 521 Front street.
Dell, Cranna & Co. (wholesale) 513 Front street.

COMMISSION MERCHANTS.
J. W. Nye & Co., 219 Washington street, corner Cedar.
W. J. Lowry & Co., S.W. corner Washington and Davis.
Thos. Newell, 62 Clay street between Drumm and East.

CONFECTIONERS.
Alex. L. Ross, 121 Third street.
Baldwin & Lawlers, South Park Store. 418 Third st.
N. B. Booth & Co., 20 Kearny, near Market.

DENTISTS.
Dr. Blake, removed to 645 Clay street.
N. T. Whitcomb, 205 Third, near Howard.

DRY GOODS.
Abrams & Markewitz, 34 Kearny street, near Post.
Buyer & Reich, S W corner Jackson and Stockton.
H. Rothschild (Variety Store), 112 Third street.
Irving, Landers & Co., No. 4 Third street.
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Meagher, Taaffe & Co.. 9 Montgomery street.

FURNITURE.
Goodwin & Co., 510 and 528 Washington streets.
N. P. Cole & Co., 21 Sutter and 524 Market streets,

FRUIT STORES.
S. P. Jewell, 118 Fourth street, near Minna.

GROCERS.
Fred. Lange, Family Grocer, cor. Powell and Lombard.
Haskell & Co., Market and Sutter sts, below the Market.
McKee's Family store, 31 Kearny, near Post.
Seneca Jones, Family Grocer, 105 Third street.
T. Williams, corner Third and Tehama streets.

HAIR DRESSING SALOONS.
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J. S. Sesser, 138 Fourth st, bet. Mission and Howard.

HATTERS.
Lamott (wholesale and retail) 227 Montgomery street.

HAY AND GRAIN.
Grant & Smith, 26 Market and 19 Sacramento sts.
J. B. Holmes & Co., 110 Market street.
Wm. H. Nichols, 18 Sacramento, and 17 Commercial.

HOTELS.
Atlantic House, John McManus, 210 and 212 Pacific st.
"Brooch," M. O'Neil, 12 Sutter street.
Broadway, Burns & Fitzsimmons, 212 Broadway.
Brookiyo, John Kelly, Jr., Sansome, corner Pine.
Chicago, E. W. Heimburg & Co.. 220 Pacific street
Empire House, Peter Thompson, 106 Jackson street.
Franklin Hotel, Hugh Curran, cor Sansome & Pacific.
Franklin House, C. Maloney cor. Br'dway & Sansome.
Golden Gate Hotel, J. Blackmen, 728 Market street.
Mariner's Home, Brown & Chandler, 504 and 506 Davis.
"Oriental," H. Saxtorph & Co., Washington & Drumm.
Sanders' Hotel, J. P. Sanders, 24 Sacramento st.
'St. Louis,' H. Heimburg & L. Shroeder, 11 & 13 Pacific.
William Tell House, 317 Bush street, above Montg'y.

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Firemen's Fund Ins. cor. California and Sansome.
Manhattao, R. B. Swain & Co., Agents, 206 Front, cor. Cal.
North British Mercantile, S. E. cor Sansome & Califor'
Occidental Ins. Co., S. W. cor. Mootgom'y and California.

LADIES' BIJOUTERIE, CLOAKS, ETC.
Rosenblatt's, 123 and 125 Montgomery street.

LADIES' FANCY GOODS AND TRIMMINGS.
Mrs. J. Egan, 32 Third street, near Market.
S. Summerfield, 20 Second street, and 116 Kearny.
Thomas Collinson, 160 Third. near Howard street.

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MARBLE WORKERS.
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Prof. J. R. Boullet, Pianist and Vocalist, 1320 Stockton.

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Hicks & Staring, 143 Fourth street.
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Kohler, Chase & Co., 421 Montgomery street.
W. S. Pierce, removed to 634 Market, opposite Second.

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Chas. Barmao, 121 Fourth street, near Minna.

REAL ESTATE AGENTS.
Geo. W. Chapin, 338 Montgomery.
Joho Pforr, 328 Montgomery.

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Ladies' Refreshment Saloon, Swaio & Brown, 636 Market
Helvetia, Johnjory & Bros., 524 Merchant street.
Market, by Hanzo & Besson, 520 Merchant street.
The Opera, J. Weiss, 335 Pine street.

SALOONS.
Blancy & Carroll, "Sample Rooms," 107 Third street.
"Bourbon Saloon," A. Farr, Long Bridge.
Charley Smith's Saloon, 539 Washington street.
Charter Oak, Frank Kelly, N.E. cor Third and Howard
Coates & Henderson, 37 Sutter street.
Cleveland's Sample Rooms, 318 Bush, above Montg'y.
"Excelsior," Haase & Co., cor. Drum and Commercial.
Ring's Saloon, Peter Ring, corner California, below Drumm.
Fourth Street Exchange, Charles F. Sliter, 245 Fourth street.
J. P. Laven's Saloon, northwest cor. Battery & Br'dwy
J. Dillon, "Fourth St. Exchange," cor. F'rth and Mkt.
King & McCormick, "Rotunda," Market & O'Farrell.
"Manadnock," A. Horstkemper, Drumm & Oregon sts.
P. Johnson & J. B. Holje, 28 Clay street.
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Regatta House, Burns & McLean, foot of Third street.
Russell & Holdiog's Exchange, 622 Market street,

BUSINESS DIRECTORY, CONTINUED.

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Jas. E. Damon & Co., 521 and 423 Sansome street.

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A. Swigert, corner Fifth and Folsom.

TRUNK MANUFACTORY.
James Longshore, 308 Sansome street.

WATER-CURE INSTITUTE.
Dr Bourne's Pioneer, 10 Post, near Montgomery.

WAX FLORIST.
Mrs. M. E. Gerrish, 11 Post street.

OCCIDENTAL MARKET DIRECTORY,

Market and Sutter Streets, below Montgomery.

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Butcher,

STALL 98, Opposite Second street.

P. DONNELLY & BRO.,

Butter, Cheese, Hams, Eggs & Bacon,

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J. J. SMITH & CO.,

Poultry, Game, Butter, Eggs, etc.,

STALLS 44 AND 45, Sutter street Entrance.

P. T. GAVEN,

Vegetables, Fruit, Pickles,

PRESERVES, JELLIES, SPICES, &c.

STALL 38.

METROPOLITAN MARKET DIRECTORY,

Market and Sutter Streets, below Montgomery.

P. F. WARD,

Poultry, Game, Eggs, tc.,

STALL 14, Sutter street side.

B. CARLTON,

Fresh, Salt and Smoked Fish,

STALL 34, Sutter street side.

W. MAESSEN,

Smoked and Corned Meat,

STALL No. 3.

THE BEIDEMAN ESTATE.

JOHN W. BRUMAGIM, ADMINISTRATOR, WITH the will annexed, of the Estate of JACOB C. BEIDEMAN, deceased, is NOW READY TO EXECUTE DEEDS to the purchasers at said sale, as the sale has been confirmed by the Probate Court, and an Order of Confirmation has been recorded in the Recorder's office of the city and county of San Francisco.

Please call at the Administrator's office, Nos. 36 and 37 Montgomery Block.

JOHN W. BRUMAGIM,

Administrator, with the Will annexed, of the Estate of Jacob C. Beideman, deceased.

San Francisco, August 19, 1867.

M. S. WHITING. F. G. BERRY.

Whiting & Berry,

609 Sacramento Street, two doors above Montgomery,

Tea Wine and Spirit Merchants,

Importers and Wholesale Dealers in fine Brandies, Whiskies, Gins, Port, Sherry and Champagne Wines, Ale, Porter, Cider, Bitters, Cordials, Syrup, etc., for medicinal and family use, and suppliers to Families, Apothecaries, Physicians, City and Country Dealers, Hotels, Clubs, etc., in large or small quantities.

Observe Firm Name on each cork and fac simile signature on label.

[Trade Mark Registered.] WHITING & BERRY.

This is the only exclusive TEA, WINE AND SPIRIT STORE on the Pacific Coast.

It is neither a saloon or sample room, (as no wine or spirits are permitted to be drank on the premises,) but a depot where selected Teas and Pure Wines and Spirits may be procured at wholesale or retail for medicinal and family use. In this respect it is our aim to vie with Binninger & Co., New York, Bigelow & Dawes, London, and Cozzen & Co., of Washington, where every facility is offered to ladies as well as gentlemen in making their own selections and purchases in quantities to suit.

N. B.—Our Treatise on Wines, Spirits and Teas, may be had at our depot gratis, and will be mailed to consumers and dealers in the interior when requested.

WHITING & BERRY,

609 Sacramento Street, second door above Montgomery.

The Ladies are of one mind in pronouncing BOWMAN'S AMERICAN WASHING COMPOUND the best preparation for washing and cleaning in use. It is acknowledged to be a saving both in money and labor. The Compound softens the dirt, consequently the clothes require not more than one-half the rubbing necessary in washing by the old method; besides all who give it a trial acknowledge that their clothes are made whiter in washing with this Compound, than they were ever known to be by using any other preparation. For washing Woolen Goods and Flannels it cannot be equaled. Calicoes that can be washed with soap, without fading, are washed in the water used for boiling the white clothes. This Compound has been used in the eastern States for the past three years with perfect success. Warranted not to injure the clothes. For sale by all Grocers.

LYNCH & PARSONS, Agents,

222 Jackson street, near Battery.

MURIEL.

Like some vision strange she stands,
Muriel, Muriel;
Jewels flashing on her hands,
Rarest gems from southern lands—
Scorns she e'en my light commands,
Muriel, Muriel.

Bend your pure eyes down to mine,
Muriel, Muriel;
Kiss me with those lips of thine,
Lips as sweet as Rhenish wine;
Lips and kisses all are mine,
Muriel, Muriel!

Half my love was never told,
Muriel, Muriel;
Though you look so grand and cold,
In your gems and laces old,
Mine you are to have and hold,
Muriel, Muriel.

O, but 'tis a picture sweet,
Muriel, Muriel;
Standing by the river fleet,
Wavelets singing at her feet;
Is it not some lovely cheat,
Muriel, Muriel?

Bend your pure eyes down to mine,
Muriel, Muriel;
Kiss me with those lips of thine—
Lips as sweet as Rhenish wine—
Lips and kisses all are mine,
Muriel, Muriel!

PRESERVING A WHALE—.A short time ago, a whale was stranded on the Norfolk (England) coast, and purchased as a speculation by a sharp practitioner, who advertised for information how to preserve it. A Sunderland wag replied to the advertisement, tendering the desired information on receipt of half a crown's worth of postage stamps, which arrived, and the following recipe was duly forwarded: "Put the whale carefully into a glass bottle, cover it with spirits of wine, (strong whisky may do;) then cork and seal up." The postage stamps were handed over to a charitable institution.

THE SNUG.—"The Snug" has heen located one door below Maguire's Opera House, for ten years past. It was established for the convenience of the habituates of the Opera House, and has the reputation of dispensing the best wines and liquors in the city, under the charge of its present proprietor, Mr. Timothy McCarty. Entrances from various parts of the Opera House to the har have heen cut, for the convenience of the public. Mr. McCarty gives his entire attention to his guests, and renders his establishment a "Snug" place hy day or night.

Belden's Family Depot for Domestic Luxuries.

At this depot are, all should know,
For him who strong or faint is,
Superior grub—for home or clnb—
And every kiud of dainties.
Westphalia hams, fresh oysters, clams,
Constituents of chowder,
Fine breakfast tea, and hominy,
And genuine curry powder.
Oil, mustard, wine, both French and Rhine,
Lard, coffee, ketchup, capers.
Crushed sugar, peas, aud Switzer cheese,
And sperm and waxen tapers.
The gihlets, pluck, of goose and duck,
Of woodcock, snipe and plovers,
Of partridge, too, and cockatoo—
The last express for lovers!
It seems absurh there scarce a bird—
My rhyme this somewhat ruffles—
But Belden's got in tin or pot,
The LIVER of with TRUFFLES.
Prunes, raisins, rice, preserves and spice,
Gin, whisky, rum and brandy,
Driuks made of malt, and tahle salt,
Tongues, sansages, and candy.
Above's not all to which I'd call
Particular attention.
Le vin d'elite, Chateau Lafitte,
And others, I would mention.
Surpassing fine Madeira wine,
St. Julien, port and sherry,
Chateaux Margaux and Veuve Clicquot,
Old apple jack and cherry.
La Rose, Chahlis, and Burgundy
Both white, and red and sightly,
Prime Hermitage of ripe old age,
Still, sparkling too and sprightly.
Santerne, medoc, still sparkling hock,
Johannesberg, Hockheimer,
Then sirs and dames (these German names
Would craze an English rhymer!)
Just come and huy, snd cease to sigh
For Egypt and its fleshpots;
Ne'er better fare did Pharoh share,
Or any other despots.

ET CETERA
No. 652 Sacramento Street.

BUILDER'S INSURANCE CO.

OFFICE IN THE BUILDING OF THE CALIFORNIA SAVINGS BANK, CALIFORNIA ST., one door from Sansome.

FIRE AND MARINE INSURANCE.

BLAKE & YOUNG,
SIGN AND ORNAMENTAL PAINTERS,
671 Howard street, near Third.

"You may talk to me of Baltimore and Philadelphia and New York, and their railroads and the trade of the Atlantic—let me tell you that the Pacific coast is already beginning to revolutionize the world."—*Speech of the Hon. Wm. H. Seward to the people of Annapolis, Maryland, June,* 1867.

ADDRESS

TO THE PERMANENT CITIZENS OF THE PACIFIC STATES AND TERRITORIES.

CITIZENS—We enjoy the finest country that the sun shines on, the most varied and fertile soil, the most extensive seaboard, and the greatest breadth of land having the richest metallic deposits posscased by any one nation of the earth, a land affording all the most varied material for manufactures, wools, hides, cotton, silk, coal, fihre gums, wood, and, above all, ahundance of every kind of food.

We are only a million of people, and yet have more land and sea than Russia with sixty millions—more land than France and Germany with their hundred millions of people. In the face of those vast resources, there are towns crumhling to decay, men seeking without finding employment. Something wrong here or this would not be happening. Let us consider.

The instructed mind of the population is nearly devoted to political office-seeking. Their ambition is misdirected. The rising youth are trained to idleness. This mode of thinking and training must be reversed if we would hold this magnificent country against the incoming harbarian.

We must teach our youth the glories of manufactures, of commerce, of industry. We muat nourish every effort, however rude, at msnufacturing what we require. By devoting some of our capital and our young people to manufactures and general industries we shall soon become busy, get rich, bring more and more people into the country, create new wants, huild up new factories and villages around them; cultivate more land, build more ships, generate more commerce, and thereby create profitahle employment for all who want work.

Now, fellow-citizens, some money capital is required to help on this industrial movement. Where shall we get it? There is a considerable fund which we may divert from its present bed and channel, viz: the Insurance Fund.

Consider. The peoplo of the Pacific States pay *two hundred thousand dollars a month* to the Insurance Compsnies for assuring them against losses from fire or shipwreck.

Thero are some fifteen of those Insurance offices in this city, each fishing for its share of this large fund. Each office pays a heavy rent, a half dozen officers and clerks, besides printing and advertising; the lowest cost is a thouaand dollars a month on each office, and with some it is douhle that. There are too many persons employed in the husiness; too much dozing over newspapers; too much red tape and circumlocution; too high salaries and too little work. Think of two hundred thousand dollars a month! two millions and a half a year!! paid to those sleepy gentlemen for what little they do. This must he reformed. Three or four Insurance offices are quite enough for the million of scattered inhabitants of tho Pacific States. A dozen of them may be aholished with great henefit to the community; some one or two have already withdrawn. This change would liherate some fifty men of education, whose husiness capacity would he of much greater service to the community in other hrsnches of industry, such as manufactures, agriculture, commerce, the fisheries, the forests and the mines. This change would also divert a million or two of dollars to other and more needful industries, whereby a thousand fold more of national capital and employment would he generated than hy the present drowsy system.

The managers of the Builders' Insurance proposc, with the co-operation of the people, that thia vast monthly stream of wealth shall be arrested and diverted to the aid of home manufactures, to effect a great reform and remove from the people'a shouldera the expense of supporting a small army of insurance clerks and agents. The Builders' Insurance Company has passed through its first year (the most trying) with singular success. It has gathered a hundred thousand dollars, paid promptly all its losses, and eatahlished a husiness income of fully twenty thousand dollars a month! This has heen done while we were yet hut an experiment, and enjoying the confidence of only a portion of the public. We now appeal to the entire people. We aak them to send their insurance business to us on the following conditions, and soon we shall have an income of ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS A MONTH, and here is what we shall do with the money:

First, we calculate, from our present experience, that we shall lose by fire and marine disastera half our monthly income (on our first year'a experience our "losses" were hut one-third of our income.)

Suppose then that our income shall he worked up to one hundred thousand dollars a mouth, and auppose that we shall pay out losses to the exteut of fifty thousand dollars a month, we shall still havu fifty thousand dollars a month to hank up, (or half a million a year.) We propose to make two parts of this aum—one part (a quarter of a million a year) to he invested in City Bonds, to protect the assured, and one part (about a quarter of a million a ycar) we propose to convert into a

MANUFACTURERS' LOAN FUND,

Which shall he lent exclusively to manufacturers on mortgage of their premisea and machinery, at as low rate of interest and on sa long time as is generally current on real estate.

By the aid of this fund the budding industries of the Pacific States may be nourished into activo life; more and varied employments can he originated for the people; immigration may he welcomed and not feared; the farmer will have got a markct at his own door for the produce of his land; the manufacturer will find a lively home demand from the farmer for the products of his machincs.

All this, good people, can he achieved *by your own votes at your own firesides,* without the aid of Congresa or the Legislature—it is simply to vote that your insurance shall go to the BUILDERS', hy which vote you ahall enahle us to plant factories all over the country. You shall fill the rivers and harhors with busy ships; you shall send out upon the distant waves fishing expeditions that will hring back wealth to your cities: you ahall form a nursery of seamen around your own shores—the ova of a futuro commerce and a protective navy; you will creato the hum of husy workmen in every desirahle locality on the Pacific coast; you will bring from neglected fields produce of the utmost value; all of which will most certainly multiply a thousand fold the wealth of the country in which your lot is cast, msking a worthy home for yourselves and a future country for your offspring.

People of the Pacific States and Territories! We pledge ourselves to you to effect, with your co-operation, some of those things. We have kept all our pledges so far, and have uttered nothing that was not true. Already have we helped to move the shuttle and the loom, which others, with more means, have passed hy and neglected. Already have we helped to bnild aud rig ships in our own dock-ysrds, and sent them over the wide wsves in search of riches for the city. Already havo we given many liberal bounties and donations to the deserving institutions of the city. Give your vote to the BUILDERS', and we shall share its profits with every useful charity and every honest industry, and help along every enterprise tha t promises benefit to the people.

We call for the yeas and nays.

THOMAS MOONEY, President.

EDWARD MACCANN,
WM. B. COOKE,
W: G. WEIR,
J. D. CONNELL,
J. W. MCCORMICK,
C. A. JENKE,
HERMAN SCHWARZE,
J. W. MCKENZIE,
} Directors.

H. V. HERBERT, Secretary.

PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.'S STEAMSHIPS FOR NEW YORK, JAPAN AND CHINA,

WILL BE DISPATCHED AS FOLLOWS:

Leave Brannan-street Wharf at 11 o'clock A. M. of the following dates, for PANAMA, conuecting *via* Panama Railroad, with ono of the Company's splendid steamers from ASPINWALL for NEW YORK.

On 10th, 18th, snd 30th of each montn that has 30 days.
On 10th, 19th, and 30th of each month that has 31 days.

When the 10th, 19th and 30th fall on Sunday, they will leavo on Saturday preceding; when the 18th falls on Sunday, they will leave on Monday following.

Steamer leaving San Francisco on the 10th touchcs at Manzanillo. All touch at Acapulco.

Departure of 18th or 19th is expected to connect with the French Transatlantic Co.'s steamer for St. Nazaire, and English steamer for South America.

Departure of 10th is expected to connect with English steamer for Southampton and South America, and P. R. R. Co.'s steamer for Central America. Through tickets can he obtained.

STEAMERS FOR OCTOBER.

Oct. 10—MONTANA, Capt. E T. Farnsworth, connecting with HENRY CHAUNCEY, Capt. Gray.
Oct. 19—GOLDEN CITY, Capt. W. F. Lapidge, connecting with RISING STAR, Capt. Connor.
Oct. 30—SACRAMENTO, Capt. Parker, connecting with ARIZONA, Capt. Maury.

Passengers will he berthed through. Baggage checked through—100 pounds allowcd each adult.

Surgeon on hoard. Medicine and attendance free.

These steamers will positively leave at 11 o'clock. Passengers are requested to have their haggsge on hoard he fore 10 o'clock.

Through tickets to Liverpool hy the "Cunard," "Inman" and "National" Steamship Lines can he ohtained of P. M. S. S. Co.'s office in San Francisco.

For Merchandise Freight apply to Wells, Fargo & Co.

The splendid steamship CHINA, Capt. E. W. Smith, will he dispatched on Octoher 14th, from wharf, corner of First and Brannan streets, for YOKOHAMA aud HONGKONG; connecting at Yokohama with the steamer COSTA RICA, for SHANGHAI.

For Passage and all other information, apply at Pacific Mail Steamship company's office, corner of Sacramento and Leidesdorff streets.

OLIVER ELDRIDGE, Agent.

BOYS! BOYS! BOYS!

NOW IS THE TIME.

H. M. LOCKWOOD & CO.,

New No. 624) CLAY STREET, (Old No

Have received a Large Stock of

GENTS' AND BOYS' CLOTHING
—AND—
FURNISHING GOODS,
Which they are selling

AT VERY LOW PRICES.

Every Garment warranted. All are invited to call examine our goods.

H. M. LOCKWOOD & CO.
624 Clay street, San Francisco

C. ROBERTS,
CARRIAGE AND WAGON MAKER,

HORSE SHOEING AND JOBBING

PROMPTLY EXECUTED.

Fourth Street, between Howard and Folsom, San Francisco.

All styles of Carriages, Wagons and Carts made to order and Repaired.

☞ **Uae Ellery's Patent India Rubber Cement and Paint.**—It is for all outside surfaces, TIN, IRON, OR METAL ROOFS; Iron however manufactured, Brick and Wooden Buildings, Ship and steamhoat Painting; will not rot, peel, hlister, or crack. Wnter-proof coating for cloth roofing on tops of houses, decks of steamhoats, tops of stages and cars. Cloth roofa cemented and painted for $9 per 100 square feet. New or old Tin Roofs, in good or had condition, cemented and painted, guaranted, at $1 to $2 50 per 100 square feet.

EPES & E. H. R. ELLERY,
No. 226 Jackson street.

HAMBURG, BREMEN,
Fire Insurance Company.

CAPITAL, - - - - $1,000,000

MORRIS SPEYER, Agent.

OFFICE—526 Washington Street, a few doors helow Montgomery.....San Francisco.

Being no longer governed hy the Tariff of the Board of Underwriters, this Company will effect Insurances at as LOW RATES aa those of any other responsihle Company.

OCCIDENTAL
Insurance Company,

Southwest corner Montgomery and California streets.

INDIVIDUAL LIABILITY.

Capital Stock, - - - $300,000

LOSSES PAID IN UNITED STATES GOLD COIN.

THIS COMPANY will insure against losa by Fire on any Dwelling House, Buildings, Merchanise or other property, situated in the State of California. The largest sum they will take on any one rlsk is thirty thouaand dollars.

C. CHRISTIANSEN, Pre'st.
J. GREENEBAUM, Vice President.
B. ROTHSCHILD, Secretary.

FIRE INSURANCE.
Manhattan Fire & Marine Insurance
OF NEW YORK.

Incorporated.....1821.
Cash capital.....$500,000
Surplus.....650,000

Total Assets, over.....$1,190,000

The above named responsible and well known Compsny has complied with the law of the State of California, and has deposited $75,000 as additional security for policy holders,

Buildings, Merchandise, Furniture, and other property insured against loss or damage by Fire, on the most favorable terms. Also, Insurance on Merchandise, Specie snd Freight to or from all parts of the world. Losses promptly adjusted and paid in United States Gold Coin.

R. B. SWAIN & CO., General Agents,
206 Front street, corner of California.

FIREMAN'S FUND
Insurance Company.

Office, S. W. cor. California and Sansome stects, San Francisco.

CAPITAL AND SURPLUS, JANUARY 1, 1867,

$680,000.

DIRECTORS.

D. J. Staples,	John O. Earl,
G. T. Lawton,	Alpheus Bull,
W. M. Hixon,	C. T. Forrest,
John Barton,	W. B. Bourn,
W. H. Lyon,	Joseph Peirce,
Chas. Wolcott Brooks,	M. A. Braly,
I. B Purdy,	David Dick,
A. Himmelmann,	A. Blackwood,
W. C. Ralston,	F. P McMahon,
Lewis Cunningham, Marysville.	
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John H. Gardiner,	John N. Risdon,
Lewis Soher,	R. J. Tobin,
Jerome Lincoln,	M. Lynch,
Irving H. Knowles,	E. V. Hathaway,
C. G. Athesrn,	J. H. Redington,
C. L. Taylor,	J. W. Brittan,
James Pollock, Benicia.	
A. Block,	Fitel Phillips,
A. L. Tuhbs,	C. Spreckles,
W. T. O'Brien,	J. B. Stetson,
J. E. de la Montagnie,	H. L. Lewis,
W. H. Paterson,	John Morton,
T. L Baker,	Henry Dutton,
Alex. Weil,	
Asa Harker, Portland, Oregon.	

Desirable Risks taken at LOW RATES.

The greatest amount taken on any one risk is $50,000. When the risks are considered too large, a portion will be re-insured in responsible Companies.

LOSSES PAID IN U. S. GOLD COIN!

J. D. STAPLES, President,
HENRY DUTTON, Vice-President.
CHAS. R. BOND, Secretary.

FREE HOMESTEADS FOR ALL
ON FILING A PETITION.

UNDER THE LAWS OF MEXICO, which are now in force in this city, all the inhahitanta are entitled tu a HOMESTEAD LOT OF LAND, simply on petition. Justice Field haa decided, and the Supremo Court of the United States has confirmed that decision, that the city of San Francisco is a Pueblo of four square leagues of land, and that tho citizens thereof are the owners, which vests the right in each citizen to a lot of land for a homestead; and tho undersigned have opened an office at 37 MERCHANTS' EXCHANGE, to enforce those rights, hy petition to the Mayor, etc.; and each and every citizen can procure a Free Homestead hy calling at their office and signing a petition, which will forthwith vest the right to the lot in question in them, and thereby secure to the petitioner porperty worth a large aum of money under the existing laws now in force.

BROOKS & MERRITT,
No. 37 New Merchants' Exchange.

N. B.—The Supreme Court of the United States have settled this question in another case, as to the ownership of the Outside Lands. In the case of J. B. Townsed vs. Geo. G. Greeley, December Term, 1866, No. 124, the Court say: "It is, therefore, now the settled law, that the municipal landa held by the city of San Francisco, as succcsaors to the former Pueblo existing there, are not held in absolute property, hut IN TRUST for its inhabitanta"

Therefore, all the inhahitanta havo to do, under this decision, is to ask the city, by petition, for their vested rights, as thia is the only way, under the law, that they can proceed to get their property.

E. L. B. BROOKS,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law.

All legal hnsiness transacted in the French and Spanish languages, if desired.

HEALTHFULNESS OF APPLES. — There is scarcely an article of the vegetable food more widely useful and more universally liked than the apple. Why every farmer in the nation has not an apple orchard where trees will grow at all, is a mystery to me. Let every housekeeper lay in a good supply of apples, and it will be a most economical investment in the way of culinaries. A raw and mellow apple is digested in an hour and a half, while boiled cabbage requires five hours. The most healthful dessert that can he placed on the table is a haked apple. If eaten frequently at breakfast, with coarse bread and butter, without meat or flesh of any kind, it has an admirable effect on the general system, often removing constipation, correcting acidities, and cooling of febrile conditions more effectually than the most approved medicines. If families could he induced to substitute apples—sound and ripe —for pies, cake and sweetmeats, with which their children are frequently stuffed, there would he a diminution in the sum total of doctor's hills, in a single year, sufficient to lay in a stock of this delicious fruit for the whole season's use.

REV. MR. ———, of Lawrence, Mass., is a hachelor. Noticing, early in the season, that one of his members, a married lady, was not at meeting for several Sahhaths, he called to ask the reason. As her reply was somewhat evasive, he surmised that she "had nothing to wear," and said, "you are waiting for your spring bonnet, I suppose." Weeks passed, and still she did not make her appearance. He therefore thought he would call again. Approaching the house, he saw her sitting at the open window, and blandly remarked, "I have not seen you at church yet; hasn't that honnet come?" "Yes, sir," she archly replied. "Shall I show it to you?" "If you please," answered the woudering parson. Holding up a wee hit of a hahy, she said, blushing: "This is the spring honnet I was waiting for."

NOTICE.

IN CONSEQUENCE OF THE VERY GREAT DEMAND FOR

CASSIN'S

Grape Brandy Bitters!!

we have been obliged to rent a LARGER BUILDING, and are now removing to Sullivan & Cashman's Block, No. 523 FRONT STREET, opposite our old establishment.
F. & P. J. CASSIN, 520 Front street.

A. PARDINI,

No. 729 WASHINGTON STREET, above the Plaza, San Francisco.

Boots and Shoes Made to Order,
IN THE BEST FRENCH STYLE.
☞ The samo, ready made, always on hand.

H. T. GRAVES,
Manfacturer of
WIRE CLOTH, COAL SCREENS, FLOUR SEIVES, QUARTZ SCREENS, for Batteries, Door and Window Screens, for excluding Flies and Mosquitos.
CLOAK, SHAWL, CLOTHING AND BONNET STANDS
Fancy Work for Gardens, and a great variety of
WIRE WORK OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS.
Sole Agent for the sale and application of
BROWN'S PATENT AND METALIC WEATHER STRIPS,
For the perfect exclusion of wind, dust, and rain; ☞ And for CRAMER'S PATENT WINDOW LIFTING PLATES AND RODS.
Call and examine them at the
CALIFORNIA WIRE WORKS,
412 Clay street, San Francisco.

JOHN TAYLOR,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN
WINES AND LIQUORS.
NO. 16 THIRD STREET,
Between Market and Stevenson Streets., San Francisco.

J. R. MEAD & CO.,
Importers, Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
FINE CLOTHING,
AND
Gents' Furnishing Goods,
TRUNKS, VALISES, CARPET BAGS, ETC.,
200 & 202 MONTGOMERY STREET,
Corner of Bush,
SAN FRANCISCO.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE FIFTEENTH Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco.
MARY ANN LEEDOM, Plaintiff, vs. FRANCIS LEEDOM, Defendaut.
Action hrought in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in said city and county of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.
The People of the State of California send Grceting to FRANCIS LEEDOM, Defendant.
You are hereby required to appear in an action hrought against you hy the above named plaitiff, in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of tbo State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein, within ten days (exclusive of the day of service,) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this county; or if served out of this county, hut in this District, within twenty days; otherwise within forty days; or judgment hy default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said complaint.
The ssid action is brought to obtain a decreo of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony existing hetweeu plaintiff and defendant, awardiug the care and custody of her daughter Julia to plaintiff, and allowing her to resumo her maiden name.
And you are herehy notified, that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as ahovo required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.
Given under my hand and Sesl of the District Court of of tbe Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 7th day of August, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred nad sixty-seven.
[SEAL.] WM. LOEWY, Clerk,
By OCTAVIUS BELL, Deputy Clerk.
Geo. W. Tyler, Plaintiff's Attorney. s14-3m

IN THE PROBATE COURT of tho City and County of San Francisco, State of California.
In the matter of the estate of JOHN HIGGINS, deceased.
Order to show cause why order of distribution should not be made.
On reading and filing the petition of Ellen Higgins, Administratrix of the estate of John Higgius, deceased, setting forth tbat she has filed her final account of her administration of the estate of snid deceased, in this Court, and that the same has been duly settled and allowed; thnt all the debts and expense of administration have been duly paid; and that a portion of said estate remains to he divided among the heirs of said deceased, and praying among other things for an order of distribution of the residue of said estate among the persons entitled:
It is ordered, that all persons interested in the Estate of the said John Higgins, deceased, be and appear before the Probate Court of the City and County of San Francisco, at the Court-room of said Court, in the City Hall in said city and county, on MONDAY, the 14th day of October 1867, at eleven o'clock, A. M., then and there to show cause why an order of distribution sbould not be made of the residue of said Estate among the heirs of the said John Higgins, deceased, according to law.
It is further ordered, That a copy of this order be published for four successive weeks before the said 14th day of October A. D. 1857, in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published weekly, in the said city and county.
M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.
Dated September 11th, 1867.
W. C. Burnett, Esq., Attorney for Petitioner. s14-6t

IN THE PROBATE COURT of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.
In the mnttor of the estate of EDWARD CAVERLEY, deceased.
Order to show cause why order of distribution should not be made.
On reading and filing the petition of Ann Caverley, the Administratrix of the Estate of said deceased, setting forth that she has filed her final account of her administration of the estate of said deceased, in this Court, and that the same has beeu only settled and allowed; that all the debts and expenses of administration have been duly paid; and that a portion of said estate remains to he divided among the heirs of said deceased, and praying among other things for an order of distribution of the residue of said estate among the persons entitled.
It is Ordered, that all persons interested in the estate of the said Edward Caverley, deceased, be and appear before the Probate Court of the city and county of San Francisco, at the Court Room of said Court, in the City Hall, in said city and county, on MONDAY, the twenty-eighth day of October, A. D. 1867, at eleven o'clock, A. M., and there to show cause why an order of distribution should not be made of the residue of said estate among the heirs of the said Edward Caverley, deceased, according to law:
It is further Ordered, that a copy of this order be published for four successive weeks, before the said twenty-eighth day of October A. D. 1867, in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published in the said city and county.
M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge:
Dated September 26th, A. D. 1867.
J. T. BERGEN, ESQ., Attorney for Petitioner.
se 28 oc 5-12 19-26

IN THE PROBATE COURT of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.
In the matter of the Estate of JAMES CONLON, deceased.
Order to show cause why ordor of distribution should not be made.
On reading and filing the petition of Ellen Conlon, Administratrix of the estate of James Conlon, deceased, setting forth that she has filed her final account of her administration of the estate of said deceased, in this Court, and that the same has been duly settled and allowed; that all the debts and expenses of administration have been duly paid; and that a portion of said estate remains to be divided among the heirs of said deceased, and praying among other things for an order of distributiou of the residue of said estate among the persons entitled:
It is ordered, that all persons interested in the estate of the said James Conlon, deceased, be and appear before the Probate Court of the City and County of San Francisco, at the Court Room of said Court, in the City Hall, in said City and County, on MONDAY, the twenty-eighth day of October, A. D., 1857, at 11 o'clock, A. M., then and there to show cause why an order of distribution should not ho made of the residue of said estate among the heirs of the said James Conlon, deceased, according to law.
It is further ordered, that a copy of this order be published for four successive weeks before the said twenty-eighth day of October, A. D. 1867, in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published in the said city and county.
M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.
Dated Septemher 21st, A. D. 1867.
SAMUEL L. LUPTON, Esq., Attorney for petitioner.
se 28-oc 5-12 19-26

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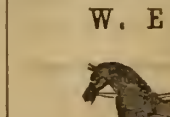
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We heard of an ingenious swindle the other day, says the Pittsburg *Leader*, practiced not long ago on a farmer residing near Alliance, on the Pittsburg and Fort Wayne railroad. One evening, two or three months ago, a stranger stopped at the farm house, and asked permisson to stay over night. This was readily granted by the hospitable farmer. A couple of hours after retiring for the night, the stranger was taken suddenly and violently ill, and for several days informed his host that during his illness he had dreamed three nights in succession that he had discovered, in a certain ravine near the house, under a rock, an earthen crock containing a large amount of silver. At this the old gentleman expressed surprise, and spoke of it as being a very mysterious dream. Afterward, however, they were walking together in that section, and the dream was again adverted to by the stranger. An examination was at once proposed by the farmer, to satisfy their curiosity. The rock was soon found, and after brushing the leaves carefully away, it was removed, and to their utter amazement there sat a crock full of silver. They took it out and conveyed it secretly to the house, and on examination it was found to contain $400, which they agreed to divide equally between them. The day after this discovery, as the stranger was about to take his leave, he complained to his benefactor of the inconvenience of carrying so much silver, when an exchange was proposed, the stranger receiving $250 in greenbacks for his share of the coin, silver then being at a premium of about 50 per cent. It was not long after the departure of his guest, however, till mine host made another discovery—his $400 in silver was counterfeit! and he had thus been ingeniously swindled out of $250. The story was kept quiet for several months, but it finally leaked out, and we now give it as we heard it.

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Administrator, with the Will annexed, of the Estate of Jacob C. Beideman, deceased.
San Francisco, August 19, 1867.

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When the Beautiful Opera entitled
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Will be presented, with the Talented Artistes, SIGNORINA BRAMBILLA, and SIGNOR MORLEY in the cast. Both of whom have kindly volunteered.
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CORNER OF TWELFTH AND FOLSOM STREETS.

☞ The Folsom St. Cars run every five minutes.
☞ The Howard St. Cars run within in one block.

ON SATURDAY,
Chris. Andree' Band will give a
GRAND INSTRUMENTAL CONCERT!
COMMENCING AT TWO O'CLOCK.

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A Grand Concert of Sacred Music,
BY CHRIS. ANDRES' BAND,
INTRODUCING
NEW AND APPROPRIATE PIECES!
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Admission, 25 cents, Children, half-price.

WONDERS OF WONDERS!
TO BE SEEN ONLY AT THE
Pacific Museum of Anatomy and Science,
Eureka Theatre, Montgomery street,
between California and Pine.

NATURE UNVEILED,
AT THE
PACIFIC MUSEUM OF ANATOMY AND SCIENCE
Eureka Theatre Montgomery street,
Between California and Pine.

ALLOPATHIC SLANDERS
On Homœopathy Refuted.

The "Pacific Medical and Surgical Journal" of this city, in an editorial in the number of the present month, tries to give currency to a groundless accusation, to the effect that those who practice medicine according to the Homœopathic law are ignorant of and obliged to dispense with operatic surgery, and trust to "infinitisimal doses" for the cure of cataract broken limbs, etc.! To prove that this attempted fraud on that portion of the public who are unacquainted with the subject is prompted by disappointment and jealousy, I publish the following "announcements" of six Homœopathic Colleges in the United States, with their respective Faculties, each College being a legally chartered institution in the State to which it belongs, and in possession of all the rights and privileges of Allopathic Colleges.

J. F. GEARY, M. D.,
632 Howard street, San Francisco.

Twentieth Annual Announcement of the Homœopathic Medical College of Pennsylvania—Session of 1867-67—*Faculty:* Institutes and Practice of Medicine, Pathology and Diagnostics—A. R. Morgan, M. D., 1204 Walnut street; Obstetrics and Diseases of Women and Children—H. N. Guernsey, M. D., 1423 Chestnut street; Surgery—George F. Foote, M. D., 1700 Green street; Anatomy—W. L. Arrowsmith, M. D., 1105 Filbert street; Physiology—J. H. P. Frost, M. D., 911 Race street; Chemistry—This chair will be occupied by an able professor and teacher; Prosector of Surgery—Malcolm McFarlan, M.D.; Janitor—Frederick Habermehl.

Eighteenth Annual Announcement of the Cleveland Homœopathic College, Cleveland, Ohio—Session of 1867-68—*Faculty:* Principles and Practice of Medicine—A. O. Blair, M. D.; Materia Medica—G. W. Barnes, M. D.; Emeritus Professor of Physical Sciences—J. Brainerd, M. D.; Obstetrics and Diseases of Women—J. C. Sandera, A. M., M. D.; Chemistry and Toxicology—R. F. Humiston, A. M., M. D.; Physiology and Pathology—T. P. Wilson, M. D.; Anatomy—H. C. Allen, M. D.; Surgery and Surgical Anatomy—S. R. Beckwith, M. D.; Adjunct Professor of Surgery and Surgical Anatomy—Hamilton F. Biggar, A. B., M. D.; Medical Jurisprudence—Jos. Hooper, M. D. Hamilton F. Biggar, A. B., M. D., Demonstrator.

The New York Homœopathic Medical College—Eighth Annual Announcement—Session of 1867-68—*Faculty of Medicine:* Surgery and Surgical Pathology—J. Beakley, M. D.; Obstetrics and Diseases of Women and Children—D. D. Smith, M. D.; Forensic Medicine—S. R. Kirby, M. D.; Materia Medica and Therapeutics—S. B. Barlow, M. D.; Special Pathology and Diagnosis—F. W. Hunt, M. D.; Physiology and Histology—H. M. Smith, M. D.; General and Microscopic Anatomy—T. F. Allen, M. D.; Practice of Medicine—P. P. Wells, M. D.; Clinical Medicine—Cortoll Dunham, M. D.; Chemistry and Toxicology—J. J. Mitchell, M. D.; Demonstrator of Anatomy—J. B. Holt by, M. D.; Prosector of Surgery—William Brinck, M. D.; Assistant Chemistry—J. H. Osborn, M. D.

Eighth Annual Announcement of the Hahnemann Medical College, Chicago, Illinois—Session of 1867-68—*Faculty:* Emeritus Professor of Materia Medica—G. E. Shipman, M. D.; Emeritus Professor of Theory and Practice—A. E. Small, M. D.; Theory and Practice of Medicine—N. F. Cooke, M. D.; Principles Practice of Surgery—G. D. Beebe, M. D.; General and Descriptive Anatomy—D. A. Colton, M. D.; Chemistry and Toxicology—R. Welch, M. D.; Physiology and Principles of Medicine—H. P. Gatchell, M. D.; Obstetrics and the Diseases of Women and Children—R. Ludlam, M. D.; Materia Medica, Therapeutics and Medical Botany—E. M. Hale, M. D.; Surgical and Pathological Anatomy and Post-Mortem Examinations—J. S. Mitchell, M. D.; Medical Jurisprudence, Insanity and Life Insurance—C. Woodhouse, M. D.; Adjunct Professor of Physiology—A. W. Woodward, M. D. *Officers of the Faculty:* A. E. Small, M. D., Dean of the Faculty; R. Ludlam, M. D., Registrar; A. E. Small, Jr., Demonstrator of Anatomy.

The Sixth Annual Announcement of the Homœopathic Medical College of Missouri—Session of 1867-68—*Faculty of Medicine:* Materia Medica and Therapeutics—John T. Temple, M. D., 802 Washington Avenue; Obstetrics and Diseases of Women and Children—G. S. Walker, M. D., 1115 Chesnut street; Principles and Practice of Surgery—E. C. Franklin, M. D., 709 Pine street; Theory and Practice of Medicine—Wm. Tod Helmuth, M. D., 1418 Washington Avenue; Anatomy—C. H. Nibelung, M. D., 509 Pine street; Chemistry and Toxicology—D. N. Tirrell, M. D., 1429 Papin street; Physiology and Pathology—C. Vastine, M. D., 703 Pine street; Medical Jurisprudence—R. S. Voorhies, Lecturer on Comparative Anatomy and Prosector—S. P. Parsons, M. D.; Demonstrator of Anatomy—J. N. DeWitt, M. D.

Announcement of the Hahnemann Medical College of Philadelphia—Chartered by an Act of the Legislature of Pennsylvania, approved May 2d, 1853—The following is extracted from said Act: "The said College to have the power of granting degrees and giving diplomas to all those who may comply with the rules and regulations thereof, and also to give a summer and winter course of Lectures on the Science of Medicine; the said College to have all the immunities, rights and privileges granted to the Allopathic Colleges in the State of Pennsylvania, not inconsistent with the Laws and Constitution thereof"—Session of 1867-68—*Faculty of Medicine:* Institutes and Materia Medica—Constantine Hering, 114 North Twelfth street; Practice of Medicine, Special Pathology and Diagnosis—Charles G. Raue, M. D., 121 North Tenth street; Surgery—John C. Morgan, M. D., 1700 Chestnut street; Midwifery, Diseases of Women and Children, and Lecturer on Clinical Medicine—Henry N. Martin, M. D., 626 Spruce street; Physiology, General Pathology and Microscopic Anatomy—Richard Koch, M. D., 33 North Twelfth street; Anatomy—A. R. Thomas, M. D., 1506 Chestnut street; Natural Philosophy, Chemistry and Toxicology—Lemuel Stephens, M. D., 616 Sansome street; Lecturer on Forensic Medicine—H. Ryland Warriner, Esq., 26 North Seventh street; Demonstrator and Lecturer on Surgical Anatomy—C. H. Von Tagen, M. D., 1135 Spruce street.

IN THE PROBATE COURT OF THE CITY AND County of San Francisco, State of California.
In the matter of the Estate of HENRY MONTGOMERY, deceased.
Order to show cause why Order of Sale of Real Estate should not be made.
It appearing to the said Court, by the petition this day presented and filed by James Dulfey, the Administrator of the estate left unadministered of HENRY MONTGOMERY, deceased, praying for an order of sale of real estate, that it is necessary to sell the whole or some portion of the real estate, to pay the allowance to the family, the debts outstanding against the deceased, and the debts, expenses and charges of administration.
It is therefore ordered by the said Court, that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased, appear before the said Probate Court on MONDAY, the 11th day of November, A. D. 1867, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the Court room of said Probate Court, at the City Hall in the city and county of San Francisco, to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said Administrator of the estate left unadministered, to sell so much of the real estate of the said deceased as shall be necessary;
And that a copy of this order be published at least four successive weeks in THE CALIFORNIAN, a weekly newspaper printed and published in said city and county.
M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.
Dated October 11th, 1867.
DRAKE, HENT & LANDESMAN, Attorneys for Administrator. oct12-19-26 nov2-9

DRY GOODS,
For Fall of 867!
GREAT REDUCTION IN PRICES!

MEAGHER, TAAFFE & CO.
ARE NOW OFFERING
Their Immense Stock
OF SUPERIOR
Fancy and Staple Dry Goods
AT A REDUCTION OF FROM TWENTY TO FORTY PER CENT. BELOW FORMER RATES.

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Elegant China—Striped, Brocade and Plain;
Black Silks of very superior quality;
Merinos, Empress and Ottomen Cloth;
Linsoys, Winseys, Ottoman Vollours;
De Laines, etc., etc.
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French and English Cambric, Jeconets;
Nainsook, Mull, Swiss Muslins;
Plaid, Striped and Figured Cambrics and Nainsooks;
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Cloth, Cassimeres, Cleaking, Blankets;
Flannels, Marseilles, Quilts, etc.
Hosiery suitable for Ladies, Children and Gentlemen's wear of every description.

LACES, HANDKERCHIEFS, SHAWLS, CLOAKS.

9 *MONTGOMERY STEET,*
LICK HOUSE BLOCK.

WHOLESALE HOUSE,
107 BATTERY STREET, near Pine street.
SAN FRANCISCO.

Great Reduction
IN PRICES OF
BOOTS AND SHOES.

ON ACCOUNT OF THE WIDENING OF Kearny Street, we are compelled to remove. Before doing so, we will sell at retail our entire stock of boots and shoes at the lowest
WHOLESALE PRICES.
HOLCOMBE & KAST,
Corner Washington and Kearney streets.

CITY BANK OF SAVINGS
LOAN AND DISCOUNT,
No. 627 Sacramento street, corner of Webb.

This Bank will open on Tuesday, the 15th inst., for the transaction of business, and will then be ready to
RECEIVE DEPOSITS
AND MAKE LOANS AND DISCOUNTS, ETC.

OFFICE HOURS—From 10 A. M. to 3 P. M., daily, and on Saturdays from 10 A. M. to 9 P. M.
H. A. Cobb, President.
DANIEL MURPHY, Cashier.
San Francisco, October 9, 1867.

F. C. BELDEN

Of the well-known Family Depot, 612 Sacramento street, has opened the
SUMMER STREET RESTAURANT,
at the northeast corner of Spring and Summer Sts.
☞ Meals to order, and by the plate. Wines and Liquors of the best quality.

California Coffee and Dining Saloon,

Nos. 612 and 614 MONTGOMERY STREET,
Between Clay and Merchant, San Francisco.
J. R. REAGAN, Proprietor.
A Ladies' Saloon has been fitted up, where private parties can receive every attention in the most comfortable quarters. We also keep lunch hot en chafing dishes at the counter, including the finest of Pastry, where customers can be served quickly and satisfactorily.
French Breakfasts and Dinners, with Wine, continued.

Turnbull & Smith,
PRINTERS,
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Good Work!—One Price!—Punctuality!

D. BRUCE,
PRINTER,
COMMERCIAL STREET BELOW MONTGOMERY.

Notice to Families.

LADIES and GENTLEMEN are invited to call and try my new

GAME SEASON BILL OF FARE.
QUAIL ON TOAST,
SPRING CHICKENS,
OYSTERS IN EVERY STYLE,
AND ALL THE LUXURIES OF THE SEASON
Every Day and Evening.
PRICES TO SUIT EVERYBODY.

French Dinner with half bottle Claret.....75 cts.
French Breakfast with half bottle Claret.....75 cts.
Always on hand, BEST FRENCH CANDIES AND BONBONS.
Orders for Parties promptly attended to.
PETER JOB,
Corner of Montgomery and Bush Streets,
San Francisco.
☞ Open till half-past twelve at night.

ST. CHARLES RESTAURANT,

At the Hotel of C. Galliand, Nos. 607 and 509 Pine Street, between Kearny and Dupont streets.
BY MME. CAZINTRE.
☞ All who will call at this Restaurant will find an excellent table and prompt attention.

NEW RESTAURANT.

MR. SORBIER takes pleasure in informing his friends and customers that he has opened a FIRST-CLASS RESTAURANT under the name of
SORBIER'S RESTAURANT,
at No. 607 SACRAMENTO STREET, above Montgomery, where he will be pleased to see his old friends and the public in general, and where all can be assured that they will be served with the very best the market affords, at most reasonable rates. JOHN E. SORBIER,
Late of the Occidental Restaurant.

North American Steamship Company
THROUGH TO NEW YORK VIA NICARAGUA.
THROUGH AHEAD OF THE MAIL!
☞ *Shortest and Only Healthy Route!* ☜
THE NORTH AMERICAN S. S. CO.'S STEAMER
MOSES TAYLOR,
J. H. BLETHEN.....Commander,
Will sail for SAN JUAN DEL SUR, Nicaragua, from MISSION STREET WHARF, at 12 o'clock, M., on
FRIDAY, - - - - SEPT. 25th, 1867.
Connecting at Greytown with the magnificent Steamship SANTIAGO, 2500 tons, for NEW YORK.
No expense on the Isthmus—100 lbs. baggage free.
Surgeon on board; medicine and attendance free.
As there is no Yellow Fever nor other epidemic in Nicaragua, passengers by this route will not be detained by Quarantine in New York.
For further information, apply to
I. W. RAYMOND, Agent,
Northwest corner Battery and Pine streets, up stairs

Peter Short,
FASHIONABLE AND PRACTICAL TAILOR,
613 WASHINGTON STREET,
Between Montgomery and Kearny, San Francisco.

IN THE PROBATE COURT of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.
In the matter of the estate of HENRIETTE NAHL, deceased.
Order to show cause why order of distribution should not be made.
On reading and filing the petition of H. W. Arthur Nahl, the administrator of the estate of HENRIETTE NAHL, deceased, setting forth that he has filed his final account of his administration of the estate of said deceased, in this Court, and that the same has been duly settled and allowed; that all the debts and expenses of administration have been duly paid; and that a portion of said estate remains to be divided among the heirs of said deceased, and praying among other things for an order of distribution of the residue of said estate among the persons entitled:
It is Ordered, that all persons interested in the estate of said Henriette Nahl, deceased, be and appear before the Probate Court of the city and county of San Francisco, at the Court room of said Court, in the City Hall in said city and county, on MONDAY, the 11th day of November, Anno Domini 1867, at eleven o'clock, A. M., then and there to show cause why an order of distribution should not be made of the residue of said estate among the heirs of the said deceased, according to law.
It is further Ordered, that a copy of this order be published for four successive weeks, before the said eleventh day of November, A. D. 1867, in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published in the said city and county.
M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.
Dated October 10th, 1867
MESSRS. SHARP & LLOYD, Attorneys for Petitioner.
oct12-19-26 nov2-9

The Californian.

"SURELY THERE IS A VEIN FOR THE SILVER AND A PLACE FOR GOLD WHERE THEY FINE IT."

VOLUME VII., No. 22. OFFICE, No. 532 MERCHANT STREET. | SAN FRANCISCO, OCTOBER 19, 1867. | TERMS, $5 A YEAR, BY MAIL, IN ADVANCE. 50 CENTS A MONTH, BY CARRIER.

CONTENTS:

ORIGINAL:—The Homœopathic Dissecting Knife applied to the *Pacific Medical and Surgical Journal*, by J. F. G.; Mr. Dickens' Offence; A California University; A Hasty Criticism; The Southern Drama; Literary Gleanings; Culture and Reform; A Lost Civilization; "Lion's Mouth," by TREM: An Interesting Event; A Hint for Fitz Smythe; Love and Ventriloquism; A Pocket Railroad; Dramatic Affairs, by TOUCHSTONE; POETRY: Winter has Come, by "Le Meunier;" Paragraphs, etc. SELECTED:—A Night before Port Hudson, by James Franklin Fitts; Old Stories Retold—The Wreck of the *Rothsay Castle*, steam-packet; Something about Japan, by Rev. George W. Bacon; A Horse Speculation, by John Quill; Poetry, Paragraphs, etc.

[For the Californian.]

WINTER HAS COME.

GREEN was the bank of the stream where I lay,
With an unbaited hook;
Merry the laugh that wafted that way,
From the ford of the brook.
But oh! who would have thought, that bright morning of Spring,
That such innocent merriment ever would bring
Such Winter as this which has come!

Mown were the meadows, and perfume of hay
Carried upward our vow;
Fruitful the harvest, and happy the day—
Ah, so far distant now!
When we stood by the elm at the foot of the glade,
Till the twilight descending threw o'er us a shade—
Sad omen of what was to come!

Sear were the leaflets, and yellow the dale,
As we stood by the stile.
Who knows what fingers had woven the veil
Fell between us the while!
Had that sorrowing eye but begotten a tear,
Had my lowering brow but a moment been clear,
This Winter would never have come.

Mournfully murmured the wind in the dell,
As it sympathy sighed;
Winter came down as that final "farewell"
Was re-echoed and died.
Will it, gloomy and desolate, never depart,
With its icicle fingers, away from my heart,
This Winter that long has been there?

LE MEUNIER.

THE LION'S MOUTH.

"THE gravest beast is an ass, the gravest bird is an owl, the gravest fish is an oyster, and the gravest man is a fool." SYDNEY SMITH.

"I WILL roar, that I will do any man's heart good to hear me." A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

"I WILL aggravate my voice so, that I will roar you as gently as any sucking dove; I will roar you an 't were any nightingale." IBID.

"*Nil falsi audeat, nil veri non audeat dicere.*" CICERO.

Love and Ventriloquism.

The followiuging advertisement appears in a New York paper:

LOVE! LOVE!—Full instructions by which any person can master the great art of Ventriloquism, and win undying love of the fair sex in a few hours practice in every case, or money refunded. Send by mail, postage paid for 50 cents. Address M. A. JAGGERS.

Is there any connection between love and ventriloquism? We appeal to Jaggers. We have heard a cynical young lady remark that the only way to gain an Englishman's affections was to please his stomach, that the materialistic Britisher preferred pie-crust to poetry, and loved the woman whose genius was evinced rather in cooking a beefsteak than in writing essays on political economy. But is the language of love to come from the stomach Jaggers? Can a man by ventriloquially declaring his affection "win undying love in a few hours practice, in every case, or money refunded?"

The idea that the heart is the seat of affections was of course exploded long ago. Everyone knows that love affects the stomach more than it does the heart, and believes that in all probability the pang of love are felt by that important member of the human body. Perhaps then Jaggers is right, perhaps instead of "the heart declaring its passion," the stomach should do the talking. If this theory be correct, how useful then is it to learn the art of ventriloquism! Send fifty cents to Jaggers (we won't give Jaggers' address) and receive in return instructions which will enable you to make ventriloquial love, and gain the undying love of the fair sex.

A Pocket Railroad:

The great Hah-ya-takee, when he traveled to San Jose the other day by rail, expressed his astonishment and delight at the speed of the locomotive, and asked the interpreter if he couldn't buy the railroad—he wouldn't mind giving five hundred dollars for it; he wanted to have it packed up so that he might conveniently transport it to Japan. The interpreter told him that he would do all he could in the matter, but he was afraid that the San Jose Railroad Company wouldn't sell out for five hundred dollars, to accomodate the great Ha-yah-takee, and enable him to return to Japan with a railroad in his pocket,

An Interesting Event.

We have been grieved and disappointed by the neglect of the city press. It is three weeks since it was born—not a word has been said about it in the newspapers which chronicled the fact that Mrs. Lincoln had been a little extravagant, and has been forced by the pressure of circumstances to apply to that great universal relative her "uncle" and "pop" "above up the sport," "impignorate" or whatever you like to call it, her jewelry. It is sad. We will not be so neglectful, although we must own that we should have announced the interesting event long, long ago; only yesterday, we walked down to North Beach for the express purpose of seeing it. We had heard of it. It was pronounced by those who had seen it to be—well, we went down. Not a word had been said in any paper, excepting the *German Democrat*, a paper which is especially devoted to Democrats and—but there it was, like, oh! horribly like a black baby; there was "Minnie," the happy mother monkey, nursing a sweet little cherub who cried as melodiously as any of his white cousins, and had no soothing syrup administered to him. The proud papa, "Pete." sits on a small soap box far away from his bride, and when his offspring is admired, by grinning and chattering, calls the attention of the bystanders to the fact that it is "the image of its father." There is a wicked old monkey called "Jeff. Davis," confined in a cage—no Horace Greely having, as yet, offered himself as bail. We feared that Jeff. did not get as many peanuts, apples, and other delicacies, as his more amiable com-patriots who swing by their tails, jump, and otherwise exert themselves, to amuse the San Francisco public, and made inquiries concerning him. We were assured by the manager of the small menagerie, that "Jeff's" imprisonment, though irksome, was necessary, and that his daily rations were most bountiful in quantity, and liberal with regard to quality. On only one occasion was he insulted; the keeper detailed to take him his food, ventured to make an insulting remark to the noble captive, and "Jeff." incontinently pasted him in the bugle with an apple left from his morning rations. "Jeff." is a confirmed old bachelor, and would with pleasure eat the monkey baby if it ever happened to come within his reach. "Minnie" is a little afraid of "Jeff.," and careful that the small monkey shall not ever leave her arms. It is a pretty, intelligent looking, and very interesting little monkey, and even if it can never hope to obtain a vote, should be regarded with interest as a native born Californian.

A Hint for Fitz Smythe.

Fitz Smythe's manner of recording thefts, murders and other crimes is lively, he is very funny, but he might still improve his style by studying the New York papers. Fitz Smythe published the following in yesterday's *Alta:*

Charles Coates was caught with a pretty little toy, called a sling shot, and will be told hereafter how much he must pay for indulging his peculiar fancy for amusement,

Mrs. O'Brien spoke to William Brit after a style which sounded harshly and unnatural in his virtuous ears, and therefore he procured her arrest. The Judge established her naughty use of language, which in this case did not disguise her thoughts, by imposing a fine of $10.

That is very good, but it is not nearly so high flavored as the following, which we clip from an Eastern paper:

"Big Moll Johnson, the Amazon of 'Hooker's division,' a 'rusty' old 'gin pig,' 'lost to virtue and wedded to sin,' was before the 'heakquere' at the Central last night, for creating a disturbance at the 'snoozing ken' No. 152 C street. Moll's 'moneker' was in the *Huey* a week or two ago for shooting a U. S. 'cove.' She is without exception the 'rustiest zuke' in Washington. Some idea of the powers of this 'hloss' can be formed from the fact that it required three or four of our best 'coppers' (fly cop McDevitt, Roth and Leach) to 'run her in,' she fighting all the way to the 'booby hatch' like a catamount."

That is the sort of writing which would make the *Alta* a popular paper. Fitz calls a policeman "an active officer;" he should term him a "fly cop." He has never yet called him a "heakquere." Oh, bah! how stale, flat and unprofitable appear all Fitz Smythe's attempts at spicy writing when compared with the productions of this New York local items.

The Age of Shams.

It is all very fine to talk about the sham breasts, sham calves, sham ears, sham everythings of the ladies, but do not gentlemen practice as much deceit? There are at present in San Francisco at least six gentlemen who pad their calfs (or calves, which is right,) and as to shams in the way of paper, it is perfectly disgraceful. We know of one nice-looking young man in this city who never wears a shirt; he wears a paper collar, and paper cuffs, and walks about the streets with an air of gentlemanly effrontery, which leads people to believe can tell where the paper imitations will stop. When waterfalls—no, "chignons"—are made out of paper and resemble the natural hair so that he is a capitalist. This paper is a terrible invention. No one closely as to defy detection, one does not know what may be done next. At present all a man requires to enable him to make a respectable appearance, is two paper collars and an undershirt.

Once More Dead.

Every one in San Francisco must remember the performing mules, Barney and Pete, which have been attached to various circuses which have visited this State for the last ten years. These remarkable mules die periodically. Pete has died three times to our knowledge, Barney is not so good on the die as Pete, he has only died once. It is not the slightest consequence, however, how often either one or the other of these famous mules die, they are both alive and kicking the next day. The last account of the death of one of them, we don't know whether the corpse is that of Barney or Petee, we clip from the last number of the *Santa Cruz Times*.

"DEAD.—The celebrated trick mule of Ryland & Lee's circus company, which has traveled throughout the United States, South America and Australia, died a few days since in the cattle-market pasture, near Haywood." TREM.

A NIGHT BEFORE PORT HUDSON.

BY JAMES FRANKLIN FITTS.

[Captain James Franklin Fitts, who served for four years in active duty in the Union army during the late war, is writing "Recollections of the War" for the Boston *Flag of Our Union*. Captain Fitts' sketches of army-life and experiences, several of which we have published in THE CALIFORNIAN before, are peculiarly graphic and interesting, and are entirely free from that exaggerated and mock heroic tone which is so common to most war stories. The subjoined article will be followed next week by a companion sketch detailing his experiences at the assault of Port Hudson.]

IF the reader can fancy what his feelings would be should he be called up from a comfortable slumber of a cold night, with the intelligence that the roof was blazing overhead, and the stairway burned away beneath him, he will be in the neighborhood of the sensations which the soldier experiences when aroused by the long-roll of the sergeant-major, to fight a battle.

A great many pretty descriptions of battles have been written by men who never shouldered a musket or carried a sword, and there is reason to fear that the public, even in this day of great military experience, look upon the soldier as a rattle-brained, harum-scarum, O'Malleyish kind of a fellow, always spoiling for a fight, and never entirely happy when not up to his neck in blood and glory. But I think that any amateur military writer, whose imagination ever led him into wild fights after the sensational in war, would have become thoroughly sick of that kind of business, had he been with us before Port Hudson on the 10th of June, 1863.

Almost two weeks' familiarity with the excitements and dangers of sharpshooting had quieted our nerves so that the we were able to sleep soundly at night, whether the muskets cracked and clattered the night long, or only in occasional spits of spite. The details in the rifle-pits watched carefully, while the mass of us enjoyed the only enjoyable hours which came to the place—those devoted to sleep. And how we did luxuriate in the few hours' repose which we were allowed from those dusty, smoke-blackened, bullet-scarred rifle-pits! With legs aching from the continual strain of standing at the loop-holes, with arms aching from steady use of the rammer, with shoulders aching from the recoil of the musket, loaded with a double charge of powder, to drive the minnie ball more surely into Port Hudson, with eyes aching from intently watching for a human mark to shoot at, and with every nerve in the system aching and throbbing under the weight of excitement that burdened it all through the hours of daylight—with all this aggregation of fatigue and pain, it was as grateful as it was easy for the soldier to throw himself down on the ground, wrap his blanket about him, and enjoy such a sleep as no feather-bed ever afforded him. Those of us who had read Don Quixote joined heartily in Sancho's benediction on "the man who first invented sleep;" and those of us who had not realized the sentiment quite as well.

I thought of all this on the night of the 9th of June, about nine o'clock, as I lay down to sleep, with no covering but the branches of the trees and the heavens overhead. About three hours must have passed, and I was sleeping so sweetly and soundly that the waking of me for anything short of a matter of life or death would have been a crime, when a voice sounded faintly in my air.

"Captain," it said. The sergeant-major tells me that I scowled in my sleep, muttered something about deploying the company as skirmishers, and turned over.

"Cap, wake up!" This time I was shaken by the shoulder, and I awoke to recognize my old persecutor, the sergeant-major.

"Well, what now? What mischiefs and torments do you announce?" I asked, sitting upright.

"Company to fall in under arms immediately," he said.

"At this time of night? Know what for?"

"No. They say it's an assault; but it's not certain."

"And what shall we do when under arms?"

"Move into the rifle-pits, and wait for further orders." And with these words, he moved on to carry his orders elsewhere.

I crawled in the darkness over to the spot where my orderly-sergeant slept, and, waking him, gave him the orders, and told him to hasten the men with all possible despatch. Then I crawled back, put on my blouse, buckled on my sword-belt, examined the cartridges in my revolver, to see that they could be depended on, and leaning against a tree, occupied the minute which the company required for falling in and calling the roll, with a few very serious reflections. As to the meaning of these orders, I had no doubt. I supposed, beyond question, they would be followed by another to attack and carry the enemy's works. It was an order we had expected for the past week; but I can hardly say that the time chosen for the work was particularly acceptable. So far as

my own experience goes, soldiers have a deep distaste for night-fighting. To be sure, they have that shelter in the darkness which they never have in daylight; but a position by assault, the light of day seemed to me to be indispensable. I feared that in the first rush and fury of the assault friends and foes would become mingled together, and that our blows and balls would fall in the darkness upon each other, leading to disaster and confusion. The thought of the precaution of which I had read somewhere—the tying of a piece of tape or string about the arm, suggested itself to me; but I heard the voice of the adjutant, hurrying the companies on the right, knew there was no time left for suggestion of this kind.

"Well," was my unspoken thought, as I faced the company to the right, and moved it into the rifle-pits, "I am very glad indeed that I don't command this army, and have not the responsibility of speaking the word that will devote hundreds of these boys to death and wounds. One company is quite as large a command as I desire, for such a mission as this, at such a time."

But I congratulated myself too early, for I found in the rifle-pits but two other companies of the regiment, and was informed by their officers that only these three were ordered out. I was the senior officer present, and therefore commanded the detachment during the exciting and perilous hours which followed.

The next three minutes were minutes of profound silence; they were like the hush that fills the air just before the descent of the white squall upon the sea. The men grasped their muskets, and peered curiously into the darkness between us and the enemy; some had clambered upon the top of the work, which in the daytime was forbidden ground, and the officers stood in silence together, waiting for the word to advance. I looked over into the yawning gulf that separated us from the hills which were crowned by the enemy's defences, and drew very little encouragement from the recollection of the nature of the place, as we had seen it by daylight. It was a great irregular pit, bare of trees, save a few solitary growths on the slopes of the hills, but choked with rocks, felled with timber, brambles and stumps, and seamed with deep gullies and wet ditches. All these obstacles must be blundered over in the darkness; we must descend our own hills, and ascend those of the enemy, in the teeth of a driving storm of lead, before we could reach their works; and then—

The voice of the colonel broke in upon my reflections. He had entered the rifle-pit, and took a hasty look at the companies.

"A, F and D?" he said interrogatively. "Yes—this is right. Now, then, gentlemen, move your men forward. Straight forward, you understand. The other seven will stay in the rifle-pits to cover your advance."

"But, colonel," I interposed, "what are we to do? Are there no particular orders? Is it to be an assault, in good earnest, or only a feint?"

"The fact is, captain, I don't know. It's a shame to deliver orders in this bungling way; but I give them just as they came to me from brigade headquarters. But you must move, at all events. See! they are moving on the right and left of you. Forward!"

The night was not of that kind commonly known as *pitch-dark;* it was one of hazy obscurity. We could distinguish bodies at some distance, although features were not recognizable at arm's length. As the colonel spoke, I saw a mass of figures to the right and left form over our own works in irregular order, and move silently down the hill.

"Forward!" I repeated in a whisper, and clambered over the logs which topped the embankment, dropping down seven feet outside, with my sword in my teeth.

By half-dozens the officers and men came after me; and, without stopping to form them in regular order, I led them down the steep face of the hill. We had progressed but a few rods, before I discovered a skirmish-line deploying towards us from the right; and I hailed it in a subdued voice.

"Ho—what regiment there?"

"One Hundred and Sixteenth New York," came back the answer, in the familiar voice of Lieutenant S——; and immediately we met at the bottom of the hill.

"What are your orders?" I asked.

"To deploy as skirmishers, and advance," he answered.

"Nothing more?"

"Not a word."

"Well—move slowly, and I will connect with your left." And, hastening back to my command, I gave the order to deploy as skirmishers, taking intervals to both right and left, which the men proceeded to do.

This skirmishing, the reader will understand, is not altogether a bad business, when prosecuted in daylight, over a level plain, or through a piece of woods. The line moves forward at easy pace, the men scattered along it, each at least six paces from his next neighbor; every one may take any shelter that falls in his way behind which to load or fire, or he may throw himself flat on the earth; he is expected to fire only when he sees a reasonable prospect of hitting an enemy, and to keep himself as well sheltered as the nature of the ground and circumstances will permit. But when it comes to moving up a skirmishing-line in the dark, through and over all kinds of obstacles, pitfalls and entanglements, with no hope of keeping any connection in it, and towards an enemy whose exact-location you are very uncertain about—then it is a very distasteful business, and one which is never coveted, either by officers or men.

But my few words with Lieutenant S——had elicited one fact which I was not sorry to learn. There was to be no assault to-night. General Banks never intended to carry Port Hudson with a skirmish-line; of that I was quite positive. It was, as I had begun to suspect before leaving our works, a demonstration, intended for some purpose which was doubtless well known by the generals, and which it was not necessary that we should know. It would be idle to say that I did not feel relieved by this conviction. I think I shared in the vigorous *esprit du corps* which characterized this command, and realized as thoroughly as any other of it, there must be a fight, and a very bloody and desperate one, before the stars and bars which we saw daily waiving from the summit of the tallest tree within the rebel ports would come down. I knew well enough that the day must come; but to use a Hibernicism, I preferred that it should not come in the night-time.

As the skirmishers spread out, I followed them closely. We were now well nigh the bottom of the pit, and the long, broken bridge, with the rebel embankments dimly defined upon it, frowned almost over us.

"Keep a little more to the right," I said, in the suppressed voice in which I had hitherto spoken. "There is a quiet gap between us and—"

That sentence was never finished. The gap I spoke of was in the skirmish-line, and nobody was near enough to warn one that I was standing on a rock, and that a gap of quite as much importance to me was directly at my feet. The next step that I took was about two yards in length; I floundered off that treacherous rock, without warning, my sword flying out of my hand, my head bumping, and the scabbard banging against the rock in my descent, and myself bringing up on all fours in a clump of brambles which cruelly gashed my lips and tore a liberal piece from the skirt of my blouse. I was somewhat bruised, and not a little lacerated in temper; but there was no time now for the washing of wounds. Recovering my sword, I crept on several yards further, listening with real amusement, spite of the gravity of our situation, to the exclamations uttered in subdued tones by the men, as they also bruised and scratched themselves against the thickening difficulties of the abbatis.

"Hang it, John, come back here!" I heard one of them call out in a loud whisper. "Here I am, on the ground, with my shoulder-belt fast in this infernal root. Come and help me up."

"Yes--quick as I find my bayonet. Belt and bayonet both went together into these brambles."

"Curse the man who first settled Port Hudson!" an irate corporal observed. "There's a gash on my cheek as big as a sabre-cut. These brambles are awful."

"Where's cap?"

"Near by, I guess; he'll turn up. Get along men," replied one of the file-closers.

Some distance to the right, where I supposed the ground was clearer, and where the advance might be made with less labor, we had heard several musket-shots, without which the rebels could hardly been apprised of our advance. But now, while we struggled to extricate ourselves from the obstacles which lay thick beneath and before us, a single flash from a distant point of the enemy's line faintly illumined this pit of torment in which we were laboring, and the roar of a thirty-pounder echoed through the night. By the light of that flash, I saw long black lines of heads and shoulders projected over the rebel works; and they must have seen a small army of blue blouses scattered about through the pit, and crawling through and over its impediments up toward their works. The scene which followed was one which mocks all written description, and shames language into silence. In its suddenness and startling fury, the uproar that then shook the air, breaking in as it did upon the hush of night, has never been surpassed in all my experience. Could I have witnessed that spectacle as a mere spectator, in a safe position, instead of that which I held as one of its actors, I know I should have found its dramatic effect terribly grand. Long jets of fire suddenly flashed out in irregular bursts from every part of the works before us, and the discordant crash of musketry for the next fifteen minutes seemed to fill the whole atmosphere. And no sooner did the rebels open upon us, than there came a response from our friends behind us.

If the reader can imagine himself the center of a great open cavern, over which the sky is arched in a low dome, and then imagine the sky filled with incessant flashes of light, and an uninterrupted crash of thunder, all so near him that every flash threatens to scorch and every peal to smite him, he will gain an idea of our situation. The uproar and the sense of danger from the clouds of bullets that hissed through the air would have been frightful enough had it all proceeded from the front; but our peril was nearly as great from our friends as from our foes. The darkness was deep enough to make the men in our own rifle-pits uncertain of the precise line of fire, and probably one-third of their balls struck nearer to us than to the enemy. It would have been folly to proceed, under the circumstances, and the whole skirmish-line halted and lay low, every man seeking the best shelter he could obtain. As I lay prone to the ground, it seemed as though every spot about me was struck by a bullet. They sprang and whistled in the air overhead like a swarm of maddened bees, and their dull *thud* as they pierced the ground, or struck the logs and rocks, was too frequent to be counted. Under this terrific cross-fire we lay helpless for at least half an hour, every man feeling like a victim who was certain to be sacrificed, sooner or later. My men were injured only by slight wounds—none were killed, owing, it may be, to the fact that they were well protected; but at other points of the line there were many who lay down beneath that fire, and never rose again, and many more who crawled and limped back to our works, sorely smitten. We could hear the voices of these latter, as they called to the men in our rifle-pits not to shoot them while they were retreating; and some who tried to make their way back, faint and bleeding, were struck dead before reaching the cover of earthworks, fell on the slope, where they were afterwards found riddled with balls.

Gradually the firing slackened on both sides, and was heard only in scattered shots. I crawled a little forward, and found my men well sheltered in a wet ditch, which must have been the lowest ground of the pit, as a little stream of water was running through it. The bank nearest the rebels was of sufficient height to afford complete protection to those who hugged it closely; but some were forced to sit in the water, to secure this protection. I peeped cautiously over the edge, and found myself already near enough to the enemy's position to be comfortable. The hill rose up abruptly from the ditch; and upon it, not more than the distance of a good stone's throw, at least, eight figures were moving about, while voices, though not words, could be heard distinctly.

"We can pick off every mother's son of 'em!" Sergeant W—— whispered, as he stood on tip-toe by me, and half-cocked his rifle. "There's that chap pointing with his arm—I think he's an officer. Shall I fetch him?"

The temptation to order a dozen of the best sharp-shooters in those three companies up to the edge of this ditch, and by one well-directed volley destroy the whole party, was strong; but inclination took counsel of judgment, and said no. Well satisfied as I was that our movement was merely a feint or a reconnoissance, I knew it would be wrong to incur so grave a risk for the sake of killing a few enemies. The discharge of three muskets from that ditch would have instantly centered upon us an enfilading fire which would probably have killed every man of us. Out of prudence, therefore, I restrained the men; but should these lines meet the eye of some Mississippian, Arkansian or Louisianian who was upon that hill that morning, he will know how narrow was his escape from death.

I looked at my watch; it was but a little past two o'clock. Here we were, crowded together in that wretched ditch, standing, sitting, and even lying in the water, without orders, and not knowing what to do next. Lieutenant S—— was still on our right, and a few whispered sentences with him soon informed me that he was in the same quandary with ourselves.

That was all very well; but I had begun to seriously fear that we should never get any orders to deliver us from this woeful predicament into which somebody's blunder had cast us. The conviction grew so strong, that I resolved to take the hazard of going back for them. It might be that messengers were out searching for us, who were unable to find us in the darkness. Whispering my intention to the officer next in rank to myself, I crawled out of the ditch, and began to ascend, on hands and knees, the slope down which we had tumbled and wandered an hour before. I made the way rather long, anxious as I was to keep the shelter of rocks, logs, brambles and grass, and so "snaked" along toward the top, as I had read of Indians and hunters spying upon each other. All such experiences are much more delightful to read about than to practice, however; and I resolved on the spot that the noble red men were welcome to all that kind of fun they could find: I wanted no more of it. Stray balls fell uncomfortably near me all the way, and as I placed my hand on a log, to assist me in this "snaking" progress, a bullet sank into the other end of it, making it tremble beneath my fingers.

As I neared our lines, the fear that I might be taken for an enemy grew strong, and I softly called out—Ho there—One Hundred and Fourteenth.?"

"Ay, ay!" was the welcome response; and, with a hurried caution that I was Captain F——, and they need not shoot, I rushed over the intervening space and tumbled inside the work into the midst of Company G.

"The Lord save us!" ejaculated the lieutenant. "So you're not dead I thought you were all dead by this time."

"No," I retorted. "But little thanks to you fellows that we are not. You shoot awfully wild to-night."

"Well, we can't help it," he returned apologetically, "in this darkness. But we had orders a few minutes ago to suspend firing."

"Where's the colonel," I asked.

"Here," he answered for himself. And in halt a minute I bad explained to him the exact uature of our situation, and demanded to know what was expected from us.

"That's just what I'd like to know myself," he answered slapping his leg with angry excitement. "I've sent over to the brigade headquarters twice, and can't get a word from them. Everything goes wrong to-night. However, I suppose you'll be ordered back presently. Return to your detachment and in the absence of orders, do as you see others do."

Very little comforted by these indefinite instructions, which were still the best that my very excellent colonel could give me, I blundered down the hill, and into the ditcb again, and told the men what I had learned.

"We'll stay here until daylight, if we're not ordered back. In fact, I think I'd like to stay a week or so in such a delightful spot."

My poor attempt at wit raised a feeble chuckle and the men settled themselves down to the holding of this vile situation as manfully as though we had been accomplishing any real good there. My words were dolefully prophetic; stay there till daylight we did, and a very dismal three bours we had of it. We could only talk in whispers, for fear of being overheard by the enemy; we could only sit or stand in a constrained position for fear of being seen and sbot; so tbe most of us lapsed into moody silence—one of the boys afterwards declaring that in that interval of time he tbought about everything that had ever happened to him since be was two years and six montbs old, while another said he spent the whole time wisbing he was in Widow Blake's front parlor in ——— county, with Susan.

The easy nonchalance of tbe soldier comes out queerly on occasions like this. We are often told that the wants of the body are entirely repressed during times of great mental tension; but every soldier knows the contrary. There was not a man of us then in that horrible bole who did not realize tbe fact that he was likely enougb to get a bullet through his body the next minute; and there was not one who was not voraciously hungry. In fact, I have often tbought that excitement tends as strongly to hunger as does labor. One of the men had been thoughtful enougb to bring a haversack of hard tack and raw pork with him, wbich was now passed freely around. In less than a month from that morning, I dined at the Metropolitan in New York, witb less real satisfaction than the eujoyment of this barbarous luncb at tbe bottom of that ditch gave me.

As the morning wore on, fatigue insensibly overpowered me, and lying there in four inches of water, and with occasional bullets thumping the ground about me, I enjoyed several five-minute naps, as did also others around me. A slight drizzling rain had commenced; but it added little to our discomforts; they were bardly capable of any additions.

Four o'clock at last. There is a plain, hunting-cased watch on the table before me as I write: it was my faithful companion for almost four years in tbe war, making time for me in many battles and skirmishes; and it told me that daylight was approaching on that memorable 10th of Jnne. And still no orders. The misty obscurity of the night was fast giving place to the first dull transclucent gray of dawn, and I peered warily down the gorge to see what others were doing. I heard the report of several muskets as I did so, and quickly an irregular discharge all along the enemy's line began; nor was it long before a piece of artillery somewhat to the rigbt of us began belching out grape and canister. The cause of tbis reopening of the fight was quickly apparent; the line was retiring, and as the ligbt of day grew broader, I could see our men retreating in all possible shapes—some rushing np the slope and over the work as fast as possible, a few taking it coolly and leisurely, as tbougb tbere was nothing to be alarmed about, and others getting on all fours throngb tbe grass and brambles. The sight would bave been laughable had it not possessed so large an element of the tragic.

"Now then, boys, get out of this!" I exclaimed, turning sharply upon them. "Tbe line is retiring, and I'll go with it, orders or no orders. Now or never! Who goes first?"

Not a man moved; not a man spoke. There were no braver fellows in Banks' army; but tbe idea of retreating up that bullet-scarred slope was disheartening, and all were reluctant to move. But I could not besitate, the situatiou grew worse and worse as the light increased.

"Start along, Brown—quick!" I said to a stalwart fellow and seized him by the arm. He sprang out of the ditch, and rushed up the slope and over the work, amid the patter of bullets; and a sbout from tbe inside announced his safety. "Now Smitb, now Jones—scamper, and the Lord protect you!" And tbey too went, amidst a sharp fusilade.

In this manner I urged tbem out, three or four at a time; and though it seemed to me then as if the wbole face of that slope were swept by rebel balls, every enlisted man of those three companies escaped with his life, and not one received a serious wound; wbile at other points of the line, corpses clad in blue were lying all over the hill. Such are the strange chances of war. Our riflemen were answering vigorously, trying to cover our retreat, and I have no doubt that their fire did large damage to the enemy.

There were now only the three officers who had accompanied the detachment left in the ditch—Captain Knowlton, Lieutenant Stafford and myself. The former escaped with me the accumulated dangers of the night; but sixteen months later, in front of the bloody battle of Cedar Creek, Virginia, he fell at my side, pierced through the brain by a rifle-ball.

"Every man for himself, now gentlemen," I said. "Good by, if I shouldu't see either of you again." And I bounded out of the ditch and across the little bollow that intervened between it and the slope.

It is much easier for a soldier to have faitb in presentments than any other person; and my presentment now was that I should escape unharmed. It was so strong that I sought no cover or concealment. I took an easy double quick right up the face of the hill, while the bullets shrieked after me, and sent up little feathers of dust around my feet. I felt an unaccountable conviction that I should not be hit, and I was not; but I hereby solemnly acquit the Confederate soldiers over in the rifle-pits opposite of any dereliction of duty in the matter. If ever men tried harder to kill a fellow-mortal than did those fellows to kill me, I have not seen the effort displayed. Near the top of the hill I picked up three rubber blankets, dropped by some of tbe men in their haste, and, firing a discharge from my revolver, as a little piece of brava do in answer to the great gun opposite which was again scattering grape all over the hill, I jumped inside of the rifle-pit into the arms of Company G, amid cries of "Bully for you!" "Safe by thunder!" and the like, from the soldiers who had watched my progress up the hill with breathless interest through the loopholes.

Captain Knowlton came in unharmed, about the same time. Lieutenant Stafford was not so fortunate. He ascended the hill not three rods behind me, aud was passing over the earthwork at the precise point where I had entered it. Just as he stooped for a jump, a bullet struck bim near the hip, completely traversing his body. It was a grievous wound, whicb incapacitated him for further service, and which has made him a cripple for life.

And thus ended one of the most perilous and disagreeable nights tbat I can now remember, during the course of my military experience. Tbe intention of this demonstration was to compel the enemy to unmask his artillery; and in this it was a success. Our own artillerists hammered away more vigorously than ever after it, and dismounted many of the rebel pieces that had showered their compliments upon us that morning. The movement was also intended to cover the operatious of a large working-party, which was silently and expeditiously cutting a sunken road through the base of a hill over to the left, through which General Banks was designing to push a heavy assaulting column up to the rebel position. One of this party was Corporal Medbury, of my own company. A bullet from a volley struck him just under the sboulder-blade, entering the body, and making what the surgeon unhesitatingly pronounced a mortal wound. He was sent down the river, and none of us ever expected to see him again alive; but when, a week afterwards, I was placed in one of the wards of St. James' Hospital, New Orleans, Corporal Medbury was tbe first man to visit me. He looked very pale, but was able to walk, and said that the doctor did not think bis wound even dangerous. For another week, after this, be continued to improve, when a relapse came on, beneath which be died the second day. A *post mortem* examination revealed tbe astonishing fact that the bullet bad traversed *both lungs*, and that gangrene had at last killed him. Tbat be died is not at all strange; but that he could live two weeks, and apparently be convalescent, with his lungs torn by an ounce ball, is one of the curiosities of human anatomy.

Tbe question will naturally be asked, wby was not the whole line witbdrawn before daylight, as it might have been, without loss? The reader may be sure that I asked that question, and asked it in no gentle terms; and the colonel answered it, with his voice trembling, aud indignant tears standing in his eyes:

"Captain, it's the most sbameful thing of all tbis wretcbed night. Colonel ——, who is in temporary command of the brigade, just told me that he intended to send the order out long before daylight; but he *overslept himself!* Confound such an officer! I wisb be might not sleep another wink for fifteen years. It makes me feel wolfish!"

As it did us. But tbe life and limbs of a soldier are always at the mercy of trifles as insignificant as tbeir consequences may be momentons.

Our jarring passions, onr variable humors, our greater or lesser degree of health and spirits, prodnce such contradictions in onr conduct, that I believe those are oftenest mistaken who ascribe our actions to tbe most seemingly obvious motives; and I am convinced tbat a light supper, a good night's sleep, and a fiue morning, have sometimes made a hero of the same man who, by an indigeston, a restless night, and a rainy morning, would have proved a coward.—*Chesterfield.*

No man is ever indifferent in regard to the world's good opinion until he has lost all claim to it.

THE AMERICAN LADIES.

HEPWORTH DIXON, in his work on the United States, thus discourses of American women:

When looking at these sweet New England girls as they go trooping past my window, I cannot help feeling that with this delicate pallor, winsome and poetic as it looks to an artist in female beauty, there must be lack of vital power. My saucy friend had got an inkling of the truth. Would that these dainty cousins of ours were a trifle more robust! I could forgive them for a little roseblush on the cheek; at present you can hardly speak to them without fearing lest they should vanish from before your voice.* * * * * Among the higher classes in America, the traditions of English beauty bave not declined; the oval face, the delicate lip, the transparent nostril, the pearl-like face, the tiny hand, wbich mark in May Fair the lady of high descent, may be seen in all the best houses of Virginia and Massachusetts. The proudest London belle, the fairest Lancashire witch, would find in Boston and in Richmond rivals in grace and beauty whom she could not feign to despise. Birth is one cause, no doubt, though training and prosperity have come in aid of birth. In some of our older colonies the people drew their blood from the beart of England in her most heroic time and mood, when men who were born of gentle mothers flung themselves into great adventure for establishing new States. The bands who came out under Raleigh's patent, under Brewster's guidance, were made up of soldiers, preachers, courtiers, gentlemen; some coming hither to seek a fortune, others to find an asylum; and, though crowds of less noble emigrants followed after them—farmers, craftsmen, menials, moss troopers, and even criminals—the leaven was not wholly lost. Tbe family names remained. Even now this older race of settlers keeps its force in some degree intact; making the women lovely, tbe men gallant and enduring, in the fashion of their ancient types. This higher range of female beauty, which is chiefly to be found in the older cities and in families of gentle race, is thoroughly English in its style, reminding the stranger of a gallery of portraits in a country house; here of Holbein and Lely, there of Gainsborougb and Reynolds.—Leslie, I think, brought some of his sweetest Englisb faces from the United States.

In many of tbe younger cities of the Union there is also a great deal of beauty, backed by a good deal of wit and accomplishment; but the beauty of these younger cities (at least that sample of it which I see here in Saratoga, and that which I saw a while ago at Lebanon Springs) is less like tbe art of Gainsborough and of Reynolds tban that of Guido and of Grense. Much Flemish blood is in it. The skin is fairer, the eye bluer, the expression bolder, than they are in the English type, New York beauty bas more dasb and color, Boston beauty more sparkle and delicacy. Some men would prefer tbe more open and audacious loveliness of New York, with tbe Reubens-like rosiness and fullness of tbe flesh; but an Englisb eye will find more charm in the soft and shy expression of the elder type. In New York the living is more splendid, the dressing more costly, the furnisbing more lavish, than in New England; but the effect of tbis magnificence, as an educating agent, is found to be rather upon the eye than upon the soul. I speak of the real ladies of New York, women who would be accounted ladies in Hyde Park, when I say that, as a rule, they have a style and bearing, a dasb, a frankness, a confidence not to be seen among their sisters of either New England or Old England. "I was very bad upon him, but I got over it in time, and tben let him off," said a young and pretty woman of New York to a friend of mine, speaking of ber love affairs in tbe secrecy of a friendship which had lasted two long days. By *him* she meant a swain who she, in the wisdom of sixteen snmmers, had chosen from the crowd; one whom, if the wbim had only held her a trifle longer, she might have made her husband by lawful rites. Tbe girl was not a brazen minx, such as a man may sometimes see in a train, in a river boat, playing with big words, and putting on saucy airs, but a sweet and elegant girl, a lady from brow to instep, with a fine carriage, a low voice, a cultured mind, a piece of feminine grace, such as a man would like to have in a sister and strive to compass in a wife. Her oddity consisted, first, in the thing which she said; next, in her choice of words; in eitber phrase it lay in the difference between an English girl's habits of thought with regard to the relations of men and women. "I was bad upon him, bnt I let him off," expresses, in very plain Saxon words; an idea which would hardly have entered iuto an English girl's mind, and, even if it had so entered, would never have found that dry and passionless escape from her lips. In that phrase lay hidden, like a pass-word in a common saying, the cardinal secrets of American life—the scarcity of women in the matrimonial market, and the power of choosing and rejectieg which tbat scarcity confers on a young and pretty girl.

Every man bas a paradise around him, until he sins, and tbe angel of an accusing conscience drives him from his Eden.

Men look at the faults of others witb a telescope—at their own with tbe same instrnment reversed, or not at all.

LITERARY GLEANINGS.

CULTURE AND REFORM.

PRACTICAL men, or those who are fond of claiming to be pre-eminently such, are prone to sneer at the claims of high culture, regarding it as something having no solid value, and of no actual *use* in the business of life. The successful merchant, who has risen to wealth and influence without it, despises it as something fanciful and vain, because he does not see that it could have helped him in his career. The politician does not feel the need of its fine edged weapons on the stump, in conventions and primaries, or in forensic conflict, where the vulgar arts of popular oratory serve him better than would the scholarly eloquence of Burke or Macaulay. Even the earnest reformer, and the practical philanthropist, are prone to undervalue it as something feeble, effeminate, and of little use promoting the welfare of mankind. The difficulty experienced by the advocates of culture, in replying to these objections is well indicated by a writer in the New York *Independent*, who says that they make no reply to some of them, "not perceiving how any reply they could make would meet the intelligence that urges the query." Alluding to Matthew Arnold's "Plea for Culture," from which we have heretofore published some extracts in our "Gleanings," the same writer says:

"The masters and advocates of culture in this country have engaged in no open warfare against the 'Philistines' who speak of it with scorn and descried the praise of it as a very mandlin and miserable sort of cant. But in England there is a man who puts on armor, and wields a trenchant weapon with great effect, in defense of 'Sweetness and Light,' which in his view are the regenerating elements, in the intellectual and social world. Matthew Arnold is his name. He is the evangelist and the hero of the new gospel of Wisdom and Beauty. He and his comrades on either side of the water believe with all their hearts that the world needs most of all, now as ever, is the mental and spiritual refinement of individual men and women, under the influence of literature and thought. They are the enemies of all passion and all prejudice. They detest narrowness, however called. They abominate sectarianism, liberal or illiberal. They fight against every limitation that is not justified by reason. Liberals they are, but liberals tempered by experience, reflection, and renouncement. They are haters of hatred, scorners of scorn, and lovers of love. Ambitious of power, rank, wealth, they are not. They rather desire to keep aloof from organizations that commonly end in disorganizing men, and prefer to have nothing to do with machinery that grinds the inventors and the workers of it into dust. Their reliance is on mind, not on metals; on ideas, not on tactics; on growth, enlargement, expansion, not on watchwords, dogmas, conventions, or party leaders. In their judgement, men have tried to fight fire with fire, and darkness with darkness, long enough. The devil is master of his own weapons. The enemy of all ugliness is beauty; the foe of all darkness is light. Of these men it is noticeable that their notion of culture is worthy of the duty they call on it to perform. There is no affectation of delicacy about them. Their appeal is made in behalf of a very noble style of manliness, and a very admirable stamp of character. They know as well as any that mere education—scientific knowledge, book-learning, classical pedantry, and dainty critical taste—have no power to make men wiser or better. When they say culture, they mean training of the human creature with a view to the perfection of all his powers, and the attainment of the utmost degree of happiness and use. It has its origin in the love of perfection. It moves by the force not merely or primarily of the scientific passion for pure knowledge, but also of the moral and social passion for doing good. It takes as its motto the words of Bishop Wilson—'To make reason and the love of God prevail.'

"It is this element of culture, well understood, that makes the politician something more than a trader in votes; the merchant something more than a haggler for money; the architect something more than an artisan; the banker something more than a stock-jobber; the lawyer more than a trickster; and the divine something more than a pulpit speaker, or an ecclesiastical wire-puller. The introduction of even a little more sweetness and a little more light into journalism, politics, ethics, reform, religion, would have the effect to modify considerably the hardness and vulgarity of the average feeling on all these matters, and would contribute a great deal to the abatement of the animosities and jealousies that now, more than ignorance or stupidity, render individual and social progress difficult. Let the apostles of culture stand by their noblest definitions, and live up to the standard of their finest pruposes; let them preserve fresh their human sympathies, and keep vigorous their passion for diffusing the best ideas of their time, divesting them of all that is harsh, uncouth, difficult, abstract, professional, exclusive; let them try to humanize knowledge as well as to refine it; especially, let them, as they feel the need of doing, and declare their wish to do, let them give a tone of moral conviction and earnestness to the work they undertake, and they will have nothing to fear from the tribe of cavilers that snap at their heels. Let beauty be beautiful, and light be light; ugliness and the dark will confess the power in time. But Mr. Arnold must beware of his narrowness too. When he says 'The Pilgrim Fathers and their standard of perfection are rightly judged when we figure to ourselves Shakspeare or Virgil—souls in whom sweetness and light, and all that in human nature is most humane, were eminent—accompanying them on their voyage, and think what intolerable company Shakspeare and Virgil would have found them;' he forgets for a moment that the Pilgrim Fathers were supreme in one quality of which Virgil and Shakspeare, so far as we know them, had no considerable share, with which their sympathy was exceedingly slow, and for which their respect was in the smallest estimable measure. That quality was moral earnestness, devotion to great spiritual ends, power of self-sacrifice in behalf of ideal convictions—a precious quality which we cannot yet afford to lose or disparage; the loss and disparagement of which have cost Virgil and Shakspeare something. No doubt the Latin poet and the English dramatist would have found the Puritans, even the best of them, intolerable company on a sea-voyage, and anywhere else. What sort of company would the heroes and heroines of the *May Flower* have found the poet and the dramatist? And which would have the best right to be dissatisfied with the other on the ground of the qualities that elevate human nature in the moral scale?"

The concluding portion of the extract has a somewhat suspicious flavor of that apologetic sort of piety that is afraid of running to an extreme, either in the direction of liberality or bigotry, and is therefor incessantly disclaiming one or the other. In short, it sounds rather Tiltonish.

A LOST CIVILIZATION.

Last March, Professor George J. Adler delivered a lecture in the Chapel of the New York University on *The Poetry of the Arabs of Spain*, which contained a great deal of curious and interesting information concerning the literature, art, educational institutions and the general civilization of the Moors in Andalusia, prior to their expulsion by the Christians. A recent number of the *Round Table* furnishes an outline of the lecture, together with some of the more striking facts and statements which it contained. Looking at the Moors of Spain in the light of these facts and statements, and accepting Professor Adler as reliable authority, we are led to suspect that the prejudices of race and creed have in a great measure warped our judgment of this remarkable people, and caused us to regrad them with an unintelligent and unfounded feeling of superiority. In refinement, and in all the arts of civilization, they were certainly far superior to their conquerors. For this declaration however, the readers of Irwing, Ticknor, and Southey, than for the statement that in the principal Moorish cities better provision was made for the education of the people than has been made in San Francisco, and that learning and culture were held in higher esteem among the Arabs of Spain, than they are to-day in the United States. Yet the individual who should venture to advance these rather startling propositions, would not be destitute of facts which would go a great way in enabling him to maintain them.

THEIR SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES.

Says Professor Adler:

"While in the rest of Europe scarcely any one except the clergy knew how to read and write, Andalusia, and, in fact, the whole of Moorish Spain, had schools without number in which the art was generally taught, and Hakem gave his capital alone twenty-seven for the special purpose of educating the children of the poorer classes free of expense. Nor was there any lack of institutions of a higher grade; there were numerous academies, generally attached to the mosques, at Cordova, Seville, Toledo, Valencia, Almeria, Malaga, and Jaen, at which the superior disciplines were taught, such as the interpretation of the Koran, philology, the mathematics, astronomy, medicine, jurisprudence, and philosophy, and the halls of which attracted both hearers and professors from all parts of the Mahommedan, and after awhile also from the Christian, world. So general was the taste and even the zeal for studies, that these Spanish institutions were frequented by students from the remotest parts of Asia and the heart of Germany; the Andalusians on their part would frequently not shun the hardships of the long journey to the East to quench their thirst for knowledge in the lecture-room of some distinguished master at Tunis, Cairman, Cairo, Damascus, Bagdad, Mecca, Basora, or Cufa, and there are instances on record in which learned pilgrimages extended as far as India and China, and into the very heart of Africa."

THEIR LIBRARIES.

This enlightened Sovereign also made ample provision for the intellectual wants of students and scholars of a more advanced grade than those who attended the academies and colleges:

"Not content with the mere *viva vox* of knowledge, Hakem was determined to possess it in a more permanent form; he founded a library for which his agents were commissioned to make collections in every part of the world, until the number of its volumes for which he had made room in his palace at Cordova had risen to the enormous figure of four hundred thousand. And all the books of this immmense collection, it is asserted, were read or consulted by the caliph himself, and many of them enriched with marginal notes from his own hand. The *personnel* of this library included a number of the most skilful copyists and binders, who occupied themselves constantly with the multiplication or the restoration of the precious manuscripts. Hakem's court thus soon became the natural resort for all the genius of the nation, and his liberality toward men of letters is said to have known no bounds. The intellectual life developed under the benign auspices of this prince was, therefore, naturally and in every respect a most brilliant one, and there is no example like it anywhere in the middle age."

This magnificent library, larger than any in America, shared the fate of the great collection at Alexandria. It was destroyed by the Berbers on the captnre of Cordova, in 1013. But this disaster did not exert any permauent influence, and so great was the zeal for learning among the Spanish Moslems, that it was soon repaired. In the thirteenth century the different cities of Andalusia contained no less than seventy libraries open to the public. Commenting npon this fact, the *Round Table* says: "Are there so many at this day of the 19th century in the United States? We have *one* in New York city."

POETRY AND WOMEN.

Profeesor Adler thinks that poetry was "the center and the soul of this astonishing developement of intellectual life; and was cultivated as well by the peasant behind his plough as by the prince in his palace, by cavalier and caliph alike. Even the women of the harem devoted themselves to this pnrsuit with not less ardor, and frequently with not less success, than the men."

He further tells us: "The position of woman in the society of Moslem Spain seems to have been a freer one than elsewhere among the Mahommedans, and she was permitted to be a sharer of the whole intellectual culture of her time. Hence we find quite a number of those who either won distinction in the sciences or vied with the men in the art of making poetry. This superiority of education gave rise to a degree and kind of respect such as the East scarcely knew, where the sentiment of love, for example, was almost exclnsively based on merely physical charms, and the relations between the sexes thns became a much snperior one. Talent and knowledge were regarded as attractions in no respect inferior to those of personal beauty, and it was not unfreqnently the case that a common taste for music or poetry constitnted an intimate bond of union between two hearts. We need not therefore be snrprised when, in the armatory poetry of the Spanish Arabs, we occasionally meet with an intensity of feeling, a mixtnre of impetnous passion and of tender melancholy snch as onr middle age scarcely can prodnce an instance of, and which is much closer allied to the sentimentality of modern times."

A SONNET.

How well Matthew Arnold understands poetry may be gathered by the following sonnet, extracted from his "New Poems:"

THAT son of Italy who tried to blow,
Ere Dante came, the trump of sacred song,
In his light youth amid a festal throng
Sate with his bride to see a public show.
Fair was the bride, and on her front did glow
Youth like a star; and what to youth belong,
Gay raiment, sparkling gauds, elation strong.
A prop gave way! crash fell a platform! lo,
'Mid struggling sufferers, hurt to death, she lay!
Shuddering they drew her garments off—and found
A robe of sackcloth next the smooth, white skin.
Such, poets, is your bride the Muse! young, gay,
Radiant, adorned outside; a hidden ground
Of thought and of austerity within.

DICKENS' tour in the United States will occupy about seven months. His avowed object in coming here is not for curiosity, nor to add to his reputation, but to make money. The charge for admission to his readings will be high—more than is usually charged in this country for a similar entertainment. At his readings in London the prices of tickets vary from two shillings to five shillings. The highest priced seats are in front, and require of their occupants the formality of a dress-coat and white gloves, a style of dress that the reader also adopts. A foreign correspondent of the *Tribune* describes Mr. Dickens' appearance in the rostrum, saying: "When you come to hear Mr. Dickens read, you will probably hear the most perfect drawing-room artist in the world. His voice has remarkable flexibility and sweetness, and the same may be said of his face, which is capable of every expression, with dignity in them all. He would have made a high comedian of the first rank. The 'Christmas Carol' is probably his best selection, as it affords him a broader play of character, and he has adapted it to an hour's entertainment so well that it tells the whole story. He will not be a disappointment either in person or in art. His body is in full robustness, and he is cheerful, handsome, and conscientious es ever."

A WONDERFUL LAKE.—The great Sunken Lake situated in the Cascade Mountains, is about 75 miles northeast from Jacksonville, Oregon. This lake rivals the famous valley of Sinbad the Sailor. It is thought to average 2,000 feet down to the water all round. The walls almost perpendicular, running down into the water, and leaving no beach. The depth of the water is unknown; its surface is smooth and unruffled, and it lies so far below the surface of the mountain that the air currents do not affect it. Its length is estimated at 12 miles, and its breadth at 10. No living man has, and probably never will, be able to reach the water's edge. It lies silent, still and mysterions in the bosom of the "everlasting hills," like a huge well, scooped out by the giant genii of the mountain in unknown ages gone by, and around the forest watch and ward are keeping. A late visiting party fired a rifle several times into the water at an angle of 45 degress, and were able to denote several seconds of time from the report of the gun until the ball struck the water.

THE prosperous man, who yields himself up to temptation, bids farewell to wellfare.

PEACE.—Since the war has ceased, tobacco has come down in price. B. C. Horn & Co. has the best tobacco ever manufactured. The store of B. C. Horn & Co., at the corner of Clay and Front streets, is well known. The fine-cut tobacco, in glass boxes, offered by this firm, surpasses everything ever imported by them before.

A HORSE SPECULATION.

BY JOHN QUILL.

I BOUGHT him off Johnson, the horse doctor, and he said he was dammed by Flora Temple, sired by Black Hawk, and desired by all the horse jockeys in the State. I wish they had got him.

He was fourteen and a half hands high and one finger over, his color was dnn, and his purchaser was about in that condition also.

He was slightly sprung in the knees, and his tail had once been cut, so that it stood right on end, and looked more like a bunch of straw nailed on to the end of a log than anything else.

But he was rather a fine looking horse, and the man warranted him kind.

Bnt it was a poor kind I afterward found.

He said he conld make his mile inside of 2:35 without an effort. It was two hours and thirty-five minutes he meant, unless he intended to deceive me. But he could make a mile inside of that time if he exerted himself and didn't get one of his fits on him.

He was a peculiar horse, and was subject to a variety of complaints that wonld have killed any ordinary animal; but he seemed to stand them well enough.

The first night I had him, I put him in the stable and gave him a feed. The next morning my wife remarked that she didn't sleep a particle on account of some locomotive or other out on the railroad, that was pulling and blowing all night trying to make headway. I heard it too, and it struck me queer that the engine couldn't get past that place.

I went ont too see about it. It wasn't a locomotive, it was my horse. He was breathing and sighing unlike any other horse I ever heard before, and I was alarmed about him. I was afraid he would blow the whole end of the stable out. I unhitched him and took him around to Johnson.

Johnson seemed surprised, but said he only had a slight attack of the heaves. "All hosses most has it. It'll pass off," said he; so I drove him home and created an impression in the town that the wind was freshening up for a hurricane.

About half way up the main street he came to a dead halt; I clicked my tongue for him to go on. He never budged. I touched him with the whip. He began backing, and backed the buggy right upon the pavement and through a plate glass window, worth two hundred dollars.

Then he started down the street like lightning and run over two boys, breaking their legs, and crippling them for life. I won't mention the expense I was put to. You wouldn't believe me if I was to give the figures.

I was so busy attending court for two weeks that I hadn't a chance to use him; at the end of that time his lower jaw had swelled up until you couldn't tell whether he hadn't got his head on up side down or not. So I drove him over to Johnson to see what was the matter with him.

Johnson seemed to feel hurt that the animal should behave so. But he said it was only a little touch of the glanders. "It don't hurt a hoss to have 'em now and then, it does 'em good, but it'll pass off," said Johnson.

So I was more hopeful, and drove home again without any serious accident, except that the horse shied at a chicken in the road and took a wheel off by running the buggy into the fence. Still I didn't blame him much, for Mr. Johnson told me that "it was good for a hoss to be timid; it's a sign of pure blood."

The glanders didn't affect his appetito any. He ate more oats and hay than wonld have run an ordinary livery stable, and not satisfied with that he chewed the feed-box all np, and tried to gnaw down a yellow pine partition.

Johnson said it was a "good thing for a hoss to be a hearty feeder."

I never owned a horse before, and I was a little set up about it. So I thought I would drive my wife and family in town to church the following Snnday. He went along all right until he came in front of Furguson's house. Mr. Furguson is jealous of my having a horse, and our girls don't speak to the Furguson girls, because they said we were "stuck up" about our horse.

When this animal arrived there he snddenly began to stagger from side to side and bolt aronnd like a drunken man, pntting his head into tree boxes and one thing another like some old ram. At last he fell over the bank at the side of the road, turned three or four somersanlts, dragged the carriage after him, and then lay stretched ont there apparently as dead as any dummy.

The women had on their best clothes, and they were completely spoiled, while Angnsta sprained her wrist so that she conldn't do a stitch of work for a month. And the whole Furguson family stood at the window and smiled.

I walked two miles to get Johnson to come and look at the horse. He came along and appeared as if he was provoked at the horse for his conduct. Then he stooped down and stuck a knife in his neck and let out a barrel or two of blood, and the horse gradually got better. "It's nothing but a slight attack of blind staggers," said Mr. Johnson. "Every hoss has got to have it. It's just like measles in children. It'll pass off, and he'll be better for it."

We got him home by easy stages to the stable, and there he staid for three weeks, until he seemed better, except that he still had a touch of the heaves and the diste mper.

Shortly afterward I had to drive over to Delaware City to see a man, and I gave Mr. Johnson ten dollars to go with me, in case the horse came to pieces on the road, or anything of a serious nature happened.

We started at daybreak, and had progressed about a mile and a half by dinner time, when the horse suddenly stopped short, and wouldn't budge an inch.

I suggested that perhaps the barbed steed had forgotten something and wanted to go back. Mr. Johnson said, "No, it was only one of his little tricks. Most every horse had some eccentricity or other. Just let him alone for a minute, and he'll get over it."

We waited three-quarters of an hour. Then Johnson got out and undertook to pat him on the neck, and the horse got frightened and kicked until he got one leg through the dasher and couldn't get it out.

I asked Mr. Johnson what he thonght we had better do now. He said "It was all right. All really good horses kicked. He wouldn't give a cent for an animal that hadn't pluck enough to kick. It was a sign that he felt his oats."

So we loosened his leg and got in, and before we had time to pick up the lines he gave a jerk and started down the road at lightning speed—lightning for him, that is—say four miles an hour, and ran the buggy into a ditch, and then tried to jump over a fence, but failed miserably, and got another blind stagger on him and laid there until nine o'clock that night.

I didn't get to see that man at Delaware City, and, in fact, haven't seen him yet. Johnson said it was a good thing any how, for they had the fever down there, and I ought to consider it a Providential thing that the horse was taken just as he was. If we had gone to Delaware City we might both have been dead men.

It is singular how Johnson always looks on the bright side of things when that horse is concerned.

Then I thought that perhaps after all I had better sell the horse, he was so much trouble, so I advertised him. The man who came to buy him was not as hopeful as Johnson. He said that the horse was spavined, foundered and distempered. He had the glanders, and heaves, and blind staggers, and bots and ring-bone. and a number of other infirmities, that I don't care to mention. He said the horse was too hard in the mouth, too.

"And I don't like to pnll too hard on a horse, you know," said he, "for I know a man who split a horse in half jerking at him."

So I told this man I wasn't much at driving a bargain, but still if he would take the horse off of my hands for any reasonable sum, he might bave him. He said he wouldn't assume the risk of driving him for less than ten dollars. So I gave him that sum, and he took him away. But he hadn't gone more than half a mile before the horse got another blind stagger on him, and laid down and gasped, stretched his legs out, and then died, and broke for horse heaven for all I know.

Mr. Johnson was called in, but he couldn't do anything for him. He only said he considered it a good thing, "for the horse, you know, must have suffered a good deal, and now he's out of his misery, and as you're a kind-hearted man, Quill, you ought to be glad." So I was, but I didn't feel exultant when Johnson handed in a bill of one hundred dollars for professional services. It didn't seem fair. But I never had any luck with horses, any how, and I don't care to speculate again.

A LIVELY PLACE.—The people of Java have rather a lively time of it. According to the last official statistics contained in the *Vijdschrift vor Nederlandsch Java*, the tiger has in one single year consumed exactly one hundred and forty-eight human beings, and in another year one hundred and thirty-one. The crocodiles cleared an averge of fifty people a year, while serpents acconnted for between twenty-two and forty-three. Bnt the Dutch seem to accept their fate with characteristic equanimity. The Governor General a long while ago offered as a prize for every tiger that was killed the mnnificent snm of twenty-two guilders ($10.) His snbjects apparently prefer being eaten by the tiger.

THE PARIS EXHIBITION BUILDING.—The *Nord* says the Exhibition building will not be pulled down as soon as the Exhibition is over, but will be used for an international bazaar, in which the productions of all parts of the world will be offered for sale. A canal is to be made between the Seine and the Champ de Mars, so as to place the building in direct communication with the river.

A MR. FRANK NOYES, leading man of the Omaha Academy of Music, was recently shot through the hip in a street fight in that border city. We suppose it is called the Academy of Music, on account of the singing of the freqnent bullet. Wonder if the theatrical agents are not a little troubled to find talent for Omaha?

CHARLES DICKENS AS A READER.

A writer in the New York *Independent* gives a sketch of Charles Dickens as a reader. The correspondent says:—"The minute he began to read the famous Pickwick Trial I found Dickens, and heartily enjoyed every word. Here he seemed at home, and his audience also; for this, in spite of age, still has the inimitable drollery and spirit of his early works. How people laughed! English merriment is as sonorous as English speech, and the roars that shook the walls spoke well for the health of aristocratic lungs. Old gentlemen mopped their faces; stout dowagers leaned back exhausted; dandies dropped their glasses to wipe tears of genuine laughter from their eyes; belles, forgetting their flushed faces, laughed like girls; and every one looked about him with an expression of hilarious good will, which was impossible to resist. My companion grew hysterical in vain efforts to restrain his shouts; and I soon became entirely reckless of my personal appearance, bent only upon enjoyiug myself to the ntmost. Buzfuz was au exact copy of an Euglish attorney, and Dickens has made it a study. Justice Stareleigh was as much like an owl as human being could be. Winkle—poor, bashful soul—got into a pet, and stuttered in a way that must have convulsed the court, as it did us. Mrs. Cluppins was not so well done as I have seen it on a private stage in America; and Sam Weller was not spirited enough. But Old Weller's gruff, wheezy 'woice,' spectrally roaring, 'Spell it with a We,' was a thing to shout over long afterward. Dickens never laughed himself, and when a perfect gale of merriment blew through the hall, he stood looking at his audience with a droll twinkle in his eye, and the benign expression of one who sincerely enjoyed seeing his fellow creatures happy. The moment he was done he made a hasty bow, put the book under his arm, and walked briskly away; and I fouud myself wondering, whether he would finish the evening 'declining and polling' with Mr. Boffin, or drop in to supper with that human Phœnix, Wilkins Micawber."

IT is more reputable to wear a borrowed coat than a coat paid for with borrowed money.

BELDEN'S RESTAURANT.—Mr. F C. Belden, so well known as the proprietor of the depot of family luxuries, at No. 652 Sacramento street, has entered in the business of entering for bachelors. as well as families, nnd has opened a first-class restaurant on the corner of Spring and Summer streets, opposite the California Market, where he is prepared to supply all the wants of "good livers," in his peculiar superior style. The choice articles contained in his depot of family luxuries—which can be found gracefully enumerated in rhyme in our advertising columns—will be largely drawn on to give peculiar zest to Belden's Restaurant fare.

OYSTERS AND CLAMS.—Wm. Roalfe, Nos. 40, 41, and 42, California Market, entrance on California street, keeps on hand, from 6 A. M. until 5 P. M., and Saturday nights until 10 P. M., oysters and clams. Families supplied at the shortest notice with fresh oysters and clams. The deviled-crabs are to be had here and nowhere else. And for busiuess men, on California street, there is no place where a better lunch can be served. Mr. Roalfe is well known to the community as a first-class caterer. Call and leave your orders, wholesale or retail.

ST. CHARLES RESTAURANT.—This new restaurant is presided over by Mme. Cazintre, being connected with the hotel of C. Gnillaud, Nos. 507 nnd 509 Pine street, just above Kearny. The result of several visits there, demonstrated the fact, that ladies predominate, and shonld some of our beanx and bachelors decide to make it a "stopping place," we gnarentee a "feast of beauty"—to say nothing of the excellent meals served *a la Francisco*.

SORBIER'S RESTAURANT.—Sorbier, formally of the International, Merchant street, and lately of the Occidental Restaurant, Washington street, has opened at No. 607 Sacramento street, where he will be pleased to see his old patrons and the public. Sorbier's reputation is well known in this commnnity as a superior caterer, and no expense will be spared at his new place to sustain his good name with the public.

THE CAPITOL SALOON.—This well-known saloon has changed hands, and is now under the management of the Buckman Bros. The Capitol Saloon has long been celebrated for the excellence of ite wines and liquors, and Bnckman Bros. will allow no falling off in the quality of the article dispensed to the public. The Capitol is opposite the Russ House, No. 226 Montgomery street.

PETER JOB'S RESTAURANT—To the San Franciscan, this house, at the corner of Bush and Montgomery street, is "as familiar as household words," and is noted for its good fare, cleanliness and gentility. Ladies and gentlemen can find no more suitable place for enjoying the delicacies of the season, than at Peter Job's.

A GOOD FIT is a most desirable thing in a garment, and Mr. Peter Short, merchant tailor, at No. 613 Washington street, by his success in pleasing his numerous patrons, has won an enviable reputation in his profession as a fitter. His taste and work will please the most fastidious, who may want good fitting and becoming garments.

GRAND MASK BALL.—This (Saturday) evening a Grand Mask Ball will he given at No. 335 Pine street, between Montgomery and Sansome. From outside talk, this ball will be the grandest affair of ite kind ever given in San Francisco. Parties who have not secured their tickets can do so at the door.

CARPETS, Upholstery Goods, Wall Paper, etc., may be bought at the lowest figure at the new store of Joseph Fredericks, 123 Kearny, between Sutter and Post streets. Mr. Fredericks' stock is entirely fresh new, and bought at the present ruling reduction of prices.

STEAM BATHS FOR ONE DOLLAR, at Dr. Bourne's, No. 10 Masonic Temple, Post street. Notice is renewed that this is the only establishment which excludes all loathsome diseases and improper persons.

THE FAIRY PRINCE.

BY WALTER THORNBURY.

I saw her face shine through the pane
(That dripped with beads of rain and glistened,)
Just as above the Marble Arch
A rainbow sprang: I stood and listened

To a drenched man who played the flute;
A tune of joy, but dashed with sadness.
Dead leaves were blowing round the park,
Yet that sweet face was full of gladness.

I knew that look so beaming, pure,
(I've seen it very often since;)
O Love's beguiler, faithless Hope!
She waited for a Fairy Prince.

That Fairy Prince, with royal brow,
So strong to slay misfortune's brood;
So swift to rescue maidens fair,
So full of power to aid the good:

Resistless, wise, with voice so clear,
'Twould make the envious sirens pine;
With eyes all luminous with love,
A love eternal and divine.

I waited till night brought the stars,
And then I saw that saddened face
Move slowly from the window there,
And darkness gather o'er the place.

How many maidens wait like her,
(I've seen such faces often since,)
On Summer morns and Autumn eves,
Still waiting for their Fairy Prince.

OLD STORIES RE-TOLD.

THE WRECK OF THE ROTHSAY CASTLE STEAM-PACKET.

At ten o'clock on the morning of the 17th of August, 1831, the Rothsay Castle steamer, running between Liverpool and Beaumaris and Bangor, was getting up steam in the Mersey. The sea had been very rough the night before, so much so that an American ship towed into the offing at daybreak had prudently returned to her former anchorage. But the wind went down as the day advanced, and though there was a heavy ground-swell, there was nothing else to alarm or delay the reckless captain of the steamer, who had one hundred and fifty sailors, engineers and passengers in his care. Ten o'clock was the proper time of starting, but the passengers were tardy, and at eleven a Mr. Foster arrived with his wife, servant, and carriage. This gentleman had resolved not to go by the packet, but finding the steamer not yet started when he reached the shore, he changed his mind, and at once embarked. At nearly half-past eleven the steamer was still hanging about for dilatory passengers, but a Mr. Leigh, of Liverpool, then threatening to report the captain for his unpunctuality, he at last sullenly yielded. He moved his hand, the engines heaved and rocked, and then the band, mechanicaly gay, began playing "Cheer up, cheer up."

The shore bell rang in petulant haste. There was much kissing and pressing of hands, and the plank was drawn in.

Soon the shores receded, and the fluttering handkerchiefs and the waving hands grew too small to be distinguished. As the forts were passed, the sailors began to get the steamer ship-shape, coiled away ropes, got out the sail, arranged the benches, and lowered the trunks and boxes into the hold.

The passengers were of all classes—Welsh clergymen, many ladies, London solicitors and men of business, Liverpool merchants, persons from Bury, Cheadle, and Rochdale; some Manchester tradesmen, a Birmingham Quaker, an American traveler, a Portugnese who had been secretary to Canning when he was English ambassador at Lisbon, and a land-agent of the Earl of Derby. The overworked business men were for the pleasure of the fresh, vigorous, and highly vitalised sea air, and the glimpses of Welsh headlands, Welsh sands, Welsh bays and Welsh mountains.

On rounding the Black Rock, five miles from Liverpool, the head wind settled into a strong and swelling gale. In the broader water, the steamer seemed to labor heavily, and to quiver like a frightened horse, every time a sea'struck her full. Gradually, as the passengers grew sick and staggered to their cabins, a gloom fell over the vessel, and many began to listen with a sort of awe to the louder pulse of the engines, and the more angry wash of the waves, as the steamer reeled and struggled on, in a scared, confused sort of way, past the Floating Light, fifteen miles from the great Lancashire city. Dinner was served up in the cabin at three o'clock. The captain lingered long at dinner, and drank more than a good officer with a dangerous and uncertain night before him should have done. Frightened women began to ask anxiously, "When shall we reach Beaumaris?" Pale fathers and husbands only shook their heads and looked anxiously to windward.

Mr. Tarrey, a land-agent, called down the cabin stairs:

"Captain, there seems to be a great deal of danger. I wish you would turn back."

Atkinson shouted back, "There's a deal of fear but no danger. It's folly to go back; you'll only have the same ground to go over again."

The gentlemen in the cabin, good sailors who were able to enjoy their meal, laughed with the surly captain at the frightened landsmen on deck. He then complimented two pretty girls who had remained in the cabin on their seamanship. By this time the mate had also taken more than his share of grog, and as two of the steamer crew had been left at Bangor on the last voyage, there were only two flushed men left to work the crazy vessel. A second request was then made by those on deck, who saw what little way the steamer made, to put back to Liverpool while power still remained to do so.

The dogged captain, heedless of danger, replied mildly, "If we were to turn back with passengers, it would never do; we should have no profit."

On the confused vessel went, making very little way, her single engine beating feebly against a heavy and growing sea, much too near the land prudently to weather that great promontory of Denbighshire, the Great Ormshead. She should have been steered for the Menai Straits, with the wind fairly on her beam, her sails set in aid of the flagging steam.

A little after five, when the captain, heated and testy, returned on deck after two hours over his wine, a cluster of passengers came round him, and entreated him to return, all offering their fare, and others promising a gratuity in money. To one passenger he said, tauntingly, "One would think you had committed murder, you are so frightened. I'm not one that turns back. If you knew me, you would not ask such a thing."

The sea was now forcing its way through the axles of the paddles, the engine fires were partly extinguished, and thus the steam power was reduced just when it was most needed. The cabin floors were also under water; the smeared and black-faced firemen were discussing the vessel in rather an ominous way; one said she was sixteen years old, and originally no better than a tea-chest. Old sailors had always prophesied she'd be the grave of some of them some day. Passengers are easily scared, but sailors' fears are presages.

Between six and seven the ebb tide made, and this, it was hoped, would help them on; but the vessel was more helpless than ever, going scarcely more than two miles an hour. The seams gaped wider, the engine fires grew duller as heavy seas poured down from the deck into the engine-room. The captain was down below, making evasive and contradictory answers.

"It's only the tail of a storm gone by, and there's no danger."

But at last came the confession so terrible to frightened passengers:

"I wish I could get somewhere to ride out the storm!"

All this time the lee shore was looming near. Driven landward by the waves, the *Rothsay Castle* had been these dreadful hours working painfully from the Hoyle sands at the mouth of the Dee, parallel to every bay and bight, till, about eight o'clock, she arrived off the Little Ormshead. From thence past the Great Ormshead (only four miles) took the wretched cranky vessel two hours; and the leakage increased as night came on. The passage from Liverpool to Beaumaris is only fifty miles, and is generally done in six or seven hours; but this steamer was eleven hours accomplishing thirty-six miles. The hold was now so full of water that it ran over into the cabin. The passengers began to work at the pumps in gangs, but the majority had given up all hope; for the leaks gained fast upon them, and the captain thought it dangerous to put into Conway, and had refused to push on to Penmaen, to anchor there sheltered by the Anglesea coast. The sky was at that time wild and cloudy, and through the driven clouds the moon seemed to race, often obscured and sometimes lost; and through the sickly light, the precipice of the Great Ormshead was seen throwing its mighty shadow, blackening the mountainous waves.

The danger increased—yes it was upon them now. The coals were drenched, and every time the furnace doors were opened the sea rushed in and dulled the fires. Eleven o'clock came, and the leaks were fast increasing. Nothing could now compose the women. The captain was in vain asked to hoist a lantern or fire a signal-gun; but he had neither gun nor lanturn, and he never thought of blazing a tarred rope from the poop to bring out the Welsh fishermen.

At about a quarter to twelve land duskily gloomed on the larboard bow, and the sinking moon showed it to be Puffin Island, half a mile from Anglesea, and at the entrance of the Menai Straits. A cry of joy greeted it from the deck, for it seemed an omen of safety. There was hope now; but two of the engine-room fires were extinguished. The pumps had become blocked with ashes from the furnaces, and were useless. A brave passenger called out for buckets to bale with, but the only bucket on board had just dropped overboard. The same energetic man proposed to bale with hats, but the expedient seemed inadequate, and no one joined him in it. Now was a crisis indeed. The tide had turned, the water was getting shallow; the place was dangerous at night without constant sounding. The captain should have used his sails, or have anchored and made signals of distress; but he remained down below.

There were shoals everywhere before the vessel; the spot was indeed the very Dardanells of the voyage, and required incessant care even for a good ship and by sunlight. Beaumaris Bay opened to the north: at the eastern entrance to it frowned the Great Ormshead, and on the west stretched the coast of Anglesea and the great rocks of Penmaenmawr. Ten miles of sea rolled between these gateways of the bay. To the north spread that vast graveyard of ships, the Lavan sands. The vessel's course lay up the straits leading past Beaumaris to Caernarvon and the Irish Sea. The north east point of the dreaded Lavan sands is named (from some wreck centuries) the Dutchman's Bank, between which an out-lying insular shoal called the Spit there is the Wash, a very narrow channel. In the open sea the *Rothsay Castle* was a mere bundle of driftwood; what would it be when surrounded by shoals, and picking its way down mere lanes of deep water, with death on either side?

A little past midnight the end began. The ship had dragged along the eastern edge of the Dutchman's Bank, and, in endeavoring to recover her course, jammed on the Spit sand, stern foremost. Five minutes before, the helmsman had grimly and silently touched Mr. Broadhurst, a passenger, on the shoulder, and pointed out breakers whitening a hundred yards to larboard.

The first shock was alarming, but was not violent—a mere grating thump. Few passengers were on deck. With the second concussion there came a heavy crash as if the vessel was breaking up bodily. Then came shrieks from the women, and all in the cabin, sick or well, rushed to the stairs and struggled to reach the deck. One of the passengers saw the nails of the ship's timbers partially drawn out by the shock, and at once decided that all was lost. A Liverpool branch pilot, unnoticed before, and who had been drinking with the steward and sleeping in some hole forward, now came among the passengers, and exclaimed:

"We are all lost!"

That drove the women to absolute frenzy. Some, however, still maintained that it was only the paddle-wheel which had broken, and all would soon be well. The captain gave violent, confused, and contradictory orders. He ordered the helm "hard a-starboard," which would have driven the vessel further into the sands. The man at the helm, however, seeing the danger, thought right to port the helm; but the captain sent the mate angrily, and he took the wheel and put it a-starboard, as if determined to lose the vessel at once. The gentlemen passengers were then ordered to go first forward and then aft, in order to try and float the vessel. The paddles were ordered to be reversed, but the steam was too low to work them. Those on deck who heard these proofs of the captain's ignorance of the long-existing danger now lost all hope. The vessel was fast filling. Some persons entreated the captain to let go the anchor, and keep the vessel from driving, as the sands would soon be covered with deep water, and assistance might then arrive. His answer was:

"Hold your bother; there's no danger."

Once more the vessel was washed off it, cleared the sand, but struck again. Then she dragged herself, like a wounded, delirious creature, a mile along the bank, rolling, pitching, and bumping, till she came within two hundred yards of the Swash Channel. There the doomed wreck beat again on the sand, and lay helpless, with no motion of her own, no struggle left in her, clogged by the fatal indraught, staked to the sand by the dead weight of the lifeless engine, and ready to pour out her hecatombs of victims to man's insatiable enemy, the sea. At that last death-blow every one rushed from below. Some of the ladies remained locked in each other's arms, some tore their dress or threw away their caps and bonnets, others swooned or dashed themselves on the deck in a delirious and passionate paroxysm of terror. Many were hugging their children in the agony of parting; husbands and wives were taking leave of each other, or avowing their determination to die together. The infatuated captain still had, or pretended to have, hope. He ordered the jib to be hoisted, to wear the vessel's head round towards the Swash. He cried out that there was no danger, it was only sand she was on; she would soon float again; she was all right; she was on her way to Beaumaris.

Mr. Foster was now asked, by request of the passengers, if he would allow his carriage to be thrown overboard; he at once consented; but while some property of value was being moved from it, the captain interfered, giving it as his opinion that the weight was rather beneficial than otherwise to the wreck. The captain was then asked to let the bell be rung to alarm Beaumaris. He said:

"If they wanted it rung, they might ring it themselves."

The bell was rung till the tongue was broken; then it was beaten with a piece of wood and with bits of coal. At this crisis a seaman deliberately took out the binnacle lamp and broke it into pieces on the deck. The captain, at last aroused, was trying the depth of the water alongside with a pole, and found it to be seven feet.

The wreck now dashed about in its death-gasp. The stays of the ponderous chimney had long ago given way, but had been secured again by the crew and passengers. They soon again yielded to the rocky strain, and the loosened tube swung to and fro, threatening to sweep away all in its fatal neighbor-

hood. At last it fell, tearing away the maiamast, aad both struck across the poop and starboard quarter with hideous crashes that sounded like the roar of a saundered iccberg. The bulwarks oa the side of the fall were shattered into fragments. It is supposed the captaia and mate both perished at this time, as they were never seen again on deck. The passengers were now prayiug, aloae or ia groups. The crew were carefully watched to see what they would do, but they, too, were all but hopeless. Three lashed themselves to the top of the foremast, some stripped and prepared for swimming, others tried to collect materials for rafts. Two men got hold of a big drum, but there was a discussion about their iaequality of size. Both men perished, and the dram was afterwards seen, barst aad abandoned to the waves. Some of the passeagers, ia paroxysms of irresolation aad terror, moved restlessly from place to place. Mr. Tarrey, whose wife and five children were on board, at first agitated, had now grown calm, resolute, and resigned. He said:

"To return without my family would be worse than death. Yes, I will die with them."

The storm was now increasing, the moon had gone dowa, a solitary star in the black vault above aad the phosphoresceace of the turbulent sea were the only light. Many persoas cluag to the iron under the plank that passes from one paddle-box to aaother. The windlass and the belfry were also seized with avidity as points of resirtsace to the waves. Hughes, one of the seamen on the foremast, let go his child's haad when he began to climb, aud the boy, (a fine fellow of about twelve,) sobbed and shrieked, "Father, father, save me!" But ia vain; despair has ao heart. In the midst of all this horror, however, one poor woman, a carpenter's wife, seemed to entirely forget herself, and was absorbed ia her aaxiety for aa iufant at her breast.

There had beea a rush to the ship's boat, till a sailor called out that there were no oars, and that there was a hole in the bottom of it. The boat then broke away at one end, and hung by the other. The carpenter's wife, who still clung to it, was rescued by some of the passengers. This poor loving mother instantly begged a gentleman near her to wrap her shawl closer round her to prevent the water touching the child. Even when she sank a short time afterwards, she was seen holding the child up aoove the waves, careless of all but that.

While Mr. Selwyn and other passeagers were praying, some one exclaimed:

"There's a light oa Puffin Islaad!"

Everybody at once spraag to their feet and shouted; but whea no answer came but the impatient roar of the sea, some returned to their prayers, others wept, and maay agonized each other by mutual accusatioas as to who had prompted the fatal voyage.

And now came the climax of horror. The ship began to part, and the two trembling masts led oae way, the stern the other. A tremendous wave rolled and leaped over the vessel, striking and spliting and washing away to leeward. The frightened crowd clung together. There was a death-like sileace. Their heads almost touched the water. Their collective weight broke away railings and stanchions, benches and bulwarks, aad they all passed into the yawning sea. There was one deep-drawn sigh, oae spasmodic, choking, simultaneous gasp; they struggled and writhed ia a whirl-pool, and then sank.

A side plaak first yawned open, aad then the deck sank to the level of the sea. Another wave succeeded this. Mr. Tianie says he then found himself on the mast, with the steward, his wife, and, he thiaks, a child. The steward's wife was exhausted, aad her husbaad was tryiag to eacourage her Mr. Tinnie then left the mast, and swam to some other spars on which were two persons. He could see a raft in the distance with eight or aine persons on it. Stunned for a momeat by floating pieces of wreck, Mr. Tianie dived every time a drift approached, and cautioned his companions to do the same. Preseutly a vast mass rolled over him, aad when he again looked up he was alone. A little girl aamed Tarrey, whose family had already been drowned, was seea tossed about the quarter-deck, repeatedly dasbed agaiast the gunwale, and then sucked back by the waves to be again beaten and tossed. She kept crying piteously: "Oh! woa't you come to me, father? Oh, mamma!" till she was washed away.

A Mr. Nuttall, who also fell when the bulwark gave way, weary of suffering, reclined his head on the water, and waited to sink. At that moment the side of the packet came floating by, and he succeeded in getting on it and resting on his knees. While doing this, the little boy the seaman had forsaken caught hold of him, aad mounted ou his back with the incxorablo clutch of despair. Mr. Nuttall, unable to swim, heavily clad, and thus encumbered, did not abandon hope. By dint of a rope washed near him, he contrived to get the poop, and place the boy within reach of the wheel. Just then he heard a cry, and looking over the side of the wreck saw a woman clinging. She was trying to climb, but seemed about to fall back into the sea. He caught her by her hair, which was loosc to the wind. He then got a firmer hold, and dragged her up oa the poop. Another person theu drew her to the wheel, aad broke her bonnet strings, her bonnet beiug full of water aad aearly choking her. They thea rescued a Mr. Coxhead, who had been hanging for a quarter of an hour to some ropes at the stern, dashed against the vessel with every sea. They kept his head from the water which was knee-deep on the ratt; but he seemed to be dying. Every wave aow washed oae or more survivors from the poop. The platform oa which the wheel was soon sank into the water, fastened oaly by cordage, which the Liverpool pilot and six other survivors severed. They then floated clear. There were on this raft, oaly three square yards wide, a lady, four geatlemen, the pilot, and the sailor's soa.

While all this was passiag in the stern, there were terrible scenes also ia other parts of the vessel. A musician and aaother man clambered into the dickey of Mr. Forster's carriage. They were opposiug a third maa who had just got a seat, whea a wave swept the carriage into the sea. The last comer, a Mr. Hammond, got astride of a plank, which was, however, instantly seized by another drowaiag man. For half an hour these two men sileutly struggled for the plank, the saccess of the one always uaseated the other. The secoud maa at last grew worn-out, fainted, fell off the plauk, and was seen no more. Mr. Hammond thea resumed his seat, aad floated safely till day-break.

Mr. Lawreuce Duckworth has left a vivid picture of the horrors of that night. He and some fifty others still clung to the wreck, and before oae by one died and dropped away, his ear grew so familiar with the awful indications of death under such circumstances, that he kaew whea the fatal moment was approaching. "There was," he observes, a "hissing sound made by the lengthened gasps, which became more and more laborious, and ended in a short convulsiou. The body became quickly rigid and the clutch of the hands more unyielding thaa in life." An old man died first, and the waves took him off his feet. He had hold of the binnacle aad of Mr. Duckworth. This threatcned to involve Mr. Duckworth in the fate of the old mau, for the additional distress which such a burden oecasioned, was very severe; and it was not without great difficulty that he at length shook him off—or rather tore him away—for the portion of Mr. Duckworth's clothes, by which he held when living, was retaiaed in his lifeless grasp. Mr. Foster's servant was the next victim, aad Mr. Duckworth was reduced to the painful aecessity of using similar meaas to disencuaber himself of the body. The man above him, too, after a struggle of amazing duratioa, considering the ceaseless exertions which his tryiag situation required, died in the same horrible maaner as the unhappy beings just described; and, as with them his hauds retaiaed the grapple which had been strongly put forth in the paags of death, and it was some time before the waves tore him from the horror and danger of frequcat aad violent contact with the body.

Oae by one the survivors were taken away, till only Mr. Duckworth and the three sailors on the mast were left. Dreadiag the rising tide, Duckworth called to them to fliag him a rope that he might raise himself; but they refused, and in a few miautes an immense sea broke over the wreck, with a force which threatened at once to shatter it to atoms. Oa partially recoveriug from this terrible shock, Mr. Duckworth saw that the mast was gone. It had beea swept away to some distance from the wreck, to which, however it was attached by some ropes, aad the three mea were still fastened to the places they occupied when the spar was erect.

Twice only during the night Duckworth felt hopeless: first, when his wife was torn from him; then when the mast fell and left him alone. But the prevailing impressioa upon his mind during so maay hours of trial was, that he should eventually be saved, and this impression, it seems, which no doubt iastrumentally contributed to save him, had been made by a dream he had the night before he embarked in the *Rothsay Castle*. "This dream," says Mr. Duckworth, "which I thought nothing of when I arose from the slumber in which it was presented, occurred to me from time to time whilo I was upon the wreck; it forced itself upon my recollection when my compaaions were dropping oa every side of me into the sea:

> Methought the billows spoke, and told me of it;
> The winds did sing it to me.

It was with me when I was aloae—when I seemed, indeed, shut out from the living and engulfed by surrouading waters. I thought still of my dream, and gave it literal interpretatioa, believing it sent by Providencc to afford me a sustaining assuraacc of protection and a ultimate deliverance from peril."

Nearly half an hour after the foremast fell, Mr. Duckworth's heart leaped for joy too see a boat near Penmaen Point. His eyes were on it; she was steering for the Sound! No, thank God, it was for the wreck. Duckworth then shouted to the men on the mast to keep ap their spirits. It afterwards appeared that, a pilot on Peamaea Poiat had seea through his glass what he coasidered was a fishiag vessel, trolliag over the Dutchman's Bank, towards Conway Bay. It surprised him, however; he looked keeaer, and saw it was a mast with meu clinging to it. The mast fell five minutes later; had he looked those few minutes later, the four men would have been lost. Two other pilots then joined him, launched a boat, and bore down the two miles to the wreck. They were astonished at Duckworth's escape, aad with difficulty got him iato the boat; the three sailors were found in a kaot, with their arms laced for uaitedwarmth aud protection. Believing all the rest had perished, the boat steered for Beaumaris; near this place the pilot picked up Mr. Tinae iaseasible, but holding tightly to a spar.

In the meantime the poop deck raft was overcrowded, and there was a fear that it would siak. Mr. Coxhead had recovered coasciousaess in time to see eight or nine persoas drop oae after aaother from the mainmast, aad a Mr. Hammond was rescued and drawa upon the raft after some objectioas for fear of overcrowdiag. They then paddled the raft towards Coaway, and Miss Whitehead, almost naked as she was, leat her white petticoat for the double purpose of sail and sigaal. Two mea held up this, while four others worked at the paddles. The Penmaeu boat did aot see them, but they had hope now, for they could see the smoke of houses and discera people walking in the Cacrnavonshire fields. Presently a life boat pushed out of Beaumaris. Mr. Walker, a young collegian, had seen them through a telescope, from Beaumaris-green.

"Help the lady first," was the sailors' cry. They placed her ia the boat, wrapped in their jackets. Mr. Whitehead was nearly dead, so he was lifted in next. The first exclamation of one of the life-boat mea, when he heard the wreck was the wreck of the *Rothsay Castle* was:

"I knew this would be the end of her; I left her last week on that accouat."

The bodies as they were washed on shore, were placed in the Shire-hall, till they could be claimed and removed for interment. Twenty oaly had been saved out of the gay, light-hearted one huadred and fifty that had started from Liverpool.

The loss of this steamer caused a profound sensation through Lancashire aad a great part of Wales. It led to greater precautions against wreck being taken on board the Mersey steamers, and several worn-out boats were removed before goverament could examine and condemn them. Many wrecks have involved greater loss of life, but no wreck of the last ceatury has, perhaps, been described more fully, or from more points of view, sixteeu educated survivors having written their fullest recollections of their various modes of escape. —*All The Year Round.*

A Glimpse of Nuremberg.—Behiad the chapel of St. Maurice, there is a little half-buildiag, nestled between two of the buttresses, in the maaner of the Middle Ages, when sach coigns of vantage were used by the common people as our eaves are used by the swallows. You would pass this house without a secoad glaace—a little gilded bell above the door iadicates nothing. Yet in this old, low cramped, black shed, roasted sausages have been served daily at noon, for 400 years! Hither came all the Nuremberg artists and architects, aad within the smoky chamber (hardly upon the same beaches,) which fifteea persons would crowd, sat Durer and Kraft aud Sachs, precisely as we sat two days ago. The entrance is through the kitchen, which is about six feet square, the people inside greeted us cordially, and we were speedily served with the famous sausages, with sauerkraut, black bread and beer. "A good appetite!" said the waiter boy plumping before us a huge *seidel*, with the "A. K." (Adam Kraft?) upon the lid. Four of us ate, drank and were filled, for the collective sum of 26 cents. The consumption of sausages amounts at present to 1,500 per day. It certainly brings one aearer to the old masters to eat and drink precisely where and what they did; and so I hope this conservative nook may long be spared by the progressive years. But alas! alas! some of the people of this good old city are becomiag impatieat of their walls and moats, and would fain level, fill up, and let the nineteenth century into the fifteenth. Aaywhere else but here! Let us have one picture unchaaged—oae aest where the decrepit bird of of Fable may brood, for the delight of that future generation which shall see so much less of the Middle Ages than we. Tear down the dark foul alleys where the huaian race wilts and sickens; build railway bridges with the towers of robber-barons, level the defences of a brutal age—but let the world keep Nuremberg as she is, as the Minne-singers, from Walter von der Vogleweid to Longfellow, have seen and loved her.—*Bayard Taylor.*

Echo—the shadow of a souad—a voice without a mouth, and words without a tongue. Echo, though represented as a female, never speaks till sho is spoken to, and at every repetition of what she has heard coatiaaes to make it less, an example recommeuded to the special imitation of chatterboxes and scandal-mongers.

He who does aot give until the request has been made of him, gives too late.

Love is only a dream; but, unlike the dreams of sleep, it brings ao repose with it.

A good aame will wear out; a bad aame may be turned; but a aicknamc lasts forever.

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J. F. BOWMAN. } *Editors and Proprietors.*

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SAN FRANCISCO,.....SATURDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1867.

MR. DICKENS' OFFENCE.

IF anything can be more silly or more boorish than the intrusive and vulgar hospitalities thrust upon Mr. Dickens by a certain class of our countrymen, on the occasion of his first, and thus far, his last visit to the United States, it is the angry complaints of his ingratitude for those hospitalities, manifested in his subsequent satires and caricatures in "American Notes" and "Martin Chuzzlewit," founded upon his observations and experiences while among us. Such a complaint implies a feeling on the part of those who make it, that the great novelist ought to have permitted his judgment to be bribed by the annoying attentions which he had not sought, and from which he would have gladly escaped; that because he was in a measure forced into making a show of himself, was compelled to eat innumerable bad dinners, and to drink vast quantities of inferior champagne, was driven to the necessity of keeping a Secretary to supply the demand for his autographs, and of making a wholesale contract with a fashionable barber to enable him to furnish locks of hair to a small per centage of the most importunate applicants, that out of gratitude for these hospitalities, the least that he should have done upon his return to England, was to sit down and write a book "cracking us up" in the style in which Col. Chollop informed Mark Tapley at the delightful backwoods settlement of "Eden," that our people "require to be cracked up." It has been said that Mr. Dickens should have been restrained by a sense of delicacy, from "ridiculing the homely or the lavish hospitality of a generous host." Such talk as this is mere unwholesome and unmanly cant. In the first place, our "hospitality" was not homely;" it was mean, snobbish, vulgar, and codfishy to the last degree. In the second place, to speak of it as the "lavish hospitality of a generous host" is utterly to misrepresent the character, the motive, and the source of the attentions with which our visitor was persecuted. The "generous host" was simply an idle, fussy, and sensation-loving populace. The better and more sensible portion of the American people kept aloof from it, and looked on with feelings of mingled amusement and disgust; they would no more think of pleading that "lavish hospitality" in bar of Mr. Dickens' honest criticism and legitimate satire, than they would of founding a claim for the favorable decision of a judge upon social civilities extended to him, in his individual and private capacity. We cannot well understand how any intelligent American can have failed to recognize the substantial justice of Mr. Dickens' caricatures of our social customs, and our public men, or how any magnanimous American can have taken offence at them. A weaker or meaner man than Mr. Dickens might have been flattered and propitiated by the ovations which he received into "cracking us up." He, however, had sufficient manliness and independence to refuse the miserable bribe, and honestly to record his impressions concerning us. Instead of resenting Mr. Dickens' caricature of the peculiarities of American society, politics and manners, we ought to feel grateful to him for the frank and fearless style in which he has portrayed them as they appear to disinterested observers, and has thus helped us to "see ourselves as others see us." In his delineations of certain types of American character, there are indications of dislike and antipathy, but none of deliberate malice. He has described us, our society, usages, and ideas just as they impressed him, and this should be thankfully acknowledged as a service instead of being bitterly resented as an affront.

AMONG the most noteworthy of the new publications of a strictly literary character, is the American reprint of Matthew Arnold's "New Poems," published by Ticknor & Fields. It is now some ten years since the first collection of Arnold's poems were published in this country. The "notices" of the present volume which we have seen in the daily press of San Francisco, and especially of that most remarkable poem *Empedocles on Etna*, have been singularly inappreciative. One of the very noblest passages in the *Empedocles*, is solemnly declared to be "more like the twaddle of a German transcendentalist," than like something else, by an evening contemporary, whose literary critic is either disgusted by the rhythmic effects introduced, or incapable of appreciating the austere classic beauty of the poem.

THE *Java* made her last passage from Boston to Queenstown in six days and twenty-one and a half hours—the quickest passage across the Atlantic on record.

A CALIFORNIA UNIVERSITY.

THE *Bulletin* declares that our comments last week upon the decision of the trustees of the College of California to convey their property to the State, are founded upon a misapprehension of the purposes of the conveyance, adding that the resolution to disincorporate, and assign the assets of the College, does not indicate a failure to establish that institution upon a permanent basis, nor that the prospect of establishing a Californian University has been abandoned. The *Bulletin* further says: "By the action of the Trustees of the College the State will come into possession of a splendid and appropriate site, embracing 160 acres, worth probably at least $60,000, and the further assets of the College, including buildings and grounds in Oakland, may be worth $100,000 more. These properties, added to the land grants made to the State by Congress for University purposes and for a School of Agriculture and Mining, together with the money already accumulated in the State University Fund, will, with such other aid as the State can give, furnish means enough to start an institution of learning that will ultimately be as comprehensive as that of Harvard or Yale. It is a great mistake to suppose the College is to disincorporate in favor of a mere Agricultural College. The Commissioners having the matter in charge, no less than all sagacious friends of liberal education, long ago determined that an attempt to establish an institution so restricted would result in failure, and that the intention of Congress could be more certainly carried out by adding the proceeds of the agricultural land grant to a common fund for the establishment of a University, in which a school of agriculture, mining and mechanics, would be one of the departments."

The *Bulletin* is also sanguine that in good time those individual bequests and endowments to which the great institutions of learning at the East are principally indebted for their prosperity, will be forthcoming here; that "such men as Hawes, Parrot, Reese, and Hayward, will ultimately do themselves a pleasure, and the State a service, by endowing professorships in branches of learning, to be designated by them and to bear their names." The liberality and public spirit of the distinguished citizens enumerated, are so well known, indeed we might say, are so proverbial, as not only to make the hope expressed by the *Bulletin* seem eminently reasonable, but also to make it a matter of astonishment that they have not long ago "done themselves the pleasure, and the State the service" indicated.

A HASTY CRITICISM.

A FEW days ago the *Bulletin* published in its supplement, a sketch written by Prentice Mulford for this paper, and credited the same to Geo. D. Prentice, having probably clipped the piece from some Eastern paper that had borrowed it from the CALIFORNIAN without credit, but retaining the signature of "Prentice," over which it appeared. The *Dramatic Chronicle*, referring to the matter, says:

"With all the *Bulletin's* merits and excellencies as a newspaper—and they are many—it has almost always shown greater readiness to appreciate literary wares that come from afar than those that are of home manufacture; and a certain provincial narrowness and churlishness of spirit has marked its general policy towards California Literary papers, and California writers not connected with the daily press. The *Bulletin* would not have clipped "Nip" from the CALIFORNIAN and credited it to Prentice Mulford; but finding it in an Eastern paper which had copied it from the CALIFORNIAN with Mr. Mulford's *nom de plume* "Prentice," attached to it, and concluding that "Prentice" can be no other than George D. Prentice of the Louisville *Journal*, the *Bulletin* appreciates and appropriates, thus furnishing another illustration of the text in reference to a prophet in his own country."

These comments are not altogether just, and are not borne out by facts. On the contrary, there is no daily journal of first-class standing in the State, that has been so ready as the *Bulletin* to recognize real and sterling literary merit in our writers prior to, and without regard to any Eastern endorsement. In this respect, that journal has been far more liberal than either the *Alta* or the Sacramento *Union*. In proof of this, we could point to numerous poems, sketches, and other articles, written for the CALIFORNIAN that have been copied in whole or in part by the *Bulletin*. Nearly all of the best poetical contributions to this paper, by Stoddard, Harte, Emily Lawson, and Ina D. Coolbraith, have enjoyed the advantage of the wider circulation of our daily contemporary. We think therfore that the *Chronicle's* charge against the *Bulletin*, of "provincial narrowness and churlishness of spirit," etc., is somewhat hasty. If that paper has not been lavish or promiscuous in the recognition it has bestowed, the just reserve and discrimination which it has exercised, have made such recognition all the more valuable.

THE New York *Weekly Review* of September 14th, says: "From San Francisco we receive a little volume containing the Poems of Charles Warren Stoddard, a young Californian, manifestly gifted with a pure spirit and a lively fancy, who has entered upon a career that is full of promise. To this book also we shall return."

THE SOUTHERN DRAMA.

IN Miss Augusta J. Evans, the South has a great representative novelist; in "Bill Arp," a representative humorist; in "Brick Pomeroy," (Southern by adoption,) a representative satirist. Recently a Southern dramatist has made his (or her) appearance, who promises in his (or her) field to rival the fame of the distinguished authors we have named. A Memphis paper furnishes some account of "Helvington, a Dramatic Story," said to be the work of a Southern lady, though this does not seem to be fully ascertained. "Isabel Rivers," a high-strung young lady of ardent Secesh sympathies is the heroine. Having been obliged by stress of circumstances (not very clearly explained) to take an oath of allegiance to the abhorred Federal Government, Miss Isabel, immediately after completing the ceremonial, thus vents her feelings:

"Oh! God!
Is there a word that human lips e'er spoke,
Or human thoughts conceived, of power and strength
Compressed within its syllables, to express
The hate—the *Immortal* hate—that fills the heart
Of the true South, for that accursed, that false,
That treacherous Government!"

Notwithstanding her bloodthirsty and ferocious impulses, the young lady is not wholy unsusceptible to the influence of manly beauty. In a *tete a tete* with her mother, she exclaims:

"I know a youth in Baltimore—he's brave
As he is beautiful.
Mother! the youth loves Liberty! and hates
Tyrants—*as the Roman Brutus did;*
Let those at Washington took to't.
Knows not the oppressor that the free-born soul
Crushed down, forced to find refuge in false oaths,
Will one day find that thing called Vengeance.
* * * Aye, and 't has often chanced
The hand, even the weak hand of women has
Enwrought the almighty's will. * * *
The name
Of *him*, who sits at Washington, and calls
From the four quarters of the earth for men,
More men, even more men, to drench our land
With human gore—Mother! *that name is writ*
In blood."

It would seem from the context, more especially from the portions italicised, that the youth, "brave as he is beautiful," is no other than J. Wilkes Booth.

PUZZLE.—Without in the least intending to fall into the Sunday-paper style of publishing acrostics, charades, rebuses, etc., we this week present our readers with a puzle which we think they will confess is decidedly ingenious.

Mrs. G——, of No. — Folsom street, who keeps many servants, was going to a party the other night, and having lost one of the servants, left the following instructions with her maid:

IF UCAN UCME
SEND MRAN AND MECUM.

The language is English, though it does not look like t. We do not offer a gold pen to be divided among those of our subscribers who send us a correct interpretation, but interpretations may be sent to THE CALIFORNIAN office before Friday next.

EDITORIAL COURTESIES.—The *Tomahawk*, a keenly satirical and not over-scrupulous weekly paper lately started in London, is thus complimentary to the *Star*, John Bright's organ: "We congratulate Mr. Edmund Yates on his resignation of the post of *Flâneur* on the '*Star*.' The editor of our radical contemporary will now, we suppose, (if we may permitted to judge from the tone of his recent leaders,) be able to declare to the intense delight of the 'Great Unwashed,' that there is not a single gentleman on his staff."

A PROCLAMATION has been posted up throughout Canton forbidding the printing of Chinese newspapers by foreigners. This document purports to be an imperial order transmitted by the Governor-General of the two Kiangs (Kiang-tsu and Kiang-tse) to the Governor of Canton. It has put a summary stop to the existence of a little broad sheet published under foreign editorship there.

THE French poet, Charles Beaudelaire, author of "Fleurs du Mal," "Paradis Artificiels," and a translation of the poems of Edgar Allan Poe, has expired in a lunatic asylum, in his forty-seventh year. He was a man of genius, with an insane love of horribly vicious subjects.

CHARLES DICKENS will give his readings here in the "mild November." Pickwickians, Copperfielders, and Nicklebyites must brush up their lore, for to meet the great Charles and not to have a neat little quotation ready from one of the great novelist's stories would be very un-American.

THE opening chapters of the new novel by Anthony Trollope, illustrated by I. E. Millais, will be one of the leading attractions of Mr. Trollope's magazine, "St. Paul's," the first number of which will be published on the 18th of October.

THE *Orchestra* announces a forthcoming work, of interest to the musical and literary worlds—a volume of new songs by Tennyson, with music by Arthur S. Sullivan.

SIGNOR VERDI is in Paris. His health and spirits seem to have been somewhat shaken by the failure of *Don Carlos* which he takes much to heart.

THE greatest lack of self-respect is exhibited in thinking continually of self.

[CORRESPONDENCE:]

THE HOMŒOPATHIC DISSECTING KNIFE

APPLIED TO THE "PACIFIC MEDICAL AND SURGICAL JOURNAL."

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CALIFORNIAN—*Gentlemen:* My attention has been called to an editorial in the above named journal reflecting on the surgical skill and education of medical men of the New School, a rejoinder to which appears in your advertising columns; which proves, at least, that if homœopaths are ignorant of surgery and other branches of medical science, it is not from any want of abundant means, equal in extent and variety to those of other medical schools, to become duly qualified in all respects in all branches. It appears to me, however, that the article deserves some further notice and in a different shape. It is the second attempt that has appeared in that very feeble infant, of only five months, to vilify and satirize homœopathy, whilst it denies the right of reply to those it feels at liberty to insult. I therefore trust to your sense of public justice and fairplay for this right. The production in question was inspired, it would appear, by the change of the Ophthalmic Hospital of New York, from the allopaths to the homœopaths, a change which seems a cause of great grief to the editors for reasons best known to themselves, and which transfer they account for in so peculiar a manner that the genius of Momus rather than the wisdom of Apollo is required to furnish them a suitable answer. It is roundly asserted that "whatever is done in Gotham," as to public institutions, "comes of the devil!" This is doubtless a very ready and convenient sort of logic to settle a knotty point; but it is a little late in the day for a medical philosopher to take fast hold of the devil's tail to pull him out of tight places! There are still some who follow an old practice, and

"Compound for sins they feel inclined to
By damning those they have no mind to."

It is, however, we take it, a pleasant rhetorical flourish to impress us with the fact that the two great powers that control the moral aspect of the universe are arrayed as usual against each other to settle the claims of these rival parties! And inasmuch as his majesty of the infernal regions holds now the reins of power in Gotham, it has become of necessity a "monstrous human sewer!" In his lower dominions he allows no water—the figure is not at the best a clean one; but this is of course, on such a Pegasus—

"For what's expected from a horse
With an apothecary on his back?"

In which monstrous place "the only good thing done for many years past was the appointment of regular physicians to sovereign authority when ghastly cholera" approached the city last year! The result proved the wisdom of the appointment; for Cholera seeing from some distant cloud over the Atlantic an impregnable allopathic fortification, declined the challenge and made a detour toward the southwest. But the Cholera of 1866 could not have been acquainted with the progress of its forefathers in 1831–32, the city being thus protected "*legally and regularly*," by the same prarties. For we find that the enemy scaled the walls somehow, attacked 5,232 persons, and slew 2,031, or nearly two-fifths of the number! But we find also that the homœopaths of that period, presuming to attack the same enemy in the most irregular and illegal fashion, without civic authority or appointment, managed to *save two-thirds* of those who were mad enough to trust them—and this, not only in New York, but throughout Europe! The inference which we are expected to draw from the "extreme wickedness" of New York, to our own advantage, is not clear either; for this city, and indeed all other cities are equally degraded and demoralized in proportion to the population. The next strong point the writer makes is, that the allopaths "were voted out" and the homœopaths voted in," by the "*half accidental fact*" (sic) that the directors found, at a meeting, that the majority were homœopaths." Now, if this had not been so, it would have been the other way, would it not? But what is a *half* accident? and what is a *quarter* accident? Would the fracture of the tibia be the "*half*," that of the fibula, the *other* half accident?—and a "*fact*" implying design, agency and execution, it does not seem clear how it can turn into "half accidental."

But perhaps the plain facts in the aggregate are, that a large majority of the intelligent and wealthy gentlemen who manage the hospital have learned from experience and observation that one mode of treatment was in every way superior to the other, and ordered the charity to be placed in the hands of those they thought best able to apply it. Has it occurred to the *reflecting* editor to inquire how this majority came to exist at all; how such convictions are produced; how, from one homœopath, about forty years ago, New York comes to have over 500? How the same proportion holds good in every town and city in the United States; how they have come to have "and to hold" large and respectable patronage; how they manage to have six well organized and legalized medical colleges of their own, with professorships for every branch of medical science and art? How, from the imperial palace of Russia, through every grade of station, wealth and intelligence, homœopathy commands and holds influence, place and patronage throughout all Europe, even in a greater proportion than in this country? And how all this comes from the enlightened, educated and progressive classes of the people? When these questions are answered, and when it is borne in mind that even San Francisco is *no exception*, perhaps both halves of the accident will appear. We are next told that the "name of Carnohan is known all over the world," and those who take his place "not known on this side of the highlands of the Hudson!" We grant this, and that Carnohan deserves it too. But what of it? Was there not a time when *he was not* known, and may not the time come when the others shall become known "all over the world?" The learned editors were once themselves unknown; but see, after their editorial labors against homœopathy, where they shall be!—they can say, with the ancient poet: "We shall touch the lofty stars with our heads!"

"Sublimi feriam sidera vertice!"

It is well that the learned editor, through kindly consideration, informs his professional readers that "an ophtalemic hospital has to deal largely with surgery!" And then triumphantly demands, with unanswerable assurance—"And what has homœopathy to do with surgery, we should like to know?" "where is the point or edge of '*similia similibus*' when it comes to an operation?" or, "can the 'allopathic' knife be dispensed with, and its work done by infinitesimal doses of imagination?" Now, in pity to the very limited range of our knowledge, he should have added that the hospital has to "deal largely" with *therapeutics*. Since all deseases affecting the eye do not require surgery at all, but must be treated constitutionally. Homœopathy professes to have nothing to do with surgery, It deals only with the administration of medicines, and *similia similibus "curantur" has no surgical* "edge or point." It is only the formula which expresses the law on which homœopathy is founded, and therefore never "comes to an operation." Yes, the "*allopathic knife*" can be dispensed with, and always has been dispensed with; inasmuch as such an instrument has never existed; for "allopathy" expresses only the peculiar mode or system on which a certain class of medical men dose their patients. But the *surgical knife can never* be dispensed with, whether it is in the hand of a skilful operator who prefers to give medicine according to the homœopathic law or allopathic system, when needed by his patient. And now, as you "should like to know," we have informed you. And, we ask in our turn, what has jalap, epsom salts, calomel or tarter emetic, in destructive or prostrating doses, to do with surgery? And where is the point or edge of "*contraria contrariis*" "when it comes to an operation?"

There is no one so ignorant as not to know that the administration of medicines by the mouth is one thing, and surgical operations another. It is equally well understood that the only difference between the two schools has reference only to the *law* which should direct the administration of remedial agents to the sick, and the quantity of medicine that should be given in any single case. Outside of this all is common-ground; there is neither clashing nor difference of opinion. And this view of the subject has been most prominent before the public and the profession in all its aspects for the last sixty-four years!

Have we not a right to demand, then, why two men, who set themselves up as exponents of medical literature and science on this coast, should dare to insult, after this fashion, a body of men who are in general as well qualified and educated as it is possible for medical men to be, by roundly stating that they expect to cure cataract by a drop of the hundredth dilution of belladonna, to amputate a limb with a globule of arnica, or conduct a case of preternatural labor by sprinkling some drops of *secale* over the patient's coverlet? Or is it their object to pass off this slander on that portion of the people who only know this subject by name, and thus "damage homœopathy" by a gross fraud? If they mean what they say, they are ignorant below contempt. If they do not, they seem to hold but lightly what every gentleman values as he does his life: *his reputation for truth!*

As to the attempted pun, so far fetched, and so hardly squeezed out of the similitude of Niagara as a cataract, and a cataract on the eye, with which the article concludes, the editors will find that waterfall, in view of the moral aspect of the above "situation," what the tailor once pronounced it—"a wonderful fine place to sponge a coat!"

J. F. G.

SAN FRANCISCO, in proportion to its size, is the busiest seaport in the world. Her annual exports are about $70,000,000, and her imports nearly as much; the manufactures are worth nearly $20,000,000; the real estate sales amount to about $12,000,000, and the cash value of the land, buildings and movable property of the city is about $200,000,000, although assessed for taxation at only $80,000,000. She sends away about forty tons of silver and six tons of gold every month—the former metal in bars fifteen inches long and five inches square; the latter in small bars about six inches long, three inches wide and two inches thick. Wagons loaded with the precious metals are seen in our streets nearly every day.

THE poet's or the conqueror's wreath is poor compared with that made for us by the encircling arms of those we love.

DRAMATIC AFFAIRS.

DAN BRYANT has taken a firm hold on the somewhat fickle public of San Francisco, and every night Maguire's Opera House is crowded. The new play of *Inshavogue* has proved a hit. A matinee will be given to-day, when this rollicking Irish drama will be performed, and in the evening the same play will be repeated On Monday the celebrated play of *Arrah-na-Pogue* will be produced with all the original scenery, stage effects and music. There is a very general desire to witness Dan Bryant's minstrel performances. The fame of "Dan Bryant's Minstrel Troupe" is world wide. It is rumored that, conceding to a very generally expressed wish, Dan Bryant will, before he leaves this city, appear in burnt cork and give the public a taste of his quality as an Ethiopian comedian.

On Saturday last Miss Caroline Hamilton made her first appearance on any stage at the Metropolitan Theatre, when Mr. Hamilton took a benefit. Miss Hamilton appeared in the character of "Julia," in *The Hunchback*. It was evident to all who had witnessed the performance of that talented actress, Miss Caroline Chapman, that Miss Hamilton had been (as was formerly announced) schooled by her aunt. Unfortunately, Miss Hamilton imitated Miss Chapman with too much fidelity, and her rendition of "Julia" was very parrot-like. Occasionally Miss Hamilton would, in an attempt to show passion, burst forth in a scream. With a little experience of the stage, Miss Hamilton will probably succeed as an actress. On the second occasion on which she appeared—Thursday evening—she played the part much better than on the occasion of her debut, and evinced an intelligence with regard to the points in dramatic business which renders it safe to prophecy that if Miss Hamilton studies hard and devotes herself in earnest to the profession she has adopted, she will attain a good position. J. H. Vinson played "Master Walter" admirably—the part has seldom, if ever, been better performed in this city. Mr. Vinson's conception of "Master Walter" is a just one. He does not rave and storm through the play, he is not always peevish and ill-natured, but he portrays the character of the kindly-natured hunchback correctly. Miss Clelia Howson was excellent as "Helen," evincing a talent for high comedy for which many who had witnessed her burlesque impersonations did not give her credit. John Howson made a capital "Modus," playing the part very well indeed. On Wednesday *The Hunchback* was played with the same cast as before, with the exception that Mr. Bates, who kindly volunteered for the occasion, played "Sir Thomas Clifford." Monday and Tuesday were devoted to English Opera, and good houses showed that the San Francisco public appreciate good music.

On Thursday night the promised spectacular play of *Azael* was produced. This play comprises all the features which should ensure popularity. All must admire the beautiful music of Auber which is introduced, the spectacular effects are grand, the scenery and dresses are very fine, and the play, as a whole, though the camel is missing, *must* prove a success.

On Thursday next, Henri Herbete, who is to California what Sims Reeves is to the sweetest voiced tenor in the land of England, will take a farewell benefit. Everyone who knows Herberte likes him, everyone who has once heard his beautiful voice wishes to hear it again, and all who have any love for music will be present at Platt's Hall on Thursday, October 24th, when an entertainment, which has seldom been equalled, will be given. Miss Emma Howson, Miss Clelia Howson, Messrs. Harry Leslie and Harry Raynor, the Motet and Madrigal Society, "The Twelve," and in fact the best artistes in the city will assist.

TOUCHSTONE.

WOODWARD'S GARDENS.—The pleasant weather which we are now enjoying leads many to resort daily to Woodward's Gardens, where they can luxuriate in the conservatories filled with rare plants, lounge in the Art Gallery and view the paintings and pieces of sculpture, roam through the Museum and inspect the numerous curiosities and otherwise while away the day.

THE CITY GARDENS.—There are few places in San Francisco or its vicinity where friends may walk, talk and enjoy themselves. The City Gardens are a most delightful rendezvous. The moonlight concerts are quite the fashion, and the élite of San Francisco society may be seen at the City Gardens.

ANATOMICAL MUSEUM.—Among other fine anatomical models to be seen at this institution, is one of the hand, and another of the foot of the Irish giant, whose skeleton is preserved in the museum of the College of Surgeons, London.

THE London *Athenæum* says: "Everybody will be glad to hear that the paragraph now running through the press, to the effect that Mr. Charles Dickens is suffering from an acute and mysterious disease—thereby causing that gentlemen's friends, the whole reading public, very great alarm—has no foundation of truth whatever. Mr. Dickens is living at his pleasant Kentish house, busy with his work, and enjoying the most perfect health; combining, to use a few of his own words, his 'usual sedentary powers with the training of a prize-fighter.'"

KISSING HER FEMALE COUSIN.

BY T. B. ALDRICH.

Your coming in last night, my lady love,
Was somewhat sudden. I was helping Nell
To tie the ribbon of her ringlets:
She put the crimson of her mouth up—well,
I'm flesh and blood—and then you, singing, came
Into the room, and tossed your head for shame.

I saw a sort of maiden northern lights
Shoot up your cheeks and tremble in your eyes;
I like such things. I like to see the wind
Drive frightened clouds across the skies;
I like the sea, and, when it's easily had,
A pretty woman—very, very mad!

I like the dangerous and regal air
(You bear a queen's name, and a queen you are,)
With which you donned your Thibet opera cloak,
And clasped it with a diamond like a star.
'Twas charming in my mistress—but, my life,
It would not be so charming in my wife.

I like wild things, as I have said, but then
I should not like to own them. Who would be
Proprietor of earthquakes, or loose hurricanes,
Or comets plunging in celestial seas?
Or wed a maid that could, if she should please,
Give me a touch of one and all of these.

Not I. Don't let a female thunder storm
Brood in your eyes, with every nod, and then
A flash of angry lightning. You have had
Your March and April; now in June again,
And let your fine-cut eyebrows' silken span
Be brows of promise to your favorite man.

I've had my laugh, and you your pout, and now
(You'll spoil that rose-bud if you twist it so!)
Give me both hands, that I may say, "Good Bess,
The good Queen Bess," and kiss you ere I go—
The good Queen Bess, whose heart, and mind, and face,
Teach me to love all women—as a race!

So, when I kissed your pretty cousin Nell,
I honored one who taught me to admire
Fair women in their twenties—don't you see?
But then, dear Bess, as I was standing by her
Her lips quite close—now this is *entre nous*—
Upon my soul, I made believe 'twas you!

SOMETHING ABOUT JAPAN.

THERE is no more striking example of the rapidity with which the world moves than that which is furnished by the thought of our relations to Japan. It is only fifteen years since Perry started with his squadron to break the silence and seclusion in which, for centuries, this hermit-nation had buried itself; and most of our readers can recall something of the intense interest and curiosity which attached to his romantic expedition. Now that the world has been so thoroughly tracked and trodden over, and every continent and island of the sea explored, it would be difficult to reproduce the romance which invested the departure of the squadron; it was like some adventurous quest of olden times, rather than a nineteenth century reality. Of the lands toward which this voyage of rediscovery was directed, only enough was known to stimulate the curiosity of the world and to give zest to its appetite for fuller knowledge. Enterprising navigators, coasting along the shores of Niphon or of Yeddo, had caught glimpses of the people and their busy life. Now and then, "some forlorn and shipwrecked brother," who had been cast away on these inhospitable coasts, had been caged and carried on a reluctant pilgrimage through the interior; and if, after a while, he escaped, he had a strange story to tell in which complaints of doleful captivity were mingled with admiration at the beauty of the country and the peculiar civilization of the people. Besides all this, we had old Kæmpfer's history, of two centuries ago; and we might see through Dutch spectacles, if we would abuse ourselves to do it, what this strange empire was where it touched the outer world at Nagaski. But this was not enough. For two centuries these islands had been almost as much out of the world, as if the long waves of the Pacific had rolled over them, instead of breaking against them. When our new world on the western shores of the Atlantic rose suddenly into history, this old world on the western shores of the Pacific, as suddenly disappeared. The curtain fell upon a scene of savage madness, of persecution, massacre, and ferocious revenge. The last sight which the world had of Japan was at Simabarra, where the Christain converts whom the Portuguese missionaries had gained, and who could not be brought by menace or torture to disavow their faith, were summarily exterminated. What made the scene more ghastly was to see the mercenary Dutch traders, whose choice of mammon before God was perhaps the most deliberate and infamous in history, standing by in unprotesting silence, or assisting at the dreadful crime with active and efficient connivance.

It is noteworthy that the curtain which had fallen upon this scene of carnage was to be lifted by the nation which, at that very time, was just emerging into life. The year 1638 is given as the date of the extermination of the last Christian in Japan. It was in 1620 that first Christian settlement at Plymouth was begun. It is one of those coincidences of history which are more than accidental. For out of the Plymouth colony was to come that nation that should bring resurrection to this self-buried empire. Fifteen years have passed, since the work began, and it is wonderful to see how perfectly it has been completed, and the dead are raised.

Twice already there has come an embassy from the Tycoon to the President, and we have seen them going up and down in the land, peering, with intelligent curiosity in their mild eyes, at whatever things are noteworthy in the new world which they have entered. To-day the most attractive of our popular amusements in the performance of the jugglers who have come, and still are coming in successive companies, from Japan. Have we not all seen their demure faces, and heard their queer, shrill voices, and wondered at ther cunning disregard of impossibilities, and their fearless conflicts with the law of gravitation? Have we not all rejoiced with trembling, when the discordant music of the drum and tam-tam and guitar ushered in the classic "All right" and the tubs and ladders? Have we not rubbed out eyes with incredulity, when those amazing tops spinned up the arm, and around the neck, and down the back of the serene gentleman with the polysyllable name, who meanwhile fanned himself with placid satisfaction? Our streets are full of placards with queer, oriental devices on them. Our newspapers are full of items concerning the habits of these strangers. Even our police reports, alas! indicate that they have come to grief, and fallen among the lawyers and judges of the metropolis, already. Large orders for school books, for steamboats, for men of war for military accoutrements, for notions of various sorts, come to our merchants at San Francisco, and New York from Yeddo. Two-sworded princes, naval officers, with their retinue, arrive to make inspection of our navy-yards. There are Japanese in our school and academies. A monthly line of steamers connects their shores with ours. California salutes Niphon across the Pacific as almost her next neighbor; and from our new northwestern possessions, the peninsula of Alaska stretches out in a still more close proximity, suggesting a manifest destiny of intimate commercial and social intercourse. Fifteen years more, and we may see this peninsula, with the chain of islands stretching west and south from it, recognised as the foreordained route of telegraph cables; and we shall get the news from Yeddo daily at our breakfast tables, as a thing of course. * * * * *

As we approached Niphon one clear afternoon, we was a hundred miles or more away towering above the northern horizon with regular and delicate outline, the sharp blue cone of Fusi Yama.

There are some higher mountains than Fusi Yama in the world, but if there is one more beautiful I do not know it. To the Japanese themselves it seems to be a joy forever." And to every foreigner it is a beautiful surprise. I cannot conceive of any mountain lines more graceful than those with which it rises from the shores of the bay of Yeddo, and dips again among the lesser mountains of the unexplored island. Its regular conical shape is broken at the summit by the crater out of which, within a century, volcanic fires have burst, and its sides, for a considerable distance from the top are whitened with perennial snow. It is so near the shores of the island that it is visible far out at sea. Indeed, it partly owes its singular beauty to the fact that it may be so easily observed from a sufficient distance. Other mountain peaks are so much a part of the ranges to which they belong, that it is difficult to isolate and individualize them. But Fusi Yama towers above the mountain ranges of Niphon unapproached and unapproachable. It is more than two miles high, and almost from the base to its sharp summit, the eye may take it in with one unbroken glance. I do not wonder that the Japanese are proud of it, and hold it sacred and make pilgrimages to it, and climb its stately sides with half-adoring reverence. It is the first and greatest feature of their scenery. And in all their pictures of Japanese life, on lacquered trays or in innumerable picture-books, it is a most conspicuous object. The fishing boats in Yeddo bay look to it as their weather prophet, for the clouds that settle on its stately head are heralds of the storm. And far off, a hundred miles to the southward or the westward it towers thin and faint but regular and perfect, transfigured into the very ghost and airy vision of a delectable mountain. Such it appeared to us as we approached the harbor of Simoda. For one, I could not keep my eyes away from it, but watched it through the afternoon until the flush of sunset settled on it. And the next day though we were close beside the smoking volcano island of Oho-sima, at which, as my first volcano, I was bound to wonder, and from which the clouds of vapor poured incessantly, and though the pine groves of Cape Idzu waved almost within our hearing, still there was nothing to compare with the majestic beauty of great Fusi Yama.

I envy the man who shall first explore the natural scenery of Japan, and the occidental feet which shall stand first upon the sides of Fusi Yama. Any one can see from the very configuration of the group of islands that they must be full of picturesque beauty. Their breadth is at best, so narrow; and their coast line so deeply and so frequently indented; and they rise so high above the sea, that the brooks and rivers which are formed upon the highlands must plunge seaward in splended cataracts and through wild glens and valleys with an endless and charming variety of landscape. Beauty enough at every step we found when we went ashore at Simoda; not the languid beauty of the tropics which we had left behind us in Siam, nor the flat ugliness of Shanghae, from which we had more recently escaped; but the fresh life of merry mountain brooks and the green hills and rugged rocks and pine-crowned mountains of a climate hardy as our own New England. There was everywhere the beauty of cultivated fields, of terraced hillsides, of road-side flowers and shrubs. If only we might have gone inland and explored the picturesqueness of the interior!

A few weeks later, at the more northern port of Hakodadi, we had the chance to make excursions ten or twelve miles from the shore, in this very month of October. I do not know how often, as I walked about the country, I was reminded of home, for Hakodadi is in the same latitude with New York, and the climate, and the look of the landscape, and the trees and flowers and ripened harvests all about us, were the same one sees in our own land. A spotted lily or a yellow golden-rod, or tall hollyhocks beside the road, or the bright asters blossoming among the graves, carried ones thoughts across the leagues of ocean and of continent to the remotest West and to the familiar scenes of home. Here in Japan, as in Connecticut and New York, the fields were white with the blossoming harvest of buckwheat; and we even continued the resemblance so far as to make it furnish us the buckwheat cakes for breakfast which we would have had in Yankee land. There were yellow pumpkins which in New England would have prophesied eloquently of Thanksgiving day. Our maize or Indian corn had just been gathered here—though how these Japanese had come by what was reckoned as exclusively an American production, I could not imagine. There was the cool and bracing weather of our own October climate, and the smoky October air softening all the landscape, and the "vapor-braided sky" above, and the grass beginning to look dry and brown, and chestnut trees waiting till the frost should open their green burs, and forests that should presently put on their Autumn colors—all these were so familiar and so home-like, that to find them in Japan was a perpetual surprise. We had not sufficiently remembered that the stretch of the coast lines of these islands is through the very same parallels with our Atlantic shores—from the latitude of Portland on the north to that of Savannah on the south. Yeddo is in the latitude of Norfolk and Richmond. Hakodadi is, as I have said, on the parallel of New York. Probably the climate is a little tempered by the insular position of Japan, and the scenery is wilder and more striking than the scenery of our Eastern seaboard. We have no volcanoes, for example; while from Simoda, we had in sight the smoking crater of Oho-sima, and from Hakodadi two more volcano peaks were distant only a few leagues. But, so far as the climate and the country are concerned, there is nothing to repel but everything to attract the immigration of Americans. For one, I could choose no lovelier place to live and work in than the shores of the magnificent bay of Hakodadi, or the hills at the foot of Fusi Yama that overlook the broad Pacific.—*Rev. George W. Bacon, in "Hours at Home."*

A LEOPARD KILLED BY A TIGER.

In the end of March, 1865, I was encamped in the Teraire and borders of the forest under the Himalaya hills. Some of my mahoots, who had gone out to cut fodder heard the cries of an animal, resembling those of a pig when in the claws of a tiger. They left the jungle at once, and reported the circumstance to me on their return to my camp. After breakfast we started for the jungle, but on beating it no trace of the pig or its remains could be seen. We found, however, a very fine leopard measuring over six feet, dead, but not yet cold. On examining it there were no marks of bullets visible. A portion of the skin of one hind leg had been torn off, and blood issued from the skull, which yielded to the pressure of the finger. On removing the skin the skull was found to be smashed in and fractured, so much so that several portions of of the bone came away with the skin. There were also two or three marks, such as would be found on any animal that had been struck by a tiger's paw. This is the first instance I ever heard of a tiger killing a leopard, and can only account for it in the following way: First, that the leopard, hearing the cries of the pig when seized by the tiger, approached incautiously, and was struck on the head by the tiger's paw. Second, that the leopard was killing the pig when the tiger came up and took it away from him; in doing so doubtless a fight took place, ending in the death of the former. Our not finding the pig may have arisen from the pig making off when the tiger left him to attack the leopard, or *vice versa*; for on one occasion I saw a pig crawl away, though very severely hurt, after he had been seized by a tiger which we put up in beating. On this occasion we put up the tiger not one hundred yards from where the leopard was found dead, but, unfortunately, he was not bagged.—*Breech-Loader.*

Pride and opulence may kiss in the morning as a married couple; but they are likely to be divorced before sunset.

WAGONS.

MILLS & EVANS, IMPORTERS OF THOROUGH-BRACE Wagons, light express, two and three-spring Wagons, suitable for milk-men and furniture dealers, and others wishing light and durable Wagons. Their Wagons are made expressly for the California market, and Mills & Evans' is the only firm which receives Wagons from the celebrated manufactory of A. W. Sanborn & Co., Manchester, N. H. This latter firm stands A No. 1 in the east, and their wagons have stood the test of our California climate, and are sold by Mills & Evans fifty per cent. lower than any other establishment on the Pacific coast. Call and examine their Wagons, at No. 587 Market street, opposite the Metropolitan market. *

MEDICAL.—"YOUNG MAN'S FRIEND AND PROTECTOR," an Association for beneficent objects, Young men should inform themselves in relation to it, and by applying to, the ACTUARY, Dr. Bourne, 10 Masonic Temple, Post street, they will be furnished with Prospectus.

Great Reduction in Prices at Rosenblatt's PALACE OF FASHION, opposite Occidental Hotel. The large and elegant assortment of Velvet, Cloth and Silk Cloaks, Long and Square Broche Shawls, Real Lace Collars, Sleeves, Point Handkerchiefs, etc., are now being sold at the following remarkable low rates:

Silk and Cloth Cloaks.....Worth $15; sold for $10
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Broche Shawls.....Worth $50; sold for $25
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Lace Window Curtains.....Worth $20 a pair for $12
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Than any other in the City.

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Merchant Tailor,

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Fashionable Styles.

Satisfaction Guaranteed.

Joseph Catania & Co.,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in

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STALL NO. 48 FISH MARKET, Clay Commercial and Leidesdorff Streets.

A large supply of fresh fish always on hand. Shipping, Restaurants, Hotels and Families supplied at short notice, and on the most reasonable terms.
N. B.—Fish sent to any part of the city free.

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PARKER, WATTSON & CO.,

Importers and Jobbers of

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ETC.....ETC.....ETC.,

Nos. 306 and 308 Clay street, one door above Front, SAN FRANCISCO.

N. GRAY & CO.,
UNDERTAKERS,

641 SACRAMENTO STREET, CORNER OF WEBB

Sole agents for BARSTOW'S PATENT METALLIC BURIAL CASES and CASKETS.

Chickering & Sons' Pianos

RECEIVED THE

FIRST PREMIUM,

(Gold Medal,)

At the Paris Exposition.

FURTHERMORE, THE Improvements, Workmanship, and General Superiority of those instruments over all others on exhibition, was so marked an important, the Emperor created Mr. T. E. CHICKERING

KNIGHT OF THE LEGION OF HONOR.

KOHLER, CHASE & CO.,
421 Montgomery street.

F. C. BELDEN,

Of the well-known Family Depot, 612 Sacramento street, has opened the

SUMMER STREET RESTAURANT,

at the northeast corner of Spring and Summer Sts.

Meals to order, and by the plate. Wines and Liquors of the best quality.

PARIS EXPOSITION,
1867.
GLORIOUS NEWS
FOR
THE FLORENCE!

OFFICIAL CATALOGUE JUST RECEIVED, (September 8th) the only copy on this coast—29 days from London. FREE FOR INSPECTION.

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RECEIVED THE ONLY PREMIUM awarded to any Sewing Machine (except Button Hole Machine) for sale on the Pacific Coast.

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T. B. RODGERS,
CUTLER,
108 Leidesdorff street.

Corner California, adjoining the Pacific Insurance Office, San Francisco.

SAVE YOUR TEETH.—Do not have them extracted without first consulting a good Dentist. The loss is irreparable, and, in many instances, unnecessary. DR. BEERS, corner of Pine and Kearney streets, makes a specialty of filling the fangs of dead Teeth, and building up broken crowns with Pure Gold—thus restoring them to their original usefulness and beauty.

☞ Call and examine the work. Finest quality of artificial work also manufactured.

ITALIAN RESTAURANT,

No. 515 Merchant Street,

Between Montgomery and Sansome, San Francisco.

Taglierini, Maccaroni, Risotto and Ravioli, In the Italian Style.

MEALS FIFTY CENTS, OR TO ORDER.

Rooms for private parties up stairs.
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CREME DE LIS
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FOR CLEANSING AND PRESERVING THE TEETH. Beautifying the Complexion, and removing Freckles, Eruptions, Sunburn, and Tan.

A New Combination, equal to the best French preparations, and free from their poisonous ingredients.

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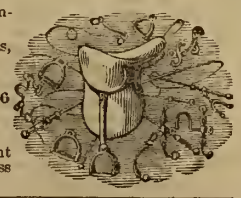
Manufacturers and Importers of Harness, Saddles, Bridles, Whips, Collars, Saddlery Ware, etc.



Nos. 214 and 216 Battery Street,
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N. B.—Good assortment Concord Stage Harness constantly on hand.

REESE W. GLUYAS. S. E. DUTTON.

GLUYAS & DUTTON,
COUNTING HOUSE STATIONERS,

Fireman's Fund Insurance Company's Building,
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D. GHIRARDELLI & CO.'S
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Manufacturers and Dealers in

PLAIN, SWEET, CINNAMON AND VANILLA CHOCOLATES;
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PURE GROUND OLD JAVA COFFEE AND COSTA RICA COFFEE;
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GREEN COFFEE OF EVERY QUALITY.
CHOICE WINES AND LIQUORS.

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Book and Job Printers,
Have the Largest Office,
Do the most work,
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Try them
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And you will be
Satisfied the above
Statements are facts.
Their office is at 536
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Show Work of All Kinds,

GO TO THE

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BLASTING POWDER.

Price, - - - - $3 00 Per Keg.

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FUSE AND SHOT always on hand and for sale at the

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Great Reduction

IN PRICES OF

BOOTS AND SHOES.

ON ACCOUNT OF THE WIDENING OF Kearny Street, we are compelled to remove. Before doing so, we will sell at retail our entire stock of boots and shoes at the lowest

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HOLCOMBE & KAST,
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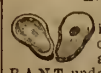
NEW RESTAURANT.



MR. SORBIER takes pleasure in informing his friends and customers that he has opened a FIRST-CLASS RESTAURANT under the name of

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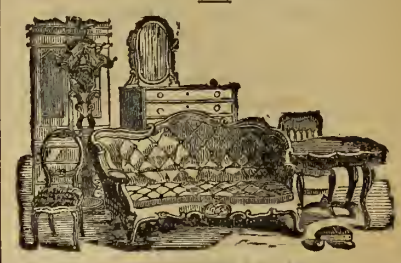
NOTICE.

WE TAKE OCCASION TO INFORM OUR FRIENDS and customers that we have sold our entire stock in warehouse also invoices to arrive to Messrs. N. COLE & CO., 312 and 314 Pine steeet. The whole forms a most complete and desirable assortment of FURNITURE, and well merits attention before purchasing elsewhere.

J. PIERCE & CO.



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WE beg leave to call the attention of the public to our warerooms,

Nos. 312 and 314 Pine Street.

Having purchased the entire stock of Messrs. J. Pierce & Co., and in addition to our large invoice from our factory at the East, we are prepared to fill all orders promptly, both wholesale and retail, and call the attention of the public to our salesroom, as containing the most complete assortment of desirable goods on this coast.

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DR. V. POPPER,
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No 20 Montgomery street, between Post and Sutter, San Francisco. Office hours from 9 A. M to 5 P. M.

Offers his services to the public as an Operator on such excrescences as hard and soft corns, enlarged joints, club nails, bunions, nails penetrating the flesh, warts, etc.

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The best kinds of WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS constantly on hand.

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THE "GROTTO,"

JOHN DUNCAN. Proprietor.

530 Sacramento street, opposite What Cheer House,
FINE WINES, LIQUORS, ALES AND PORTER,
Wholesale and Retail.
Importer of Wiso's Celebrated Irish Whisky.

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CAPT. JOHN H. MAY,

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Opposite Maguire's Opera House.

CITY BANK OF SAVINGS
LOAN AND DISCOUNT,

No. 627 Sacramento street, corner of Webb.

This Bank will open on Tuesday, the 15th inst., for the transaction of business, and will then be ready to

RECEIVE DEPOSITS

AND MAKE LOANS AND DISCOUNTS, ETC.

OFFICE HOURS—From 10 A. M. to 3 P. M., daily, and on Saturdays from 10 A. M. to 9 P. M.

H. A. Cobb, President.
DANIEL MURPHY, Cashier.
San Francisco, October 9, 1867.

DR. N. T. WHITCOMB,
DENTIST,

No. 205 Third Street, San Francisco.

Teeth filled with fine gold, artificial bone and platina. All plate work made and repaired, of the best material, at the shortest notice and warranted. None cheaper or better on the coast. Call and examine specimens. North Beach and South Park Cars pass the door.

N. T. WHITCOMB.

Not long ago a delegation of Indian Chiefs from the Far West, who had been on to Washington on business connected with their tribes, passed through Cincinnati *en route* for their homes. One of their number became so infatuated with lager beer that he was left behind. The following touching parody on *Bingen on the Rhine* was suggested to the "Fat Contributor" by seeing the noble red man in a beer garden, engaged in the wild and hopeless task of drinking old beer drinkers tight:

BIG INJUN OVER THE RHINE.

An Injun sat in a garden,
Drinking his lager beer,
He had left his wigwam on the plains
And his squaw she wasn't near;
But a Dutch girl stood beside him
To hear what he should say,
And replied to his Injun jargon—
"Nix cum heraus, unt nix verstay."

This heery Injun bluhbered
As he took that Dutch girl's hand,
And said, "Me never more shall see
Me own, me native land;
Bear a message—and a scalp or two—
To those distant friends of mine,
For I am a Big Injun—
Big Injun over the Rhine."

"Tell my mother that her other sons
Shall comfort her old age,
Chase the buffalo, scalp the drivers
Of the overland mail stage;
For my father was a warrior hold,
And e'en as a papoose,
I joyed to know that the old man,
Was 'sound on the goose.'
And when he died and left us
To divide his scanty hoard,
I let them take what e'er they wonld,
But kept my father's *gourd*;
Now take and fill it high with heer,
Let's see the lager shioe—
Gross glass for the Big Injun—
Big Injun over the Rhine.

"Tell my sister not to whimper
Because she misses one
When the Injuu delegation
Comes hack from Washington;
But look upon them prondly,
And never shed a tear,
Her brother's the only Injun
As ain't afraid of heer.
And if some brave her lo[illegible]
Then it would please me much,
If mingled with his Injun blood
Was just a shade of Dutch.
I'd drink his health in this old gourd,
(My father's gourd and mine,)
For the honor of Big Injuu—
Big Injun over the Rhine."

His voice grew faint and hoarser,
His legs seemed limp aud weak,
He heckoned feehly with his gourd,
Hiccnped and ceased to speak.
A policeman hent to lift him,
The task it wasn't light,
The savage from beyond the [illegible]
Lay cross the table tight.
And the soft moon rose np slowly,
As the lights seemed hurning lower,
And the loud Tentonic music
Was drowned hy the Red Man's snore.
He fell early in the battle—
'Twas only half-past nine—
This hoastful, beery Injun—
Big Injun over the Rhine.

J. R. MEAD & CO.,
Importers, Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
FINE CLOTHING,
AND
Gents' Furnishing Goods,
TRUNKS, VALISES, CARPET BAGS, ETC.,
200 & 202 MONTGOMERY STREET,
Corner of Bush,
SAN FRANCISCO

CITY BANK OF SAVINGS
LOAN AND DISCOUNT,
No. 627 Sacramento street, corner of Webb.

This Bank will open on Tuesday, the 15th inst., for the transaction of business, and will then be ready to
RECEIVE DEPOSITS
AND MAKE LOANS AND DISCOUNTS, ETC.

Office Hours—From 10 A. M. to 3 P. M., daily, and on Saturdays from 10 A. M. to 9 P. M.
H. A. Cobb, President.
Daniel Murphy, Cashier.
San Francisco, October 9, 1867.

AT THE REGULAR
RETAILING AMERICAN WATCHES
C. E. COLLINS & CO.,
603 MONTGOMERY STREET,
SAN FRANCISCO.
Nos. 42 and 44 Nassau Street,
NEW YORK.
Dealers in American, Swiss and English WATCHES,
JEWELRY AND ATERIALS.
WHOLESALE PRICES.
We have made arrangements to buy AMERICAN WATCHES in large quantities from the Factory, and will receive a discount on the regular Wholesale Prices. We will hereafter
Retail the American Watches
AT
The Regular Wholesale Prices.
Our only profit being the small per cent. allowed by buying in large quantities.

Removal! Removal!
A. J. PLATE,
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
Guns, Rifles and Pistols.
—ALSO—
COLT'S AND DERINGER PISTOLS,
Powder, Shot, Lead, Caps, and Gun Trimmings, etc., etc.
—HAS REMOVED TO—
NO. 510 SACRAMENTO STREET,
Between Sansome and Leidesdorff Streets, San Francisco.
New Work made to order, and Repairing executed in the neatest manner.

Tyler Brothers,
691 Market st., cor. Third,
SAN FRANCISCO,
Importers, Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
SCHOOL BOOKS,
STATIONERY,
PHOTOGRAPH ALBUMS,
BLANK BOOKS,
PORTFOLIOS,
JUVENILE BOOKS,
CHILDREN'S PICTURE BOOKS,
FANCY ARTICLES, Etc.
ESPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO
LADIES' STATIONERY,
Which we Stamp with Initials
WITHOUT EXTRA CHARGE.
WEDDING AND VISITING CARDS
Engraved, Written or Printed.

JOHN DANIEL,
Marble Works,
421 *PINE STREET,*
(Between Kearny and Montgomery.)
MANTELS, MONUMENTS, TOMBS, PLUMBERS' SLABS, ETC.,
On hand and manufactured to order.
Orders respectfully solicited.

BOWEN BROS.
GROCERS,
Tea and Wine Merchants,
S. E. cor. Montgo'ry and California,
San Francisco.
Wholesale Store,
204 Front Street.

I. LANDSBERGER
HAS BEEN AWARDED BY THE STATE AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY
THE FIRST PREMIUM
—FOR THE—
Best Sparkling California!!
Of his own manufacture.
THREE FIRST PREMIUMS
FOR THE
Best White and Red Wines.
A SPECIAL PREMIUM
FOR THE NOTABLE SUPERIORITY OF ALL HIS WINES.
Three First Premiums at the Fair of 1867!!
Being the largest number of Premiums awarded to any one person.
No. 429 JACKSON STREET, between Sansome and Montgomery.

Peter Short,
FASHIONABLE AND PRACTICAL TAILOR,
613 WASHINGTON STREET,
Between Montgomery and Kearny, San Francisco.

THE CALIFORNIAN'S
SAN FRANCISCO BUSINESS DIRECTORY

APOTHECARIES AND CHEMISTS.
Geo S Dickey, Pioneer Apothecary, cor Ellis & Stockton
ARCHITECTS.
Hoagland & Newsom, s.w. cor Kearny and Sacramento.
BAKERIES.
Dempsey's Bakery, 127 Fourth street,
BOOTS AND SHOES.
P. Kelly, Prize Boot Maker, 323 Bush, above Montg'y.
Wentworth, Hobart & Co. (wholesale manufac.) 210 Pine
BOOT POLISHERS.
Henry C. Smith, corner Market and Sansome streets.
BUTCHERS.
J. P. Molt, "South Park Market," Third st., op. S. Park.
I. Gaus, "New York Market," Fourth st, near Market.
CIGARS AND TOBACCO.
Chas. C. Lindsey, Excelsior Store, 156 Stewart street.
Chas, Schwenke & T. Meuser, 16 Stewart street.
G. H. Behrens & Co., 4 Kearny street, near Market.
CLOTHING.
H M. Lockwood & Co., 624 Clay street.
J. R. Mead & Co., corner Montgomery and Bush streets
William Sherman, 412 Sansome, corner Commercial.
COAL OIL, LAMPS, ETC.
A. C. Dietz & Co., (wholesale,) 521 Front street.
Delf, Cranna & Co. (wholesale) 513 Front street.
COMMISSION MERCHANTS.
J. W. Nye & Co., 219 Washington street, corner Cedar.
W. J. Lowry & Co., S.W. corner Washington and Davis.
Thos. Newell, 62 Clay street between Drumm and East.
CONFECTIONERS.
Alex. L. Ross, 121 Third street.
Baldwin & Lawlers, South Park Store, 418 Third st.
N. B. Booth & Co., 20 Kearny, near Market.
DENTISTS.
Dr. Blake, removed to 645 Clay street:
N. T. Whitcomb, 205 Third, near Howard.
DRY GOODS.
Abrams & Markewitz, 34 Kearny street, near Post.
Buyer & Reich, S W corner Jackson and Stockton.
H. Rothschild (Variety Store), 112 Third street.
Irving, Landers & Co., No. 4 Third street.
M. Waterman, 22 Second street, corner of Stevenson.
Meagher, Taaffe & Co.. 9 Montgomery street.
FURNITURE.
Goodwin & Co., 510 and 528 Washington streets.
N. P. Cole & Co., 21 Sutter and 524 Market streets.
FRUIT STORES.
S. P. Jewell, 118 Fourth street, near Minna.
GROCERS.
Fred. Lange, Family Grocer, cor. Powell and Lombard.
Haskell & Co., Market and Sutter sts, below the Market.
McKee's Family store, 31 Kearny, near Post.
Seneca Jones, Family Grocer, 105 Third street.
T. Williams, corner Third and Tehama streets.
HAIR DRESSING SALOONS.
Prof. Smith, 114 Market street, opposite Third.
HARDWARE AND CUTLERY.
J. H. McConnell. Pioneer Cutler, 131 4th st. bt Mis & Hrd.
J. S. Sesser, 138 Fourth st, bet. Mission and Howard.
HATTERS.
Lamott (wholesale and retail) 227 Montgomery street.
HAY AND GRAIN.
Grant & Smith, 26 Market and 19 Sacramento sts.
J. B. Holmes & Co., 110 Market street.
Wm. H. Nichols, 18 Sacramento, and 17 Commercial.
HOTELS.
Atlantic House, John McManus, 210 and 212 Pacific st.
"Branch," M. O'Neil, 12 Sutter street.
Broadway, Burns & Fitzsimmons, 212 Broadway.
Brooklyn, John Kelly, Jr., Sansome, corner Pine.
Chicago, E. W. Heimburg & Co., 220 Pacific street
Empire House, Peter Thompson, 106 Jackson street.
Franklin Hotel, Hugh Curran, cor Sansome & Pacific.
Franklin House, C. Maloney, cor. Br'dway & Sansome.
Golden Gate Hotel, J. Blackmun, 728 Market street.
Mariner's Home, Brown & Chandler, 504 and 506 Davis.
"Oriental," H. Saxtorph & Co., Washington & Drumm.
Sanders' Hotel, J. P. Sanders, 24 Sacramento st.
'St. Louis,' H. Heimburg & L. Shroeder, 11 & 13 Pacific.
William Tell House, 317 Bush street, above Montg'y.
INSURANCE.
Firemen's Fund Ins. cor. California and Sansome.
Manhattan, R. B. Swain & Co., Agets, 206 Front, cor. Cal.
North British Mercantile, S. E. cor Sansome & Califor'
Occidental Ins. Co., S.W. cor. Montgom'y and California.
LADIES' BIJOUTERIE, CLOAKS, ETC.
Rosenblatt's, 123 and 125 Montgomery street.
LADIES' FANCY GOODS AND TRIMMINGS.
Mrs. J. Egan, 32 Third street, near Market.
S. Summerfield, 20 Second street, and 116 Kearny.
Thomas Collinson, 160 Third, near Howard street.
LUMBER.
Armstrong, Sheldon & Davis, cor. Mission & Spear sts.
MARBLE WORKERS.
P. Kelly, 12 Fourth street.
MILITARY GOODS AND REGALIA.
T. Rodgers Johnson, Odd-Fellow's Hall, 325 Montg'ry st
MILLINERS.
Miss A. A. Craddock, 4 Virginia Block, Stockton street.
MUSIC TEACHERS.
Prof. J. R. Bonllet, Pianist and Vocalist, 1320 Stockton.
NOTARY PUBLIC,
H. S. Tibbey, 604, Montgomery street.
PHOTOGRAPHIC GALLERIES.
H. Bush, corner Post, Market and Montgomery streets.
Hicks & Staring, 143 Fourth street.
John D. Godcus, South Park, 444½ Bryant street.
New York, B. F. Howland proprietor, 25 Third street.
PIANOS, MUSIC, ETC.
C. Weiderhold & Co., 685 Market near Third.
Kohler, Chase & Co., 421 Montgomery street.
W. S. Pierce, removed to 534 Market, opposite Second.
PHOTOGRAPHS, CUTLERY, SPECTACLES, ETC.
Lawrence & Houseworth, 317 and 319 Montgomery st.
PLUMBERS AND GAS FITTERS.
Chas. Barman, 121 Fourth street, near Minna.
REAL ESTATE AGENTS.
Geo. W. Chapin, 338 Montgomery.
John Pforr, 328 Montgomery.
RESTAURANTS.
Ladies' Refreshment Saloon, Swain & Brown, 636 Market
Helvetia, Johnjury & Bros., 524 Merchant street.
Market, by Hanzo & Besson, 520 Merchant street.
The Opera, J. Weiss, 335 Pine street.
SALOONS.
Blancy & Carroll, "Sample Rooms," 107 Third street.
"Bourbon Saloon," A. Farr, Long Bridge.
Charley Smith's Saloon, 539 Washington street.
Charter Oak, Frank Kelly, N E. cor Third and Howard
Coates & Henderson, 37 Sutter street.
Cleveland's Sample Rooms, 318 Bush, above Montg'y.
"Excelsior," Haase & Co., cor. Drum and Commercial.
Ring's Saloon, Peter Ring, corner California, below Drumm.
Fourth Street Exchange, Charles F Sliter, 245 Fourth street.
J. P. Laven's Saloon, northwest cor. Battery & Br'dwy
J. Dillon, "Fourth St. Exchange," cor. Frth and Mkt.
King & McCormick, "Rotunda," Market & O'Farrell.
"Manadnock," A. Horstkemper, Drumm & Oregon sts.
P. Johnson & J. B. Holje, 28 Clay street.
Peter Ring's Saloon, California street, below Drumm.
Regatta House, Burns & McLean, foot of Third street.
Russell & Holding's Exchange, 622 Market street.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY, CONTINUED.

"Sample Rooms," corner Third and Stevenson streets.
Steamship Exchange, Wm. Everard, 214 Stewart street.
Uncle Bully & George, Saloon 707 Davis st.
"Young American," Geo. C. W. Heuer, Stewart & Howard
SCALES.
Fairbanks & Hutchinson, Depot for Fairbanks' Scales 120 California street.
SEWING MACHINES.
Grover & Baker, R. G. Brown, 116 Montgomery.
The Florence, office 111 Montgomery street.
STATIONERS AND BOOKBINDERS.
Althof, Rose & Bahls, 423 Clay, and 512 Commercial sts.
Jas. E. Damon & Co., 521 and 423 Sansome street.
STOVES AND TIN WARE.
A. Swigert, corner Fifth and Folsom.
TRUNK MANUFACTORY.
James Longshore, 308 Sansome street.
WATER-CURE INSTITUTE.
Dr Bourne's Pioneer, 10 Post, near Montgomery.
WAX FLORIST.
Mrs. M. E. Gerrish, 11 Post street.

THE BEIDEMAN ESTATE.

JOHN W. BRUMAGIM, ADMINISTRATOR, WITH the will annexed, of the Estate of JACOB C. BEIDEMAN, deceased, is NOW READY TO EXECUTE DEEDS to the purchasers at said sale, as the sale has been confirmed by the Probate Court, and an Order of Confirmation has been recorded in the Recorder's office of the city and county of San Francisco.

Please call at the Administrator's office, Nos. 36 and 37 Montgomery Block.

JOHN W. BRUMAGIM,
Administrator, with the Will annexed, of the Estate of Jacob C. Beideman, deceased.
San Francisco, August 19, 1867.

M. S. WHITING. F. G. BERRY.
Whiting & Berry,
609 Sacramento Street, two doors above Montgomery,
Tea, Wine and Spirit Merchants,
Importers and Wholesale Dealers in fine Brandies, Whiskies, Gins, Port, Sherry and Champagne Wines, Ale, Porter, Cider, Bitters, Cordials, Syrup, etc., for medicinal and family use, and suppliers to Families, Apothecaries, Physicians, City and Country Dealers, Hotels, Clubs, etc., in large or small quantities.
Observe Firm Name on each cork and fac simile signature on label.
[Trade Mark Registered.] WHITING & BERRY.
This is the only exclusive Tea, Wine and Spirit Store on the Pacific Coast.
It is neither a saloon or sample room, (as no wine or spirits are permitted to be drank on the premises,) but a depot where selected Teas and Pure Wines and Spirits may be procured at wholesale or retail for medicinal and family use. In this respect it is our aim to vie with Binninger & Co., New York, Bigelow & Dawes, London, and Cozzen & Co., of Washington, where every facility is offered to ladies as well as gentlemen in making their own selections and purchases in quantities to suit.
N. B.—Our Treatise on Wines, Spirits and Teas, may be had at our depot gratis, and will be mailed to consumers and dealers in the interior when requested.
WHITING & BERRY,
609 Sacramento Street, second door above Montgomery.

The Ladies are of one mind in pronouncing BOWMAN'S AMERICAN WASHING COMPOUND the best preparation for washing and cleaning in use. It is acknowledged to be a saving both in money and labor. The Compound softens the dirt, consequently the clothes require not more than one-half the rubbing necessary in washing by the old method; besides all who give it a trial acknowledge that their clothes are made whiter in washing with this Compound, than they were ever known to be by using any other preparation. For washing Woolen Goods and Flannels it cannot be equaled. Calicoes that can be washed with soap, without fading, are washed in the water used for boiling the white clothes. This Compound has been used in the eastern States for the past three years with perfect success. Warranted not to injure the clothes. For sale by all Grocers.
LYNCH & PARSONS, Agents,
222 Jackson street, near Battery.

MRS. C. COOK,
FIRST PREMIUM HAIR JEWELRY,
519 Montgomery street,
Between Clay and Commercial.....San Francisco.

M. H. QUINN,
HAT MANUFACTURER,

127 Fourth street, bet. Howard and Mission, San Francisco.
Dress Silk Hats for Ladies or Gentlemen Manufactured to order, Cleaned or Renovated, at reasonable prices.

First Premium
AWARDED BY THE STATE FAIR TO
SILAS SELLECK,
FOR THE BEST PLAIN PHOTOGRAPH.
—ALSO—
SPECIAL PREMIUM
For the Best Cabinet Portraits.
MR. SELLECK is now prepared to execute the very best PHOTOGRAPHS, in all the different styles, at No. 415 Montgomery Street.
N. B.—The best Water Color and India Ink Artist in this city is attached to this Gallery.

F. D. RING,
MANUFACTURER OF
JEWELRY AND SILVER WARE,
No. 540 Market Street, adjoining the Hibernia Bank,
SAN FRANCISCO.
All kinds of precious Stones set in the latest style and most approved manner. Watches and Jewelry carefully repaired by experienced workmen.

THE LAST MINCE PIE.

A YANKEE ROMANCE.

CHAPTER I.—She threw herself npon his breast and wept.

CHAPTER II.—As she ceased weeping, he groaned audibly. There they sat entwined in each other's arms for about two hours, and nary one spoke.

CHAPTER III.—A voice fractured the solemn stillness of the air. 'Twas Eugene's. How sweet, my own love Harriet, if I but had a mince pie to eat. Then she lifted her tear dimmed eyes to the starry heavens, clasped her hands wildly, and exclaimed :

"Come with me to the kitchen, love, and thou shalt eat thy fill, for there were three of 'em left at dinner."

They clasped each other by the hand, and rushed to the pantry.

CHAPTER IV.—Two mince pies had disappeared, and the third was about to share the same fate, when a stealthy step was heard.

"Fly, my angel—my beau! 'Tis the old woman, I know!" And she fell faintiug at his feet.

CHAPTER V.—The old woman stood face to face with Eugene—and she asked him what he had been doing with the gal? He said he hadn't done nothing." She seized upon the remaining pie, and with the ferocity of a tigress she chucked it at him.

CHAPTER VI.—Her aim had been too true. She hit him in the pit of the stomach, and he fell at her feet a corpse. They buried them both in one grave, and every Spring the village maidens plant onions over the place where lie the two lovers at last united.

NEWS.—The word "News" is not, as many imagine, derived from the adjective *new*. In former times, between the years 1595 and 1730, it was a prevalent practice to put over the periodical publications of the day the initial letters of the compass thus :

N
E W
S

importing that these papers contained intelligence from the four quarters of the globe ; and from this practice is derived the term "newspaper."—*Dictionary of Dates.*

Fair Invalid—"Lor', Jane, I do feel that bad! Do, please, make me a tumbler o' brandy and water, as hot and strong as you can—and —just make me take it whether I will or no!"

A MAN named Tease has married a Miss Cross in St. Louis. He Teased her till she agreed she wouldn't be Cross any more.

THE SNUG.—"The Snug" bas heen located one door below Maguire's Opera House, for ten years past. It was established for the convenience of the habituates of the Opera House, and bas the reputation of dispensing the best wines and liquors in the city, under the charge of its present proprietor, Mr. Timothy McCarty. Entrances from various parts of the Opera House to the bar bave been cut, for the convenience of the public. Mr. McCarty gives bis entire attention to his guests, and renders his establishment a "Snug" place by day or night.

BUILDER'S INSURANCE CO.

OFFICE IN THE BUILDING OF THE CALIFORNIA SAVINGS BANK, CALIFORNIA ST., one door from Sansome.

FIRE AND MARINE INSURANCE.

Notice to Families.

LADIES and GENTLEMEN are invited to call and try my new

GAME SEASON BILL OF FARE.

QUAIL ON TOAST,
SPRING CHICKENS,
OYSTERS IN EVERY STYLE,
AND ALL THE LUXURIES OF THE SEASON
Every Day and Evening.

PRICES TO SUIT EVERYBODY.

French Dinner with half bottle Claret.....75 cts.
French Breakfast with half bottle Claret.....75 cts.
Always on hand, BEST FRENCH CANDIES AND BONBONS.
Orders for Parties promptly attended to.

PETER JOB,
Cornor of Montgomery and Bush Streets,
San Francisco.
☞ Open till half-past twelve at night.

AMERICAN HOTEL,
Main street, Petaluma.
EMERSON & LAMBERTON Proprietors.

"You may talk to me of Baltimore and Philadelphia and New York, and their railroads and the trade of the Atlantic—let me tell you that the Pacific coast is already beginning to revolutionize the world."—*Speech of the Hon. Wm. H. Seward to the people of Annapolis, Maryland, June*, 1867.

ADDRESS

TO THE PERMANENT CITIZENS OF THE PACIFIC STATES AND TERRITORIES.

CITIZENS—We enjoy the finest country that the sun shines on, the most varied and fertile soil, the most extensive seaboard, and the greatest breadth of land having the richest metallic deposits possessed hy any one nation of the earth, a land affording all the most varied material for manufactures, wools, hides, cotton, silk, coal, fibre gums, wood, and, above all, abundance of every kind of food.

We are only a million of people, and yet have more land and sea than Russia with sixty millions—more land than France and Germany with their hundred millions of people. In the face of those vast resources, there are towns crumbling to decay, men seeking without finding employment. Something wrong here or this would not be happening. Let us consider.

The instructed mind of the population is nearly devoted to political office-seeking. Their ambition is misdirected. The rising youth are trained to idleness. This mode of thinking and training must be reversed if we would hold this magnificent country against the incoming barbarian.

We must teach our youth the glories of manufactures, of commerce, of industry. We must nourish every effort, however rude, at manufacturing what we require. By devoting some of our capital and our young people to manufactures and general industries we shall soon become busy, get rich, bring more and more people into the country, create new wants, build up new factories and villages around them ; cultivate more land, build more ships, generate more commerce, and thereby create profitable employment for all who want work.

Now, fellow-citizens, some money capital is required to help on this industrial movement. Where shall we get it? There is a considerable fund which we may divert from its present hed and channel, viz: the Insurance Fund.

Consider. The people of the Pacific States pay *two hundred thousand dollars a month* to the Insurance Companies for assuring them against losses from fire or shipwreck.

There are some fifteen of those Insurance offices in this city, each fishing for its share of this large fund. Each office pays a heavy rent, a half dozen officers and clerks, besides printing and advertising ; the lowest cost is a thousand dollars a month on each office, and with some it is double that. There are too many persons employed in the business ; too much dozing over newspapers ; too much red tape and circumlocution ; too high salaries and too little work. Think of two hundred thousand dollars a month! two millions and a half a year!! paid to those sleepy gentlemen for what little they do. This must be reformed. Three or four Insurance offices are quite enough for the million of scattered inhabitants of the Pacific States. A dozen of them may he abolished with great benefit to the community ; some one or two have already withdrawn. This change would liberate some fifty men of education, whose business capacity would be of much greater service to the community in other branches of industry, such as manufactures, agriculture, commerce, the fisheries, the forests and the mines. This change would also divert a million or two of dollars to other and more needful industries, whereby a thousand fold more of national capital and employment would he generated than by the present drowsy system.

The managers of the Builders' Insurance propose, with the co-operation of the people, that this vast monthly stream of wealth shall he arrested and diverted to the aid of home manufactures, to effect a great reform and remove from the people's shoulders the expense of supporting a small army of insurance clerks and agents. The Builders' Insurance Company has passed through its first year (the most trying) with singular success. It has gathered a hundred thousand dollars, paid promptly all its losses, and established a business income of fully twenty thousand dollars a month! This has been done while we were yet but an experiment, and enjoying the confidence of only a portion of the public. We now appeal to the entire people. We ask them to send their insurance business to us on the following conditions, and soon we shall have an income of ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS A MONTH, and here is what we shall do with the money :

First, we calculate, from our present experience, that we shall lose by fire and marine disasters half our monthly income (on our first year's experience our "losses" were hut one-third of our income.)

Suppose then that our income shall be worked up to one hundred thousand dollars a month, and euppose that we shall pay out losses to the exteut of fifty thousand dollars a month, we shall still have fifty thousand dollars a month to bank up, (or half a million a year.) We propose to make two parts of this eum—one part (a quarter of a million a year) to be invested in City Bonds, to protect the assured, and one part (about a quarter of a million a year) we propose to convert into a

MANUFACTURERS' LOAN FUND,

Which shall be lent exclusively to manufacturers on mortgage of their premises and machinery, at as low rato of interest and on as long time as ie generally current on real estate.

By the aid of this fund the budding industries of the Pacific States may be nourished into active life; moro and varied employments can bo originated for the people; immigration may be welcomed and not feared ; the farmor will have got a market at his own door for tho produco of his land; the manufacturer will find a lively home domand from the farmer for tho products of his machines.

All this, good people, can be achieved *by your own votes at your own firesides*, without the aid of Congress or the Legislature—it is simply to vote that your insuranco shal go to the BUILDERS', hy which vote you shall enable us to plant factories all over the country. You shall fill the rivers and harbors with busy ships ; you shall send out upon the distant waves fishing expeditions that will bring back wealth to your cities: you shall form a nursery of seamen around your own shores—the ova of a future commerce and a protective navy; you will create the hum of busy workmen in every desirable locality on the Pacific coast ; you will bring from neglected fields produce of the utmost value; all of which will most certainly multiply a thousand fold the wealth of the country in which your lot is cast, making a worthy home for yourselves and a futurs country for your offspring.

People of the Pacific States and Territories! We pledge ourselves to you to effect, with your co-operation, some of those things. We have kept all our pledges so far, and have uttered nothing that was not true. Already have we helped to move the shuttle and the loom, which others, with more means, have passed by and neglected. Already have we helped to build and rig ships in our own dock-yards, and sent them over the wide waves in search of riches for the city. Already have we given many liberal bounties and donations to the deserving institutions of the city. Give your vote to the BUILDERS'; and we shall share its profits with every useful charity and every honest industry, and help along every enterprise that promises benefit to the people.

We call for the yeas and nays.

THOMAS MOONEY, President.

EDWARD MACCANN,
WM. B. COOKE,
W. G. WEIR,
J. D. CONNELL,
J. W. MCCORMICK,
C. A. JENKE,
HERMAN SCHWARZE,
J. W. MCKENZIE,
} Directors.

H. V. HERBERT, Secretary.

PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.'S STEAMSHIPS FOR NEW YORK, JAPAN AND CHINA,

WILL BE DISPATCHED AS FOLLOWS :

Leave Brannan-street Wharf at 11 o'clock A. M. of the following dates, for PANAMA, connecting *via* Panama Railrosd, with one of the Company's splendid steamers from ASPINWALL for NEW YORK.

On 10th, 18th, and 30th of each month that has 30 days.
On 10th, 19th, and 30th of each month that has 31 days.

When the 10th, 19th and 30th fall on Sunday, they will leave on Saturday preceding ; when the 18th falls on Sunday, they will leave on Monday following.

Steamer leaving San Francisco on the 10th touches at Manzanillo. All touch at Acapulco.

Departure of 18th or 19th is expected to connect with the French Transatlantic Co.'s steamer for St. Nazaire, and English steamer for South America.

Departure of 10th is expected to connect with English steamer for Southampton and South America, and P. R. R. Co.'s steamer for Central America. Through tickets can be obtained.

STEAMERS FOR OCTOBER.

Oct. 10—MONTANA, Capt. E T. Farnsworth, connecting with HENRY CHAUNCEY, Capt. Gray.
Oct. 19—GOLDEN CITY, Capt. W. F. Lapidge, connecting with RISING STAR, Capt. Connor.
Oct. 30—SACRAMENTO, Capt. Parker, connecting with ARIZONA, Capt. Maury.

Passengers will he berthed through. Baggage checked through—100 pounds allowed each adult.

Surgeon on board. Medicine and attendance free.

These steaniers will positively leave at 11 o'clock. Passengers are requested to have their baggage on board before 10 o'clock.

Through tickets to Liverpool by the "Cunard," "Inman" and "National" Steamship Lines can be obtained of P. M. S. S. Co.'s office in San Francisco.

For Merchandise Freight apply to Wells, Fargo & Co.

The splendid steamship CHINA, Capt. E. W. Smith, will he dispatched on Octoher 14th, from wharf, corner of First and Branuan streets, for YOKOHAMA and HONGKONG; connecting at Yokohama with the steamer COSTA RICA, for SHANGHAI.

For Passage and all other information, apply at Pacific Mail Steamship company's office, corner of Sacramento and Leidesdorff streets.

OLIVER ELDRIDGE, Agent.

BOYS! BOYS! BOYS!

NOW IS THE TIME

H. M. LOCKWOOD & CO.,

New No. 624) CLAY STREET, (Old No

Have received a Large Stock of

GENTS' AND BOYS' CLOTHING
—AND—
FURNISHING GOODS,
Which they are selling
AT VERY LOW PRICES.

Every Garment warrantsd. All are invited to call examine our goode.

H. M. LOCKWOOD & CO.
624 Clay street, San Francisco

C. ROBERTS,

CARRIAGE AND WAGON MAKER,

HORSE SHOEING AND JOBBING

PROMPTLY EXECUTED.

Fourth Street, between Howard and Folsom, San Francisco.

All stylee of Carriages, Wagons and Carts made to order and Repaired.

☞ **Use Ellery's Patent India Rubber Cement and Paint.**—It is for all outside surfacee, TIN, IRON, OR METAL ROOFS ; Iron however manufactured, Brick and Wooden Buildings, Ship and steamboat Painting ; will not rot, peel, blister, or crack. Water-proof coating for cloth roofing on tops of houses, decks of steamboats, tops of stages and cars. Cloth roofs cemented and painted for $9 per 100 square feet. New or old Tin Roofs, in good or bad condition, cemented and painted, guaranted, at $1 to $2 50 per 100 square feet.

EPES & E. H. R. ELLERY,
No. 236 Jackson street,

HAMBURG, BREMEN,
Fire Insurance Company.

CAPITAL, - - - - $1,000,000

MORRIS SPEYER, Agent.

OFFICE—526 Washington Street, a few doors below Montgomery.....San Francisco.

Being no longer governed by the Tariff of the Board of Underwriters, this Company will effect Insurances at as LOW RATES as those of any other responsible Company.

OCCIDENTAL
Insurance Company,

Southwest corner Montgomery and California streets.

INDIVIDUAL LIABILITY.

Capital Stock, - - - $300,000

LOSSES PAID IN UNITED STATES GOLD COIN.

THIS COMPANY will insure against loss by Fire on any Dwelling House, Buildings, Merchanise or other propsrty, situated in the State of California. The largest sum they will take on any one risk is thirty thousand dollars.

C. CHRISTIANSEN, Pre'st.
J. GREENEBAUM, Vice President.
B. ROTESCHILD, Secretary.

FIRE INSURANCE.
Manhattan Fire & Marine Insurance
OF NEW YORK.

Incorporated.....1821.
Cash capital.....$500,000
Surplus..... 650,000

Total Assets, over.....$1,190,000

The above named responsible and well known Company has complied with the law of the State of California, and has deposited $75,000 as additional security for policy holders,

Buildings, Merchandise, Furniture, and other property insured against loss or damage hy Fire, on the most favorable terms. Also, Insurance on Merchandise, Specie and Freight to or from all parts of the world. Losses promptly adjusted and paid in United States Gold Coin.

R. B. SWAIN & CO., General Agents,
206 Front street, corner of California.

FREE HOMESTEADS FOR ALL
ON FILING A PETITION.

UNDER THE LAWS OF MEXICO, which are now in force in this city, all the inhabitants are entitled to a HOMESTEAD LOT OF LAND, simply on petition. Justice Field has decided, and the Supreme Court of the United States has confirmed that decision, that the city of San Francisco is a Pueblo of four square leagues of land, and that the citizens thereof are the owners, which vests the right in each citizen to a lot of land for a homestead ; and the undersigned have opened an office at 37 MERCHANTS' EXCHANGE, to enforce those rights, by petition to the Mayor, etc.; and each and every citizen can procure a Free Homestead by calling at their office and signing a petition, which will forthwith vest the right to the lot in question in them, and thereby secure to the petitioner porperty worth a large sum of money under the existing laws now in force.

BROOKS & MERRITT,
No. 37 New Merchants' Exchange.

N. B.—The Supreme Court of the United States have settled this question in another case, as to the ownership of the Outside Lands. In the case of J. B. Townsed vs. Geo. G. Greeley, December Term, 1866, No. 124, the Court say : "It is, therefore, now the settled law, that the municipal laude held by the city of San Francisco, as successors to the former Pueblo existing there, are not held in absolute property, but IN TRUST for its inhabitants."

Therefore, all the inhabitants have to do, under this decision, is to ask the city, by petition, for their vested rights, as this is the only way, under the law, that they can proceed to get their property.

E. L. B. BROOKS,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law.

All legal business transacted in the French and Spanish languages, if desired.

Belden's Family Depot for Domestic Luxuries.

At this depot are, all sbonld know,
For him who strong or faint is,
Superior grub—for home or clnb—
And every kind of dainties.
Westpbalia bams, fresh oysters, clams,
Constituents of chowder,
Fine breakfast tea, and bominy,
And genuine curry powder.
Oil, mustard, wine, both Frencb and Rhine,
Lard, coffee, ketchup, capers.
Crushed sugar, peas, and Switzer cheese,
And sperm and waxen tapers.
The giblets, plnck, of goose and duck,
Of woodcock, snipe and plovers,
Of partridge, too, and cockatoo—
The last express for lovers!
It seems absurb there scarce a bird—
My rhyme thie somewhat ruffies—
But Belden's got in tin or pot,
The LIVER of witb TRUFFLES.
Prnnes, raisins, rice, preserves and spice,
Gin, whisky, rum and brandy,
Drinks made of malt, and table salt,
Tongues, sausages, and candy.
Above's not all to which I'd call
Particnlar attention.
Le vin d'elite, Chateau Lafitte,
And others, I would mention.
Surpassing fine Madeira wine,
St. Julien, port and sherry,
Chateaux Margaux and Veuve Clicquot,
Old apple jack and cberry.
La Rose, Chablis, and Burgnndy
Both white, and red and eightly,
Prime Hermitage of ripe old age,
Still, sparkling too and sprightly.
Sauterne, medoc, still sparkling hock,
Johannesberg, Hockbeimer,
Then sirs and dames (these German names
Would craze an English rhymer!)
Just come and bny, snd cease to sigb
For Egypt and its fleshpots;
Ne'er better fare did Pharoh share,
Or any other despots.

ET CETERA
No. 653 Sacramento Street.

WHAT AILED HIM.—Dr. Caruthers was called upon one day to visit a young man not far from this city, who had been in a "plug muss," and from all indications was likely to have a black eye as the consequence. An inquisitive individual had learned there was something wrong about the young man's optic, and stopping the doctor on his return, inquired what the trouble was. The learned man informed him that he "found the patient suffering from a severe contusion of the integuments under the left orbit, with a great extravasion of blood and ecchymosis in the surrounding cellular tissue, which was in a tumified state. There was also a considerable abrasion of the cuticle." The fellow scratched his head, looked puzzled, and, after slightly recovering, said: "Yes, doctor, I understand all that; but what is the matter with his eye?"

"HAVE you heard how old Mrs. Barnhart is?" asked a lady of her son, alluding to an old lady who had been ill for some time. "No," replied the young rogue; "but at a rough guess, I should say she's about seventy-four."

THERE are forty thousand cats in the city of Louisville, which makes that city the home of the mews.

AN old toper's conundrum: "If water rots your boots, what effect must it have upon the coat of your stomach?"

QUILLS are things that are sometimes taken from the pinions of one goose to spread the opinions of another.

NOTICE.

IN CONSEQUENCE OF THE VERY GREAT DEMAND FOR

CASSIN'S

Grape Brandy Bitters!!

we have been obliged to rent a LARGER BUILDING, and are now removing to Sullivan & Cashman's Block, No. 523 FRONT STREET, opposite our old establishment.

F. & P. J. CASSIN, 520 Front street.

H. T. GRAVES,

Manfacturer of

WIRE CLOTH, COAL SCREENS, FLOUR SEIVES, QUARTZ SCREENS, for Batteries, Door and Window Screens, for excluding Flies and Mosquitos.

CLOAK, SHAWL, CLOTHING AND BONNET STANDS

Fancy Work for Gardens, and a great variety of

WIRE WORK OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS.

Sole Agent for the sale and application of

BROWN'S PATENT AND METALIC WEATHER STRIPS,

For the perfect exclusion of wind, dust, and rain; ☞ And for CRAMER'S PATENT WINDOW LIFTING PLATES AND RODS.

Call and examine them at the

CALIFORNIA WIRE WORKS,

412 Clay street, San Francisco.

J. R. MEAD & CO.,

Importers, Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

FINE CLOTHING,

AND

Gents' Furnishing Goods,

TRUNKS, VALISES, CARPET BAGS, ETC.,

200 & 202 MONTGOMERY STREET,

Corner of Bush,

SAN FRANCISCO

I. LANDSBERGER

HAS BEEN AWARDED BY THE STATE AGRIOULTURAL SOCIETY

THE FIRST PREMIUM

—FOR THE—

Best Sparkling California!!

Of his own manufacture.

THREE FIRST PREMIUMS

FOR THE

Best White and Red Wines.

A SPECIAL PREMIUM

FOR THE NOTABLE SUPERIORITY OF ALL HIS WINES.

Three First Premiums at the Fair of 1867!!

Being the largest number of Premiums awarded to any one person.

No. 429 JACKSON STREET, between Sansome and Montgomery.

BLAKE & YOUNG,
SIGN AND ORNAMENTAL PAINTERS,
671 Howard street, near Third.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE FIFTEENTH Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco.

MARY ANN LEEDOM, Plaintiff, vs. FRANCIS LEEDOM, Defendant.

Action brought in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in said city and county of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to FRANCIS LEEDOM, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named plaintiff, in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein, within ten days (exclusive of the day of service,) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this county; or if served out of this county, but in this District, within twenty days; otherwise within forty days; or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said complaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony existing between plaintiff and defendant, awarding the care and custody of her daughter Julia to plaintiff, and allowing her to resume her maiden name.

And you are hereby notified, that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

Given under my hand and Seal of the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 7th day of August, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-seven.

[SEAL.] WM. LOEWY, Clerk,
By OCTAVIUS BELL, Deputy Clerk.

Geo. W. Tyler, Plaintiff's Attorney. s14-3m

IN THE PROBATE COURT of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the estate of EDWARD CAVERLEY, deceased.

Order to show cause why order of distribution should not be made.

On reading and filing the petition of Ann Caverley, the Administratrix of the Estate of said deceased, setting forth that she has filed her final account of her administration of the estate of said deceased, in this Court, and that the same has been duly settled and allowed; that all the debts and expenses of administration have been duly paid; and that a portion of said estate remains to be divided among the heirs of said deceased, and praying among other things for an order of distribution of the residue of said estate among the persons entitled.

It is Ordered, that all persons interested in the estate of the said Edward Caverley, deceased, be and appear before the Probate Court of the city and county of San Francisco, at the Court Room of said Court, in the City Hall, in said city and county, on MONDAY, the twenty-eighth day of October, A. D. 1867, at eleven o'clock, A. M., then and there to show cause why an order of distribution should not be made of the residue of said estate among the heirs of the said Edward Caverley, deceased, according to law:

It is further Ordered, that a copy of this order be published for four successive weeks, before the said twenty-eighth day of October A. D. 1867, in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published in the said city and county.

M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

Dated September 26th, A. D. 1867.

J. T. BERGEN, ESQ., Attorney for Petitioner.

se 28 oc 5-12 19-26

IN THE PROBATE COURT of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the Estate of JAMES CONLON, deceased.

Order to show cause why order of distribution should not be made.

On reading and filing the petition of Ellen Conloa, Administratrix of the estate of James Conlon, deceased, setting forth that she has filed her final account of her administration of the estate of said deceased, in this Court, and that the same has been duly settled and allowed; that all the debts and expenses of administration have been duly paid; and that a portion of said estate remains to be divided among the heirs of said deceased, and praying among other things for an order of distribution of the residue of said estate among the persons entitled:

It is ordered, that all persons interested in the estate of the said James Conlon, deceased, be and appear before the Probate Court of the City and County of San Francisco, at the Court Room of said Court, in the City Hall, in said City and County, on MONDAY, the twenty-eighth day of October, A. D., 1867, at 11 o'clock, A. M., then and there to show cause why an order of distribution should not be made of the residue of said estate among the heirs of the said James Conlon, deceased, according to law.

It is further ordered, that a copy of this order be published for four successive weeks before the said twenty-eighth day of October, A. D. 1867, in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published in the said city and county.

M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

Dated September 21st, A. D. 1867.

SAMUEL L. LUPTON, Esq., Attorney for petitioner.

se 28-oc 5-12-19-26

IN THE PROBATE COURT of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the estate of HENRIETTE NAHL, deceased.

Order to show cause why order of distribution should not be made.

On reading and filing the petition of H. W. Arthur Nahl, the administrator of the estate of HENRIETTE NAHL, deceased, setting forth that he has filed his final account of his administration of the estate of said deceased, in this Court, and that the same has been duly settled and allowed; that all the debts and expenses of administration have been duly paid; and that a portion of said estate remains to be divided among the heirs of said deceased, and praying among other things for an order of distribution of the residue of said estate among the persons entitled:

It is Ordered, that all persons interested in the estate of said Henrietta Nahl, deceased, be and appear before the Probate Court of the city and county of San Francisco, at the Court room of said Court, in the City Hall in said city and county, on MONDAY, the 11th day of November, Anno Domini 1867, at eleven o'clock, A. M., then and there to show cause why an order of distribution should not be made of the residue of said estate among the heirs of the the said deceased, according to law.

It is further Ordered, that a copy of this order be published for four successive weeks, before the said eleventh day of November, A. D. 1867, in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published in the said city and county.

M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

Dated October 10th, 1867.

MESSRS. SHARP & LLOYD, Attorneys for Petitioner.

oct12-19-26 nov2-9

JOSEPH FREDERICKS

CARPET AND UPHOLSTERY STORE,

PAPER HANGINGS, ETC.,

123 Kearny St., between Sutter and Post, San Francisco

FAMILIES ARE INVITED TO EXAMINE

OUR VARIED ASSORTMENT

Of the Finest Carpeting in the State. The best of taste displayed in Decoration and the unique Upholstering of Rooms, Halls and Public Buildings, and at prices conforming to the times. Call and examine goods.

SOTOYOME HOTEL,
B. C. WRIGHT, Proprietor, Healdsbur Cal.

IN THE PROBATE COURT OF THE CITY AND County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the Estate of HENRY MONTGOMERY, deceased.

Order to show cause why Order of Sale of Real Estate should not be made.

It appearing to the said Court, by the petition this day presented and filed by James Duffey, the Administrator of the estate left unadministered of HENRY MONTGOMERY, deceased, praying for an order of sale of real estate, that it is necessary to sell the whole or some portion of the real estate, to pay the allowance to the family, the debts outstanding against the deceased, and the debts, expenses and charges of administration.

It is therefore ordered by the said Court, that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased, appear before the said Probate Court on MONDAY, the 11th day of November, A. D. 1867, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the Court room of said Probate Court, at the City Hall in the city and county of San Francisco, to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said Administrator of the estate left unadministered, to sell so much of the real estate of the said deceased as shall be necessary;

And that a copy of this order be published at least four successive weeks in THE CALIFORNIAN, a weekly newspaper printed and published in said city and county.

M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

Dated October 11th, 1867.

DRAKE, HENT & LANAKSMAN, Attorneys for Administrator. oct12-19-26 nov2-9

CANTY & WAGNER,

(SUCCESSORS TO J. REGAN,)

113 *Montgomery street, bet. Bush and Sutter*

N. B.—All candies sold by us are warranted to be manufactured from Stewart's double refined Sugar, and to be equal to any manufactured in the State. Country merchants solicited to examine our stock and prices. Goods delivered to any part of the city free of charge.

JOHN H. TODMAN & CO.,

Successors to JAMES MEARS.

ALE, PORTER AND CIDER

BOTTLING ESTABLISHMENT,

511 Front Street.

A large stock of Champagne Cider on hand, in glass and bulk.

THE DEW OF EDEN.

LADIES OF CALIFORNIA?—If you will keep your complexions in the freshness, delicacy and beauty of youth, you must use the DEW OF EDEN, for it is the only article extant that will do for those using it all that it purports without injury, as it contains no mineral or poisonous substances whatever. It preserves the skin from the effects of climate and atmospheric changes; prevents the formation of Freckles, Tan, Morphew, Sunburn and Wrinkles. It keeps the skin soft, tender and beautiful; because it is congenial and natural to it, and composed of ingredients that supply to it what time and exposure take too rapidly away. It preserves and restores. It is valuable to the young, but more so to those from whom the stern hand of Time is stealing the treasures of youth; to such, it will actually arrest its depredations and avert its ravages upon the human face divine. It will surely smooth out those lines of care to a great extent, and restore the skin to comparative youth. Used on the hands daily, it preserves them in all fineness of texture and delicacy of early years. It gives a beautiful tint to the nails of the fingers, and keeps them tender and soft. It is not a cosmetic, and must not be used with any kind of paint. A simple powder, however, of harmless nature, may be used without detriment with this protective.

No lady once using the DEW OF EDEN will ever afterward dispense with it from her toilet.

Depot, 311 Kearney Street; and for sale by

R. H. McDONALD & CO.,

Importers and Dealers in Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals, etc., corner of Pine and Sansome Streets, San Francisco.

No Charge for Consultation.

ADOLPH CAMAN, M. D.,

HOMŒOPATHIC PHYSICIAN,

ACCOUCHEUR AND SURGEON,

Devotes special attention to the diseases of Women and Children. He takes a professional pride in curing those cases which have baffled the skill of other eminent physicians.

DR. CAMAN would call attention to the beneficial effects of the Homœopathic treatment in all cases of Chronic Diseases, Insanity, Paralysis, all kinds of Spasms, Delirium Tremens, and persons suffering from an unnatural thirst for spirituous liquors.

No. 26 Montgomery Street, opposite the Lick House.

C. F. HAYWARD,

—DEALER IN—

Harness, Saddles, etc.,

305 BATTERY STREET,

Near Sacramento,

San Francisco.

BERNHEIM & EHRENPFORT,

Wholesale Candy Manufacturers,

No. 408 CLAY STREET,

Between Sansome and Battery Sts., San Francisco.

FANCY AND COMMON CANDIES

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

Sugar Toys, Figures, Animals, Birds, etc.

Are prepared to receive orders to any extent and in any desired style.

BERNHEIM & EHRENPFORT.

A. PARDINI,

No. 729 WASHINGTON STREET, above the Plaza, San Francisco.

Boots and Shoes Made to Order,

IN THE BEST FRENCH STYLE.

☞ The same, ready made, always on hand.

REMOVAL. REMOVAL.

Larkins & Co.,

Manufacturers of every description of

CARRIAGES.

CONCORD WAGONS, Ranch Wagons and Buggies made to order. ☞ All kinds of Jobbing and Carriage Painting done at the shortest notice.

☞ New Manufactory Nos. 631 and 633 Howard street, corner of Hubbard, between Second and Third, San Francisco.

A. FOLSOM,

Carriage Manufacturer,

No. 531 CALIFORNIA STREET,

Between Montgomery and Kearny streets, San Francisco

EVERY DESCRIPTION OF CARRIAGES, EXPRESS Wagons, Buggies, etc., made to order, of the best materials and workmanship.

Repairing and General Blacksmithing done with promptness, and at prices to suit the times.

George P. Kimball & Co.,

MANUFACTURERS

....OF....

CARRIAGES, BUGGIES, STAGE AND THOROUGH BRACE WAGONS,

Market street, near corner of Fourth, San Francisco.

W. E. BRIDGE,

St. Lawrence Stables,

212 Sutter street, between Kearny and Dupont,

SAN FRANCISCO.

PRO BONO PUBLICO.

LACOUR'S

SARSAPARIPHERE

BITTERS

POSSESS INVALUABLE PROPERTIES.

They give Health to the Sick,

Strength to the Weak,

Joy to the Afflicted.

☞ SOLD EVERYWHERE. ☜

CALIFORNIA
Steam Navigation Company.

STEAMER CAPITAL.....CAPT. E. A. POOLE.
" CHRYSOPOLIS. CAPT. A. FOSTER.
" YOSEMITE.....
" CORNELIA....CAPT. W. BROMLEY
" JULIA.....CAPT. E. CONCKLIN

One of the above steamers leave BROADWAY WHARF, at 4 o'clock P. M., *EVERY DAY*, (Sundays excepted,) for Sacramento and one for Stockton, the Sacramento steamer connecting with light-draft steamers for Marysville, Colusa, Chico and Red Bluff.

Office of the Company, northeast corner of Front and Jackson streets.

B. M. HARTSHORNE, President.

STERETT'S
STEAM
PRINTING HOUSE,
533
CLAY STREET.

Cards, Billheads, Circulars, Books, Briefs, Transcripts, Posters, Bills of Fare Envelopes, Letter and Note Headings, Tickets, Pamphlets, and all Legal Papers printed at short notice, and upon reasonable terms.

WANTED TO KNOW THE NAME OF IT.—A Frenchman, a stranger in New York, stopped a lad in Watts street, and politely asked:

"Mon friend, wat's ze name of zis street?"

"Well, who said it wasn't?" replied the boy.

"What's you call zis street?"

"Of course we do."

"*Pardonnez!* I have not ze name; what's you call him?"

"Yes. Watts, we call it.

"Zis street?"

"Watts street, old fellow; and don't you try to make game of me."

"*Sacre nom de Dieu!* I ask you, one, two, tree, several times of ze street, eh?"

"Watts street, I tell you. You're drunk, ain't yon?"

"Mon little fren, vere you live, eh?"

"In Vandam street."

"*Eh, Bien!* You live von dam street, and you is von d—d fool!"

And they parted, entertaining no high opinion of each other's politeness.

A YOUNG lady went out with a rather timid beau sleighing one evening, complacently remarking to him that she seldom went a sleighing but she got chaps on her lips. The young man took the hint, and chapped.

AN author has easy times in the world; whenever he gets out of money all he has to do is *write* for more.

WHY are people who stutter not to be relied on? Because they are always breaking their word.

Peter Short,

FASHIONABLE AND PRACTICAL TAILOR,
613 WASHINGTON STREET,
Between Montgomery and Kearoy, San Francisco.

JOHN TAYLOR,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN
WINES AND LIQUORS.
NO. 16 THIRD STREET,
Between Market and Stevenson Streets.. San Francisco.

AYER'S PILLS

ARE PARTICULARLY ADAPTED to derangements of the Digestive Apparatus, and diseases arising from Impurity of the Blood. A large part of all the complaints that afflict mankind originate in one of these, and consequently these PILLS are found to cure many varieties of Disease. They are sugar-coated, and hence may be taken readily by the most sensitive and delicate person..

Subjoined are the statements from some eminent physicians, of their effects in their practice:

AS A FAMILY PHYSIC.

From Dr. E. W. Cartwright, of New Orleans—Your Pills are the prince of purges. Their excellent qualities surpass any cathartic we possess. They are mild, but very certain and effectual in their action on the bowels, which makes them invaluable to us in the daily treatment of disease.

FOR JAUNDICE AND ALL LIVER COMPLAINTS.

From Dr. Theodore Bell, of New York City—Not only are your Pills admirably adapted to their purpose as an aperient, but I find their beneficial effects upon the Liver very marked indeed. They have in my practice proved more effectual for the cure of *Bilious Complaints* than any one remedy I can mention. I sincerely rejoice that we have at length a purgative which is worthy the confidence of the profession and the people.

DYSPEPSIA—INDIGESTION.

From Dr. Henry J. Knox, of St. Louis—The Pills you were kind enough to send me have been all used in my practice, and have satisfied me that they are truly an extraordinary medicine. So peculiarly are they adapted to the diseases of the human system, that they seem to work upon them alone. I have cured some cases of *Dyspepsia* and *Indigestion* with them, which had resisted the other remedies we commonly use, indeed I have experimentally found them to be effectual in almost all the complaints for which you recommend them.

FOR HEADACHE—SICK HEADACHE—FOUL STOMACH—PILES—DROPSY—PLETHORA—PARALYSIS—FITS—DYSENTERY—DIARRHŒA—RELAX—Etc., Etc.

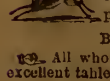
From Dr. Edward Boyd, Baltimore—Dear Dr. Ayer: I cannot answer you what complaints I have cured with your Pills better than to say all that we ever treat with a purgative medicine. I place great dependence on an effectual cathartic in my daily contest with disease, and believe as I do that your Pills afford us the best we have, I of course value them highly.

☞ Most of the Pills in market contain mercury, which although a valuable remedy in skillful hands, is dangerous in a public pill, from the dreadful consequences that frequently follow its incautious use. These contain no mercury or mineral substances whatever.

Prepared by DR. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass., and sold by all Druggists and Dealers in Medicine everywhere.

CRANE & BRIGHAM, San Francisco,
Wholesale Agents.

ST. CHARLES RESTAURANT,



At the Hotel of C. Galliand, Nos. 507 and 509 Pine Street, between Kearny and Dupont streets.

BY MME. CAZINTRE.

☞ All who will call at this Restaurant will find an excellent table and prompt attention.

ALLOPATHIC SLANDERS
On Homœopathy Refuted.

The "Pacific Medical and Surgical Journal" of this city, in an editorial in the number for the present month, tries to give currency to a groundless accusation, to the effect that those who practice medicine according to the Homœopathic law are ignorant of, and obliged to dispense with, operative surgery, and trust to "infinitesimal doses" for the cure of cataract, broken limbs, etc.! To prove that this attempted fraud on that portion of the public who are unacquainted with the subject is prompted by disappointment and jealousy, I publish the following "announcements" of six Homœopathic Colleges in the United States, with their respective Faculties; each College being a legally chartered institution in the State to which it belongs, and in possession of all the rights and privileges of Allopathic Colleges.

J. F. GEARY, M. D.,
632 Howard street, San Francisco.

Twentieth Annual Announcement of the Homœopathic Medical College of Pennsylvania—Session of 1867-68—*Faculty:* Institutes and Practice of Medicine, Pathology and Diagnostics—A. R. Morgan, M. D., 1204 Walnut street; Obstetrics and Diseases of Women and Children—H. N. Guernsey, M. D., 1423 Chestnut street; Surgery—George F. Foote, M. D., 1700 Green street; Anatomy—W. L. Arrowsmith, M. D., 1105 Filbert street; Physiology—J. H. P. Frost, M. D., 911 Race street; Chemistry—This chair will be occupied by an able professor and teacher; Prosector of Surgery—Malcolm McFarlan, M.D.; Janitor—Frederick Habermehl.

Eighteenth Annual Announcement of the Cleveland Homœopathic College, Cleveland, Ohio—Session of 1867-68—*Faculty:* Principles and Practice of Medicine—A. O. Blair, M. D.; Materia Medica—G. W. Barnes, M. D.; Emeritus Professor of Physical Sciences—J. Brainerd, M. D.; Obstetrics and Diseases of Women—J. C. Sanders, A. M., M. D.; Chemistry and Toxicology—R. F. Humiston, A. M., M. D.; Physiology and Pathology—T. P. Wilson, M. D.; Anatomy—H. C. Alleu, M. D.; Surgery and Surgical Anatomy—S. R. Beckwith, M. D.; Adjunct Professor of Surgery and Surgical Anatomy—Hamilton F. Biggar, A. B., M. D.; Medical Jurisprudence—Jos. Hooper, M. D. Hamilton F. Biggar, A. B., M. D., Demonstrator.

The New York Homœopathic Medical College—Eighth Annual Announcement—Session of 1867-68—*Faculty of Medicine:* Surgery and Surgical Pathology—J. Beakley, M. D.; Obstetrics and Diseases of Women and Children—D. D. Smith, M. D.; Forensic Medicine—S. R. Kirby, M. D.; Materia Medica and Therapeutics—S. B. Barlow, M. D.; Special Pathology and Diagnosis—F. W. Hunt, M. D.; Physiology and Histology—H. M. Smith, M. D.; General and Microscopic Anatomy—T. F. Allen, M. D.; Practice of Medicine—P. P. Wells, M. D.; Clinical Medicine—Cartoll Dunham, M. D.; Chemistry and Toxicology—J. J. Mitchell, M. D.; Demonstrator of Anatomy—J. B. Holthy, M. D.; Prosector of Surgery—William Brinck, M. D.; Assistant Chemistry—J. H. Osborn, M. D.

Eighth Annual Announcement of the Hahnemann Medical College, Chicago, Illinois—Session of 1867-68—*Faculty:* Emeritus Professor of Materia Medica—G. E. Shipman, M. D.; Emeritus Professor of Theory and Practice—A. E. Small, M. D.; Theory and Practice of Medicine—N. F. Cooke, M. D.; Principles Practice of Surgery—G. D. Beebe, M. D.; General and Descriptive Anatomy—D. A. Colton, M. D.; Chemistry and Toxicology—R. Welch, M. D.; Physiology and Principles of Medicine—H. P. Gatchell, M. D.; Obstetrics and the Diseases of Women and Children—R. Ludlam, M. D.; Materia Medica, Therapeutics and Medical Botany—E. M. Hale, M. D.; Surgical and Pathological Anatomy and Post-Mortem Examinations—J. S. Mitchell, M. D.; Medical Jurisprudence, Insanity and Life Insurance—C. Woodhouse, M. D.; Adjunct Professor of Physiology—A. W. Woodward, M. D. *Officers of the Faculty:* A. E. Small, M. D., Dean of the Faculty; R. Ludlam, M. D., Registrar; A. E. Small, Jr., Demonstrator of Anatomy.

The Sixth Annual Announcement of the Homœopathic Medical College of Missouri—Session of 1867-68—*Faculty of Medicine:* Materia Medica and Therapeutics—John T. Temple, M. D., 802 Washington Avenue; Obstetrics and Diseases of Women and Children—G. S. Walker, M. D., 1115 Chesnut street; Principles and Practice of Surgery—E. C. Franklin, M. D., 703 Pine street; Theory and Practice of Medicine—Wm. Tod Helmuth, M. D., 1418 Washington Avenue; Anatomy—C. H. Nibelung, M. D., 509 Pine street; Chemistry and Toxicology—D. N. Tirrell, M. D., 1429 Papin street; Physiology and Pathology—C. Vastine, M. D., 703 Pine street; Medical Jurisprudence—R. S. Voorhies, Lecturer on Comparative Anatomy and Prosector—S. P. Parsons, M. D.; Demonstrator of Anatomy—J. N. DeWitt, M. D.

Announcement of the Hahnemann Medical College of Philadelphia—Chartered by an Act of the Legislature of Pennsylvania, approved May 2d, 1853—The following is extracted from said Act: "The said College to have the power of granting degrees and giving diplomas to all those who may comply with the rules and regulations thereof, and also to give a summer and winter course of Lectures on the Science of Medicine; the said College to have all the immunities, rights and privileges granted to the Allopathic Colleges in the State of Pennsylvania, not inconsistent with the Laws and Constitution thereof."—Session of 1867-68—*Faculty of Medicine:* Institutes and Materia Medica—Constantine Hering, 114 North Twelfth street; Practice of Medicine, Special Pathology and Diagnosis—Charles G. Raue, M. D., 121 North Tenth street; Surgery—John C. Morgan, M. D., 1700 Chestnut street; Midwifery, Diseases of Women and Children, and Lecturer on Clinical Medicine—Henry N. Martin, M. D., 526 Spruce street; Physiology, General Pathology and Microscopic Anatomy—Richard Koch, M. D., 33 North Twelfth street; Anatomy—A. R. Thomas, M. D., 1506 Chestnut street; Natural Philosophy, Chemistry and Toxicology—Lemuel Stephens, M. D., 616 Sansome street; Lecturer on Forensic Medicine—H. Ryland Warriner, Esq., 26 North Seventh street; Demonstrator and Lecturer on Surgical Anatomy—C. H. Von Tagen, M. D., 1135 Spruce street.

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TO THE AFFLICTED.

DR. W. K. DOHERTY returns his sincere thanks to his numerous patients for their patronage and would take this opportunity to remind them that he continues to consult at his Institute for the cure of chronic diseases of the Lungs, Liver, Kidneys, Digestive and Genito-Urinary Organs, and all Private Diseases, viz: Syphilis in all its forms and stages, Seminal Weakness, and all the horrid consequences of Self-Abuse, Gonorrhœa, Gleet, Strictures, Nocturnal and Diurnal Emissions, Sexual Debility, Diseases of the Back and Loins, Inflammation of the Bladder and Kidneys, etc.; and he hopes that his long experience and successful practice will continue to insure him a share of public patronage. By his practice of many years in Europe and the United States, he is enabled to apply the most efficient and successful remedies against diseases of all kinds. He uses no mercury, charges moderate, treats his patients in a correct and honorable way, and has references of unquestionable veracity from men of known respectability and high standing in society. All parties consulting him, by letter or otherwise, will receive the best and gentlest treatment, and implicit secresy.

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Bryant Matinee to-day,
INSHAVOGUE!!

This Evening,.....October 19th,
INSHAVOGUE!
For the last time.

☞ Monday Evening—ARRAH NA-POGUE, ☜

PRICES OF ADMISSION:
Dress Circle.....$1 00 | Orchestra $1 00
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This Afternoon and Evening.....October 19th,
And Every Evening until Further Notice,
The Grand Oriental Spectacle entitled
AZAEL, THE PRODIGAL SON!

Azael.....Mrs. F. M. Bates
Reuben.....Mr. H. D. Thompson
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Israelitish Women, Dancing Girls, Almees, Priests, Memphisians, Priestesses.
The whole of the splendid Scenery by Andrew Torning.
Dances and Ballet by.....Mme Torning
Conductor.....Mr. F. A. Howson
The whole produced under the supervision of Mr. J. H. Vinson.
For Synopsis of Scenery, see Programme.

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Doors open at 7 o'clock; to commence at 8.
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Henry Herberte,
Prior to his departure for New York and Europe,
TO TAKE PLACE
ON THURSDAY.....OCTOBER 24th,
On which occasion the following Artistes have kindly proffered their valuable services:
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MRS. GEORGIANA LEACH,
MRS. GROTJAN,
MR. HARRY LESLIE,
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MR. W. A. BIRCH,
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IN THE PROBATE COURT of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.
In the matter of the estate of JOHN L. TAGGARD, deceased.
Order to show cause why order of distribution should not be made.
On reading and filing the petition of E. W. Taggard, the administrator of the estate of John L. Taggard, deceased, setting forth that he has filed his final account of his administration of the estate of said deceased, in this Court, and that the same has been duly settled and allowed; that all the debts and expenses of dministration have been duly paid; and that a portion of said estate remains remains to be divided among the heirs of said deceased, and praying among other things for an order of distribution of the residue of said estate among the persons entitled:
It is ordered, That all persons interested in the estate of the said John L. Taggard, deceased, be and appear before the Probate Court of the City and County of San Francisco, at the Court room of said Court, in the City Hall, in said City and County, on TUESDAY, the 19th day of November, A. D. 1867, at two o'clock P. M., then and there to show cause why an order of distribution should not be made of the residue of said estate among the heirs of the said John L. Taggard, deceased, according to law:
And it is further ordered, That a copy of this order be published for four successive weeks, before the said nineteenth day of November, A. D. 1867, in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published in the said City and County.
M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.
Dated October 18th, 1867.
MESSRS. WINANS & BELKNAP, Att'ys for Petitioner.
oct19-26 nov2 9 16

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SAN FRANCISCO.

IN THE PROBATE COURT of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.
In the matter of the estate and guardianship of JOSEPHINE M. RICHARDSON, a Minor.
It appearing to the said Court by the petition this day presented and filed by William Harney, the guardian of and for Josephine M. Richardson, a Minor, praying for an order of sale of the real estate, that it is necessary to sell a portion of the real estate of said Minor, to pay the claims now outstanding against it, and that such sale is also necessary to provide for the maintenance and education of the said Minor.
It is therefore ordered by the said Court, that all persons interested in the estate of said Minor, appear before the said Probate Court, on MONDAY, the 18th day of November, A. D., 1867, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, of said day, at the Court room of said Probate Court, in the City Hall, in the City and County of San Francisco, to show cause why an order should not be granted to the aforesaid William Harney, guardian, to sell so much of the real estate of the said Minor as shall be necessary.
And it is further ordered, that a copy of the foregoing order be published at least four successive weeks in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published in said city and county of San Francisco.
M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.
Dated October 14th, 1867.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS. — ESTATE OF J. KING ROBINSON, deceased.—Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the Estate of J. King Robinson, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within ten months from the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator, at southeast corner of Stockton and Geary streets, in the City and County of San Francisco.
Dated San Francisco, September 30th, 1867.
THOS. A. ROBINSON.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF MARY GAFFNEY, deceased. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, the Executor of the Estate of Mary Gaffney, deceased, some times known as Grace Wellington, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor, at his place of business, at the office of Winans & Belknap, northwest corner of Montgomery and Merchant streets, in the City and County of San Francisco.
Dated San Francisco, October 19th, 1867.
HENRY RAYMOND,
Executor of the Estate of Mary Gaffney.
WINANS & BELKNAP, Attorneys for Executor.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF JOHN W. CROSLEY, deceased.—Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Executor of the last will of the estate of John W. Crosley, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Executor, at his place of business, southwest corner of Market and Fremont streets, in the City and County of San Francisco.
Dated October 18th, 1867.
L. L. TREADWELL,
Executor of the last will of John W. Crosley, deceased.
J. W. BRUMAGIM, Esq., Attorney for Executor.
oct19-26 nov2 9-16

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(Successors to John Myers,)
CAPITOL SALOON,
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Opposite the Russ House

Dr. John T. Crook,
Late of the Pacific Mail service, has established himself in the practice of his profession in this city.
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S. W. corner of Montgomery and Bush Streets.
OFFICE HOURS—9 to 10 A. M.; 2 P. M.; 4 to 6 P. M.

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A Ladies' Saloon has been fitted up, where private parties can receive every attention in the most comfortable quarters. We also keep lunch hot en chafing dishes at the counter, including the finest of Pastry, where customers can be served quickly and satisfactorily.
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CASSIN'S
Grape Brandy Bitters!!
we have been obliged to rent a LARGER BUILDING, and are now removing to Sullivan & Cashman's Block, No 523 FRONT STREET, opposite our old establishment.
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The Californian

"SURELY THERE IS A VEIN FOR THE SILVER AND A PLACE FOR GOLD WHERE THEY FINE IT."

VOLUME VII., No. 23.
OFFICE, No. 532 MERCHANT STREET.

SAN FRANCISCO, OCTOBER 26, 1867.

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ORIGINAL:—A Narrow Criticism; Californian Improvidence; A Hurried Trip to Visalia and Back, by Wahoo; Caprifolium, a poem, by W. A. Kendall. Literary Gleanings: Spiritism, Mormonism, and other "American Isms;" "Lion's Month," by TREM: Fashionable Intelligence; The Real Value of a Mother; A Kind-hearted, but not Intelligent Jury; A Grateful Bow-wow, etc.; Dramatic Affairs, etc., by TOUCHSTONE. SELECTED: The Assault of Port Hudson, by James Franklin Fitts; Old Stories Re-told—Nelson at Trafalgar; Two French Dog Stories; Going a Clamming at High water; Poetry; Paragraphs, etc.

THE LION'S MOUTH.

"THE gravest beast is an ass, the gravest bird is an owl, the gravest fish s an oyster, and the gravest man is a fool." SYDNEY SMITH.

"I WILL roar, that I will do any man's heart good to hear me." A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

"I WILL aggravate my voice so, that I will roar you as gently as any sucking dove; I will roar you an 't were any nightingale." IBID.

"*Nil falsi audeat, nil veri non audeat dicere.*" CICERO.

A Grateful Bow-wow.

We find the following verses in the box of the CALIFORNIAN, without any address; and though we suspect that they have found their way into that receptacle by mistake, and were in reality intended for the *Dramatic Chronicle*, which, as the most dog-matic sheet in the State, has peculiar claims to be considered as the organ of the "bow-wows," we nevertheless insert it in the "Lion's Mouth," notwithstanding the anomoly of crediting the royal beast with a canine utterance.

VERSES BY PONTO,

Gratefully inscribed to "The Man who Barks at the Pound keeper with his Pen."

Hail to the scribe who in boldness advances,
Honored and blest be the men of *his line;*
Long may the quill in his fingers that glances,
Flourish to shelter the Dogs of our time!
Heaven send him happy dew,
Earth send him strength anew,
Stoutly to battle and soon overthrow,
While every lane and street,
Send him a welcome meet—
Down with the dog-catchers, ho! iero!

Proudly his challenge has thrilled through the city;
The dog-catchers' groans to that challenge replied;
The Greasers are whining and yelling for pity,
And pound-man and dog-cart lie prone at their side.
Poodle and Spaniel now
Bark with exultant "bow!"
Nor think of the lasso with terror and woe!
That "*mounted attendant*," too,
Must find occupation new;
Down with the dog-catchers, ho! iero!

Come forth now, ye terriers, ye greyhounds and setters,
Unmuzzled your noses, your tails to the sky,
No more shall low hipeds with pound-cart and fetters
Your liberties hinder, your justice deny!
Ho! for the magic Pen!
Terror of tyrant men!
Honored and blest, let its majesty grow!
Loud shall it speak again,
Ever, for dogs or men.
Down with the dog-catchers, ho! iero!

A Prodigal Son.

The following advertisement appeared in the *Bulletin* the other day; we gladly give it further publicity, in hopes that it may lead to the wanderer's return:

MISSING!—Information wanted of Joseph McGregor, who left his home last Sunday, and has not been seen since. He is a member of the Sons of Temperance, and is in the habit of drinking hard. Any information regarding him can be left at 409 Sansome street, San Francisco, Cal.

Mr. McGregor "is a member of the Sons of Temperance and is in the habit of drinking hard." Nothing could possibly be more concise. We are given no information as to his height, age, or general appearance; we are left in ignorance as to whether he had a mole on his right cheek and a slight cast in his left eye; we are not told whether the pants which he wore on the day of his disappearance were check, striped or black. It is enough that "he is a member of the Sons of Temperance and is in the habit of drinking hard." Let us hope that this prodigal son has ere this returned to his home and the Sons of Temperance. Let us hope that the relation of his woeful experiences while on a hard drunk has led many to become Sons of Temperance. Then, indeed, that hard drunk will prove a profit, and Joseph Mcgregor will serve as a burning and shining light to warn others off the shoals and quicksands of intemperance on which he nearly suffered shipwreck.

The Real Value of a Mother.

One of the ballad-poets of the day exclaims "Dear Mother I've Come Home to Die," another, envions of his sentimental rival's success, in a materialistic manner remarks, "Dear Mother I've Come Home to Eat." The latter it was, surely, who wrote the following paragraph which appears in many of the daily and weekly papers published in the United States:

CAN A MOTHER FORGET?—Can a mother forget? Not a morning, noon or night but she looks into the corner of the kitchen where you read Robinson Crusoe, and thinks of you as yet a boy. Mothers rarely become conscious that their children are grown out of their childhood. They think of them, advise them, write to them, as if not full fourteen years of age. They cannot forget the child. Three times a day she thinks who are absent from the table, and hopes that next year, at the farthest, she may have "just her own family there." *and if you are there, look out for the fat limb of a fried chicken and that coffee which none but everybody's own mother can make.*"

There is a slight tinge of sentimental feeling in the idea that there is not a morning, noon or night, but your mother looks into the corner of the kitchen where you read Robinson Crusoe, and thinks of you as yet a boy, but how terribly materialistic is the advice contained in the words which we have italicised: "look out for the fat limb of a fried chicken, and that coffee, which none but everybody's own mother can make!" Are there no higher, holier uses for everybody's own mother than to make a "fat limb of fried chicken, and that coffee!" This is just the sort of writing that brings mothers into disrepute, and we have no doubt that if enquiry were made, the editor of the paper who publishes and endorses the above bosh, would turn out to have been a foundling, or else some wretch who, after dissipating his substance, comes *home to eat*, finds no limbs of chickens, and exclaims: "What? no fat limb of a fried chicken! No strong coffee! Who will care for mother now?"

Ist Schaechten Thierqualerei?

Many of our readers, no doubt, do not care a pinch of snuff whether or not schaechten ist thierqualerein, but others have kinder hearts. Rahhi Kayserling, of Lengnau, Switzerland, has published a book under the title of "Die Ritnale Schachtfrage," or "Ist Schaechten Thierqualerei?" (The Ritual Slaughtering question, or Is slaying [according to the Jewish rite] cruelty to animals?) What has given rise to this publication was the agitation in Switzerland to obtain a legal prohibition of slaying beasts according to the Jewish rite, on the grounds that this mode of killing inflicted unnecessary torture on the animals, and this was against the existing law.

Here is a chance for Bergh, the President of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in New York, he who has written against cruelty to turtles, in letting them lie for days on a hot sidewalk, and has protested against lobsters being put alive into hot water and gradually boiled, nay, has, we believe, even urged that shrimps should undergo proper schlachtfrage before being boiled. It is all very well for Dr. Kayserling to claim that there is no cruelty in this manner of slaughtering animals, but it will be bad for the Jewish butchers of New York, if Bergh differs in opinion and decides that schaechten ist thierqualerei.

A Kind-hearted, but not Intelligent Jury.

In the case of a man named Riley, who was tried by a jury in Judge Rix's Court this week, for the offense of stealing wine, the jury declared him "guilty," "though they thought he had stolen the wine more for the purpose of gratifying his appetite than from any design to commit a crime." This one of the nicest distinctions ever made by a jury. Most thefts are committed more for the purpose of gratifying the appetites of the thieves than their desire to commit crime. Appetites differ. Some have a great appetite for money, others for watches, others for their neighbors' wives, others again for revenge. In most cases where these appetites are gratified, the design of committing crime is pretty vicent. San Francisco juries are the most kind-hearted in the whole world, and they sometimes sacrifice all reason in their attempt to prevent the judge being "too hard upon a prisoner." A Son of Temperance would declare that the fact that Riley *drank* the wine after taking it, was a grievous aggravation of his crime, instead of one at should be admitted in extenuation.

Fashionable Intelligence.

Many papers the editors of which were jealous because they knew nothing about the movements of fashionable society, have sneered at the New York *Home Journal* for chronicling such facts as these: "The lovely and accomplished Miss Summersquash, is, we understand, about to be led to the altar by Adolphus Fleecem, Esquire, a prominent member of the Stock Board in this city," "Mrs. General Flapdoodle, and the three Miss Flapdoodles are at present at Saratoga." "The well-known and wealthy merchant Jeremiah Skultch, of No. — Broadway, seriously ill with Bright's disease of the kidneys," etc., etc. Yet these very papers, remote from the centres of civilization, like to put little bits of fashionable intelligence. For instance, the following clip from one of a late date:

The only daughter of Mr. Spotted Tail, the celebrated Indian chief, is named Izzie Euphemia Pocahontas. She is "finishing her education" at Omaha. She is learning to sing in Italian and play the piano. TREM.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE WAR.

BY JAMES FRANKLIN FITTS.

THE ASSAULT OF PORT HUDSON.

THERE are some days in the existence of almost every man, which stand out sharply and vividly from all the others, long and eventful as his whole life may be. This is peculiarly true of those who have had a military career. There is in the soldier's life as much monotony—perhaps, as much tranquility, as in almost any other; but his episodes of excitement and action, compressed into a few days in the course of as many years, cling to his memory so tenaciously that no time nor change can soften their rugged outlines. All who have ever passed through that awful accumulation of horrors, that stern experience of nervous tension and suffering, a real battle, will readily understand the feeling; and such as have not gain, at least, a faint idea of the reality from the description. Yet, it is emphatically true, that there is nothing in mere words and phrases which can convey an adequate idea of a battle. We can speak and write of its uproar, its emotions, and its terrors; but, after all, the picture will have but a faint impress of the reality. It is something which those who have seen and felt, never wish to see and feel again.

After two weeks of ineffectual knocking at the stubborn defences of Port Hudson, we began to realize that something besides artillery and sharp-shooters were necessary to accomplish the work of its reduction. I will not pretend that I, in common with my twenty thousand brave companions in arms, did not hope, and hope most fervently, too, that the dreadful alternative of an assault might be avoided. I know the soldiers of modern romance, those enthusiastic fellows, whom Charles Lever creates in his books, are supposed to have a noble rage for the strife, and to desire nothing so much as the opportunity to cover themselves with the glory of a close grapple with the enemy in the breach. I frankly admit, that we, who fought before Port Hudson, had no feeling of this sort. We were there to do our duty as soldiers, and had resolved never to shrink from it, when called upon; but, with that natural shrinking from destruction and mutilation which is common to all men who are not maniacs or inebriates, we devoutly hoped that we might not be ordered to throw ourselves against those ominous embankments behind which the rifles of the men of Alabama, of Louisiana, and of Mississippi were flashing in our faces. I plead for myself, as stout a heart and as manly a will, as are found in the average of the men who fought under either flag in the Great Rebellion: and I am willing to admit, that my anxiety on the subject of an assault was as great as that of any of us.

There was not a mail come up the river, during the fiery days of that momentous siege, that did not bring me letters from the North; and, as I saw their familiar writing in the rifle-pits, where every period was emphasized by the humming of a hostile bullet, and read their descriptions of quiet home-life, and its duties and enjoyments, so widely different from all this fiendish work, I believe I had for the moment something less than the soldier's, and something more than the man's feelings.

During the week which preceded the assault, I visited quite often the position of a battery of thirty-twos near the spot where we were located, and watched the operations of the gunners with increasing interest. The reader may believe that my best wishes went with the great globes of iron, as they made their ragged marks upon the face of the works opposite; and I could shout, lustily, with the stout artillerists when a lucky shot hurled a rebel gun from its position, or scattered a cloud of earth from the top of the embankment. Yet, it became easy to see that Port Hudson was not to be taken by mere pounding. The rebel cannon had been dismounted all along our front, the works seamed and torn, and death and wounds scattered broadcast within them; but we were not long in comprehending that we fought a brave and obstinate foe, who would not yield till the last extremity of starvation and endurance was reached. And so it was that we became convinced that there must be an assault; and the question that we chiefly asked of each other was, "How soon will it come?"

Upon Sunday, the 14th of June, that question was answered. Among all the assaults of fortified positions during the war, embracing such bloody and desperate ones as those of Vicksburg, Fort Saunders, Fort Wagner, Fort Fisher, and Fredericksburg, there were very few which can be named before this as a close, sanguinary and stubborn assault. I wish to describe it as I saw it, without the slightest fiction or exaggeration, seeking only to convey my own impressions and experience of it. Whatever mention of myself it will be necessary to make, will be merely as one of some thousands who took part in the work; and my own share in the events of that morning will be given in no vain-glorious spirit, but merely as illustrative of thousands of unrecorded adventures in military life.

The order for the assault came upon the afternoon of Saturday. The company commanders were called together under a tent-fly, where the colonel had his headquarters; and there the work of the morrow was detailed to us.

"Colonel Thomas is sick," said our colonel, "and I am ordered to lead the brigade. I am ordered to take five companies of the 14th; the other five are to stay in the rifle-pits. There is to be a field officer with each. The lieutenant colonel is in command now; he must arrange it as he thinks best. I have no orders to give for the regiment."

"Well, major," said Lieutenant Colonel P——, "how is it? Will you go, or stay?"

"I would prefer to go, if I can select the companies which are to go," replied the major, "But you are in command."

"Suit yourself," said the colonel.

"Then I'll go."

And this was the way these two brave men settled a question of life or death!

The major looked round upon the faces of the line officers; and we knew that upon his lips, at that moment, hung the fate of hundreds. It seems a little thing for one man to say to another, "go," or "stay;" but the will of that one man was to declare whose wives should be widows, and whose children fatherless. I think some thought of this kind was in his mind, for he hesitated and mused gravely as he looked at us.

"Major, I want to go," one of the captains suddenly exclaimed. "My company is a fighting set, and I believe we all want to be in. So don't forget me."

"You shall go," was the reply. "I should have taken you, anyway. Well, I believe I have made up my mind. Step aside as I call you."

We all stood up, a very quiet, serious row of faces, and said not a word.

"Company B." the major called.

"Here!" said Captain B——, and stepped aside.

"Company D."

"Here," answered Captain Knowlton.

"Company E. Captain L——, you will leave your own company, and take charge of Company E; it has no officers present."

"Company F."

And that was mine. "Now," I thought, as I joined the group of the chosen, "you will have a chance to know what stuff you are made of."

Company G. completed the list; and then the colonel gave us a few preliminary words before dismissing us.

"I rode over the ground, this afternoon, with General Wietzel." he said, "and think I understand the position, and the plan of attack' as well as I need. We are to go in through the road which we have been cutting around the hill, near the extreme left. We shall be sheltered till we are very near the works; then we must get in promptly with the bayonet. The skirmishers go first; then a regiment with hand-grenades, to drive the rebel riflemen from the work; then a regiment with cotton-bags, to fill the ditch; then the Eighth Vermont; then we. The old brigade leads the column, you see; and I tell you, it will be glory enough for one day, if we can get into Port Hudson first. The whole division will be at our backs, with as many more as are necessary; and I feel as though the thing was almost done now. Weitzel is confident; he says his division can do anything that he tells them to do, and he has made up his mind to attend church in Port Hudson in the morning. Tell your men that speech, and say to them that it must be so. Now let us all go to sleep. The sargeant major will wake you about one o'clock, when the companies for the storming party will move out, and the others will take the rifle-pits."

We had a little more talk together before we seperated that night. The firing had all been suspended, and the night was still and pleasant. Just for a moment we stood and looked into each others faces, and spoke what hapened to be uppermost in our minds.

"We shall have a tough time," one suggested.

"Pshaw!—no tough time at all," said another, "We shall make a rush, carry the works in five minutes, and the thing is done, with no great loss of life. We are bound to win."

"Sleepless?" the reader will ask. I answer truly, that I slept as soundly that night, as I ever did at home after a hard day's labor, and that I was not even nervous. In fact, I was surprised at my own tranquility. I appreciated the fact perfectly well, that in a few hours I was to cast myself into a whirlpool of blood and slaughter, such as my experience in the war thus far had not shown me; and yet, not only did I find myself able to sleep, but in the few minutes of wakefulness that preceded sleep, I mused philosophically upon the glory of being a soldier, and bearing even a humble part in these heroic times. I have often tried to account for the confident readiness with which I went into this battle, and am now able to explain it only upon the theory that I thoroughly believed our success assured, and that I could not afford to lose the honor of the day.

Lieutenant N——, of Company B, had a presentment of death, such as often seizes the soldier upon the eve of a battle. He declared that it was so clear and distinct that he could not doubt it, and made all his preparations accordingly. His watch, money and rings he entrusted to the hands of one who was to remain in the rifle-pits, and he occupied most of the night in writing a long letter to his wife. The result was, that he passed through the horrors of the next day unscathed, and had the satisfaction of burning up the letter after the fight was over.

Captain Knowlton, of Company R, was one of the most beloved officers of the regiment, and one for whom I bore an affectionate regard; A curious conviction had seized me long before, that he would die early in the war, and on the battle-field. I suppose I must have thought that his handsome face, and proud, soldierly form, could not escape the bullets that always sought a shining mark; and upon this night, that conviction returned and I said to myself, "We shall lose Knowlton to-morrow." But he, too, escaped the dangers of that day without a mark; yet, in the end, my strange prediction was verified. He fought by my side on the front line of the furious battle of Ceder Creek, Virginia, more than a year later, and I caught him in my arms, as he fell with a bullet straight through his white forehead.

With one more of those personal reminiscences, I will pass to the assault. Our Captain T——, of Company G, was one whose superior it would be hard to find. He was a young man of the most brilliant acquirements, a graduate of a New York college, and already, at the age of twenty-two, a licensed preacher. He was an excellent officer, perfectly conversant with military matters, and one of the best disciplinarians I ever new. He was rather small in figure, slender and boyish-looking, with a thin face, a brilliant eye, and a profusion of dark hair which gave his face something of a woman's look. I knew him as well as any of us, and I had discovered that, young as he was, his life was embittered by a hopeless affair of the heart, in which the opposition of the parents of the girl who loved him had separated them, and overcast his otherwise pleasant future. I believe his thoughts were running upon this theme as he took me by the hand and bade me good-by. "It will be dark in the morning, and I may not see you," he said. "I hope you will have any amount of glory;" and he turned away, with his sad smile. Poor fellew; It was indeed "dark in the morning" with him! I never saw him again, until I found him dying on the field.

Calling my company together, I briefly told them what we were to do, and cautioned them to fill their canteens before starting. I repeated the remark of General Weitzel to them, about attending church, the following day, in Port Hudson, and then told them to get all the sleep they possibly could. And when they had returned to their blankets, I wrapped myself in mine, and lay down under the stars to await the coming of the morrow.

I shall not describe the minutiæ of the awakening, the assembly, the preparation, and the march through the woods and ravines of the different divisions of Banks' army, which at five o'clock of that memorable Sunday, burst like a human storm upon the rebel defences I am writing now of individual experience, and cannot dwell upon the detailed plan of attack, or upon the policy of any attack at all, both of which were severely criticized by the press at the time. If my own opinion is of any value, I unhesitatingly say, that at the exigency of the siege which he had reached, General Banks could not escape the evident necessity of an attempt to bring it to a speedy close, and that the plan was a good one, and one that gave great promise of success.

The several brigades of the divisions united at headquarters and marched leisurely, very silently, all with frequent halts, to a point in the woods, to the right o the Bayou Sara road, which ran directly into Port Hudson, At five o'clock it was hardly daylight; the air was cool and misty, and we could recognize faces at our elbows, but could not see the depth of the column. Weitzel's old brigade, his first command, the Eighth Vermont, Twelfth Connecticut and Seventy-Fifth, One Hundred Fourteenth, and One Hundred Sixteenth New York, was in advance. Each of these regiments had its colors already inscribed with the battles it had fought; but by some mistake of military nomenclature, the brigade had received the designation of the "Reserve Brigde," much to the disgust of the men. "Here go your reserves!" were the words which went from mouth to mouth whenever we were moved to the front; and the title finally became such an inconstant absurdity that it was dropped entirely.

The word was given, and the column swung out of the woods at quick-step, and entered the sunk road, which, for a time, perfectly shielded it from the sight and bullets of the enemy. Suddenly a rattle of small arms broke out directly over our heads, where the Seventy-Fifth New York were skirmishing over the works before they were driven back. It was said, with what truth I am not prepared to say, that our assault took the enemy so by surprise, that some of our skirmishers stood on the parapet before the long roll had sounded within, and that had the whole column been thrown directly forward, without skirmishers, it could have entered at once. The reports of their rifles were drowned by the instant breaking forth of a perfect pandemodium of war all about us. The artillery and reserves all along our own lines opened simultaneously with a deafening clamor of large and small guns, and the rebels responded vigorously. The English language has no adjectives expressive enough to do complete justice to the discordant noise that for the next two hours raged around Port Hudson. The "dogs of war" were all unlashed at once, with such a tumult, as the siege, noisy as it had been, had never heard before. The object of this general onslaught of cannon and musketry was to cover our advance; but several of the shell were badly aimed and badly timed, bursting over in our column. One of my company had his arm shattered by a fragment of one of them.

"Fix bayonets!" shouted a familiar voice; and turning to the direction of the sound, I saw General Weitzel at the left of the column. Save the general officer's sword-belt that he wore, his dress would not have distinguished him from a private; and this peculiarity might have been seen throughout the division. The loss of officers from sharp-shooting was so great that all badges and distinctive marks of rank had been prohibited by a general order. The rattle of the musketry grew louder as we advanced, and the wounded commenced to pass us hurrying to the rear; a reminder of what we were about to experience. The road gradually wound up the side of the hill, the perpendicular sides shutting away all view of the conflict that was enacting above, for the Eighth Vermont had already hurled itself against the works, only to be thrown back in disorder, with terrible loss. My company was the second in our battalion, and as we cleared the road, and rushed up the face of the hill. I took in the whole startling scene at a glance. The rebel works rose abruptly before us to a height of more than ten feet, in the form of a retreating angle, with a ditch seven feet deep at its base; and through the air of the early morning (for the sun had not risen yet), patched with mist and smoke, the rifles of the defenders flashed an irregular, incessant stream of fire in our faces, from the top of the work, until it seemed as though a fiery serpent were twisting his coils along its whole length. The hissing and singing of the buckshot through the air never ceased during the assault: the missles, literally, poured upon us in torrents, and hundreds of our brave fellows in blue were strewn over the ground among the rocks and among the bushes, dead, dying and severely hurt; some striving to shelter themselves behind the cotton-bags which had fallen with their bearers. I believe none of these cotton-bags ever reached the ditch; and as for the hand-grenades—they had exploded harmlessly against the face of the work, or had buried themselves without effect in the soft soil of the interior, whence they were returned by the rebels. And there was not a man, I believe, of that whole column, who did not shout at the very top of his lungs. Let a charge once be ordered, and the men will not need to be ordered to shout; the noise breaks out of them instinctively, with the motion of their feet, and the excitement of the moment.

There was an instant's hesitation as we saw the the slain of the brave regiment that had preceeded us, and its officers trying to rally the survivors around its colors; and then realizing that it was a time when every officer must act upon his own responsibility, and observing that many of the men were crouching low behind the rocks and bushes, I waved my sword and shouted "Forward! Will you follow me, men?" I yelled at the height of my voice; and cries of "yes! yes!" assured me that I should not go alone. "Forward, then—forward!" I shouted again, and rushed for the ditch, with the company at my heels. I was within the shadow of the work, when a head was exposed for an instant over the top of it. My revolver was in my hand, and I discharged it twice at the head. It sank out of sight, while cries, "You hit him cap!—You finished him!" came from the men behind me. I leaped into the ditch, and with my sword in my teeth tried to clamber out on the opposite side, while my men tumbled in after me. Half a dozen of them were instantly hit, and either fell or crawled along the ditch, seeking an exit; and while I was still struggling to climb out, I felt a sharp twinge over my left hip, and realized very quick that I was wounded. My strength seemed to leave me instantly, and I leaned heavily on my sword to prevent falling.

I have sometimes been asked, "How does it feel to be wounded?" The first feeling, after receiving a gunshot wound in the body, is as if you had been struck by a club; afterwards the reaction begins, and the pain will be sharp, if the wound be deep. The ditch at this time seemed to me half filled with dead and wounded soldiers. I staggered along, following it until I reached a place which seemed more shallow, where with some difficulty I dragged myself out, and with the help of my sword, tottered feebly down the hill. It is to this day a mystery to me how I escaped being perforated like a sieve, by the storm of balls which flew from the guns of the rebels. There were hundreds of our men, who slightly wounded, were instantly killed while trying to crawl out of the fire; and that I escaped, was due to some special providence, I cannot doubt. The ground before the earthwork, as I now saw it, was literally burdened with slain and wounded; the troops were scattered and disorganized, although new

battalions crowded up from below, and charged with fierce shouts, only to be driven back in bloody disorder from the hopeless attempt. As I left the ground, I saw that the attack had ceased to be an attack, and had become a mere butchery. The enemy, perfectly shielded behind their works, poured a continuous fire upon us, without exposure to themselves; and the bravest man in the army could never pass that ditch, which a whole regiment might flounder uselessly in. It was impossible, from the start, to reach the interior of the works; and with this impossibility, mere bravery could accomplish nothing but to exhibit itself.

The sights that met my eye as I descended that awful hill of death, still tottering feebly with the help of my sword, for my strength was fast giving out—were sights which were then graven forever on my memory. Half way down lay the colonel, mortally hurt with a cruel bullet which had severed his spine, just as he turned at the top of the hill to shout encouragement to the men; and, wounded as I was, I stopped and bent over him. "He's almost gone," said one of the men; and his tears fell thick as a girl's, as he looked at the noble face, distorted with pain; but the colonel opened his eyes in a moment, and recognized me. "I'm done for, captain," he said, faintly and sadly, and closed them again.

Still further down there was another form and face which arrested my attention—a face so deadly white that I wondered if I had ever seen it before, until a flash of consciousness in the glazing eye revealed poor Captain T—! He was shot; just above the heart; the glance of recognition that he gave me, was, perhaps, the last that visited his mortal eyes; he died in a few moments. He rests now in a grave in Magnolia Cemetary, at Baton Rouge, and there are very many hearts that are yet saddened with his loss. *Requiem eternam da ei, Domine.*

I had seen Weitzel's aides several times during the morning, well up toward the front, waiting to report progress; and I passed him as he sat on the trunk of a dead tree near the debouchure of the road. He was smoking a cigar with nervous puffs, and accosted me as I went by. "How is it above, captain?" he asked. "There's nothing favorable, sir," I answered. "We don't seem to make any progress."

I was met at this point by a stretcher, carried by two men; and it came most opportunely. Faint with the wound and my exertions, I was glad to lay my length upon it, and be carried through the woods to the great field hospital, half a mile off. Many regiments passed me, hurrying up to the assault; and more than once the men who bore me stood still, and familiar voices uttered my name, while familiar faces bent gravely over me.

"How's this, cap? Not serious, I hope?" was the greeting which I more than once received during that short journey.

"I think not—I hope not," I would reply; and at last I was deposited on the ground inside an inclosure of branches and cotton-bales, in the midst of several hundreds of wounded men, many of them shrieking and groaning in the most agonizing voices. I think that before I was taken thence, at least, *a quarter of an acre* of wounded men lay around me. The man on my left died while I lay by him; on my right were Lieutenant S—, of my regiment, with a ball in his leg, and a buckshot in his lung, and who is alive and hearty at this writing; the major, with a shot through his foot; and Captain L—, with a wounded arm. Of two huudred and forty men of our five companies who went into the fight, eighty or just one-third, were killed and wounded.

Of course, my personal observation of the assault terminated when I left the field. The fighting continued all day with more or less vigor. When it was discovered that the position could not be carried by assault, our men lay behind ridges, rocks and bushes, picking off occasional heads that rose above the parapet; and it was not until night that the scattered regiments were withdrawn. Our loss in killed and wounded in this fruitless assault was full twelve hundred; that of the rebels, trifling; although Bank's lookout, who surveyed the fight from the top of a high tree, declared that the enemy were very busy with their stretchers inside.

When the surgeon examined my wound with the probe, he pronounced it serious. "I can only bandage it now," he said; which he did, and left me. He has since told me that he supposed the ball had traversed the body, and that the wound was necessarily mortal. I read almost as much in his face, at the time; and still, I suffered little pain, and did not feel at all like a mortally-wounded man. The examination of three surgeons, the following day, showed another phrase of the story. The missile which had struck me was a buck shot; a rifle-ball in the same place would have laid me dead. It had been stopped in its course by a rib; and following the rib around the body, it had lodged in the integument, where I can feel it very plainly, at this writing.

"It lies too deep to be taken out," Doctor B.——decided. "Take it home with you, as a remembrance of Port Hudson."

The next day, General Weitzel called to see us; and, after sympathizing with us over our hurts, he began to talk about the assault. "You did all you could do," he said, "and I am well satisfied with the command. General Grover wanted to try it again, at another point; but I thought it was useless to make make another attempt the same day."

On the 16th, being pronouced able to travel, I was taken with an ambulance-load down to Springfield Landing, and thence shipped to New Orleans. This was my last experience before Port Hudson. When last I saw it, it was from the deck of the steamer Madison, in April, 1864, as I ascended the river to join Banks' Red River army at Alexandria. The stars and stripes were flying from the tall yellow cliffs, and the river itself teemed with busy life; for Vicksburg and Port Hudson had gone down together, and the Mississippi ran "unvexed to the sea." May its waters never more be crimsoned with the shedding of brothers' blood!

SONG.

BY CHARLES KINGSLEY.

The world goes up, and the world goes down,
And the sunshine follows the rain,
And yesterday's sneer and yesterday's frown
Can never come over again,
Sweet wife,
No, never come over again.

For woman is warm though man be cold,
And the night will hallow the day,
Till the heart which at even was weary and old
Can rise in the morning gay,
Sweet wife,
To its work in the morning gay.

SLEEPLESSNESS.

"Oh, that I could sleep!" How often is this prayer addressed to the night by the lonely watcher on the pillow! But just as sleep is courted, so does it seem to fly away; and at seasons which it is wanted the most, as in times of sorrow and suffering, sleep becomes more and more fitful, disturbed, and unfrequent. The happy child sleeps, so does the happy man or woman, full of physical health. Sleeplessness comes with thought, care, trials; the highly-cultivated and civilized being sleeps nothing like so soundly as the untutored hind or the rude savage. The thinking man's dreams are thoughtful. His animal being has become merged in the intellectual. His nervous system is in a state of high tension, asleep and awake; and it becomes a question to him of the highest interest, "How can I fall asleep?" As a general rule, all mental exertion should be avoided in the evening hours; and strong tea, especially green tea, ought to be eschewed. The latter has an extraordinary power of prolonging sleeplessness, more than any drug we know of. The perusal of a book late in the evening, requiring active thought to keep us with it, will induce wakefulness in excitable brains for many hours, after going to rest. In such cases, only light literature ought to be indulged in. Exciting conversation, or exciting music, have also the effect of keeping the brain active for many hours, and therefore, it is better to avoid these late at night, if you would sleep soundly. Various recipes have been given for inducing sleep, of which the most usual are those inducing monotony, such as repeating certain lines of poetry, counting a certain number of figures, and so on. Franklin, when sleepless, took an air bath—that is, he walked undressed about his chamber. Sermons have been found very effectual, but these cannot be conveniently administered at bedtime.

MONEY.

Precious metals as money are older than history. Two thousand years before Christ, Abraham, the Chaldean shepherd, whose children have never lost his faith, nor his thrift, though a hundred and fourteen generations, returned from Egypt, "very rich in cattle, in silver and gold." Afterwards, says the biblical record, he bought the cave of Machpelah—where his bones were to rest beside those of Sarah, the wife of his youth—for "four hundred shekels of silver, current money with the merchant." The Catholic version has it "common, current money." The shekel was about sixty cents of our gold. It was weighed, not counted, for there were no mints in those days.

Herodotus asserts that coinage originated with the Lydians. The world's coins since, have been like leaves of Autumn. Most are extinct, but the British Museum preserves more than one hundred and twenty thousand varieties. The Paris collection is still greater, and is increased by two or three thousand every year. Our country has no large public accumulation, but the cabinet of the Philadelphia Mint contains many worth studying. Its medallion memorials of Washington number 216; but not one representing him in battle. It embraces many antique specimens. Here are the self-same coins which pious ancients placed between the cold lips of their dead to pay old Charon for ferriage over the Styx. Here is the very image and superscription of Cæsar which the Judea carpenter pointed out to the fishermen and tent-makers following him. Here are faces of rulers and captains down to our own day from Alexander of Macedon, and the mighties Julius who bestrode this narrow world like a Colossus.

"We see," says Swift, in one of his most sarcastic moods, "What God thinks of riches by the people he gives them to."

STRANDED.

Heavy and white hangs the fog to-night
Along the Jersey shore;
The air is chill, and all sounds are still,
Save the breakers' sullen roar,
And the shelving sands as they slip and slide
From the brown sea-beach with the outward tide.

The sea runs high; but above in the sky
Is the moon, all wan and white
As the face of a ghost; and along the coast,
In the dim uncertain light,
Spectral and grand the tall bluffs stand,
Gazing oceanward from the land.

Close at their feet where the wild waves meet
With a sullen, angry roar,
Mingling their spume in a sheet of fume
When the tide rolls in toward the shore,
Are the rocks dimly seen through the vapory screen,
As a puff of wind parts the fog between.

What if to-night in this treacherous light
A vessel in-shore should sail?
What if the strand on some reef of sand,
And the wind should grow to a gale?
Little chance to her fate, for the tide rises late,
And six long hours she would have to wait.

Hark to the gun! now another one,
And yonder, she ahead,
On Mariner's Shoal, where the breakers roll,
Those signal-lights burn red;
'Tis a ship aground, some "homeward bound,"
With the boiling surf and the fog all round.

Now the wind, that was still, blows fresh and chill,
And the white fog flies before;
And through cloudy rifts, as the dense mass lifts,
Shine the lanterns on the shore,
Where the wreckers stand, and with ready hand
Guide the crowded boats as they struggle to land.

Far voices call, and the moon over all
Reveals the stranded ship;
And her lights, as they blaze thro' the reddening haze,
With a sudden movement dip,
As the low ebb-tide leaves the beach bare and wide,
And her hull careens to the landward side.

Now the gray dawn breaks as the red sun wakes
In a leaden-colored sky;
One body found of four that were drowned,
And the ship still high and dry;
One star dim and pale, and a vanishing sail,
With the wind in-shore and blowing a gale.

THE PROGRESS OF TIME.—What a blessed order of nature it is that the footsteps of time are inaudible and noiseless, and that the seasons of life, like those of the year are so blended, the one with the other, that the human being scarcely knows, except from a faint, and not an unpleasant sensation, that he is growing old! So day steals into night through the crimson curtains of twilight. So the golden gates of dawn swing round noiseless as the portals of heaven. Even noiseless as the portals of heaven. Even the beat of the heart is muffled that we may not know how fast it struggles out. From the building of the ark to the rolling of the world there is no click of the machinery. There is no noise save of helpless waves, or the rent air groaning with the lightning's bolt, or now and then the play of a volcano's valves, or the puny cries of insects or of men, in all this world of ours. The past is dumb, the future silent, and the present makes but a slight ripple, like the trailing of a steamer on a quiet sea.

WHAT MRS. ELLIS SAID TO THE GIRLS.—My pretty little dears you are no more fit for matrimony than a pullet is to look after a family of fourteen chickens. The truth is, my girls, you want, generally speaking, more liberty and less parlor; more exercise and less sofas; more making puddings and less piano; more frankness and less mock modesty. I like a buxom, bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked, bouncing lass, who can darn stockings, make her own frock, mend trousers, command a regiment of pots, and shoot a wild duck as well as the Duke of Marlboro or the Queen of Spain; and be a lady withal in the drawing-room. But as for pining, moping, screwed-up, wasp-waisted, putty-faced, music-murdering, novel devouring daughters of fashion and idleness, with your consumption-soled shoes, and silk stockings, you won't do for wives and mothers.

RUFUS CHOATE, in maintaining the worthlessness of certain testimony offered upon the other side, in a case in which he was engaged, once said: "It would be as difficult to find a grain of truth in that testimony as to find a drop of water spilled in the Deseret of Sahara in the times of the Crusades!"

A FRENCH author, speaking of the quickness and brilliant genius of the English, says that, in writing letters, the men, on any one subject, will fill pages; but, to the praise of the women, be it spoken, they will write the same number of pages on no subject at all!

IF the proper way of spelling tho is "though," ate "eight," and bo "beaux," the proper way of spelling potatoes must be "poughteighteaux."

LITERARY GLEANINGS.

SPIRITISM, MORMONISN, AND OTHER "AMERICAN ISMS."

A RECENT number of the *London Quarterly Review* contains an able and interesting article, entitled "New American Religions," Perfectionism, Mormonism, Spiritism, and a number of the other eccentric forms, in which the religious sentiment has developed itself in the United States, are discussed with a considerable share of originality, though, as many will think, without profonud insight, or any accurate knowledge of the phases of American character and society touched upon. The social condition of the United States reminds the writer of the time when "there was no King in Israel, but every man did that which was right in his own eyes;" and at the time of the breaking out of the war, there was "the most open proclamation and the most bare-faced examples of the doctrine of universal license." And these repellant forces are not only in action all through the body politic, but they "work with especial force at the very center of social life, and the cry for freedom is heard even from the bosom of the family."

DEGENERACY OF AMERICAN WOMEN.

Approaching the question of "women's rights," the reviewer says: "Violent claims of right and assertions, of strength often spring from a consciousness of wrong and weakness. Observers of American society have detected even in the Nnrth something of that degeneracy in the best elements of female character which is so conspicuous in the Spanish races of the center and the South. Beneath the grace and beauty of the *lady*, we miss the more sterling qualities of the *woman;* and one of their own writers testifies that 'the American lady has not made an American home.' May not a certain want of apitude for, and of success in, home duties, be one unconscious motive of the claim to an equal share in the public life and the common rights of men? The English ideal of the sacred ministry of women in the temple of her home, where her gentle rule is felt in proportion as it is not asserted, and whence she goes forth to adorn aud influence society all the more, because she does not profess to govern it, is doubtless realized in many a happy household beyond the Atlantic; but those who seek it must look rather to the Western wilds than to the intellectual East and the luxurious South.

"Our purpose calls us to pictures less attractive to an English eye. Among ourselves there is a certain jealousy of all congresses; and, in particular, the Association for the advancement of Social Science has still to survive the ridicule which its scientific sister has lived down. Still even ladies begin to meet for objects of beneficence which seem to lie peculiarly within their sphere of action. Such quiet and unselfish gatherings, however, would hardly prepare us for the twenty-two resolutions passed at the first female congress in Ohio, introduced by a preamble which founded the claims of women on the Declaration of Independence. This was followed by the first 'National Woman's Rights Convention,' at Worcester, in Massachusetts, the object of which was described by its President, Pauline Davis, as 'an epochal movement, the emancipation of a class, the redemption of half the world, the re-organization of *all* social, political, and industrial interests and institutions. 'This' said she, 'is the age of peace, *and woman is its sign*'—a strange manifesto with which to begin a war that must rage within the bosom of every family! The resolutions passed at this convention claimed the suffrage for 'every human being of full age, who has to obey the law, and who is taxed for the support of the Government;' an equality of political rights so complete that 'the word *male* should be struck out of all our State constitutions,' and a revision of the laws of property as affecting married persons—this being a question which, doubtless, needs consideration on both sides of the Atlantic;—a better education for women, a fair partnership with men in trade and adventnre, and a share in the administration of justice. Still there are many in whom (shall we say?) 'the old Eve' is still alive, and the answer of one of these married ladies to Mr. Dixon is worth magazines-full of argument. To the inquiry, 'Are you a member of the Society for promoting equal rights as between the two sexes?' 'Certainly not,' she replied, with a quick shrug of the shonlders. 'Why not?' I ventnre to say, pursuing my inquiry. 'Oh!' she answered, with a sly little laugh, 'you see I am very fond of being taken care of.'"

WOMAN'S SUPERIORITY TO MAN.

The reviewer then takes up the peculiar views of Mrs. Eliza Farnham, which he numbers among the "New American Religions," and speaks of as though he supposed they were widely spread and had a large body of adherents. He says: "But these American 'ladies' are not contented with equality, they claim superiority over man, as a strictly logical consequence of the more complex organization of woman's nature. The discoverer of this profonnd mystery was a poor unlettered girl, to whom the truth came by revelation, in the year 1842. Credentials she had none to offer; the truth is its own witness. Bnt surely the truth, which came to Eliza Farnham by intuition and experience, can be made to us a matter of conviction. The very asking such a thing is a sign of our inferior nature.

'Eliza proudly contended, that although her Truth of Woman is new and strange, it admits of proof convincing to the female mind. As to the masculine mind, a thing of lower grade, she was not concerned about its ways. A Virginian never thought of arguing with his slave.'—*Dixon, vol. ii, p.* 201.

"Far from condescending to convince vain man of her superiority, she proves his inferiority, from the fact that 'he has been using his reason for ages past, without having fallen on this central truth.' The highest genius of man has failed in its delineation of female character: 'Shakspeare says nothing of woman that is to her credit or to his own;' and Milton's Eve has the fatal defect of following the Scripture story of the fall, the man's version, for which she substituted her own:

"In this new version of the Fall, Eve is not weak, but strong. She finds Adam in bonds, and she sets him free. He is bound by a bad law to live in a state of darkness and bondage, a mere animal life, without knowing good from evil. She breaks his fetters, and shows him the way to Heaven. The consequences of her act are noble; and through her courage Man did not fall, but rise. She did 'a great service to humanity,' when she plucked the forbidden fruit.

"In the details of the Fall, Eliza finds much comfort, when she can read them by her own inward light. Wisdom (in the form of a serpent) addressed the woman, not the man, who would have cared little for the tree of knowledge. The temptation offered to her was spiritual. She took the forbidden fruit, in the hope of becoming wiser and deviner than she had been. Man followed her. Yes, the ascendancy of woman began in Paradise!"—vol. ii, p. 207.

SPIRITISM.

Of the faith and practices of the American Spiritists, the writer speaks with undisguised abhorrence and contempt. He quotes, as something quite revolting, portions of the speeches of a Mr. Perry and a Mr. Finney, at the "First National Convention of Spiritualists," at Chicago, in 1864. But the Cleveland Convention of September, 1867, which had not met at the time when the article in the *Quarterly* was published) would have furnished him much more striking materal than any that he seems to have found in the proceedings of the first. Unless the phonographic report of the speeches of the Cleveland assembly, published in the New York *Herald*, is full of gross misrepresentations, the members of that body conducted themselves like a convention made up in about equal proportions of raving lunatics, hypocritical impostors, licentious profligates, and silly dupes. "Bro. William B. Potter," a medium, is thus reported to have addressed his fellow believers, on the day preceding the adjournment of the convention: "How long will you allow hypocrites, libertines and free lovers to hold leading and honorable positions as mediums, speakers, writers and officers to the deadly injury and burning shame of pure and orderly Spiritualism? Why will you accord full fellowship and honorable position to notorious and persistent libertines? Will you quietly hold your peace while artful free lovers perambulate the country, using their own psychological powers and every possible device which their ingenuity, stimulated by hellish passions and aided by 'low spirits,' can invent to break up families, seduce the young and innocent, and drag them down to the lowest forms of animalism? While healing mediums are practising promiscuous sexual relations for the cure of diseases; while abortionists abound in your ranks; while virtuous women are constantly liable to insult among Spiritualists; while thousands of good mediums are ashamed to go to circles, meetings and conventions; while multitudes of believers stand aloof, refusing to be identified with the folly and fraud, looseness and licenticusness so common in Spiritualism, can you, will you, dare you, in the sight of Heaven and in spite of the tears and sighs of deserted wives, seduce maidens and worse than orphan children, keep silent and allow hypocritical imposters, libertines and free lovers to stifle all discussion of those monstrous evils, even refusing to have read in your convention, or published in your papers a proposition to disfellowship the persistently immoral and licentious?"

THE MORMON POWER.

But the most striking portion of the picture of the social and religious novelties of America, which the English reviewer has undertaken to sketch, is occupied with a figure that "towers above the rest, like Milton's fallen archangel among the powers of darkness; a new religion which boasts its new Bible, a prophet who has been likened to Mohammed, a migration not unworthy to be called an exodus, a church which, amidst a remote wilderness, is growing to the dimensions of a State, and influencing the politics of America; while its missionaries are gathering converts and emigrants from every quarter of the world; and this social phenomenon, however vast and important in itself, is moreover connected with the future destiny of religions which surpass the old States in magnitude as much as these surpass the mother-country. The one region of the vast West, which Nature seemed to have marked out from the rest as unfit for human habitation, is the elevated plateau cutoff by the Rocky Mountains on the east from the plains watered by the Nebraska and the Kansas, and by the Sierra Nevada on the west from the Pacific seaboard, and divided by other ranges on the north and south from the basins of the Columbia and the Colorado; where the land, whitened by an alkaline crust, bears little vegetation bnt the sage brush; where the rivers, severed from the sea, are either lost in the arid soil or from lakes of intense saltness. Yet this is the region which the Mormons deliberately chose as their refuge from persecution; and, retiring into the desert, like the chosen people whose forms and names they affect, they found a new Jordan running into its own Salt Lake, traced out their New Jerusalem on its banks, organized within the territory of the United States a republic of their own under a despotic chief and prophet, changed the received order of domestic life, and by marvelous industry raised abundant crops where an old trapper promised to give a thousand dollars for every ear of corn that should be grown! It would need the wealth of California to redeem his promise now! The valleys of this region have been peopled in twenty years by 150,000 souls, and fresh trains, not of emigrants only, but of pilgrims converted to the new faith from every quarter of the world, flock annually to the new Zion.

"Are the doctrines tanght and the deeds performed within that city the germ of a new religion which shall redeem the world, or are they worthy of the ancient cities of the plain? Or, rejecting these extreme views, shall we pronounce Mormonism a sincere illusion, bearing some good with some evil fruit, or a gross deception sprnng from ambition and greed of gain, and cheating its dupes with a brief taste of temporal good? What is the secret of its rapid spread? What the lure that attracts votaries from every nation?"

Of the cnntroversial skill of the Mormon missionaries, the reviewer says: "Any educated person who thinks that Mormon missionaries may be successfully met by snch an answer to their arguments as would be acceptable to the middle classes of England, profoundly mistakes the natnre of the art of making proselytes among the poor and ignorant. Persnasion among the Mormon converts depends not so much on absolute argnment, for in such cases one argument is, in fact, as good as another, but on a sufficiently ready and shallow controversial dexterity, aided by personal influence, ready flattery, actual help and kindness, and the promise of material advantage to the convert. One thing is essestial to the Mormon controversialist, to be able to give some sort of answer to any objections; and this art at least he had thoroughly learnt. Of the shifts by which the Mormon meets the attacks of Gentile objectors to his faith, Captain Burton's remarkable account of Mornmanism gives a series of examples well worthy of attention as contributions to the general theory of religions controversy."

MISCELLANY.

ARTHUR SKETCHLEY, the humorist is about to visit the United States. In appearance he is the very *beau ideal* of an Englishman of the present day. He wears a moustache, imperial, long side-whiskers, and parts his hair in the middle. He affects handsome vests and showy scarf-rings. But with all his hair and his airs, at one glance you may see that Arthur Sketckley is a man of no ordinary intellect. Any one who reads his "Brown Papers," republished from *Fun*, will have no doubt of it. They attracted unusual attention for their broad rich humor, on their first appearance in the pages of the new London comic paper. The same author has happily chronicled the experiences of the same heroine, Mrs. Brown, in her recent "Visit to the Paris Exhibition."

GUSTAVE DORE'S peculiar talent is said to be admirably exhibited in his illnstrations of Blackburn's "Pyrenees; a Description of Snmmer Life at French Watering Places." The volume contains more than a hnndred illustrations by the great artist.

IT is said that William H. Russell gets seven thousand dollars for his romance, entitled "The Adventnres of Dr. Brady," contributed to *Tinsley's Magazine*, a new English publication.

THE fashionable book in Paris is "Le Marquis de Camors," by Octave Feuillet, a curious conglomeration of beautiful passages, powerful scenes, brilliant descriptions, and impossible characters.

MISS DICKENS, a daughter of Charles Dickens, "christened" the war steamer *Blanche*, which together with another warvessel, the *Beacon*, was launched lately at Chatam, England. Mr. Dickens was present on the occasion.

TOM TAYLOR, the author of "The Ticket of Leave Man," is filling the position of dramatic critic on the London *Times* during John Oxenford's visit to this country.

MESSRS. ROUTLEDGE & SONS state that 100,000 of the first number of their "international" Magazine have been already sold.

JOHN B. GOUGH is to receive $12,090 for preaching temperance in Chicago, this winter.

THOSE who lack a good natural character may be sure they cannot long sustain, without detection, an artificial one.

GOOD-NIGHT.

Good night, good night—
How many a thought this simple phrase,
The heart, by tell-tale tone, conveys;
How swells its inmost depths to hear,
From those we hold in friendship dear,
The cheerful words, "Good night."

'Neath moonbeams bright
The lovers linger hand-in-hand,
Speaking the tongue hearts understand,
Dreading the hour that draws so near,
When sweetly, sadly, to the ear,
Comes those fond words, "Good Night."

With true delight
The willing form of childhood sleeps,
And age, its cheerful vigil keeps,
While lingers devoutly on the ear,
Those words to youth and age so dear—
Those earnest words, "Good night."

Good night, good night—
The promise of another day
Its cheerful, honest tones convey;
'Tis no long parting that we fear,
But sign of promise when we hear
That welcome phrase, "Good night!"

GOING A CLAMMING AT HIGH WATER.

A STORY WITH A MORAL.

At the early age of fifteen, I received a practical lesson in the world's experience, that lasted through many years and still remains deeply engraven on the tablets of my memory.

Saturday was to be a whole day, instead of half a day as usual. That is to say, we usually had a half-day's school Saturday, but upon this occasion, the funernal of the "oldest inhabitant," we were allowed a whole day. I was immoderately fond of clams, as an article of food, and upon a retrospective view, I could not call to mind the time when I had had a sufficiency at any one sitting; and so I had determined that when I got old enough, I would just go for myself—dig for myself—roast them on the smooth rocks, eat all I wanted, and carry home enough for all hands, and especially the cook.

It was five miles down the river to the clam-beds, as related to me by the boys who used to bring them to market, and "pooty long miles too," they sometimes added.

My spirit thirsted for adventure, and my stomach called out for clams; and so I was up before the sun and manning father's skiff myself, sat down to the task of rowing five miles down the river, and long miles they proved.

I was quite unused to rowing cross-handed, and made an awkward hand of it, and slow progress. Every ten minutes I had to rest on my oars, while I used the bailing dish, an old tin pan that leaked like a seive. At such times I found the boat making rapid progress in the wrong way. The tide was ahead. I had never thought of tide. I was so much engaged by the prospect of digging for clams. And now I found it would not do to stop so long to bail, in the midst of the current; and so I tugged on till the water would be halfway up to my knees, and then by plumping her nose on to the shore, I would free her and then tug on, till after many hours of hard toil, and by dint of my ambitious craving for adventure, I finally arrived at the Cove, rather before high-water.

Old skipper Wright and his son John, had spied me, and and went down to the shore to see what water-logged craft was approaching,

"Hullo," says he, "you're Jones' little boy, ain't yer."

"*Little* boy," thought I. "I guess he don't know I'm fifteen."

"What did the old man send you down here, against a flood tide, in such a leaky old punt as that for?"

I told him I came a clamming.

"Haw, haw, haw! and te—he—ee! went the twain. "It ain't full sea yet, and then it will be six hours ebb, before clam time, You can play round here with Johnny, till dinner's ready, and then after you've taken cargo enough to strengthen your hull, you can pull back and get home before sundown. Meantime I'll set things to right; make you a new thowl pin, and stuff some oakum into the seams, for she leaks like a sponge."

Johnny and I played around for an hour or more, and when the old conch-shell was blowed, we went to a substantial dinner.

"Now," said the ancient mariner, "you needn't be in no hurry; let's see, my boy is about your age, thirteen."

"I'm fifteen since last February, and now 'tis March," said I rather sharply.

The skipper winked one eye at his old woman, as he stood kneading his tobacco into a wad for his after-dinner pipe.

Well, John and I, scoured the beach pretty well; picked up shells, scaled stones, went to see the whale's carcase, and get some long pieces of kelp.

After 2 o'clock, P. M., I went to the boat accompanied by father and son, sat down to my oars and shoved off. I hadn't got well under way, before the skipper hailed me with "Look-a-here, young man, how old did I understand you to say you was?"

"Fifteen," answered I, lying on my oars.

"Wall," said he, "if you live forty years more, you'll be as old as I am now, and I want to tell you something that may do you good. That is, *never go a clamming at high-water*."

Fourteen years after that, I met with father and son at Trieste. The son was master of a fine new barque, 700 tons. The old skipper said he had come out on a little voyage in the John to see how the little craft behaved herself, rough or smooth. I remarked upon how well his son had done in the world; that he was a smart boy, and had fulfilled the promise of his youth.

"Yes," said he, "John went a clamming at *low water*, and has been rowing up river with a fair tide ever since; and I rather guess, you've paid some heed to what an old man said to you once, or you wouldn't be skipper of that snug brig that lays there—everything taught, in ship-shape and Bristol fasbion, *low and aloft*."

It is many years now since I received this well-meant admonition, not to go a *clamming at high-water*, and I have never forgotten the well intended advice. I have sometimes, myself, often unavoidably, been caught in this dilemma. Three-fourths of the people in the world, as I have observed, invariably "go a clamming at high-water." Copper stocks, railroad shares, silver mines and other bubbles, have been coming up steadily and rapidily and with a rush. Green-horn has been watching for an opportunity to make a profitable investment. Bog mountain has risen from 3 1-2 to 65, and good judges (those who have it for sale), say it will reach, or exceed par. It goes up to 70, and Mr. G. goes in. Next day it is 71. "Hold on," say his friends, the brokers. A week after, 35 only is bid! Another week, by George! the bubble bursts, and young G.'s patrimony is gone, and he bangs himself in the warehouse. So much for going a clamming at high water!

My old friend, Capt. P. had retired from the sea with a comfortable pile. He had a beautiful situation by the-seashore, overlooking a broad bay, and a large extent of ocean. There was a snug cottage and convenient out-buildings upon the place, and a nice wharf, where be moored his yacht. P. was a bachelor, but when he concluded to cast anchor, be cast about in his mind the propriety of shipping a chief mate for life, and was recommended by a friend to a family where there were five or six marriageable daughters. The captain dreaded the operation worse than ever he dreaded doubling Cape Horn, as he told me, and wished this part of the business could be left to a shipping master. But be was obliged to look the wind in the eye and stand on, breakers or no breakers. When he had once got the ice broke there was no further difficulty. The eldest, somewhat on the steady side of thirty, had been set apart for him, by family arrangement. She was accomplished and well got up, and preserved, according to fashion and art. She sang and played well, and conversed and smiled, *au regle*. She became his wife. The captain took her on the *top* of the tide, and she has been ebbing ever since. One after another of the tools of her trade, by which she had enticed the unwary captain into the meshes of her net, were laid aside, as of no further use, since the prey had been secured. Her sweetest smiles were never put on, now, except for the benefit of company. She did not even care to dress well in her own family. The old seaman was disgusted and took to the sea again.

We met, as it so happened, several times in foreign ports. One evening, on board his ship at Valparaiso, he spoke freely of his domestic affairs, and of the unhappiness of bis life. "Casual," said he, "I thought I had got an angel, but it was the wrong kind. I thought that nature never formed a more beautiful woman; but, in the end, I found that it was art that got her up, instead of nature. There was nothing about her natural, except her evil disposition. She made no bones, after a while, of telling me she married me for my money."

I retorted by saying, that we were sailing on the same tack, then. Both must be disappointed.

"*I* thought she possessed every good quality when I married her, and found to my sorrow that everything about her was artificial, as easily laid off and put on her as her wig or false teeth, and a thousand other things."

"You thought," said I "that I had money for you to spend as you chose. I did have a good pile then, but it is out of your reach, except so far as affording you a reasonable support. My old ship is nearly ready, and I shall soon be out of your reach too. She called me some very pretty names and so we parted company and I have not been home since."

Ah, poor old friend and you, too, went a clamming at high-water.—*Casual.*

St. Charles Restaurant.—This new restaurant is presided over by Mme. Lazintre, being connected with the hotel of C. Gailland, Nos. 507 and 509 Pine street, just above Kearny. The result of several visits there, demonstrated the fact, that ladies predominate, and should some of our beaux and bachelors decide to make it a "stopping place," we guarentee a "feast of beauty"—to say nothing of the excellent meals served *a la Francisco*.

Laborious writing is characteristic of all the Boston authors. Holmes labors over a sentence till every word is wedded to its place, if it takes him a month to do it; and Lowell works the better part of three months on an article for the *North American Review*. Emerson's second volume of "Essays" was fifteen months in going through the press, and when it was done, the corrections cost more than the original composition. It is so also with Longfellow. Every one has heard of the coterie who sat up of nights over "Dante," and the proof-sheets of that work show that after it had passed that ordeal it was sadly interlined, and whole verses were altogether rewritten by the translator. By such rugged paths have these men scaled the flowery heights of Parnassus. Longfellow always sends to the printer very clear copy. His MS. is all written in lead pencil, upon sheets of good quality of book paper; each sheet contains never more than two four-line verses. The MS. copy of his translation of "Dante," if bound, would make several immense volumes.

We hear that in Paris a ladies' club has been finally established, and that all is going on as could be desired. Smoking is allowed, likewise cards and billiards, likewise strong drinks, and all classes of "light" reading, also knitting and crotchet; but another likewise has begun to trouble the secretary of the club, which is, likewise husbands. The majority are stoutly against such an innovation, and defend their views by the fact that gentlemen refuse their wives admission to their clubs, and, that if husbands are admitted, brothers, and even lovers would be proposed.

The Oak and the Ivy.—Ivy being prevented from attaching itself to the oak beyond a certain point, will shoot off into a bold elastic stem, with an air of as much independence as any branch of oak in the vicinity. So a human being, thrown, whether by cruelty, injustice, or accident, from all social support and kindness, if he has any vigor of spirit, and is not in the bodily debility of either childhood or age, will instantly begin to act for himself, with a resolution which will appear like a new faculty.

Large Sale of Oakland Property.—On Wednesday next, Mauraee, Dore & Co. will sell at Platt's Hall, 500 Villa Lots in the City of Oakland. This property is most desirably located, between Twentieth and Twenty-eighth streets, Oakland; commands a splendid view of the Bay and City of San Francisco and the Golden Gate, and adjoins the Market and Adeline Street Railroad Stations. Property in the vicinity is built on and well improved: the residences of James de Femery, Col. A. J Coffee, David Barstow, and others adjoining it. Every one knows that Oakland and Oakland property is improving wonderfully. This sale will afford a splendid opportunity for investment. The terms of sale are most liberal, namely: one fourth cash and the balance at long credit at eight per cent. annual interest.

Occidental Restaurant.—This favorite, resort of good livers is now under the sole maugement of Mr. George Wittman, he having bought out the interest of his former partner. This restaurant has always maintained an excellent reputation, and "George," who is somewhat noted for liberal catering, has inaugurated some improvements since he has assumed sole proprietorship which have made the Occidental a "model restaurant" indeed. Perhaps, for the benefit of straugers, is as well to add that the "Occidental" is located at 536 Washingtou street, a few doors below Montgomery.

Friends of the Late Mrs. Hannah S. Andrews, who loved and esteemed her while living, can testify the love they bear her memory by continuing their patrouage to the institution, to sustain which, she so intelligently and assiduously devoted so many years of life. In her substitute, they will find a lady eminently deserving their support, who is intelligent, cautious, active, kind, and not only willing, but anxious to learn from their own experience the ways of her predecessor; while she is also aided by Dr. Bourne's advice, No. 10 Masonic Temple.

Belden's Restaurant.—Mr. F C. Belden, so well known as the proprietor of the depot of family luxuries, at No. 652 Sacramento street, has entered in the business of catering for bachelors, as well as families, and has opened a first class restaurant on the corner of Spring and Summer streets, opposite the California Market, where he is prepared to supply all the wants of "good livers," in his peculiar superior style. The choice articles contained in his depot of family luxuries—which can be found gracefully enumerated in rhyme in our advertising columns—will be largely drawn on to give peculiar zest to Belden's Restaurant fare.

Oysters and Clams.—Wm. Roalfe, Nos. 40, 41, and 42, California Market, entrance on California street, keeps on hand, from 6 A.M. until 5 P. M., and Saturday nights until 10 P. M., oysters and clams. Families supplied at the shortest notice with fresh oysters and clams. The deviled-crabs are to be had here and nowhere else. And for business men, on California street, there is no place where a better lunch can be served. Mr. Roalfe is well known to the community as a first class caterer. Call and leave your orders, wholesale or retail.

Carpets, Upholstery Goods, Wall Paper, etc., may be bought at the lowest figure at the new store of Joseph Fredericks, 123 Kearny, between Sutter und Post streets. Mr. Fredericks' stock is entirely fresh new, and bought at the present ruling reduction of prices.

Steam Baths for One Dollar, at Dr. Bourne's, No. 10 Masonic Temple, Post street. Notice is renewed that this is the only establishment which excludes all loathsome diseases and improper persons. *

Cures Guaranteed to the Sick in almost all cases, without medicines, bleeding, blistering, or plastering—quick and pleasant—by Dr. Bourne, No. 10 Masonic Temple, Post street. Reasonable charges for positive benefits. *

Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Etc.—No cure like Dr. Bourne's method Only to be realized at No. 10 Masonic Temple, Post street. *

OLD STORIES RETOLD—NELSON AT TRAFALGAR.

NELSON, although only forty-six years of age, was already a shattered man. Fragile, thin, and sickly, weakened by ague in childhood, beaten down by fever in the East Indies, almost killed by dysentery at Honduras, always sick at sea, an eye lost at Corsica, an arm at Cadiz, cut about the head at the battle of the Nile, struck in the side in another engagement, his cough dangerous, he scarcely hoped to fight more than one more battle. Yet his heart was sound as ever, and the unquenchable lion spirit glowed within him, in spite of all.

At Portsmouth, Nelson learned that Sir Robert Cadler had fallen in with the French fleet off Finisterre, and had only scratched them when he ongbt to bave run his cutlass through their hearts. The Victory nuloaded. Nelson, embowered down at ever pleasant Merton, making bay, watching sheep, catching trout in the winding Wandle, idolizing Lady Hamilton, that beautiful but wanton woman, forgot ambition, and grew more intent on rick awnings than French canvas. One daybreak, Captain Blackwood brought word that the Frencb had refitted at Vigo and got into Cadiz. Nelson paced "the quarter-deck" walk in bis garden restlessly. He pretended to be indifferent, and quoted a playful proverb: "Let the man trudge it, who's lost bis bndget." He was happy, and his healtb was better. "He wouldn't give sixpence to call the king his uncle." Lady Hamilton knew tbe beart of the brave man she loved, and pressed him to go. The French fleet was his property; it was the reward of his two years watching. He wonld be miserable if any one else had it. "Nelson, offer yonr services." The tears came into his eyes at her heroism. At half past ten that night be started in a post chaise for London. His diary for tbat day lays bare his heart before us.

"Friday night (Sept. 13) at half-past ten," he says, "I drove from dear, dear Merton; where I left all whicb I bold dear in this world, to go to serve my king and conntry. May the great God, whom I adore, enable me to fulfill the expectatious of my country! and, if it is his good pleasure that I should return, my thanks will never cease being offered up to the throne of his mercy. If it is bis good providence to cut short my days upon earth. I bow with the greatest submission; relying that he will protect those so dear to me, whom I may leave behind! His will be done. Amen! Amen! Amen!"

The probability of his death had entered his mind, that is evident; presentiments are never anything, after all, but snch probabilities.

The embarkation of Nelson at Portsmouth was a scene wortby of Grecian history. Althnngh he tried to steal secretly to his sbip, crowds collected, eager to see the face of the hero they venerated. Many of the rugged sailors were in tears; old men-of-war's men knelt and prayed God to bless bim as he passed to the boat. They knew he was the sailor's friend and tbe orphan's father; they knew him to be as humane as he was fearless, unselfish, and eager to pour out his blood for England. No basely-earned money had defiled his hands; his heart was pnre crystal; it had no flaw. As Southey says finely, "Nelson had served his conntry with all his heart, with all his sonl, and with all bis strength, and therefore they loved him as truly and fervently as he bad loved England." That one-eyed, one-armed, shrunken invalid officer was still the tower and bulwark of his native land.

On arriving at Cadiz, Nelson took an old sportsman's precantions not to flurry the game he had been so long stalking. The French wanted encouraging. They were shy. Nelson kept his arrival as secret as possible. The Gibralter Gazette did not publish tbe nnmber of his vessels. He kept fifty miles to the west of Cadiz, near Cape St. Mary; for it has been often observed, "rats won't bolt when terriers are too near the holes." He instantly seized all the Danish vessels carrying provisions to Cadiz for the French fleet. His final stratagem was the bait that at last drew forth tbe enemy. He detached some vessels on an imaginary service, knowing that fresh ships were almost daily arriving for him from England. This brought out Villeneuve at last, although he had just declared in a council of war that he would not stir from Cadiz till his fleet was one-tbird stronger than tbe Engilsh.

On the 9th, Nelson bad written to his favorite officer, the brave and simple-hearted Colliogwood, enclosing his plan of attack, wishing to give full scope to bis captain's judgment in carrying ont his intentions.

"My dear Coll," he said, in his hearty way, "we can have no little jealousies. We have ooly one great object in view, that of annihilating our enemies, and getting a glorions peace for ourcountry. No mao has more confidence in another than I have in you; and no man will render your sevices more justice than your very old friend, NELSON AND BRONTE."

The order of attack was grand in its simplicity. The true sea-warrior instinct and experieoce had struck out a plan as admirable as if it had been forged in the brain of Newton. The fleet was to move in two lines, and like two swift sword-fish pierce into the enemy: it was to be proceeded by an advanced squadron of eight of the swiftest two-deckers. Collingwood was to chop the enemy in two about the twelfth vertebra from tbe tail ship. Nelson himself was to give the coup de grace at the centre—the heart—whilst the advanced squadron was to cut off abont three or four from wherc he would break through. In this way the assailants would always be one-fourth superior to those portions they broke off. There was professional genius in tbese well-aimed blows.

Nothing was sham, mysterions, nor inflated about his directions. His "precise object" was a close and decisive action; therefore, "if signals were not seen or clearly understood, no captain would do wrong," he said, "if he placed bis ship alongside that of an enemy." One of his last orders was that tbe name and family of every man killed or wounded in the action should be, as soon as possible, returned to him, to transmit to the Patriotic Fund.

Abont balf-past nine on the morning of the 19th, the Mars, the nearest of the line of scouting ships, repeated the signal that the enemy was at last stealiug out of port. The wind was light, with partial breezes. About two, the repeatiug ships announced the French fleet at sea. The next day, seeing nothing, and the wind blowiug fresh from the southwest, Nelson began to fear the French had run back to shelter. A little before sunset, bowever, Blackwood, in the Euryalus, reported that the Freuch were still pressing westward, and that way Nelson bad determiued they should not go but over bis sunken fleet. Still, however, thinking they were inclined to run for Cadiz, Nelson kept warily off that nigbt.

At daybreak, the Freuch fleet of thirty-three sail of the line, and seven large frigates formed a crescent, in close line of battle, off Cape Trafalgar, near the southernmost point of Andalusia. They were ou the starboard tack, and twelve miles to leeward, and standiug to the south. Eighteen of the enemy were Freuch, and fifteen Spanish. Nelson had twenty-seven sail of the line, and four frigates. Tbe French vessels werc larger and heavier than ours, and they had on board four thousand skilled troops, and many dreaded and extremely skillful Tyrolese rifiemeu.

Soon after daylight, Nelson was on deck, eagerly eyeing tbe Freuch crescent. He had on his admiral's frock-coat—bis "fighting coat," as he called it—which he had worn in many victories; but he did not put on the sword which his uncle, Captain Suckling, had used, wben, on that very day many years before he had beaten off a French squadrou. Nelson had wished this day to be the day of battle, and had even balf superstitionsly expected the coincidence. He wore, as usual, on his left breast, four stars of various orders of knighthood, one of tbem being the Order of the Bath, which he specially valued as the personal and free gift of the king. Dr. Scott, the chaplaiu, Mr. Scott, Lord Nelson's public secretary, and Mr. Beatty, the surgeon, remonstrated when he thus made himself a conspicuous mark for the euemy by these decorations. "In honor," he had exclaimed on a former similar occasion, "I gained them (the orders), and in honor, I will die with tbem."

The blue liquid battle plan was ready for tbe fight. Tbere was no need of digging graves in that vast cemetary. Enrope and Africa were watching the combatants. Already the shot was plied, and the powder passed up from the magazines. The sailors stood at their guns. The men that in balf an hour would be stretched dead and mangled on tbe red and splintered planks, were bussy getting their tompions and firebuckets and cartridges ready, or lashing cutlasses round the masts, ready to hand.

Nelson seldom began a battle without a prayer. He had always a profound sense of God's omnipotence and omniscience. He now retired to his cabin, and wrote a simple but fervid prayer. He now retired to his cabin, and wrote a simple but fervid prayer. He annexed to this prayer in his diary a sort of will—his lest reqnest to his country in case he fell, as he seems to have expected to do. It was headed: "October 21, 1865.—Then in sight of the combined fleets of France and Spain, distant abont ten miles."

Blackwood and Hardy were the witnessess.

The wind was now from the west, light breezes with a long heavy swell. Blackwood, who came on board the Victory at about six o'clock, found Nelson in good spirits, but grave and calm, and not in that glow and exultation which he had shown before Abourkir and Copenhagen. He had already expressed his belief that the French wonld make a dead set at the Victory. The French had now tacked to the northward, and, to Nelson's great regret, formed their line on the larboard tack, thereby bringing the shoals of Trafalgar and St. Pedro under the Britisb lee, and leaviug the port of Cadiz open for themselves. Nelson at once gave signal to prepare for anchor, and the necessity of this measure was strongly on his mind to the last. He told Blackwood to use the frigates as much as possible.

"I mean to-day," he said, "to bleed the captains of the frigates, as I shall keep you on board nntil the very last minute."

"During the five bours and a half," says Blackwood, "that I remained on board the Victory, in which I was not ten times from his side, he frequently asked me what I should consider as a victory. The certainty of which he never for an instant seemed to doubt, although from the situation of the land he questioned the possibility of the subsequent preservation of tbe prizes. My answer was, 'Tbat considering the handsome way in which the battle was offered to the enemy, tbeir apparent determination for a fair trial of strength, and the proximity of the land, I tbought if fonrteen ships were captured it would be a glorious result.' To which he always replied, 'I shall not, Blackwood, be satisfied with anything short of twenty.' A telegraphic signal had been made by him to denote that he intended to break through the rear of the enemy's line, to prevent their getting into Cadiz." "I was walking with him," continues the Captain Blackwood, "on the poop, when he said, 'I'll now arouse the fleet with a signal; and he asked me if I did not think there was one yet wanting. I answered tbat I thought the whole of the fleet seemed very clearly to understand what they were about, and to vie with each other who should first get nearest the Victory or Royal Sovereign. These words were scarcely uttered, when his last well-known signal was made, 'ENGLAND EXPECTS EVERY MAN WILL DO HIS DUTY.' The shout which followed was truly sublime."

There had been a good deal of paltry discussion as to wbether Nelson wrote or only modified this signal. It matters little; he sanctioned it, and it was that sanction alone that gave it immortality. The shout that welcomed it was like a roll of thunder, because the signal seemed like a voice from England and from home. It was an omen of victory.

About seven o'clock the French wore, and stood in a close line on the starboard tack towards Cadiz, the sun lull upon their sails, their three-deckers rising from the water like floating cities. About ten, Nelson became anxious to close with the enemy.

He went over the different decks, where the men stood grouped in eights round their favorite guns. He spoke to them in bis own kind and pleasant way, and saw that the preparations were eveywhere complete. As he ascended the quarter-deck ladder it was as if he asceuded to a throne, and the men greeted him with three cheers.

The French fleet, comanded by Admiral Villeneuve, in the Bucentaur, included Nelson's old antagonist, the Santissima Triuidada (of one hundred and forty guns,) two vessels of one hundred and twelve guns, one of one hundred, six of eighty-four and eighty, the rest being seventy-fours of a large class together with seven frigates of heavy metal, forty-four and forty guns each, besides other smaller vessels. The Spaniards were commanded by Admiral Gravina, who bad under him Vice-Admiral Don J. d'Aliva and rear-Admiral Don B. M. Cisneros. Villeneuve had under him Rear-Admirals Dumanoir and Moyon. Four thousand troops were embarked on board the fleet under the commaud of General Contarini in the Bucentaur, amongst whom were several of the most skillful sharpshooters that could be selected, and many Tyrolese riflemen. Various sorts of cumbustiles and fire-balls were also embarked. Tbe Spaniards appeared with their beads to the northward, and formed their line of battle with great closeness and correctuess; and as the mode of attack by Nelson was nnusual, so the structure of their line was new. It formed a crescent convexing to leeward, and Admiral Collingwood, in leading down to the centre, had both the van and rear of the enemy abaft his beam. Tbey were formed in a double line thus:

1 2 3
4 5 6

French and Spaniards alternately, and it was tbeir intention, on our breaking the line astern of No. 4, (which manœuvre they expected we should, as nsual, put into execution,) for No. 2 to make sail; that the British ship in hauling up should fall on board of her, whilst No 5 should bear up and take her, and No 1 briug her broadside to bear on her starboard bow. This manœuvre only succeeded with the Tonnant and Bellerophon, which were amongst the ships that suffered most. Before tbeir fire, therefore opened, every alternate sbip was about a cable's length to the windward of her second ahead and astern, formiog a kind of double line, and appeared when on tbeir beams, to leave a very little interval between them, and this without crowding their ships. Admiral Villeneuve was on board the Bucentaur eighty guns, in the centre, and the Prince of Asturias bore Gravina's flag in the rear.

Collingwood led onr lee line of thirteen ships. Nelson, the weaker line of fourteen. Nelson steered two points more to the nortb than Collingwood, in order to cut off tho enemy's retreat towards Cadiz. The lee line, therefore, was first engaged. Villeneuve was desperate; bo had resolved to fight against the wish of the Spaniards, partly because he thought that Nelson had not arrived, and because he knew that Napoleon, furious at his poor success with Sir Robert Calder, had already sent M. Rosely to supersede bim. His crews were in a feverish clamor of bragging excitement, every one shouting at the same time, as usual with a Gaul in moments of danger.

Nelson's eyes brigbtened with delight when he saw Collingwood, in the Royal Sovereign, go straight as an arrow at the centre of tbe enemy's line, chop it tbrough astern of the Santa Anna, a three-decker (112,) then open fire and engage the vessel at the muzzle of her guns on the starboard side.

"See!" be says, "see how that noble fellow, Collingwood, carries his ship into actiou."

Collingwood at the same moment looked back exultingly at the Victory, and said to his captain (Rotherham of the cocked hat,) "Rotherham, what would not Nelson give to be here?" Only tbe day before Nelson had reconciled Collingwood and Rotherham, saying, "Look! yonder are the eoemy, them shake hands."

At half-past eleven the French guns opened on the Royal Sovereign; as the Victory came sweeping down, the French ships abead of her, and across her bows, at fifty minutes past eleven began to try the distance; they fired single guns. Perceiving a shot pass througb the main-topgallantsail, tbey opened a *feu d'enfer*, chiefly, (as is their custom) at the rigging, to disable her before she could grapple. Nelson instantly ordered Blackwood and Captain Prowse, of the Sirins, to go on board their ships, and tell all the line-of-battle captains as they passed to disregard bis plan of action if in any other way they conld get quicker and closer alongside an euemy. "He then," Blackwood says, "agaiu desired me to go away; and as we were standing on the front of the poop, I took his hand and said, 'I trust, my lord, that ou my return to the Victory, which will be as soon as possible, I shall find your lordship well, and in possession of twenty prizes.' On which he made tbis reply: 'God bless you, Blackwood; *I shall never speak to you again.*'"

The two columns, led by their brave chiefs, continued to advance, with light airs, and all sails set, toward the van and centre of tbe enemy, whose line extended about north-north-east and south-southwest.

Nelson gave orders to hoist several flags on the Victory, for fear that a single one might be shot away. Tbe French, strangely enough, showed no colors till late in the action, when tbey required them as signals of striking. As usual, the English admiral had forbiddin musketry in the tops, as he considered it a paltry mode of homicide, which might kill a commander, but could not decide a battle.

He then ran straight on the bows of the Santissima Trinidada, a monstrous four-decker, the ninth ship in the van of the French double crescent line; the Victory opened on her with er larboard guns at four minutes past twelve.

Meanwhile, Collingwood, having poured a deadly dose of a broadside and a half (full measure) into the stern of the Santa Anna, had jammed into the French ship, so that the yards of the two vessles were locked together. His hands were soon full, for the Fougueux came malignantly on his lee quarter-and three more of the enemy's French ships soon bore on the bow of the Royal Sovereign. The Victory, silent and stern as if its crew were invulnerable, never fired a shot, but moved on, calm as fate, and irresistable as death, till fifty of her men were struck down, thirty wounded, and her main topmast, with all her studding-sails and booms shot away. Nelson said, that in all his battles, he had never seen men so cool and resolute as his. At length the simple word was given, and the Victory spoke at last, vomiting out spouts of fire, and belching her winged thunder to the right and to the left.

It was not possible to break the enemy's line without running onboard one of their ships; Hardy informed the admiral of this, and asked him which he would prefer. Nelson replied: "Take your choice, Hardy; it does not signify much." The master was ordered to put the helm to port, and the Victory ran on board the Redoubtable, just as her tiller-ropes were shot away. The French ship received her with a broadside; then instantly let down her lower deck ports, for fear of being boarded through them, and never afterward fired a gun during the action. Her tops, like those of all the enemy's ships, were filled with riflemen.

A few minutes after this proof of distrust, Captain Harvey, in the Temeraire, also fell on board the Redoubtable, and the Temeraire had also an enemy on her side, so that the four vessels now lay in a compact tier, their heads in one way as if in dock; but Nelson soon pounded her antagonist deaf and dumb, passed astern of the Bucentaur, hauled in on her starboard side, pouring in a slaughtering broadside in passing, then stood for that floating mountain, the Santissima, playing her larboard guns with incredible rapidity on both the Bucentaur and Santissima, while the starboard guns of her middle and lower decks were steadily devoted to that rather tough antagonist the Redoubtable. It became necessary for the Victory to fire at the Redoubtable with depressed guns, three shots each, and with reduced charges of powder, for fear of the shot passing the Frenchman and injuring the Temeraire. The guns of her lower-deck touched the Redoubtable's side; so, for fear of the Frenchman catching fire and destroying both vessels, the fireman of each gun stood ready with a bucket full of water, which he immediately dashed into the hole made by the English shot.

The Victory was fighting hard amid a ceaseless blaze of flame. Luckily, the French were not such good seamen as Nelson, and in consequence of keeping the wind nearly on their beam, lay in a deep trough of the sea, and rolled so heavily that their broadsides sometimes flew over and sometimes fell short of our ships. Still a raking fire swept the Victory's deck.

Mr. Scott, the admiral's secretary, was killed by one of the first cannon-balls, whilst in conversation with Captain Hardy, and near to Lord Nelson. Captain Adair, of the Marines, who soon afterwards fell, immediately endeavored to remove the mangled body, but it had already attracted the notice of the admiral.

"Is that poor Scott," said he, "who is gone?"

Presently, whilst Nelson was conversing with Captain Hardy on the quarter-deck, during the shower of musket balls and raking fire that was kept up by the enemy, a double-headed shot came across the poop and killed eight of the marines. Captain Adair was then directed by Nelson to disperse his men more round the ship. A few minutes afterwards a shot struck the fore-brace bits on the quarter-deck, and passing between Lord Nelson and Captain Hardy, drove some splinters from the bits around them, bruised Capt. Hardy's foot, and tore off his shoe-buckle. They mutually looked at each other, and Nelson, whom no danger could affect, smiled and sailed:

"This is too warm work, Hardy, to last!"

This was the climax of the battle. Our brawny sailors stripped to the waist, their huge cable pigtails dangling at their backs, their skins black with powder, or smeared with blood, were running out the guns, loading savagely, and firing as fast as the wadded shot could be driven in. The captains were bellowing through their speaking-trumpets, the gunner's boys running to and from the magazines through showers of shot and splinters; the midshipmen firing at the enemy's tops with all the glee of schoolboys cut at their first partridge-shooting. The musketeers in the Redoubtable's tops fired especially sharply whenever the smoke-cloud rolled away from the Victory, and there came a glint of the epaulettes of our officers. In the French mizzen-top there was a keen-eyed Tyrolese, in glazed cocked-hat, and white frock, especially active. He was a fellow who, after hours of crag-climbing, had known a week's food and profit depend on the one shot at a steinbock, and he did not throw away his cartridges.

At fifteen minutes past one, a quarter of an hour before the Redoubtable struck, Lord Nelson and Captain Hardy were walking near the middle of the quarter-deck; the admiral had just commended the manner in which one of the ships near him was fought. Captain Hardy advanced from him to give the necessary directions, Nelson was near the hatchway, in the act of turning with his face towards the stern, when a musket-ball struck the admiral on the left shoulder, and entering the epaulet, passed through his spine, and lodged in the muscles of his back towards the right side. He instantly fell with his face on the deck, in the very place that was covered with the blood of his secretary, Mr. Scott. Captain Hardy on turning round, saw to his horror the sergeant of marines Secker, with two marines raising Nelson from the deck.

"Hardy," said his lordship, "I believe they have done it at last; my backbone is shot through."

Some of the crew bore the admiral down to the cockpit, several wounded officers and about forty men being carried below at the same time, amongst whom were Lieutenant Rann and Mr. Whipple, captain's clerk, both whom died soon afterwards. Whilst the seamen were conveying Lord Nelson down the ladder from the middle deck, he observed, careless of his own sufferings, that the tiller-ropes had not been re-placed, and desired one of his midshipmen to remind Captain Hardy of it, and to request that new ones should be immediately rove. He then covered his face and stars with his handkerchief that he might be less observed by his men. Surgeon (afterwards Sir William) Beatty was then called, and very soon afterwards the Rev. Mr. Scott. His Lordship's clothes were taken off, that the direction of the ball might be better ascertained.

"You can be of no use to me, Beatty," said Lord Nelson; "go and attend to those whose lives can be preserved."

When the surgeon had executed his melancholy office, and found the wound to be mortal, he repressed the general feeling that prevailed. He had again been urged by the admiral to go and attend to his other duties, and he reluctantly obeyed, but continued to return at intervals. As the blood flowed internally from the wound, the lower cavity of the chest gradually filled; Lord Nelson, therefore, constantly desired Burke to raise him, and complained of an excessive thirst. In In this state of sufferiug he anxiously inquired for Capt. Hardy to know whether the annihilation of the enemy might be depended on; but it was upwards of an hour before that officer could, at so critical a moment, leave the deck; and Lord Nelson became apprehensive that his bravo associate was dead. The crew of the Victory were now heard to cheer, and he anxiously demanded the cause, when Lieutenant Pasco who lay wounded near him, said that one of the opponents had struck. A gleam of joy at each shout lighted up the countenance of Nelson, and as the crew repeated their cheers and marked the progress of his victory and more captures, his satisfaction visibly increased.

At half-past two the Santa Anna struck to Collingwood. The Bellerophon had also done well. At half-past twelve she had broke through the enemy's line, astern of the Spanish two-decker Monaca. She engaged her at the muzzles of her guns, blew up her hanging magazine, and captured her. She then ran on board of L'Aigle, a vessel crowded with troops. The tremendous fire soon left only fifteen of our men alive on the quarter-deck; but the fire from our lower-deck drove the French from their guns; and L'Aigle soon afterwards struck to the Defiance. The lower-deck men had chalked on their guns, as their motto, the words, "Victory or death." The Bellerophon was three times set on fire, and three times the fire was put out quietly, and without excitement.

The Spaniards had fought well, but they, too, now gave way. The Argonauta and Bahama had each lost four thoudred men, the St. Juan Nepomuceno three hundred and fifty. The men of the Santissima, unable to endure our fire, leaped overboard, and were helped into the Victory. The crews of five of the French ships, fought by us muzzle to muzzle, had shut their lower-deck ports, and deserted their guns.

In the mean time, Nelson lay in agony and in great anxiety about the action. He kept saying:

"Will no one bring Hardy to me? He must be killed; I am certain that he is dead."

Mr. Bulkly, the captain's aide-de-camp, then came below, and, in a low voice communicated to the surgeon the particular circumstances respecting the fleet which had detained Captain Hardy, but promised that he would take the first moment offered to leave the deck. The excessive heat of the cockpit from the number of the dead and wounded, increased the faintness of the dying admiral, and his sight now became dim.

"Who brought the message?" he said, feebly.

"Bulkty, my lord," replied Burke,

"It is his voice," said Nelson. "Remember me, Bulkly, to your father,"

Captain Hardy came down from the deck in about fifty minutes, and anxiously strove to conceal his feelings. The friends shook hands in silence. Nelson spoke first.

"Well, Hardy, how goes the day with us?"

"Very well. Ten ships, my lord have struck,"

"But none of ours, I hope?"

"There is no fear of that my lord. Five of their van have tacked, and show an intention of bearing down upon us; but I have called some of our fresh ships round the Victory, and have no doubt of giving them a drubbing."

Having said this, he found himself unable any longer to suppress his tears, and he hurried away.

The firing continued, and the cheering of the men was occasionally heard amidst its repeated peals. With a wish to support his spirits, that were in some degree shaken by having seen the friend he so sincerely regarded, and from the increased pain, the agonies of excessive thirst and the great difficulty of respiration, Burke said:

"I still hope, my lord, you will carry this glorious news home."

"Don't talk nouscnse," replied the admiral. "One would, indeed, like to live a little longer; but I know it to be impossible. God's will be done. I have performed my duty, and I devoutly thank him for it. A wounded seaman was lying near him on a pallet, waiting for amputation, and, in the bustle that prevailed, was hurt by some person passing by. Nelson, weak as he was, indignantly turned his head, and, with his usual authority, rebuked the man for not having more humanity. Some time afterwards, he was again visited by the surgeon.

"You know I am gone—I feel it. I find," said he "something rising in my breast, which tells me" (putting his hand on his left side) "I shall soon be gone. God be praised that I have done my duty. My pain is so severe that I devoutly wish to be released. Yet," said he, in a lower voice, "one would like to live a little longer, to!"

A spirited, fierce, rapid fire had been kept up from the Victory's starboard guns on the Redoutable for about fifteen minutes after Lord Nelson was wounded; in which time Captain Adair and about eighteen seamen and marines were killed, and Lieutenant Bligh, Mr. Palmer, midshipman, and twenty seamen and marines were wounded, by the enemy's musketry alone. The Redoubtable had been twice on fire in her fore-chains and on the forecastle, and by throwing some combustables, had set fire to the Victory's boom; the alarm was given, and it reached the cockpit; yet neither hurry nor trepidation appeared, and the crew having put out the flames, immediately turned their attention to the Redoubtable, and rendered her all the assistance in her power. On the colors of that ship being struck—twenty minutes after Nelson fell—and there being no possibility of boarding her from the state of ruin of both ships, the great space between the two gangways, and the closing of the enemy's ports, some seamen immediately volunteered their services to Lieutenant Quillam to jump overboard, and by swimming under the bows of the Redoubtable, to endeavor to secure the prize. But Captain Hardy thought the lives of such men too valuable to be risked by so desperate an attempt. When the firing from the Victory had in some measure ceased, and the glorious results of the day accomplished, Captain Hardy immediately visited the dying chief, and reported that fourteen or fifteen vessels had already struck.

"That's well!" cried Nelson, exultingly; but I bargained for *twenty*." Then, in a louder and stronger voice, he said, "God be praised, Hardy; bring the fleet to an anchor."

Captain Hardy hinted at the command devolving on Admiral Collingwood. Nelson replied, somewhat indignantly: "Not whilst I live, I hope, Hardy!" vainly endeavoring at the moment to raise himself on his pallet. "Do you," said he, "bring the fleet to anchor."

Captain Hardy was returning to the deck, when the admiral called him back, and begged him to come nearer. Lord Nelson, then delivered his last injunctions, which were, that his hair might be cut off and given to Lady Hamilton, and that his body might not be thrown overboard, but be carried home to be buried, unless his sovereign should otherwise desire, by the house of his father and mother.

"Take care of my dear Lady Hamilton, Hardy; take care of poor Lady Hamilton."

He then took Captain Hardy by the hand, and observing that he would most probably not see him again alive, the dying hero desired his bosom associate to kiss him. He did so on the cheek. He stood for a few minutes in silent agony, then, kneeling down, he kissed his dying friend's forehead.

"Who is that?" said the hero.

"It is Hardy, my lord."

"God bless you, Hardy!" replied Nelson, feebly.

Hardy then left him forever. Nelson afterwards said:

"I wish he had not left the deck; I shall soon be gone."

Death was rapidly approaching. He said to the chaplain, "Doctor, I have been a great sinner." And, after a pause, "Remember that I leave Lady Hamilton and my daughter Horatia as a legacy to my country."

His voice then gradually became inarticulate, with an evident increase of pain; when, after a feeble struggle, these last words were distinctly heard:

"I have done my duty; I praise God for it."

Having said this, the hero turned towards Burke, on whose arm he had been supported, and expired without a groan at thirty minutes after four, three hours and a quarter after he had been struck. Within a quarter of an hour of going below there were only two Frenchmen left alive on the mizzen-top of the Redoutable. One of them was the Tyrolese who killed Nelson. An old quartermaster recognized his hat and white frock.

This quartermaster and two midshipmen, Mr. Collingwood and Mr. Pollard, were the only persons left in the Victory's poop;—the two midshipmen kept firing at the top and he supplied them with cartridges. One of the Frenchmen, attempting to make his escape down the rigging, was shot by Mr. Pollard, and fell on the poop. But the old quartermaster, as he cried out," That's he—that's he," and pointed at the other, who was coming forward to fire again, received a shot in his mouth, and fell dead. Both the midshipmen then fired at the same time, and the fellow dropped in the top. When they took possession of the prize, they went into the mizzen-top, and found him dead; with one ball through his head, and another through his breast.

The last guns fired on the cowed and flying enemy were heard a minute or two before Nelson's great heart ceased to beat. They were his triumphant knell. Rear-Admiral Dumanoir, with four of the van, fired, as they passed, into the Victory, the Royal Sovereign, and the captured Spanish vessels, to the indignation of their vanquished allies. But the fugitives were unlucky, for Sir Richard Strachan bagged them all soon after.

Our loss in this great and crowning battle was one thousand five hundred and eighty seven men. Twenty of the enemy's ships struck, but only four were saved. A strong gale coming on that night from the southwest, Collingwood found it impossible to anchor. The Spanish vice-admiral, Aliva, died of his wounds. Villeneuve was sent back to Franco, and dreading a court-martial, destroyed himself on the road to Paris.

At home the greatness of the victory seemed to be forgotten in the greatness of the nations sorrow. England now felt what a hero she had bred. Not the poorest man in the country but felt the loss as if his father had died. The national gratitude surged over. Nelson's brother was made an earl, with a grant of six thousand pounds a year; ten thousand pounds were voted to each of his sisters; and one hundred thousand pounds granted for the purchase of an estate. A public funeral was decreed, and a public monument in St. Paul's. The leaden coffin, in which he was brought home, was cut into relics. As he was lowered into the vault of St. Paul's Cathedral, the sailors, as if by agreement, tore the flag that covered his coffin into strips, to keep till their dying day, and then leave their children as heirlooms and incitements to glory.

Nor was brave Collingwood forgotten. He was made baron, and had a pension of two thousand pounds for his life, with an annuity after his death of one thousand pounds to his wife, and five hundred pounds to his two daughters. Two days after the battle of Austerlitz the dead body of Nelson arrived off Portsmouth. Austerlitz was a great blow, but did not make up for Trafalgar. The body of Nelson lay in state at Greenwich on January 5, on the 8th it was taken to the Admiralty, and on the 9th was interred in St. Paul's, the Prince of Wales being present, and ten thousand soldiers of the line. Thirty-four years before, a thin sickly boy, the son of a Norfolk clergyman, had joined his uncle's ship the Raisonnable, of sixty-four guns; this same boy afterwards the bulwark of England, was now laid in his sumptuous grave, and upon his grave fell the tears of a great and grateful and sorrow-stricken nation. Our hearts of oak may turn to iron, our rough sailors to dexterous engineers, but will the memory of Nelson ever be forgotten while the blue sea girdles the chalk ramparts of Old England?

NOTICE.

The publication of "The Californian" takes place on Saturday mornings, and copies may be obtained in the City at all News stands, and of our News-agents through the country. It will also be served by carriers on the morning of publication.

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J. P. BOGARDUS, J. F. BOWMAN. } *Editors and Proprietors.*

THE CALIFORNIAN.

SAN FRANCISCO,.....SATURDAY, OCTOBER 26, 1867.

A NARROW CRITICISM.

A CERTAIN catholicity of taste, by which its possessor is enabled to appreciate excellencies and beauties of the most diverse character, is an indispensable qualification of the true critic. But unfortunately it is as rare as it is valuable. The enthusiastic admirer of Dickens seldom appreciates as they deserve, the peculiar merits of Thackeray; and the alleged cynicism of the one is not more offensive to the partizans of the other, than the exaggerated sentimentalism of the former is to those of the latter. Cordially to admire that which is peculiar and characteristic in each, requires a broad range of taste and sympathy, and a capacity for regarding human character and the aspects of social life from different stand-points that is not often possessed by those who assume to discharge the functions of the critic. It is edifying to note how invariably the narrowness that sets up one particular kind of literary excellence as a standard, and refuses to recognize any other, deals in illegitimate and unintelligent comparisons. The critic of this school, having sworn allegiance to some particular novelist, or poet, judges of all others according to their approximation to this chosen model. Thus, Longfellow is sneered at as a "shallow and melodious versifier," because he does not deal in metaphysical subtleties like Browning; while the author of "Paracelsus" is pronounced a dealer in obscure enigmas, and no poet, because the idiosyncrasies of his genius are continually luring him with an irresistible attraction toward the dim twilight region of unsolved and perhaps, so far as the intellect is concerned, insoluble philosophical and psychological mysteries. As there is some element of truth in every religious system that has ever exercised any large influence upon the destinies of mankind, there is always sure to be something admirable in every work of art or literature that has won wide appreciation; and where intelligent critics fail to discover this germ of excellence, the failure is due to their own narrowness and want of catholicity. A criticism, or as the writer modestly terms it, a "notice" of the poems of Charles Warren Stoddard, that has recently appeared in the Virginia *Territorial Enterprise*, has suggested the foregoing remarks. In the article referred to, Mr. Stoddard is declared with a certain majesterial air, to be a mere "trifler in the realm of song." "He sings," says the critic of the *Enterprise*, with a pleasant assumption of preternatural insight that might become an oracle or a spiritualistic medium, "from a desire to have his voice heard, and not from a necessity of unburdening his heart of an oppressive weight of passion, nor from an irresistible impulse to give utterance to the earnest convictions of his soul."

This is very smooth and pretty, besides being deliciously vague. But it smacks somewhat too strongly of a style of criticism which belongs to a past generation, and which has now, fortunately, gone out of fashion. It is not a violent assumption, to say that most poets who "sing" to the public through the prosaic and business-like medium of a publisher, desire to have their voices heard; and if all those who cannot plead the necessity of unburdening their hearts of an oppressive weight of passion," or an "irresistible impulse to give utterance to the earnest convictions of their souls," in justification of their attempts to woo the poetic muse, are to be summarily dismissed as "triflers in the realm of song," there are innumerable bards who have long maintained an honorable place among the bright particular stars" of the firmament of literature, whose claims will have to be reconsidered. We do not ourselves clearly see how Horace, or Terence, or Aristophanes, or Anacreon, or Tasso, or Chaucer, or Spenser or Goethe, or Dryden, or Pope, or Campbell, or Tennyson, could honestly interpose such a plea in bar of the indictment of the Sage Brush critic. None of these sane and healthy-minded poets would, we think, confess to any "necessity of unburdening their hearts of an oppressive weight of passion" or to any irresistible longing to give utterance to the earnest convictions of their souls." None of them were enthusiasts or lunatics or system-mongers. They were men of sense, of wholesome sympathy with life and nature, who were too strong and too exempt from all passion or febrile emotion to be infected by the taint of morbidness, which is too often the inspiration of poets of a single song. In his most gracious mood, the Nevada critic concedes some slight modicum of the "afflatus" to our poet. He says that "as musical trifles, dainty conceits, exquisite similes, graceful expressions, and much else that pleases yet virtually amounts to nothing, some of the poems are perfect, and there are none but possess a a respectable degree of merit." Again the oracle says, "In speaking of Mr. Stoddard's poems as destitute of earnestness and vigor, of lofty sentiment and heroic aim, the worst has been said of them."

The "nearest approach to a poem, in Mr. Stoddard's volume is declared by the Sage Brush critic to be "The Awakening and then, the weakest piece in the volume, entitled "Desire," is quoted as "a fair specimen of Mr. Stoddard's powers of versification." We have heretofore recorded our own judgment upon Mr. Stoddard's poems, and we are quite satisfied to leave the issue between the Nevada critic and ourselves, to the arbitrament of the critical authorities whose verdict on questions of this character is regarded by the literary world as authoritive and final.

CALIFORNIAN IMPROVIDENCE.

NOWHERE in the civilized world probably is the proportion of improvident people, who, while in the receipt of large, or of moderate incomes, nevertheless accumulate nothing, so large as in California. Of the old Californians who are wealthy, there are very few who have become so by any gradual process. Instances where suddenly acquired fortunes have been steadily improved are not wanting, but cases, so common in other countries, of competence slowly gained by wise frugality, and patient thrift, are exceedingly rare. In every part of the State are to be found men who have made and wasted fortunes, and who are now old or growing old, without any provision for age or sickness. "Of this "sorrowful multitude," as they have been aptly designated, some are decrepid, and many almost friendless. "Hundreds," says the Woodland *News*, "who, in the vigor of manhood and hope, came and smote the under-rock in vain, and sank to helplessness under disease, despair, or the dread destroyer—drink. We meet them everywhere—in the metropolis, the inland town, and in the lonesome defiles of the mountain—white-haired, shriveled, tottering and consuming under the mildew of premature age. Lost to home and friends, too feeble to work, unable to reach their kindred, where can they go but to the hospitable grave? Poorer than the foxes, more homeless than the birds of the air, who will care for them? who will assist them, with a friendly hand, down to the shadowy valley where the waves of eternity sound from the unseen shore?"

But in the great majority of cases, the forlorn condition of the "sorrowful multitude," is not to be traced to ill-fortune. It is not because they have been dogged by poverty, and that they "smote the under rock in vain," but because it has never entered into their calculations to acquire an independence by gradual accumulations. Small gains which in the aggregate would have constituted a fortune, were squandered as too inconsiderable to be cared for; and no other mode of becoming rich or independent was dreamed of, except by some sudden stroke of "luck," or some successful speculation. The "sorrowful multitude" are the natural result of the condition of things that prevailed in California in "the early days," a condition of things which like the class itself is rapidly passing away. There are numerous indications that the rising generation of Californians will be as remarkable for steady and patient energy, in business, as the present is for brilliant schemes and daring enterprise, and that the improvidence and recklessness that characterized the first period of the State, will disappear with the social conditions by which they were naturally engendered.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

WORKS of Charles Dickens. Globe Edition. Illustated from Desions by Darley and Gilbert. Hard Times and Tale of Two Cities. Four Volumes in One. New York: Published by Hurd and Houghton, 459 Broome street. San Francisco: A. Roman & Co., 1867.

The Confessions of Gerald Estcourt. By Florence Marryat, (Mrs. Ross Church,) Author of "Love's Conflict," "Woman against Woman," Too Good For Him," "For Ever and Ever," etc. Loring, Publisher, 319 Washington street, Boston. A. Roman & Co., San Francisco, 1867.

Leah's Confessions. An Autobiography. A. Roman & Co., Booksellers, Publishers and Importers: 417 and 419 Montgomery street, San Francisco; 17 Mercer street, New York, 1867.

Carrie Carlton's Popular Letter Writer: A Valuable Assistant to Those Engaged in Epistolary Correspondence, and Peculiarly Adapted to the Requirements of California, Containing a Treatise on the Art of Letter-Writing; A Valuable Collection of Letters Illustrative of the Hints Therein Contained, and Adapted to Nearly Every Relation in Life. And a Few Hints on Social Politeness, Not Always Found in Works of This Kind. San Francisco: A Roman & Co.; 17 Mercer street, New York, 1867.

Divorce.—The County Clerk publishes a statement of the number of divorce cases in the different District Courts of this city, from which it appears that there were 203 actions and ninety decrees of divore during the last year.

[For the Californian.]

CAPRIFOLIUM.

THE evening star signaled the night,
Day drew his golden sandals off;
A slender ray of crescent light
Shot from the East, in covert scoff.

I paused upon the porch, and gazed
In orbs that Sleep would soon eclipse;
The honeysuckles grew amazed,
Or else I touched her finger-tips.

"'Tis time to part," the clock-bell rung,
"'Tis time to part," my lips replied;
Her hands upon my shoulders hung,
She faltering blushed, "denied."

Her odorous mouth was very near,
The ardent Summer gave me leave·
My own forgot itself, I fear—
I felt her 'wildering bosom heave.

The honeysuckle's teadrils caught,
And round us close their clingers cast;
Within her eyes I read this thought:
"What tender things have made us fast!"

The evening star fled down the night:
The jealous Moon stared from the hill,
And heard this murmur of delight:
"Sweet honeysuckles, have your will!"

A transport fragrance worldward blew,
And nothing had hut this to tell:
hear the bridal vows of two,
And go to ring the marriage bell."

The bell is rung, the ring is wrought;
The honeysuckle's slender vine
Indents the circle that has brought
Us unison and bliss divine.

"Dear self," I said, "while love is true,
The Honeysuckle we will praise;
And round our doorway it shall strew
Betrothal scents always."

She spoke no word, but in her eyes
I read the answer I would hear,
And, constant as the Summer skies,
The flower we prize embalms the year.

W. A. Kendall.

City Gardens.—These gardens look beautiful at present. The many attractions here induce crowds to visit it during leisure hours. The chalybeate spring is of course a sure cure for rheumatism, consumption, and many other diseases, but the water is not pleasant, and in fact many of the visitors declare that they prefer whisky to this wholesome and life-giving beverage. The croquet ground induces many ladies and children to indulge in this game which is now all the rage. The lions, bears, monkeys, and other animals are in a fine condition, and the young giant bear in the vicinity of the bowling alleys is the admired of all beholders.

Farewell Benefit to Signor and Signora Bianchi.—The farewell benefit to these favorite artistes, whose presence in San Francisco has done so much towards establishing Italian Opera as one of the institutions of the city, took place last evening at the Metropolitan Theatre. We were glad to observe that at the time of our going to press the box sheet was nearly filled up, and there was every promise that our pioneer *prima donna soprano* and *prima tenore* would receive such testimonial from the public of San Francisco as their untiring efforts have justly entitled them to.

Answer to the Puzzle in our Last:—

IF UCAN
If you see Anne before
UCME SEND MRAN
You see me, send Anne after Emma
AND MECUM.
And come after me.

Those Poor Dogs.—About a year ago, the "Lion's Mouth" man of the Californian, in spite of our protestations, commenced a series of attacks on the law which authorized the slaughter of all unmuzzled dogs in the city. We knew that small children had been bitten by big dogs, (the "Lion's Mouth" man declared this happened only in cases where bad little boys and girls teased good dogs,) and declared that the public at large would never be persuaded that dogs ought not to be compelled to wear muzzles. The "Lion's Month" man, with his usual obstinacy, declared his intention of converting all the papers of San Francisco to his views, namely, that the existing dog law was brutal and unjustifiable. We thought differently, but we must confess that the *Alta*, *Bulletin*, *Morning Call* and *Dramatic Chronicle* have come round to the aforesaid L. M.'s way of thinking, and that unless the poor dogs are left alone, a revolution is imminent.

Mrs. Lincoln's Shawls.—The indignation at Mrs. Lincoln's selling a portion of her wardrobe has probably been stimulated by the exposure of the fact that she possessed five camel's hair shawls (! ! ! the notes of admiration are suggested by a lady) while the wife of many of the chief men of Utica, Rome, Weathersfield, (Conn.,) and other equally important towns has not one to her back.

[For the Californian.]

A HURRIED TRIP TO VISALIA AND BACK.

MR. EDITOR.—Have yon ever been to Visalia? perhaps not:—I have asked a goodly number of people the same question, and the greater portion answer in the negative. A few days ago it was necessary that your humble servant should go down there, and one fine morning saw me on the San Jose early train, *en route* to catch the stage. I give you the resnlts of a few notes jotted down on the journey. Arriving at the depot, three well appointed coaches are waiting for the cars, and if you want a hox seat, it is necessary to make a rush for it. However, in my case, the urbane and lively agent, W. Roberts, gave me the desired position without delay, and in a few minutes we were howling merrily along, merely calling at Wells & Fargo's for the express box. The lines are handled by a driver most appropriately styled "Long John," on this ronte as far as the foot of the monntain. The road as far as Gilroy was in a most ahominable condition, literally knee-deep in a delicions fine dust, which on this occasion most pertinaciously hung around us, being kept in motion hy a cheerful little hreeze from behind. I never traveled in so wretched a dust before, and in many places it was ntterly impossible to see the leaders. The coaches, which, owing to an opposition, ran as far as Gilroy for a most reasonable fare, is generally full to this statiou. Onr coach changed horses at the fourteen mile house, where hy no means a good dinner, was provided. This, I helieve, was an exception to the general rule, as this house bears a good name for meals. Reaching Gilroy we change horses again, and then turning off sharp to the left, leave the villainous dust behind us, and go through a most delightful country for twenty miles to the new station, Bell's, at the foot of the monntain. This road takes ns over Dunn's hill, and ronnd Soap Lake, at this time of the year very low and dry; but in winter a regular bughear to the stage drivers. Numerous places and scenes of past scrapes and dangers are pointed out hy the driver, and the idea involuntarily crosses a stranger's mind why the creeks are not hridged and made good. Sosp Lake is full of wild fowl, they appeared very tame and looked as if they were not mnch disturhed. Along here the conntry is mostly fenced and nnder cultivation, and large improvements are being carried on in a rapid and snhstantial manner. Crossing several creeks, (sll dry,) we reached Bell's just after dnsk had set in, distnrhing a small herd of deer which were browsing on the track within a mile of the honse. At this hotel we had supper and prepared for the ascent of the mountain. By this time most of the passengers had left the stage, and we were redneed to seven, who were going "right throngh." Across the mountain a road has heen made which is now leased hy Mr. Thoms, the spirited stago proprietor.

Now let me give any intending traveler a hint, that is: not to go beyond Bell's without laying in a moderate stock of whisky. It gets very cold crossing the hill and not a house do you see where you can get a nip this side of of Firehaugh's, distant some eleven hours' good traveling. At Bell's we changed drivers, and after a very short delay, went on nnder the guidance of "Mike," who has the most difficult part of the road to drive, as three times a week he crosses this hill both ways. The hill is twelve miles over, and of course the ascent is slow. It so happened that the night was dark hnt fine, and as there was scarcely any moon it was impossihle to notice the beauties of the scenery. A good deal of the road rnns throngh a ravine, and the grades in and out might very readily have been huilt somewhat wider with very little more expense, and a great increase of safety and comfort. After warming onr poor feet with an occasional walk, passing throngh clonds of quail, which rise at every step, we reach the top, and the descent is comparatively easy, and on striking the hottom the route lies along a vast plain right into Visalia. About seven miles from the foot of the hill we came to the San Louis Rancho, close to which is the private station of the line. By this hour the weather had become very chilly, and the cold continned to increase nntil daylight.

By this time the inside passengers were attempting to sleep, an operation almost impossible from the rongh nature of the road. From San Louis the team runs twenty-eight miles, and at Cottonwood Creek we met the returning stage. The drivers exchanged boxes, returning to their respective ends. A few minutes conversation is carried on hy the meeting passengers. However, off we go again, and do not pnll up till we reach another private station, the "Lone Willow." Sam Merrill, the driver, does not take long in making his change, and away we go again to Firebangh's, fourteen miles. The journey throughont the night is dull and monotonons, the dead level road and the absence of anything to see except the line of telegraph posts, on the top of three or four of which snllenly and sleepily sits a solitary eagle, do not render this portion of the trip lively, and from not hearing any of the "insides" talking, you natnrally conclude that their conversational powers are ended and that they are all gone asleep. Just at five the daylight began to show itself simnltaneously with a light shining from the Ferry House windows, and right glad did everyone feel when the coach stopped and we were warned to "change coaches here and get breakfast," for which a cold ride of eleven hours had made every one prepared. A rinse in a large hucket, and a warm hy a good fire, together with a cocktail, make yon feel a better opinion of the world, and you go cheerfully to a good breakfast provided by Chinese servants, who at this early honr look more sleepy than usual.

At 5:30 we all responded to the "All aboard." The morning was grand, and the scenery around here is very pretty. The river ahounding with fine fish runs close to the house, and we soon saw plenty of game in the way of wild fowl, hares, rahhits and a few groups of antelope. The coach into which we exchanged was piloted by "Old Jeff."—an old soldier and a very general traveler in this country. He is a capital fellow, and his experiences, as he relates them, fairly break all the monotony and tediousness of the road. Some of the yarns are startling to say the least of them. Jeff. drives right into Visalia, a work of ahout fourteen hours every day. In course of time, the stage reaches Fresno City. The only trouhle is to find the city, which consists of a store, a small hridge and a barn. In the Winter, small steamers ply this distance from Stockton, hut are of course unable to run dnring the dry weather. Still plains, for twenty-eight miles, when we change horses at a private station, erected on Hawthorne Rancho, and then again for seventeen miles, when we dine most comfortably off quail and other game at the house of a bachelor. A short delay is Jeff.'s motto, and away we grind again over a horrihly rongh road for another seventeen miles to Kingston, the ferry of King River. Like Firebaugh's, this little place, and a nice little place it is, is furnished with a telegraph station, a matter of great convenience on the road. King's River is crossed hy a ferry, which, on hoth occasions when I saw it, worked very badly, owing to the scarcity of water. The next station is distant thirteen miles, sitnsted at Cross Creeks, a remarkably nasty place in Winter; and from there it is twelve miles to Visalia, which town we reach about 6:30 P. M.. The latter portion of the route shows a few more houses: hut the plains are covered with cattle, which looked, considering all things, in splendid condition. The Tulare district I should put down as purely a stock country, and as snch it mnst be of great value. The road passes in view of some of the ranches helonging to the most wealthy ranch-holders in the State.

Arriving in Visalia, we were put down at the Exchange Hotel, at the corner of Main street. This house is kept by Captain Gordon, who, together with his accomplished lady, do all in their power to make visitors comfortahle. I happened to reach Visalia on Saturday, the last day of the Tulare race meeting, and the town was very full and pretty noisy. Visalia, I should say, is a good place for whisky, and gamhling is, I helieve, considerahly carried on. The popnlation of the town, is about 280. The town is very neat and tidy, hoasts some good gardens, where splendid fruit in any quantities is grown; hnt agricultural pursuits are not very much followed up.

The races had evidently caused a good deal of excitement, and a good many matches were on the tapis on Saturday night.

Sunday morning broke very dull, and at nine the rain came down heavily, lasting all day. Now, a Sunday in a country town is not a very lively day under any circumstances; but a wet Sunday, in a strange country town, is worse still, and so I found it—and had it not heen for the agreeable party assembled at Gordon's, it would have been simply miserahle. Business over, I left on my return on the following Monday morning—hut oh! what a chsnge in the road. The rain had heen very general, and great was the difference in the traveling comfort. The soil, hlack and sticky, (particularly near Fresno,) made the work on the horses very hard indeed, and it is easy to judge how bad must be the whole route in the rainy season. But the drivers went at it, and we got along in time to catch the cars at San Jose on Tuesday afternoon as usual, and with the advantage of having no dust in the neighborhood of Gilroy.

The trip is a most pleasant one, and I strongly recommend any one who wants to see a fine stock conntry to go through to Tulare. The coaches are comfortable, and Mr. Thoms, the pioneer of the route, deserves infinite credit for the way in which he has stocked the line. It wonld he a hard matter to go anywhere and find better stock. The horses are good and in fine condition, which they need to be for this winter campaign. In short the whole road is well appointed. and the civility and attention of the drivers, one and all, make the hox seat an enviable place to be obtained.

WAHOO.

DRAMATIC AFFAIRS.

DAN BRYANT is still the reigning star at Magnire's Opera House. This week was signalized by the prodnction on Monday evening of *Arrah-na-Pogue*. The cast was a good one, and the new scenery hy Mr. Burberry was extremely fine. Dan Bryant did not invest the part of "Shann the Post" with the pathos which characterized it in the hands of Charles Wheatleigh. Mrs. Sophie Edwin reassumed the part of "Arrah Meelish," and displayed mnch pathetic power in its rendition. H. Edwards in the character of "Colonel Bagenal O'Grady," wss qnite at home and acted capitally, D. C. Anderson's "Major Coffin" was of course, nnexceptionahly good. H. Coad grappled the character of "Michael Feeny" manfully and gained much applause, Miss Sallie Hinckley's "Fanny Power" was a capital piece of acting; she played the reckless, passionate, good-hearted Irish girl to the life. Willie Edouin caused mnch fun as "Winterbottom," and in fact all the characters were well played. This afternoon an *Arrah-na-Pogue* matinee will he given, and this popnlar play will he performed nntil fnrther notice. The new play of the *Caste*, which has proved so snccessful in the East is in active preparation, and will shortly he produced in a style of perfectness which should ensure success.

On Thursday night Henri Herberte the favorite tenor received a complimentary henefit at Platt's Hall, tendered him prior to his departure for New York and Europe. A highly popular programme was prepared and a splendid house was present. In the first part, Henri Herherte sang a Scotch hallad entitled "My Mary O!" words by James Linen, music hy F. A. Howson. Californians are rather slow to acknowledge merit in the works of onr home composers hut I think all must acknowledge that this little hallad is full of melody and reflects credit on its composer, It was enthusiastically encored. Messrs. Leslie and Raynor convulsed the sndience by their performances; that entitled "Cosmopolitan" is especially good. The first part of the performance concinded with "The Image of the Rose," hy "The Twelve," of which Henri Herberte is a memher. Mr. Wunderlich who was in msgnificent voice, sang "I am a Frair of Orders Grey," with fine effect, and on heing encored gave "the Standard Bearer." Mr. Birch, whose late polygraphic entertainments at Dashaway Hall were so popular, made a little comic address, sang "The Twins," and in response to a loud encore, re-appeared in character and made everyone laugh heartily by the comic manner in which he recounted in verse, the trouhles of an an aged grocery-store keeper who could only see his sweetheart once a week, Mrs. Leach and Herberte sang the duet "When this Bosom heaves a Sigh" very finely. A pretty little madrigal with quite the old-time flavor about it, entitled, "Three June Roses," was composed for this occasion hy Frank A. Howson, and sung hy Misses E. and C. Howson, H. Herberte and F. Howson. Harry Raynor gave his inimitahle performance on the Japanese fiddle, and was called out four times. Henri Herberte sang "The Last Good Night, and in response to an encore "The Anchor's Weighed," and the performance concluded with "The Waltze" snng hy the "The Twelve." Professor Evans presided at the piano most ably, and in the first part played a solo entitled "Silver Spring." Every one worked hard to please one of the most easily-pleased audiences ever assembled in Platt's Hall, and most thoroughly did they succeed. Everything was encored, every one received a warm welcome, and the smiling faces of the members of the audience showed that they were determined to enjoy themslves. An apology was made for the non-attendance of the Motet and Madrigal Society. But the gap caused hy their absence, was well filled up hy constant encores. Henri Herberte may well be proud of the compliment paid him, there are few artistes in San Francisco who wonld have been honored by such a house. All will he glad to hear that Henri Herberte's departnre will not be immediate as he has accepted an engagement at Messrs. Leslie, Raynor & Smith's "New Temple of Music" which was opened last night.

At the Metropolitan Theatre *Azael the Prodigal*, has run good houses throughout the week and delighted all who have witnessed its grand processions, fantastic dances, gorgeons scenery and strange stage effects. The mnsic of this play is very fine and is well executed by the strong force of musical artistes engaged. Other startling novelties are in active preparation and no pains or money will be spared in placing them on the stage.

Messrs. Leslie, Raynor & Smith opened their heantiful New Temple of Music last night. Long before the rising of the curtain every seat was occupied, and a placard announcing to the ontside pnblic, discouraging words, "House Fnll" on it, was affixed to the door, and scores were unable to ohtain admittance to the door. The arrangements at this establishment are qnite first-clsss. Gentlemanly ushers in full dress, white neckties, and kids inclnded, show visitor sto their seats and hand the ladies fans, programmes, and glasses of ice-water. The programme, printed by Towne & Bacon, is extremely neat. It consists of four pages of note paper on which are printed the list of the performances for the evening and the words of the songs, without a single advertisement to deface them. The performance last night was admirahle and the audience enthnsisstic in its applanse. I have not time now to enumerate the many attractive performances which made up the programme; suffice it to say, that the opening of the New Temple of Mnsic proved a grand success, and all who were present were satisfied that this place of amnsement is destined to supply a want long felt in this city.

TOUCHSTONE.

TWO FRENCH DOG STORIES.

EVERY dog has his day, some dogs have two days; one, the short span of canine life, the more enduring existence of fame. M. Emile Richebourg has just collected a number of the latter into an amusing volume entitled Histoire des Chiens Celébres. Some publisher doubtless, give this, entire, to the public in an English dress; meanwhile we introduce our readers to two only of his celebrated dogs.

The first was a spaniel, and his name was Cabriole. His master, the Comte de Brevonne's chief, or man cook had brought him up from a puppy, paying particular attention to his fetching and carrying. Cabriole would catch a half-franc piece in the air, and take it to the person named to him, often residing at a considerable distance. When an errand had to be done, he took the basket in his mouth and went for tobacco, coffee, sugar, cheese, or any other article of daily use, which happened to be required in an emergency, Why send a dog and not a servant? For this good reason. The comte's château is five miles distant from Langre, the nearest market-town. A servant would take three hours to go there and back and make his purchases; the dog, when encouraged to exert himself did it in three quarters of an hour. The dog knew all the tradesmen; a card in the basket mentioned what was wanted; and one tradesman sent him on to the next.

One Friday, more unlucky than the rest of Fridays, four persons called at the château. They were asked to stop and dine; the invitation was accepted, and the cook was ordered to prepare a suitable meagre dinner. It was four in the afternoon, and the unfortunate chief had nothing, absolutely nothing, except kidney, beans and lentils. How could he compose a "suitable" dinner with that? His hair almost lifted his cap from his head. "If I had only a little fish!" he groaned, banging his saucepans about in despair. But I haven't so much as a red-herring. Here, Cabriole; you must help me out of this mess." Cabriole took the basket and his orders, and darted away from the château like an arrow. In twenty minutes he reached the town. The fishwoman to whom he presented himself, glanced at the card, and took six handsome eels out of the tub of water. That the cook might have no doubt of their freshness, she refrained from killing them. Merely tying them in a napkin, and putting them into the basket strong and alive. Cabriole thanked her with a thoughtless wag of his tail, and immediately set off on his way back home.

Poor innocent dog! He thought that his charge would be as easy to carry as a pound of coffee. For a while, the eels lay quiet enough; but having their doubts, perhaps, respecting the object of their journey, their heads were soon peeping out of the basket. Cabriole perceived it. Surprised, but not intimidated, he growled and snarled and shook the basket to make them keep still. The move succeeded, but before long, the eels again felt a wish to look about them. This time he set the basket down and drove them back into it with strokes of his paw. Once more they lay quiet for a for a minute or two, allowing him to proceed on his journey homewards. But eels are slippery. Not content with looking out, they crawled out, and were making their escape. Cabriole, in a rage, set the basket down, picked them up, one by one, and returned them to the basket. As fast as he did so, they crept out again; until losing all patience, he killed them each and several, by a sharp bite applied to the neck. He then put them into the basket, and set off for the château at railway speed.

But all this required time. The cook getting fidgety, had sent forward one of his assistants to see what was the cause of the delay; and to this witness we are indebted for the correct knowledge of what occurred. Cabriole was duly praised and petted; but from that day forth, he loathed the sight of fish. If the word "eel" was pronounced in his presence, he ran away and hid himself for two or three days.

Our second canine friend was a military dog. During the First French Empire, every regiment had its dog, whose intelligence, thanks to the soldiers' care, was improved by education and discipline. The Grand Army's dogs were picked up almost everywhere, except in England. They had been recruited in Poland, in Prussia, in Holland, in Saxony, and in Flanders. They were mongrel mastiffs, hounds, Danish dogs, spaniels. But no matter whence they came, they soon turned French. Foreign dogs were naturalized without knowing it.

Rugen is an island in the Baltic Sea, opposite to Stralund, on the coast of Pomerania. Fortified by nature and by art, its situation is exceedingly strong. In time of peace, in consequence of its fertile soil, its salubrious air and its mild climate, Rugen is a delightful retreat. In time of war, it is an important post, a natural citidal, a formidable fortress, whose possession has been purchased at the expense of many a bloody fight. During the campaign of 1807, this island was comprised in the sphere of operations by the corps commanded by Marshal Davoust, and was occupied by an infantry regiment of the line, and by several companies of sappers and miners. The regiment of course, had a dog—a black and white poodle—named Capucin—not because he was born in a Capuchins' convent in Italy (which would have been quite a sufficient reason,) but in allusion to the copper or iron rings by which a gun-barrel is fastened to its stock. The dog's short bark might perhaps have been thought to resemble the snappish report of a musket,

In consequence of a change of a plan of operations ordered by Napoleon the First, the island had to be suddenly evacuated, to carry out a movement in retreat abandoning the whole line of the Pomeranian coast. Every post, every man was withdrawn: but in such a hasty way that they forgot an advanced sentinel perched on the top of a hillock which commanded the entrance of the port of Rugen. This sentinel was a young soldier who had named Firmin Bonard, who had scarcely been three years in the service. At present, a soldier who has served three years is considered quite a veteran; at that time troopers who could reckon three, five, seven and even nine years of service, were still considered conscripts. Now, Bonard the soldier, and Capucin the dog happened to be particularly good friends, bound by the strongest ties of mutual attachment.

The corporal of the post had planted Firmin as sentinel on the hillock at exactly midnight. The latter therefore calculated on being relieved at two in the morning, and also that from two till five he would have three good hours to doze and slumber in the corps-de-garde. So Firmin Bonard beguiled the time by anticipating this extreme indulgence, also by the thoughts of his village steeple, of his aged curés, ancient housekeeper, of the haystack where he used to play at hide and-seek, and sundry other recollections. In this way the minutes slipped slowly by, and the two hours' guard were drawing to a close.

All at once he heard a slight noise. He listened. "It is the corporal coming to relieve guard?" he thought, and prepared to utter the formal "Qui vive?" But the sound, which resembled that of human footsteps, was soon followed by complete silence. "I couldn't be mistaken!" he said to himself. "Besides, my time must now be up." He listened again, still more attentively. Almost immediately, he heard the barking of a dog, who came running forward in his direction. On recognising Capucin's voice, the sentinel looked round him anxiously. Perceiving nothing which threatened an attack, he wondered what could be the meaning of this nocturnal visit. Before he had time to consider the matter, the animal had climbed the hill and was jumping up his legs. "It's you, Capucin. Very good. You got tired of waiting there; and I am tired of standing here. The air is keen, and I am terribly sleepy. You should have brought the corporal with you. His watch must have stopped. He ought to sell it for old iron and buy a new one."

Capucin's answer was a frenzied bark and a series of mad leaps around his friend.

"I understand," said Firmin, smiling. "You are asking me to dance to warm myself. It's a pity you are not provided with the password and a musket."

Capucin continued to bark, running right and left like a creature possessed. Finding all these manœuvres useless, he ran up to the soldier, pulled him by the coat, and tried hard to pull him away, renewing his efforts with such violence that he tore the soldier's uniform. Firmin, considering this proof of affection more troublesome than pleasant, lost his temper, and gave poor Capucin a kick. The dog, howling at finding himself so cruelly maltreated and misunderstood, retreated to a few paces' distance; but soon returned, heedless of his friend's unkind treatment All he did now, was to look forgiveness and lick the soldier's hands.

"Be quiet, will you? And take yourself off," said Firmin, harshly, as he threatened him with the butt of his gun, to drive him away. Capucin, finding he could do no good, unwillingly made up his mind to depart. He arrived just in time to go on board with the last detachment of the corps.

At four o'clock he began to lose patience. Discipline forbade his quitting the post; but hunger, which drives the wolf out of the wood, compelled him to forget the Codo Militaire. He left his station and went to the guard-house, muttering to himself; "If anybody deserves to be shot for this, it is not I, but the corporal, who doesn't know his business, and keeps a sentinel on guard six hours at a time."

In the guard-house, not a creature! The only supposition he could form, that the regiment had gone to occupy another part of the island. He shouldered his gun and stalked off across the country in search of the regiment. On the way, he fell in with a farmer ploughing a field. "Can you tell me," he asked him, "in what direction the French have marched?"

"They are gone away," was the startling reply. "They embarked at two this morning, stepping lightly and without uttering a word, in consequence of an order received from the Emperor."

"Gone away, leaving me behind! I shall be reported as a deserter! Confound that corporal; he has been my ruin. I now understand what poor Capucin meant. It is not the death I fear, so much as the disgrace."

"Don't take on in that way," said the farmer, in a consolitary tone of voice. "Shrieking never set a broken bone. Stay here, and make the best of a bad business. If the French come back again, I can prove that it was no fault of yours."

"My good man, you don't know the severity of our rules."

"They will not punish you for a crime you have not committed. Meanwhile, you cannot live on air. You probably were brought up in the country, and are accustomed to do country work?"

"Certainly. I can plough for instance."

"The very thing for me. I can offer you good board and lodging, with a small weekly payment into the bargain. It will be the best thing you can do, under the circumstances." The soldier heaved a heavy sigh, and slowly gazed all round the horizon, to see whether any of the ships were still visible. Beholding nothing, he said at last: "I thankfully except your offer."

"Good!" said the farmer, Peter Baxen. "Come and breakfast at once. We will go on with the ploughing afterward."

At Baxen's farm the soldier-ploughman had plenty of opportunities of proving his capacity. He found such favor in the farmer's eyes—and in other people's too—that Baxen determined to try and keep him for good and all.

"My worthy fellow," he said one day, "I look upon you almost as a son."

"If my poor old father," Firmin answered, "were not anxiously awaiting my return to France, I would willingly remain in Rugen."

"You can bring him back with you, the next time you go to France. But what I want to say to you now, concerns my daughter."

Firmin colored up to the eyes.

"Unless I am much mistaken, you and she are very good friends."

Firmin uttered a few unintelligible words.

"The neighbors even say you are in love with her."

"I assure you I never uttered a word which could lead her to suppose that——"

"I know it; and for that very reason I took upon myself to tell her that, if you had no objection, she might have you for a husband."

"And she said——?"

"Not a word; but threw her arms round my neck and kissed me for a quarter of an hour." A fortnight afterward, Firmin Bonard was married to the fair-haired Clarissa, Peter Baxen's only daughter.

Four years then elapsed, pretty equally divided between love and labor. His thoughts occasionally reverted to France, but he had almost forgotten his compulsory desertion. The past soon fades from our memory when the present is satisfactory and the future promising.

One morning, the look-out man in the town of Rugen signaled a fleet of ships in the offing. They were men-of-war, carrying the French flag. "The French are coming!" people shouted to each other. "They are going to land!"

Firmin Bonard heard it. "The French are coming!" rang in his ears like the boom of an alarm-gun. It told him that he was a lost man. Nevertheless, a thought struck him, which relieved his heart by a glimmer of hope.

He ran home, put on his uniform, seized his arms, and mounted guard on the very spot where, five years before, he had been unintentionally abandoned. Meanwhile, boats full of soldiers rowed towards the hillock. In the forepart of one of the boats was a black and white poodle. As it approached the beach, the creature barked with joy. In spite of his anxiety, Firmin's eyes filled with tears as he recognized his old friend Capucin. The dog, unable to master his impatience, jumped into the sea and swam to shore.

As soon as the boats had come within ear-shot, Firmin "made ready," and shouted, at the top of his voice, "Que vive?"

"Qui vive, yourself?" said the occupants of the first boat, which was filled with officers, composing Marshal Davoust's staff. "Who are you? And what are you doing here?"

"I am a sentinel, keeping guard."

"A pretty sentinel! How long have you been on guard?"

"Five years."

"It is time to come down, then," shouted the officers, laughing.

When Firmin descended from his hill, Capucin ran to meet him half way, barking with joy, and jumping into his arms.

"Poor Capucin! Have it all your own way this time. Do whatever you like. Dirty me, tear my clothes; I shan't send you away. I ought to have made a better return for your attempt to serve me."

Followed by the faithful dog, Firmin joined his former comrades. He gave a plain account of what had happened. By a lucky chance, the corporal, who had forgotten him, and who had since been promoted, belonged to Marshal Davoust's staff. He received his old comrade with open arms. Firmin, in return, invited his countrymen to the farm, where he entertained them with liberal hospitality. The adventure reached Marshal Davoust's ears. He laughed at Firmin's stratagem, and presented him with a discharge drawn up in due form. "I should not like the brave fellow," he said "to appear before a court-martial, after having kept guard so long."

Firmin continued a farmer. He had a large family, who at present fill the highest and most important offices in the island. They are commonly known as the Sentinel's Family. When the French finally left Rugen, Capucin remained. Like his master, he forgot his military tastes, and devoted himself exclusively to farming.

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MEDICAL.—"YOUNG MAN'S FRIEND AND PROTECTOR," an Association for beneficent objects, Young men should inform themselves in relation to it, and by applying to, the ACTUARY, Dr. Bourne, 10 Masonic Temple, Post street, they will be furnished with Prospectus.

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A large supply of fresh fish always on hand. Shipping, Restaurants, Hotels and Families supplied at short notice, and on the most reasonable terms.
N. B.—Fish sent to any part of the city free.

GEO. A. PARKER. SAM. B. WATTSON. DAVID CONKLING.

PARKER, WATTSON & CO.,

Importers and Jobbers of

Havana & Domestic Cigars, Tobacco,

ETC.....ETC.....ETC.,

Nos. 306 and 308 Clay street, one door above Front,
SAN FRANCISCO.

N. GRAY & CO.,
UNDERTAKERS,

641 SACRAMENTO STREET, CORNER OF WEBB

Sole agents for BARSTOW'S PATENT METALLIC BURIAL CASES and CASKETS.

Chickering & Sons' Pianos

RECEIVED THE

FIRST PREMIUM,

(Gold Medal,)

At the Paris Exposition.

FURTHERMORE, THE Improvements, Workmanship, and General Superiority of those instruments over all others on exhibition, was so marked an important, the Emperor created Mr. T. E. CHICKERING

KNIGHT OF THE LEGION OF HONOR.

KOHLER, CHASE & CO.,
421 Montgomery street.

F. C. BELDEN,

Of the well-known Family Depot, 612 Sacramento street, has opened the

SUMMER STREET RESTAURANT,

at the northeast corner of Spring and Summer Sts.

☞ Meals to order, and by the plate. Wines and Liquors of the best quality.

PARIS EXPOSITION,
1867.
GLORIOUS NEWS
FOR
THE FLORENCE!

OFFICIAL CATALOGUE JUST RECEIVED, (September 8th) the only copy on this coast—29 days from London. FREE FOR INSPECTION.

THE FLORENCE

RECEIVED THE ONLY PREMIUM awarded to any Sewing Machine (except Button Hole Machine) for sale on the Pacific Coast.

SAMUEL HILL, Agent,
No. 111 Montgomery St., San Francisco.

T. B. RODGERS,
CUTLER,
108 Leidesdorff street.

Corner California, adjoining the Pacific Insurance Office, San Francisco.

SAVE YOUR TEETH.—Do not have them extracted without first consulting a good Dentist. The loss is irreparable, and, in many instances, unnecessary. DR. BEERS, corner of Pine and Kearney streets, makes a specialty of filling the fangs of dead Teeth, and building up broken crowns with Pure Gold—thus restoring them to their original usefulness and beauty.

☞ Call and examine the work. Finest quality of artificial work also manufactured.

ITALIAN RESTAURANT,

No. 515 Merchant Street,

Between Montgomery and Sansome, San Francisco.

Taglierini, Maccaroni, Risotto and Ravioli, In the Italian Style.

MEALS FIFTY CENTS, OR TO ORDER.

Rooms for private parties up stairs.
MR. GUISEPPE CADENASSO.

LEON OINGEON. F. W. HAUBRICK.

DINGEON & HAUBRICK,
MARTIN'S RESTAURANT,

623 COMMERCIAL STREET.

Above Montgomery. Meals at all hours. The best of Wines, Oysters, Game, and all the delicacies of the season always on hand. Private Saloons up stairs for Dinner and Supper Parties.

DICKEY'S

CREME DE LIS

DE CALIFORNIE.

FOR CLEANSING AND PRESERVING THE TEETH. Beautifying the Complexion, and removing Freckles, Eruptions, Sunburn, and Tan.

A New Combination, equal to the best French preparations, and free from their poisonous ingredients.
Invented by GEO. S. DICKEY, Chemist,
Corner of Market, Stockton, Ellis and Fourth streets,
San Francisco.

C. MAIN. E. H. WINCHESTER. T. R. HAYES.

Main & Winchester,

Manufacturers and Importers of Harness, Saddles, Bridles, Whips, Collars, Saddlery Ware, etc.

Nos. 214 and 216 Battery Street,
San Francisco.

N.B.—Good assortment Concord Stage Harness constantly on hand.

REESE W. GLUYAS. S. E. DUTTON.

GLUYAS & DUTTON,
COUNTING HOUSE STATIONERS,

Fireman's Fund Insurance Company's Building,
No. 227 Sansome Street.....San Francisco.

D. GHIRARDELLI & CO.'S
Italian Manufactury,

415 and 417 JACKSON ST., SAN FRANCISCO,

Manufacturers and Dealers in

PLAIN, SWEET, CINNAMON AND VANILLA CHOCOLATES;
PREPARED COCOA, COCOA PASTE,
CRACKED COCOA, COCOA SHELLS, etc., etc.
PURE GROUND OLD JAVA COFFEE AND COSTA RICA COFFEE;
CHARTRES AND RIO COFFEE;
GREEN COFFEE OF EVERY QUALITY.
CHOICE WINES AND LIQUORS.

N. B.—Ghirardelli's Chocolate is manufactured by steam from Cocoa of the finest quality, imported direct. In excellence and delicacy of flavor, it is superior to any imported Chocolate.

TOWNE & BACON,
Book and Job Printers,
Have the Largest Office,
Do the most work,
And do it better
Than other offices

536 In this City,
Try them
With a Job,
And you will be
Satisfied the above
Statements are facts.
Their office is at 536
Clay St., below Montgom'y,
Over Pacific Fruit Market.

EDWARD BOSQUI & CO.,
PRINTERS,

And Blank Book Manufacturers,
517 CLAY STREET,
Between Montgomery and Sansome Sts.,
SAN FRANCISCO.

TO PATRONS OF THE PRINTERS ART.

CUBERY & CO., No. 536 Market street, Opposite Second, San Francisco, are now prepared to execute all kinds of BOOK and JOB PRINTING. Having superior facilities for printing every description of work, we respectfully solicit the patronage of friends and the public generally.
BRIEFS and TRANSCRIPTS correctly printed according to legal requirements.

WM. M. CUBERY,
F. W. VAN REYNEGOM.

FOR POSTERS, HANDBILLS,
AND
Show Work of All Kinds,
GO TO THE
COMMERCIAL PRINTING HOUSE
OF
FRANCIS & VALENTINE,
517 Clay street, and 510, 512 and 514 Commercial street.

BLASTING POWDER.

Price, - - - - $3 00 Per Keg.

ALSO, SPORTING, CANNON, AND MUSKET POWDER, of superior quality.

FUSE AND SHOT always on hand and for sale at the

OFFICE OF THE

CALIFORNIA POWDER WORKS,

No. 318 CALIFORNIA STREET.

JOHN F. LOUISE, Secretary.

Great Reduction

IN PRICES OF

BOOTS AND SHOES.

ON ACCOUNT OF THE WIDENING OF Kearny Street, we are compelled to remove. Before doing so, we will sell at retail our entire stock of boots and shoes at the lowest

WHOLESALE PRICES.

HOLCOMBE & KAST,
Corner Washington and Kearney streets.

NEW RESTAURANT.

MR. SORBIER takes pleasure in informing his friends and customers that he has opened a FIRST-CLASS RESTAURANT under the name of

SORBIER'S RESTAURANT,

at No. 607 SACRAMENTO STREET, above Montgomery, where he will be pleased to see his old friends and the public in general, and where all can be assured that they will be served with the very best the market affords, at most reasonable rates. JOHN E. SORBIER,
Late of the Occidental Restaurant.

BOWMAN & CO.,

Dealers in Stoves and Tin Ware,
Main street, Petaluma

No Charge for Consultation.

ADOLPH CAMAN, M. D.,
HOMŒOPATHIC PHYSICIAN,

ACCOUCHEUR AND SURGEON,

Devotes special attention to the diseases of Women and Children. He takes a professional pride in curing those cases which have baffled the skill of other eminent physicians.

DR. CAMAN would call attention to the beneficial effects of the Homœopathic treatment in all cases of Chronic Diseases, Insanity, Paralysis, all kinds of Spasms, Delirium Tremens, and persons suffering from an unnatural thirst for spirituous liquors.

No. 26 Montgomery Street, opposite the Lick House.

SOLOMON GUMP,

(Successor to D. HAUSMANN & Co.,)

IMPORTER AND MANUFACTURER OF

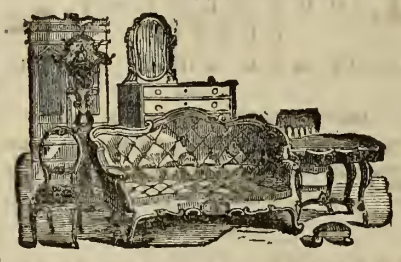
MIRRORS, LOOKING GLASSES,

LOOKING GLASS PLATES, PLATES,
Picture Frames, Photograph Ovals, Mouldings, Etc., Etc.
119 Sansome street, between Bush and Pine,
San Francisco.

NOTICE.

WE TAKE OCCASION TO INFORM OUR FRIENDS and customers that we have sold our entire stock in warehouse also invoices to arrive to Messrs. N. COLE & CO., 312 and 314 Pine street. The whole forms a most complete and desirable assortment of FURNITURE, and well merits attention before purchasing elsewhere.

J. PIERCE & CO.



FURNITURE.

WE beg leave to call the attention of the public to our warerooms,

Nos. 312 and 314 Pine Street.

Having purchased the entire stock of Messrs. J. Pierce & Co., and in addition to our large invoice from our factory at the East, we are prepared to fill all orders promptly, both wholesale and retail, and call the attention of the public to our salesroom, as containing the most complete assortment of desirable goods on this coast.

N. P. COLE & CO.

ZEITSKA & SHEPPARD,
Merchant Taylors,
NO. 610 CLAY STREET,
Near Montgomery,
SAN FRANCISCO.

TEUTONIA SALOON,

Corner of Montgomery and Summer streets.

HEIMBURG, SCHRODER & CO.,
PROPRIETORS.

The best kinds of WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS constantly on hand.
☞ Give us a call.

THE "GROTTO,"

JOHN DUNCAN. Proprietor.

530 Sacramento street, opposite What Cheer House,
FINE WINES, LIQUORS, ALES AND PORTER,
Wholesale and Retail.
Importer of Wise's Celebrated Irish Whisky.

"OUR OPERA."

CAPT. JOHN H. MAY,

621 WASHINGTON STREET, **621,**
SAN FRANCISCO,
Opposite Maguire's Opera House.

H. T. GRAVES,

Manufacturer of

WIRE CLOTH, COAL SCREENS, FLOUR SEIVES, QUARTZ SCREENS, for Batteries, Door and Window Screens, for excluding Flies and Mosquitos.

CLOAK, SHAWL, CLOTHING AND BONNET STANDS

Fancy Work for Gardens, and a great variety of

WIRE WORK OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS.

Sole Agent for the sale and application of

BROWN'S PATENT AND METALIC WEATHER STRIPS,

For the perfect exclusion of wind, dust, and rain;

☞ And for CRAMER'S PATENT WINDOW LIFTING PLATES AND RODS.

Call and examine them at the

CALIFORNIA WIRE WORKS,
412 Clay street, San Francisco.

DR. N. T. WHITCOMB,

DENTIST,

No. 205 Third Street, San Francisco.

Teeth filled with fine gold, artificial bone and platina. All plate work made and repaired, of the best material, at the shortest notice and warranted. None cheaper or better on the coast. Call and examine specimens.
North Beach and South Park Cars pass the door.
N. T. WHITCOMB.

J. R. MEAD & CO.,
Importers, Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
FINE CLOTHING,
AND
Gents' Furnishing Goods,
TRUNKS, VALISES, CARPET BAGS, ETC.,
200 & 202 MONTGOMERY STREET,
Corner of Bush,
SAN FRANCISCO

CITY BANK OF SAVINGS
LOAN AND DISCOUNT,
No. 627 Sacramento street, corner of Webb.

This Bank will open on Tuesday, the inst., for the transaction of business, and will then ready to
RECEIVE DEPOSITS
AND MAKE LOANS AND DISCOUNTS, ETC.

OFFICE HOURS—From 10 A. M. to 3 P. M., daily, and on Saturdays from 10 A. M. to 9 P. M.
H. A. Cobb, President.
DANIEL MURPHY, Cashier.
San Francisco, October 9, 1867.

J. CUTBERLET,
CUSTOM
BOOT AND SHOE STORE.
—ALSO—
FRENCH SCREWED BOOTS AND SHOES,
No. **546** Washington Street, near Montgomery Street.

The finest quality of CUSTOM WORK neatly executed. Always on hand other fine work ready made.

Removal.
THEODORE KALLENBERG,
Machinist,
Has removed from No. 416 Market street, to No. 10 Stevenson street, next to the corner of Firat.
Maker of Models for Inventors, Drawing Instruments, Small Machines, Philosophical Instruments, Scales and Weights, all kinds of Brass and Iron Work.
REPAIRING PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

"THE" HAT STORE,
647 Washington Street.

The Hat wearing community are invited to examine the Stock at the above store, and in quality, style and price,
THEY DEFY COMPETITION!
Their Stock embraces all of the latest "novelties" and Standard Styles to be found elsewhere.
"THE" HAT STORE,
647 Washington Street.

JOHN H. TODMAN & CO.,
Successors to JAMES MEARS.
ALE, PORTER AND CIDER
BOTTLING ESTABLISHMENT,
511 Front Street.
A large stock of Champagne Cider on hand, in glass and bulk.

CANTY & WAGNER,
(SUCCESSORS TO J. REGAN,)
113 *Montgomery street, bet. Bush and Sutter*
N. B.—All candies sold by us are warranted to be manufactured from Stewart's double refined Sugar, and to be equal to any manufactured in the State. Country merchants solicited to examine our stock and prices. Goods delivered to any part of the city free of charge.

BOYS! BOYS! BOYS!
NOW IS THE TIME
H. M. LOCKWOOD & CO.,
New No. 624) CLAY STREET, (Old No
Have received a Large Stock of
GENTS' AND BOYS' CLOTHING
—AND—
FURNISHING GOODS,
Which they are selling
AT VERY LOW PRICES.
Every Garment warranted. All are invited to call examine our goods.
H. M. LOCKWOOD & CO.
624 Clay street, San Francisco.

NOTICE.
IN CONSEQUENCE OF THE VERY GREAT DEMAND FOR
CASSIN'S
Grape Brandy Bitters!!
we have been obliged to rent a LARGER BUILDING, and are now removing to Sullivan & Cashman's Block, No 523 FRONT STREET, opposite our old establishment.
F. & P. J. CASSIN, 520 Front street.

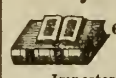
BUCKMAN BROS.,
(Successors to John Myers,)
CAPITOL SALOON,
226 *MONTGOMERY STREET,*
Opposite the Russ House.

AT THE REGULAR
RETAILING AMERICAN WATCHES
C. E. COLLINS & CO.,
603 MONTGOMERY STREET,
SAN FRANCISCO.
WHOLESALE PRICES.
Nos. 42 and 44 Nassau Street,
NEW YORK.
Dealers in American, Swiss and English
WATCHES,
JEWELRY AND MATERIALS.
We have made arrangements to buy AMERICAN WATCHES in large quantities from the Factory, and will receive a discount on the regular Wholesale Prices. We will hereafter
Retail the American Watches
AT
The Regular Wholesale Prices.
Our only profit being the small per cent. allowed by buying in large quantities.

Removal! Removal!
A. J. PLATE,
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
Guns, Rifles and Pistols.
—ALSO—
COLT'S AND DERINGER PISTOLS,
Powder, Shot, Lead, Caps, and Gun Trimmings, etc., etc.

—HAS REMOVED TO—
NO. 510 SACRAMENTO STREET,
Between Sansome and Leidesdorff Streets, San Francisco.
New Work made to order, and Repairing executed in the neatest manner.

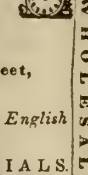
Tyler Brothers,



691 Market st., cor. Third,
SAN FRANCISCO,

Importers, Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
SCHOOL BOOKS,
STATIONERY,
PHOTOGRAPH ALBUMS,
BLANK BOOKS,
PORTFOLIOS,
JUVENILE BOOKS,
CHILDREN'S PICTURE BOOKS,
FANCY ARTICLES, Etc.
ESPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO
LADIES' STATIONERY,
Which we Stamp with Initials
WITHOUT EXTRA CHARGE.
WEDDING AND VISITING CARDS
Engraved, Written or Printed.

JOHN DANIEL,
Marble Works,
421 *PINE STREET,*
(Between Kearny and Montgomery.)



MANTELS, MONUMENTS,
TOMBS, PLUMBERS' SLABS, ETC.,
On hand and manufactured to order.
Orders respectfully solicited.

BOWEN BROS.
GROCERS,
Tea and Wine Merchants,
S. E. cor. Montgo'ry and California,
San Francisco.
Wholesale Store,
204 Front Street.

L. LANDSBERGER
HAS BEEN AWARDED BY THE STATE AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY
THE FIRST PREMIUM
—FOR THE—
Best Sparkling California!!
Of his own manufacture.
THREE FIRST PREMIUMS
FOR THE
Best White and Red Wines.
A SPECIAL PREMIUM
FOR THE NOTABLE SUPERIORITY OF ALL HIS WINES.
Three First Premiums at the Fair of
1867!!
Being the largest number of Premiums awarded to any one person.
No. **429** JACKSON STREET, between Sansome and Montgomery.

Peter Short,
FASHIONABLE AND PRACTICAL TAILOR,
613 WASHINGTON STREET,
Between Montgomery and Kearny, San Francisco.

THE CALIFORNIAN'S
SAN FRANCISCO BUSINESS DIRECTORY

APOTHECARIES AND CHEMISTS.
Geo S Dickey, Pioneer Apothecary, cor Ellis & Stockton
ARCHITECTS.
Hoagland & Newsom, s.w. cor Kearny and Sacramento.
BAKERIES.
Dempsey's Bakery, 127 Fourth street,
BOOTS AND SHOES.
P. Kelly, Prize Boot Maker, 323 Bush, above Montg'y.
Wentworth, Hohart & Co. (wholesale manufac.) 210 Pina
BOOT POLISHERS.
Henry C. Smith, corner Market and Sansome streets.
BUTCHERS.
J. P. Molt, "South Park Market," Third st., op. S. Park.
I. Gans, "New York Market," Fourth st, near Market.
CIGARS AND TOBACCO.
Chas. C. Lindsey, Excelsior Store, 156 Stewart street.
Chas, Schwenke & T. Meuser, 16 Stewart street.
G. H. Behrens & Co., 4 Kearny street, near Market.
CLOTHING.
H M. Lockwood & Co., 624 Clay street.
J. R. Mead & Co., corner Montgomery and Bush streets
William Sherman, 412 Sansome, corner Commercial.
COAL OIL, LAMPS, ETC.
A. C. Dietz & Co., (wholesale,) 521 Front street.
Doll, Cranna & Co. (wholesale) 513 Front street.
COMMISSION MERCHANTS.
J. W. Nye & Co., 219 Washington street, corner Cedar.
W. J. Lowry & Co., S.W. corner Washington and Davis.
Thos. Newell, 62 Clay street between Drumm and East.
CONFECTIONERS.
Alex. L. Ross, 121 Third street.
Baldwin & Lawlers, South Park Store. 418 Third at.
N. B. Booth & Co., 20 Kearny, near Market.
DENTISTS.
Dr. Blake, removed to 645 Clay street.
N. T. Whitcomb, 205 Third, near Howard.
DRY GOODS.
Abrams & Markewitz, 34 Kearny street, near Post.
Buyer & Reich, S W corner Jackson and Stockton.
H. Rothschild (Variety Store), 112 Third street.
Irving, Landers & Co., No. 4 Third street.
M. Watermau, 22 Second street, corner of Stevenson.
Meagher, Taaffe & Co.. 9 Montgomery street,
FURNITURE.
Goodwin & Co., 510 and 528 Washington streets.
N. P. Cole & Co., 21 Sutter and 524 Market streets,
FRUIT STORES.
S. P. Jewell, 118 Fourth street, near Minna.
GROCERS.
Fred. Lange, Family Grocer, cor. Powell and Lombard.
Haskell & Co., Market and Sutter sts, below the Market.
McKee's Family store, 31 Kearny, near Post.
Seneca Jones, Family Grocer, 105 Third street.
T. Williams, corner Third and Tehama streets.
HAIR DRESSING SALOONS.
Prof. Smith, 114 Market street, opposite Third.
HARDWARE AND CUTLERY.
J. H. McConnell. Pioneer Cutler, 131 4th st. bt Mis & Hrd.
J. S. Sesser, 138 Fourth st, bet. Mission and Howard.
HATTERS.
Lamott (wholesale and retail) 227 Montgomery street.
HAY AND GRAIN.
Grant & Smith, 26 Market and 19 Sacramento sts.
J. B. Holmes & Co., 110 Market street.
Wm. H. Nichols, 18 Sacramento, and 17 Commercial.
HOTELS.
Atlantic House, John McManus, 210 and 212 Pacific st.
"Brauch," M. O'Neil, 12 Sutter street.
Broadway, Burns & Fitzsimmons, 212 Broadway.
Brooklyn, John Kelly, Jr., Sansome, corner Pine.
Chicago, E. W. Heimburg & Co., 220 Pacific street
Empire House, Peter Thompson, 106 Jackson street.
Franklin Hotel, Hugh Curran, cor Sansome & Pacific.
Franklin House, C. Maloney, cor. Br'dway & Sansome.
Golden Gate Hotel, J. Blackmun, 728 Market street.
Mariner's Home, Brown & Chandler, 504 and 506 Davis.
"Oriental," H. Saxtorph & Co., Washington & Drumm.
Sanders' Hotel, J. P. Sanders, 24 Sacramento st.
William Tell House, 317 Bush street, above Montg'y.
INSURANCE.
Firemen's Fund Ins. cor. California and Sansome.
Manhattan, R. B. Swain & Co., Agets, 206 Front, cor. Cal.
North British Mercantile, S. E. cor Sansome & Califor'
Occidental Ins. Co., S.W. cor. Montgom'y and California.
LADIES' BIJOUTERIE, CLOAKS, ETC.
Rosenblatt's, 123 and 125 Montgomery street.
LADIES' FANCY GOODS AND TRIMMINGS.
Mrs. J. Egan, 32 Third street, near Market.
S. Summerfield, 20 Second street, and 116 Kearny.
Thomas Collinson, 160 Third, near Howard street.
LUMBER.
Armstrong, Sheldon & Davis, cor. Mission & Spear sts.
MARBLE WORKERS.
P. Kelly, 12 Fourth street.
MILITARY GOODS AND REGALIA.
T. Rodgers Johnson, Odd-Fellow's Hall, 325 Montg'ry st
MILLINERS.
Miss A. A. Craddock, 4 Virginia Block, Stockton street.
MUSIC TEACHERS.
Prof. J. R. Boullet, Pianist and Vocalist, 1320 Stockton.
NOTARY PUBLIC,
H. S. Tibbey, 604, Montgomery street.
PHOTOGRAPHIC GALLERIES.
H. Bush, corner Post, Market and Montgomery streets.
Hicks & Staring, 143 Fourth street.
John D. Godeus, South Park, 444½ Bryant street.
New York, B. F. Howland proprietor, 25 Third street.
PIANOS, MUSIC, ETC.
C. Welderhold & Co., 685 Market near Third.
Kohler, Chase & Co., 421 Montgomery street.
W. S. Pierce, removed to 634 Market, opposite Second.
PHOTOGRAPHS. CUTLERY, SPECTACLES, ETC.
Lawrence & Houseworth, 317 and 319 Montgomery st.
PLUMBERS AND GAS FITTERS.
Chas. Barman, 121 Fourth street, near Minna.
REAL ESTATE AGENTS.
Geo. W. Chapin, 338 Montgomery.
John Pforr, 328 Montgomery.
RESTAURANTS.
Ladies' Refreshment Saloon, Swain & Brown, 636½ Market.
Helvetia, Johnjury & Bros., 524 Merchant street.
Market, by Hanzo & Besson, 520 Merchant street
The Opera, J. Weiss, 335 Pine street.
SALOONS.
Beck's Saloon, 504 Drumm street, near Pacific.
Blancy & Carroll, "Sample Rooms," 107 Third street.
"Bourbon Saloon," A. Farr, Long Bridge.
Charley Smith's Saloon, 539 Washington street.
Charter Oak, Frank Kelly, N E. cor Third and Howard
Coates & Henderson, 37 Sutter street.
Cleveland's Sample Rooms, 318 Bush, above Montg'y.
"Excelsior," Haase & Co., cor. Drum and Commercial.
Ring's Saloon, Peter Ring, corner California, below Drumm.
Fourth Street Exchange, Charles F. Sliter, 245 Fourth street.
J P. Laven's Saloon, northwest cor. Battery & Br'dwy
J. Dillon, "Fourth St. Exchange," cor. Fifth and Mkt.
King & McCormick, "Rotunda," Market & O'Farrell.
"Manadnock," A. Horstkemper, Drumm & Oregon sts.
P. Johnson & J. B. Holje, 28 Clay street.
Peter Ring's Saloon, California street, below Drumm.
Regatta House, Burns & McLean, foot of Third street.
Russell & Holding's Exchange, 622 Market street.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY, CONTINUED.
"Sample Rooms," corner Third and Stevenson streets.
Steamship Exchange, Wm. Everard, 214 Stewart street.
Uncle Billy & George, Saloon 707 Davis st.
"Young American," Geo. C. W. Heuer, Stewart & Howard
SCALES.
Fairbanks & Hutchinson, Depot for Fairbanks' Scales 120 California street.
SEWING MACHINES.
Grover & Baker, R. G. Brown, 116 Montgomery.
The Florence, office 111 Montgomery street.
STATIONERS AMD BOOKBINDERS.
Althof, Rose & Babis, 423 Clay, and 512 Commercial sts.
Jas. E. Damon & Co., 521 and 423 Sansome street.
STOVES AND TIN WARE.
A. Swigert, corner Fifth and Folsom.
TRUNK MANUFACTORY.
James Longshore, 428 Kearny street.
WATER-CURE INSTITUTE.
Dr Bourne's Pioneer, 10 Post, near Montgomery.
WAX FLORIST.
Mrs, M. E. Gerrish, 11 Post street.

THE BEIDEMAN ESTATE.
JOHN W. BRUMAGIM, ADMINISTRATOR, WITH the will annexed, of the Estate of JACOB C. BEIDEMAN, deceased, is NOW READY TO EXECUTE DEEDS to the purchasers at said sale, as the sale has been confirmed by the Probate Court, and an Order of Confirmation has been recorded in the Recorder's office of the city and county of San Francisco.
Please call at the Administrator's office, Nos. 36 and 37 Montgomery Block.
JOHN W. BRUMAGIM,
Administrator, with the Will annexed, of the Estate of Jacob C. Beideman, deceased.
San Francisco, August 19, 1867.

M. S. WHITING. F. O. BERRY.
Whiting & Berry,
609 Sacramento Street, two doors above Montgomery,
Tea, Wine and Spirit Merchants,
Importers and Wholesale Dealers in fine Brandies, Whiskies, Gins, Port, Sherry and Champagne Wines, Ale, Porter, Cider, Bitters, Cordials, Syrup, etc., for medicinal and family use, and suppliers to Families, Apothecaries, Physicians, City and Country Dealers, Hotels, Clubs, etc., in large or small quantities.
Observe Firm Name on each cork and fac simile signature on label.
[Trade Mark Registered.] WHITING & BERRY.
This is the only exclusive TEA, WINE AND SPIRIT STORE on the Pacific Coast.
It is neither a saloon or sample room, (as no wine or spirits are permitted to be drank on the premises,) but a depot where selected Teas and Pure Wines and Spirits may be procured at wholesale or retail for medicinal and family use. In this respect it is our aim to vie with Bininger & Co., New York, Bigelow & Dawes, London, and Cozzen & Co., of Washington, where every facility is offered to ladies as well as gentlemen in making their own selections and purchases in quantities to suit.
N. B.—Our Treatise on Wines, Spirits and Teas, may be had at our depot gratis, and will be mailed to consumers and dealers in the interior when requested.
WHITING & BERRY,
609 Sacramento Street, second door above Montgomery.

The Ladies are of one mind in pronouncing BOWMAN'S AMERICAN WASHING COMPOUND the best preparation for washing and cleaning in use. It is acknowledged to be a saving both in money and labor. The Compound softens the dirt, consequently the clothes require not more than one-half the rubbing necessary in washing by the old method; besides all who give it a trial acknowledge that their clothes are made whiter in washing with this Compound, than they were ever known to be by using any other preparation. For washing Woolen Goods and Flannels it cannot be equaled. Calicoes that can be washed with soap, without fading, are washed in the water used for boiling the white clothes. This Compound has been used in the eastern States for the past three years with perfect success. Warranted not to injure the clothes. For sale by all Grocers.
LYNCH & PARSONS, Agents,
222 Jackson street, near Battery.

MRS. C. COOK,
FIRST PREMIUM HAIR JEWELRY,
519 Montgomery street,
Between Clay and Commercial.....SAN FRANCISCO.

M. H. QUINN,
HAT MANUFACTURER,

127 Fourth street, bet. Howard and Mission, San Francisco.
Dress Silk Hats for Ladies or Gentlemen Manufactured to order, Cleaned or Renovated, at reasonable prices.

First Premium
AWARDED BY THE STATE FAIR TO
SILAS SELLECK,
FOR THE BEST PLAIN PHOTOGRAPH.
—ALSO—
SPECIAL PREMIUM
For the Best Cabinet Portraits.
MR. SELLECK is now prepared to execute the very best PHOTOGRAPHS, in all the different styles, at No. **415** Montgomery Street.
N. B.—The best Water Color and India Ink Artist in this city is attached to this Gallery.

F. D. RING,
MANUFACTURER OF
JEWELRY AND SILVER WARE,
No. **540** Market Street, adjoining the Hibernia Bank,
SAN FRANCISCO.
All kinds of precious Stones set in the latest style and most approved manner. Watches and Jewelry carefully repaired by experienced workmen.

NOTHING LOST.

Nothing is lost: the drop of dew
That trembles on the leaf or flower,
Is hnt exhaled, to fall anew
In Snmmer's thunder shower;
Perchance to shine within the bow
That fronts the sun at fall of day—
Perchance to sparkle in the flow
Of fountains far away.

So with onr deeds, for good or ill,
They have their power, scarce understood;
Then let us use our hetter will
To make them rife with good.
Like circles on a lake they go,
Ring within ring, and never stay.
Oh! that our deeds were fashioned so
That they migbt bless alway!

—*Chambers' Journal.*

BUSY IDLENESS.

By weir and river which I love,
And by the gray old mill.
In this flat, crazy ferry-boat,
I angle at my will.
And what in truth catch I?
Now while I sing
A cnuning spring
Has twitched away my fly.

I catch the sunbeams as they glance
From river-reed and tree;
I catch the bird's chirp as it comes
Aloug the air to me;
No idle hand am I,
The clouds that float
Beside my boat
Are sweeter than the sky.

ALL THE SAME.—A certain doctor, when called to children, no matter what might be the symptoms, always prescribed for one and the same malady—worms. Being summoned one day to the bedside of a little boy, he gravely sat down and having felt of the patient's pulse, looked up gravely through his spectacles, and said to the mother in a solemn tone: "Worms, madam, worms." To which the mother responded: "I tell ye, doctor, that boy hain't got a single worm. He stumbled over a stick of wood and broke his leg; and I want it set quick." The doctor, not at all non-plussed, but still determined to vindicate his theory, put on a very solemn look, as he said: "Worms, madam, I assure you—worms in the wood."

THE young lady whose feelings were "all worked up," has ordered a fresh supply.

THE SNUG.—"The Snug" has been located one door below Maguire s Opera House, for ten years past. It was established for the convenience of the habituates of the Opera House, and has the reputation of dispensing the best wines and liquors in the city, under the charge of its preseut proprietor, Mr. Timothy McCarty. Entrauces from various parts of the Opera House to the har have been cut, for the convenience of the public. Mr. McCarty gives his entire attention to his gnests, and renders his establishment a "Snug" place hy day or night.

BUILDER'S INSURANCE CO.

OFFICE IN THE BUILDING OF THE CALIFORNIA SAVINGS BANK, CALIFORNIA ST., one door from Sansome.

FIRE AND MARINE INSURANCE.

Notice to Families.

LADIES and GENTLEMEN are invited to call and try my new

GAME SEASON BILL OF FARE.

QUAIL ON TOAST,
SPRING CHICKENS,
OYSTERS IN EVERY STYLE,
AND ALL THE LUXURIES OF THE SEASON
Every Day and Evening.

PRICES TO SUIT EVERYBODY.

French Dinner with half bottle Claret.....75 cts.
French Breakfast with half bottle Claret.....75 cts.
Always on hand, BEAT FRENCH CANDIES AND BONBONS.
Orders for Parties promptly attended to.

PETER JOB,
Corner of Montgomery and Bush Streets,
San Francisco.

☞ Open till half-past twelve at night.

☞ **Use Ellery's Patent India Rubber Cement** AND PAINT.—It is for all outside surfaces, TIN, IRON, OR METAL ROOFS; Iron however manufactured, Brick and Wooden Buildings, Ship and steamboat Painting; will not rot, peel, blistor, or crack. Water-proof coating for cloth roofing on tops of houses, decks of steamboats, tops of stages and cars. Cloth roofs cemented and painted for $9 per 100 square feet. New or old Tin Roofs, in good or bad condition, cemented and painted, guaranted, at $1 to $2 50 per 100 square feet.

EPES & E. H. R. ELLERY,
No. 226 Jackson street.

"You may talk to me of Baltimore and Philadelphia and New York, and their railroads and the trade of the Atlantic—let me tell you that the Pacific coast is already beginning to revolutionize the world."—*Speech of the Hon. Wm. H. Seward to the people of Annapolis, Maryland, June, 1867.*

ADDRESS

TO THE PERMANENT CITIZENS OF THE PACIFIC STATES AND TERRITORIES.

CITIZENS—We enjoy the finest country that the sun shines on, the most varied and fertile soil, the most extensive seaboard, and the greatest breadth of land having the richest metallic deposits possessed hy any one nation of the earth, a land affording all the most varied material for manufactures, wools, hides, cotton, silk, coal, fibre gums, wood, and, above all, abundance of every kind of food.

We are only a million of people, and yet have more land and sea than Russia with sixty millions—more land than France and Germany with their hundred millions of people. In the face of those vast resources, there are towns crumbling to decay, men seeking without finding employment. Something wrong here or this would not he happening. Let us consider.

The instructed mind of the population is nearly devoted to political office-seeking. Their ambition is misdirected. The rising youth are trained to idleness. This mode of thinking and training must he reversed if we would hold this magnificent country against the incoming harharian.

We must teach our youth the glories of manufactures, of commerce, of industry. We must nourish every effort, however rude, at manufacturing what we require. By devoting some of our capital and our young people to manufactures and general industries we shall soon become husy, get rich, hring more and more people into the country, create new wants, huild up new factories and villages around them; cultivate more land, huild more ships, generate more commerce, and thereby create profitable employment for all who want work.

Now, fellow-citizens, some money capital is required to help on this industrial movement. Where shall we get it? There is a considerable fund which we may divert from its present bed and channel, viz: the Insurance Fund.

Consider. The people of the Pacific States pay *two hundred thousand dollars a month* to the Insurance Companies for assuring them against losses from fire or shipwreck.

There are some fifteen of those Insurance offices in this city, each fishing for its share of this large fund. Each office pays a heavy rent, a half dozen officers and clerks, besides printing and advertising; the lowest cost is a thousand dollars a month on each office, and with some it is double that. There are too many persons employed in the business; too much dozing over newspapers; too much red tape and circumlocution; too high salaries and too little work. Think of two hundred thousand dollars a month! two millions and a half a year!! paid to those sleepy gentlemen for what little they do. This must he reformed. Three or four Insurance offices are quite enough for the million of scattered inhabitants of the Pacific States. A dozen of them may he abolished with great benefit to the community; some one or two have already withdrawn. This change would liherate some fifty men of education, whose business capacity would be of much greater service to the community in other branches of industry, such as manufactures, agriculture, commerce, the fisheries, the forests and the mines. This change would also divert a million or two of dollars to other and more needful industries, whereby a thousand fold more of national capital and employment would he generated than hy the present drowsy system.

The managers of the Builders' Insurance propose, with the co-operation of the people, that this vast monthly stream of wealth shall he arrested and diverted to the aid of home manufactures, to effect a great reform and remove from the people's shoulders the expense of supporting a small army of insurance clerks and agents. The Builders' Insurance Company has passed through its first year (the most trying) with singular success. It has gathered a hundred thousand dollars, paid promptly all its losses, and established a business income of fully twenty thousand dollars a month! This has been done while we were yet but an experiment, and enjoying the confidence of only a portion of the public. We now appeal to the entire people. We ask them to send their insurance business to us on the following conditions, and soon we shall have an income of ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS A MONTH, and here is what we shall do with the money:

First, we calculate, from our present experience, that we shall lose by fire and marine disasters half our monthly income (on our first year's experience our "losses" were but one-third of our income.)

Suppose then that our income shall be worked up to one hundred thousand dollars a month, and suppose that we shall pay out losses to the extent of fifty thousand dollars a month, we shall still have fifty thousand dollars a month to bank up, (or half a million a year.) We propose to make two parts of this sum—one part (a quarter of a million a year) to be invested in City Bonds, to protect the assured, and one part (about a quarter of a million a year) we propose to convert into a

MANUFACTURERS' LOAN FUND,

Which shall be lent exclusively to manufacturers on mortgage of their premises and machinery, at as low rate of interest and on as long time as is generally current on real estate.

By the aid of this fund the budding industries of the Pacific States may he nourished into active life; more and varied employments can he originated for the people; immigration may be welcomed and not feared; the farmer will have got a market at his own door for the produce of his land; the manufacturer will find a lively home demand from the farmer for the products of his machines.

All this, good people, can be achieved *by your own votes at your own firesides*, without the aid of Congress or the Legislature—it is simply to vote that your insurance shall go to the BUILDERS', hy which vote you shall enable us to plant factories all over the country. You shall fill the rivers and harbors with busy ships; you shall send out upon the distant waves fishing expeditions that will hring back wealth to your cities: you shall form a nursery of seamen around your own shores—the ova of a future commerce and a protective navy; you will create the hum of busy workmen in every desirable locality on the Pacific coast; you will hring from neglected fields produce of the utmost value; all of which will most certainly multiply a thousand fold the wealth of the country in which your lot is cast, making a worthy home for yourselves and a future country for your offspring.

People of the Pacific States and Territories! We pledge ourselves to you to effect, with your co-operation, some of those things. We have kept all our pledges so far, and have uttered nothing that was not true. Already have we helped to move the shuttle and the loom, which others, with more means, have passed by and neglected. Already have we helped to build and rig ships in our own dock-yards, and sent them over the wide waves in search of riches for the city. Already have we given many liberal bounties and donations to the deserving institutions of the city. Give your vote to the BUILDERS', and we shall share its profits with every useful charity and every honest industry, and help along every enterprise that promises benefit to the people.

We call for the yeas and nays.

THOMAS MOONEY, President.

EDWARD MACCANN,
WM. B. COOKE,
W. G. WEIR,
J. D. CONNELL,
J. W. MCCORMICK,
C. A. JENKE,
HERMAN SCHWARZE,
J. W. MCKENZIE,
} Directors.

H. V. HERBERT, Secretary.

FIRE AND MARINE INSURANCE.

FIREMAN'S FUND
Insurance Company,
OF SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA.

—OFFICE—
S. W. cor. California and Sansome streets.

CAPITAL, $500,000, FULLY PAID IN GOLD COIN.

INSURE MARINE RISKS
Under Open Policies, on Cargoes, Treasure, Freights, Profits, and Commissions.
—ALSO—
ISSUE POLICIES ON TIME, VOYAGE AND HARBOR RISKS ON HULLS.

INSURE AGAINST LOSS BY FIRE
On Buildings, Merchandise, Furniture, Wares, and other Personal Property.

FIRE, MARINE, HARBOR, AND INLAND TRANSIT RISKS,
On terms as favorable as any other reliable First-Class Company.

Greatest amount taken on any one risk, $50,000. Portions of Risks considered too large, will he re-insured in responsible Companies.

LOSSES PROMPTLY PAID IN UNITED STATES GOLD COIN!

D. J. STAPLES, President,
CHAS. R. BOND, Secretary.

CORNS!
DR. V. POPPER,
Surgeon Chiropedist
No 20 Montgomery street, between Post and Sutter, San Francisco. Office hours from 9 A. M to 5 P. M.
Offers his services to the public as an Operator on such exerescences as hard and soft corns, enlarged joints, club nails, bunions, nails penetrating the flesh, warts, etc.

G. E. T. GLOVE COMPANY,
FACTORY, 526 MERCHANT STREET,
Between Montgomery and Sansome,
Manufacture all kinds of OIL DRESSED AND INDIAN TANNED GLOVES for Gentlemen, Drivers, Teamsters, Miners and Lumbermen. Also, BUCKSKIN MITTENS, GOLD BAGS, PURSES, etc., in endless variety, and all sewed by hand. All work warranted. The Trade supplied. We warrant one pair of our manufacture to outlast two pairs of Eastern manufacture,

California Coffee and Dining Saloon
Nos. 612 and 614 MONTGOMERY STREET,
Between Clay and Merchant, San Francisco.
J. R. REAGAN, Proprietor.
A Ladies' Saloon has been fitted up, where private parties can receive every attention in the most comfortable quarters. We also keep lunch hot on chafing dishes at the counter, including the finest of Pastry, where customers can he served quickly and satisfactorily.
French Breakfasts and Dinners, with Wine, continued,

HAMBURG, BREMEN,
Fire Insurance Company.
CAPITAL, - - - - $1,000,000
MORRIS SPEYER, Agent.
OFFICE—526 Washington Street, a few doors below Montgomery.....San Francisco.

Being no longer governed by the Tariff of the Board of Underwriters, this Company will effect Insurances at as LOW RATES as those of any other responsible Company.

OCCIDENTAL
Insurance Company,
Southwest corner Montgomery and California streets.

INDIVIDUAL LIABILITY.

Capital Stock, - - - $300,000

LOSSES PAID IN UNITED STATES GOLD COIN.

THIS COMPANY will insure against loss hy Fire on any Dwelling House, Buildings, Merchanise or other property, situated in the State of California. The largest sum they will take on any one risk is thirty thousand dollars.
C. CHRISTIANSEN, Pre'st.
J. GREENEBAUM, Vice President.
B. ROTHSCHILD, Secretary.

FIRE INSURANCE.
Manhattan Fire & Marine Insurance
OF NEW YORK.
Incorporated.....1821.
Cash capital.....$500,000
Surplus.....650,000
Total Assets, over.....$1,190,000

The above named responsible and well known Company has complied with the law of the State of California, and has deposited $75,000 as additional security for policy holders,
Buildings, Merchandise, Furniture, and other property insured against loss or damage hy Fire, on the most favorable terms. Also, Insurance on Merchandise, Specie and Freight to or from all parts of the world. Losses promptly adjusted and paid in United States Gold Coin.
R. B. SWAIN & CO., General Agents,
206 Front street, corner of California.

Belden's Family Depot for Domestic Luxuries.

At this depot are, all should know,
For him who strong or faint is,
Superior grub—for home or club—
And every kind of dainties.
Westphalia hams, fresh oysters, clams,
Constituents of chowder,
Fine breakfast tea, and hominy,
And genuine curry powder.
Oil, mustard, wine, both French and Rhine,
Lard, coffee, ketchup, capers.
Crushed sugar, peas, and Switzer cheese,
And sperm and waxen tapers.
The giblets, pluck, of goose and duck,
Of woodcock, snipe and plovers,
Of partridge, too, and cockatoo—
The last express for lovers!
It seems absurb there scarce a bird—
My rhyme this somewhat ruffles—
But Belden's got in tin or pot,
The LIVER of with TRUFFLES.
Prunes, raisins, rice, preserves and spice,
Gin, whisky, rum and brandy,
Drinks made of malt, and table salt,
Tongues, sausages, and candy.
Above's not all to which I'd call
Particular attention.
Le vin d'elite, Chatean Lafitte,
And others, I would mention.
Surpassing fine Madeira wine,
St. Julien, port and sherry,
Chateaux Margaux and Veuve Clicqnot,
Old apple jack and cherry.
La Rose, Chablis, and Burgundy
Both white, and red and sightly,
Prime Hermitage of ripe old age,
Still, sparkling too and sprightly.
Santerne, medoc, still sparkling hock,
Johannesberg, Hockheimer,
Then sirs and dames (these German names
Would craze an English rhymer!)
Just come and buy, and cease to sigh
For Egypt and its fleshpots;
Ne'er better fare did Pharoh share,
Or any other despots.

ET CETERA
No. 652 Sacramento Street.

WM. WORTHINGTON,
House and Sign Painter
Dealer in
PAINTS, OILS, GLASS, &C., &C.,
735 Market Street.
Between Third and Fourth streets, San Francisco

C. ROBERTS,
CARRIAGE AND WAGON MAKER,
HORSE

SHOEING
AND
JOBBING

PROMPTLY EXECUTED.
Fourth Street, between Howard and Folsom, San Francisco.
All styles of Carriages, Wagons and Carts made to order and Repaired.

Dr. John T. Crook,
Late of the Pacific Mail service, has established himself in the practice of his profession in this city.
—OFFICE:—
S. W. corner of Montgomery and Bush Streets.
OFFICE HOURS—9 to 10 A. M.; 2 to 4 P. M.; 4 to 6 P. M.

A Sleepy Bride. — The New Orleans *Crescent* gets the following from one of the Sister of Charity at a hospital in that city:

Sister Mary gave an accounnt of a singular marriage that took place during the mo i in the chapel. Some time ago the newspapers announced that a young man had attempted to commit suicide in town by shooting himself. He was taken to the Hotel Dieu, and it was feared that the wound was mortal, but with the care he received he was out of danger in a few days. The cause of his attempt to destroy himself then became known. He was in love. His innamorata had promised him three times to marry him, and disappointed him every time. The last time was too much, and a bullet, aimed at the heart, was to end his misery. The cruel lady visited him at the hospital, and there she pledged herself to him again. The ceremony was to have taken place at eight o'clock yesterday morning. The lady again failed. The expectant groom was in a wretched state of mind, until he received a message from her that she overslept herself, and would be with him at eleven o'clock. At that hour she was there, and the ceremony took place.

"Only think," said Sister Mary, "of a bride sending word that she had overslept herself!"

JOSEPH FREDERICKS

CARPET AND UPHOLSTERY STORE,

PAPER HANGINGS, ETC.,

123 Kearny St., between Sutter and Post, San Francisco

FAMILIES ARE INVITED TO EXAMINE

OUR VARIED ASSORTMENT

Of the Finest Carpeting in the State. The best of taste displayed in Decoration and the unique Upholstering of Rooms, Halls and Public Buildings, and at prices conforming to the times. Call and examine goods.

BERNHEIM & EHRENPFORT,

Wholesale Candy Manufacturers,

No. 408 CLAY STREET,

Between Sansome and Battery Sts., San Francisco.

FANCY AND COMMON CANDIES

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

Sugar Toys, Figures, Animals, Birds, etc.

Are prepared to receive orders to any extent and in any desired style.

BERNHEIM & EHRENPFORT.

A. PARDINI,

No. 729 WASHINGTON STREET, above the Plaza, San Francisco.

Boots and Shoes Made to Order,

IN THE BEST FRENCH STYLE.

☞ The same, ready made, always on hand.

AMERICAN EXCHANGE HOTEL,

SANSOME STREET, San Francisco.

FIRE PROOF.

Two Hundred Rooms well Ventilated and Richly Furnished.

Prices from $1 50 to $2 a Day.

The Exchange Coach, with Red Lights, will always be in readiness to convey Passengers to the Hotel Free of Barge.

The proprietor of this favorite Hotel would respectfully inform the traveling public that the

AMERICAN EXCHANGE

Is now and will continue as it ever has been, the most comfortable, homelike, quiet and economical Hotel in the state. TIMOTHY SARGENT, Proprietor.

C. F. HAYWARD,

—DEALER IN—

Harness, Saddles, etc.,

305 BATTERY STREET,

Near Sacramento,

San Francisco.

JOHN H. TODMAN & CO.,

Successors to JAMES MEARS.

ALE, PORTER AND CIDER

BOTTLING ESTABLISHMENT,

511 Front Street.

A large stock of Champagne Cider on hand, in glass and bulk.

CANTY & WAGNER,

(SUCCESSORS TO J. REGAN,)

113 *Montgomery street, bet. Bush and Sutter*

N. B.—All candies sold by us are warranted to be manufactured from Stewart's double refined Sugar, and to be equal to any manufactured in the state. Country merchants solicited to examine our stock and prices. Goods delivered to any part of the city free of charge.

In the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco.

MARY ANN LEEDOM, Plaintiff, vs. FRANCIS LEEDOM, Defendant.

Action brought in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in said city and county of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to FRANCIS LEEDOM, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named plaintiff, in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein, within ten days (exclusive of the day of service,) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this county; or if served out of this county, but in this District, within twenty days; otherwise within forty days; or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said complaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony existing between plaintiff and defendant, awarding the care and custody of her daughter Julia to plaintiff, and allowing her to resume her maiden name.

And you are hereby notified, that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

Given under my hand and Seal of the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 7th day of August, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-seven.

[SEAL.] WM. LOEWY, Clerk,

By Octavius Bell, Deputy Clerk.

Geo. W. Tyler, Plaintiff's Attorney. s14-3m

In the Probate Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the estate of EDWARD CAVERLEY, deceased.

Order to show cause why order of distribution should not be made.

On reading and filing the petition of Ann Caverley, the Administratrix of the Estate of said deceased, setting forth that she has filed her final account of her administration of the estate of said deceased, in this Court, and that the same has been duly settled and allowed; that all the debts and expenses of administration have been duly paid; and that a portion of said estate remains to be divided among the heirs of said deceased, and praying among other things for an order of distribution of the residue of said estate among the persons entitled.

It is Ordered, that all persons interested in the estate of the said Edward Caverley, deceased, be and appear before the Probate Court of the city and county of San Francisco, at the Court Room of said Court, in the City Hall, in said city and county, on MONDAY, the twenty-eighth day of October, A. D. 1867, at eleven o'clock, A. M., and there to show cause why no order of distribution should not be made of the residue of said estate among the heirs of the said Edward Caverley, deceased, according to law:

It is further Ordered, that a copy of this order be published for four successive weeks, before the said twenty-eighth day of October A. D. 1867, in The Californian, a newspaper printed and published in the said city and county. M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

Dated September 26th, A. D. 1867.

J. T. Bergen, Esq., Attorney for Petitioner.

se 28 oc 5-12 19-26

In the Probate Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the Estate of JAMES CONLON, deceased.

Order to show cause why order of distribution should not be made.

On reading and filing the petition of Ellen Conlon, Administratrix of the estate of James Conlon, deceased, setting forth that she has filed her final account of her administration of the estate of said deceased, in this Court, and that the same has been duly settled and allowed; that all the debts and expenses of administration have been duly paid; and that a portion of said estate remains to be divided among the heirs of said deceased, and praying among other things for an order of distribution of the residue of said estate among the persons entitled:

It is ordered, that all persons interested in the estate of the said James Conlon, deceased, be and appear before the Probate Court of the City and County of San Francisco, at the Court Room of said Court, in the City Hall, in said City and County, on MONDAY, the twenty-eighth day of October, A. D., 1867, at 11 o'clock, A. M., then and there to show cause why an order of distribution should not be made of the residue of said estate among the heirs of the said James Conlon, deceased, according to law.

It is further ordered, that a copy of this order be published for four successive weeks before the said twenty-eighth day of October, A. D. 1867, in The Californian, a newspaper printed and published in the said city and county. M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

Dated September 21st, A. D. 1867.

Samuel L. Lupton, Esq., Attorney for petitioner.

se 28-oc 5-12 19-26

In the Probate Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the estate and guardianship of JOSEPHINE M. RICHARDSON, a Minor.

It appearing to the said Court by the petition this day presented and filed by William Harney, the guardian of and for Josephine M. Richardson, a Minor, praying for an order of sale of the real estate, that it is necessary to sell a portion of the real estate of said Minor, to pay the claims now outstanding against it, and that such sale is also necessary to provide for the maintenance and education of the said Minor.

It is therefore ordered by the said Court, that all persons interested in the estate of said Minor, appear before the said Probate Court, on MONDAY, the 18th day of November, A. D., 1867, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, of said day, at the Court room of said Probate Court, in the City Hall, in the City and County of San Francisco, to show cause why an order should not be granted to the aforesaid William Harney, guardian, to sell so much of the real estate of the said Minor as shall be necessary.

And it is further ordered, that a copy of the foregoing order be published at least four successive weeks in The Californian, a newspaper printed and published in said city and county of San Francisco.

M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

Dated October 14th, 1867.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS. — ESTATE OF J. KING ROBINSON, deceased.—Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the Estate of J. King Robinson, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within ten months from the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator, at southeast corner of Stockton and Geary streets, in the City and County of San Francisco.

Dated San Francisco, September 30th, 1867.

THOS. A. ROBINSON.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS. — ESTATE OF MARY GAFFNEY, deceased. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, the Executor of the Estate of Mary Gaffney, deceased, some times known as Grace Wellington, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor, at his place of business, at the office of Winans & Belknap, northwest corner of Montgomery and Merchant streets, in the City and County of San Francisco.

Dated San Francisco, October 19th, 1867.

HENRY RAYMOND,

Executor of the Estate of Mary Gaffney

Winans & Belknap, Attorneys for Executor.

In the Probate Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the Estate of HENRY MONTGOMERY, deceased.

Order to show cause why Order of Sale of Real Estate should not be made.

It appearing to the said Court, by the petition this day presented and filed by James Dulley, the Administrator of the estate left unadministered of HENRY MONTGOMERY, deceased, praying for an order of sale of real estate, that it is necessary to sell the whole or some portion of the real estate, to pay the allowance to the family, the debts outstanding against the deceased, and the debts, expenses and charges of administration.

It is therefore ordered by the said Court, that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased, appear before the said Probate Court on MONDAY, the 11th day of November, A. D. 1867, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the Court room of said Probate Court, at the City Hall in the city and county of San Francisco, to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said Administrator of the estate left unadministered, to sell so much of the real estate of the said deceased as shall be necessary;

And that a copy of this order be published at least four successive weeks in The Californian, a weekly newspaper printed and published in said city and county.

M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

Dated October 11th, 1867.

Drake, Hent & Landesman, Attorneys for Administrator. oct12-19-26 nov2-9

In the Probate Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the estate of HENRIETTE NAHL, deceased.

Order to show cause why order of distribution should not be made.

On reading and filing the petition of H. W. Arthur Nahl, the administrator of the estate of HENRIETTE NAHL, deceased, setting forth that he has filed his final account of his administration of the estate of said deceased, in this Court, and that the same has been duly settled and allowed; that all the debts and expenses of administration have been duly paid; and that a portion of said estate remains to be divided among the heirs of said deceased, and praying among other things for an order of distribution of the residue of said estate among the persons entitled:

It is Ordered, that all persons interested in the estate of said Henriette Nahl, deceased, be and appear before the Probate Court of the city and county of San Francisco, at the Court room of said Court, in the City Hall in said city and county, on MONDAY, the 11th day of November, Anno Domini 1867, at eleven o'clock, A. M., then and there to show cause why an order of distribution should not be made of the residue of said estate among the heirs of the said deceased, according to law.

It is further Ordered, that a copy of this order be published for four successive weeks, before the said eleventh day of November, A. D. 1867, in The Californian, a newspaper printed and published in the said city and county.

M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

Dated October 10th, 1867.

Messrs. Sharp & Lloyd, Attorneys for Petitioner. oct12 19-26 nov2.9

In the Probate Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the estate of JOHN L. TAGGARD, deceased.

Order to show cause why order of distribution should not be made.

On reading and filing the petition of E. W. Taggard, the administrator of the estate of John L. Taggard, deceased, setting forth that he has filed his final account of his administration of the estate of said deceased, in this Court, and that the same has been duly settled and allowed; that all the debts and expenses of administration have been duly paid; and that a portion of said estate remains remains to be divided among the heirs of said deceased, and praying among other things for an order of distribution of the residue of said estate among the persons entitled:

It is ordered, That all persons interested in the estate of the said John L. Taggard, deceased, be and appear before the Probate Court of the City and County of San Francisco, at the Court room of said Court, in the City Hall, in said City and County, on TUESDAY, the 19th day of November, A. D. 1867, at two o'clock P. M., then and there to show cause why an order of distribution should not be made of the residue of said estate among the heirs of the said John L. Taggard, deceased, according to law:

And it is further ordered, That a copy of this order be published for four successive weeks, before the said nineteenth day of November, A. D. 1867, in The Californian, a newspaper printed and published in the said City and County.

M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

Dated October 18th, 1867.

Messrs. Winans & Belknap, Att'ys for Petitioner. oct19-26 nov2 9-16

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF JOHN W. CROSLEY, deceased.—Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Executor of the last will of the estate of John W. Crosley, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Executor, at his place of business, southwest corner of Market and Fremont streets, in the City and County of San Francisco.

Dated October 18th, 1867.

L. L. TREADWELL,

Executor of the last will of John W. Crosley, deceased.

J. W. Brumagim, Esq., Attorney for Executor.

oct19-26 nov2 9-16

THE DEW OF EDEN.

LADIES OF CALIFORNIA?—If you will keep your complexions in the freshness, delicacy and beauty of youth, you must use the DEW OF EDEN, for it is the only article extant that will do for those using it all that it purports without injury, as it contains no mineral or poisonous substances whatever. It preserves the skin from the effects of climate and atmospheric changes; prevents the formation of Freckles, Tan, Morphew, Sunburn and Wrinkles. It keeps the skin soft, tender and beautiful; because it is congenial and natural to it, and composed of ingredients that supply to it what time and exposure take too rapidly away. It preserves and restores. It is valuable to the young, but more so to those from whom the stern hand of Time is stealing the treasures of youth; to such, it will actually arrest its depredations and avert its ravages upon the human face divine. It will surely smooth out those lines of care to a great extent, and restore the skin to comparative youth. Used on the hands daily, it preserves them in all fineness of texture and delicacy of early years. It gives a beautiful tint to the nails of the fingers, and keeps them tender and soft. It is not a cosmetic, and must not be used with any kind of paint. A simple powder, however, of harmless nature, may be used without detriment with this protective.

No lady once using the DEW OF EDEN will ever afterward dispense with it from her toilet.

Depot, 311 Kearney Street; and for sale by

R. H. McDONALD & CO.,

Importers and Dealers in Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals, etc., corner of Pine and Sansome Streets, San Francisco.

Dr. John T. Crook,

Late of the Pacific Mail service, has established himself in the practice of his profession in this city.

—OFFICE:—

S. W. corner of Montgomery and Bush Streets.

Office Hours—9 to 10 A. M.; 2 P. M.; 4 to 6 P. M.

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Larkins & Co.,

Manufacturers of every description of

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CONCORD WAGONS, Ranch Wagons and Buggies made to order. ☞ All kinds of Jobbing and Carriage Painting done at the shortest notice.

☞ New Manufactory Nos. 631 and 633 Howard street, corner of Hubbard, between Second and Third, San Francisco.

A. FOLSOM,

Carriage Manufacturer,

No. 531 California street,

Between Montgomery and Kearny streets, San Francisco

EVERY DESCRIPTION OF CARRIAGES, EXPRESS Wagons, Buggies, etc, made to order, of the best materials and workmanship.

Repairing and General Blacksmithing done with promptness, and at prices to suit the times.

George P. Kimball & Co.,

MANUFACTURERS

....OF....

CARRIAGES, BUGGIES, STAGE AND THOROUGH BRACE WAGONS,

Market street, near corner of Fourth, San Francisco.

W. E. BRIDGE,

St. Lawrence Stables,

212 Sutter street, between Kearny and Dupont, San Francisco.

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POSSESS INVALUABLE PROPERTIES.

They give Health to the Sick,

Strength to the Weak,

Joy to the Afflicted,

☞ SOLD EVERYWHERE. ☜

California

Steam Navigation Company.

STEAMER CAPITAL.....CAPT. E. A. POOLE.

" CHRYSOPOLIS. CAPT. A. FOSTER.

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" CORNELIA....CAPT. W. BROMLEY

" JULIA.....CAPT. E. CONCKLIN

One of the above steamers leave BROADWAY WHARF, at 4 o'clock P. M., *EVERY DAY*, (Sundays excepted,) for Sacramento and one for Stockton, the Sacramento steamer connecting with light-draft steamers for Marysville, Colusa, Chico and Red Bluff.

Office of the Company, northeast corner of Front and Jackson streets.

B. M. HARTSHORNE, President.

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STEAM

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CLAY STREET.

☞ Cards, Billheads, Circulars, Books, Briefs, Transcripts, Posters, Bills of Fare Envelopes, Letter and Note Headings, Tickets, Pamphlets, and all Legal Papers printed at short notice, and upon reasonable terms.

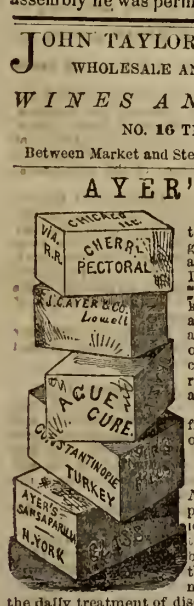
A Healthy Place for Editors. — Richardson, in his late work, thus describes some of the sudden aliments to which Colorado editors were liable:

As in all new mining regions, there was an irrepressible conflict between the industrious sterling citizens and the desperadoes, strengthened by their sympathizers of wealth and position, who formed the connecting link between villainy and respectability. The *Rocky Mountain News* offended the scoundrels by some comment upon a wanton murder. While the editor, William M. Byers, sat in his office coversing with three pacific strangers from the East, four gamblers rushed in with cocked revolvers and abusive epithets, dragged Byers to a drinking saloon, where, only through the strategy of a friend, he was saved from death. After his escape, the enraged gamblers rode back to the *News* office and fired several bullets into it.

The establishment was always in a state of armed neutrality. Printers and editors were moving arsenals, with revolvers at their belts and shot-guns standing beside their cases and desks. The typos returned the fire, killing one of the assailants. By this time half a dozen armed citizens reached the scene and chased the flying gamblers through the streets. One of the latter, named Steele, galloping along Blake street, met Thomas W. Pollock, whose horse was also upon a full run. Neither checked his speed. Both fired at the same moment. Pollock was unhurt; Steele fell dead with a charge of buckshot in his brain. Another of the gamblers was captured, and barely escaped hanging; by a close vote in a popular assembly he was permitted to leave the country.

JOHN TAYLOR,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN
WINES AND LIQUORS.
NO. 16 THIRD STREET,
Between Market and Stevenson Streets,. San Francisco.

AYER'S PILLS



ARE PARTICULARLY ADAPTED to derangements of the Digestive Apparatus, and diseases arising from Impurity of the Blood. A large part of all the complaints that afflict mankind originate in one of these, and consequently these PILLS are found to cure many varieties of Disease. They are sugar-coated, and hence may be taken readily by the most sensitive and delicate persons.

Subjoined are the statements from some eminent physicians, of their effects in their practice:

AS A FAMILY PHYSIC.

From Dr. E. W. Cartwright, of New Orleans—Your Pills are the prince of purges. Their excellent qualities surpase any cathartic we possess. They are mild, but very certain and effectual in their action on the bowels, which makee them invaluable to us in the daily treatment of disease.

FOR JAUNDICE AND ALL LIVER COMPLAINTS.

From Dr. Theodore Bell, of New York City—Not only are your Pills admirably adapted to their purpose as an aperient, but I find their beneficial effects upon the Liver very marked indeed. They have in my practice proved more effectual for the cure of *Bilious Complaints* than any one remedy I can mention. I sincerely rejoice that we have at length a purgative which is worthy the confidence of the profession and the people.

DYSPEPSIA—INDIGESTION.

From Dr. Henry J. Knox, of St. Louis—The Pills you were kind enough to send me have been all used in my practice, and have satisfied me that they are truly an extraordinary medicine. So peculiarly are they adapted to the diseases of the human system, that they seem to work upon them alone. I have cured some cases of *Dyspepsia* and *Indigestion* with them, which had resisted the other remedies we commonly use. Indeed I have experimentally found them to be effectual in almost all the complaints for which you recommend them.

FOR HEADACHE—SICK HEADACHE—FOUL STOMACH—PILES—DROPSY—PLETHORA—PARALYSIS—FITS—DYSENTERY—DIARRHŒA—RELAXATION, Etc., Etc.

From Dr. Edward Boyd, Baltimore—Dear Dr. Ayer: I cannot answer you what complaints I have cured with your Pills better than to say all that we ever treat with a purgative medicine. I place great dependence on an effectual cathartic in my daily contest with disease, and believe as I do that your Pills afford us the best we have, I of course value them highly.

☞ Most of the Pills in market contain mercury, which although a valuable remedy in skillful hands, is dangerous in a public pill. from the dreadful consequences that frequently follow its incautious use. These contain no mercury or mineral substances whatever.

Prepared by DR. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass., and sold by all Druggists and Dealers in Medicine everywhere.

CRANE & BRIGHAM, San Francisco.
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(Successors to John Myers,)
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PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.'S
STEAMSHIPS FOR
NEW YORK, JAPAN AND CHINA,
WILL BE DISPATCHED AS FOLLOWS:

Leave Brannan-street Wharf at 11 o'clock A. M. of the following dates, for PANAMA, connecting *via* Panama Railroad, with one of the Company's splendid steamers from ASPINWALL for NEW YORK.

On 10th, 18th, and 30th of each month that has 30 days.
On 10th, 19th, and 30th of each month that has 31 days.

When the 10th, 19th and 30th fall on Sunday, they will leave on Saturday preceding; when the 18th falls on Sunday, they will leave on Monday following.

Steamer leaving San Francisco on the 10th touches at Manzanillo. All touch at Acapulco.

Departure of 18th or 19th is expected to connect with the French Transatlantic Co.'s steamer for St. Nazaire, and English steamer for South America.

Departure of 10th is expected to connect with English steamer for Southampton and South America, and P. R. R. Co.'s steamer for Central America. Through tickets can be obtained.

STEAMERS FOR OCTOBER.

Oct. 10—MONTANA, Capt. E. T. Farnsworth, connecting with HENRY CHAUNCEY, Capt. Gray.
Oct. 19—GOLDEN CITY, Capt. W. F. Lapidge, connecting with RISING STAR, Capt. Connor.
Oct. 30—SACRAMENTO, Capt. Parker, connecting with ARIZONA, Capt. Maury.

Passengers will be berthed through. Baggage checked through—100 pounds allowed each adult.

Surgeon on board. Medicine and attendance free.

These steamers will positively leave at 11 o'clock. Passengers are requested to have their baggage on board before 10 o'clock.

Through tickets to Liverpool by the "Cunard," "Inman" and "National" Steamship Lines can be obtained of P. M. S. S. Co.'s office in San Francisco.

For Merchandise Freight apply to Wells, Fargo & Co.

The splendid steamship CHINA, Capt. E. W. Smith, will be dispatched on October 14th, from wharf, corner of First and Brannan streets, for YOKOHAMA and HONGKONG; connecting at Yokohama with the steamer COSTA RICA, for SHANGHAI.

For Passage and all other information, apply at Pacific Mail Steamship company's office, corner of Sacramento and Leidesdorff streets.

OLIVER ELDRIDGE, Agent.

FREE HOMESTEADS FOR ALL
ON FILING A PETITION.

UNDER THE LAWS OF MEXICO, which are now in force in this city, all the inhabitants are entitled to a HOMESTEAD LOT OF LAND, simply on petition. Justice Field has decided, and the Supreme Court of the United States has confirmed that decision, that the city of San Francisco is a Pueblo of four square leagues of land, and that the citizens thereof are the owners, which vests the right in each citizen to a lot of land for a homestead; and the undersigned have opened an office at 37 MERCHANTS' EXCHANGE, to enforce those rights, by petition to the Mayor, etc.; and each and every citizen can procure a Free Homestead by calling at their office and signing a petition, which will forthwith vest the right to the lot in question in them, and thereby secure to the petitioner property worth a large sum of money under the existing laws now in force.

BROOKS & MERRITT,
No. 37 New Merchants' Exchange.

N. B.—The Supreme Court of the United States have settled this question in another case, as to the ownership of the Outside Lands. In the case of J. B. Townsed vs. Geo. G. Greeley, December Term, 1866, No. 124, the Court say: "It is, therefore, now the settled law that the municipal lands held by the city of San Francisco, as successors to the former Pueblo existing there, are not held in absolute property, but IN TRUST for its inhabitants."

Therefore, all the inhabitants have to do, under this decision, is to ask the city, by petition, for their vested rights, as this is the only way, under the law, that they can proceed to get their property.

E. L. B. BROOKS,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law.

All legal business transacted in the French and Spanish languages, if desired.

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THROUGH TO NEW YORK VIA NICARAGUA.
THROUGH AHEAD OF THE MAIL!
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THE NORTH AMERICAN S. S. CO.'S STEAMER
MOSES TAYLOR,
J. H. BLETHEN.....Commander,
Will sail for SAN JUAN DEL SUR, Nicaragua, from MISSION STREET WHARF, at 12 o'clock, M., on
FRIDAY, - - - - SEPT. 25th, 1867.

Connecting at Greytown with the magnificent Steamship SANTIAGO, 2500 tons, for NEW YORK.

No exposure on the Isthmus—100 lbs. baggage free.
Surgeon on board; medicine and attendance free.
As there is no Yellow Fever nor other epidemic in Nicaragua, passengers by this route will not be detained by Quarantine in New York.

For further information, apply to
I. W. RAYMOND, Agent,
Northwest corner Battery and Pine streets, up stairs

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NOW IS THE TIME
H. M. LOCKWOOD & CO.,
New No. 624) CLAY STREET, (Old No
Have received a Large Stock of
GENTS' AND BOYS' CLOTHING.
—AND—
FURNISHING GOODS,
Which they are selling
AT VERY LOW PRICES.

Every Garment warranted. All are invited to call examine our goods.

H. M. LOCKWOOD & CO.
624 Clay street, San Francisco

NOTICE.

IN CONSEQUENCE OF THE VERY GREAT DEMAND FOR
CASSIN'S
Grape Brandy Bitters!!
we have been obliged to rent a LARGER BUILDING, and are now removing to Sullivan & Cashman's Block, No 523 FRONT STREET, opposite our old establishment.
F. & P. J. CASSIN, 520 Front street.

SAN FRANCISCO
Foundry and Machine Works,
Northeast corner Fremont and Mission streets,
Manufacturers of
MARINE AND STATIONARY ENGINES,
Quartz Machinery, Saw, Flour and Sugar Mills, Mining Pumps, Hoisting Gear, Agricultural Implements, etc.
ALSO,
Wine, Cider, Cotton and Tobacco Presses of the latest Improved Patterns.

STEAM ENGINES AND BOILERS,
Of all sizes, constantly on hand; Quartz Mill Shoes and Dies warranted to be made of the best white iron.

Dunbar's Improved Self-Adjusting Piston-Packing, requires no springs or screws; is always steam-tight; without excessive friction, and never gets slack or leaky.

MACHINERY, OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS,
Bought, sold, or exchanged. Bolt Cutting and Castings at the lowest market rates.
DEVOE, DINSMORE & CO.

IRON SHUTTER WORKS,
Established 1849.
John Upstone,
MANUFACTURER OF FIRE-PROOF
Doors and Shutters,
Bank Vaults, Balconies, Gratings, Prison Cells, Awnings, Stairs, Iron Fence, etc.,
Corner of California and Drumm Streets,
San Francisco.
Constantly on hand a large assortment of second hand Fire-Proof Doors and Shutters.

Pioneer Iron Shutter Works,
ESTABLISHED 1849.
CALVIN NUTTING,
Manufacturer of
FIRE-PROOF DOORS & SHUTTERS,
STEEL LINED BANK VAULTS,
Prison Cells, Balconies, Awnings, Gratings, Iron Fence, Stairs, etc.
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Constantly on hand a large assortment of second hand Fire-Proof Doors and Shutters.

I. H. SMALL,
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BUILDER OF
Steam Engines, Saw Mills, Mining Machinery,
Also, I. H. Small's Patent Boot Screwing Machine
Gears of all kinds Cut at Short Notice,
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Repairing of all kinds done with Promptness and Dispatch.
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PRISON CELLS, BALCONIES, GRATINGS,
IRON FENCE, STAIRS, ETC.
BURGLAR PROOF BANK VAULT LOCKS
Constantly on had, a large assortment of Fire-Proof Doors and Shutters.

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Steam Boiler and Sheet Iron
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Owned and conducted by Practical Boiler Makers.
HIGH AND LOW-PRESSURE BOILERS, STATIONARY AND MARINE.
Howard street, bet. Fremont and Beale, San Francisco.
Having had twenty two years experience in this business, we feel confident of being able to compete—as to quality of work—with any establishment on the Pacific Coast.

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All kinds of Brass, Composition, Zinc, and Babbitt Metal Castings, furnished at the shortest notice. Brass Ship-Work of all kinds, Spikes, Sheathing Nails, Rudder Brace. Hinges, etc., constantly on hand and made to order. Also, manufacture Ship and Steamboat Bells and Gongs of superior tone.

All kinds of Steam, Liquor, Water, Oil, and Flange Cocks and Valves made and repaired.

Hydraulic Pipes and Nozzles, and Hose Couplings and Connections of all sizes and patterns, furnished with dispatch. *PRICES MODERATE.*

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At the Hotel of C. Galliand, Nos. 507 and 509 Pine Street, between Kearny and Dupont streets.
BY MME. CAZINTRE.
☞ All who will call at this Restaurant will find an excellent table and prompt attention.

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QUICK CURES AND MODERATE CHARGES.
DR. W. K. DOHERTY,
PRIVATE MEDICAL AND SURGICAL INSTITUTE,
Sacramento Street, below Montgomery, Opposite Pacific Mail Steamship Co's Office, Private Entrance on Leidesdorff Street, San Francisco.

Established expressly to afford the afflicted sound and scientific Medical Aid, in the treatment and cure of all Private and Chronic Diseases, cases of Secrecy, and all Sexual Disorders.

TO THE AFFLICTED.

DR. W. K. DOHERTY returns his sincere thanks to his numerous patients for their patronage and would take this opportunity to remind them that he continues to consult at his Institute for the cure of chronic diseases of the Lungs, Liver, Kidneys, Digestive and Genito-Urinary Organs, and all Private Diseases, viz: Syphilis in all its forms and stages, Seminal Weakness, and all the horrid consequences of Self-Abuse, Gonorrhœa, Gleet, Strictures, Nocturnal and Diurnal Emissions, Sexual Debility, Diseases of the Back and Loins, Inflammation of the Bladder and Kidneys, etc.; and he hopes that his long experience and successful practice will continue to insure him a share of public patronage. By his practice of many years in Europe and the United States, he is enabled to apply the most efficient and successful remedies against diseases of all kinds. He uses no mercury, charges moderate, treats his patients in a correct and honorable way, and has references of unquestionable veracity from men of known respectability and high standing in society. All parties consulting him, by letter or otherwise, will receive the best and gentlest treatment, and implicit secrecy.

TO FEMALES.

When a female is in trouble, or afflicted with disease, as weakness of the back and limbs, pain in the head, dimness of sight, loss of muscular power, palpitation of the heart, irritability, nervousness, extreme urinary difficulties, derangement of digestive function, general debility, vaginitis, all disease of the womb, hysteria, sterility, and all other diseases peculiar to females, she should go or write at once to the celebrated female doctor, W. K. DOHERTY, at his Medical Institute, and consult him about her troubles and disease. Irregularities, suppressions, etc., will receive the Doctor's most particular attention. Let no false delicacy prevent, but apply immediately and save yourself from painful sufferiug and premature death. Ladies whose delicate health or other circumstances prevent an increase in their families, should write or call at DR. DOHERTY'S MEDICAL INSTITUTE, and they will receive every possible relief and help. The Doctor's offices, consisting of a suite of six rooms, are so arranged that he can be consulted without fear of observation.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Patients (male or female) residing in any part of the State, however distant, who may desire the opinion and advice of DR. W. K. DOHERTY on their respective cases, and who think proper to submit a written statement of such, in preference to holding a personal interview, are respectfully assured that their communications will be held most sacred. Dr. Doherty takes this opportunity of observing that all letters are only opened and replied to by himself, and the latter as promptly as possible.

If the case be fully and candidly described, personal communication will be unnecessary, as instructions for diet, regimen, and the general treatment of the case itself, (including the remedies) will be forwarded without delay, and in such a manner as to convey no idea of the purport of the letter or parcel so transmitted.

Consultation, by letter or otherwise, FREE. Permanent cure guaranteed, or no pay. Address,
W. K. DOHERTY, M. D.
San Francisco, Cal.

SPERMATORRHŒA.

DR. DOHERTY has just published an important pamphlet embodying his own views and experiences in relation to Impotence or Virility, being a short treatise on Spermatorrhœa, or Seminal Weakness, Nervous and Physical Debility consequent on this affection, and other diseases of the Sexual Organs.

This little work contains information of the utmost value to all whether married or single, and will be sent FREE by mail on receipt of Six Cents in Postage stamps for return postage. Address,
W. K. DOHERTY, M. D., San Francisco, Cal.

$100 00
SAVED in a very Short Time by using
STANDARD SOAP CO.'S
WASHING POWDER.
TRY IT!
Does Not Injure the Clothes.
Sold Everywhere.

J. CUTBERLET,
CUSTOM
BOOT AND SHOE STORE.
—ALSO—
FRENCH SCREWED BOOTS AND SHOES,
No. 546 Washington Street, near Montgomery Street.
The finest quality of CUSTOM WORK neatly executed. Always on hand other fine work ready made.

Removal.
THEODORE KALLENBERG,
Machinist,
Has removed from No. 416 Market street, to No. 10 Stevenson street, next to the corner of First.
Maker of Models for Inventors, Drawing Instruments, Small Machines, Philosophical Instruments, Scales and Weights, all kinds of Brass and Iron Work.
REPAIRING PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

"THE" HAT STORE,
647 Washington Street.
The Hat wearing community are invited to examine the Stock at the above store, and in quality, style and price,
THEY DEFY COMPETITION!
Their Stock embraces all of the latest "novelties" and Standard Styles to be found elsewhere.
"THE" HAT STORE,
647 Washington Street.

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THOMAS MAGUIRE,.....Sole Proprietor.
CARS. TIBBITTS,.....Business Manager
C. L. GRAVES,.....Stage Manager
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CELEBRATED IRISH COMEDIAN,
DAN. BRYANT,
Supported by
MR. JOHN McCULLOUGH,
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MRS. SOPHIE EDWIN,
MRS. JUDAH,
MISS SALLIE HINCKLEY,
AND THE GREAT STAR COMPANY.

Bryant Matinee to-day,
ARRAH-NA-POGUE!

This Evening,.....October 26th,
ARRAH-NA POGUE!

☞ In Rehearsal—CASTE. ☜

PRICES OF ADMISSION:

Dress Circle.....	$1 00	Orchestra	$1 00
Parquette.....	50	Upper Circle.....	25

METROPOLITAN THEATRE.

F. A. HOWSON.....Lessee
FRANK HOWSON.....Manager
J. H. VINSON.....Stage Manager

MRS. F. M. BATES.

This Afternoon and Evening.....October 26th,
And Every Evening until Further Notice,
The Grand Oriental Spectacle entitled
AZAEL, THE PRODIGAL SON!

Azael.....Mrs. F. M. Bates
Reuben.....Mr. H. D. Thompson
Amenophis.....J. Howson
Bucharis.....S. W. Leach
Jepthele.....Miss Emma Howson
Nefte.....Mrs. C. R. Saunders
Lis.....Miss Clelia Howson
Israelitish Women, Dancing Girls, Almecs, Priests, Memphisians, Priestesses.
The whole of the splendid Scenery by Andrew Torning.
Dances and Ballet by.....Mme Torning
Conductor.....Mr. F. A. Howson
The whole produced under the supervision of Mr. J. H. Vinson.
For Synopsis of Scenery, see Programme.

PRICES OF ADMISSION.

Dress Circle and Orchestra Seats.....			One Dollar
Parquet	50 cts	Gallery	25 cts

No Extra Charge for Reserved Seats.
Doors oreh at 7 o'clock; to commence at 8.
Box Office open from 10 to 3 o'clock.

Leslie, Raynor & Smith's Minstrels.

NEW TEMPLE OF MUSIC,

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MESSRS. LESLIE RAYNOR & SMITH beg to notify the public of San Francisco, that they have opened the above beautiful

TEMPLE OF MINSTRELSY,

with the following magnificent Company, under the Musical Direction of GEORGE T. EVANS, late Director of the Italian Opera.

HARRY LESLIE and HARRY RAYNOR, the celebrated Comedians.

Quintette—HERBERTE, Tenor: NORDBLOM, Second Tenor; KEMP, Alto; STORMS, Baritone; and LOOMIS, Basso.

C. H. WRIGHT, the celebrated Dancer from Ramsey & Newcomb's and Morris & Pell's Minstrels.

Instrumentalists—HARRY WILLIAMS, Violin; G. F. SMITH, Flute and Piccolo; H. THOMAS, Clarionet; FRANK MEDINA, Cornet; J. MUNDWELLER, Cello and Basso.

☞ Saturday, at 2 o'clock, Grand Matinee for Ladies and Children.

PRICES OF ADMISSION:
Orchestra Chairs and Dress Circle.....75 Cents
Parquet.....50 cents | Upper Circle.....25 cents

THE CITY GARDENS,

CORNER OF TWELFTH AND FOLSOM STREETS.

☞ The Folsom St. Cars run every five minutes.
☞ The Howard St. Cars run within one block.

ON SATURDAY,
Chris. Andres' Band will give a
GRAND INSTRUMENTAL CONCERT!
COMMENCING AT TWO O'CLOCK.

ON SUNDAY,
A Grand Concert of Sacred Music,
BY CHRIS. ANDRES' BAND,
INTRODUCING
NEW AND APPROPRIATE PIECES!
COMMENCING AT ONE O'CLOCK P. M.

Admission, 25 cents, Children, half-price.

WONDERS OF WONDERS!

TO BE SEEN ONLY AT THE
Pacific Museum of Anatomy and Science,
Eureka Theatre, Montgomery street,
between California and Pine.

NATURE UNVEILED,

AT THE
PACIFIC MUSEUM OF ANATOMY AND SCIENCE
Eureka Theatre Montgomery street,
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AMERICAN HOTEL,

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MAURICE DORE & CO.,

REAL ESTATE AUCTIONEERS.

Office and Salesroom, 327 Montgomery St.
H. A. COBB.....Auctioneer.

WEDNESDAY,

WEDNESDAY.....OCTOBER 30, 1867,

At twelve o'clock,

AT PLATT'S HALL,

SALE OF

OAKLAND PROPERTY

ON A LIBERAL CREDIT.

FIVE HUNDRED

VILLA LOTS

—IN THE—

CITY OF OAKLAND!

IN SIZE

About Fifty by One Hundred and Sixteen and a half Feet.

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1-4 CASH;

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Hay, Grain, and Feed of all kinds.
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21 Clay street and 28 Commercial street, between Drumm and East, San Francisco.

STEPHEN M. SMITH,

(Formerly of Grass Valley,)

Having purchased the interest of Messrs. Parker & Vandewater, in the
PARKER HOUSE,
On Montgomery Street, invites the patronage of the public. He will keep on hand the finest qualities of Wines, Liquors, etc. October 12th, 1867.

Asphaltum for Sale

IN ANY QUANTITY TO SUIT, BY THE
PACIFIC ASPHALTUM COMPANY,
No. 533 Kearny street, corner of Sacramento,
SAN FRANCISCO.

This Asphaltum is the purest to be found in the market, being free from rock and clay, or other impurities.

Sidewalks Laid and Roofing Done at Shortest Notice.

NEUVAL & CO.

OCCIDENTAL RESTAURANT,

536 Washington Street, below Montgomery.

GEORGE WITTMAN would inform the public and the former patrons of this
POPULAR RESTAURANT

That he has assumed full charge, and will continue to keep all the delicacies of the season and one of the best lists of WINES, etc., and solicits the continuance of their patronage.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF EDWARD A. MAGRATH, deceased.—Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the estate of EDWARD A. MAGRATH, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator, at his office and place of transaction of business, room 5, No. 520 Montgomery street, in the city and county of San Francisco.
Dated October 24th, 1867.
WILLIAM A. QUARLES,
Administrator of the estate of Edward A. Magrath, deceased. oct26-5w

INSURANCE.

☞ EDITOR OF THE CALIFORNIAN—SIR—I have read over with attention your commentary of the 18th instant on the downward tendency of the stocks of half a dozen of our "crack" insurance company. You report that their shares have fallen eight to eleven per cent. within the last couple of weeks, and that in most cases the rates quoted are merely nominal: that in fact there are NO BUYERS. This is precisely what I foretold to those gentlemen several months ago when I observed the illiberal and and unbusiness methods they had adopted. Only think of it. Those great Insurance Companies founded on so many hundreds of thousands of "capital," (paper) would cancel people's policies if they presumed to give a portion of their insurance to the Builders' Insurance Co. Yes, indeed! You might insure with Turk, Jew, or Gentile, with New England or Old England, with German, Gaul, or Dane; but if you insured with the BUILDERS your policies with the others were straightway cancelled! And why object to the Builders, gentlemen? You are not called upon to pay their losses; the Builders have to pay their own losses, and have so far paid them promptly. But the Builders are only mechanics—they are not "merchants," and of course unfit to insure anybody.

Ah, gentlemen, I may say, in the words of Oliver Cromwell to the long Parliament of England: "The Lord hath delivered you into my hands."

Observe, Mr. Editor, they decline to make dividends from "prudential motives;" rather prudent, one should say, when they have no profits to divide! Bah! and so all their vaporing and dignity and pretension have come to this: That from gross mismanagement they are losing money and eating up the capital of their stockholders: while some of their labors consist in cancelling policies of their old customers, returning them the premiums paid, which, of course, are carried straight into the "Builders."

Those lights of Insurance Science are fain to be thought the models of Commercial Men—the encouragers of the young enterprise and budding industries of California. Yet the whole city can discern their meanness and incapacity.

I now prophecy and proclaim that half of those pompous Institutions will dissolve and retire from business long before they have their fortunes made; and their existence will be remembered only by the unfortunate Shareholders—an inevitable result of all mean and vicious dealing in the world.

THOMAS MOONEY.
San Francisco, October 19th, 1867.

Administrator's Sale of Real Estate.

OLNEY & CO., Auctioneers.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, THAT IN PURSUANCE of an order of the Probate Court of the City and County of San Francisco, in the State of California, made on the twenty-third day of October, A. D. 1867, in the matter of the estate of CLAUDE JACQUIN, deceased, the undersigned, Administrator of said estate, will sell at public auction, to the highest bidder for cash, in one parcel, and subject to confirmation by said Probate Court, on MONDAY, the 18th day of November, A. D. 1867, at 12 o'clock, noon, at the auction rooms of MESSRS. OLNEY & CO., No. 418 Montgomery street, in said City and County of San Francisco, all the right, title, interest and estate of the said intestate at the time of his death, and all the right, title and interest that the said estate has by operation of law or otherwise acquired other than, or in addition to that of the said intestate at the time of his death, in and to all that lot or parcel of land, situate, lying and being in the said City and County, and described as follows, to wit:

Commencing on the northwesterly line of King street, at a point distant on said northwesterly line of King street, forty five feet and ten inches southwesterly from the southwesterly line of Fourth street; thence running northeasterly along said northwesterly line of King street, forty five feet and ten inches; thence at right angles northwesterly, one hundred and twenty feet; thence at right angles southwesterly, forty-five feet and ten inches; and thence at right angles southeasterly one hundred and twenty feet to the point of commencement.

TERMS AND CONDITIONS OF SALE, CASH—Ten per cent. of the purchase money to be paid to the Auctioneer on the day of sale, balance on confirmation of sale by said Probate Court. Deed at expense of purchaser.

WILLIAM ROWAN,
Administrator of the Estate of Claude Jacquin, deceased.
San Francisco, October 26th, 1867.
OLNEY & CO., Auctioneers,
418 Montgomery street,

IN THE PROBATE COURT of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.
In the matter of the Estate of AMELIA MOSS, deceased.
Order to show cause why order of distribution should not be made.
On reading and filing the petition of J. W. Brumagim, Administrator, with the will annexed, of Amelia Moss, deceased, setting forth that he has filed his final account of his administration of the estate of said deceased, in this Court, and that the same has been duly settled and allowed; that all the debts and expenses of administration have been duly paid; and that a portion of said estate remains to be divided among the devisees and legatees of said deceased, and praying among other things for an order of distribution of the residue of said estate among the persons entitled:
It is ordered, that all persons interested in the estate of the said deceased, be and appear before the Probate Court of the City and County of San Francisco, at the Court room of said Court, in the City Hall, in said City and County, on MONDAY, the twenty fifth day of November, A. D. 1867, at two o'clock, P. M., then and there to show cause why an order of distribution should not be made of the residue of said estate among the devisees and legatees of the said deceased, according to law.
It is further ordered, that a copy of this order be published for four successive weeks before the said twenty-fifth day of November, A. D. 1867, in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published in the said city and county. M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.
Dated October 25th, A. D. 1867.
MESSRS. WINANS & BELKNAP, Attorneys for Petitioner. oct28-5w

SOTOYOME HOTEL,

B. C. WRIGHT, Proprietor, Healdsbur Cal.

Turnbull & Smith,
PRINTERS,
522 CLAY ST.,
SAN FRANCISCO.

Good Work!—One Price!—Punctuality!

D. BRUCE,

PRINTER,
COMMERCIAL STREET BELOW MONTGOMERY.

IN THE PROBATE COURT, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.
In the matter of the Estate of JEAN VICTOR SUBERVEILLE, deceased.
On reading and filing the petition of Lucas Poston de Arce, Administrator of the said estate, praying for an order of sale of the real estate therein described, and it appearing to this Court that there is not sufficient personal estate in the hands of the Administrator to pay the debts, charges and expenses of administration, and that it is necessary to sell the whole of the real estate of said deceased for the payment of such debts, charges and expenses, and because after the sale of so much of said estate as shall be necessary to pay such debts, charges and expenses, the residue thereof would be of such a character with reference to its future disposition among the heirs of said deceased as clearly to render it for the best interest of all concerned that the same should be sold, and for other reasons set forth in said petition.
It is ordered that all persons interested in the said estate appear before this Court, at the Court room thereof, at the City Hall, in the City and County of San Francisco, on MONDAY, the 25th day of November, A. D. 1867, at eleven o'clock A. M., of that day, to show cause, if any they have, why an order should not be granted to said Administrator to sell so much of the real estate of the said deceased as shall be necessary.
And it is further Ordered, that a copy of this order be published for four successive weeks in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published in the city and county aforesaid.
Done in open Court this 25th day of October, A. D 1867.
oct26-5w M C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

IN THE PROBATE COURT of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.
In the matter of the Estate of HENRY BENTZ, deceased.
Order to show cause why order of sale of real estate should not be made.
It appearing to the said Court, by the petition this day presented and filed by William A. Quarles, the Administrator of the estate left unadministered of Henry Bentz, deceased, praying for an order of sale of real estate, that it is necessary to sell some portion of the real estate, to pay the debts, expenses and charges of the administration.
It is therefore ordered by the said Court, that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased, appear before the said Probate Court on TUESDAY, the 26th day of November, A. D. 1867, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the Court room of said Probate Court, at the City Hall, in the City and County of San Francisco, to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said Administrator to sell so much of the real estate of the said deceased, as shall be necessary.
And that a copy of this order be published at least four successive weeks in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published in the said city and county.
Dated October 24th, 1867,
M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.
Office of the County Clerk of the City and County of San Francisco.—I, Wm. Loewy, County Clerk of the city and county of San Francisco, State of California, and ex-officio Clerk of the Probate Court, in and for said city and county, do hereby certify the foregoing to be a true and correct copy of an order duly made and entered upon the minutes of the said Probate Court.
Witness my hand, and the seal of said Court, this 24th day of October, A. D. 1867.
[SEAL AND STAMP] WM. LOEWY, Clerk.
By A. J. JEGHERS, Deputy Clerk.
J. F. FINN, ESQ., Att'y for Petitioner. oct28-5w

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF MARIA MACK, deceased.—Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administratror of the Estate of Maria Mack, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them, with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator, at his office and place of transaction of business, room 5, No. 520 Montgomery street, in the City and County of San Francisco.
Dated October 24th, 1867.
WILLIAM A. QUARLES,
Administrator of the Estate of Maria Mack, deceased.
oct28 5w

THE CENTRAL PARK OF THE PACIFIC

WOODWARD'S GARDENS,

Art Gallery, Museum, Gymnasium,

AND
ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

A GRAND SACRED INSTRUMENTAL CONCERT, under the leadership of PROF. J. SMITH, late of the
SECOND ARTILLERY BAND,
EVERY SUNDAY AFTERNOON.

THESE BEAUTIFUL GARDENS are visited daily by hundreds of the pleasure seeking public and all agree in pronouncing them the best and only first class suburban resort on the Pacific coast.

The extensive grounds are covered with the rarest trees and shrubbery, making it a most desirable spot for small parties wishing to enjoy a Pic-Nic.
New attractions are being constantly added.
Gardens accessible by the Howard and Market street cars. Entrances on Mission and Valencia streets, between Thirteenth and Fourteenth. OPEN EVERY DAY.
Admission 25 cents. Children half price.

PHILADELPHIA BREWERY,

Corner Second and Folsom streets,
SAN FRANCISCO.
HOELSCHER & WIELAND,
Proprietors

The California.

"SURELY THERE IS A VEIN FOR THE SILVER AND A PLACE FOR GOLD WHERE THEY FINE IT."

VOLUME VII., No. 24. OFFICE, No. 532 MERCHANT STREET. | SAN FRANCISCO, NOVEMBER 2, 1867. | TERMS, $5 A YEAR, BY MAIL, IN ADVANCE. 50 CENTS A MONTH, BY CARRIER.

CONTENTS:

ORIGINAL.—Great Men and Small Critics; A Southern "Home Journal;" Literary Gleanings: The "Broadway;" New Theory of the Gulf Stream; The Queen's Sin; "Lion's Mouth," by TREM: Obituary Literature; Plump Women; A Sweet Thing in programmes; In Memoriam; Dramatic Affairs, by Touchstone; Editorial Paragraphs, etc. SELECTED; Recollections of the War—a prisoner's story, by James Franklin Fitts; Guzla, a Legend of Beyrout; Loisette, a love story; Shark Catching; Waiting for the Harvest; Paragraphs, etc.

THE LION'S MOUTH.

"THE gravest beast is an ass, the gravest bird is an owl, the gravest fish is an oyster, and the gravest man is a fool." SYDNEY SMITH.

"I WILL roar, that I will do any man's heart good to hear me." A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

"I WILL aggravate my voice so, that I will roar you as gently as any sucking dove; I will roar you an 't were any nightingale." IBID.

"*Nil falsi audeat, nil veri non audeat dicere.*" CICERO.

Obituary Literature.

The nonsense written concerning the dead is generally considered exempt from criticism, though occasionally some hard-hearted materialist holds up to ridicule the epitaphs inscribed on tombstones. Far be it from us to criticise the uncouth rhyme in which a brother pays an ungrammatical tribute to a dead sister, or the "piece" which a daughter writes for the papers, setting forth the many virtues of her dead father. We would not do this. But we object to the "friend of the family" who seizes the opportunity afforded him by a death to rush into print. One of these literary ghouls was allowed to gnsh in the *Bulletin* one day this week. He saw two funerals in one day. He says:

The only remarkable features about these two incidents are the points of analogy and contrast which they suggest. In the one case the remains were those of a man sixty-five years of age, born across the seas, while in the other case the deceased was only five years of age, and a native of California.

Then he tells us that one had enjoyed much experience, and the other hadn't, etc., etc. He then states that—

The little child also, fresh from the Sunday School, with life all before him, felt no desire to have that life continued, but expressed his wish by singing, just before his final departure, "I want to be an angel;" and a convoy of those spirit messengers bore him away to the evergreen shore where the angels dwell.

We consider this not only very silly, but very wicked. The writer of this stuff knows very well that the child fresh from the Sunday School did not wish to die and did not sing "I want to be an angel," just before his final departure. This sentimental ghoul who gloats over these two death-beds and "does them up" for the *Bulletin*, winds up as follows:

The busy throng will give to these incidents a passing thought, and then go surging on as unconcerned as ever.

Why should not the busy throng continue to surge! These incidents (a euphemism for funerals) happen every day, and if the busy throng ceased surging on each occasion, business would be put a stop to. Seriously speaking, these silly anonymous obituary notices can afford but little satisfaction to either the relatives of the deceased or the public, however much they may gratify the conceit of the writer.

Plump Women.

The New York *Gazette* concludes an editorial on the resources of the country thus:

This country has no greater want, at the present time, than of plump girls and plump women. Let us have them plump and healthy whether they know anything or not. We can teach their children what they don't know, if necessary; by all means, let us have blooming, rosy, solid women. The Pacific Railroad is not half as important to the prosperity of this country as the aggregate avordupois of its women. The female sex of America ought to weigh at least half again as much as it does now.

That's sensible. It is so easy, too, to fatten a woman, just as easy as to fatten a chicken. Women cannot expect to get fat on pickles, apple sass and garden stuff. They won't fatten while they bolt every mouthful of food as if it were a pill, and consider the time spent in eating time mis-spent. There is something radically wrong in the human being, man or woman, who has no respect for the institution of dinner. Let dinner become a more honored meal throughout the United States, and the women will become plump. Dinners are the cause of the plumpness of the English women. They don't hurry through that respectable meal in fifteen minutes, but spend an hour or an hour and a half at the dinner table, and consider the time thus spent the most pleasant in the day. Professor Blot is engaged in a good missionary labor, he is teaching American women how to cook their food, the next thing is to teach them how to eat it. It is all affectation and snobbishness to sneer at a man who owns that he thinks a great deal of his dinner, to tell him he is a gourmand, makes a god of his belly, etc. Dinners and suppers are honorable institutions, many of the most important events in the world's history have been connected with dinner, and, with all reverence he it said, the great sacrament of the Christian church is the commemoration of a supper.

An "Episcopal Bishop."

The *Call* heads a paragraph in its column of foreign news, "What an Episcopal Bishop thinks of Benevolent Societies." "Episcopal Bishop" is good—a better expression than "female woman."

Fitz Smythe's Labors.

We rather like Fitz Smythe, he is an agreeable fool, we should not like to get him discharged from his position as local items on the *Alta* and force him to go into a cheap John auction store. We think however that the chapter on natural history which he published in the *Alta* one day this week is an imposition both on the proprietors of the paper and the public. Fitz Smythe advertises the business of a Chinese washerman, by writing an account of the performance of a squirrel which the aforesaid washerman has in his window, and advertises the squirrel as being for sale at the price of twenty dollars. He also states that he watched this squirrel *for an hour*. Is Fitz Smythe paid a princely salary by the proprietors of the *Alta* for watching squirrels in the windows of Chinese wash houses an hour at a time? The next remarkable animal Fitz Smythe observed was a dog with a cast in his eye, on Davis street, he then examined a horse's tail, and found that it stuck up like that of an English carriage horse—and so he goes on driveling. Is this the sort of thing that the subscribers for the *Alta* expect to read for local news? Fitz Smythe should be suppressed.

Christianity Unhealthy in the Sandwich Islands.

Rev. Mr. Hine, a Methodist missionary, has written a book on his experience in Oregon, the Sandwich Islands and China, says an exchange—in which he declares that the efforts to civilize and Christianize the natives of the Sandwich Islands have resulted in the extermination of four-fifths of the natives. He says that he doubts if ever yet a single native has been made truly and understandingly a Christian.

Mr. Hine speaks very plainly of Christianity as an exterminating agency. There is very little doubt, however, that the "Christianity" of the natives of the Sandwich Islands is not so respectable a religion as the heathen one which they formerly believed in. Mr. Hine is, however, a little too hard on Christianity when he charges it with being the cause of the extermination of four-fifths of the natives. Whisky and other causes have quite as much to do with it as Christianity.

In Memoriam.

DEATH OF AN OLD PAINTER.—John Flint, probably the oldest compositor actively engaged in printing, on this coast, died in this city yesterday. He was well known in California and British Columbia, and was respected by all who knew him; he was a native of London, and was over fifty-five years of age. His funeral will take place to-morrow at 1 o'clock, and will be conducted by the Eureka Typographical Union.—*Bulletin, October 26th.*

Death with his cruel dart struck Flint,
But baffled was his ire,
His steel brought forth th' immortal spark,
He could not quench that fire;
Th' immortal soul straight sped to heaven,
A spark from heaven sent,
The lifeless flint till the Last Day
Lies in earth's prison pent.

A Sweet Thing in Programmes.

An American has invented a new style of newspaper for the French theatres. The programme, names of artists, etc., is printed upon an agreeable sheet, a paste mixture, made of sugar, chocolate, etc.; so that the programme can be eaten. In the case of a synopsis of the incidents in each act being published it would be amusing to see the audience immediately on the fall of the drop curtain on the first act proceed to devour an inch or two of their programmes. It is to be feared that some greedy little boys and girls will eat up their programmes before the rising of the curtain. We are not quite sure whether Leslie, Raynor and Smith intend to adopt this new style of programme at their New Temple of Music, but are sure that if they do, they will find it rather an expensive experiment. The ladies of San Francisco have a large number of sweet teeth in their heads, and would eat up an alarming number of programmes.

The Fenian Alta.

Granny *Alta* has turned Fenian. She chuckles over the fact that an Indian Chief has offered to join the "Fenian army" with two hundred braves, and says:

For the sake of the old grudge, and the novelty of the thing, we hope to hear of the landing of the Fenian Indian contingent.

It will be a great pity if the Indians do not land in Ireland, and scalp a few women and children just to gratify the *Alta's* old grudge, and "for the novelty of the thing."

An Important Question Settled.

Yesterday's *Alta* contains an editorial headed, "Shall we annex Greece?" This is an important question. Shall we annex Greece? Much discussion might have been caused by the proposition of this question, a revolution might have occurred, but the country is now safe. The *Alta* answers the question. It says no, we shan't annex Greece. So we won't annex.

The Fog Whistle.

Some of the city papers have been "blowing" considerably about the new fog whistle which makes a more diabolical noise than the Mint whistle. The tone of this new whistle may be aptly compared to the sound emitted by a young bull calf in the agony of death from strangulation. TREM.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE WAR.

BY JAMES FRANKLIN FITTS.

A PRISONER'S STORY—IN THE LIBBEY—AND THE ESCAPE FROM IT.

DURING the early part of the year 1864, I enjoyed a brief leave of absence at the North; and in due course of time it came to an end, and I took my way back to the Department of the Gulf. Taking passage at New York in the steamer Cahawba for New Orleans, I found a goodly number of cabin-passengers aboard, with some hundred soldiers forward. Most of the former were officers, returning like myself from brief leaves of absence, or sick-leaves.

There were good talkers aboard, and story and conversation flowed in an unbroken stream. The favorite hour of the day was just after dinner, when everybody sought the shade of the awning on the deck; and here, on camp-stools, or lying lazily on blankets brought up from below, we smoked and talked, speculating much upon the future of the war, and the experiences that were before us, but giving more time to those which were already woven into the tissue of our lives. And here was given the narrative of Captain B. F. Porter, of the New Jersey volunteer cavalry, of his remarkable escape from the Libbey. Not long previous to this time, the wonderful deliverance of Colonel Straight and thirty or more of his fellow-sufferers from that den of horrors, by the secret excavation of a tunnel under the walls of the prison, had filled the northern journals, and became the theme of every little gathering; and it was still fresh enough in our minds to occupy much of our attention on board the Cahawba.

"It's a very pretty story," said a lieutenant of the group—a new addition to General Banks' command, whose brilliant shoulder-straps were to receive a smoky christening up Red River—"a very pretty story, gentlemen, but awfully exaggerated. These special war-correspondents are terrible liars."

A grave, quiet young man, of some twenty-four years, sat on a camp-stool near this speaker, reading a novel. He wore the straps of a cavalry-captain, and although he had talked with most of us casually since we left New York, few of us knew his name, none of us his story. As he heard the lieutenant's remark, he lifted a pair of keen blue eyes from the book he was reading, and said:

"Excuse me, sir, if I contradict you; but I can assure you there is no exaggeration in the newspaper accounts of that affair. As far as they go, they are perfectly truthful; but they do not tell more than half the story."

He spoke in that decided manner which intimated that his knowledge came from elsewhere than the columns of the papers; and it was for the purpose of drawing him out, that somebody suggested:

"Your way of speaking leads us to infer that you speak from experience?"

"As I do," was the ready answer. "I have lately escaped from the Libbey prison, after seven months' confinement; and I am the first man who succeeded in escaping."

Nothing more than these words was wanted to draw us all in an eager circle around him, and to cause every man of us to solicit his story. He told it at once, in a plain, off-hand way, with no attempt at ornament or effect; and as it is one of those narratives not easily forgotten, I shall be able to repeat it as faithfully as though three years had not passed since I heard it.

Early in the morning of June 14th, the day of the assault on Port Hudson, I was sent out with my company up the Jackson road, to watch for the appearance of the rebel cavalry: it being expected that they would take advantage of the fight inside to make a dash at our lines. "Go carefully, captain," said the colonel, "for a few miles; and if you discover any number of the enemy, return directly and report to me." I am on my way back to him now, after seven months' absence, to report that after proceeding about two miles beyond the lines, I was suddenly surrounded by a whole battalion of rebel guerrillas, who dashed out of the woods on each side of the road, and cut off our escape almost before we knew of their presence. I had nothing to do but surrender, which I did with a bad grace and heavy heart. We were all disarmed and put into the column near the rear of it; and then the guerrillas pushed right up to our lines, till we were actually in sight of the house that the general occupied as headquarters. How much further they might have gone, I don't know, but the appearance of an infantry brigade on the march alarmed them, and the leader gave the order to withdraw. This happened before daylight; and the noise of the fight over the left had grown louder and louder, and for several hours I heard a heavy cannonade between the lines. Gaining a position about half a mile back, the leader of this troop concealed them in the woods, and sent out a select squad to reconnoiter. "Fetch in two or three prisoners," he said; "and find out how the day is going." Then turning round to me, he questioned me sharply, trying to get information about our

army and our plans; but I told him nothing more than my name and regiment. When he saw that I was cautious, he attempted to win my confidence, saying:

"Come, cap—you might as well tell. Maybe we won't send you to Richmond, if you do. In less than two weeks Joe Johnstone will be down here from Mississippi with an army, and Banks will be completely surrounded. There isn't a man of your army that will get home any other way than through Richmond. So tell me what you know."

I only answered that I had been in the service two years, and that if he mistook me for a greenhorn, that would not make me one. He laughed, and replied:

"Well—you *are* a good 'un! Hope your pluck will hold out good, for I guess you've got pretty hard times before you."

I knew that well enough; and very dreary thoughts of what my new experience was likely to be came over me as I sat on the grass, waiting to be carried into the enemy's lines, where there could be no hope of deliverance short of the long and tedious process of exchange. But I was not despondent. It is part of my creed that a soldier has no business to put away the present and its duties, until he is flat on his back with a mortal wound. And I was not long in withdrawing my thoughts from the unpleasantness of my situation, and devoting them to the immediate exigency of the hour, I had not been seached yet; I well knew that I should be; and I knew, too, that to a prisoner in rebel hands, nothing was quite as valuable as the command of a little money. I had three double-eagles in my pocket, and a few greenbacks. The latter I left where they were, to avoid suspicion; and pretending to be sleepy, I stretched myself at full length upon the grass, and putting my hands inside my blouse to escape observation, I slit the lining with my knife, exactly under the top button, and putting one of the pieces in, fastened the edges with a pin. I concealed the other two in the same way; and it was a very timely conccalment. I had hardly completed it when I was put in line with my company, and each of us was thoroughly searched. Every article in my pockets was taken, and my captors felt all over my blouse for secret depositories; but the buttons effectually hid the gold, and it escaped discovery. To those three golden pieces, and to the forethought that suggested their concealment, I was finally indebted for my escape.

In half an hour the scouts returned, bringing no prisoners, but reporting that the assault was probably a failure. One of them who wore a blue blouse had left his horse with his comrades, and entered our lines far enough to meet some of the wounded on their way down from the front, who gave him an account of what they had seen. With that, we were ordered to horse, and rode rapidly with our captors to Jackson, where we found something like a brigade of guerrillas. That night I tasted the first sweets of confinement in an old shed, with a heap of cotton for a couch. A tall Mississippian guarded the door with a carbine. He informed me that he guessed I was a "good un!" but told me that he would have to shoot me if I tried to escape. He talked emphatically, through a long nose, and I believed him, and went to sleep. For the time, I put away all thoughts of escape, and resolved to await the developments of the future.

I shall not describe the incidents of my trip to Richmond; it would make a long story by itself, and has nothing to do with my escape. I remember it as a miserable journey, over rough railroads, at a tedious rate of speed, the prisoners for the most part being shut up in close and filthy cattle cars. We traversed the whole of Mississippi, most of Tennessee, and a part of North Carolina and Virginia. At many of the stations great crowds of people gathered about us, just as they would have attended a show of wild beasts, and many of them hooted us, and called us insulting names. Then, too, I remember more than one instance in which the better side of human nature showed itself, and when food and water were given us by some kind hand. I believe we had a good dinner to-day, gentlemen; but I assure you I did not relish it half as much as a piece of fresh cornbread which an old negro-woman gave me one hungry morning at Lynchburg.

It was quite two weeks from the day of my capture before we reached Richmond. It was not a very hopeful time to us as we marched through the streets of the rebel capital. The city was not beleagured then; it was upon the eve of the battle of Gettysburg, and some millions of hearts at the North would have beat more quietly could they have been assured of the safety of Washington, Baltimore and Philadelphia. Taking into consideration the fact that no help was at present to be expected from the army of the Potomac, and that months might elapse before another investment of Richmond, there seemed not the faintest chance of escape. Once in the Libbey, I thought I should be as effectually buried from home and friend, for long months, possibly years, as though the grave had closed over me. And if my hopeful heart took any encouragement from the very distant prospect of release by exchange, provided I should escape the horrors of disease and starvation, that was certainly a poor enough encouragement.

I was separated from my men, and taken directly to the old tobacco-warehouse, the cruel sepulchre of so many hopes; and, as the great doors closed behind me with a loud clang, I thought again of the lines from Dante,

"Who enter here must leave all hope behind."

There were at this time almost two hundred Union officers within its walls, of every grade, from brigadier general down. They had been sent here from every part of the military situation, and represented every Northern State, and all arms of the service, and had collectively fought in the greatest battles of the war. Those of them who are best known to the public, were General Neal Dow, Colonel Straight, and Lieutenant Colonel Irvine. We were confined in large rooms up stairs, with guards in both halls, guards outside, and a regular visit and roll-call twice a day from the commandant. I was assigned to one of the rooms; and after the key was turned on me and the bolts shot, I began an experience of seven months which I hope never to repeat. What I saw and heard in that place would fill a book, and I shall not pretend to give you a minute history of it all. That I suffered, I need not say; no man was ever committed to that place who did not suffer keenly. Bad food, and little of it, bad air, filth and vermin, were not exactly calculated to make me happy, nor was the constant fear of pestilence and disease. But it is a fact that men become so accustomed to a standing misery as to derive some consolation out of it; and I believe that we found a little relief in our captivity from our friendship, which grew up within those dreary walls into something of real strength and value. I have no wish now to devote my time to a detailed account of our miseries and sufferings in the Libbey; we had our full share, God knows! But that story has been told often, and is one that I don't care to dwell very particularly upon.

During the first few months of my imprisonement, there was very little whispering among us on the subject of our escape. The season progressed, and when General Meade withdrew from the Mine Run, we understood that there was to be no investment of Richmond that winter; and understanding that, it seemed as though our Government might effect an exchange. At this time "exchange" was the principal subject talked of among us. We speculated upon it, over our miserable rations, some of us declaring that we would be dining at Willard's in less than a month, and others growling at the war officers as only men inside of Libbey prison could growl.

It was in January, I think, that a ray of hope came to us, in the special exchange of Lieutenant Colonel Irvine. It was very unexpected to him, as well as to all of us, and happened in a queer way. As I understood the story, John Morgan's adjutant general, who was captured in Kentucky some time before, and who was well-known to the officials at Washington as a man of sterling integrity, had been released from the Old Capitol Prison, and sent to Richmond on his word of honor that he would procure the release of an Union officer of like rank from the Libbey. He discharged his obligation by getting Lieutenant Colonel Irvine freed; and when the door was opened one morning, and this officer called for, with the information that he had been exchanged, and was to go to Washington immediately, we were filled with astonishment and hope. We crowded round him and wrung his hands heartily, congratulating him on his good fortune, and bidding him not to forget us.

"You may be sure I will not," the good-hearted and brave man replied to us, over and over again. "I'll not let them alone in Washington till they do something for you. Depend upon hearing from me."

I know he was as good as his word. After he reached Washington and reported to Secretary Stanton, he was made a special agent to arrange exchanges, if possible; but some fatality seemed to shroud the subject at that time. I knew the colonel labored manfully for us, and traveled between Washington and City Point several times to effect our release; and at last, convinced that further effort at that inauspicious time would be useless, he sat down at the Point to write us a few lines of regret and encouragement. He told us what he had tried to do, and how impossible it was then to arrange the matter; and in conclusion bade us be hopeful and await "the logic of accomplished events."

We were keenly disappointed at this result, having flattered ourselves that the prospect of immediate liberation was excellent; but it is well for us that we learned, as soon as we did, that we must not put great faith in the ability of the Government to help us out. After this, in the darkness of cold winter nights, when we lay shivering on the cold floor, sustaining our drooping spirits with what fortitude we could summon, we began to whisper together about the chances of escape, and to watch narrowly by day for some way to accomplish it. Our wits were sharpened by hunger and suffering, and still more by that yearning for liberty which is all in all to the poor prisoner; and I cannot think of a plan that was not suggested before one was finally determined upon. We went to work, patiently and determined, working with the utmost secrecy, and resolved in the face of difficulties which to any person not actually a prisoner, would have seemed insuperable, to escape at all hazards.

From the first moment when it became certain that the subject of exchange was to be indefinitely postponed, I resolved with the others that I would escape; but I soon discovered that their plan could not be mine. Long before I saw the outside of the prison, the famous underground tunnel was commenced; in fact, I worked at it frequently at night, willing to give my companions the benefit of my hands while I stayed though the tunnel would not benefit me. To go back a little, and to tell something which I had overlooked, I had received a wound in the leg from a carbine ball, at the time of my capture, which was so slight as to give me no trouble until my confinement. Here something aggravated it—bad air or water, perhaps, or the confinement itself—and it became sore and inflamed. This lasted for some months, and then it grew better; but as the tunnel approached completion, I realized that I was not vigorous enough to take my chances with the others in the wild flight which they meditated, and that I should surely lag behind, and be picked up by the cavalry that would scour the country. My only hope, I thought was to get outside long enough before the general alarm was given to obtain a good start, by which I hoped to be able to reach our lines near Yorktown. And this I concluded I could best do by a disguise. There could of course be no delay when the tunnel should be done, for the hazard of discovery was serious, and was increasing daily; so after consulting with several of the officers, I resolved to try my luck alone, several days before they would be ready for their great attempt.

I was favored by the hope of assistance from an unexpected source, which came to me in a very strange way. I was standing by the grated window, one day, looking out into the yard, when a lady passed on the other side of the way, followed by a negro. She saw me at the window, and with a quick motion of her hand she put aside her shawl, showing me a small Union flag in the bosom of her dress, and instantly covered it again. In less than a week, however, I saw the same negro who followed the lady. He was allowed to come in among us to sell some fruit; and after a few moments he passed near me, and tossed me a large sweet potato, with a knowing look which I did not fail to comprehend. After the rebel guard had left the room, I examined the potato, and took from the center of it, where it lay in a little cavity, a small folded paper. That paper bore the name of the lady whom I had seen from the grates, and contained minute directions for finding her house; and addressing me as "the unknown Union officer," promised that if I could get out of the prison and come to her, she would conceal me faithfully until I could make good my escape.

This was a ray of hope which lent wonderful encouragement to me. In view of the condition of my leg, it seemed really providential; and I went to work, systematically and with energy, and yet with the caution that there was a second nature to us, to devise a successful escape. My plan was simply to collect together articles enough to make the uniform of a rebel soldier, and to put them on and wear them quietly out of the prison! It was the simplest plan that was suggested to me, and probably the best. At all events, it succeeded, as my presence here to-day bears witness.

It was not so difficult to obtain this kind of clothing as might be supposed. Most of our officers had one or two garments of it which they had purchased from the negroes and soldiers to whom they had access; and as cold weather came on, they could do so without suspicion and they were not interfered with in doing so. I made my plan known to a good number of the officers, and with their assistance soon had the coveted disguise stowed away behind the bricks at the corner of the wall. I was troubled for some time to get a gray cap; but that I obtained of one of the guard, with the help of one of my cherished gold pieces. Next I bought a razor, and a pair of scissors; and with my preparations as nearly made as they could be, I waited in feverish impatience for the morning which I had selected for the trial of my attempt. I hardly dared to think of it, or to weigh the chances of success and failure. The difficulties seemed so decidedly against me that I could not look them in the face; but hoping and praying for deliverance, I lay down, with the bundle of clothing under my head, and tried to sleep. I think I was awake the greater part of the night; I was certainly awake long before daylight. There was not a soul stirring in the prison save the guards, who tramped back and forth heavily in the halls, above and below, when I went to the window, and with the help of a little water which was left in my can, and trusting a great deal to the sense of feeling, shaved the long drooping moustache and luxuriant beard which my seven months' confinement had given me. Next I took the scissors and carefully sheared my hair, almost as close as a convict's; and then I dyed my eyebrows to blackness with the ink. After this, I put on my gray suit, buttoned the coat tight up to my chin, that I might look something like an orderly without arms, and then waited patiently near the door. In about an hour the morning allowance of food was brought in to be doled out to us, and this was the moment which I had decided to seize. I walked straight out of the door, and passed the guard in the hall, carrying his musket at a right-shoulder shift. I walked by him with a firm step; he looked at me carelessly, and said not a word. I descended the stairs, and passed anothe

guard in the lower hall, in the same way. Acting the exact pursuance of the plan I had laid out, I went into the prison-office at the end of the hall, and asked the clerk the time.

"Pretty near seven," he replied, looking at his watch and then indifferently at me.

I saw he did not know me; but it was with some difficulty that I succeeded in keeping the discovery out of my face when I recognized, in this same clerk, an old friend whose acquaintance with me dated back before the war, and who left a situation in a wholesale house in New York to enter the civil service of the Confederacy. But I was cool; and as I saw the perfection of my disguise, I grew confident. From the office, I walked to the door; and here I met Major Turner, the commandant, just entering. I saluted him promptly, and walked out between the muskets that guarded the door, and in two minutes had turned corners enough to free me from the sight of the Libbey, and to give me a sense of freedom so delicious, so joyful, that I will not attempt to describe it. I hurried along the streets, mentully thanking God for my freedom, and praying for complete deliverance, and with no other thought than to get outside the city as fast as possible, and entirely forgetting, for the time, the condition of my leg. I hurried along, and had soon reached a negro quarter near the eastern outskirts of the city. I stopped to talk with one of the negroes, and feeling sure that there was no necessity for disguise, I frankly told him who I was, and asked his assistance.

"You'll nebber get out dis way, sah," he said, gravely shaking his head. "De rebels hab all de roads up heah, and dey'll kotch you, sure. Come and hide here wid me, and I'll clar you 'fore long."

I thanked him, but told him that I was bound to try; and try I did, and proved the truth of his words. Had I been a little less circumspect about my reconnoitering, I might not have met you here to day, After half a mile's careful progress on one of the roads, I discovered a mounted picket patrolling across it a short distance ahead. I tried two others with the same result, and then sat down on some abandoned earthworks to reflect. My leg was growing painful, and I was surrounded with enemies. I had not the strength nor endurance, after my long imprisonement, necessary to lurk in the woods, and travel blindly about at night, evading the rebel pickets and patrols; and to go forward under these circumstances could result in nothing but capture. I decided that there was nothing left for me to do but to return to Richmond immediately, and seek the concealment offered me by my unknown friend. I did it; but I never yet made a resolution so unwillingly as this, by which I voluntarily placed myself again in the capital of my enemies. And as the sequel proved, I did the very best for myself that I could have done

I found the house of the lady with little difficulty, and was welcomed by her in a way which left me no doubt of her sincerity, and her fidelity to the Union cause. For the next month, that noble woman concealed me, watched over my safety, and at last made my escape sure. She did it all without hope of reward, for pure love of the cause and its soldiers; but I hope some day to meet her where I can testify my gratitude in a more substantial manner than by thanks. Her house was the headquarters of a branch organization of a loyal league, which she informed me embraced the names of several thousands in Richmond. I know it to be a fact that these men had arms concealed in different cellars and garrets in the city; and in the previous Spring, during the battle of Chancellorsville, when Stoneman was raiding down toward the city with his heavy cavalry columns, they only waited the certainty of his coming to rise, arm themselves, open the doors of the prisons, and take possession of the city for him. And strange as it may seem, during my sojourn at this house I was introduced to one of its visitors, a man in thorough sympathy with the national cause, who was a high official in one of the Confederate bureaus; and at his suggestion, I accompanied him one day, riding a horse which he provided me, as his orderly, when he went, in company with a board of examination and several generals, to inspect all the defences of the city! The information which I acquired during that day's ride I reduced to writing, making plans from memory of the most important works; and these I subsequently delivered to Secretary Stanton, at Washington.

After I had been a week in the house of my fast friend, the widow, I grew perfectly confident of her good faith, and tried to wait patiently for my final deliverance. Her plan of escape satisfied me well, and I was content to wait till it could be carried out. She designed to get me a place as driver of one of the wagons of a great forage and supply train which was to leave the city in a few days for Northumberland county; and, as many of her friends were interested with her, she thought there could be little doubt of her success. The chief difficulty was with the passport; but that she hoped to arrange, with a little management. She reported to me everything that could be gathered from around the prison, and I learned that after some excitement and considerable swearing, caused by the discovery of my escape, several squads of cavalry had been sent out on the north and east roads, and that they had all returned without an item of intelligence concerning me. I could reasonably suspect that upon this the rebels might be quite certain that I was still in the city; and thereafter the utmost care was taken to prevent discovery. I only went out after nightfall, and even then always in my suit of gray, and in company with some one who knew the city thoroughly.

One morning the widow brought me the gratifying intelligence which filled the city with surprise, and some thousands of hearts in it with secret exultation, of the escape of Colonel Straight and his companions through the tunnel. That was an exciting time in Richmond, and much of the excitement came to the house where I was concealed. The near approach of Colonel Dahlgren and his command raised the wildest apprehensions on the part of the rebels, and I saw not a few Unionists who predicted that the stars and stripes would wave over the city before the expiration of twenty-four hours. The prophecy was false; but I believe a little more system in this advance, and a menace from two or three more columns on different roads, at this time, would have made the way for one of them inside, and secured the escape of all of us. As it was, the rebel cavalry chased the fugitives hotly over the peninsula, and many were captured and returned to their old hateful quarters; and others succeeded, by herculean exertions and terrible fatigue and exposure, in reaching the relief parties that were sent out from Fortress Monroe at the first intimation of their escape. I was more than ever convinced that I had acted wisely in not casting my lot with them. I knew now, if I did not before, that I should have been hunted down among the first. After these occurrences, the excitement ran so high in the city, and the scrutiny became so rigid, that my friends declared to me that I must defer all thoughts of getting away until the departure of another train; and this I reluctantly, and still wisely, consented to do.

But at last the long-expected day came; and furnished with a passport which bore the name of Moses Parish, (a real person, who was unable to go with the train on account of sickness, and whom I was to personate.) I bade farewell to my kind deliverer, and walked over to the rendezvous with a bold air. The officer in command of the train looked at my passport and then very closely at my face; and believing that if I could pass safely through this ordeal, my escape would be assured, I took courage, and prepared for a catechism.

"I don't know you, my man," he said. "How long have you been in Richmond?"

"Seven months," I replied, telling him the exact truth that time.

"How did you get here?"

"Through the lines. 'Listed in the Yankee army, and deserted after Chancellorsville."

"Where did you enlist?"

"Baltimore."

"Have you lived there!"

"All my life," said I, knowing that I could satisfy him that I knew all about Baltimore, if he would give me a chance.

"Ho--you have, have you? We'll see about that. Now, my fine fellow, I happen to be a Baltimorean myself, and I think you've been lying to me. If you have, I'll find it out; and he proceeded to question me closely about the streets, squares, railroad depots and public buildings of Baltimore; all of which I answered satisfactorily.

"Well," he said, looking me right in the eyes, "you *do* seem to know Baltimore pretty well. Get up on your wagon-box, and we'll see about you."

I knew he had some suspicion of me, and prepared myself to meet him in whatever shape he came. We left the city, a great empty train of half a mile in length, with several companies of cavalry as escort, and wound along slowly towards the southern Potomac. There was incident and excitement enough happened every day while I stayed with this train to make a story of itself; but there was nothing more which brought me into danger until we reached the Pamunkey. The water was high, and the whole train crossd over on boats. I was leaning on the rail, looking into the water, when a resounding slap fell on my shoulder, and a loud voice rang out, close to my ear:

"Halloo, Porter! who'd have thought to see you here!"

Now I had forethought enough to provide in advance for just such a contigency as this. Before I left Richmond, for two weeks, the widow and her friends had called me nothing but Moses Parish, in order to familiarize me with the name; and I had resolved that until all danger was past, I would never betray the slightest recognition upon the utterance of my own name. I turned now, slowly and deliberately, and faced my kind friend, the train-master.

"That's not my name, sir," I said; "but I'm on hand for duty."

"The d—l it isn't! and the d—l you are!" he said, snappishly. "Do you mean to tell me that your name is not Captain Porter, of the Yankee army—the man who escaped from Richmond the other day?"

"No, sir, it is not." And I burst out into a loud laugh.

"Well, what is it?"

"Moses Parish, lately from Baltimore, and—"

"There, there, enough of that infernal stuff! If you're not a knave, then I'm a fool; we'll try to find out which, when we get back to Richmond."

But that opportunity the excellent lieutenant never had; and I suspect that he thought, when he took his loaded train back without me, that he had not overrated his acuteness.

We reached the neighborhood of the Potomac, and watching my opportunity, I detached a mule from the wagon I drove, and rode him to the river as fast as I could make him go. Here I found a boy with a boat, and easily hired him to take me across; and I am not ashamed to say that when I reached the opposite shore, I fell down prostrate on the sand, and catching up great handsful of it, shouted aloud, "Maryland, my Maryland!" I easily found one of our cavalry camps in this vicinity, and by the help I received there, was able to reach Washington in a few hours; and I had not been in the city half a day before I was closeted with the Secretary of War, giving him a full account of my experience. I have reason to know that I gave him information which was of great importance to the Army of the Potomac, and to the country.

SHARK CATCHING.

THE Rocky Point correspondent of the Springfield *Republican* gives a humorous account of shark fishing in Narragansett Bay, incidentally introducing George Dawson, a great sportsman of Albany:

Those who know this gentleman, are aware of his weakness for angling. All through the Adirondack regions the trout know his tread upon the banks of lake and stream, and jump exclusively at his fly. Wherever salmon swims or musculonge sweeps, there walks George Dawson successfully demanding tribute of the subject waters. Now Mr. Dawson, with all his accomplishments and exploits, had not, previous to his visit to Rocky Point, caught a shark. He longed to catch a shark. For one I was determined that such ambition should be gratified. I had familiarized myself with the resources of Rocky Point. I knew its private park of sharks, perfectly. We stake them here as they do oysters; and one afternoon the beautiful yacht *Lula*, Capt. Sibley—Chubb, the first mate having been armed with a hatchet—dropped anchor off my private stake, at Conninicut Point. The shark lines were pulled out, Mr. Dawson was instructed in the art of throwing the bob, and the solemnities were begun.

Now it must be remembered that in shark fishing one is quite apt to get hold of a creature whose weight and style of action render single handed conflict inconvenient. So, when a large shark is hooked, two or three fellows turn to and help get him in. But Mr. Dawson proposed to take his own sharks. Suddenly, after numberless bootless tossings of the float, Mr. Dawson saw it disappear from his excited vision. It had gone under; and then he bent himself to the task of pulling in the lively fellow for whom he had been waiting. I think I never witnessed a more exciting scene. Fancy an elderly gentleman at one end of a long clothes line, and a fish seven feet long at the other, in the full vigor of its maturing life, the question being whether said gentleman should be pulled into the water, or the fish should be pulled into the boat. Fancy this fish plowing slowly through the water toward the boat, under gentle but persistent compulsion, lashing the surface into spray, and turning over and over like the screw of an ocean propeller. Fancy all of us offering assistance which was indignantly refused. "Let go of my line!" "Don't touch me;" "Keep off; keep your distance." These were the frantic exclamations of one who, even in a closely contested New York election, is radiant like a Summer sun, set forth with something sweeter than repose. At last the fish was at the side of the boat. Mr. Dawson had raised the tip of the creature's nose into view above the rail, and there he stuck. Still he refused assistance. One more effort and the whole head was in view. Then the gentleman from Albany called up his reserves, and with one grand effort the shark was pulled in. An instant later Mr. Dawson stood on the forwurd deck, partly to contemplate his triumph at leisure and partly to get out of the way of the shark's tail. It was while standing there, Chubb in the meantime hammering away with a hatchet upon what was supposed to contain the creature's brain, that Mr. Dawson, elevated by his success and contemptuous of his less fortunate companions, exclamed: "*Strange that men unaccustomed to fishing will venture out on expeditions of this character!*"

St. Louis is to have a bridge, costing $5,000,000, over the Mississippi.

Two Chicago pyrotechnics are to have a match game of fireworks for $500.

THE Mormons had a grand ball on the Fourth; tickets $5 for a gentlemen and *one* wife only.

MINNESOTA IS absorbing emigrants at the rate of about a thousand a day.

A MAN sold his pew in a church because he did not like the steeple. Tall reason.

AGASSIZ says the Florida reefs were 70,000 years in building.

LITERARY GLEANINGS.

THE "BROADWAY."

THE second number of this new magazine—the number for October—has made its appearance. The "international" character announced as its chief features, is not impartially preserved, the English contributors furnishing about seven-eights of the reading matter. The contents consist of four fresh chapters of "Brakespeare," by the author of "Guy Livingstone;" a light arricle on "Croquet," by W. S. Gilbert, with six clever illustrations; "Mrs. Brown on Periodical Literature," by Arthur Sketchley; four new chapters of "Second Thoughts," by F. C. Burnand, occupying four pages—a chapter to a page; "Nicholas at the Exposition;" "Amantium Iræ," a copy of very commou-place verses, by I. Ashby Sterry; "Couleur de Rose," by Mrs. J. H. Riddell; "The Water Link of Europe and America," by Rev. C. W. Denison; "Anonymous Humbug," by John Hollinshead; "Holland House," by Rev. J. C. M. Bellew; and "Mary O'Mara," a song, by Samuel Lover, of the most hacknied type of feeble sentimentality. "Brakespeare" is located iu England and France during the continental wars waged by Edward III. and the Black Prince, and the well known characteristics of its author crop out in every paragraph. The attempt to make the characters discourse in the language of the time, results in a literal sprinkling of those stilted forms of expression employed by a certain class of playwrights to give a savor of antiqiquity to the dialogue of their more tragic characters, and which no human being ever made use of off the stage. No salutations are made, or questions asked, in any less stately fashion than "We give thee good morrow, fair son," "whither are ye faring forth?" etc. The hero, who is of course of the Admirable Crichton order, irresistible in war and love, never says "I wonder," or "I know," but always, "I marvel" or "I wish;" and where "Guy Livingstone," or any other modern *beau sabreur* would possibly indulge in profanity and bid an adversary "Go to —," the "Free Lance" of the present story simply bids him "Go to!" stopping short of the blank. Of the other articles, "Couleur de Rose" is the best. Here is a specimen:

Here "Coulenr de Rose" tastes dead like Cliequot a week uncorked—it is useless as a foreign delicacy, it is unavailable as an English necessary. The thing is very well in its own country, as a light meagre way of expressiug the self-delusious of a different race; but in the midst of our own more ponderous language, the expression meaus—so far as it means anything—humbug.

Because when au Englishman thinks over much of his own prospects, the rose-tint has been laid on by a cleverer and less scrupulous artist than himself.

"Couleur de Rose!"—there was a piece of tinted glass held up to Eve's eyes in Paradise, before the French language or the latest Parisian fashions were thought of, and we have been lookiug for a few thousand years since then in cool blood at the naked reality, the idealizatiou of which she thought so lovely.

"Ye shall be as gods, knowing good and evil," said the serpent, throwing, we may be sure, an exquisite rose-tint over flower and shrub; and thus beguiled, our unfortunate mother ate, to discover that good and evil meant niuety-nine and three-quarters per cent. of evil, and one-quarter per ceut. of good.

In a minor degree, the cousequences arc much the same with us now. We first look through the glass and think everything lovely; then we see the other side, and think nothing comely, whereas were we to take "Couleur de Rose" for what it is worth, we should not feel disappointed when we behold reality face to face.

A blind faith is easier than scepticism, and wholesomer too some people say; but this proposition is open to qnestion, since there can be little doubt but that "Couleur de Rose," and its accompanying shams are fruitful sources of discontent, envy, jealousy, hatred, and all uncharitableness.

For people accept the false gloss, and knowiug how rough a surface life presents to them, each amongst the number cries:—

"Why is it that A, B, C, D, and so forth, meet with this good fortune, whilst I, alone of all the letters in the alphabet, have to earn my living in the sweat of my brow?"

Which is all very natural, only if he could see the circumstances of his fellows without the conversational glamour thrown over them, he would know life to be not so much sweeter to A than to Z, as A strives to make it appear.

* * * What does 'Couleur de Rose' mean in English if it be not a deliberate intention to deceive?

"For it is not the art of making the best things—it is not even a far-away cousin of that happy temperament which sets out the poor furniture of its life to the best advantage, chooses the sunniest casement of its dwelling from which to look over the plains of existence, goes smilingly afoot, and refrains from turning a sullen face on the whole world because the mud from the wheels of some rich man's carriage chances to splash its clothes.

"Much to be respected is the man capablo of doing this, who, having grievances, strives to lessen them—not by deceiving others, but by conquering himself—who can face his daily work, his actual position, without repining, and who presents his position to his fellows through no delusive rosy medium, but honestly and simply as it seems to his own happy, contented temper."

NEW THEORY OF THE GULF STREAM.

The article entitled "The Water-Link of Europe," propounded what its author claims to be an entirely new theory of the causes and nature of the gulf stream, namely, that it is a subterranean water, fed by the Mediterranean sea. Briefly stated, the idea is, that there is a secret outlet at the bottom of the Mediterranean, near the voxtex of Scylla and Charybdis, and that the great body of the waters of that sea that are not carried off by evaporation, enter the earth through the caverns at the bottom of the whirlpool and passing nnder the earth in the direction of the west, and finds a similar opening to the surface, off the coast of Yucatan. "The Mediterranean, it is well known," says the writer, "has recieved a constant flow from the South Atlantic Ocean ever since man has had a knowledge of its existeuce. A vessel left at the opening of the Straits of Gibraltar, leading into the Mediterranean, will steadily drift into that sea, though unguided by sails or any outward motive power. The current sweeps in at the rate of threo miles an hour, and none exists on the surface or beneath to counteract it. There is no other outlet to this sea but that at the Straits, while there are twelve rivers flowing into it in differeut directions, one of them the large river Nile. The practical question naturally arises, where does this large deposit of the waters of the Atlantic escape? It is proved that it does not flow out at the Straits, and it is impossible that it should pass off in exhalation. The inflow of its rivers and the descent of its rains are amply sufficient to re-supply all the water that escapes by exhalation; and if the process were to increase beyond this to a point necessary to account for the supply from the Atlantic, the bed of the Mediterrancan would long ere this have become a solid body of salt."

The writer's theory would seem plausible enough, could he explain how the *flow of the subterranean stream is mantained.* It would seem, upon natural principles, as though the water after once filling the caverunous passage, if such there be, would remain staguant. Mr. Denison refers to no known law that would account for such a circuit as his hypothesis supposes.

THE QUEEN'S SIN.

The fist volume of Queen Victoria's book, entitled "The Early Years of His Royal Highness, the Priuce Consort," has appropriately been spoken of as "A Royal Idyll." It is Arcadian in its freshness and simplicity, and in the romantic beauty, tinged with pure poetic sentiment of the story which it unfolds. The Priuce Albert presented to the reader of this exquisite idyll, is not the mature, the prudent, and the variously accomplished public man of the popular conception. He is an impulsive, ardent, and generous boy, full of high hopes and noble aspirations, yet by no means a "model young man," in the conventional seuse, nor free from the erratic impulses which manifest themselves in the mischievous escapades and sophomonic tricks of our college youth. We do not propose to dwell upon a volume, which is probably already in the hands of most of our readers, but shall content ourselves with a single extract, in which the royal author reproaches herself with a charming, but all unroyal frankness and simplicity for the obstacles which she long interposed to the marriage. She was, she tells us, disinclined to an early marriago, and for the delay upon which she insisted, she touchingly upbraids herself as for a sin against the dead. She says:

"Nor can the Queen think without indignation against herself of her wish to keep the Prince waiting for probably three or four years, at the risk of ruining all his prospects in life, until she might feel iuclined to marry! * * * * * * The only excuse the Queen can make for herself is in the fact that the sudden change from the secluded life at Kensingtou to the independence of her position as Queen regnant at the age of eighteen, put all idea of marriage out of her mind, which she now most bitterly regrets. A worse school for a young girl, or one more detrimental to all natural feelings and affections, cannot well be imagined than the position of a Queen at eighteen, without experience and without a husband to guide and support her. This the Queen can state from painful experience, and she thanks God that nouo of her dear daughters are exposed to such danger."

"Happy is the wife," exclaims one of tho reveiwers of tho book, "and happy the husband, who has no heavier sin to regret and repent! The manifestation of a spotless conscience in this touching self-apology is one of the most delicate suggestions in the book of a perfect union. How little there can have been in it to vex the tenderest scrupulousness when this girlish hesitation shows half like a crime! The position of "a queen at eighteen" thus modestly brought before us might well have excused a more serious fault."

Altogether, this first volume, devoted to tho "early years" of Prince Albert, and to the youthful loves of the royal pair, possesses a singular charm, and one that the subsequent volumes, devoted to graver matters, will, we suspect, scarcely rival.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE New York *Evening Mail* says: It's reported that strong representations have been made to George P. Putnam & Son, in favor of making their proposed magazine of the illustrated order. The plan is to embellish almost every page with appropraite engravings. This would undoubtedly take with the public; bnt it implies great difficnlties in regard to the artists. We have very good authority for saying that it is next to impossible to secure a corps of competent designers, upon whom any dependence can be placed for steady routino work. Probably this fact had weight in the ultimate abandonment of the idea.

THE *Citizen* indulges in this hit at Henry Ward Beecher's story: "An enterprising manager proposes to consolidate all the theatrical companies in the country into one troupe, and play Beecher's 'Norwood.' He expects even then that some of the performers would have to sustain double parts."

THE New York *Evening Mail* says: "Mr. E. H. House's health is said to be very poor since he went to London. Mr. House is one of the last that survive of a brilliant coterie of young men who have died in the hayday of yonth within the past two or three years—among them George Arnold, 'Artomus Ward,' etc."

JOHN PAUL in the New York *Citizen* has the following: "Society, however,—I am sorry to say it—abounds with animate gimlets—creatures that pride themselves npon their penetration, and are forever essaying their powers. They bore you, and that is all."

DR. RUSSELL, who is going to Abyssinia as correspondent of the London *Times*, will continue his story in *Tinsley's Magazine.* He has left enough "copy" for four months, which, it is hoped, will make the editor feel easy.

ANTHONY TROLLOPE'S new magazine is to bear the titlo of *St. Pauls*, after the famous edifice of that name in London. He will commence a new novel in the first number.

MR. ROBERT BUCHANAN is writing a life of Audubon from materials furnished by his widow.

THERE are eight hundred and sixty journals and periodicals published in Paris.

THE *Galaxy* is to be enlarged on the first of December.

SUCCESSFUL MEN.—The successful man is not necessarily to bo envied—not always the happiest man. Human nature cannot have its own will long, without becoming deteriorated by it. We are appointed to struggle, and in our struggling, our highest life is developed. The time will come when the laws of our present condition will cease, and when we shall bo able to bask in tho sunshine of success without virility, or encrvation of our virtues. Till then, it is our wisdom to accept our lot and make tho best of it, to seek for our enjoyment in our work, rather than what the work produces—to till the soil, and dismiss all needless anxiety about tho harvest—to be more concerned that we should sncceed; in a word, to bear ourselves like well-disciplined soldiors, with whom strict obedience is the most sacred obligations, and are thereby absolved from responsibility as to its results. Then, so far as success is vouchsafed to us, it will be grateful; so far as it is denied, it will not disconcert us. Thus living, our life wi'l be its own success.

A GOOD paper is a true leveler, it gives to all who will faithfully use it, tho society, the spiritual presenco of the best and greatest of our race.

CRITICS are sentinels in the grand army of letters, stationed at the corners of newspapers and reviews to challenge evry new comer.

PEOPLE often spend half their lives in contracting maladies, and the other half in trying to get rid of them.

PACIFIC ASPHALTUM COMPANY.—This company is at present engaged in laying down one of their celebrated asphaltum pavements in front of the Lick House, in place of the brick one which was laid some four years ago, and was thought by pedestrians to be a fine, firm pavement, but in this short period, the bricks have been worn down to two thirds of their original thickness. The asphaltum used and for sale by this company is the purest to be found in the market, being free from rock, clay or other impurities. It is the cheapest and most durable pavement, and is fast taking the place of the plank and brick pavement everywhere. The office of the Pacific Asphaltum Co. is at No. 533 Kearny street, corner of Sacramento. Nenval & Co. proprietors.

OYSTERS AND CLAMS.—Wm. Roalfe, Nos. 40, 41, and 42, California Market, entrance on California street, keeps on hand, from 6 A.M. until 5 P. M., and Saturday nights until 10 P. M., oysters and clams. Families supplied at the shortest notice with fresh oysters and clams. The deviled-crabs are to be had here and nowhere else. And for business men, on California street, there is no place where a better lunch can be served. Mr. Roalfe is well known to the community as a first class caterer. Call and leave your orders, wholesale or retail.

FEED STORE.—George Morrow,—wholesale and retail dealears in Hay, Grain, and feed of all kinds, offer the greatest inducement to those who wish to furnish their stock with fresh and healthy feed. This firm has been in the business for many years and parties can rely on the purchases made at this establishment, No. 21 Clay and 28 Commercial streets, between Drum and East.

A TALE OF SAVAGE LIFE.

BY JOHN QUILL.

THIS is a thrilling narrative of a noble North American Indian.

It is also the simple story of a woman's love.

And it is a touching illustration of the power of paternal affection.

As well as a tale of bitter and terrible revenge.

It is also first-class in every respect, and warranted to keep one year in any climate, and it is a number of other things, which I won't mention, because I don't want to tell the anecdote before I get to it. For I once knew a man who undertook to write a preface to his book, and when he got through he couldn't tell whether to make a book of the preface, or a preface of the book, and he lost his reason, and became a straw-haired lunatic trying to decide.

Out in the prairie dwelt an Indian chief named Fiery Nose, and Fiery Nose had a daughter, over whose head sixteen Indian summers might have passed.

Now it will be necessary, you perceive, that this copper complected young maiden should have a lover, in order to give this story a proper degree of interest. So she had one, and his name was Buffalo Bull, and he was an aged brave, some years her senior, and he wore knock knees and goggles, and was related to a red haired tribe of Indians who ate the bread of idleness, excepting when they were compelled to work for a living. Buffalo Bull was a fine old brave, and he always hit directly from the shoulder, and considered it no disgrace to drink nine fingers of fire water at one time, and wear crape on his hat when his first wife died.

He also had a cow-lick in his hair.

"The old aborigine Fiery Nose, hadn't the slightest idea in the world that such a venerable old savage as B. B., sprung in the knees as he was, ever thought to marry his daughter. But, strange to say, that was the very identical thing upon which Buffalo had set his heart.

So he called one evening at the family mansion of Fiery Nose, with the intention of murdering him in a peaceable and friendly manner, and then eloping with his daughter, the fair Prairie Flower.

On that very night Fiery Nose sat in his library with his war paint on, trying to balance his scalp account, which was one scalp short, and the Prairie Flower also wore paint, and sat reading Tupper's inspiring poems under the chandelier in the front parlor.

When Buffalo Bull came in, he went back into the library, and entered into conversation with the old man, for he had rare conversational powers, and spoke his native tongue with a facility that was at once admirable and remarkable.

"Will you take a pipe?" asked the hospitable Fiery Nose; "do take one," handing him a coil of gas pipe. "I have some tobacco that has a stamp on it, and it consequently must be good. It was grown in Paducha."

"Why don't you use the 'Mud Turtle' brand?" observed Buffalo Bull. "Every paper you buy has a million dollar bill in it, and you can get it for five cents. It is an excellent investment for your surplus earnings. Let me advise you to get some."

"Ah, I will," said Fiery Nose. "Prayhaire," said he to his child, "go around and buy me two papers of Mud Turtle tobacco. "You'd better ride. Get a quarter's worth of tickets, and you may buy 'yellow jack' with the change."

The fair Prairie Flower kissed her aged parent until his colors began to run, and then she went out on her errand with a small hat over her eyes.

"Nice girl, ain't she?" said Fiery Nose; "I've had a great deal of trouble bringing her up, but I am amply repaid, and I attribute all to the fact that I raised her with yeast powders. I got the best, and they did the business."

"She is a fine girl, and no mistake, and she seems good, too. By the way, how are you getting along over at your Sunday School?"

"Tolerably, thank you," said Fiery Nose; "tolerably. I make them an address, and play a few tunes on the melodeon every Sabbath afternoon; but I can't attend to it properly, you know."

"No? Why not?"

"Well, you see, I am constantly interrupted. Here last Sunday, while I was right in the midst of a touching hymn, a pale face came down the road, and I was obliged to go out and murder him. He ran, but I told him that he'd got to die, and if he didn't want to go out on the fly, he'd better succumb at once."

"Did he?"

"Yes, he came up and apologized for running on the ground that he wanted to see a man. But I was mad, for you know I am lymphatic, with a tendency to apoplexy, and I don't like to run."

"Right enough, too."

"So I gripped onto this fellow like a double-headed terrier, and then I scalped him, and let him go. He asked me what I thought he ought to do, and I told him I would advise him as a friend to use hair restorative warranted not to dye, and to shake the bottle, and to rub it well in."

"By the way, old boy," ejaculated Buffalo Bull, "speaking of your daughter, she's a regular straight-out, gamboge-skinned, aboriginal angel, with no discount on her. She's a nobody bit of calico; and, while I think of it, I understand your Grizzly Bear, the festive brave of the Algonquins, has viewed her with a critic's eye and passed her imperfections by, and concluded to go for her. How sayest thou?"

"He has, has he? Well, permit me to remark that he has probably shinned up the incorrect tree. Him? why, I'd just as leave marry her to some wooden-headed cigar store Indian, I would, upon my sacred word of honor as a gentleman."

"She's too good for him, peradventure," observed Buffalo Bull sententiously.

"Venture your whole pile on that, me boy. She wears low-down bonnets, and has her linen embroidered, she does; besides she chews gum, and has a four-ounce ring through her nose. No girl like that's a going to fling herself away, is she? Well, I should think not. Not while her pa can dabble his hands in gore, at any rate, I reckon."

"But, my friend," observed Bull with a trembling voice, "how much these ebullitions remind me of my childhood's days. Look at me while I weep; listen to these *bona fide* tears as they patter in the spittoon. O where, where are the friends of me youth. O where are the loved ones gone?"

"I give it up," said Fiery Nose, after a few moments calm and patient thought.

"Don't you recollect how we used to go out on the trail and capture little children and gouge their eyes out, and chop 'em into bits, and then come home and learn our catechisms, and knife our next-door neighbor, and then pray to the Great Manitou before we went to bed. Ah, those were happy, happy days, and we were hilarious little Injuns, weren't we. But now all these things are mingled with the irrevocable past, you can just bet they are."

"Why, you're drunk, ain't you?" asked Fiery Nose, "you're talking first-class drivel. Where do you get your fire-water. I'll have to get Senator Yates to come and lecture you on temperance."

To this Buffalo Bill deigned no reply, but pretending to see something on the top knot of Fiery Nose, he asked him to stoop down a minute while he picked it off. He then clandestinely jerked out his scalping-knife and lifted his hair, after which he jabbed his knife into him, and let him die.

Just then Prairie Flower returned with the tobacco, and perceiving at a glance the condition of her parent, she observed to Buffalo Bill that it seemed to be pretty well up with the old man.

"Hm-m, yes," said he, "but a thought strikes me—will you be mine?"

"Well, I don't know; let me see, what was your income tax last year?"

"I paid tax on two horse blankets, a Barlow knife, and thirty-seven scalps. Besides I love you to distraction. Come to this loving heart; rest on my bosom, rest. Say will you?"

"I am ever thine own," said Prairie Flower, as she nestled closely against his hunting shirt."

And on her lover's arm she leant,
And round her waist she felt it fold;
He said, "I do not care a cent,"
She said, "I'll bet he finds he's sold."

Thus were these two aboriginal savages made happy in the fullness of each other's love. She grew old and ugly in time, and he, in the depth of his unspeakable affection, used to sit day after day smoking on the front doorsteps, while she hoed corn and wheeled home potatoes in a push-cart. Until at last she was called home to the happy hunting ground, and he immediately put fresh crape on his Sunday hat, and began browsing around for another girl.

But does not this teach us all a lesson, that—that—teach us, I say, a lesson that we—that we—that we, I say, may—Let that pass, however, doubtless it does teach a lesson, but it's of no consequence.—*Philadelphia Sunday Transcript.*

THE REV C. W. VINING, who has safely returned from a journey in the East, thoughtfully brings us, among other curiosities, some of the newspapers published in Egypt and Turkey. They are in four languages, French, Turkish, Armenian, and Greek. We cannot read them, but he can, and through his patience we have been gratified to learn their contents, and the materials of which newspapers are made up in the land of the Osmanlis. Our American enterprise is well represented: stoves, wooden and tinware, ploughs, axes and tools are advertised from this country. In each of the four languages are heralded the virtues of the remedies made by our celebrated countrymen, Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., of Lowell. They seem not to depend on their home reputation for confidence abroad, but publish the certificates of the Musselmen rulers themselves, to the cures which those medicines have made in their midst. The Rev. gentleman informs us that the whole of the remedial aid employed in those countries, comes from Europe or America, as they possess no medical colleges or schools in which they have any confidence themselves. There arose the religious ideas which pervade the human family, but almost all that is usefull in art or invention must be carried back to these, the earlier settlements of mankind.—*Lynn News.*

SICK people have guaranteed cures in almost all cases for a reasonable stipulated fee, if so agreed, because no medicines are used, nor bleeding, blistering, nor plastering, by Dr. Bourne, 10 Masonic Temple, Post street. *

A PUBLIC BENEFACTOR.

"Some men are born great; some achieve greatness; and some have greatness thrust upon them."

History is full of the names of men who by sheer force of indomitable will have surmounted every obstacle, and reached the foremost nich in the temple of fame. To such, each new impediment thrown in their way acts as a new incentive to energy: they may halt for a moment, but it is only to recover strength to surmount the new obstruction, not to retreat from the field. Men of this character are to be found in nearly every walk of life—the senate, the camp, the bar, the commercial and the social circles. They feel that it is in them to conquer, set their minds to the task, and conquer they do. And the poor man who, by the exercise of his own unaided energies, raises to the first rank in commercial pursuits, and uses the wealth at his command for the promotion of the happiness of his fellows, is entitled to proportionately as much praise as the general who wins battles by the wisdom of his combinations and the celerity of his movements.

The United States is *par excellence* the land of self-made men. Here no legal barriers interpose to cramp the intellect or check the ambition in its upward flight; here no line of demarkation intervenes to discourage, or false pride of birth to chill aspiring genius. The mechanic of to-day may be administering the affairs of the nation a few years hence, and the pauper of this hour may be a millionaire the next. *Mind* and *will* alone are necessary. But in no part of America are there so many evidences of what mind and will may accomplish as California affords. And one of the most remarkable instances is to be found in the person of Mr. Thomas Mooney, President of the California Building and Loan Society and Builders' Insurance Company. Some seven years since Mr. Mooney landed on our shores, poor and almost friendless. His literary productions had made his name familar, but a long course of adversity had made men regard him more in the light of visionary (to use no harsher term) than a man of profound thought. It is needless to refer to his early undertakings among us; they are sufficiently familiar. In the year eighteen hundred and sixty-one, however, in the face of innumerable difficulties (the least of which was not the silent but expressive shrug, and open opposition of the would-be wiseacres who rule on 'Change,) without any capital worthy of mention, and only the names of a few of our responsible citizens to give "tone" to the thing—he organized the California Building and Loan Society. The gradual growth and present wealth of this institution are now too familiar to our readers to need special mention here. About a year ago his shrewd mind comprehended the importance of attaching to the bank a fire insurance company; and the matter laid before the stockholders, it was forthwith agreed to. This too was cried down as visionary, and tabooed by "respectable" institutions of a like character. He, however, persevered; and by dint of good management, the "Builders Insurance" has now attained the position in the confidence of the community unsurpassed by any of its more pretentious rivals. And this result is mainly attributed to the liberal policy pursued by its President. Every public charity was generously assisted; every appeal made to him by struggling societies was promptly responded to, and the deserving poor knocked not at his door in vain. He has extensively aided home manufactures, by advancing funds for their construction when more careful, but less far-seeing, institutions had refused them aid. And now he has on foot the grandest scheme of all—an Immigration Aid Society, to induce the denizens of the overcrowded, overworked and ill-paid European and Atlantic cities to settle in the fertile valleys of the Pacific coast—a scheme which, if successful, will add, in a few years, millions to the wealth of our young State. And that it will be a success we have no doubt, provided the people encourage the enterprise, and thus show themselves capable of comprehending the greatness of the undertaking; for its success or failure will materially affect all who design making California their home.—*Monitor.*

PHILADELPHIA BREWERY.—This old established and favorite Brewery on Second street, between Folsom and Howard, is now under the sole management of Mr. John Wieland, he having purchased the interest of his former partner, will continue to serve their old customers as formally. Mr. Wieland is also a part proprietor, and sole agent for the Pacific Coast, of the celebrated "Golden Sand" Bourbon Whisky, a superior article, which he will dispose of to the trade at wholesale. Those in the trade who wish to procure a genuine article of Bourbon Whisky, direct from the distillery at Louisville, Kentucky, Scmithiss and Wieland, proprietors, can do so by leaving their orders at the Philadelphia Brewery as above.

DRY GOODS AT POPULAR PRICES.—Meagher, Taaffe & Co., No. 9 Montgomery street, advertise in to-day's CALIFORNIAN to the "Popular Trade in Dry Goods," and announce a great reduction in prices in many lines of goods, such as cloaks, silks, lace curtains and family dry goods. It is there popular prices that make the popular trade for which this house is noted. People will go where they can buy the cheapest.

CURING the sick on true principles of science, and guaranteeing cures in almost all cases, is the daily routine of Dr. Bourne's practice, for stipulated reasonable fees, and on quick time, because he uses no medicines and is in earnest in what he undertakes. No. 10 Masonic Temple. *

FOR the miserable feelings inflicted upon many persons by cold and stormy days, there is no antidote like Dr. Bourne's baths—price one dollar—and worth from twenty times that amount to them. No. 10 Masonic Temple, Post street. *

WAITING FOR THE HARVEST.

When will the harvest come?
Not long to wait, upon the upland glowing,
Not long in valley rich with waving grain,
Not long to wait for the profit of the sowing,
For crowned sheaves of corn and heaped up wain,
The fields have ripened in the sun of Summer,
The sweet winds woo and kiss the leaden ears,
Which bend a moment to the fragrant comer
And then again flash out as golden spears.
Soon will the harvest come!

When will the harvest come!
Of toilsome action and of weary thought,
Long waiting is the shadow of great sorrow,
Heart lessons oftentimes most dearly bought,
Then anxious looking for a better morrow?
When will the harvest come of all our sowing?
When will the love be garnered into store
Which in old time seemed wasted in bestowing—
Will it return, increasing more and more?
When will the harvest come?

When will the harvest come?
The full fruition of the words once spoken,
The hopes we cherished and the prayers we sped?
It may be when the chords of life are broken,
When we who spoke and hoped and prayed are dead.
The song we sang in triumph may be ringing
In ages yet to come when we are cold;
The future to our children may be bringing
The bread we cast upon the waves of old—
Then may the harvest come.

GUZLA.

A LEGEND OF BEYROUT.

GUZLA was the daughter of an old man who lived at Beyrout, in Syria, in circumstances of ease. No one knew to what race the old man belonged, and few could tell precisely at what period he had begun to inhabit that city. Some said that his face had been known in the market-place for more than half a century; others that he had settled there but recently. The truth seemed to be that he had at various times been a citizen of Beyrout; that he had often been absent for long periods; but that he had at length set up his tent there for good. They called him Effendi Ibrahim, a name not commonly adopted by Christains in the East; yet Guzla was known to frequent the Church of the Maronites with her mother; a grave woman, whose face was always veiled, even when persons of her own sex only were present.

Effendi Ibrahim was always magnificently dressed, and never appeared in public but with a certain state. He was proud of a fine white beard that flowed down over the breast of his caftan; and ostentatiously exhibited the jewels on his fingers. Many merchants therefore, were willing to believe in his respectability—despite some ugly rumors that spoke of piracy and unlawful connexions—and more than one made overtures for the hand of Guzla, on behalf of son or self. That she would have a splendid dowry no one could doubt; so there was no danger that the world would laugh at the connexion.

The female gossips of the city, moreover, spread abroad the report that Guzla was marvelously beautiful. But, as her beauty was of a peculiar kind, they found it difficult to convey a notion of it by comparisons. Her cheeks were not round and plump and rosy, nor were her eyes full of fire and merriment; her lips did not pout; and her figure by no means admitted of that luxury of description to which oriental match-makers are fond of indulging. She was rather serious than gay, and had something firm and masterly about her appearance. Was she sickly, or boyish, or awkward? The suggestion roused the anger of the good ladies; who declared that they had never seen anything so delicate and maidenly, except, (and they hinted this with some reserve and compunction,) a certain portrait, before which the faithful signed themselves as they entered the church. This was a bold comparison; but the truth was that they meant that Guzla had the bearing of a saint and not of a sultana.

Most of those who had previously aspired to bring her home, dropped away when they understood what was meant; for they wanted something very different from a saint. One or two, however, more practical, felt that a good dowry should make them put up with many disagreeable things. They persevered so far as to lay their suit before the father; who received them with a sort of ferocious jocularity, endeavored to represent himself as a very dangerous person to deal with, and finally declined their offers. He was persuaded, he said, that Guzla would not make a good wife for any such persons, and that if she were not happy, he should be obliged to kill his son in-law.

As for Guzla she heard little or nothing of these discussions—spending all her time with her mother in the inner rooms of her father's great house, which stood alone near the land-gate of the city. Her life was in great part one of meditation and prayer. Her mother watched over the development of her mind and character with a nervous anxiety, and the girl more than once suspected that she was often purposely kept from her father's sight. It was certain that the old man loved her in his own way. All her wishes he was ready to satisfy, the instant they were expressed; but he had a strange, wild, lawless style of talk, in which he would sometimes indulge, as if it gave him a fierce delight in saying things that stupified poor Guzla, and made her look upon him for a moment as though he were not her father, but another being who had taken his shape. Then mother, as soon as they were left alone would endeavor to direct her attention from what had taken place, and lead her mind to the contemplation of religious subjects; or to speak to her of some neighboring misfortune which it was in their power to alleviate. These arts were generally successful; but sometimes poor Guzla could not be deprived of her troublesome thoughts, and she would seek an opportunity to be alone, and remain musing in some dim recess, until she felt her mind grow giddy. She then knew where to fly for succor; and her mother's breast was the altar upon which she prayed.

There was evidently a secret in this household—a secret that hung over it like a cloud; now dark and heavy, now bright and almost transparent, but never entirely dispersed. The legend does not think it necessary to seek the truth with much anxiety; for, as usual, it dislikes retrospection, and prefers to take us by the hand and lead us on towards the future. It seems to be implied that the scandal-mongers of Beyrout were well informed, and that this Christain Ibrahim—Christain or Pagan, there was no certainty which—had formerly been a self-elected king of the seas; and that all the wealth he had amassed was stained with blood. Where he had first known the mother of Guzla was the most profound part of the secret. She never spoke of her early time but with horror and trembling; and was sometimes seen to smile in a strange manner, as if she were debating some great cause within herself, in which love and hatred pleaded on different sides. The former passion gained the day no doubt; for, she continued to love on calmly, and never gave outward sign of being disturbed in mind, stronger than she would, without seeming cause, seize Guzla in her arms and overpower her with caresses, in the midst of which, some tears were scattered upon the maiden's hands and garments, like pearls accidentally unstrung.

Thus they lived on until the time came when Guzla was nearing the limits of womanhood. Then the Effendi, carelessly, as he was smoking his pipe, upon which Guzla had just placed a live coal, patted the girl on the head, and mentioned that in a day or two her future husband would present himself. Guzla, perhaps for the first time in her life, raised her eyes with an arch expression to her father's countenance, and was about to make some playful objection, when her mother, in a sad solemn voice, that sounded like the first note of a warning peal, said, "And whence, Ibrahim, does this sudden husband come?"

A long glance was exchanged between the two parents—kindled perhaps by terrible memories. The mother of Guzla sank back almost helpless on her couch; and the father rose and slowly moved away from the room. He returned presently, as if he had required a moment's solitude to find all his resolution; and said in a loud and firm voice:

"The husband whom I have chosen for my daughter is named Lanfranc."

"All is lost!" murmured the mother of Guzla when they were left alone: and then they embraced, a long while, in silence.

"Thou must go and cast thyself on thy knees before thy father," at length said the mother; "and not stir until thou hast obtained the promise of another husband. This one is a man of terror and guilt. He will put thy soul in danger."

"Is he young?" inquired Guzla, in a vague, uncertain voice; and her eyes, filled with unwonted light, seemed to be gazing towards the future. Her mother took her in her arms and dragged her almost roughly upon her knees, where she held her in a tight embrace.

"Daughter," she said at last, "it is not meet that thou shouldst know all the mysteries of the past. This Lanfranc is a child of blood! and will make both thee and me miserable."

Guzla remained silent for some time, but clasped her mother closer and closer; and it was not necessary for her to say at length, that if, by any means, the marriage could be averted, she would obey the warning.

Two or three days afterwards, a man in the prime of life, with bold, handsome features, and manners that were rather boisterous than cheerful, presented himself at the house of Ibrahim. He came without attendants or baggage; and there was nothing to tell whether he had arrived by sea or by land. When Guzla heard that this was Lanfranc and saw that he never entered a room without first cautiously glancing towards every corner; that his conversation with her father was in whispers; that he saluted her mother with almost contemptuous familiarity, and gazed on her own features—when in obedience to severe orders unveiled—with intent admiration, the sentiment that began to take shape in her mind was not one of love. She spoke freely to her father; but he, whose manner was kind, usually, though rough, became furious like a wild beast. He raised his hand to strike her, and swore, by powers, of which she knew nothing, that within twenty-four hours she must be betrothed to Lanfranc.

"He has no time to lose in trifling. You must consent and go with him at once."

This interview decided Guzla to act, and made her dissimulate in her own defence.

"Bless me, father," said she seizing his hand, "that I may become strong and valiant."

Misunderstanding her meaning he blessed her, and even imprinted a kiss upon her forehead. Then she went, strong, to her mother and announced her intention of flying from the house that night, and taking refuge on the mountains of Lebanon; where there were convents of holy women who would receive her.

"Wilt thou come with me?" she said.

The mother answered that to fly, it was necessary to be young and light of foot. "We live almost wealth," she said, "and yet have no money. I will remain, but thou must go. Take some jewels, but clothe thyself in mean garments, those of the slave Zara."

The two women, mother and daughter, waited till the sun had gone down; then Guzla was clothed in the borrowed garments; and after many embraces and tears, climbed over the garden wall and proceeded towards the gates of the city.

The mother knew how terrible would be the anger of Ibrahim when he discovered what had taken place; but she had persuaded Guzla that when once convinced how repugnant this marriage was to her, he would relent. Moreover she had determined to sacrifice herself to insure the safety of her daughter. The absence of both would have been at once perceived. But at supper time it was easy to persuade the father and Lanfranc that Guzla had preferred remaining in her room, from modesty, or some other similar reason. Afterwards the poor mother had a terrible fright. Zara came to her and whispered: "Why have you taken my garments and put them upon Guzla, and helped her to get over the garden wall?"

The only answer was an imploring glance.

"It is not good," said the slave-girl, "that Guzla should go to the mountains alone. I will follow her, and before morning we shall be together." So, Zara departed, and was soon running lightly along the path leading towards the wildest parts of Lebanon, whither she knew her young mistress desired to repair.

Next morning the truth became known; and Ibrahim drew his sword to slay the mother of Guzla; but something in her glance checked him. He was content to lock her in her room, and bid Lanfranc seek out traces of the fugitives, and follow and bring them back.

Meanwhile, Guzla, with leaping heart and uncertain steps, had passed through the city-gates and hastened towards the East, trusting to Providence to be her guide. She paused at a little ruined chapel in the fields, and prayed for protection. Then her imagination began to warm, and her courage to increase. She even beheld, says the legend, a bright star moving low along the earth before her; and, giving herself up to faith, followed it until she came to the foot of the mountains. Then it disappeared. She took this to be a warning that she must pause and rest; and, turning aside, went and sat under a tree. Scarcely had she quitted the path when a party of men speaking loud and boisteronsly, came along it. If she had continued her journey she must have met them, and there might have been danger. Presently afterwards the star shone again; and, getting up, she proceeded, ascending the steep slope, until again she was warned to halt. This time she took refuge in a Mohammedan tomb, where she fell asleep, and dreamed that her mother was fanning her as she lay, or stooping over her, and kissing her between the eyes. When she woke, the sun was shining over the far up summits of the mountains, down along its woody slopes where mist and light clouds here and there linger, illuminating the fertile plain, and sparkling in the indigo-colored sea, which advanced in innumerable curves and creeks far into the land. The city of Beyrout was distinctly visible at her feet; and she thought even, that she could hear the hum of the awakening population, in the midst of which—sharp and clearly defined as the lark's song in the sky above—she could hear the notes of a mother's voice praying for her absent child.

She stood out before the tomb a moment to measure with a glace the space she had traversed during the night. Her name was pronouced by a voice among the bushes below. Looking down in affright she beheld Zara, who had lost her way in the darkness, climbing up out of breath.

"Art thou come to help those who wish to take me?" said Guzla. "Know that I have a sharp knife in one sleeve and a string of pearls in the other. Which wilt thou have?"

"I have come to be the companion of thy steps," was the reply.

Then the slave girl related how she had become possessed of her secret; and they agreed to go on together in search of a place of refuge.

They climbed still higher—sometimes entering woody gorges—sometimes coming out again into view of the vast country below. Suddenly, Guzla said to Zara:

"I see a group of horsemen galloping. Look whether they do not seem to be our pursuers."

"They may be," replied Zara; "but they are far distant; the road for horses winds and winds, and they cannot reach this place for hours. Let us leave the road track and go towards the cedars."

They accordingly struck in amidst the trees, and proceeded until nightfall: sometime resting, or staying to seek for roots in the earth. For, they had made no provision, and hunger began to make itself felt. Zara, who had lived as a child in the wild center of Africa, ran to and fro, and saved her mistress the greater part of the trouble. They ate together; and talked of the anxious mother who was still praying for their safety.

That night they slept under of cover a brown cedar tree, with branches sweeping down to the very earth. At an early hour they were awakened by the trampling of horses' feet, and the sound of human voices.

"We cannot look inside every tree," said some one, and they at once recognized that voice; "but the fugitives must be in this forest. The wood-cutter saw them. We shall find them when the day comes. Let us go on."

They rode away; leaving Guzla and her companion overwhelmed with fear. Neither of them dared move from beneath their shelter, even when daylight came, and remained long, trembling and praying. It was near noon when Zara, peeping between the branches, beheld a human figure approaching slowly, and looking anxiously to the right and to the left.

"We are discovered," murmured Guzla, coming to gaze over the shoulder of the slave. "They have dispersed, and one man will be sufficient to make us both prisoners."

They soon saw that the form they feared, was a youth of grave and sober aspect, who advanced in a line that would have led him past the tree, but stopped every now and then, and said in a loud voice:

"This is a warning. If any be concealed who fear capture, let them come forth at once, and accept my guidance. I only, can lead them to a place of safety."

"A cunning artifice, truly," quoth Zara. "We must not stir."

To her surprise, Guzla pushed aside the branches of the tree that concealed her, and stood out in the sunlight, with folded arms, before the young stranger.

"There is truth and virtue in thy aspect," said she. "Be then our guide."

The youth gazed at her for a moment in admiration; and then, without saying a word led the way beneath the cedars that stretched towards the South. They had scarcely entered a narrow gorge in that direction, before the wood behind them was filled with the voices of men shouting to one another. Guzla started in dismay, and clung to the stranger's arm.

"There is no fear," said he, smiling gravely. "We shall soon be in a far country." They came to a narrow passage in the rock, like a doorway. As the young man passed through, he waved his hand in a peculiar manner. Guzla and Zara followed; and both for an instant felt drowsy and bewildered. The whole world seemed to shrink suddenly from them, and then to come back as suddenly. They stepped once, as it were, upon yielding vapor, and thought that they floated like spirits; but then, they firmly pressed a lovely slope of green grass and flowers, shaded here and there by feathery trees, and leading down to a series of lakelets, communicating one with the other by sprinkling cascades; until, far down, the whole ended in a vast river, which wound over a plain, until it was lost in an horizon of mist and gold. Guzla turned round to look at the passage by which she had come; but saw no traces thereof. She wished to question the stranger; but, when she moved her lips, there was no sound. Then first she noticed the universal silence that pervaded this beautiful land. The breezes did not murmur, nor did the grasses rustle. The waters moved without noise; and, wherever she turned, her steps fell like feathers upon oil. Yet, it was evident that in that mysterious region, there were means by which its inhabitants could communicate their thoughts without the deceitful sound of words. The young man looked at her, and thus told her from his heart, that this was the refuge of the unfortunate who wished to shun the cares, the dangers, and the responsibilities of the human world. Whoever chose to abide there, might live forever in undisturbed happiness, on one sole condition—not to regret nor care for the mortals, however near and dear, whom they had left behind them. There was no decay to be feared, but no progress. No new ties could be formed, and the pangs of separation could not be felt. That was, in fact, the land of Selfish Content.

Guzla wandered on with Zara by her side, feeling an ineffable sense of physical well-being; but in her heart, there soon began to stir certain regrets, which even the presence of that young man, who had saved her from danger, and who looked so good and beautiful, could not allay. She thought of her mother, to whom she could send no news of her safety, and who would probably die of grief, if not of ill-treatment. She thought also of Beyrout, and the green country on one side, and the blue sea on the other; of the dark little Maronite church; of the poor whose sufferings she used to relieve; and of the stern tenderness of her father. Would it not be better to have remained in that world, even in the midst of danger, to have come to this, where there could be no duty, because there could be no suffering? The silence around her began to seem horrible. She tried to raise her voice in lamentation, but in vain.

Zara was quite happy. She roved to and fro, and rolled among the flowers; and, when they came to the banks of the lake, plunged into the shallow, transparent waters, that rippled without sound, and spreading forth her ebony arms, swam to and fro, laughing in the sunlight. Many forms of men and women, with tranquil faces, and quiet demeanor, appeared coming from beneath the trees; and Guzla noticed that none walked hand in hand, but all kept decently apart, as if the slightest contact would have dissolved their dream of happiness. She looked at her guide and told her thoughts. He gave her a fearful glance, that intimated she was endangering his existence, or his content. He made as if he would go away; but he could not take his eyes off those of Guzla. A transformation came over his countenance. Its tranquility disappeared. Joy and anguish struggled for the mastery. The young people advanced one towards the other: their hands touched. Then the whole scene around wavered and dimmed, and darker and more real forms rose on every side: that brilliant land was visible for a moment in fragments like mirage on distant valleys. It was not too late to return to it; but they pressed closer together. All vanished, and they found themselves sitting hand in hand in the midst of a wild and desolate country, over which the sun was just about to set. Zara came from beneath the trees; for, without her mistress, there would be no content for her.

The young man, whose name was Basil, had fled from oppression, and had lived some time in the unreal land. They agreed to put on disguises, and return, in spite of all dangers, to Beyrout. But they soon found that it was far, far distant. Some peasants whom they met, had, indeed, never heard of that city. They came to the habitations of men, and clothed themselves as pilgrims. Guzla sold her pearls, and thus they had sufficient to defray the expenses of their journey. They proceeded, mostly by night; and, whenever they were at a loss for their path, the star which had guided Guzla at first, appeared and directed their footsteps. Yet it was not before many months had passed, that they stood near the gate of the city of Beyrout.

"I am afraid to learn the news," said Guzla. "Go thou, Basil, and I will remain in this chapel with Zara until you come and tell me whether my mother be alive or dead, whether Lanfranc hath departed, and what hath happened to my father."

Basil shuddered as if they were about to be separated forever. During a single instant he regretted the bright tranquil land he had quitted for her sake. He begged to be allowed to kiss her on the brow before he went. He did so, and departed. Guzla saw him disappear amidst the crowd that poured in and out of the great gate of the city, and waited for his return, weeping bitterly. He never came, however; for the oppressor from whom he had fled, met him, and seized him, and caused him to be thrown into prison.

Towards evening Zara volunteered to go and endeavor to learn some news of what had taken place. But no sooner did she reach the neighborhood of Ibrahim's house, than an old fellow-slave recognised and betrayed her. She was seized by Lanfranc, and beaten until she expired, refusing to the last to betray her young mistress. In this way Guzla was left to pass the night alone in despair. But as soon as the gates were opened, she went in, drawing her hood over her face. There was a great crowd before her house, so that she could not approach it with ease. Alarm darkened her soul, and she eagerly inquired what was the matter. They told her that the wife of a wealthy man was about to be buried. This was enough. She pressed eagerly through the crowd; her hood falling back in her efforts, and arrived just in time to see the bier brought out on which lay her mother. She threw herself upon the body with a loud cry. It is said that a smile of love passed over the face of the corpse. Assuredly, all present felt that strong love had united those two persons, and that strong necessity alone had seperated them. When Lanfranc came forward to seize poor Guzla, they fell upoon him; and, in the midst of great clamor, attacked him and his friends, so that they were glad to escape from the city with their lives. An old man, with a long white beard, now appeared on the threshold of the house; and asked fervently what was the matter. This was Ibrahim, who, since Lanfranc's arrival, had ceased to be master in his own house, had been rarely abroad. A rough-looking man in the crowd laid his hand upon Guzla's shoulder. "Effendi," said he, "this bier is wide enough for two. Thy daughter is dead likewise." Without waiting for his answer, the bier-bearers resumed their burden, and the priests, though they murmured that all this was irregular, obeying the irresistible impulse of the popular voice, began their chanting. All Beyrout was soon astir and even the Mohammedans followed the procession at a distance.

Guzla's reputation became that of a saint. She was buried in the same grave with her mother; and soon afterwards, in the course of a single night, a magnificent monument was built over it by the order of Ibrahim, who devoted all his wealth to the erection of churches and rests for travelers, and retired to spend the remainder of his days in a cell dug out of the earth, in the wildest part of the mountains.

There is evidently a mystical intention in this narrative in which the idea of duty which tells us to meet the worst ills of this life with courage and constancy, whatever may befall, predominates, and serves to harmonise and render acceptible a number of incidents, some of which are strange and even extravagant. Is it not indeed better to return boldly with Zara, and Basil, and Guzla, and put our neck under the yoke of suffering—even to taste of the bitter waters of death—than to remain in the silent land of Selfish-content, where there is no communion because there are no desires, no pain because there is no joy, no hate because there is no love, and where isolated beings live in eternal satisfaction, not daring, not wishing, to exchange one clasp of the hands! Surely our troublsome earth is better than such a paradise.

Poetry of Indian Love.—We may shock the sensibilities of romance-loving boys and girls, by relating the manner in which the dark-eyed aboriginal damsel is espoused. There have been poems sung on the heavenly beauties of Pocahontas and Hiawatha, but we have not seen an Indian girl yet that we could compose an ode upon. The voluptuous form, olive features, ripe, red lips, delicate feet, well-formed ankles, lustrous, humid eyes, wavy masses of raven hair, a queenly head and a swan like throat, we have not seen. But we have seen a matter-of-fact, practical, and a most unpoetical Indian girl, handling most dexterously the axe, with coarse black eyes, nose inclined to be flat, her face of a dirty, greasy color, a large mouth, monstrous and flat feet, dwarfish legs, and not over-modestly dressed, and sometimes carrying a staring, round-eyed and grinning papoose, on whom she seemed to scorn to lavish those little, foolish maternal endearments, so natural and spontaneous to a mother's heart. When an Indian wishes a squaw to attend his lodge, cook his meals, and wait upon him, he does not launch into lyrical enthusiasm or fervid expressions of love; nor does he remember in his wooing mood to speak of the tinted sky, or the green fields about him, but simply asks the prosaic question, "How much is she worth?" The amount being ascertained, if he has the means, he lays it at the feet of her father, and takes her to his lodge. From that time she is his own, bought by his own money and by his own hand.

Hell (upon Earth.)—The *Montana Post* says that an exploring party which had been to the head waters of the Yellow Stone River, has just returned, and reports seeing one of the greatest wonders of the world. For eight days the party traveled through a volcanic country, emitting blue flame and a living stream of molten brimstone. The country was smooth and rolling, long, level plains intervening between rolling mounds. On the summits of these rolling mounds were craters from four to eight feet in diameter, and everywhere, on the level plains from four to six miles in diameter, were smaller craters from which streamed a blaze and a constant whistling sound. The hollow ground resounded beneath their feet as they travelled, and every moment seemed to break through, not a living thing was seen in the viciuity. The explorers gave it the significant appellation of "hell."

The Largest City in the World.—Jeddo, the capital of Japan, is without exception, the largest and most populous city in the world. It contains the vast number of one million five hundred thousand dwellings, and five million human beings. Many of the streets are nineteen iananeseries in length, which is equivalent to twenty-two English miles. The commerce of Jeddo far exceeds that of any other city in the world, and the sea along the coast is constantly white with sails of ships. Their vessels sail to the southern portion of the empire, where they are laden with rice, tea, sea-coal, tobacco, silk, cotton, and tropical fruits, all of which can find a ready market in the north, and then return freighted with corn, salt, and isinglass, and various other products of the the north, which have a market in the south.

Mrs. Hannah M. P. Allen, of 728 Chestnut strect, Philadelphia, testifies as follows:

Q.—Please state what, in your opinion, is the comparative merit of the Grover & Baker Machine as compared with other machines?

A.—I think it far excels any other machine for dress-making and general family use. It is especially valuable in dress-making, on account of the elastic stitch, and the ease and rapidity with which I can pass from one thickness of material to another, without changing the tension; the stitch also is more beautiful and durable than any other stich that I know of. The machine is so simple in its combination of parts and its practical operation, that it is very difficult to get it out of order, and any operative can manage it. It is the only machine which has yet succeeded in embroidery. I also like the machine above all others for hemming, tucking, cording, and I would not part with my machine for any consideration if I could not replace it.

[*From testimony taken before the U. S. Commissioner of Patents, on the application for the extension of the patent for the Grover & Baker Sewing Machine.*]

NOTICE.

The publication of "The Californian" takes place on Saturday mornings, and copies may be obtained in the City at all News stands, and of our News-agents through the country. It will also be served by carriers on the morning of publication.

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THE CALIFORNIAN.

SAN FRANCISCO,.....SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1867.

GREAT MEN AND SMALL CRITICS.

IN the progress of the universal leveling process that seems to be going on in the world, one of the most noticeable, as well as the most deplorable features, is the gradual and steady decay of reverence for what is superior or eminent. The rashness and flippancy of censure with which envious mediocrity revenges itself upon greatness, never before seemed to be so prevalent in polities, in literature, and in society as in our day. And it is noticeable that the criticism of the distinguished by the obscure, is no longer merely stupid, complacent, and silly, partaking more of ignorance or folly than of malice, but it has taken on, more particularly in the United States, a certain barbarous and brutal tone, as if it were imagined that clownish insolence toward great men had a tendency to elevate vulgar assailants to their level.

These remarks have been suggested by the angry and churlish strain in which a large portion of the American press has spoken of Mr. Dickens in connection with his second visit to the United States. One "leading paper" of the great city that claims to be the metropolis of the Union, sneers at the greatest novelist of the age, as a mere money-making adventurer, who after having "written himself out," comes over here to "trade upon his reputation," and make money by "exhibiting himself to the public at a dollar per head." Another reproaches him for his egregious vanity in proposing to read "his own lucubrations, instead of selections from the works of his celebrated contemporaries." A third suggests, that inasmuch as he exhibited the basest ingratitude on the occasion of his last visit, by not "cracking us up" in graceful acknowledgement of our somewhat obtrusive and annoying hospitalities, our American self-respect imperatively dictates that we should give him a particularly cold reception this time. A fourth, less fastidious, but more consistent, hints at stale vegetables and rotten eggs as appropriate testimonials of our appreciation of the English novelist's not particularly flattering delineations of certain types of American character, and certain phases of American life and society, in his "American Notes" and "Martin Chuzzlewit." The simple truth is that Dickens has treated the salient features and characteristics of our society, in precisely the same spirit in which he has dealt with the corresponding features of English society, He did not feel bound to "crack us up" in payment of the crude and obtrusive hospitalities thrust upon him by our codfish aristocracy, who ran after and endeavored to appreciate and monopolize him, not so much because they appreciated and honored his genius, as because they wished in the true spirit of vulgar parvenus, to derive some modicum of social notoriety from making him their guest and associate. In refusing this poor bribe, Dickens showed his native worth and his genuine manliness; just as in angrily resenting his satires upon American life, society, and manners, his assailants have unmistakably evinced their coarse-grained semi-civilized vanity and egotism.

Bret Harte's 'Condensed Novels."—Carleton and Co., of New York, have just published in a small volume, the humorous travesties of a number of the best known English and American novelists, by Frank Bret Harte. The book also includes a selection from the author's admirable sketches, such as "The Venerable Impostor," "My Newfoundland Dog," etc. A considerable number of these pieces appeared in the Californian, but they possess more than a local or ephemeral interest, and are well worthy of preservation in a permanent form. The New York *Tribune*, speaking of the travesties and sketches that compose the volume, says:

"They contain many effective hits at the mannerisms of certain celebrated writers, without the extravaganee and forced attempts at wit which makes so many productions of the kind as vapid as an uncorked bottle of Congress water. Although written, as the author confesses, for an ephemeral purpose, they exhibit qualities which entitle them to preservation in a more permanent form, and will serve as authentic illustrations of a peculiar phase of American humor."

We shall avail ourselves of an early opportunity of speaking more at length of Mr. Harte's first serious attempt at authorship.

The fourth edition of Queen Victoria's book, "The Early Days of the Prince Consort," of which a notice will be found in our "Literary Gleanings." has just been issued, and fifteen thousand copies have been sold. This fact, although not decisive as to the literary merits of the work, is sufficient evidence of its popularity.

A SOUTHERN "HOME JOURNAL."

WE have received the first number of a literary weekly, published at Baltimore, called the *Southern Home Journal*. A story entitled "Monksden," by John Esten Cooke, is commenced in this issue, and is illustrated in New York *Ledger* style. Among the remaining contents, are "Tales of the Refuges," by Professor M. Schele De Vere: "By the River," a poem, by Paul H. Hayne; and a poem by Laura Preston. Wm. Gilmore Simms, Anna Cora Mowatt, Edward A. Pollard, and Charles H. Smith, (Bill Arp,) are also announced as contributors. In size, and general appearance, the paper resembles the *Sunday Mercury* of this city. Unless the subsequent numbers shall exhibit a very great improvement upon the first, the *Southern Home Journal* will not prove a very formidable rival, so far as literary merit is concerned, of its Northern namesake. The following is an extract from the "prospectus," which, as will be seen, promises the avoidance of everything of a political nature:

"The publisher of the *Southern Home Journal* design making this paper strictly a literary production of the South, not in a spirit of "contention, but rather emulation," avoiding every thing of a political nature, to be devoted to the publication of choice Literature, Biography, History, Poetry, and the News of the day. Our aim will be to make the *Home Journal* as useful and entertaining as a paper of its kind can be made, and we shall spare neither pains nor expense in the accomplishment of our object.

"As there is not a weekly paper of this class published in the South, the publishers ask for the liberal patronage of all who feel an interest in the advancement of the South to that high standard of independence, in every respect, to which the intelligence of her people entitles her, and which she ought ever to occupy among the peoples of the world. Let it not be longer said that the Southern section of the country is dependent on Eastern enterprise for everything—even for a choice family paper."

The promise, however, to avoid irritating topics, is, we are sorry to see, violated in the same number in which it is made—unless indeed it is continued with peculiar liberality. To glorify the Confederacy and its champions, to bewail the "lost cause," and to keep alive the passions and prejudices which caused the war and were intensified by it, these, we regret to say, seem to be the leading *motif* traceable in several of the articles in this first number of the *Southern Home Journal*. If, however, its influence upon the sentiments and convictions of its readers shall be limited to the literary ability it evinces, its power for mischief will not be extensive. The following stanzas from one of the poetical contributions entitled "Save Thy People There," is a two-fold curiosity, being no less remarkable from a grammatical than from a lyrical standpoint:

We weep—but why should we weep them now?
They've gone to a blessed rest:—
Yet, methinks, I hear the Chieftain's heart
Throb wildly against his breast;
As his eye—that eagle eye—looks back
On the land he loved so dear,
And there beholds—oh, sight of woe:—
The Negro's rule—the White man's tear.

Great drops of blood weep from his heart,
From his eye the scalding tear;
And there, where once defiance sat,
Imploring looks appear:
His great heart pants, his bosom heaves.
His soul bows down in prayer:
"Ah save!" he cries: "O! Father, save;
Thy suffering People *there*."

A paragraph to the effect that Horace Greeley, in a fit of repentance brought on by the Republican defeat in the Maine election, had advocated the abandonment of temperance legislation, and of legal restraints upon liquor selling, has been going the rounds of the Democratic press of California. The *Tribune* says that "some irresponsible whisky-loving country printer" may have credited that paper with "the lot of stuff" referred to, and adds that its falsehood is so manifest that no respectable journal would copy it. Unfortunately, even the "most respectable" partizan journals that would not stoop quite so low as to manufacture a falsehood themselves, sometimes yield to the temptation of copying one which they find ready-made, when damaging to a political adversary, even where they must suspect its real character, and where it is a piece of disingenuousness to affect the contrary.

The "literary exercises" at the Antietam "dedication," seem to have been of quite a remarkable quality. One of the "poets of the day," Mr. Buhler, expresses his awe-struck consciousness of the presence of the spirit of the martyred Lincoln in the striking couplet:

"I feel a godlike presence near—
The great Emancipator's here!"

As an offset to which, the Rev. Mr. Meyer, apostrophizing the shades of the heroes whose mortal remains rest in the cemetery, exclaims:

"Antietam's liquid *gem*
Murmurs your requiem!"

A sale of two thousand copies of a book is required now-a-days to pay for its publication. Before the war one thousand was sufficient.

Cheap Papers.—New York seems to have been recently flooded with cheap evening papers. In the first place Mr. Sweetzer Wilson, of the *Round Table*, started the *Evening Gazette*, a three-penny tea table issue, given to small paragraphs, small gossip, and doubtful morals. Then came the promise of Mr. Dana's evening journal of a radical political stamp, for which Tammany Hall was purchased, and has since been undergoing a very general re-construction. The first number was to have made its appearance in the early part of September, but of the *debut* of which we have not yet received any reliable intelligence. To forestall Mr. Dana's venture, the *News* began an evening paper with the same title, published it at a penny, and set half the small boys in town selling it. Then leaped into the field the younger Bennet, who hurried out the *Evening Telegram*, also at a penny, and and set all the rest of the juveniles procurable busy in its circulation. These two journals are very Liliputian in proportions, very cheap in printing, and very vile in contents. They are a sort of daily Police Gazettes, in which crime, seductions, and prize-fights are the staple material. Their circulation has been immense, numbering nearly fifty thousand each. And now Mr. Sweetzer, in an unexplained difference with his partner, has bolted from the *Gazette*, precipated upon his readers and subscribers without warning, the *Evening Mail*, at the enormous charge (according to Eastern notions) of two cents.

The English papers are complaining of a decline in the American watch-trade in England, consequent upon the rapid increase in the manufacture of watches on this side of the Atlantic. The fact that the American watch, fabricated by machinery, is driving the foreign article out of the markets, notwithstanding the high price of labor and materials here, militates strongly against the assertion that every class of native industry needs a "prohibitory protection." Open competition, stimulating inventive ingenuity, and energizing business talent is the most effectual means of developing the legitimate manufacturing resources of an enterprising and intelligent people.

Two different modes of stating the same fact, though they do not involve the slightest contradiction, often produce very dissimilar effects upon the mind. We have before us an amusing illustration of this. The New York *Journal of Commerce*, in mentioning the death of a wealthy citizen of Connecticut, said that he had been for fifteen years a subscriber to that paper, during which period he had never missed reading the editorals of a single number. The *Tribune* states the same fact in this wise. "A gentleman in Connecticut, after reading every article in the *Journal of Commerce* for fifteen years, has just died."

Judge Blake, upon the expiration of his term of office as Probate Judge, as we are informed, intends to resume the practice of his profession, devoting himself to practice in the Probate Court, as a specialty. His long and thorough experience in this particular branch of the law, will give him great advantages over all competitors, and secure to him a business, the profits of which will be much greater than the salary of the office of which he has been deprived.

It is said that Harper and Brothers, have made a particularly good thing out of "the Queen's Book," and furthermore that the Queen's agent also made "a good thing" in the sale of advance sheets to the Harpers. This publishing house, by-the-way, gave a fresh illustration of the grand scale on which their business is conducted by printing, binding and publishing the work in question, one week from the day the early sheets reached New York.

We notice that "following," for "the following," is coming into very general use for newspaper purposes. The novelty is adopted blindly, and as a mere matter of fashion, by that class of imitative writers, who follow whatever example is set them, without looking into the question of its propriety in principle or according to analogy.

The Pacific Railroad Tunnel.—The *Union* says: The principal tunnel on the Pacific Railroad will be completed within a week, and within two weeks the railroad track will probably be extended to and through it. The track was laid two miles beyond Cisco several weeks ago. On Tuesday last the work of track laying was resumed. The tunnel is but eleven miles distant from the point of commencement, or thirteen miles beyond Cisco. It is expected that the track will be extended with but little delay to Coburn Station, and connect with the section already laid beyond the summit.

The Remains of the Late Senator McDougall.—A private letter received in this city states that the remains of the late United States Senator James A. McDongall would leave New York for San Francisco by the steamer of October 11th, due at this date. They will be interred in Lone Mountain Cemetery in accordance with the dying request of deceased.

Shipment of Treasure.—The treasure shipment by the steamship *Sacramento*, Wednesday, amounted to $505,957 75. $314,470 98 of it was destined for England; $186, 483 77 for New York, and $5,000 to Panama.

DRAMATIC AFFAIRS.

THE dramatic event of the week was the production of *Caste*, at Maguire's Opera House, on Wednesday evening. Tbis drew a good bouse and afforded a pleasing relief from the Irish drama, which has so long held possession of the boards. *Caste*, the latest production of tbe author of *Ours*, is a capital comedy; it is full of neat situations, and the dialogue is crisp and lively. There is some hope for tbe stage when such plays as *Caste* are written. Perbaps if authors, capable of writing comedies like this, make their appearance, the public will be in courso of timc weaned from their unhealthy love for real water, stuffed legs, real fire-engines, real pigs, cows, etc., which have done so mucb towards rendering several trashy plays successful. Every character in this play is neatly drawn; the plot is all that is required for a comedy. The "Hon. George D'Alroy" (Harry Edwards) falls in love with Esther Eccles, (Sallie Hinckley,) the daughter of a drunken old sot who spends his time in expatiating on the wrongs of the workingman, and does not believe in even eight hours work. "Estber" and her sister "Polly" (Mrs. Sophie Edwin) are engaged at a theatre as ballet dancers. Polly is in love with "Samuel Gerridge," a rising young plumber and glazier. In the first scene, "George" and "Captain Hawtree" (W. H. Hamilton) call at the Eccles' house. "Hawtree," who has a proper idea of caste, tries to persuade his friend from marrying a ballet girl, advancing as arguments against sucb a step ber low birth, and more especially her drunken father. "Eccles" (Dan Bryant) makes his appearsnce very drnnk, and the scene closes. In the second act, we find "George" and "Esther" secretly married; the "Marcbioness de St. Maur," (Mrs. Judab,) "George's" mother, wbo has married a French Marquis, arrives from Rome, and becomes acquainted with the fact of ber son's mesalliance. "George" is ordered to India on active service, and the curtain falls on the parting between the husband and wife. In the third act, "George" is supposed to have been taken prisoner and killed by the Sepoys, "Captain Hawtree," who has returned, having brought news to that effect. "Estber" is about to go on the stage once more in order to support herself and child, her father having lost all her money in betting on races. Then "George" turns up, not having been killed; "Polly" and "Gerridge" at first suppose him to be a ghost. His return is broken to "Esther," the Marchioness forgives them, "Polly" marries "Gerridge," and all ends happily. The piece was capitally played throughout. Great credit was due to Miss Sallie Hinckley for the admirable manner in whicb she played the part of "Esther Eccles," there was no straining for effect, the patbos was natural and touching and evidently moved the audience. Mrs. Sophie Edwin's "Polly" was a capital impersonation, she invested the character witb an air of jovialty and cheerfulness which was very pleasing. Dan Bryant's impersonation of "Eccles" was the most finisbed of bis performances whicb I have witnessed. His simulation of drunkness was perfect, and the manner in which he spouted poetry caused roars of laughter. Harry Edwards was rather heavy as "George D'Alroy," and W. H. Hamilton, as "Captain Hawtree," utterly failed to represent tbe character of Captain Hawtree, the heavy swell, playing the part in the style of a snbdued New York firemau. However, ho must not be blamed for this, he did his best, but it was a physical impossibility for bim to play tbe part. Willie Edouin who seldom gets a part which affords him an opportunity to display his talent as a low comedian, found one admirably suited to him in "Samuel Gerridge," and availed bimself of every opportunity which offered to make a point. Nothing could be better than his impersonation of the enthusiastic young plumber and glazier. Mrs. Judah was of course excellent as the old Marchioness. *Caste* should have a long run. It will be performed at the matinee to-day, and also this evening.

At the Metropolitan Theatre, on Monday and Tuesday nights, *Leah* was performed, with Mrs. Bates in the title role. Her impersouation of the character was highly artistic, and drew great applause from the audience. On Wednesday, Mrs. Bates took her farewell benefit, and was, I am glad to say, honored by the attendance of a large audience. Mrs. Bates has been unlucky since her arrival here, but all who have seen her give her credit for tho possession of undoubted talent. *Ambition, or the Throne, the Scaffold, and the Tomb*, was performed on the occasion of Mrs. Bates' benefit, the beneficiary assuming the character of "Catherine Howard." This play is terrible trash. In a republican country no opportunity of bringing kings into disrepute and ridicule should be lost. Harry Thompson caricatured Henry VIII admirably, he would have caused roars of laugbter in any burlesque. Tho part of "Catherine Howard" was played for all it was worth by Mrs. Bates. The comic scenes which enlivened this terrib'y dreary play were capitally sustained by Miss Clelia Howson and John Howson. This piece was repeated on Thursday. On Friday evening, Charles H. Faruham, the most polite and attentive doorkeeper ever known, who has studied Lord Chesterfield's letters until he has become a perfect model of suavity, took a benefit. He had, as he deserved, a capital house. *The Lady of Lyons* was well performed. Mrs. Bates, with the exception of two or tbree mispronunciations, acting and reading the part of "Pauline" admirably. Mr. Bates made a very heavy "Claude;" tbe other characters were well filled.

Tbis afternoon, *The Lady of Lyons* will be repeated. This evening, the performance will consist of *The Iron Chest*, witb Mr. Bates as "Sir Edward Mortimer," and Mrs. Bates in the character of "Wilford." On Monday, the drama of *Ernest Maltravers* will be performed, Mrs. Bates assuming tho part of "Alice Darville," and Mr. Bates that of "Richard Darville."

I understand tbat great preparations are being made to give éclat to the benefit of the talented young actress, Miss Clelia Howson, which is shortly to take place. Miss Clelia Howson is an universal favorite, and will certainly bave an overflowing house.

Of course all San Franciscans were delighted when they heard that the San Francisco Minstrels were all the rage in New York, and that their ball was thronged nightly. There was, however, mingled with this feeling of exultation, one of regret that our San Francisco Minstrels bad not been offered sufficient inducements to make them remain here. It has been long since San Francisco has enjoyed a first-class minstrel entertainment, and it is not to be wondered at that Congress Hall is far too small to contain the crowds who nightly flock to the New Temple of Music, to enjoy tbe entertainment given by Leslie, Raynor and Smith. This entertainment is unanimously pronounced the most perfect thing of tbe kind ever given in this city. Leslie's songs, Raynor's eccentric performances, Henri Herberte's beautiful ballads, and other attractions, suffice to crowd the hall nightly. During tbe ensuing week an entirely new programme will be performed. A matinee will be given to-day, and this evening a programme introducing several novelties will be performed.

Charles Wheatleigh is on board the steamer from Panama which is expected to arrive to-day. He intends, if possible, once more to assume the management of a theatre in San Francisco. He has several new plays never produced in this city. The public will gladly welcome Mr. Wheatleigh back.

TOUCHSTONE.

WOODWARD'S GARDENS.—Many important additions have of late been added to the splendid zoological collection at these gardens. The dromedary, though not as beautiful as the camel, attracts much attention. The South American lions are most beautiful animals, the bears, monkeys, and other beasts are all in fine condition, and on tbe best of terms with the crowds of persons who daily visit them. A fine instrumental concert will be given to-day, and to-morrow the usual sacred concert will take place.

ANATOMICAL MUSEUM.—It is worth tbe while of everyone to become a little acquainted with tbe internal arrangements of his body, to learn where his heart is, how bis liver is situated, and so on. This useful knowledge can be acquired by paying a visit to the Anatomical Museum. Every evening an instructive lecture is delivered.

ANOTHER YOSEMITE.—At a recent meeting of the California Academy of Natural Sciences, Professor Whitney exhibited photographs and stereoscopes of sections of the State visited by the State geological survey, including Hatchhatchi Valley, on the Tuolumne, about ten miles north of Yosemite. The valley is very picturesque, and has been occupied for some years by one Sharkey, who has made his claim there. Little or no public mention has been made of it, yet the falls are 1,700 feet.

NEW COLLEGE.—The San Jose *Mercury* is informed that the agents of the Episcopal diocese of New York are about to erect a College to cost $100,000, on grounds donated by Gen. Naglee, near San Jose. The Campbellites, or Disciples, have also purchased a tract of land near the Fair grounds, for the purpose of building thereon a seminary of learning.

SOMETHING NEW.—The *Appeal* says: We understand that the Marysville Gas Works are consuming the castor bean cake for making gas, and that it sells for $20 per ton. This is a profitable substitute for coal and pitch pine, as it leaves the cash at home heretofore sent abroad.

APPARENT DEATH.—The Mendocino *Herald* says, Mrs. Higgins, residing at the Half Way House, has been ill for some time, and on Monday last, to all appearances, she died, and while in the act of laying her out she came to, and up to this time is in a fair way of recovery.

RAILROAD RECEIPTS.—Tho five Railroad Companies of this city return $78,488, receipts for the month of September, an excess of $2,845 over August. Total receipts for nine months, ending September 30th, $607,860.

THE Solano *Press* is informed that $2,706,000 has been paid out for grain at Maino Prairie, in that county this year.

GAS WORKS.—Tbe city of Los Angeles is about to be lighted with gas to bo manufactured from asphaltum.

NEW CHURCHES.—A new Catholic Church, "St. Peter's," on Columbia street, near Park, to the southward of Mission Dolores, will be dedicated to-morrow, by the Most Reverend Archbishop Allemany, the dedicating sermon will be preached by Reverend Father Pendergast. St. Peter's Church is to be placed under the care of Father Joseph Gallagher. This makes the tenth Catholic church in San Francisco, exclusive of the Convent and Hospital Chapels. The congregation of St. Patrick's Church also contemplate erecting a new edifice, and have purchased a frontage of 110 feet on the north side of Mission street, between Third and Fourth, with that object in view. The property purchased extends back to Jessie street, giving a depth of 160 feet and a frontage on both streets. We learn that the consideration paid for tbe above property was $44,000. The improvements on it were valued at $12,000, leaving tbe value of tbe land at $32,000, As soon as practical the buildings on the ground will be removed, and the construction of tbe new church will be commenced. Tbe society intend erecting an edifice that will be both a source of pride and ornament to tbe city.

THE CONCERT AT ZION CHURCH.—The concert given at Zion Church, last Tuesday evening, was well attended, and was not only a success in a pecuniary point of view, but gave entire satisfaction to the large assembly present, which included a large number of white citizens. Selections from *Il Trovatore* formed an important feature in the programme. Several choruses from this opera were sung very creditably, and one from *Ernani* received tremendous applause. The duet from *Norma* was the gem of the evening. During the evening one of the ladies sang *Il Bacio* extremely well. Tbe programme evinced taste, and its execution was good throughout. M'lle Stella Bonheur was among the audience, and seemed well pleased with tbe efforts of tbe singers to produce opera music. As a whole, tbe concert was a great success.

REAL ESTATE TRANSACTIONS FOR OCTOBER.—The month of October was a very brisk one in real estate transactions. The total sales shown are in advance of 31 over those of September, and the money which passed at them an increase of $215,331 over the figures of the last named month. In the 50-varas section, as compared with September, 18 more sales took place, and $305,067 more changed hands. In the 100-varas there was an increase of 4 in the number of sales, while the amount of money which passed was practically the same. Tbe city slip and water lots sales show a falling off of five in the sales, and of $89,606 in amount. Soutb Beach transactions reach about the same figures as those of last month, while the adjacent Potrero has enjoyed an unusual share of attention, there being an increase over September transactions of 14 in the number of sales, and $39,778 in the total amount which passed. There was an increase of 17 in tho Mission sales, while, owing to tho property being less generally valuable, there was no increase over tbo amount paid out in September by buyers there. Although nearly all the Beideman deeds were given previous to October, and only a few appear in its transactions, there is still an increase both in the number and value of sales in the Western Addition in October, as compared with the previous month. This increase comes to six in the number of sales, and to $16,154 in their value. Eligible lots in this section are more difficult to be had at present, and are held at firmer prices than any other class of private property in the city.—*San Francisco Real Estate Circular.*

ADVERTISING—ITS BENEFITS.—"S. T. 1860, X."—A great many wonder what these characters mean. They are seen in all the Eastern papers, and are painted in large white letters on the fences all along the various railroad lines. The Des Moines *Register* gives the following definition: "It is just Drake's phonetic way of telling the following sentence: "Started Trado in 1860 with Ten Dollars." There is a good deal of meaning embodiedi n that sentence. It tells the world that a man starting with $10, has, by the aid of advertising, made a fortune of two millions in seven years. By wide spread and liberal advertising, tho compound, whatever its merits, has made its proprietor immensely rich. There's a rapid multiplication table which some of you close-fisted economists, who have big capitals but no incomes, had better study. If ten dollars, in seven years, can be advertised into two million dollars, hadn't you better introduce the proposition into your commercial arithmetic?"

INSURANCE RECEIPTS.—Ten of the local Insurance Companies return $235,210 (currency basis) receipts for tbe month of September; $13,396 less than for August. Total receipts from January 1st to September 30th, $1,730,182.

THE total vote of Montana Territory, in tho late election, was 11,662. This is larger than tbat of the State of Nevada.

HOCK FARM, in Sutter county, the old homestead of General Sutter, is offered for lease for a term of four or six years.

ONE hundred and eighty-five acres on the Hudson sold for $58,000.

SPEAKING without thinking, is shooting without taking aim.

LOISETTE.

IT was a divine May morning when I set out to walk to Summerfield, and I felt more hopeful of success than I had ever done before. I had determined that that day should decide my fate. All through the winter and the early spring I had loved Loisette, and a hundred times I had longed and yearned to tell her so, and to ask her to be my wife, and each time something—I could hardly say what—struck me silent.

She liked me, I knew, but did she love me? Something in her eyes seemed to lead me to hope she did; such eyes they were, loving, and tender, and shy. When I looked into their soft depths, all the most delightful description of eyes I had ever read used to come across me, "les portes de l'amour," "des bluets doux comme les yenx;" above all, Calderon's tender refrain,

Sweetest eyes were ever seen.

When she looked at me with those eyes, then it seemed to me I might "tell her all that was in my heart,' and take her to mine unforbidden. But the next moment, as if she guessed and half feared my thought, she turned away slyly, and her manner altered, and my heart shrunk back in fear and sorrow.

But at last I felt I could endure this suspense no longer. I must know the best or the worst. If she were to be mine, such a home and such a life as I had planned, and hoped, and dreamt of ever since I first knew her, and should be prepared; if she were not for me, then I should leave England, and break away from that and all other home ties, and try to bear it like a man somewhere away from all that should unman me.

But that May-day, as I started forth and walked along briskly through the up and down lanes of the lovely Hertfordshire country; now, shut in between banks tufted with ferns, overrun with the exquisite small leaved ivy, crowned with lavish May; now, emerging upon sweeps of hill and dips of valley, crossing commons ablaze with gorse, traversing woodland paths where bluebells spread their sheets of azure, and lingering primroses starred mossy banks; Heaven! how I remember it all! That May-day hope seemed as strong and as full of spring and life and vigor, as my own limbs. I strode on, thinking of the eyes that would look up their soft welcome to mine, and of the warm little hand that I should clasp, and perhaps then claim as mine, my very own, while life should last. It seemed to me that such feelings could not but be prophetic.

"If I find her in the garden," I thought, "I will look upon it as a good omen; I will not let the time go by, I will seize the opportunity and speak to her at once."

I got to the cottage and opened the garden gate. As I stepped inside I saw her, a little way down the path, in her dainty morning gown and broad garden hat, filling the basket that hung on her arm, with flowers, and softly singing to herself. I stopped on the lawn; I wanted to come upon her unawares, and test the effect of my sudden appearance, which I could not do if the sound of my foot on the gravel should betray my approach: thus I got close to her before she knew I was near. She started violently, and the color rushed to her cheek. The slightest thing would bring it—I have seen her flush at the sudden rising of a bird from the thicket. The next moment she smiled and held out her hand. "Oh, it is you! You startled me. I had no idea anybody was near," and the sweet eyes were raised to mine trustingly. "Won't you come in?"

"Not if I may stay out—unless you are tired?"

"Oh no, I am never tired of being in the garden. So you'll help me to gather my flowers; see, you can reach up to those sprays of honeysuckle; get some of the best, the rosiest, for me."

"Ah, how delicious!" she said, inhaling the fragrance with deep ecstatic inspirations, and she held up to me the blossom that had just touched her face. I kissed the flower; I took the hand that held it; I told her all I had to tell. She stood still, her head bent so that the hat hid her face from me, and I knew not in what spirit she listened till a sigh that was half a sob checked me.

She looked up with a face so full of pain, of pity, of perplexity, of deprecating appeal, that though the hope in my heart sank down, I almost felt more for the sorrow in her face than for that in my own soul.

"Forgive me," she said. "I am so grieved. I did not know that you—that you cared for me *that* way. I have been engaged these two years. He is in India, and coming back in August. Oh, you don't think I have been coquettish—that I have been knowingly leading you on to this—*do* you?" In her earnestness she laid her hand on mine, and lifted her face with a tremulous mouth, and eyes brimful of tears.

If I had died for it, I must have snatched the consolation the moment offered—the last, the only one. I drew her on my heart, holding her close, close; and I stilled the quivering of the lips with twenty kisses.

When I released her, she turned her back to me, hid her face in her hands, and sobbed till her frame shook.

"Loisette, Loisette, forgive me! I could not help it! I could not help it! I swear I could not help it, Loisette!"

She shook her head.

"Loisette, think how I love you; think what I feel in knowing all the hope I had of you is gone—gone for ever! Loisette, I am going away, where I can never offend you more. Think that what I have done was done in parting with you for the last time—a last farewell, Loisette."

She tried to speak, but sobs made her inarticulate, still I knew she was bitterly reproaching me.

"Yes; I know I have no right to expect forgiveness. I will go. I won't distress you further. But we have at least been friends, dear, and you cannot think of that, and let me go for ever, without one word."

Still she was silent. I paused and waited; then I flung up my arms, as a man does who has lost all; and with a great groan I turned to leave her. I heard her move, I heard her attempt to speak, and I looked back. Her face was still averted, still covered with one hand. But the other was held out to me, and springing back I took it reverently, and bent my lips upon it.

"God for ever bless you, Loisette, the one and only woman in His earth for me!"

"And God bless you, and comfort you," she said. "I wish I could have been a better friend to you—I meant to be. Always believe that."

"I will, I do."

And so Loisette and I parted. The May morning was darkened as I passed through the garden gate again. I turned my steps I knew not whither—away, away, where no one could see me. That was the only wish or instinct I had.

I walked miles, seeking rest, and finding none. At last I stopped at a gate, and leaned my arms on it, and looked blindly over the wide landscape spread before me.

As I gazed, a dull numbness fell on my sorrow, and my perceptions of outward objects slowly returned.

I watched some children gathering blossoms of the May, and thought what a pity it was they should tear the boughs down so, and destroy so much to secure so little. I watched a stealthy cat creeping through the long undulations of the grass, on the hunt for poor little tender young rabbits. Up sprang a lark, bursting into ripples of song, and my eye followed him, rising, hovering, rising again, pausing, balancing on the wing, soaring up once more, darting away obliquely, resting awhile, but always singing—singing as if he could not cease for his life—then dashing down like a stone and vanishing.

And then my great grief seized me once more, and I dropped on the turf and hid my face in my arms, and cried as I never cried since I was a boy, when my mother died, and when I thought the world held no more happiness for me.

When our great griefs fall on us, we treat them as boys do bonfires. It seems that they cannot burn fiercely enough; we heap on them everything that comes to our hand in the way of fuel; all the tenderest recollections, all the most blessed anticipation, that made the joy and glory of our lives—that were as wings, lifting us above the earth we trod on. All these are brought out from the storehouse of memory and thrown on the pile, or what seems to us so, and we feel a bitter relish in the anguish, and seek to make it more, rather than less, as we stir the heap into fiercer conflagration.

Ah me! Ah me! what a miserable fool I had been, and how was I punished!

I had thought, when in my hopefulness that morning I had contemplated the whole affair, that I had been prepared for this possibility, and could bear it. But strangely, it had never entered into my calculations that if Loisette were not for me, it could be that she was promised to another; *there* was the sting, the thing so impossible to endure without every fibre of my heart being torn by the agonies of jealousy, in addition to grief. Loisette engaged, Loisette with no love for me, all her love for another! Loisette thinking of him, writing to him, calling him all those tender names that lips like hers seemed made to utter! And in August—in three months—he was coming back, doubtless to claim his bride!

At that thought I sprang up, as if a serpent had arisen from the green turf and stung me. I started away so far that it was not till dark that, utterly worn out and exhausted, I reached home. I shall never forget that night, nor the waking in the morning, after a couple of hours' dead sleep.

That day I wrote to my cousin, Sir Edward Haldane, who had just been appointed governor of New Brunswick, to offer myself as his private secretary: a post he had suggested my taking when his nomination to the place had first been talked of. The answer came. He would be delighted; in less than a fortnight I left England.

"I am so grieved," Mrs. Hamilton had written before this, "so grieved in *every* way." I had not been wrong, then, in fancying I had had her good wishes. "I should have been so glad to have bidden you God speed by word of mouth before you went, but I feel I ought not to ask you to come. Anyway, you have our best wishes, now and ever." Not a word from Loisette. Well, better so. What could she say?

I often look back now on my sojourn in that black miserable raw colony, ice-bound for half the year, sun-scorched for a few weeks, with something like a shudder.

The great cold staring barrack of a Government House with its flat unshaded gardens; the unpicturesque village that was the seat of Government, and prided itself accordingly; the country was nothing but dense forest, bare, clearing, studded with blackened stumps or quaking morasses! The interminable winter, white, still, silent, fettered with a frost that was unrelenting as death, that chilled the blood and nipped the flesh into blains, and checked the current of life in the veins of childhood, of age, and of all tender beings!

Oh, the desolation of those winter forests! No tongue can tell it! No breeze, no voice of bird, no rustle of leaf, no color; a broad white floor, a hard blue roof, black stiff pine trees standing up motionless and stark. All so like my own life in desolateness! only this nature felt no pain!

I stayed there till the sickly tardy spring, often driven back by fresh snow-falls, came to loosen the spell that winter had laid on the suffering land, and then I resolved to bear it no longer, and come what might, to return to England, and learn tidings of Loisette. It seemed to me that anything would be more endurable than this dead silence regarding her.

So I turned my back on New Brunswick for evermore, and reached England in March; March, wild and gusty, but at least alive with birds singing, and grass and buds upshooting in field and hedgerow.

I went at once into Hertfordshire. I dared not go to Mrs. Hamilton's; I dared not ask anything about the family, lest I should learn what I had come there to know.

I wandered about among the lanes where we used to wander, hoping, dreading, longing, oh, how intensely! At last I came upon Loisette and her sister. I did not meet them, but a turn of the road brought me in sight of them, walking slowly before me. Loisette, Loisette! Just as of old, the undulating figure, the head now bent pensively now poised lightly on the flexible throat, the shining masses of hair coiled below the quiet little black hat. O Loisette, Loisette! How my heart went out to you! Loisette, my love! Loisette, my darling!

I hastened my steps: I *must* see her once more, must look into her eyes, must hear the tones of her voice, let the cost be what it would.

As I approached, she turned with a start, a look half expectant, half alarmed; she felt who was coming, and the blood rushed over her face and neck and brow. Mrs. Hamilton, following her sister's movement, was the first to speak; she came forward, both hands extended, with joyous welcome; then Loisette greeted me with shy kindness passed to the other side of her sister, and walked on silently: while Mrs. Hamilton questioned me as to my travels, my movements, my plans.

"You'll come and see us, you will promise? I know you are a man of your word, and that if you promise, you will keep your word. Come and dine to-morrow, will you?"

I promised. I could not be more miserable than I was, and I must learn all I wanted to know. But I would not go to dinner; I remembered too well the last time I had dined there, so I said I would go in the morning.

When I entered the drawing-room, what a rush of memories at sight of the familiar place, of the two women sitting by the fire as they had a year ago—all but I apparently unchanged!

I know not how it all came about, but in a few minutes I found myself making one in the circle as of old. I could not speak. Loisette, too, was silent. Mrs. Hamilton talked for us all.

Presently she glanced at the clock on the mantlepiece. "Three already! You *must* excuse me. Dear! I shall barely be in time to meet Mrs. L. at the station. You won't go, or I shall think you are offended. When shall we see you again? Settle it with Loisette. Good bye. No, à revoir!" And she was gone, and Loisette and I were sitting side by side, silent.

Loisette was sitting, very pale and calm, looking into the fire.

"Loisette!"

She gave an almost imperceptible start, her color rose slightly, and she turned her eyes on me for a moment—I could not tell whether in reproach or mere surprise—and then resumed her gaze on the fire.

"Miss Vane—are you still Miss Vane?"

"Yes."

"When—how long?" I could not find words in which to put the question.

"When am I going to be married? you would ask," she said, with a calm that was almost rigid. "I am not going to be married. I have been jilted."

"*You* jilted Loisette!"

"Do you pity me? Don't. I am glad of it; glad, at least to be free; glad that I have nothing to blame myself for, in obtaining my freedom. Long before I gained it I felt we had made a mistake, and while I was thinking of how I might suggest the idea to—to him, he cut the knot by marrying a half caste damsel with several lakhs of rupees. Though what sort of a fortune that may be, I have not the faintest conception." A faint gleam of the old sweet archness came across her face.

I bent forward, looking with all my heart in my eyes on the soft half averted profile, watching the conscious blood rising slowly. I laid my hand on the little cold rigidly clasped hands; I felt them relaxing; gently my arm wound itself round her waist; her head dropped on my shoulder, nestled there, and was still.

So we sat, until the pony carriage stopped at the gate. Mrs. Hamilton came in in a somewhat demonstrative manner. She glanced at Loisette, then at me, and understood it all.

"So you bore my absence with what equanimity you might!" she said, lifting her bright face to mine, with a world of congratulation in her eyes. "*Now* you'll stay to dinner."

Loisette turned and fled.

"God bless you, you dear woman!" I said. "I never expected to be so glad to get rid of you as I was an hour ago."

"And God bless *you!* It was *you* I wanted for a brother all along. I always hated the notion of Loisette marrying that man. Poor child, she did not know her own heart, and was persuaded into accepting him! If she had listened to me, she would have thrown him over long ago; but she was too conscientious while she thought he loved her. Perhaps it's better as it is? I will tell you something. She knows there is no mistake this time."

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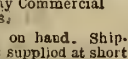
FRESH AND SALT 

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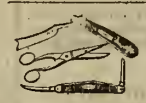

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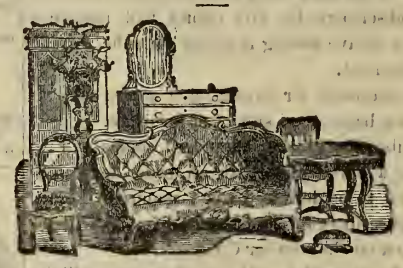

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INDUCEMENTS.

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Fireman's Fund Insurance Company's Building,
No. 237 Sansome Street.....San Francisco.

THE CALIFORNIAN'S
SAN FRANCISCO BUSINESS DIRECTORY

APOTHECARIES AND CHEMISTS.
Geo S Dickey, Pioneer Apothecary, cor Ellis & Stockton
ARCHITECTS.
Hoagland & Newsom, s.w. cor Kearny and Sacramento.
BAKERIES.
Dempsey's Bakery, 127 Fourth street,
BOOTS AND SHOES.
P. Kelly, Prize Boot Maker, 323 Bush, above Monty'y.
Wentworth, Hohart & Co. (wholesale manufac.) 210 Pine
BOOT POLISHERS.
Henry C. Smith, corner Market and Sansomo streets.
BUTCHERS.
J. P. Molt, "South Park Market," Third st., op. S. Park.
I. Gans, "New York Market," Fourth st, near Market.
CIGARS AND TOBACCO.
Chas. C. Lindsey, Excelsior Store, 156 Stewart street.
Chas, Schweuke & T. Meuser, 16 Stewart street.
G. H. Behrens & Co., 4 Kearny street, near Market.
CLOTHING.
H M. Lockwood & Co., 624 Clay street.
J. R. Mead & Co., cornor Montgomery and Bush streets
William Sherman, 412 Sansome, corner Commercial.
COAL OIL, LAMPS, ETC.
A. C. Dietz & Co., (wholesale,) 521 Front street.
Dell, Cranna & Co. (wholesale) 513 Front street
COMMISSION MERCHANTS.
J. W. Nyo & Co., 219 Washington street, corner Cedar.
W. J. Lowry & Co., S.W. corner Washington and Davis.
Thos. Newell, 62 Clay street hetween Drumm and East.
CONFECTIONERS.
Alex. L. Ross, 121 Third street.
Baldwin & Lawlers, South Park Store, 418 Third st.
N. B. Booth & Co., 20 Kearny, near Market.
DENTISTS.
Dr. Blake, removed to 645 Clay street.
N. T. Whitcomb, 205 Third, near Howard.
DRY GOODS.
Abrams & Markewitz, 34 Kearny street, near Post.
Buyer & Reich, S W corner Jackson and Stockton.
H. Rothschild (Variety Store), 112 Third street.
Irving, Landers & Co., No. 4 Third street.
M. Waterman, 22 Second street, corner of Stevenson.
Meaghor, Taaffe & Co.. 9 Montgomery street.
FURNITURE.
Goodwin & Co., 510 and 528 Washington streets.
N. P. Colo & Co., 21 Sutter and 524 Market streets,
FRUIT STORES.
S. P. Jewell, 118 Fourth street, near Minna.
GROCERS.
Fred. Lange, Family Grocer, cor. Powell and Lombard.
Haskell & Co., Market and Sutter sts, below the Market.
McKee's Family store, 31 Kearny, near Post.
Seneca Jones, Family Grocer, 105 Third street.
T. Williams, corner Third and Tehama streets.
HAIR DRESSING SALOONS.
Prof. Smith, 114 Market street, opposite Third.
HARDWARE AND CUTLERY.
J. H. McConnell. Pioneer Cutler, 131 4th st. bt Mis & Hrd.
J. S. Sesser, 138 Fourth st, bet. Mission and Howard.
HATTERS.
Lamott (wholesale and retail) 227 Montgomery street.
HAY AND GRAIN.
Grant & Smith, 26 Market and 19 Sacramento sts.
J. B. Holmes & Co., 110 Market street.
Wm.H. Nichols, 18 Sacramento, and 17 Commercial.
HOTELS.
Atlantic House, John McManus, 210 and 212 Pacific st.
"Branch," M. O'Nell, 12 Sutter street.
Broadway, Burns & Fitzsimmons, 212 Broadwsy.
Brooklyn, John Kelly, Jr., Sansome, corner Pine.
Chicago, Droste & Pfefferle, 220 Pacific street.
Empire House, Peter Thompson, 106 Jackson street.
Franklin Hotel, Hugh Curran, cor Sausome & Pacific.
Franklin House, C. Maloney, cor. Br'dway & Sansome.
Golden Gate Hotel, J. Blackmun, 728 Market street.
Mariner's Home, Brown & Chandler, 504 and 506 Davis.
"Oriental," H. Saxtorph & Co., Washington & Drumm.
Sanders' Hotel, J. P; Sanders, 24 Sacramento st.
William Tell House, 317 Bush street, above Montg'y.
INSURANCE.
Firemen's Fund Ins. cor. California and Sansomo.
Manbattan, R. B. Swain & Co., Agets, 206 Front, cor. Cal.
North British Mercantile, S. E. cor Sansome & Califor'
Occidental Ins. Co., S.W. cor. Montgom'y and California.
LADIES' BIJOUTERIE, CLOAKS, ETC.
Rosenblatt's, 123 and 125 Montgomery street.
LADIES' FANCY GOODS AND TRIMMINGS.
Mrs. J. Egan, 32 Third street, near Market.
S. Summerfield, 20 Second street, and 116 Kearny.
Thomas Collinson, 160 Third. near Howard street.
LUMBER.
Armstrong, Sheldon & Davis, cor. Mission & Spear sts.
MARBLE WORKERS.
P. Kelly, 12 Fourth street.
MILITARY GOODS AND REGALIA.
T. Rodgers Johnson, Odd-Fellow's Hall, 325 Montg'ry st.
MILLINERS.
Miss A. A. Craddock, 4 Virginia Block, Stockton street.
MUSIC TEACHERS.
Prof. J. R. Boullet, Pianist and Vocalist, 1320 Stockton.
NOTARY PUBLIC,
H. S. Tibbey, 604, Montgomery street.
PHOTOGRAPHIC GALLERIES.
H. Bush, corner Post, Market and Montgomery streets.
Hicks & Staring, 143 Fourth street.
John D. Godeus, South Park, 444½ Bryant street,
New York, B. F. Howland proprietor, 26 Third street.
PIANOS, MUSIC, ETC.
C. Weiderhold & Co., 685 Market near Third.
Kohler, Chase & Co., 421 Montgomery street.
W. S. Pierce, removed to 534 Market, opposite Second.
PHOTOGRAPHS, CUTLERY, SPECTACLES, ETC.
Lawrence & Houseworth, 317 and 319 Montgomery st.
PLUMBERS AND GAS FITTERS.
Chas. Barman, 121 Fourth street, near Minna.
REAL ESTATE AGENTS.
Geo. W. Chapin, 338 Montgomery.
John Pforr, 328 Montgomery.
RESTAURANTS.
Ladies' Refreshment Saloon, Swain & Brown, 636½
Helvetia, Johnjury & Bros., 524 Merchant street.
Market, by Hanzo & Besson, 520 Merchant street
The Opera, J. Weiss, 335 Pine street.
SALOONS.
Beck's Saloon, 504 Drumm street, near Pacific.
Blancy & Carroll, "Sample Rooms," 107 Third street.
"Bourbon Saloon," A. Farr, Long Bridge.
Charley Smith's Saloon, 539 Washington street.
Charter Oak, Frank Kelly, N.E. cor Third and Howard
Coates & Henderson, 37 Sutter street.
Cleveland's Sample Rooms, 318 Bush, above Montg'y.
"Excelsior," Haase & Co., cor. Drum and Commercial.
Ring's Saloon, Peter Ring, corner California, below Drumm.
Fourth Street Exchange, Charles F. Sliter, 245 Fourth street.
J P. Laven's Saloon, northwest cor. Battery & Br'dwy
J. Dillon, "Fourth St. Exchange," cor. Fifth and Mkt.
King & McCormick, "Rotunda," Market & O'Farrell.
"Manaduock," A. Horstkemper, Drumm & Oregon sts.
P. Johnson & J. B. Holje, 28 Clay street.
Peter Ring's Saloon, California street, below Drumm.
Regatta House, Burns & McLean, foot of Third street.
Russell & Holding's Exchange, 622 Market street.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY, CONTINUED.

"Sample Rooms," corner Third and Stevenson streets.
Steamship Exchange, Wm. Everard, 214 Stewart street.
Uncle Billy & George, Saloon 707 Davis st.
"Young American," Geo. C. W. Heuer, Stewart & Howard
PRINT SELLER AND PUBLISHER.
Thomas H. Lawlor, Second street, near Howard.
HOUSE AND SIGN PAINTER.
Michael English, 414 Pino street.
SCALES.
Fairbanks & Hutchinson, Depot for Fairbanks' Scales 120 California street.
SEWING MACHINES.
Grover & Baker, R. G. Brown, 116 Montgomery.
The Florence, office 111 Montgomery street.
STATIONERS AMD BOOKBINDERS.
Althof, Rose & Bahls, 423 Clay, and 512 Commercial sts.
Jas. E. Damon & Co., 521 and 423 Sansome street.
STOVES AND TIN WARE.
A. Swigert, corner Fiftb and Folsom.
TRUNK MANUFACTORY.
James Longshore, 428 Kearny street.
WATER-CURE INSTITUTE.
Dr Bourne's Pioneer, 10 Post, near Montgomery.
WAX FLORIST.
Mrs, M. E. Gerrish, 11 Post street.

THE BEIDEMAN ESTATE.

JOHN W. BRUMAGIM, ADMINISTRATOR, WITH the will annexed, of the Estate of JACOB C. BEIDEMAN, deceased, is NOW READY TO EXECUTE DEEDS to the purchasers at said sale, as the sale has been confirmed by the Probate Court, and an Order of Confirmation has heen recorded in the Recorder's office of the city and county of San Francisco.

Please call at the Administrator's office, Nos. 36 and 37 Montgomery Block.

JOHN W. BRUMAGIM,
Administrator, with the Will annoxed, of the Estate of Jacob C. Beideman, deceased.
San Francisco, August 19, 1867.

BUCKMAN BROS.,
(Successors to John Myers,)
CAPITOL SALOON,
226 *MONTGOMERY STREET,*
Opposite the Russ House

Removal.
THEODORE KALLENBERG,
Machinist,
Has removed from No. 416 Market street, to No. 10 Stevenson street, next to the corner of First.
Maker of Models for Inventors, Drawing Instruments, Small Machines, Philosophical Instruments, Scales and Weights, all kinds of Brass and Iron Work.
REPAIRING PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

FREE HOMESTEADS FOR ALL
ON FILING A PETITION.
UNDER THE LAWS OF MEXICO, which are now in force in this city, all the inhabitants are entitled to a HOMESTEAD LOT OF LAND, simply on petition. Justice Field has decided, and the Supreme Court of the United States has confirmed that decision, that the city of San Francisco is a Pueblo of four square leagues of land, and that the citizens thereof are the owners, which vests the right in each citizen to a lot of land for a homestead ; and the undersigned have opened an office at 37 MERCHANTS' EXCHANGE, to enforce those rights, by petition to the Mayor, etc.; and each and every citizen can procure a Free Homestead by calling at their office and signing a petition, which will forthwith vest the right to the lot in question in them, and thereby secure to the petitioner porperty worth a large sum of money under the existing laws now in force.
BROOKS & MERRITT,
No. 37 New Merchants' Exchange.
N. B.—The Supreme Court of the United States have settled this question in another case, as to the ownership of the Outside Lands. In the case of J. B. Townsed vs. Geo. G. Greeley, December Term, 1866, No. 124, the Court say : "It is, therefore, now the settled law, that the municipal lands held by the city of San Francisco, as successors to the former Pueblo existing there, are not held in absolute property, but IN TRUST for its inhabitants."
Therefore, all the inhabitants have to do, under this decision, is to ask the city, by petition, for their vested rights, as this is the only way, under the law, that they can proceed to get their property.
E. L. B. BROOKS,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law.
All legal business transacted in the French and Spanish languages, if desired.

JOHN H. TODMAN & CO.,
Successors to JAMES MEARS.
ALE, PORTER AND CIDER
BOTTLING ESTABLISHMENT,
511 Front Street.
A large stock of Champagne Cider on hand, in glass and bulk.

AMERICAN EXCHANGE HOTEL,
SANSOME STREET, San Francisco.
FIRE PROOF.
Two Hundred Rooms well Ventilated and Richly Furnished.
Prices from $1 50 to $2 a Day.
The Exchange Coach, with Red Lights, will always be in readiness to convey Passengers to the Hotel Free of Harge.
The proprietor of this favorite Hotel would respectfully uform the traveling public that the
AMERICAN EXCHANGE
Is now and will continue as it ever has been, the most comfortable, homelike, quiet and economical Hotel in the tate. TIMOTHY SARGENT, Proprietor.

A GENTLEMAN went into one of our fashionable barber-shops, the other day, to get shaved, was waited on by an exquisite tonsorial artist' who is a noted wag, and who never lets an opportunity for a joke pass him if he can help it. He proceeded to operate upon the face of the gentleman, who by the way, like Judge Douglas with his legs, had "a mighty poor show" of beard. The barber, in a quiet, patronizing sort of a way, inquired of the gentleman why he did not raise a moustache. "For the simple reason, because I *can't*," rather brusquely responded the gentleman. "I think you might, if you were to try," persisted the barber, very blandly. "Utterly impossible, I tell you," impatiently insisted the gentleman. "Oh, no!" said the barber, giving him a light touch with the lather on the end of the brush, "Oh no!" I am certain, sir, you could raise a moustache —a light *summer* moustache!" (Exit knight of the *raiser*.)

DURING the cross-examination of a false witness at the Tombs the other day, the District Attorney asked him where his father was; to which the witness responded, with a melancholy air—"Dead, sir; dropped off very suddenly, sir." "How came he to drop off suddenly?" was the next question. "Foul play, sir; the sheriff imposed upon his unsuspicious nature, sir, and, getting him to go on a platform to take a look at a select audience, suddenly knocked a trap-door from under him, sir."

CHARLES LAMB tells this characteristic story of Hazlitt: "I took him to see a very pretty girl, where there were two young girls; they neither laughed nor sneered, nor giggled, nor whispered, but they were young girls; and he sat and frowned blacker and blacker, indignant that there should be such things as youth and beauty, till he tore me away before supper in perfect misery, and owned that he could not bear young girls, they drove him mad."

A "LOVELY GIRL," in Wisconsin, recently recovered fourteen hundred dollars damages in a breach of promise suit against a perfidious lover. Her lawyer congratulated her on the amount, when she exclaimed, with a ferocious glance at the mulcted defendant, and nervously clenching her fingers, "I'd give every penny of it just to have one good pull at his hair!"

THE bulletins of fashion state that "some of the ladies now wear long ribbons on their bonnets, to the ends of which tiny bells are attached." This is doubtless to notify their admirers that they have no objection to a *ring*.

A CROWDED horse-car—First passenger: (to sturdy laborer standing in front of him,) "I say there! I've got toes!" Second passenger: "Y-e-s, (a gleam of intelligence lightens his face,) I felt 'em!"

THE SNUG.—"The Snug" has been located one door below Maguire's Opera House, for ten years past. It was established for the convenience of the habituates of the Opera House, and has the reputation of dispensing the best wines and liquors in the city, under the charge of its present proprietor, Mr. Timothy McCarty. Entrances from various parts of the Opera House to the bar have been cut, for the convenience of the public. Mr. McCarty gives his entire attention to his guests, and renders his establishment a "Snug" place by day or night.

BUILDER'S INSURANCE CO.

OFFICE IN THE BUILDING OF THE CALIFORNIA SAVINGS BANK, CALIFORNIA ST., one door from Sansome.

FIRE AND MARINE INSURANCE.

F. D. RING,

MANUFACTURER OF

JEWELRY AND SILVER WARE,

No. 540 Market Street, adjoining the Hibernia Bank, SAN FRANCISCO.

All kinds of precious Stones set in the latest style and most approved manner. Watches and Jewelry carefully repaired by experienced workmen.

"THE" HAT STORE,

647 Washington Street.

The Hat wearing community are invited to examine the Stock at the above store, and in quality, style and price,

THEY DEFY COMPETITION!

Their Stock embraces all of the latest "novelties" and Standard Styles to be found elsewhere.

"THE" HAT STORE,

647 ngton Street.

Notice to Families.

LADIES and GENTLEMEN are invited to call and try my new

GAME SEASON BILL OF FARE.

QUAIL ON TOAST,
SPRING CHICKENS,
OYSTERS IN EVERY STYLE,
AND ALL THE LUXURIES OF THE SEASON

Every Day and Evening.

PRICES TO SUIT EVERYBODY.

French Dinner with half bottle Claret.....75 cts.
French Breakfast with half bottle Claret.....75 cts.

Always on hand, BEST FRENCH CANDIES AND BONBONS.

Orders for Parties promptly attended to.

PETER JOB,
Corner of Montgomery and Bush Streets, San Francisco.

☞ Open till half-past twelve at night.

ST. CHARLES RESTAURANT,

At the Hotel of C. Galliand, Nos. 507 and 509 Pine Street, between Kearny and Dupont streets.

BY MME. CAZINTRE.

☞ All who will call at this Restaurant will find an excellent table and prompt attention.

California Coffee and Dining Saloon.

Nos. 612 and 614 MONTGOMERY STREET, Between Clay and Merchant, San Francisco.
J. R. REAGAN, Proprietor.

A Ladies' Saloon has been fitted up, where private parties can receive every attention in the most comfortable quarters. We also keep lunch hot en chafing dishes at the counter, including the finest of Pastry, where customers can be served quickly and satisfactorily.

French Breakfasts and Dinners, with Wine, continued.

ITALIAN RESTAURANT,

No. 515 Merchant Street,

Between Montgomery and Sansome, San Francisco.

Taglierini, Maccaroni, Risotto and Ravioli, In the Italian Style.

MEALS FIFTY CENTS, OR TO ORDER.

Rooms for private parties up stairs.
MR. GUISEPPE CADENASSO.

LEON DINGEON. F. W. HAUBRICK.

DINGEON & HAUBRICK,

MARTIN'S RESTAURANT,

623 COMMERCIAL STREET.

Above Montgomery. Meals at all hours. The best of Wines, Oysters, Game, and all the delicacies of the season always on hand. Private Saloons up stairs for Dinner and Supper Parties.

NEW RESTAURANT.

MR. SORBIER takes pleasure in informing his friends and customers that he has opened a FIRST-CLASS RESTAURANT under the name of

SORBIER'S RESTAURANT,

at No. 607 SACRAMENTO STREET, above Montgomery, where he will be pleased to see his old friends and the public in general, and where all can be assured that they will be served with the very best the market affords, at most reasonable rates. JOHN E. SORBIER,
Late of the Occidental Restaurant.

F. C. B ELDEN,

Of the well-known Family Depot, 612 Sacramento street, has opened the

SUMMER STREET RESTAURANT

at the northeast corner of Spring and Summer Sts.

☞ Meals to order, and by the plate. Wines and Liquors of the best quality.

OCCIDENTAL RESTAURANT,

536 Washington Street, below Montgomery.

GEORGE WITTMAN would inform the public and the former patrons of this

POPULAR RESTAURANT

That he has assumed full charge, and will continue to keep all the delicacies of the season and one of the best lists of WINES, etc., and solicits the continuance of their patronage.

M. H. QUINN,

HAT MANUFACTURER,

127 Fourth street, bet. Howard and Mission, San Francisco.

Dress Silk Hats for Ladies or Gentlemen Manufactured to order, Cleaned or Renovated, at reasonable prices.

BOYS! BOYS! BOYS!

NOW IS THE TIME

H. M. LOCKWOOD & CO.,

New No. 624) CLAY STREET, (Old No

Have received a Large Stock of

GENTS' AND BOYS' CLOTHING

—AND—

FURNISHING GOODS,
Which they are selling

AT VERY LOW PRICES.

Every Garment warranted. All are invited to call examine our goods.

H. M. LOCKWOOD & CO.
624 Clay street, San Francisco.

Belden's Family Depot for Domestic Luxuries.

AT this depot are, all should know,
For him who strong or faint is,
Superior grub—for home or club—
And every kind of dainties.
Westphalia hams, fresh oysters, clams,
Constituents of chowder,
Fine breakfast tea, and hominy,
And genuine curry powder.
Oil, mustard, wine, both French and Rhine,
Lard, coffee, ketchup, capers.
Crushed sugar, peas, and Switzer cheese,
And sperm and waxen tapers.
The giblets, pluck, of goose and duck,
Of woodcock, snipe and plovers,
Of partridge, too, and cockatoo—
The last express for lovers!
It seems absurb there scarce a bird—
My rhyme this somewhat ruffles—
But Belden's got in tin or pot,
The LIVER of with TRUFFLES.
Prunes, raisins, rice, preserves and spice,
Gin, whisky, rum and brandy,
Drinks made of malt, and table salt,
Tongues, sausages, and candy.
Above's not all to which I'd call
Particular attention.
Le vin d'elite, Chateau Lafitte,
And others, I would mention.
Surpassing fine Madeira wine,
St. Julien, port and sherry,
Chateaux Marganx and Veuve Clicquot,
Old apple jack and cherry.
La Rose, Chablis, and Burgundy
Both white, and red and sightly,
Prime Hermitage of ripe old age,
Still, sparkling too and sprightly.
Sauterne, medoc, still sparkling hock,
Johannesberg, Hockheimer,
Then sirs and dames (these German names
Would craze an English rhymer!)
Just come and buy, and cease to sigh
For Egypt and its fleshpots;
Ne'er better fare did Pharoh share,
Or any other despots.

ET CETERA
No. 652 Sacramento Street.

First Premium

AWARDED BY THE STATE FAIR TO

SILAS SELLECK,

FOR THE BEST PLAIN PHOTOGRAPH.

—ALSO—

SPECIAL PREMIUM

For the Best Cabinet Portraits.

MR. SELLECK is now prepared to execute the very best PHOTOGRAPHS, in all the different styles, at No. 415 Montgomery Street.

N. B.—The best Water Color and India Ink Artist in this city is attached to this Gallery.

STEPHEN M. SMITH,

(Formerly of Grass Valley,)

Having purchased the interest of Messrs. Parker & Vandewater, in the

PARKER HOUSE,

On Montgomery Street, invites the patronage of the public. He will keep on hand the finest qualities of Wines, Liquors, etc. October 12th, 1867.

JOHN TAYLOR,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN

WINES AND LIQUORS.

NO. 16 THIRD STREET,

Between Market and Stevenson Streets., San Francisco.

Dr. John T. Crook,

Late of the Pacific Mail service, has established himself in the practice of his profession in this city.

—OFFICE:—

S. W. corner of Montgomery and Bush Streets.

OFFICE HOURS—9 to 10 A. M.; 2 P. M.; 4 to 6 P. M.

GEORGE MORROW & CO.,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN

Hay, Grain, and Feed of all kinds.

Hucks & Lambert's Patent AXLE GREASE.

21 Clay street and 28 Commercial street, between Drumm and East, San Francisco.

BOWMAN & CO.,

Dealers in Stoves and Tin Ware, Main street, Potaluma

MRS. C. COOK,

FIRST PREMIUM HAIR JEWELRY,

519 Montgomery street,

Between Clay and Commercial.....SAN FRANCISCO.

NOTICE.

IN CONSEQUENCE OF THE VERY GREAT DEMAND FOR

CASSIN'S

Grape Brandy Bitters!!

we have been obliged to rent a LARGER BUILDING, and are now removing to Sullivan & Casbman's Block, No 523 FRONT STREET, opposite our old establishment.

F. & P. J. CASSIN, 520 Front street.

A. PARDINI,

No. 729 WASHINGTON STREET, above the Plaza, San Francisco.

Boots and Shoes Made to Order,

IN THE BEST FRENCH STYLE.

☞ The same, ready made, always on hand.

FIRE AND MARINE INSURANCE.

FIREMAN'S FUND

Insurance Company,

OF SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA.

—OFFICE—

S. W. cor. California and Sansome streets.

CAPITAL, $500,000, FULLY PAID IN GOLD COIN.

INSURE MARINE RISKS

Under Open Policies, on Cargoes, Treasure, Freights, Profits, and Commissions.

—ALSO—

ISSUE POLICIES ON TIME, VOYAGE AND HARBOR RISKS ON HULLS.

INSURE AGAINST LOSS BY FIRE

On Buildings, Merchandise, Furniture, Wares, and other Personal Property.

FIRE, MARINE, HARBOR, AND INLAND TRANSIT RISKS,

On terms as favorable as any other reliable First-Class Company.

Greatest amount taken on any one risk, $50,000. Portions of Risks considered too large, will be re-insured in responsible Companies.

LOSSES PROMPTLY PAID IN UNITED STATES GOLD COIN!

D. J. STAPLES, President,
CHAS. R. BOND, Secretary.

HAMBURG, BREMEN,

Fire Insurance Company.

CAPITAL, - - - - $1,000,000

MORRIS SPEYER, Agent.

OFFICE—526 Washington Street, a few doors below Montgomery.....San Francisco.

Being no longer governed by the Tariff of the Board of Underwriters, this Company will effect Insurances at as LOW RATES as those of any other responsible Company.

OCCIDENTAL

Insurance Company,

Southwest corner Montgomery and California streets.

INDIVIDUAL LIABILITY.

Capital Stock, - - - $300,000

LOSSES PAID IN UNITED STATES GOLD COIN.

THIS COMPANY will insure against loss by Fire on any Dwelling House, Buildings, Merchandise or other property, situated in the State of California. The largest sum they will take on any one risk is thirty thousand dollars.

C. CHRISTIANSEN, Pres't.
J. GREENEBAUM, Vice President.
B. ROTHSCHILD, Secretary.

FIRE INSURANCE.

Manhattan Fire & Marine Insurance

OF NEW YORK.

Incorporated.....1821.
Cash capital.....$500,000
Surplus..... 650,000

Total Assets, over.....$1,190,000

The above named responsible and well known Company has complied with the law of the State of California, and has deposited $75,000 as additional security for policy holders,

Buildings, Merchandise, Furniture, and other property insured against loss or damage by Fire, on the most favorable terms. Also, Insurance on Merchandise, Specie and Freight to or from all parts of the world. Losses promptly adjusted and paid in United States Gold Coin.

R. B. SWAIN & CO., General Agents,
206 Front street, corner of California.

CANTY & WAGNER,

(SUCCESSORS TO J. REGAN,)

113 *Montgomery street, bet. Bush and Sutter*

N. B.—All candies sold by us are warranted to be manufactured from Stewart's double refined Sugar, and to be equal to any manufactured in the State. Country merchants solicited to examine our stock and prices. Goods delivered to any part of the city free of charge.

The Ladies are of one mind in pronouncing BOWMAN'S AMERICAN WASHING COMPOUND the best preparation for washing and cleaning in use. It is acknowledged to be a saving both in money and labor. The Compound softens the dirt, consequently the clothes require not more than one-half the rubbing necessary in washing by the old method; besides all who give it a trial acknowledge that their clothes are made whiter in washing with this Compound, than they were ever known to be by using any other preparation. For washing Woolen Goods and Flannels it cannot be equaled. Calicoes that can be washed with soap, without fading, are washed in the water used for boiling the white clothes. This Compound has been used in the eastern States for the past three years with perfect success. Warranted not to injure the clothes. For sale by all Grocers.

LYNCH & PARSONS, Agents,
222 Jackson street, near Battery.

A PIE-BAKER in Boston, the other day, had left his cart, stocked with several baskets of pies, standing in the street. Another horse and vehicle stood in the rear. Dobbin of the latter, nosing the good things in front, gradually worked his way up, and poking his nose in the basket, discovered and demolished in short order half a dozen berry pies, licking the plates, and then "chawing" the paper which covered them. He smacked his chops after his *pieous* meal with evident satisfaction. Not so the pie-vender when he emerged from his customer's cellar, and found himself minus half a dozen pies. A slap in the face and a backing out were Dobbin's penalty.

"TALK about mean men," said old Fax, "why, there's that Bill Johnson, he's the meanest man I ever heard tell on. Bill was a constable here. Why, don't you think he had an execution against me for a little matter of groceries, and he came out and levied on my old woman's ducks, and wanted me to drive 'em up and catch' em for him, and I told him to catch 'em himself; and so he chased 'em round and round the house, and every time he'd catch a duck he'd sit down and wring its head off, and charge mileage."

JOSEPH FREDERICKS

CARPET AND UPHOLSTERY STORE,

PAPER HANGINGS, ETC.,

123 Kearny St., between Sutter and Post, San Francisco

FAMILIES ARE INVITED TO EXAMINE

OUR VARIED ASSORTMENT

Of the Finest Carpeting in the State. The best of taste displayed in Decoration and the unique Upholstering of Rooms, Halls and Public Buildings, and at prices conforming to the times. Call and examine goods.

BERNHEIM & EHRENPFORT,

Wholesale Candy Manufacturers,

No. 408 CLAY STREET,

Between Sansome and Battery Sts., San Francisco.

FANCY AND COMMON CANDIES

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

Sugar Toys, Figures, Animals, Birds, etc.

Are prepared to receive orders to any extent and in any desired style.

BERNHEIM & EHRENPFORT.

A. PARDINI,

No. 729 WASHINGTON STREET, above the Plaza, San Francisco.

Boots and Shoes Made to Order,

IN THE BEST FRENCH STYLE.

☞ The same, ready made, always on hand.

AMERICAN EXCHANGE HOTEL,

SANSOME STREET, SAN FRANCISCO.

FIRE PROOF.

Two Hundred Rooms well Ventilated and Richly Furnished.

Prices from $1 50 to $2 a Day.

The Exchange Coach, with RED LIGHTS, will always be in readiness to convey Passengers to the Hotel FREE OF HARGE.

The proprietor of this favorite Hotel would respectfully inform the traveling public that the

AMERICAN EXCHANGE

Is now and will continue as it ever has been, the most comfortable, homelike, quiet and economical Hotel in the tate. TIMOTHY SARGENT, Proprietor.

C. F. HAYWARD,

—DEALER IN—

Harness, Saddles, etc.,

305 BATTERY STREET,

Near Sacramento,

San Francisco.

First Premium

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SILAS SELLECK,

FOR THE BEST PLAIN PHOTOGRAPH.

—ALSO—

SPECIAL PREMIUM

For the Best Cabinet Portraits.

MR. SELLECK is now prepared to execute the very best PHOTOGRAPHS, in all the different styles, at No. 415 Montgomery Street.

N. B.—The best Water Color and India Ink Artist in this city is attached to this Gallery.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE FIFTEENTH Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco.

MARY ANN LEEDOM, Plaintiff, vs. FRANCIS LEEDOM, Defendant.

Action brought in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in said city and county of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to FRANCIS LEEDOM, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named plaintiff, in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein, within ten days (exclusive of the day of service,) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this county; or if served out of this county, but in this District, within twenty days; otherwise within forty days; or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said complaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony existing between plaintiff and defendant, awarding the care and custody of her daughter Julia to plaintiff, and allowing her to resume her maiden name.

And you are hereby notified, that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

Given under my hand and Seal of the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 7th day of August, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-seven.

[SEAL.] WM. LOEWY, Clerk,
By OCTAVIUS BELL, Deputy Clerk.
Geo. W. Tyler, Plaintiff's Attorney. s14-3m

IN THE PROBATE COURT of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the estate of JOHN L. TAGGARD, deceased.

Order to show cause why order of distribution should not be made.

On reading and filing the petition of E. W. Taggard, the administrator of the estate of John L. Taggard, deceased, setting forth that he has filed his final account of his administration of the estate of said deceased, in this Court, and that the same has been duly settled and allowed; that all the debts and expenses of administration have been duly paid; and that a portion of said estate remains to be divided among the heirs of said deceased, and praying among other things for an order of distribution of the residue of said estate among the persons entitled:

It is ordered, That all persons interested in the estate of the said John L. Taggard, deceased, be and appear before the Probate Court of the City and County of San Francisco, at the Court room of said Court, in the City Hall, in said City and County, on TUESDAY, the 19th day of November, A. D. 1867, at two o'clock P. M., then and there to show cause why an order of distribution should not be made of the residue of said estate among the heirs of the said John L. Taggard, deceased, according to law:

And it is further ordered, That a copy of this order be published for four successive weeks, before the said nineteenth day of November, A. D. 1867, in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published in the said City and County.

M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

Dated October 18th, 1867.
MESSRS. WINANS & BELKNAP, Att'ys for Petitioner.
oct19-26 nov2 9 16

IN THE PROBATE COURT of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the Estate of HENRY BENTZ, deceased.

Order to show cause why order of sale of real estate should not be made.

It appearing in the said Court, by the petition this day presented and filed by William A. Quarles, the Administrator of the estate left unadministered of Henry Bentz, deceased, praying for an order of sale of real estate, that it is necessary to sell some portion of the real estate, to pay the debts, expenses and charges of the administration.

It is therefore ordered by the said Court, that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased, appear before the said Probate Court on TUESDAY, the 26th day of November, A. D. 1867, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the Court room of said Probate Court, at the City Hall, in the City and County of San Francisco, to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said Administrator to sell so much of the real estate of the said deceased, as shall be necessary.

And that a copy of this order be published at least four successive weeks in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published in the said city and county.

Dated October 24th, 1867.
M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

Office of the County Clerk of the City and County of San Francisco.—I, Wm. Loewy, County Clerk of the city and county of San Francisco, State of California, and ex-officio Clerk of the Probate Court, in and for said city and county, do hereby certify the foregoing to be a true and correct copy of an order duly made and entered upon the minutes of the said Probate Court.

Witness my hand, and the seal of said Court, this 24th day of October, A. D. 1867.

[SEAL AND STAMP] WM. LOEWY, Clerk.
By A. J. JEGHERS, Deputy Clerk.
J. F. FINN, ESQ., Att'y for Petitioner. oct26 5w

IN THE PROBATE COURT, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the Estate of JEAN VICTOR SUBERVEILLE, deceased.

On reading and filing the petition of Lucas Ponton de Arce, Administrator of the said estate, praying for an order of sale of the real estate therein described, and it appearing to this Court that there is not sufficient personal estate in the hands of the Administrator to pay the debts, charges and expenses of administration, and that it is necessary to sell the whole of the real estate of said deceased for the payment of such debts, charges and expenses, and because after the sale of so much of said estate as shall be necessary to pay such debts, charges and expenses, the residue thereof would be of such a character with reference to its future disposition among the heirs of said deceased as clearly to render it for the best interest of all concerned that the same should be sold, and for other reasons set forth in said petition.

It is ordered that all persons interested in the said estate appear before this Court, at the Court room thereof, at the City Hall, in the City and County of San Francisco, on MONDAY, the 25th day of November, A. D. 1867, at eleven o'clock A. M., of that day, to show cause, if any they have, why an order should not be granted to said Administrator to sell so much of the real estate of the said deceased as shall be necessary.

And it is further Ordered, that a copy of this order be published for four successive weeks in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published in the city and county aforesaid.

Done in open Court this 25th day of October, A. D. 1867.
oct26-5w M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.
W. C. BURNETT, Attorney for Administrator.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS. — ESTATE OF J. KING ROBINSON, deceased.—Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the Estate of J. King Robinson, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within ten months from the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator, at the corner of Stockton and Geary streets, in the City and County of San Francisco.

Dated San Francisco, September 30th, 1867.
THOS. A. ROBINSON.

IN THE PROBATE COURT OF THE CITY AND County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the Estate of HENRY MONTGOMERY, deceased.

Order to show cause why Order of Sale of Real Estate should not be made.

It appearing to the said Court, by the petition this day presented and filed by James Duffey, the Administrator of the estate left unadministered of HENRY MONTGOMERY, deceased, praying for an order of sale of real estate, that it is necessary to sell the whole or some portion of the real estate, to pay the allowance to the family, the debts outstanding against the deceased, and the debts, expenses and charges of administration.

It is therefore ordered by the said Court, that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased, appear before the said Probate Court on MONDAY, the 11th day of November, A. D. 1867, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the Court room of said Probate Court, at the City Hall in the city and county of San Francisco, to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said Administrator of the estate left unadministered, to sell so much of the real estate of the said deceased as shall be necessary;

And that a copy of this order be published at least four successive weeks in THE CALIFORNIAN, a weekly newspaper printed and published in said city and county.

M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

Dated October 11th, 1867
DRAKE, HANT & LANGLESMAN, Attorneys for Administrator. oct12-19-26 nov2-9

IN THE PROBATE COURT of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the estate of HENRIETTE NAHL, deceased.

Order to show cause why order of distribution should not be made.

On reading and filing the petition of H. W. Arthur Nahl, the administrator of the estate of HENRIETTE NAHL, deceased, setting forth that he has filed his final account of his administration of the estate of said deceased, in this Court, and that the same has been duly settled and allowed; that all the debts and expenses of administration have been duly paid; and that a portion of said estate remains to be divided among the heirs of said deceased, and praying among other things for an order of distribution of the residue of said estate among the persons entitled:

It is Ordered, that all persons interested in the estate of said Henriette Nahl, deceased, be and appear before the Probate Court of the city and county of San Francisco, at the Court room of said Court, in the City Hall in said city and county, on MONDAY, the 11th day of November, Anno Domini 1867, at eleven o'clock, A. M., then and there to show cause why an order of distribution should not be made of the residue of said estate among the heirs of the said deceased, according to law.

It is further Ordered, that a copy of this order be published for four successive weeks, before the said eleventh day of November, A. D. 1867, in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published in the said city and county.

M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

Dated October 10th, 1867
MESSRS. SHARP & LLOYD, Attorneys for Petitioner.
oct12 19-26 nov2.9

IN THE PROBATE COURT of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the estate and guardianship of JOSEPHINE M. RICHARDSON, a Minor.

It appearing to the said Court by the petition this day presented and filed by William Harney, the guardian of and for Josephine M. Richardson, a Minor, praying for an order of sale of the real estate, that it is necessary to sell a portion of the real estate of said Minor, to pay the claims now outstanding against it, and that such sale is also necessary to provide for the maintenance and education of the said Minor.

It is therefore ordered by the said Court, that all persons interested in the estate of said Minor, appear before the said Probate Court, on MONDAY, the 18th day of November, A. D., 1867, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, of said day, at the Court room of said Probate Court, in the City Hall, in the City and County of San Francisco, to show cause why an order should not be granted to the aforesaid William Harney, guardian, to sell so much of the real estate of the said Minor as shall be necessary.

And it is further ordered, that a copy of the foregoing order be published at least four successive weeks in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published in said city and county of San Francisco.

M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

Dated October 14th, 1867.

IN THE PROBATE COURT of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the Estate of AMELIA MOSS, deceased.

Order to show cause why order of distribution should not be made.

On reading and filing the petition of J. W. Brumagim, Administrator, with the will annexed, of Amelia Moss, deceased, setting forth that he has filed his final account of his administration of the estate of said deceased, in this Court, and that the same has been duly settled and allowed; that all the debts and expenses of administration have been duly paid; and that a portion of said estate remains to be divided among the devisees and legatees of said deceased, and praying among other things for an order of distribution of the residue of said estate among the persons entitled:

It is ordered, that all persons interested in the estate of the said deceased, be and appear before the Probate Court of the City and County of San Francisco, at the Court room of said Court, in the City Hall, in said City and County, on MONDAY, the twenty fifth day of November, A. D. 1867, at two o'clock, P. M., then and there to show cause why an order of distribution should not be made of the residue of said estate among the devisees and legatees of the said deceased, according to law.

It is further ordered, that a copy of this order be published for four successive weeks before the said twenty-fifth day of November, A. D. 1867, in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published in the said city and county.

M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

Dated October 25th, A. D. 1867.
MESSRS. WINANS & BELKNAP, Attorneys for Petitioner.
oct26-5w

NOTICE TO CREDITORS — ESTATE OF MARY GAFFNEY, deceased. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, the Executor of the Estate of Mary Gaffney, deceased, sometimes known as Grace Wellington, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor, at his place of business, at the office of Winans & Belknap, northwest corner of Montgomery and Merchant streets, in the City and County of San Francisco.

Dated San Francisco, October 19th, 1867.
HENRY RAYMOND,
Executor of the Estate of Mary Gaffney
WINANS & BELKNAP, Attorneys for Executor.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS —ESTATE OF JOHN W. CROSLEY, deceased.—Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Executor of the last will of the estate of John W. Crosley, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Executor, at his place of business, southwest corner of Market and Fremont streets, in the City and County of San Francisco.

Dated October 18th, 1867.
L. L. TREADWELL,
Executor of the last will of John W. Crosley, deceased.
J. W. BRUMAGIM, Esq. Attorney for Executor.
oct19 26 nov2 9-16

SOTOYOME HOTEL,
B. C. WRIGHT, Proprietor, Healdsbur Cal.

Administrator's Sale of Real Estate.

OLNEY & CO., Auctioneers.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, THAT IN PURSUANCE of an order of the Probate Court of the City and County of San Francisco, in the State of California, made on the twenty-third day of October, A. D. 1867, in the matter of the estate of CLAUDE JACQUIN, deceased, the undersigned, Administrator of said estate, will sell at public auction, to the highest bidder for cash, in one parcel, and subject to confirmation by said Probate Court, on MONDAY, the 18th day of November, A. D. 1867, at 12 o'clock, noon, at the auction rooms of MESSRS. OLNEY & CO., No. 418 Montgomery street, in said City and County of San Francisco, all the right, title, interest and estate of the said intestate at the time of his death, and all the right, title and interest that the said estate has by operation of law or otherwise acquired other than, or in addition to that of the said intestate at the time of his death, in and to all that lot or parcel of land, situate, lying and being in the said City and County, and described as follows, to wit:

Commencing on the northwesterly line of King street, at a point distant on said northwesterly line of King street, forty five feet and ten inches southwesterly from the southwesterly line of Fourth street, thence running northeasterly along said northwesterly line of King street, forty five feet and ten inches; thence at right angles northwesterly one hundred and twenty feet, thence at right angles southwesterly, forty-two feet and ten inches; and thence at right angles southeasterly one hundred and twenty feet to the point of commencement.

TERMS AND CONDITIONS OF SALE, CASH—Ten per cent. of the purchase money to be paid to the Auctioneer on the day of sale, balance on confirmation of sale by said Probate Court. Deed at expense of purchaser.

WILLIAM ROWAN,
Administrator of the Estate of Claude Jacquin, deceased.
San Francisco, October 26th, 1867.
OLNEY & CO., Auctioneers,
418 Montgomery street,

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF EDWARD A. MAGRATH, deceased.—Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the estate of EDWARD A. MAGRATH, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator, at his office and place of transaction of business, room 5, No. 520 Montgomery street, in the city and county of San Francisco.

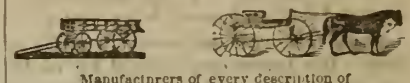
Dated October 24th, 1867.
WILLIAM A. QUARLES,
Administrator of the estate of Edward A. Magrath, deceased. oct 26-5w

NOTICE TO CREDITORS — ESTATE OF MARIA MACK, deceased.—Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the Estate of Maria Mack, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them, with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator, at his office and place of transaction of business, room 5, No. 520 Montgomery street, in the City and County of San Francisco.

Dated October 24th, 1867.
WILLIAM A. QUARLES,
Administrator of the Estate of Maria Mack, deceased.
oct26 5w

REMOVAL. REMOVAL.

Larkins & Co.,



Manufacturers of every description of

CARRIAGES.

CONCORD WAGONS, Ranch Wagons and Buggies made to order ☞ All kinds of Jobbing and Carriage Painting done at the shortest notice.

☞ New Manufactory Nos. 631 and 633 Howard street, corner of Hubbard, between Second and Third, San Francisco.

A. FOLSOM,

Carriage Manufacturer,

No. 531 CALIFORNIA STREET,

Between Montgomery and Kearny streets, San Francisco

EVERY DESCRIPTION OF CARRIAGES, EXPRESS Wagons, Buggies, etc., made to order, of the best materials and workmanship.

Repairing and General Blacksmithing done with promptness, and at prices to suit the times.

George P. Kimball & Co.,

MANUFACTURERS

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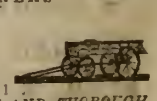

CARRIAGES, BUGGIES, STAGE AND THOROUGH BRACE WAGONS,

Market street, near corner of Fourth, San Francisco.

W. E. BRIDGE,

St. Lawrence Stables,

212 Sutter street, between Kearny and Dupont, SAN FRANCISCO.

A Rum Expedient.—A student at Trinity, Dublin, a man of considerable ability, who, but for a disposition to indulge in drink, would have swept the college of all its prizes, after repeated acts of insubordination originating in this unhappy fault, calls to the board, fines, etc, only escaped formal rustication by a pledge solemnly given to his tutor, accompanied by a convention that he was to have the daily privilege of one tumbler of punch, never to be exceeded except if wet through and thoroughly soaked, when a second might be taken. Now he, not having that confidence in the climate of his native country that he might have fairly possessed, conceived the idea of aiding nature, and might be spied toward six of an afernoon, standing on the steps of his chamber, while his servant, with a watering-pot, performed the part of Pluvius from a window overhead, after which he would return to the company, and beg them to note the condition he was in, and be able to bear testimony, if called upon that he was in the predicament specified in the act, and eligible for another tumbler.

Jones was traveling with his wife, and was so gallant in his behavior to his *carasposa* that madame became uneasy, and remonstrated against his attentions as too marked for public observation. "The deuce," said Jones; "we're married, I suppose?" "Yes," said the lady; "but, judging by your deportment, folks will think we are not." "Well, what of it?" "Why, not much to you," said the careful dame. "You are a man, but we women have our characters to take care of."

STEPHEN M. SMITH,

(Formerly of Grass Valley,)

Having purchased the interest of Messrs. Parker & Vandewater, in the

PARKER HOUSE,

On Montgomery Street, invites the patronage of the public. He will keep on hand the finest qualities of Wines, Liquors, etc. October 12th, 1867.

JOHN TAYLOR,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN

WINES AND LIQUORS.

NO. 16 THIRD STREET,

Between Market and Stevenson Streets. San Francisco.

Peter Short,

FASHIONABLE AND PRACTICAL TAILOR,

613 WASHINGTON STREET,

Between Montgomery and Kearny, San Francisco.

Dr. John T. Crook,

Late of the Pacific Mail service, has established himself in the practice of his profession in this city.

—OFFICE:—

S. W. corner of Montgomery and Bush Streets.

Office Hours—9 to 10 A. M.; 2 P. M.; 4 to 6 P. M.

GEORGE MORROW & CO.,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN

Hay, Grain, and Feed of all kinds.

Hucks & Lambert's Patent AXLE GREASE.

21 Clay street and 23 Commercial street, between Drumm and Esst, San Francisco.

M. S. WHITING. F. G. BERRY.

Whiting & Berry,

609 Sacramento Street, two doors above Montgomery,

Tea Wine and Spirit Merchants,

Importers and Wholesale Dealers in fine Brandies, Whiskies, Gins, Port, Sherry and Champagne Wines, Ale, Porter, Cider, Bitters, Cordials, Syrup, etc., for medicinal and family use, and suppliers to Families, Apothecaries, Physicians, City and Country Dealers, Hotels, Clubs, etc., in large or small quantities.

Observe Firm Name on each cork and fac simile signature on label.

[Trade Mark Registered.] WHITING & BERRY.

This is the only exclusive Tea, Wine and Spirit Store on the Pacific Coast.

It is neither a saloon or sample room, (as no wine or spirits are permitted to be drank on the premises,) but a depot where selected Teas and Pure Wines and Spirits may be procured at wholesale or retail for medicinal and family use. In this respect it is our aim to vie with Blasinger & Co., New York, Bigelow & Dawes, London, and Cozzens & Co., of Washington, where every facility is offered to ladies as well as gentlemen in making their own selections and purchases in quantities to suit.

N. B.—Our Treatise on Wines, Spirits and Teas, may be had at our depot gratis, and will be mailed to consumers and dealers in the interior when requested.

WHITING & BERRY,

609 Sacramento Street, second door above Montgomery.

NOTICE.

IN CONSEQUENCE OF THE VERY GREAT DEMAND FOR

CASSIN'S

Grape Brandy Bitters!!

we have been obliged to rent a LARGER BUILDING, and are now removing to Sullivan & Cashman's Block, No 523 FRONT STREET, opposite our old establishment.

F. & P. J. CASSIN, 520 Front street.

AYER'S PILLS

ARE PARTICULARLY ADAPTED to derangements of the Digestive Apparatus, and diseases arising from impurity of the Blood. A large part of all the complaints that afflict mankind originate in one of these, and consequently these PILLS are found to cure many varieties of Disease. They are sugar-coated, and hence may be taken readily by the most sensitive and delicate persons.

Subjoined are the statements from some eminent physicians, of their effects in their practice:

AS A FAMILY PHYSIC.

From Dr. E. W. Cartwright, of New Orleans—Your Pills are the prince of purges. Their excellent qualities surpass any cathartic we possess. They are mild, but very certain and effectual in their action on the bowels, which makes them invaluable to us in the daily treatment of disease.

FOR JAUNDICE AND ALL LIVER COMPLAINTS.

From Dr. Theodore Bell, of New York City—Not only are your Pills admirably adapted to their purpose as an aperient, but I find their beneficial effects upon the Liver very marked, indeed. They have in my practice proved more effectual for the cure of *Bilious Complaints* than any one remedy I can mention. I sincerely rejoice that we have at length a purgative which is worthy the confidence of the profession and the people.

DYSPEPSIA—INDIGESTION.

From Dr. Henry J. Knox, of St. Louis—The Pills you were kind enough to send me have been all used in my practice, and have satisfied me that they are truly an extraordinary medicine. So peculiarly are they adapted to the diseases of the human system, that they seem to work upon them alone. I have cured some cases of *Dyspepsia* and *Indigestion* with them, which had resisted the other remedies we commonly use. Indeed I have experimentally found them to be effectual in almost all the complaints for which you recommend them.

FOR HEADACHE—SICK HEADACHE—FOUL STOMACH—PILES—DROPSY—PLETHORA—PARALYSIS—FITS—DYSENTERY—DIARRHŒA—RELAXATION, Etc., Etc.

From Dr. Edward Boyd, Baltimore—Dear Dr. Ayer: I cannot answer you what complaints I have cured with your Pills better than to say all that we ever treat with a purgative medicine. I place great dependence on an effectual cathartic in my daily contest with disease, and believe as I do that your Pills afford us the best we have, I of course value them highly.

☞ Most of the Pills in market contain mercury, which although a valuable remedy in skillful hands, is dangerous in a public pill. From the dreadful consequences that frequently follow its incautious use. These contain no mercury or mineral substances whatever.

Prepared by DR. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass., and sold by all Druggists and Dealers in Medicine everywhere.

CRANE & BRIGHAM, San Francisco.

Wholesale Agents.

PRO BONO PUBLICO.

LACOUR'S

SARSAPARIPHERE

BITTERS

POSSESS INVALUABLE PROPERTIES.

They give Health to the Sick,

Strength to the Weak,

Joy to the Afflicted,

☞SOLD EVERYWHERE.☜

$100 00

SAVED in a very Short Time by using

STANDARD SOAP CO.'S

WASHING POWDER.

TRY IT!

Does Not Injure the Clothes. Sold Everywhere.

STERETT'S

STEAM

PRINTING HOUSE,

533

CLAY STREET.

Cards, Billheads, Circulars, Books, Briefs, Transcripts, Posters, Bills of Fare Envelopes, Letter and Note Headings, Tickets, Pamphlets, and all Legal Papers printed at short notice, and upon reasonable terms.

Asphaltum for Sale

IN ANY QUANTITY TO SUIT, BY THE

PACIFIC ASPHALTUM COMPANY,

No. 533 Kearny street, corner of Sacramento,

SAN FRANCISCO.

This Asphaltum is the purest to be found in the market, being free from rock and clay, or other impurities.

Sidewalks Laid and Roofing Done at Shortest Notice.

NEUVAL & CO.

SAN FRANCISCO

Foundry and Machine Works,

Northeast corner Fremont and Mission streets,

Manufacturers of

MARINE AND STATIONARY ENGINES,

Quartz Machinery, Saw, Flour and Sugar Mills, Mining Pumps, Hoisting Gear, Agricultural Implements, etc,

ALSO,

Wine, Cider, Cotton and Tobacco Presses of the latest Improved Patterns.

STEAM ENGINES AND BOILERS,

Of all sizes, constantly on hand; Quartz Mill Shoes and Dies warranted to be made of the best white iron.

Dunbar's Improved Self-Adjusting Piston-Packing, requires no springs or screws; is always steam-tight; with out excessive friction, and never gets slack or leaky.

MACHINERY, OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS,

Bought, sold, or exchanged. Boit Cutting and Castings at the lowest market rates.

DEVOE, DINSMORE & CO.

IRON SHUTTER WORKS,

Established 1849.

John Upstone,

MANUFACTURER OF FIRE PROOF

Doors and Shutters,

Bank Vaults, Balconies, Gratings, Prison Cells, Awnings, Stairs, Iron Fence, etc.,

Corner of California and Drumm Streets,

San Francisco.

Constantly on hand a large assortment of second hand Fire Proof Doors and Shutters.

Pioneer Iron Shutter Works,

ESTABLISHED 1849.

CALVIN NUTTING,

Manufacturer of

FIRE-PROOF DOORS & SHUTTERS,

STEEL LINED BANK VAULTS,

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Constantly on hand a large assortment of second hand Fire-Proof Doors and Shutters.

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Having had twenty two years experience in this business, we feel confident of being able to compete—as to quality of work—with any establishment on the Pacific Coast.

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All kinds of Brass, Composition, Zinc, and Babbitt Meta Castings, furnished at the shortest notice. Brass Ship-Work o all kinds, Spikes, Sheathing Nails, Rudder Braces, Hinges, etc., constantly on hand and made to order. Also, manufacture Ship and Steamboat Bells and Gongs of superior tone.

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THE DEW OF EDEN.

LADIES OF CALIFORNIA?—If you will keep your complexions in the freshness, delicacy and beauty of youth, you must use the DEW OF EDEN, for it is the only article extant that will do for those using it all that it purports without injury, as it contains no mineral or poisonous substances whatever. It preserves the skin from the effects of climate and atmospheric changes; prevents the formation of Freckles, Tan, Morphew, Sunburn and Wrinkles. It keeps the skin soft, tender and beautiful; because it is congenial and natural to it, and composed of ingredients that supply to it what time and exposure take too rapidly away. It preserves and restores. It is valuable to the young, but more so to those from whom the stern hand of Time is stealing the treasures of youth; to such, it will actually arrest its depredations and avert its ravages upon the human face divine. It will surely smooth out those lines of care to a great extent, and restore the skin to comparative youth. Used on the hands daily, it preserves them in all fineness of texture and delicacy of early years. It gives a beautiful tint to the nails of the fingers, and keeps them tender and soft. It is not a cosmetic, and must not be used with any kind of paint. A simple powder, however, of harmless nature, may be used without detriment with this protective.

No lady once using the DEW OF EDEN will ever afterward dispense with it from her toilet.

Depot, 311 Kearney Street; and for sale by

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QUICK CURES AND MODERATE CHARGES.

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Established expressly to afford the afflicted sound and scientific Medical Aid, in the treatment and cure of all Private and Chronic Diseases, cases of Secrecy, and all Sexual Disorders.

TO THE AFFLICTED.

DR. W. K. DOHERTY returns his sincere thanks to his numerous patients for their patronage and would take this opportunity to remind them that he continues to consult at his Institute for the cure of chronic diseases of the Lungs, Liver, Kidneys, Digestive and Genito-Urinary Organs, and all Private Diseases, viz: Syphilis in all its forms and stages, Seminal Weakness, and all the horrid consequences of Self-Abuse, Gonorrhœa, Gleet, Strictures, Nocturnal and Diurnal Emissions, Sexual Debility, Diseases of the Back and Loins, Inflammation of the Bladder and Kidneys, etc; and he hopes that his long experience and successful practice will continue to insure him a share of public patronage. By his practice of many years in Europe and the United States, he is enabled to apply the most efficient and successful remedies against diseases of all kinds. He uses no mercury, charges moderate, treats his patients in a correct and honorable way, and has references of unquestionable veracity from men of known respectability and high standing in society. All parties consulting him, by letter or otherwise, will receive the best and gentlest treatment, and implicit secresy.

TO FEMALES.

When a female is in trouble, or afflicted with disease, as weakness of the back and limbs, pain in the head, dimness of sight, loss of muscular power, palpitation of the heart, irritability, nervousness, extreme urinary difficulties, derangement of digestive function, general debility, vaginitis, all disease of the womb, hysteria, sterility, and all other diseases peculiar to females, she should go or write at once to the celebrated female doctor, W. K. DOHERTY, at his Medical Institute, and consult him about her troubles and disease. Irregularities, suppressions, etc., will receive the Doctor's most particular attention. Let no false delicacy prevent, but apply immediately and save yourself from painful suffering and premature death. Ladies whose delicate health or other circumstances prevent an increase in their families, should write or call at DR. DOHERTY'S MEDICAL INSTITUTE, and they will receive every possible relief and help. The Doctor's offices, consisting of a suite of six rooms, are so arranged that he can be consulted without fear of observation.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Patients (male or female) residing in any part of the State, however distant, who may desire the opinion and advice of DR. W. K. DOHERTY on their respective cases, and who think proper to submit a written statement of such, in preference to holding a personal interview, are respectfully assured that their communications will be held most sacred. Dr. Doherty takes this opportunity of observing that all letters are only opened and replied to by himself, and the latter as promptly as possible.

If the case be fully and candidly described, personal communication will be unnecessary, as instructions for diet, regimen, and the general treatment of the case itself, (including the remedies) will be forwarded without delay, and in such a manner as to convey no idea of the purport of the letter or parcel so transmitted.

Consultation, by letter or otherwise, FREE. Permanent cure guaranteed, or no pay. Address,

W. K. DOHERTY, M. D.

San Francisco, Cal

SPERMATORRHŒA.

DR. DOHERTY has just published an important pamphlet embodying his own views and experiences in relation to Impotence or Virility, being a short treatise on Spermatorrhœa, or Seminal Weakness, Nervous and Physical Debility consequent on this affection, and other diseases of the Sexual Organs

This little work contains information of the utmost value to all whether married or single, and will be sent FREE by mail on receipt of Six Cents in Postage stamps for return postage. Address,

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One of the above steamers leave BROADWAY WHARF, at 4 o'clock P. M., *EVERY DAY*, (Sundays excepted,) for Sacramento and one for Stockton, the Sacramento steamer connecting with light-draft steamers for Marysville, Colosa, Chico and Red Bluff.

Office of the Company, northeast corner of Front and Jackson streets.

B. M. HARTSHORNE, President.

FREE HOMESTEADS FOR ALL

ON FILING A PETITION.

UNDER THE LAWS OF MEXICO, which are now in force in this city, all the inhabitants are entitled to a HOMESTEAD LOT OF LAND, simply on petition. Justice Field has decided, and the Supreme Court of the United States has confirmed that decision, that the city of San Francisco is a Pueblo of four squnre leagues of land, and that the citizens thereof are the owners, which vests the right in each citizen to a lot of land for a homestead; and the undersigned have opened an office at 37 MERCHANTS' EXCHANGE, to enforce those rights, by petition to the Mayor, etc.; and each and every citizen can procure a Free Homestead by calling at their office and signing a petition, which will forthwith vest the right to the lot in question in them, and thereby secure to the petitioner property worth a large sum of money under the existing laws now in force.

BROOKS & MERRITT,

No. 37 New Merchants' Exchange.

N. B.—The Supreme Court of the United States have settled this question in another case, as to the ownership of the Outside Lands. In the case of J. B. Townsend vs. Geo. G. Greeley, December Term, 1866, No. 124, the Court say: "It is, therefore, now the settled law that the municipal lands held by the city of San Francisco, as successors to the former Pueblo existing there, are not held in absolute property, but IN TRUST for its inhabitants."

Therefore, all the inhabitants have to do, under this decision, is to ask the city, by petition, for their vested rights, as this is the only way, under the law, that they can proceed to get their property.

E. L. B. BROOKS,

Attorney and Counsellor at Law.

All legal business transacted in the French and Spanish languages, if desired.

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Eighth Week of the Engagement of the
CELEBRATED IRISH COMEDIAN,
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AND THE GREAT STAR COMPANY.

Bryant Matinee to-day,
CASTE!

This Evening,.....November 2d,
CASTE!
To conclude with the Farce of
THE IRISH TUTOR!

☞ In Rehearsal—KATHLEEN MAVOURNEEN.

PRICES OF ADMISSION:
Dress Circle.....$1 00 | Orchestra $1 00
Parquette..... 50 | Upper Circle..... 25

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For To-day's Matinee, at 2 o'clock,
Bulwer's masterpiece of
THE LADY OF LYONS!
Claude Melnotte.....Mr. F. Bates
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Beauseant.....E. C. Melville
Glavis.....John Howson
M. Deschappelles.....H. D. Thompson
Pauline Deschappelles.....Mrs. F. M. Bates
Mme Deschappelles.....Mrs C R Saunders
Widow Melnotte.....Miss Gould

This Evening.....November 2d,
THE IRON CHEST!
Wilford.....Mrs. F. M. Bates
Sir Edward Mortimer.....Mr. F. M. Bates

☞ Monday—ERNEST MALTRAVERS.

PRICES OF ADMISSION.
Dress Circle and Orchestra Seats.....One Dollar
Parquet 50 cts | Gallery 25 cts
No Extra Charge for Reserved Seats.
Doors open at 7 o'clock; to commence at 8.
Box Office open from 10 to 3 o'clock.

Leslie, Raynor & Smith's Minstrels.

NEW TEMPLE OF MUSIC,
Congress Hall, No. 320 Bush Street,
Between Montgomery and Kearny.

Immense Success of the Grand Combination
NEW MINSTREL TROUPE!
Endorsed by the presence of thousands of our First Families.

Saturday Afternoon.....November 2d,
at 2 o'clock,
A GRAND MINSTREL MATINEE.
The entire Company will appear in one of the
BEST PROGRAMMES OF THE SEASON.

STILL THE RUSH CONTINUES!
HUNDREDS TURNED AWAY NIGHTLY!
TO-NIGHT, ENTIRE CHANGE OF PROGRAMME!
HENRY HERBERTE EVERY EVENING!
SEATS SECURED FOUR DAYS IN ADVANCE!

A Cloak Room, with Competent Attendants, for Ladies and Children. No Fees or Gratuities to be given to Attendants.

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Orchestra Chairs and Dress Circle.....75 Cents
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Box Office open from 10 A. M. to 4 P. M., where Seats can be secured without extra charge.

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CORNER OF TWELFTH AND FOLSOM STREETS.

☞ The Folsom St. Cars run every five minutes.
☞ The Howard St. Cars run within in one block.

ON SATURDAY,
Chris. Andres' Band will give a
GRAND INSTRUMENTAL CONCERT!
COMMENCING AT TWO O'CLOCK.

ON SUNDAY,
A Grand Concert of Sacred Music,
BY CHRIS. ANDRES' BAND,
INTRODUCING
NEW AND APPROPRIATE PIECES!
COMMENCING AT ONE O'CLOCK P. M.

Admission, 25 cents, Children, half-price.

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NATURE UNVEILED,

AT THE
PACIFIC MUSEUM OF ANATOMY AND SCIENCE
Eureka Theatre Montgomery street,
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All of the above described Goods will be offered at very reasonable prices, in order to make room for a large and splendid stock of new and desirable goods now landing from steamer Constitution.

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LICK HOUSE BLOCK.
WHOLESALE HOUSE,
107 BATTERY STREET, near Pine street.
SAN FRANCISCO.

IN THE PROBATE COURT of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.
In the matter of the estate of WILLIAM LOBB, deceased.
Order to show cause why order of distribution should not be made.
On reading and filing the petition of J. W. Brumagim, the Administrator of the Estate of William Lobb, deceased, setting forth that he has filed his final account of his administration of the estate of said deceased, in this Court, and that the same has been duly settled and allowed; that all the debts and expenses of administration have been duly paid; and that a portion of said estate remains to be divided among the heirs of said deceased, and praying among other things for an order of distribution of the residue of said estate among the persons entitled.
It is Ordered, that all persons interested in the estate of the said William Lobb, deceased, be and appear before the Probate Court of the city and county of San Francisco, at the Court Room of said Court, in the City Hall, in said city and county, on WEDNESDAY, the eleventh day of December, A. D. 1867, at eleven o'clock, A. M., then and there to show cause why an order of distribution should not be made of the residue of said estate among the heirs of the said William Lobb, deceased, according to law:
It is further ordered, that a copy of this order be published for four successive weeks, before the said eleventh day of December, A. D. 1867, in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published in the said city and county.
M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.
Dated November 1st, 1867.
J. T. FINN, Attorney for Petitioner. nov2 5w

ITALIAN MANUFACTORY

—OF—

MACCARONI,
VERMICELLI,
PASTE, and
FARINA.

First Premium in 1857—1859—1864—1865.

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No. 408 CLAY STREET,
Between Sansome and Battery Sts., San Francisco.
FANCY AND COMMON CANDIES
OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.
Sugar Toys, Figures, Animals, Birds, etc.
Are prepared to receive orders to any extent and in any desired style.
BERNHEIM & EHRENPFORT.

AMERICAN HOTEL,
Main street, . . Petaluma,
EMERSON & LAMBERTON Proprietors.

INSURANCE.

☞ EDITOR OF THE CALIFORNIAN—SIR—I have read over with attention your commentary of the 18th instant on the downward tendency of the stocks of half a dozen of our "crack" insurance company. You report that their shares have fallen eight to eleven per cent. within the last couple of weeks, and that in most cases the rates quoted are merely nominal: that in fact there are NO BUYERS. This is precisely what I foretold to those gentlemen several months ago when I observed the illiberal and and unbusiness methods they had adopted. Only think of it. Those great Insurance Companies, founded on so many hundreds of thousands of "capital," (paper) would cancel people's policies if they presumed to give a portion of their insurance to the Builders' Insurance Co. Yes, indeed! You might insure with Turk, Jew, or Gentile, with New England or Old England, with German, Gaul, or Dane; but if you insured with the BUILDERS your policies with the others were straightway cancelled! And why object to the Builders, gentlemen? You are not called upon to pay their losses: the Builders have to pay their own losses, and have so far paid them promptly. But the Builders are only mechanics—they are not "merchants," and of course unfit to insure anybody.

Ah, gentlemen, I may say, in the words of Oliver Cromwell to the long Parliament of England: "The Lord hath delivered you into my hands."

Observe, Mr. Editor, they decline to make dividends from "prudential motives;" rather prudent one should say, when they have no profits to divide! Bah! and so all their vaporing and dignity and pretension have come to this: That from gross mismanagement they are losing money and eating up the capital of their stockholders: while some of their labors consist in cancelling policies of their old customers, returning them the premiums paid, which, of course, are carried straight into the "Builders."

Those lights of Insurance Science are fain to be thought the models of Commercial Men—the encouragers of the young enterprise and budding industries of California. Yet the whole city can discern their meanness and incapacity.

I now prophecy and proclaim that half of those pompous Institutions will dissolve and retire from business long before they have their fortunes made; and their existence will be remembered only by the unfortunate Shareholders—an inevitable result of all mean and vicious dealing in the world.

THOMAS MOONEY.

San Francisco, October 19th, 1867.

PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.'S STEAMSHIPS FOR NEW YORK, JAPAN AND CHINA,

WILL BE DISPATCHED AS FOLLOWS:

Leave Brannan-street Wharf at 11 o'clock A. M. of the following dates, for PANAMA, connecting *via* Panama Railroad, with one of the Company's splendid steamers from ASPINWALL for NEW YORK.
On 10th, 18th, and 30th of each month that has 30 days.
On 10th, 19th, and 30th of each month that has 31 days.
When the 10th, 19th and 30th fall on Sunday, they will leave on Saturday preceding; when the 18th falls on Sunday, they will leave on Monday following.
Steamer leaving San Francisco on the 10th touches at Manzanillo. All touch at Acapulco.
Departure of 18th or 19th is expected to connect with the French Transatlantic Co.'s steamer for St. Nazaire, and English steamer for South America.
Departure of 10th is expected to connect with English steamer for Southampton and South America, and P. R. R. Co.'s steamer for Central America. Through tickets can be obtained.

STEAMERS FOR NOVEMBER.

Nov. 9—CONSTITUTION, Capt. J. M. Caverly, connecting with HENRY CHAUNCEY, Capt. Gray.
Nov. 18—MONTANA, Capt. E. T. Farnsworth, connecting with RISING STAR, Capt. Connor.
Nov. 30—GOLDEN CITY, Capt. W. F. Lapidge, connecting with ARIZONA, Capt. Maury.

Passengers will be berthed through. Baggage checked through—100 pounds allowed each adult.
Surgeon on board. Medicine and attendance free.
These steamers will positively leave at 11 o'clock. Passengers are requested to have their baggage on board before 10 o'clock.
Through tickets to Liverpool by the "Cunard," "Inman" and "National" Steamship Lines can be obtained of P. M. S. S. Co.'s office in San Francisco.
For Merchandise Freight apply to Wells, Fargo & Co.
The steamship GREAT REPUBLIC, Capt. S. Doane, will be dispatched on December 4th, from wharf, corner of First and Brannan streets, for YOKOHAMA and HONGKONG; connecting at Yokohama with the steamer COSTA RICA, for SHANGHAI.
For Passage and all other information, apply at Pacific Mail Steamship company's office, corner of Sacramento and Leidesdorff streets.

OLIVER ELDRIDGE, Agent.

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BOOT AND SHOE STORE.
—ALSO—
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The finest quality of CUSTOM WORK neatly executed. Always on hand other fine work ready made.

JOSEPH FREDERICKS

CARPET AND UPHOLSTERY STORE,
PAPER HANGINGS, ETC.,
123 Kearny St., between Sutter and Post, San Francisco
FAMILIES ARE INVITED TO EXAMINE
OUR VARIED ASSORTMENT
Of the Finest Carpeting in the State. The best of taste displayed in Decoration and the unique Upholstering of Rooms, Halls and Public Buildings, and at prices conforming to the times. Call and examine goods.

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THROUGH AHEAD OF THE MAIL!
☞ *Shortest and Only Healthy Route!* ☜
THE NORTH AMERICAN S. S. CO.'S STEAMER
AMERICA,
(2500 Tons,)
EDGAR WAKEMAN.....Commander,
Will sail for SAN JUAN DEL SUR, Nicaragua, from MISSION STREET WHARF, at 12 o'clock, M., on
FRIDAY, - - - - NOV. 15th, 1867.
The Company's new Steamer OREGONIAN, now nearly ready for sea, and the splendid new Steamer NEVADA, now on her way from New York to San Francisco, will soon be put on the Line.
No expense on the Isthmus—100 lbs. baggage free.
Surgeon on board; medicine and attendance free.
As there is no Yellow Fever nor other epidemic in Nicaragua, passengers by this route will not be detained by Quarantine in New York.
For further information, apply to
—I. W. RAYMOND, Agent,
Northwest corner Battery and Pine streets, up stairs.

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Corner Second and Folsom streets,
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JOHN WIELAND,
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Manufacturers of every description of
CARRIAGES.
CONCORD WAGONS, Ranch Wagons and Buggies made to order. ☞ All kinds of Jobbing and Carriage Painting done at the shortest notice.
☞ New Manufactory Nos. 631 and 633 Howard street, corner of Hubbard, between Second and Third, San Francisco.

George P. Kimball & Co.,

MANUFACTURERS

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CARRIAGES, BUGGIES, STAGE AND THOROUGH BRACE WAGONS,
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DICKEY'S

CREME DE LIS

DE CALIFORNIE.

FOR CLEANSING AND PRESERVING THE TEETH. Beautifying the Complexion, and removing Freckles, Eruptions, Sunburn, and Tan.
A New Combination, equal to the best French preparations, and free from their poisonous ingredients.
Invented by GEO. S. DICKEY, Chemist,
Corner of Market, Stockton, Ellis and Fourth streets, San Francisco.

The California

"SURELY THERE IS A VEIN FOR THE SILVER AND A PLACE FOR GOLD WHERE THEY FINE IT."

VOLUME VII., No. 25. OFFICE, No. 532 MERCHANT STREET. | SAN FRANCISCO, NOVEMBER 9, 1867. | TERMS, $5 A YEAR, BY MAIL, IN ADVANCE. 50 CENTS A MONTH, BY CARRIER.

CONTENTS:

The New Religion; The Case of Miss Lester vs. Trinity Church Sunday School; Stoddard's Poems. "Lion's Mouth:" The Pounded Poodle—a Ballad: An Episcopal Bishop; Answers to Correspondents; A Juvenile Spiritualist! Mrs. Waxcockle on the Ecclesiastical Condition of the Diocese, etc. Literary Gleanings; A Southern Poet; "Kathrina!" Dramatic Affairs; Went to Sea in a Bowl: About Nothing in Particular, by John Quill; Famous Racers; Old Stories Re-told; A gambler's Life in the Last Century; Somebody's Bag—A Police Sketch; a Tale with a Striking Moral; Poetry, Paragraphs, etc.

THE LION'S MOUTH.

"THE gravest beast is an ass, the gravest bird is an owl, the gravest fish is an oyster, and the gravest man is a fool." SYDNEY SMITH.

"I WILL roar, that I will do any man's heart good to hear me." A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

"I WILL aggravate my voice so, that I will roar you as gently as any sucking dove; I will roar you an 't were any nightingale." IBID.

"*Nil falsi audeat, nil veri non audeat dicere.*" CICERO.

The Pounded Poodle—A Ballad.

The "Chieftain," of the city pownd,
Cries, "Greasers, do not tarry!
And I shall have a silver pound,
To make my heart right merry."

Out spoke the hardy, Greaser wight,
"I'll go, my chief, I'm ready;
And you shall have the silver bright,
And I a whisky toddy."

"Now watch how still I steal behind,
And reach yon poodle nearer!
The fatal noose is round his neck!
Your silver gingles clearer!"

"Oh, haste thee, haste," a lady cries—
Thus she addressed her lover—
"Go, rescue quick my precious pet,
Or he is gone forever!

"The petted darling, formed to please,
Would bite no living creature,
Not e'en his own tormenting fleas—
So gentle is his nature!

"Then haste, O, haste," she shrieks in grief,
"By all the vows between us,
And rescue from yon strangling thief,
Her darling, for your Venus!"

"Ruffian, avaunt, release your prey!"
The lover cries, advancing;
But lo! the "mounted escort" comes
Upon his charger prancing;

"Fork out a 'V,'" he thunders loud,
"Or we'll a lesson teach yer!
Nor dare, rash youth, to brave the law,
To save this dangerous creature.

"No 'legal muzzle' girds his nose;
The leathern throng astride it,
Still leaves him free to show his teeth,
'Not legal,' I decide it."

And swift into the hateful cart
He jerks the wretched poodle;
"Now, if you would the brute redeem,
Fork out a five, you noodle!"

"Come back, come back!" the lady cries,
"Restore my curly darling!"
But on, the canine prison moves,
Midst dismal howls and snarling.

'Twas vain! the "escort" rode behind,
Return or aid preventing,
Her prayers were but as empty wind,
And she was left lamenting.

A Juvenile Spiritualist.

The last issue of the *Banner of Progress* contains a "pome" written by "Felix Emanuel Shelling, aged nine years," entitled "A Dream of the Summer Land." Of course Master Shelling wrote his pome under inspiration: it is not possible that a nine year-older could write such verses. He dreamed of the spirit world and he saw the angels; he says:

"They were sporting on the green,
By a singing crystal stream,
Listening to the birds' sweet song,
Culling flowers as they passed along."

"Sporting on the green," we presume, means playing billiards. Master Felix Emanuel Shelling is certainly an inspired poet, but we are quite sure that his mamma or M. or T. touched up his verses for him.

Answers to Correspondents.

Profound and varied must be the wisdom of the man who assumes the responsibility of writing "answers to correspondents" for a Sunday paper. He must be able to decide all questions of etiquette, give recipes for the destruction of cockroaches, advice to persons about to marry, and settle bets about ages of horses, fighting dogs, and eminent actresses. Sometimes the editor who answers correspondents becomes reckless, and gives the most insane advice. The other day, "Stewart" wrote to the Philadelphia *Sunday Transcript*, asking for advice under the following circumstances. He says:

I live in a street that has been recently built. We are all proud of our new houses. But there is one thing that disturbs our complete satisfaction, viz.: all our new fronts are covered with a white mould, which cannot be rubbed off. Can you suggest a remedy, so we can remove this nuisance?

With the most refreshing coolness, the editor replies:

The difficulty results from the composition of the bricks. The only remedy is to obtain other bricks.

That is, pull down all the houses in the street, and build new ones with better bricks. We only wonder that this editor does not advise "A Reader," whose house is infested with centipedes, and asks how he can destroy them, to set fire to the house. We can pardon the oracle for confessing ignorance when asked by "J. E.:"

Can the eye of a person be taken out and replaced without destroying a patient's future sight?

He replies:

We have no knowledge on the subject. Perhaps some of our readers may be able to answer the question.

There are rather too many extracts from Lempriere's Classical Dictionary in this department of the *Sunday Transcript*. When real individuals fail to correspond, some mythical person is made to ask some question about mythology. For instance, in the issue before us at present, we find the following:

MYTHOLOGY.—The Fates was the infernal deities who presided over human life.

This evinces a most heathenish disregard of the laws of grammar. The task of answering the silly questions which people ask for the sake of seeing their letters in print, is no light one, and if the editor who undertakes to perform it does become a little insane in course of time, it is not to be wondered at.

Mrs. Waxcockle on the Ecclesiastical Condition of the Diocese.

MR. EDDYTER:—Owing to the talk caused by my last communycashun to your paper, wich it was on the subjeck of richyoualism in the Church, wich I refer to Saint James at the time of the trouble about Mr. Egnu, wich thank Heving is over, and Mr. E. come out triumfant, I have not taken pen in hand to write you for a long time, wich it seems to me an age. But things has now come to such a pass, that I cannot hold my pease, wich indeed I do not feel it to be my dooty to do so, but the revers, though the Rev. Mr. —— requestid me not, saying that it would giv occashun for scandal and plees the ennymis of the Church. But when I see everything goiog to rack and roin, I will speak out, without fear of the face of elay, reverend or not reverend, wich I hope and trust it is no hanging matter, the inkwisishun being abolished with other relicks of hethenism. And I do say, and will mayntayn, that to giv in that after all Grace is not a Caythedral but only a church, tho the congregashun is the most fasheruable and the pews dearer than in Trinity itself cannot be denyd, is a burning shame. And to thiuk the Bishop should giv in at last, and let his own offishal organ, the *Pacific Churchman*, call it a church, wich Mr. Waxcockle showed me only last week, and after we had paid four hundred dollars for a pew, and five hundred to help pay the debt, because it was a Caytherdral, and fashernable, wich is too bad. And now that Mr. Lathrop has come and is so popular with the ladis, and preeches so elokwent, wich his sermons are more butiful than the Bishop's himself. Advent will be the most ayristokratic church in the Dyoceese, and the best society, the Caythedral being giv up. As to Mr. Egan's "religious circus," as Mrs. Vanslamm calls it, a vulgar creecher, Waxcockle will not hear of it, saying, he wants his theayter, and his church separate, and not mixed like his braudy and water. All of wich has nearly drove me to distrackshun, so that I sometimes even think of turning dissenter, and going to hear Mr. Scudder, or Mr. Stebbings, altho' they are not ministers, not having the apostolikle procession, and no more right to preach than so many chimney sweeps. Yours trooly.

MARIA WOXCOCKLE.

An "Episcopal Bishop."

In our issue of last week we compared the term "Episcopal Bishop," made use of by the *Call*, to that of a "female woman." In consequence we this week received the following note:

NOVEMBER 5th, 1867.

TREM:—I've read the "Lion's Mouth" for a year or so with great pleasure. But now and then your jokes are to me, as well as others, incomprehensible. I may not be considered egotistical if I say that I have a reasonable amount of brains to comprehend jokes. I cannot, however, comprehend your "idea" of fun in last week's CALIFORNIAN concerning the "Episcopal Bishop." Why not say "Episcopal Bishop" in contradistinction to "Catholic (Roman) Bishop," or "Methodist Bishop," "Greek (Metropolitan) Bishop," and others? Pray explain to satisfaction of a reasonable reader. AJAX.

"Ajax's" letter is dated on the ever-to-be-remembered 5th of November, and we are inclined to think that he intends to "gay" us; however, we will suppose that "Ajax" makes the inquiry in good faith, and inform him that the word "episcopal" is derived from the Latin "episcopus," an overseer, and that the only application of the word at the present day is "appertaining to a Bishop." We say "the Episcopal Church" because it is a church under the management of bishops. The Catholic and Greek Churches are equally as much Episcopal Churches as is the Anglican Church. We repeat that the term "Episcopal Bishop" is as incorrect as female woman. TREM.

A TALE WITH A STRIKING MORAL.

I.

THE summer of 1865 was notable for such a perpetual blaze of sunshine, that the demand on all hands for umbrellas was nearly as great as if the season had been a rainy one.

On the evening of one of the fiercest of the fierce days of July, two young people were sauntering round the quays of Marseilles, enjoying some whiffs of air which found their way at rare intervals from the Mediterranean. Nearly the entire population was abroad that evening, gasping for those few whiffs.

Bearing in mind the heat and the degree of the langor engendered by it, it was curious to observe with how much of energy our young couple spoke. Monsieur Pierre Grandal and Mademoiselle Eugénie Beaucour were a well looking couple. As, in the course of their walk along the quay, they came under the light of the lamps, it was possible to see, to some extent, what they were like. Pierre Grandal was a promising young fellow enough to look at; tall and well grown, with energy and good humor conspicuous in his physiognomy. He belonged, as did the young girl by his side, to the bourgeoisie.

Among other things which the lamps revealed was the fact that Mademoiselle Beaucour was, considering that bourgeoise origin of hers, very smartly dressed. Too smartly, perhaps. She was habited according to the mode of that particular season. Metalic coruscations were observable in her bonnet, which was as small as possible, and of a frail and perishable fabric. Her silk jacket, too, was be-bugled and laced to a wicked extent, and, terrible to relate, there was something trailing behind her in the Marseilles dirt, which bore some sort of resemblance to a train. It was too bad. Old Beaucour was in the wine and spirit trade, and was said to have feathered his nest tolerably; but in spite of all that, Mademoiselle Eugénie was got up on a scale that caused neighboring matrons to shake their heads. This very "get up" was the subject of conversation between our two young people at the moment when we began listening.

"Now, look here, Eugénie," young Monsieur Grandal was saying at this particular juncture, "you do acknowledge—don't you?—that, considering all things, you are rather a fine lady?"

"I don't know what you mean," retorted mademoiselle.

"Well, I mean that your habits of life are ever so little extravagant, don't you think?—your style of dressing, for instance——"

"Yes: my style of dressing?" echoed the young lady in a tone which suggested that poor Monsieur Pierre was on hazardous ground.

"Your style of dressing," repeated Pierre. "Is it not rather expensive?"

"I cannot dress like a femme de chambre," replied the young lady, "to please anybody."

A pause; for Pierre Grandal had something to gulp down before continuing the conversation. It was rather an unpleasant one, and it seemed almost a pity to spend that evening in pursuing it. For this opportunity of talking to Eugénie, to some extent in private, was one such as seldom fell to the lot of our youngster. In France young ladies are more carefully watched than they are in our own country.

Pierre Grandal and Eugénie Beaucour had known each other from the time when they were children, their respective parents being old friends; but even under these circumstances it was an uncommon thing for them to be able to speak to each other alone. This very walk along the quays was not a solitary ramble; old Monsieur Beaucour and his wife being in attendance not far off, and a younger brother, the inevitable *ami de college boy*, in a semi-military dress, being also of the party.

"Eugénie," said Monsieur Pierre, and his voice was troubled, for he felt that a crisis of some sort was at hand, "no one wants you to dress like a femme de chambre, but it is possible to be a little economical in your dress, without doing anything of the sort. Does there not exist any one to please, for whom you would consent to be more moderate?"

"I know of no such person," answered Eugénie, haughtily.

"Eugénie," continued Monsieur Grandal, warming as he spoke, "have you heard of this new thing that has taken place at Marseilles? Have you heard that the men of the town have banded themselves together, to bring about such a change in the existing state of things as that marriage shall become possible to men of moderate means? Eugénie, this STRIKE, as it is called, is not a thing originating in pique or malice, but in sheer self defence. What can men do who are in the position which I have mentioned? They are not people of fortune—not even what society calls gentlemen. They cannot keep a host of servants to attend to their wants. They require that their wives should keep house for them economically; that while a fortune has still to be made, there

shonld be no extravagance in dress. Is all this so very dreadful?" continued Monsieur Pierre, observing a gesture of disapproval on the part of his companion. "And is there no one to please whom you wonld undertake to live some such a life as I have hinted at?"

Mademoiselle Eugénie was fairly ont of paticnce. "No, I should think not," she cried, with a stamp of her foot. "And as to your Strike, I think you're all a set of conceited stingy wretches, fancying yourselves of mnch greater importance than you really are!"

"Don't include me, mademoiselle," urged Pierre, angrily. "I have not joined the Strike."

"Then I think," retorted the yonng lady, "that the best thing you can do is to repair that mistake, and join it as soon as possible."

"Your advice shall be taken, mademoiselle. Here are your papa and mamma; allow me to say 'bon soir.'"

And so they parted, Mademoiselle Engénie to repair to her apartment, and there to give way to floods of tears, Monsieur Pierre to rnsh off to the headqnarters of the Strike to enroll himself as one of its most enthnsiastic members.

II.

What a cnrious thing pride is! Mademoiselle Engénie Beauconr spent the night which succeeded that evening walk upon the quays in bitter tears, while, as to Pierre Grandal, when he awoke on the following morning, after a very brief and troubled sleep, and remembered that he had joined the Strike, I believe that he felt very much inclined to pay another visit to the port, and drop qnietly into deep water when nobody happened to be looking. What had he done? He had united himself to this band of young men, who had pledged themselves not to marry till a marked change had taken place in the habits of the young lady population of Marseilles. Extravagance in dress, general luxurionsness of life, crinoline, a certain nrrogance of tone, total ignorance of domestic matters, and an inordinate love of pleasnres of an undomestic sort—these were some of the subjects at issue between the yonng men and the yonng women of Marseilles, and till these should consent to reform their milliners' bills, to study honsekeeping, and generally to come down a peg or two, the Strike was to continue, and the registrar of marriages was to enjoy a sinecnre.

Pierre Grandal went abont his avocations on that day, and on many subsequent days, in a very disconsolate frame of mind. He was so nnhappy that he could not always hide his melancholy, and some of his friends, and especially such as were inclnded among the United Strikers, rallied him. It was an unfortnnate part of the thing, too, that he could not always avoid the company of Mademoiselle Eugénie as much as he could have wished. In the daytime, he had his business to attend to, and constant application kept him from thinking, but, in the evening, it was different. Meetings of the two families, from which Pierre could not always absent himself, were frequent. The ngonies endnred by onr young friend on these occasions were very great. Till now he had never known how much he admired Mademoiselle Eugénie; only now, when that little sort of understanding between them, which had once existed, was at an end. He began to curse his folly in having ever spoken to her on the subject of economy in dress. He accnsed himself of having been a meddling prig. He had been egged on to that step, if the truth must be told, by a certain married sister of his, who had represented to him that Mademoiselle Beaucour's style of dressing was altogether beyond her station, and would certainly prove the ruin of any man who shonld be rash enough to take her to wife. "Why could not my married sister keep her advice to herself?"

One evening he sat gnawing his moustache, watching Engénie. She was in the coolest way imaginable working at her embroidery, and listening to the conversation of Sub-Lieutenant Lemorier, with his thin waist—cnrse him!

This yonng officer and his attentions had been the snbject of many conversations; bnt, as the young lady had always laughed at the lieutenant in a very satisfactory manner, such discnssion had ever terminated peacefnlly, and had left onr friend Pierre feeling quite comfortable—a master of the situation. Bnt now everything was topsy-tnrvy, and the very position of the snb-lieutenant and of himself seemed to be reversed. Mademoiselle Beancour nctually treated his rival with a certain consideration. She listened when he talked, which she had never done before. She laughed when he was facetious, which was still more wonderfnl. She patronised him, on the contrary, to a very great extent. At length this gallant officer began to give himself little victorious airs, and to think that his waist and his gnmmed moustache had done their work.

Sub-Lieutenant Lemorier had never joined the celebrated Marseilles Strike. He was a free man to do what he liked. Pierre was angry with himself for what he had done, nnd angry—now more than ever—with Mademoiselle Eugénie because she showed no signs of giving in, nor any, even the faintest, indication of regret at the loss of her lover. The only solace which was within reach of Monsienr Pierre was found in the society of those other members of the Strike with whom it was his cnstom to associate—for it was the practice of those gentlemen to hold frequent meetings, with the view of mutually showing each other np, and sustaining each other in a firm adherance to the illustrious cause. Many great and remarkable sentiments found utterance when the members of the brotherhood met thus, in cafés or elsewhere.

"This movement of onrs," a striker would remark on some one of these occasions "cannot fail to attract universal attention. The eyes of Enrope will be upon us."

There was a little man among the members of this band, whom an ironical destiny had cursed with the name of Legrand, an authority in all matters with which "le sexe" was connected. This small gentleman was much addicted to holding forth on the subject of the Strike.

"I like it," he said one night, when some of the strikers, our unhappy Pierre among them, were assembled at a certain café in the Rue Cannebière." "The Strike suits me well. The women are ready to devonr one already. Long live the Strike!" said the little man, taking a sip of eau sncrée with a flourish.

A stiker with a red nose and a crimson neck-ribbon, worn, perhaps, with a view to the sub duction of the feature in qnestion, remarked that it was his experience also that the sex had become infinitely amiable of late; a bachelor was overwhelmed with civilities since the Strike had been started.

"I am free to confess," continned the little man, "that with regard to the sex, I have never much to complain of. I I don't know how it is, bnt I believe I have a way with me which they like. Always full of complaisance, they are now, however, ready to fall nt one's feet."

"Not all of them," thonght poor Pierre; but he did not say anything.

"What I like abont it is this," remarked a very young man indeed, who was possessed of two goggle eyes, a turned-up nose, and a fatuons mouth. "What pleases me is, that now we shall be able to RULE."

"I have always ruled," observed the little man, soto voce.

The young man with the goggle eyes had a tongne too large for his mouth, and as persons thus gifted always like to hear themselves talk, he proceeded frothily enough.

"The result of my experience has ever been that Woman, being the inferior animal——"

"Certainly," interposed the little man.

"—is never so happy," continned the goggle-eyed striker, "as when she is ruled by MAN, her natnral superior. This is a trnth which has been too much lost sight of. Women has become too much exalted in the social scale. This will be so no longer. Henceforth," said the young man, rolling his eyes in terrible cousciousness of power, "she is subjected, she is conquered."

"I observe, gentlemen," remarked Pierre, who had not spoken before, "that you all appear to have had snccess with the ladies, and that you seem to have fonnd them very easy to manage. Now, with me, I confess it has been different. I have always found this sex, which we call weak, and gentle, and soft, to have resonrces of their own of no contemptible sort, and especially a power of holding out when once their pride is assailed, which makes me sometimes doubt the ultimate success of the Strike itself."

These remarks met with much opposition. No one would hear a word in disparagement of this great movement.

"Bnt we can't strike for ever," urged Monsieur Pierre, still full of misgivings.

"We have no intention of giving in," cried several strikers, speaking at once.

"Well, then, suppose the other case," Grandal went on. "Snppose *they* give in, or at any rate profess to give in, and then when we, satisfied with our victory, come also to terms, what may not happen then? I confess that I view onr position with alarm."

The members of the fraternity rose up in arms in a moment. Monsienr was an alarmist. He overrated the power possessed by the opposite sex. He underrated the superior force of MEN. Monsieur Legrand stood on his toes.

"The fact is," broke in the little man, "that our friend is evidently unfortunate. It has not been his habit to triumph in these amiable contests with the ladies, in which we are all sometimes involved. With me it has been different. It is, I suspect, a question of eye entirely. There is a certain power of eye which *some* men possess, before which women qnail."

There was a big, powerful man, with a bnshy beard, seated at an adjoining table to that belonging to the strikers. He was playing at dominoes with his little boy, and seemed to be much amused by the conversation of the brotherhood, and especially by the remarks which came from the very yonng man with the goggle eyes. Indeed, he appeared to have the greatest difficulty in restraining his langhter.

"Come," said the powerful man, addressing his son. "Come Adolphe. It has struck ten. We mnst go home, or we shall get a scolding from mamma. Good evening, gentlemen," he continued, nddressing the brotherhood. "I've been married some years, and I don't think you'll fiud your Strike answer."

There was a great noise and chattering kept up among the strikers after this interruption, and it was some time before they returned to their nsnal dignified style of conversation.

When they did get back to it, it was perhaps on a bigger scale than ever. The little man said that their neighbor was a melancholy specimen of the hen-pecked tribe—most hen-pecked men, by-the-by, *were* big, or vice versa.

The gentleman with a red nose and redder cravat corrobo rated these sentiments, as, indeed, did all the other strikers who happened to be present. In fact, these powerfnl gentlemen ended in being qnite nproarious in their great consciousness of strength.

Yet, when our friend Pierre got to be alone again, it must be acknowledged that all his lowness of spirits returned in redoubled force.

III.

One morning Madame Beauconr was snrprised by an application from her daughter, so unexpected that it took her breath away.

"Mamma," the young lady begac, "is Lonise going to the market this morning?"

"Yes, dear child; she is going as usual."

"Mamma, I should like to go with her."

"Yon—why, Eugénie, what are you thinking about?" replied Madame Beauconr, with wide open eyes.

"I have taken it into my head," said Engène, smiling.

Of course she had her way, though madame, who was for keeping her daughter in cotton, did all she could to diesuade her.

"What can have come over the child?" said the worthy lady, in colloquy with her husband, after Eugénie had departed. "It is so nnlike her character to want to engage in an occupation of the sort. And now I think of it, Monsieur Beaucour, she was dressed in a manner altogether at variance with her usual style. She had on old things of last year, which I thonght she had given away long ago. What can it all mean?"

Monsienr Beancour shrugged his shoulders.

"Des caprices," he said, in a resigned tone; "des caprices!"

Meanwhile, the young lady and the old servant had started on their expedition; the latter being nearly as much astonished at this strange freak as Madame Beauconr herself had been. She was more suspicious, though. "There is something nnderneath it all," she said to herself.

"Louise," said mademoiselle, as they walked along side by side, "I have been thinking a little, nnd I have come to the conclusion that a young girl ought to learn something abont housekeeping, marketing, and that sort of thing."

"Ah, that's it, is it?" retorted Lonise, dryly.

"Yes," replied the young lady, "and so I shall want yon to tell me what is the proper price to give for things, and how one is to know when they are good of their kind, and, in short, all nbont it."

Louise was a difficult person to deal with. "Mademoiselle will find it a long business," she remarked.

"Still it can be done?"

"Oh, yes, no donbt it can be done," was the cantions reply; and then, after a pause, "Mademoiselle has put on her old things?"

"Yes; this is not an occasion when one should be too smart."

"There is something nnderneath it all," persisted Lonise.

The pair had by this time arrived at the scene of the morning's operations, and onr yonng lady did, indeed, find that Louise's occupation was by no means a simple one. Her lesson had begun, however, nnd she was attentive. The first thing to be done in these cases, as it appeared to Eugénie, was to assnme an air of extreme discontent, or even ferocity, to disparage every nrticle which was exposed for sale, and to appear as if not wanting any one of them. Bnt, after a while, she retnrned to the article wanted, as if in despair of finding nnything better, and would condescend to ask its price. This would, however, not be named till the proprietor of the article had uttered a panegyric on its merits; "It was the best in the market; she was not sure that by rights it was for sale; she believed that madame, the wife of the prefect, expected it." At last after many repetitions of the orignnl question, the price would be named.

The signal this for snch a distnrbance as commonly nttends continental bargaining:—screams, maledictions, vituberations, rnshings away, reluctant comings back again, redactions of five centimes, of ten centimes, appeals to Heaven, denunciations, five centimes more off; last appeals, resolutions fixed, resolutions unfixed again; and finally, amicable settlement, npon the bargain.

It was the same with everything; not a lettnce, not a radish without the same tests, the same screamings, the same denunciations, the same rnshings away, and the same reluctnnt comings back. Noise, confnsion, nncertainty, haggling all over and over again at every fresh pnrchase, and everybody fearfnlly in earnest. This veteran, Lonise, would come away from a turnip triumph as if she had won a queendom.

It mnst be acknowledged that Mademoiselle Beancour came back from her first experience of marketing a good deal daunted. "And this," she said to herself—"this is the sort

of thing which these conceited bachelors of Marseilles expect us to do is it? I am to tuck up my shirts—of a cheap material, too, mind—and to put on a thick pair of shoes, and go out in all weathers, with an umbrella, and fight for centimes with old women for half a morning together; and I am to look down the throats of the fowls, and to sniff at bunches of turnips, and poke at the mutton, and pinch the pears, because these stingy bachelors don't choose to keep the proper number of servants to do all these things for one. 'Don't choose,'" she repeated to herself, meditatively. "Perhaps they can't help themselves. I never thought of that." And with that she fell to thinking.

Mademoiselle Eugénie had not found that expedition with Louise very agreeable, then. Still she let no one into her confidence on the subject. Next day and the next, for many subsequent days, she was ready at the proper time, and Louise would at last as soon have thought of starting without Mademoiselle as without her basket. The good woman's suspicions, however, were not allayed. She still said to herself, "There is something underneath it all;" just as the philosophical Monsieur Beaucour always had the same answer ready for madame whenever she began to speculate on the change of their daughter's habits: "Des caprices, Madame Beaucour, des caprices, toujours l"

And so at last it was brought about that Mademoiselle Eugenie became such a proficient in bargaining, by dint of much practice and severe study, that she took to doing the marketing on her own responsibility, and Louise's functions were finally reduced to carrying the basket, and offering occasional advice.

Now it came to pass, that one morning our friend, Monsieur Pierre Grandal, after passing a restless night, got up betimes, and took it into his head that before going to his labors he would refresh himself with a walk round the market-place. In France there are flowers, as well as vegetables and fruit, exposed for sale on these occasions, and the scene on market-day is a little picturesque. Monsieur wandered about the stalls, listlessly enough, till he came at last to one where a young person, as the French idiom expresses it, with a servant bearing a basket by her side, stood with her back towards him, cheapening some very nice-looking lettuces.

It is the custom, on the stage, for a gentleman dressed in all respects as usual, to borrow some friend's cloak for purposes of disguise, and wrapping it round about him, to become instantly unrecognisable by his most intimate friends. Yet, in real life, a disguise is a very difficult thing to achieve. Certain it is, that in spite of the humble garments in which this fair lettuce-cheapener was attired, young Monsieur Graudal had no sooner set eyes upon her back, than he could have sworn to her confidently; and this even if he had not heard her voice uttering such dulcet and harmonious sounds (though it was only being exercised about centimes cabbages,) that if Mademoiselle had known that Monsieur Pierre was listening to her, she could have spoken in a more fascinating tone, or shown a keener power of making a bargain. Perhaps she did know that our young friend was in the neighborhood; but she certainly evinced the great surprise when she turned round and saw him. Meeting under such circumstances, these two people forgot for a moment their sulks, and began to talk.

That conversation had important consequences. The Strike, as far as Monsieur Grandal was concerned, was entirely at an end. *She* had abdicated. She had seen the error of her ways. She had not thought seriously of life before, but now it was obvious to her that it really did behove the wife of a young man with his way to make in the world, to be economical to dress plainly.

"No, no," cried her companion, generously, ready now to concede on his side.

"Yes, yes," Mademoiselle Eugénie went on: "to dress plainly, or, at any rate, to keep such finery as she might possess for great occasions; while, as to amusements, they were very well now and then, at rare intervals; but the fact was, they lost their attractiveness by too frequent repetition. Domestic pleasures were, doubtless, the best after all, and as to the others, they should be reduced——"

"No, no," again remonstrated the happy Pierre.

"Well, at the most, the play three or four times a year, if circumstances were very propitious."

Pierre Grandal could hardly believe his ears. He was himself now exonerated from the bonds in which that dreadful Strike had held him; for had not Eugénie fairly capitulated? There was, in fact, now no longer any obstacle to the marriage. Our ex-striker sought the inevitable interview with the Père Beaucour, and that gentleman's consent having been obtained, the necessary preliminaries to the great ceremony were set about without delay. The ceremonies which belong to, and which precede, the solemnisation of matrimony in France are numerous and elaborate. With these, however, it is fortunately not needful to trouble the reader. Enough for us, that they were all duly observed, and that the sun soon shone upon Pierre Grandal's bride.

IV.

That honeymoon excursion which is so inevitable a part of the English and American wedding, is by no means considered equally indispensable in France. In bourgeoise society especially it is common enough for the bride and bridegroom to spend the honeymoon at home among their friends, receiving visits, repaying them in due time, and in every way leading quite a public life.

Our young couple then sat up in state, as became their position, and the bourgeoise, in Sunday clothes, rallied round them with compliments and set phrases adapted to the occasion, such as the reader will find, if he likes to look for them, in certain French publications on the etiquette to be observed in connection with weddings.

The Grandal couple were strictly in order in all these social matters, and young madame was pronounced on all sides to be quite a model bride, doing nothing—to use a familiar but not very correct expression—all day, and dressing up in a succession of toilettes, which the initiated pronounced to be "ravishing."

Well, for a time, this was all very satisfactory. It was not to be expected that madame, in the full glory of her new title, should trouble herself about household matters, or should ever make her appearance clad in any but the most distinguished garments. Silks, and lace, and the shawl of matronhood were indispensable. The newly married lady would have disappointed all her female friends if she had not given them living evidence that the fashion prints in the *Gazette Rose* were possibilities, not mere brilliant chimeras emanating from the brain of some art-genius.

But as time passed, and our young couple began to settle down into the ordinary routine of life, it began to strike Monsieur Pierre Grandal as a curious circumstance, that his young wife showed no symptoms of any intention of descending from the position of bride to that of housewife, which her recent studies under our old friend Louise had fitted her to fill. Not only did our newly made bourgeoise altogether abstain from marketing, but she seemed to think it beneath her to give even the necessary directions to the servant on whom this duty devolved, or to mix herself up in any way whatsoever with the sordid cares of economical housekeeping. Everything was left to the bonne, and results more curious than satisfactory ensued.

Nor was this all. Nothing could exceed the voracious appetite for amusements of all kinds exhibited by madame since her marriage. The friends of both husband and wife did, as the Hints on Etiquette demanded of them, provide a certain amount of evening recreation for our young people; rennions at which there was something done in the way of card-playiug, of games, of music, of conversation—the company separating at any early hour, after partaking of sundry cakes and innocent beverages. But this sort of dissipation was not enough for our young lady. There is a theatre of considerable pretensions at Marseilles, and madame demanded (attention is requested to the word) to be frequently escorted by her husband to that place of entertainment, the demand not to be refused, on pain of—alas! an amount of pouting which drove the unfortunate Pierre to the verge of distraction. And then madame's tantrums were of such a peculiar sort! In the midst of her sulks, or when her husband had got to be panic-stricken, she would burst out suddenly into a fit of laughing, at which the honest man was more frightened than ever.

One day Monsieur Pierre ventured on a mild remonstrance. He had been looking into his accounts, and had discovered that the goings out and the comings in were not harmonious There were discrepancies. Laxity in the housekeeping arrangements, continual visits to the theatre, carraige hire, which such visits rendered indispensable—these, and the ravishing toilets of madame, were running away with the limited income of our friend, after a fashion which terrified Monsieur Pierre not a little. In fact, he was lashed up at last to such desperation, that speech, ay, even though it should lead to unpleasantness, was a relief which must be had,

"Look here, cherished one," he began. "I have been looking into money matters, and I find that we are spending too much. We must become more economical."

"More economical!" echoed the lady. "Why, we spend nothing, as it is."

"There will soon be nothing to spend," replied Monsieur Grandal. "You never—never go to market now. Before you were married——"

"Before I was married, monsieur, it was different. A young girl is one person, and a married lady is altogether another. I am not going to compromise myself, by haggling in the market now, I can tell you."

"Why Eugénie," groaned her husband, in simple consternation, "is this you?"

"Silence, sir!" screamed the lady; and then she went off into hysterics, but whether of tears or laughter, poor Monsieur Pierre could not make out. So he gave it up, and went away out of the house; but his back was hardly turned before madame jumped up from her sofa, and running across to where a photograph of her husband hung against the wall, began to kiss the portrait with all her might. Then she went into the bedroom and kissed his robe-de-chambre, and even his slippers, and "Oh my darling, my darling," she cried, I can't indeed—I can't keep it up much longer, though I have promised all the young girls of our quarter to take this terrible vengeance."

Pierre wandered about for a time disconsolate and then he thought that he would go back. It must have been a fit of momentary irritability. He knew Eugénie better than to suppose that she was really what she appeared to be now.

"Eugénie," he said at last, "it is time that this ended, and it must end. What does your conduct mean? I no longer recognise you. Are you mad?"

"Mad," she laughed scornfully. "Not in the least."

"Then if you are sane," continued her husband, "give me a reasonable answer. What are you doing? What do you mean by your present conduct?"

Madame Grandal did not speak. There seemed to be a strange conflict going on within her.

"And this," added her husband, "after persuading me that you were an altered being."

"Deception—all deception," cried the girl at last, the words coming from her with a sort of fury in them. "Deception, and a cheat. What I did you, or any of that wretched band which you were got to join, suppose that you were to be a fit match for a woman if she chose to play the game against you? Oh!" there were tears in her eyes now, though there was contempt in her words. "How you gloried in your fancied strength and in our fancied weakness." Her sobs stopped her here for a moment, but quickly she spoke again.

"Was it good," she asked, speaking more quietly, "to loose your patience and forbearance, those real strength, and suffer yourselves to be drawn into this—this—brawl with women? Was it good to speak to me as you did at first? Dictating to me as to an enemy, not appealing to the reason of a friend?"

She stopped and seemed to wait for her husband's answer. He was pondering with downward glance, as if some thought had been presented to him, now, for the first time.

"It was not good," he said, slowly.

She was by his side in a moment. "Oh, Pierre," she cried "do you really mean those words?"

"And so you have been playing me a trick all this time?' he said, taking her hand; "was *that* good, Eugénie?"

Madame Grandal looked down, a little abashed.

"And your marketing expeditions, your saving up of your finery, your experiments in domestic economy—all was a sham, was it?"

"Yes," replied the girl; "but then," she added quickly, "so was the other."

"What other?"

"Why, all that has happened since our marriage! Yes, all to plague you, and to bring you to acknowledge——"

"To acknowledge what?"

"Why, what you have just owned, that the Strike was a failure from beginning to end. But, Pierre," she added, "there is one great difference between the two pieces of acting."

"And what is that?" asked her husband.

"Why, that the last—the hateful part—the part of the cruel, heartless woman, with objects of her own to attain, in perpetual opposition to her husband, separating her interests from his; that shameful role, the very acting of which in sport has made me hate myself, is discarded and abandoned henceforth, to be taken up no more for ever; while the other—the character of the faithful housewife, the friend, not the enemy of her life-partner; his ally, not his antagonist—this part shall be repeated every day till that great curtain descends which, sooner or later, brings all our performances to an end!"

The man who laughs heartily is a doctor without a diploma. His face does more good in a sick room than a bushel of powders or a gallon of bitter draughts. People are always glad to see him. Their hands instinctively go half way to meet his grasp, while they turn involuntarily from the clammy touch of the dyspeptic who speaks in the groaning key He laughs you out of your faults, while you never dream of being offended with him; and you never know what a pleasant world you are living in until he points out the sunny streaks on its pathway.

"Superior in Every Way."—Mrs. Eliza Graves, of Hudson City, New Jersey, testifies as follows:

Q.—From your knowledge of the various Sewing Machines, and the work performed by them, what superiority, if any, does the Grover & Baker Machine, using the circular under needle, have over any others, and give your reasons fully?

A.—I consider them superior in every way; I like the elasticity of the stich, the thread does not break, nor the stitch rip; all the time that I have used the machine I have broken but one needle; I like it because it is so simple a child could use it, and it is not liable to get out of order. There is no winding of cotton to do.

[*From testimony taken before the U. S. Commissioner of Patents, on the application for the extension of the patent for the Grover & Baker Sewing Machine.*]

Wanted: By a confectioner, a candid young woman.

LITERARY GLEANINGS.

A SOUTHERN POET.

PROFESSOR James Wood Davidson contributes to the *Southern Home Journal*, a highly effusive article on "James Ryder Randall," one of the poets who supplied the popular Confederate lyrics of the war. Though Mr. Randall's name is unknown to the literary world, this is evidently regarded by Professor Davidson, not so much in the light of a disparagement of the genuis of the bard who is the subject of his eulogy, as that of a misfortune to the lovers of poetry. Mr. Randall's most popular piece is the famous lyric "My Maryland," in regard to which the Professor remarks:

"The timeliest war song of the South during the war of Secession was *Maryland*. Not the Greek Tyrtæus, nor the German Korner, nor the Italian Berchet, nor the Irish Mangan, ever dashed off as opportune a lay; and only Rouget de l'Isle has been more fortunate in that regard.

"*Maryland* bears the date of April, 1861. The world does not need to be told why at that date this poem found an echo in the hearts of seven millions of people.

"The name of the author of *Maryland, My Maryland*, stands at the head of this paper.

"The song was set to music in Baltimore, the air being that of an old German Burschen song; and it was sung in every drawing room in the South.

"The song was opportune. Such words as these were stirring in those days:

Hark to the wandering son's appeal.
Maryland!
My mother State! to thee I kneel,
Maryland!
For life and death, for woe and weal,
Thy peerless chivalry reveal,
And gird thy beauteous limbs with steel.
Maryland! My Maryland!"

"And these words burn and blaze with the passion of aroused and indignant gems:

Better the fire upon the roll,
Better the blade, the shot, the bowl,
Than crucifixion of the soul.
Maryland! My Maryland!

"*Maryland* lived a year or two in the hearts of a struggling and hoping people; but passed out from those hearts when they ceased to feel the hope that found utterance in the song.

"Then it was parodied and burlesqued, and became the scoff and rally of a camp rabble. Yet all that while it thrilled many a heart at home, where the ribaldry of the camp could never come; and it thrills many a heart in those homes today."

Another poem of Mr. Randall's, the *Battle Cry of the South*, is praised by the critic as being "more definitely warlike." In fact, it is so "definitely warlike," that we are assured that it will compare to advantage with "Hayne's *Black Flag*." Among the more prominent characteristics of Mr. Randall's muse, his critic mentions, "Catholic interest," "classic grace," "happiness of allusion," and "pure and earnest humanity!" Not having read the "more definitely warlike lyric" that throws the *Black Flag* into the shade, nor the poem entitled *Fort Pillow*, "an indignant outburst of outraged feeling"—probably provoked by the atrocity of the North in employing negroes as soldiers (it will perhaps be remembered that a large part of the garrison of Fort Pillow consisted of negroes, and that after the surrender, there was quite an "outburst of indignant feeling" against them on the part of the captors,) having in fact enjoyed no oppotunity of perusing any of Mr. Randall's productions, except the few specimens quoted by his eulogist, we do not feel justified in setting ourselves up against high critical authority, and questioning either "the Catholic interest," or the "pure and earnest humanity" that are claimed as characteristics of the Southern Tyrtæus. So far, however, as "classic grace" is concerned, we are inclined to doubt whether Mr. Randall's fervid and impassioned lyrics would pass muster, if tried by the canons of criticism and the standards of taste that obtain in European and Northern literary circles. Professor Davidson probably admires such rhetorical gems as "the *banner blush* of shame," "lava globes," (for tears,) "penetential hair," "fragrant pleas," "the *trick-tongued* song," etc., "but they are much too gorgeous for the more sober taste that prevails in the cold and phlegmatic North. We cannot conclude this notice without giving one or two entire specimens of Mr. Randall's poems. The following entitled "The Cameo Bracelet," Professor Davidson informs us "was produced before the fall of New Orleans, where the poet was then residing, and is thought by many, to be his best general poem." The emphasis imparted to the two concluding lines, by small capitals, is a classic device of the poet, or the critical Professor, we do not know which:

Eva sits on the ottoman there,
Sits by a Psyche carved in stone,
With just such a face and just such an air
As Esther upon her throne.

She's sifting lint for the brave who bled.
And I watch her fingers float and flow
Over the linen, as thread by thread,
It flakes to her lap like snow.

A bracelet clinks on her delicate wrist.
Wrought as Cellini's were at Rome.
Out of the tears of the amethyst
And the wan Venuvian foam.

And full on the hanble.crest alway,
A cameo image, keen and fine.
Gleams thy impetuous knife, Corday,
And the lava-locks are thine.

I thought of the war-wolves on our trail,
Their gaunt fangs sluiced with gouts of blood,
Till the Past, in a dead, mesmeric veil,
Drooped with its wizard flood;

Till the surly blaze through the iron bars
Shot to the hearth with a pang and cry,
While a lank howl plunged from the Champ de Mars
To the Column of July;

Till Corday sprang from the gem, I swear,
And the dove eyed dameel I knew had flown;
For Eva was not on the ottoman there
By Psyche carved in the stone.

She grew like a Pythoness, flushed with fate,
'Mid the incantation in her gaze—
A lip of scorn—an arm of hate—
A dirge of the Marseillaise!

Eva, the vision was not wild
When wreaked on the tyrants of the land—
FOR YOU WERE TRANSFIGURATED TO NEMESIS, CHILD,
WITH THE DAGGER IN YOUR HAND!

The following is in a different vein. It is entitled "Magdalen," and is, according to Professor Davidson, "brimful of charity, purity, and poetry:"

The Hebrew girl with flaming brow,
The banner-blush of shame,
Sinks at the Saviour's sinless feet,
And dares to breathe His name,
From the full fountains of her eyes
The lava globes are rolled—
They wash His feet, she spurns them off
With her ringlet scarf of gold.

The Meek One feels the eloqnence
Of desolating prayer,
The burning tears the suppliant face,
The penetential hair;
And when, to crown her brimming woe,
The ointment box is riven—
Rise daughter, rise, much hast thou lov'd,
Be all thy sins forgiven!

Dear God! the prayers of good and pure,
The canticles of light,
Enrobe thy throne with gorgeous skies,
As incense in thy sight.
May the shrivered vase of Magdalen
Soothe many an outcast's smart,
Teaching what fragrant pleas can spring
From ont a broken heart.

Probably, the critic would number such rhetorical anomolies as "banner-blushes," "ringlet-scarfs," "lava globes," etc., among the poetic beauties of the piece. "Desolating prayer" in the second stanza, "bewilders us a little," and also "penetential hair," with which it rhymes. A friend at our side suggests, however, that the printer may have divorced the two nouns from their appropriate adjectives, by a typographical blunder, and that it is the prayer that is "penetential," and the hair that is "desolating." This hypothesis, even were it otherwise free from objection, cannot for an instant be entertained by any mind acquainted experimentally with the proverbial accuracy of the disciples of "the art preservative," etc.

"KATHRINA."

To turn from such poor tinsel as this, to the pure gold of Dr. Holland's "Kathrina," is a change indeed. Twenty years ago this poem would have made a great reputation for its author; but now, the number of those who produce really good poetry is so great as to cheapen the gift, according to the inevitable law that even what is good of its kind, loses in esteem and distinction, as it becomes common.

"And now, again the people call it but a weed,"

says Tennyson, referring to the manner in which poetry of his school has been "cheapened" in the popular mind by the multitude of his imitators. We quote a few exqnisite stanzas from the introduction, or proem, of "Kathrina:"

More human, more divine than we,
In truth, half human, half divine,
Is woman, when good stars agree
To temper with their beams benign
The hour of her nativity.

The fairest flower the green earth bears,
Bright with the dew and light of heaven,
Is, of the double life she wears,
The type, in grace and glory given
By soil and sun, in eqnal shares.

True sister of the Son of Man;
True sister of the Son of God;
What marvel that she leads the van
Of those who in the path he trod,
Still bear the cross and wear the ban?

If God be in the sky and sea,
And live in light, and ride the storm,
Then God is God, although he be
Enshriued within a woman's form;
And claims glad revereuce from me.

So as I worship him in Christ,
And in the forms of Earth and Air,
I worship him imparadised,
And throned within her bosom fair
Whom vanity hath not enticed.

O! woman—mother! woman—wife!
The sweetest name that language knows!
Thy breast, with holy motives rife,
With holiest affection glows,
Thou queen, thou angel of my life!

Noble and fine in his degree
Is the best man my heart receives;
And this my hearts' supremest plea
For him: he feels, acts, lives, believes,
And seems, and is, the likest thee.

Yet man, who shivers like a straw
Before Temptations lightest breeze,
Assumes the master, gives the law
To her who, on her bended knees,
Resists the black-winged thunder flaw!

To him who deems her weak and vain,
And boasts his own exceeding might,
She clings through darkest fortune fain;
Still loyal, though the ruffian smite;
Still true, though crime his hands distain!

And is this weakness? Is it not
The strength of God, that loves and bears,
Though he be slighted or forgot,
In damning crimes, or driving cares,
Aud closest clings in darkest lot?

Not many friends my life has made;
Few have I loved, and few are they
Who in my hand their hearts have laid;
And these were women. I am gray,
But never have I been betrayed.

COMMONPLACES.

THE New York *Evening Gazette*, the new paper established by Mr. Sweetzer, the founder of the *Round Table*, thus discourses on the subject of "Commonplaces:"

"Commonplace writing has a large fund of expressions, which must originally have been used with quotation marks, but which now seem to be a constituent part of the language. We are all liable to use them, if not because we actually need them, because they drop into a sentence so conveniently. They may not in themselves, it is true, express any very definite idea, but custom seems to have given them a right to existence without much regard to their meaning. It is the use of these phrases which distinguishes the 'commonplace' writer from the few whose composition is clear, forcible, and original. Many men who are original and direct thinkers are so careless in composition that the frequency of these phrases destroys the force of what they write. As a rule, however, originality brings its own language, and its own phrases. Cheap literature abounds in hackeneyed phrases. The dime romancist begins with the 'auroral tints,' or more frequently with 'lengthening shadows,' he praises the 'pearly teeth' of his heroine, touches her 'arched brows,' and covers her head with a 'profusion of golden ringlets.' All these phrases, however, are merely common-place, and have a definite meaning. There are many other expressions which seem to be public property in journalism and literature which have ceased to convey any idea whatever—some, indeed, for which we can account to no rational origin. The phrase, for instance, which has suggested these remarks, is a curious combination of a participle and noun which puzzles us to account for—'howling wilderness.' There are very few exceptions to the rule that when a writer has occasion to refer to a wilderness at all, he speaks of it as 'howling.' Why a wilderness howls, or how it howls, has never been satisfactorily explained. The word 'wilderness' has a lonely appearance unless it is accompanied by its old friend 'howling.' We as soon think of meeting one of the Siamese twins without his brother as to see 'wilderness' and howling seperated. In fact it is a grave question in philology whether a separation would not result in the death of both. Such a result would be a melancholy one for tourists who insist on letting the world know where they are. Imagine, reader, a newspaper correspondent on the 'Western wilds of America, or on the edge of the Libyan Desert, with a paper in one hand and a pencil in the other. In what language can he express the utter silence of the wilderness which is almost oppressive? What other word will express it so well as—'howling?' It expresses the popular idea of silence exactly. The phrase 'howling silence' is not as common as the phrase 'howling wilderness,' but it is equally expressive. The lamented Artemus, we remember, exhibited a picture of a wilderness 'in the act of howling.'"

MISCELLANEA.

QUEEN VICTORIA is reported to be much pleased with the public reception of her book, "The Early Years of the Prince Consort." Messrs. Smith & Elder, the publishers, in accordance with her wishes, have collected the reviews which have appeared in the various journals, and have forwarded them for her Majesty's perusal. They make a volume quite as bulky as the original work.

The royal author, has, it is said, another book nearly ready for publication. It is written by herself, and contains an account of several journeys made to Scotland by herself and the Prince Consort, interspersed with pleasant mention of her traveling companions and servants.

A NEW paper is to be brought out in Paris, with the title of *Carte de Jour*. It will consist of bills of fare, for the day, of all the restaurants of Paris, with a list of prices, and will form a body of reading of the most entrancing description for the epicure. There was once a lady whose favorite literature was that of cookery books, which she said gave her an appetite. The new Paris paper will doubtless translate some people to the seventh heaven of gastronomic pleasure.

FROM the American Tract Society of Boston, we have received the October number of their religious magazine, *Sabbath at Home*. It contains an article by Professor Packard, of Yale, on "The Areophagus and the Apostle Paul," and other interesting matter. It has a department for the children as well as the grown folks, and is full of good illustrations.

FROM France we hear that an enterprising publisher of "sensational' works has announced a volume entitled "Lettres Inédites de la Femme Frigard." The letters of a murdress! What charming light literature for the lazy autumn days!

MR. JOHN STUART MILL has conferred upon him the highest honors at the disposal of the law faculty of the University of Halle. The same faculty refused a like honor to Count Bismarck, though when a student he matrieulated in law.

CHARLES HENRY WEBB is to be one of the contributors to the Harpers' much talked of new periodical, *The Bazaar*, the first number of which was to have appeared on the second of this month.

A NEW volume of poems by Owen Meredith is promised—to be called "Chronicles and Characters."

A DREAM WITH A DREAM.

I stand amid the roar
Of a surf tormented shore,
And I hold within my hand
Grains of the golden sand—
How few, yet how they creep,
Through my fingers to the deep,
While I weep—while I weep—
O God! can I not grasp
Them with a tighter clasp?
O God! can I not save
One from a pitiless wave?
Is all that we see or seem
But a dream within a dream? EDGAR A. POE.

ABOUT NOTHING IN PARTICULAR.

BY JOHN QUILL.

HAVING nothing in particular to write about this week, I concluded to do it. The earth was made from nothing, and the man was made from the earth, consequently we all sprang from nothing, and it is surprising how many human beings are true to their origin, in knowing nothing, doing nothing, and being good for nothing all their lives.

Authorities differ, however, in regard to the origin of man. Some think he is but a higher grade of the "What is it?" and others that he is only a fully developed clam. I inclined to the latter opinion in the case of certain men who fritter away their lives in folly and dissipation. But the whole subjet is a difficult one, and peculiarly so to the unmetaphysical mind. This is illustrated in the case of young Wilkins, who sought the author of his being with the following inquiry:

"Pop, weren't all men made by Heaven?"

"Yes, my child," benignly replied the paternal Wilkins, "but why do you ask?"

"Oh, nothing; only I see in the papers long accounts of 'self-made men,' and I thought maybe some of those fellows had been a gettin' of their own selves up."

This is the brother of that other Wilkins, baptized Holofernes Montgomery, who came home and complained that he didn't like the arithmetic they had at school, because he couldn't guess the conundrums in it.

"Conundrums!" exclaimed his paternal guardian, "why, Holofernes Montgomery Wilkins, what do you mean?"

"Why, you know that old arithmetic of ours is full of conundrums, and them things, and when Mr. Swishtail asked me 'if one hundred and twenty bushels of corn will serve fourteen horses fifty-six days, how many days will ninety-four bushels serve six horses?' I said 'I give it up,' and he got mad about it, and said I was as stupid as an owl. Then he wanted to know why forty rods made one rood? I couldn't guess it, I can't guess his darned old jokes, you know, and then he licked me."

"He was only trying to demonstrate, my child, that while forty rods make one rood, one rod sometimes makes one polite. Louisa remove this child to bed."

This was the same boy who afterwards got his teacher foul on the question: "If it takes four nails to make a quarter, how many carpet-tacks will it take to get up a ten dollar bill?"

A cousin of his, only nine years old, began crying piteously as if his heart would break, when his father stated that he was a Republican. His fond mother took him in her arms, and upon inquiry ascertained that he was impressed with the conviction that he had seen Re-publicans and sinners classed together in his Sunday school lessons and he was anxious for the old man's welfare.

Wilkins has a taste for these things. It was during his connection with the Utterly Hopeless Mutual Insurance Company, that he went over to Boston for a few days, and upon his return was asked by Smythe, you know him—son of old Smyth—coal oil man—was asked by Smythe, "Say, Wilkins, where have you been for a week back?" "I haven't been anywhere for it. I haven't got a weak back," and he shot around the corner.

Wilkins would sacrifice anything to a joke. When his father died, a venerable friend called to console him upon the loss of his parental protector. Wilkins sighed and said: "Yes, the old man was good at that, but now I'm the head of the family, and I suppose I'll have to pay rental in his place." His friend dropped a sympathetic tear, and drove to the funeral in a hack.

The elder Wilkins died of consumption, and his son remarked, as he saw the remains placed in the undertaker's carriage; that it was singular that the old man should first be carried off by a hackin' cough, and afterwards by a coffin hack. The undertaker didn't perceive that this was a joke until he got to the cemetery, and it made him so mad that he kicked a dog that lay in his way, and the dog bit a chop out of his leg.

"Is it a bull-dog?" said Mrs. Wilkins.

"No, my love," replied her husband, "it's a ceme-terrier."

But Wilkins had a brother-in-law named Gouge who run for judge up in Schuylkill county, and the very first case he tried was that of a man who owned a coal mine, but had been a major in the army. His tailor sued him for a uniform, but Gouge decided against the tailor, that he couldn't have made those clothes for him, because a miner couldn't be a major.

Gouge was an infidel. He was so skeptical that his own mother wouldn't believe him, and he gave up the law and turned spiritualist. He was the medium who received a message from the spirit of Daniel Webster, stating that there were a great many errors in his dictionary which he would like to have corrected.

It was before Judge Gouge that Ferguson, the soap-fat man, was sued by a woman for a breach of politeness—she thought it was; and Gouge charged the jury to give her a verdict of thirty thousand dollars, which they did while Ferguson was led out of the court headed by a brass band playing "the girl I left behind me." Ferguson said he was like Leander, it was-s-wimmin' that reduced him to such great *straits*. To which she said if he hadn't mortgaged herself to him it wouldn't have been so.

Judge Gouge sent them both to prison for contempt of court, for joking in his presence.

Gouge was a bosom friend of a man named Mahoney, who lived out in the jungles of Germantown, and Mahoney was in the navy, and attached to a mortar boat in the Mississippi. Mahoney used to tell how *very* large a shell was that they used. Is was several yards in diameter, and had to be brought on board in sections. The first time they fired her off, the boat was shot four miles away from the ball, which was so heavy that it never budged an inch, except to drop plumb into the water.

Mahoney was fond of stories, and it used to delight him to tell him how he went to Venice, and got leave to go on shore, but there was no shore there, and he spent the day sitting on a front doorstep, afraid to move for fear he should get drowned.

I often go around to see Wilkins when his wife is out of town. He can smoke then, and he don't care how late he sets up. Wilkins is fond of music, and he has a hand-organ in his back parlor.

"Wilkins, my boy," said I, "play us a tune, won't you?"

"Oh, I can't. Excuse me, I am out of practice."

"Do you play by note or ear?" I inquired.

"By note entirely," said he, "and I haven't got a note with me, except some bank notes, and I don't play anything but seven up with them."

Just then Mahoney came in, and related how when he was out on the Mississippi, the boats were so ex-t-r-e-mely slight, that the officers wouldn't let the men shift a quid of tobacco from one side of their mouths to the other for fear of upsetting her. When they ran out of quids they had to reverse the engines every time they wanted to back'er. Mahony is dead now. He mistook a lobster for a soft shell crab, and it stuck in his throat and killed him. The doctors said it was strangulation, but it is more likely he died of grief because he couldn't lie again.

WOMEN AND TEA.—Much of the very nervousness and over anxiety of the women of this generation is due to the excessive use of tea. "Our grandmothers" drank it and worked it off through the muscular system; but those of this age, with brain and nerves more sensitive, and engaged in pursuits which intensify this condition, are rendered more excitable by stimulants, which under other circumstances, might be used with less harm. Women who do much manual labor drink their tea, do their work, and sleep well; while those are very nervous and wakeful whose employments are sedentary or such as induce more mental than muscular activity. I have known many of the latter class who lived largely on tea, eating little food and growing thin, sensitive, and sleepless, sharp in face, sharp in feeling, and often sharp in words too.

DISEASE is simply obstruction. The man who can touch the bottom of his lung with a bit of fresh air, and the end of his toe with a little blood, may laugh at the doctor and break off acquaintance with the undertaker. He is sure of getting into the nineties.

RAILROADS.—The *Call* predicts that by next March or April, if nothing unfavorable happens, the Vallejo, Marysville and Sacramento railroad will be completed. This work, when finished, will bring the Central Pacific, the Folsom and Placerville, and the Northern, or Oroville and Marysville Railroad, in direct communication with tidewater. We hope the *Call* is a prophet for once.

STEAM BATHS—One dollar only, at Dr. Bourne's, No. 10 Masonic Temple, Post street. "No Baths like Dr. Bourne's Baths," is the universal testimony. Rheumatism, neuralgia, fever and ague, etc., speedily cured; and is the only establishment which excludes loathsome diseases and improper persons. *

NOW IS THE TIME—the season of cold weather and storms—when you feel bad—to go to Dr. Bourne, No. 10 Masonic Temple, Post street, and take one of his baths to make you feel good; to cure colds, (the only scientific mode,) coughs aches, pains, etc. *

ST. CHARLESTS RESTAURANT.—This new restaurant is presided over by Mme. Cazintre, being connected with the hotel of C. Gaillaud, Nos. 507 and 509 Pine street, just above Kearny. The result of several visits there, demonstrated the fact, that ladies predominate, and should some of our beaux and bachelors decide to make it a "stopping place," we guarentee a "feast of beauty"—to say nothing of the excellent meals served *a la Francisco*.

FAMOUS RACERS.

THE "Darley" Arabian, sire of "Childers," was brought to England in the reign of Queen Anne; and the "Godophin" Arabian in 1724. This latter animal was first imported into France from Barbary, a present (it is supposed) from the Emperor of Morocco to Louis XIV; but so little was he valued in Paris, that he was actually employed in draught. Every superior English racer partakes of his valuable blood. He died at Hog-Magog, in Cambridgeshire, in the twenty-ninth year of his age, and is buried there in a covered passage leading to his stable, with a flat stone without any inscription, since epitaph he did not need. In all the prints of the day he is represented with his faithful feline friend—the cat, that pined to death for the loss of him. These Arabians, however, are much less celebrated for what they did themselves than for the feats of the peogeny which they begat.

The illustrious "Flying Childers" (got by the "Darley" Arabian out of "Betty Leeds," a mare said to have produced no other off-spring,) a chestnut horse, white on his nose, and with four white legs, was foaled in 1715. He was the fleetest horse that ever ran at Newmarket, or probably anywhere else, and was never beaten.

"Eclipse" was also a chestnut (got by "Marske" out of "Spiletia,") foaled during the great eclipse of 1764, from which he took his name. He also was never beaten, and has the reputation of being second in speed to "Flying Childers" only. He was the first horse that ever traveled in a van, but this was as a stallion, and when his racing days were over; in his youth he was by no means a pampered animal. His temper was so terrible that it was thought impossible that he could ever be brought to the post. On this account, he was placed under a rough rider at Epsom, a poacher by profession, who frequently kept the horse out all night; but in spite of this discipline, his jockeys never attempted to hold him, contenting themselves with sitting quiet upon the saddle. In his first race—there were four-mile heats in those days—though the horses were altogether at the three mile post, he distanced the whole of them, though pulled with the whole strength his rider could exert; yet he had not been struck, but only alarmed by a flourish of the whip.

"Eclipse" is generally believed to have covered eighty-three feet of ground in a second when at the top of his pace, or about twenty-five feet at a single stride. "Flying Childers," it is said, covered the same ground, but performed still more wonderful feats of speed. Carrying nine stone two pounds, he ran over the round course at Newmarket (three miles, six furlongs, and ninety-three yards in length) in six minutes and forty seconds; and also over the Beacon Course (four miles, one furlong, and 138 yards) in seven minutes and a half. These instances seem to be well authenticated, and although published with every detail at the time, do not seem to have been denied. Race horses of the present day, even the famous "Lexington," have scarcely equaled this record.

CANTY & WAGNER, 113 Montgomery street, have for years back supplied a greater portion of the interior trade with every description of plain and fancy confectionery, and are now making extra exertions for the present holiday business, so as to be able to fill all orders. The public would scarcely credit the statement of the amount of sugar that this single firm have used within the last two months in their manufactory. It is not convenient to give a summary of the thousand pounds, but it is but little less than a ship load, though we won't be qualified as to the size of the ship. Canty & Wagner are our local "Stuart's."

OYSTERS AND CLAMS.—Wm. Roalfe, Nos. 40, 41, and 42, California Market, entrance on California street, keeps on hand, from 6 A. M. until 5 P. M., and Saturday nights until 10 P. M., oysters and clams. Families supplied at the shortest notice with fresh oysters and clams. The deviled-crabs are to be had here and nowhere else. And for business men, on California street, there is no place where a better lunch can be served. Mr. Roalfe is well known to the community as a first-class caterer. Call and leave your orders, wholesale or retail.

HAMBURG-BREMEN FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.—Mr. Morris Speyer held the local agency for this old established company for many years, and has conducted its extensive business with marked ability and prudence. The Hamburg-Bremen is one of the stanchest companies represented on this coast, and possesses an available capital of $1,000,000. The office is at 520 Washington street, a few doors below Montgomery.

AT THE "COCOMUNGO," No. 536 Merchant street, the best wines, liquors and cigars, are dispensed. The lunch set out daily, from eleven o'clock till two, embraces a number of rare dishes, not to be found elsewhere, including genuine chowders, concocted upon old-fashioned orthodox principles, Cape Cod boned turkey, game, "potato bargain," etc., etc.

THE Indelible Pencil is superceding all indelible inks for marking family linens, etc. All the preparation necessary is to wet the cloth and write the name on it, and there it will remain unfadingly through a score of washings. Travers Brothers, 32 Merchants' Exchange, are agents for this coast.

THE PARKER HOUSE.—This favorite saloon, under the management of Mr. Stephen M. Smith, is dispensing as good beverages as any place in 'Frisco. The "appreciative public" is fast finding out this fact, and the Parker House is becoming noted about town for its various "good things."

COLDS, COUGHS, and all affections of the throat, chest, and lungs, scientifically cured by Dr. Bourne, No. 10 Masonic Temple, Post street. *

SUMMER AND AUTUMN.

BY GEORGE ARNOLD.

Gorgeous leaves are whirling down,
Homeward comes the scented hay;
O'er the stubble, sear and brown,
Flaunt the Autumn flowers gay;
But, alas!
Summers pass—
Like our joys they pass away!

Fanned by many a balmy breeze,
In the Spring I love to lie
'Neath the newly budded trees,
Gazing upward to the sky;
But, alas!
Time will pass,
And the flowers of Spring must die!

Oft my maiden sat with me,
Listening to the thrush's tone,
Warbled forth from every tree
Ere the meadow hay was mown;
But, alas!
Summers pass—
Now, I wander all alone!

Love, like the Summer-time, is fair,
Decked with buds and blossoms gay;
But upon this Autumn air
Floats a voice which seems to say,
"Love, alas!
Also pass,
As the Summers pass away!"

OLD STORIES RE-TOLD.

A GAMBLER'S LIFE IN THE LAST CENTURY.

ON the 2nd of February, 1725, between nine and ten o'clock at night, three gentlemen, named Gower, Blunt, and Hawkins, left Will's coffee-house in Covent Garden, and went to the Castle Tavern in Drury-lane, with Major Oneby, a well known gamester and duelist. Here Mr. Rich, a friend of the three first named gentlemen, joined them over their Burgundy. The landlord was obsequious and the drawers civil, for the wine was flowing fast. Some of the party had been to the playhouse together to see the new tragedy of *Hecuba*.

The gambling scene in the *Rake's Progress* shows us the sort of places that Major Oneby, the professional gamester, haunted. Gamblers were the curses of those days, the horror of wives and mothers, the dread of fathers. They were prayed against as men used to pray against the Plague and the Fire. The green cloth these men played upon soon led to the green fields of Tyburn and the leafless tree. Their cards were never without pin-marks on the backs their dice never fell even. They were always in search of hearty country gentlemen, wild Templars, or reckless city men. They were the great lures to those wainscoated rooms strewn with cards, where men, crazed by their losses, raved unnoticed by the victorious players; while, beside the caged-in fire, moping wretches sat, heedless of the strong waters brought them by the boy of the house, and brooded over the night ride to Hounslow or Bagshot that should either reconp them forever, or undo them quite Their tricks were the old tricks of centuries, before, founded on a deep knowledge of the chief passions and follies of human nature, and seldom found to fail—tricks old even in Holbein's time. In their gangs there was always a combination of talent and of slang. The Guller was the old Jew miser who was ready to lend money to the defeated player when he became excited by the hope of recovering his losses; the Woodpecker was the parasite who hung round the novice and introduced him to the gang; the Eagle was the strong player who new all the modes of secreting or forcing cards. They had flat-faced rings which reflected the cards that they drew; or they put their gull before a mirror, which reflected his cards to an accomplice, Sometimes a bright-cut steel sword hilt, laid over their left wrist, answered the same purpose of a mirror. Not unfrequently the Eagle took the form of a Deluder—a careless Gil Blas, who would drop in by accident and join the game, or stand behind the gull's chair and signal to his accomplices. Button his glove—that meant ace; play with his wig—strong in trumps; touch his solitaire buckle;—weak in diamonds. Each finger implied a certain number, and was by turns a beacon or a false light. It was not unfreqnent either to purposely spill wine on the table; and even that served to reflect the color and value of otherwise hidden cards.

Major Oneby was neither the Eagle nor the Woodpecker. He had sunk into the lowest of all gamesters—the Bully. He was the blunt, frank old soldier who talked of Marlborough, by ——, sir, and Prince Eugéne. He had a gross humor of his own, and told infamous stories, when he was not quarrelsome nor dangerous. He roared and cursed for wine at Will's or the Mitre, struck the drawers, trod on people's hat or kicked their swords as he passed to his seat. He was the terror of all quiet and timidly respectable men. He used to clap his sword on the table, and glance round defiantly at the company. He would howl out blasphemies—addressed to no one specially, but still amounting to a challenge to the fiercest or bravest men in the room. It was necessary to his reputation as a terrorist that he should kill a man now and then. and woe to the young Templar, vain of his fencing. who that night came in his way. He volunteered to show the young country spendthrift the sights of the town. Some evening, after three or four flasks of wine, the Deluder pretends with his own jovial laugh, to be tired of Garrick and Quinn, of Vauxhall and Ranelagh, of the Mall and fencing-school, of the masquerade and the park. Some people they meet by chance at Will's turn out very lively acquaintances, with a turn for faro or chicken hazard. They adjourn to a gambling-house, and set to work with the dice and the red and black pips. Mr. Littlebrain, the rich young gentleman from Somersetshire, at first wins surprisingly. The gold tide sets in toward him. They call for more Burgundy. He insists on higher stakes, astonished to find how he is startling the old dice-shakers of Covent Garden. More Burgundy, the room seems to get lighter and larger, the dice fly out faster and faster. The tide at last turns, the gold floats from him in shoals. He has lost all he had won and five thousand guineas more, besides the large farm near Taunton. He has also signed some papers that a good-natured old lawyer present requires as securities for the loan of another thousand, already half gone. Gradually the fumes of the wine subside, and one suspicious glance discloses to him the old lawyer changing a pack of cards which he (novice) had placed ready at his elbow. He sees a friend make signs to the benevolent lawyer. Then he feels into what a pack of wolves he has fallen. In a moment Littlebrain dashes over his chair, leaps on a settee, gets down his hat and sword from the peg behind the door, and shouts "Thieves!" from the window to the watch, who have just passed, crying, sleepily:

"Past four, and a rainy morning."

The gang is furious, their eyes glare, they prepare for a stampede. The gallant captain, whose red face, barred with black plaster, looks like a red hot fire seen between the bars of a grate, sweeps two or three dozen guineas from the green cloth into his panniers of pockets. Then some one knocks out the lights, several swords clash with Littlebrain's, and one passes through his unlucky body. He staggers to the stairs, and falls headlong down them—dead. There is a dash at the watchmen, who threaten the gamblers with their staves. The old men, however, fall before the tempestuous charge, and the next moment there is no one in the gambling house but two frightened women, an old watchman, who is holding the dim lantern to the dead man's face with one hand, and removing his watch and purse with the other; the only sound is the wind whistling through the key-hole. In such affairs, subtle, cruel, and deadly, Major Oneby has been no subordinate actor.

To return to our story. All went on at first merrily and friendly. The flask went round, and the wit went with it. At last a wager is laid between Mr. Rich and Mr. Blunt as to whether Mr. Mills did not act the other day the part of "Julius Cæsar" in Shakespeare's play. Both gentlemen are opinionated and heated, but one of the two is of course wrong, and Mr. Blunt loses. The flask-bottle being empty, Mr. Rich and the major call for a box and for dice. The drawer says they have dice but no box. Not much gambling evidently goes on at the Castle Tavern. It is only the blunt hearty major who seems to care much about the matter, but he is persistent, and his energy forces on the company to play.

"No dice-box?" he says. "Well, then, drawer, bring the pepper-box."

Mr. Hawkins, knowing how gambling spoils good talk and a friendly evening, looks rather averse to the turn things are taking, and says:

"Let us play low."

And, after a trifling loss, refuses to play any more. The major turns his gross burly body at this, and glowers at him with his blood-shot eyes, affecting himself to be the promoter of all the amusements of the evening.

"Why do you come into company," he says angrily to Mr. Hawkins, "when you won't do as others do?"

Mr. Hawkins answers coldly, "Don't trouble yourself, sir, about me. I'll do as I please."

Mr. Rich, more sanguine and careless, called out:

"Who will set me three half-crowns?"

Mr. Gower jocularly drew some money from his pocket, and holding it in his closed hand upon the table, said:

"I'll set ye three pieces."

He then lifted his hand, and they proved to be only three halfpence. The major, who was in earnest, and had very serious views of play, grew more vexed at the game being simply derided, fired up, and swore that Gower was an impertinent puppy to set three halfpence.

Then Mr. Gower effervesced also, and cried:

"Sir, I am not afraid of ye, and he that calls me a puppy is a scoundrel."

Quick as the serpent light that rose in his eyes the major snatched up a bottle by the neck and swung it fiercely and swiftly at the head of Mr. Gower. The flask bottle, heavy with Burgundy, brushed Mr. Gower's wig and struck a cloud of white powder from it, but it did no hurt. Mr. Gower, in return, tossed more coolly a wine-glass at the major. Both at the same moment then pushed back their chairs and ran to their swords. Gower, nimbler and younger, jumped on the table and reached his from the peg first. Then stepping down he drew and stood on defence, but made no offer to lunge. In the mean time, Major Oneby also took down his sword and cane, which hung together, and there being a table and chair in his way, came fiercely round the table to do battle with Mr. Gower, but Mr. Rich stepped between them, and told the major, as he was drawing his sword:

"If you make a lunge, major, it must be through my body, and as I am unarmed, that will be a wilful murder."

The duelists of those days knew all the legal boundaries between murder and homicide.

Mr. Gower then threw his sword by on a table, and they all sat down again.

"Come, major," said Mr. Gower, offering his hand frankly, "let us be reconciled. Words spoken in heat may be forgotten and forgiven."

But the major driven from his booty, was inexorable. He growled:

"By ——, you lie. I'll have your blood, by ——." Then turning to Mr. Hawkins furiously, he said, "This is all along of you."

"Why, then," replied Mr. Hawkins, "if you have done with him and have anything to say to me, I am your man, and will see you out."

"No!" said the soured major, "I have another fellow to deal with first."

Mr. Blunt good-naturedly invited the whole company to dinner on the next day, hoping to prevent future mischief.

"No! I'll dine with none of ye," exclaimed Oneby.

"Are you angry, sir?" said Mr. Blunt. "Have you anything to say to me?"

"Or me?" said Mr. Hawkins.

"Or me?" said Mr. Rich.

No, he had nothing to say to any of them. This was between two and three in the morning.

At last some one rose and proposed to go. The major, who had continued a sort of sullen talk, threw his big rough coat over his broad shoulder, and fastened one or two of the buttons. These coats were useful to bullies in sword encounters, for they baffled thrusts and entangled blades. Mr. Hawkins came out first; Mr. Blunt and Rich followed; Mr. Gower was last. Mr. Hawkins asked John Barnes, the drawer, if his chair was ready, as it was raining. Being told it was, he went out, the drawer unbarring the front door into Drury-lane for them. Just as Mr. Gower was following, Major Oneby, all the time in a smoulder, now broke out once more into full flame, and said to Gower:

"Hark ye, young gentleman a word wi' ye."

Gower turned back; he and the major both re-entered the room, and Mr. Rich heard the door slammed savagely, and the bolt shot with the violence of rage. Then there was heard a loud rasping and clashing of swords, and heavy stamps on the floor. Death was locked in with them. Rich and Blunt, hearing open war broke out, called to the drawer to open the door. The door would not yield at first either at bolt or hinge, but by their united efforts the three at last forced it open and got in.

Too late, too late. Poor Gower had been disarmed and was already struck; Major Oneby, intent on death, guarded the door. He wanted to taste his revenge, and was delaying the *coup de grace* as cats delay the death of the mouse they torture. His sword was pointing at his enemy. Gower then, in the intensity of despair, closed with the gambler, rather as if he were falling forward against him through weakness, but still feebly intent on a mortal grapple, for he new well he was in the hands of a professional assassin. The major clutched his shoulder with his left hand, but quitted him when the three men broke in, and Barnes, the drawer, cried:

"For God's sake what are you doing?"

As Mr. Rich held up his hand to part the two men, he felt the sting of a sword pricking through his coat. It was Major Oneby's sword, but there seemed to be no intention in him to wound Mr. Rich. Almost at the same moment Mr. Blunt cried out that he was stabbed in the stomach, but in the excitement no one could decide whether it was done in mistake by Mr. Gower or in a rage by Major Oneby. The wound was supposed to be mortal.

At this moment Mr. Hawkins returned—he who had at first scented out the major's real character, and persuaded his friends not to play. He had been waiting out under a penthouse as it rained, and there was no chair near, nor any watchman to call one. Seeing none of the company come out, he concluded that there was either some mischief brewing, or another bottle of wine to be had, so he stepped back into the tavern. There he found a cluster of pale and horrified faces, sobered now. watching poor Gower, who was bleeding, and leaning half fainting over a chair. There was not twelve hours' life in him. In another chair sat Mr. Blunt, moaning, and also apparently dying.

Mr. Shaw, a surgeon then in the house, came and dressed the wounds of both men. Mr. Blunt proved to be dangerously hurt. Mr. Gower was languishing; his intestines appeared at the wound. A second rupture was also suspected

The major with the bloodshot eyes and the evil month stood by in his frouzy campaigning wig, his cruel hand on the tarnished hilt of his sword, swearing that the first glass had been flung by Mr. Gower, and that he (the major) had not only received the first affront, but had also been first drawn upon.

When the two wounded men had been sent home in sedan chairs, Mr, Rich and Mr. Hawkins came out of the tavern with Major Oneby, slow pacing and melancholy. It had been an evil night, and the moon was rising over the roofs of a dull blood color. Mr. Rich said to the major as they walked together:

"I am afraid you have killed Mr. Gower."

To which the major replied confidentially :

"No, I might have done it if I would, but I have only frightened him. Suppose I had killed him? I know what to do in these affairs; for if I had killed him to-night in the heat of passion I should have had the law on my side; but if I had done it at any other time it would have looked like a set meeting, and not rencontre."

The major was learned in duels but he had forgotten the law for once. The presumption of law was, that if a considerable interval elapsed between a provocatiou and a fight the renewal of the quarrel proved malice, and made the aggressor a murderer.

Mr. Rich knew this, and remembered that the major first began the quarrel in his vexation at the friends refusing to play at hazard, after the second main : so he simply said :

"I advise you to make off, for fear of the worst."

The frightened waiter, when the dangerous company had left the Castle Tavern, went peering about the room with a light. There were several small pools of blood, especially close to the wainscot behind the flap of the great oval table where Rich had found Gower's sword stained with blood for five inches from the point.

The next evening, a mysterious letter was brought to Mr. Burdet, a surgeon near Red Liou-square, by a man in a coach desiring him to come and see Major Oneby at the house of a Mr. Gardiner in Dean street, where he was concealing himself, having been wounded in a recontre. The major had one wound an inch and a half long below his knee and one on his flank ; two of his fingers were cut in the first joints ; there were several holes and cuts in his clothes ; but there was an unreal air about the wounds which made the surgeon feel suspicious, for they were none of them a quarter of an inch deep, and the thrust below the knee was only a graze.

That same day Mr. Gower slowly sank and died. Mr. Rich, bending over him, asked him, just before the change for death came on, "if he had received his wound fairly?" He answered faintly, with great effort :

"I think I did—but—I don't know—what might have happened—if you—had not—come in." It is probable that Major Oneby, having disarmed the young fellow, would have stabbed him mercilessly till he had killed him on the spot."

The major was tried at the Old Bailey in March of the same year. He pleaded that he had not first called for the box and dice, and that Mr. Gower threw the glass and drew first; but the court decided that it was clear the prisoner gave the first provocation, and it was not denied that he killed the deceased. If there had been no reconciliation from the time the bottle was thrown to the time the last thrust was made, it was murder.

The jury agreed upon a special verdict. The counsel on both sides then drew up their points of the evidence for the consideration of the judges. The major, who had entertained great hopes of getting off for "manslaughter," rather struck silent by this delay, was remanded to Newgate, where he spent a whole year comfortably, without irons, and in the best room of the prison. Finding that no steps had been taken by the prosecutor to bring on the case, he now considered that the enemy had no hopes, and moved to have the case tried in the King's Bench. The case was tried in February, 1726. Lord Chief Justice Raymond, however, adjourned the case.

On his way back to Newgate the gallant officer was boisterous, jovial, hopeful and exulting. He stopped and dined at the King's Arms Tavern in the Strand. He was sure, he boasted, that the special verdict would be in his favor, and he should have nothing to do but to return to the army and repair the loss of the trial by plundering the enemy. Men of this kind always trade on their former positions in their days of innocence.

On the 6th of May, 1727, the judges met at Serjeants Inn, if possible to end the case. Meanwhile, his not very honorable antecedents had been found out and considered. John Oneby, aged fifty-three, was the son of a respectable and successful lawyer at Barwell, in Leicestershire. The boy had been well educated, and served his clerkship with a man eminent in the profession ; but young Oneby was proud and ambitious ; he aimed at higher things than clerkships, and chafed at the restrictions of the office. Sir Nathan Wright, the lord-keeper, being a near relation of his mother, application was made to him to push the fortunes of his young kinsman ; but all he could or would give him was the humble place of a train-bearer. Oneby brooked this for some time, hoping for a better prize ; but finding none come, he threw down the keeper's train with disgust, and resolved to join the army abroad. His friends soon procured him a commission, and he served under Marlborough in Flanders. The career suited his turbulent spirit, and he acquired the reputatiou of a useful and bravo officer, having fought in several battles and sieges, and received several wounds. The dark side of his nature soon began to show itself. He became quarrelsome and revengeful. He had a duel at Bruges, outside the camp, with an officer of horse. Oneby's wounded antagonist died the next day. A court-martial was held, but the duel having been considered fair, Oneby was honorably acquitted, and was now known among "people of honor" as a duelist that had felled his man. He afterwards fought a Lieutenant Tooley at Port Royal, in Jamaica. Both combatants were desperately wounded, but Tooley lingered for eight months before he died. Oneby was never brought to trial. By seniority Oneby had risen, after twenty-two years' hard service, to the rank of major in Honeywood's regiment of dragoons ; but the peace of Utrecht coming, the major had to seek other roads to fortune, and Mercury soon found him one covered with green cloth.

The major had still one virtue left. He had courage. While the judges at Serjeants Inn were deciding on his fate, he made extremely merry, and kept high revel in Newgate over smoking punch, drinking the healths of his judges, who he boasted knew him to be a man of honor, and resolved not to hurt him. In the midst of his tipsy songs a good-natured friend, whom he had known over the green cloth, entered with a grisly oath, and swore that eleven of the twelve judges had decided to bring it in WILFUL MURDER. This struck down the hopes of the roystering major as with a poleaxe. To use his own confession, "it frightened him cursedly." To lower him still more, and to hang, as it were, his whole mind with black, two or three men he had sent to watch round Serjeants Inn did not return that night to the Ark, and this made his fears rise up like a swelling sea. The fact was, that the judges, having heard counsel on both sides, had broken up about ten at night without declaring their final opinion. No one, therefore, could speak with certainty ; but from small things, that leaked out through the lawyers' clerks and porters, it was generally thought that the majority would be shortly cast for murder.

Oneby, shaking off his drunkenness, felt the ground sinking under him ; he called over the roll of his few respectable friends before the last desperate step of throwing himself on the king's mercy, clinging, however, still to the smallest hopes ; as a man, finding a bush on the cliff-side fail him as he climbs, snatches at even a flower or at blades of grass. The wretched man still flattered himself that the judges might determine in his favor, till one day the cell door opened, and the keeper of Newgate entered, followed by a beetle-browed jailor carrying a pile of heavy chains. The order had come that the major was to be double ironed. He was to have a man placed in his room every night. The sense of having once been a gentleman returned vividly to his mind ; he appeared much shocked, and was eager to know whether any secret order of the judges had arrived, or wheter it arose from some false information of his desire to escape. He hoped the latter ; but the keeper refused to satisfy him, and ordered the jailer to at once put on the irons. The rascal's heart gave way at this degradation, and he burst into tears.

The person appointed to watch in the major's room was a man named John Hooper, afterwards the public executioner, an honest and faithful fellow, who obtained his promotion by "pure merit and without bribes," as a contemporaneous paper says applaudingly. The major at first expressed great horror at his hard malign face.

"What the d——," he said, in his old blustering way, "do you bring this fellow here for? Whenever I look at him I shall think of hanging." But he soon grew reconciled when he found Hooper was a mimic, a teller of ribald stories, who could imitate the itinerant Methodists, and joke and describe all the humors of the prison and half the wild beasts that inhabited it.

Three weeks more of this cruel suspense and wavering justice, and the gamester was brought up to the Kings' Bench bar to receive the judgment of the Court. Lord Chief Justice Raymond told him that the judges had unanimously found him guilty of wilful murder, and recapitulated to him their reasons. The prisoner prayed to be recommended to his Majesty's clemency for his long and faithful services in the army. The judges turned stony faces upon the miserable man. As to mercy, he must, they said, apply for that elsewhere ; where he stood now, was only a court of justice. Formal sentence of death was at last passed upon him, and his execution ordered for the 4th of July.

He had exhausted his London friends ; he must now go himself like the prodigal son returning from a far country, and sue to his Leicestershire friends. He wrote abjectly to them begging their pardons for past follies, and entreating them to come up and help him. Some did relent ; but the major's old haughtiness resisted all rebukes, and one relation left Newgate and instantly posted home. A cousin only continued with him, faithfully from real pity, till his death. That one lingering friend, perhaps, proved that there was still some redeeming point left in a bad man. The major had boasted largely of the nobleman he had known in Flanders and met at gambling-tables ; but his friends, on inquiring, found no one who would speak for him, or even deliver his petition.

Flesh flies live on corruption. Grub-street had unanimously resolved to turn a penny by the major. About a week before his death, a street pamphlet was published, entitled The Weight of Blood : being the Case of Major John Oneby. It was a catch-penny, containing merely the trial from the Sessions paper, part of a sermon upon duels by a Mr. Hales of Eton, and Sir Richard Steel's Theatre, No. 26, on the same subject. By the phamphleteer himself there were only three or four short paragraphs. The remarks that especially affronted the major were these :

"* * * But as to Oneby, 'tis greatly to be feared that as he lived a profligate he will die a reprobate, having declared since his conviction that neither his confinement nor his crime ever gave him so much uneasiness as his cursed garters (as he is pleased to call his fetters.) After sentence was pronounced, this bravo showed outward marks of a very great internal shock."

The ragged garretteer who wrote this street chap-book had actually the boundless impudence to visit the major in Newgate, to inform him, as a friend, that such a work was in the press, and suggesting that, as it might retard or prevent a reprieve, the author had better be bought off. In case the major could not be squeezed, and refused to become a milch cow, the eminent author probably thought he might, in that case, at least collect from the turnkeys or his own observation some facts to heighten the seasoning of his work. No money was, however, to be drawn, and the worthy descendant of Curll left. When the major read the book, and discovered that the author and his visitor were one and the same, he flew into a stormy rage, and cursed and swore even in the presence of the ordinary. He then tried several strategems to decoy the poor author into Newgate, but the eminent author was shy, and Oneby's efforts proved ineffectual. It preyed upon him, however ; and only three days before his death he said he desired but one thing in the world, and that was to have the satisfaction of taking leave of that rascally fellow with a sound whip : so sensitive can a scoundrel be to a form of sconndrelism to which he is unaccustomed!

Soon after this, the doomed man's violent and inflammable temper had another trial from a selfish and ungrateful world. An obsequious undertaker came one morning into the press-yard at Newgate, and sent in the following letter :

"Honored Sir. This is to inform you that I follow the business of an undertaker in Dury-lane, where I have lived for many years, and am well known to several of your friends As you are to die on Mouday, and have not, as I suppose, spoke to anybody else about your funeral, if your honor shall think fit to give me orders, I will perform it as cheap and in as decent a manner as any man alive.

"Your honor's unknown humble servant, "G. H."

The burst of rage into which the major broke reached the undertaker in the press-yard, and he fled in dismay. He still continued to write letters to persons of distinction he had seen or spoken to when in the army, to intercede for him ; but all in vain. On Saturday he learut that his petition had been presented and refused. He was gloomy, but obdurate ; he showed no fear, and expressed no sorrow. The noise of the Saturday night's market rose round Newgate, the flare of the huxters' lanterns and grease-pans gleamed into the condemned cells. The major went to bed about ten, as usnal. At four on the Sunday morning, about daybreak, when all was still, the condemned man woke up the turnkey, Hooper, who was in his room, and called for a glass of brandy-and water. The old drunkard's thirst was on him, and he seemed low and depressed. He then raised himself in his heavy-curtained bed, and, getting pen and ink, wrote out his last will and testament ; for the noose, ready knotted, was lying already in steep for him in the press-room, and the hangman was perhaps at that very moment dreaming of his fees and of the coming job. He wrote his will ; it was brief enough ; he had nothing to leave but his frayed, wine-splashed, cut coat, his tarnished sword, some false dice, and a pack of prepared cards :

"Cousin Turvill, give Mr. Ackerman, the turnkey below stairs, half a guinea ; and Jack, who waits in my room, five shillings. The poor devils have had a great deal of trouble with me since I have been here."

The major only requested Jack and his watchers to go outside and be silent, as he wanted to compose himself against the coming of his friends. He drew his curtains carefully, and the men fell asleep again. The silence was unbroken till about seven, when his footman entered the room to call him. The major called out faintly, as if half asleep :

"Who is that? Philip?"

Soon after, a friend (probably Cousin Turvill, almost his only friend) came in, and, going to his bedside, called several times "Major! Major!" but getting no answer, he at last drew back the dingy curtains. The bed was streaming with blood ; it lay everywhere in coagulated pools on the counterpane. The wretched man was dying. He had balked the hangman of his fees. A surgeon was sent for ; Hooper ran like a madman for him. Philip stanched a deep gash in the wrist, which the desperate man had cut with the penknife he had mended the pen with that had made his will.—*All the Year Round.*

NOTICE.

The publication of "THE CALIFORNIAN" *takes place on Saturday mornings, and copies may be obtained in the City at all News stands, and of our News-agents through the country. It will also be served by carriers on the morning of publication.*

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J. P. BOGARDUS,
J. F. BOWMAN. } *Editors and Proprietors.*

THE CALIFORNIAN.

SAN FRANCISCO,.....SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1867.

THE NEW RELIGION.

FOR some time past, paragraphs announcing the formal inauguration of a new religion, on the basis of Comptism, have been traveling the rounds of the daily and periodical press. The first movement in the direction of making the principles of the Positive Philosophy the basis of a religious organization, is said to have taken place in England, under the auspices of a number of individuals distinguished in the world of letters, among whom the author of "Adam Bede," "Romola," and "Felix Holt," is the most widely known. Practical steps have already been taken, it is stated, for the building of a church in which "regular services" are to be held. What the nature of these services is to be, has not yet transpired; but inasmuch as the new religion recognizes the existence of nothing above Nature, and of no valid knowledge or worthy belief except such as can be obtained through science by observation and experiment, its ritual must, in the absence of any object of worship, necessarily be unlike any that the world has yet seen, unless indeed it shall resemble more or less closely that of the French revolutionists, when they made a diety of an abstraction, and with a hollow ceremonial borrowed in part from the rites of heathen temples, and in part from the shows of the theatre, offered a tinsel mockery of worship to the Goddess Reason.

How a religion that is to consist of scientific truths alone, can be expected to awaken moral enthusiasm, or to feed and strengthen the moral nature, it seems difficult to those who have been accustomed to look to supernatural sanctions for these purposes, to understand. Yet such an expectation is undoubtedly entertained by Mr. Congreve, and his associate apostles of the "Religion of the Future." They proclaim their conviction, (and we have no proof or reason for questioning their sincerity) that it is by the promotion and spread of the new creed, and the supercedure of all existing forms of religious belief, that "humanity is to be regenerated." Whether John Stuart Mill has enrolled himself as one of Mr. Congreve's congregation, we are not informed; but there are passages in his writings which go far to show that this cool-headed philosopher, who by temperament and intellectual constitution, might be supposed to be against enthusiasm on behalf of anything pretending to be a "religion,") reposes an almost fanatical faith in the dynamic power of positivism for influencing the moral nature. It is with a feeling of amazement that we read the declaration of such a man, of his belief that Compte's system has "superabundantly shown the possibility of giving to the service of humanity even *without the aid of a belief in Providence*, both the psychological power and the social efficacy of a religion; making it take hold of human life, and color all thought, feeling, and action, in a manner of which the greatest ascendancy ever exercised by any religion, may be but a type and foretaste."

If the "new religion" can indeed do the marvels expected of it by its apostles; if it can supply a motive force stronger than any heretofore known, for overcoming the selfishness and the infirmities of human nature, it will bring with it its own divine authentication, and no matter what, or how suspicious may be its merely secondary and human source, it should be hailed as indeed the "latest revelation," worthy of superseding all that have gone before. But, it will be time enough for those who still hold fondly to the faith of Christendom seriously to consider its pretentions when it shall have done something to demonstrate its power; when some of the goodly fruits it is to bear shall have ripened. For eighteen centuries, the only faith that has been able to inspire an active "enthusiasm of humanity," and to impel its devotees to self-sacrifice in the service of their fellow men, the only faith that has been able to elevate man above himself, and make him subordinate pleasure, interest, happiness, and life itself to the idea of duty, has been one that appealed to supernatural sanctions and that took hold on the invisible world. For eighteen centuries, the motives supplied by such a faith have proved the only ones capable of inspiring the highest and most active forms of philanthrophy, forms which actually had no existence on earth before the influence of Christianity was felt. If Positivism, by abolishing Providence, and removing from the minds of men all thought of an eternal destiny, can make them more unselfish, more wide and more zealous in their devotion to the good of their kind, let its reign be speedily inaugurated throughout the earth. But until at least the first fruits of the promised harvest shall be garnered, it will be difficult indeed to persuade that class of minds in which the religious sentiment is strongly developed, that pure philanthrophy and active zeal in the "service of humanity," can be most effectively promoted by overthrowing the religion to which they seem to have owed their very existence.

THE CASE OF MISS LESTER vs. TRINITY CHURCH SUNDAY SCHOOL.

WHETHER we regard the dislike and antipathy inspired by the negro in a large portion of the white race, as a narrow and inhuman prejudice, or as a natural instinct, conservative in its operation and designed to subserve wise purposes, it is equally impossible to deny its existence, its prevalence, and its rooted strength. However much we may be disposed to quarrel with it, we are constrained to recognize it as a practical fact, and from time to time circumstances arise which imperatively require that we should turn for the moment from general disquisitions and abstract theories, and deal with in a purely practical spirit. Such a case has recently occurred in this city, and as in all that has been said in regard to it, we have never seen it treated in the spirit indicated, we propose to devote some little space to its consideration.

We have heretofore refrained from making any allusion to the matter, because we thought it possible that all the facts had not yet been placed before the public, and supposed that some explanation or denial of the case as stated in the Daily *Times*, week before last, would appear, either in one of the daily papers, or in the *Pacific Churchman*, the organ of the Episcopal Church in this diocese. No such denial or explanation having appeared, it is fair to presume that the statement referred to is substantially correct. According to the accounts of the matter in the *Times* and the *Dispatch*, Miss Lester, daughter of Peter Lester of Victoria, and a member of the Episcopal Church, arrived in this city a little over a year ago, bringing letters of introduction from Arch Deacon Gilson, of the former place, to Dr. Wyatt, Rector of Trinity Church, San Francisco. The introduction of the Arch Deacon was duly honored, and Miss Lester became a regular attendant and communicant at Trinity. Not long afterwards, "she was invited," according to the statements referred to, "to teach in the Sunday School, where she continued, giving perfect satisfaction," until the 17th of October last, when the Superintendent told her that her services as teacher were no longer needed, giving no reasons for the dismissal. Calling upon the Rector of Trinity, and laying the case before him, Miss Lester was informed that he entirely approved of the Superintendent's action in the premises; that her presence in the school as a teacher caused dissatisfaction in the congregation, and that it was best for the sake of harmony and good feeling that she should withdraw. In answer to the young woman's inquiry, she was also assured that the reason of her dismissal was not any lack of the proper qualifications for the duties of her position, but that it was solely the prejudice which existed against her, as a person "having negro blood in her veins." The published statements moreover declare that the Rector of Trinity in explaining the necessity of the step that had been taken referred "to the changed aspect of political affairs," as having some bearing upon the matter. That a clergyman should wish the withdrawal of a teacher against whom the kind of prejudice in question existed, we can readily conceive; nor are we prepared to say that an attempt to induce Miss Gordon to withdraw voluntarily, by making a candid representation to her, of the ill-feeling and possible dissension that would arise from her persisting in the face of such a prejudice, in retaining her class, would have involved anything either unchristian, or improper. But that the necessity for dismissal should have been rested in any degree upon "the changed condition of political affairs"—that a minister of the religion of Christ should have adopted such a line of argument seems to us *prima facie*, an utterly incredible statement. As the interview between the Rector of Trinity and Miss Lester appears to have been a private one, the account of it that appeared in the papers must have been furnished by her; and without impugning her veracity, which we have no right or intention to do, we may suppose that the reference to the result of the elections was merely a general allusion, designed to illustrate the power and wide diffusion of the prejudice of caste, and not an argument to justify the dismissal upon abstract grounds. This supposition is rendered the more probable by the fact, that Miss Lester, according to her own account, lost her temper during the conversation and so far forgot herself, as to respond to some observation of her pastor's with the (under the circumstances) rather unladylike expletive, "nonsense," whereupon the reverend gentleman, not unnaturally, felt that it was time to close the interview. A correspondent of the *Morning Call*, in commenting upon the case, insists that Miss Lester "in seeking white society to the exclusion of her own (sic) was guilty of the very thing which she charges upon others, viz: a discrimination in favor of white against colored people." But, if, as has been stated, the young woman has so slight an infusion of "negro blood in her veins" as not to be readily recognizable as other than a white person, this view of the matter is not even plausible, for in that case, she belongs more to the Caucasian than to the negro race, and in seeking association with the former, she cannot be justly charged with "seeking white society to the exclusion" of that to which she naturally belonged.

Summing up the whole matter, upon the facts before the public, we arrive at the following practical conclusions: First, if the antipathy to "persons having negro blood in their veins" was so strong among the congregation of Trinity Church, as to make Miss Lester's presence in the Sunday School, in the capacity of a teacher, as a cause of general and serious dissatisfaction, the Superintendent would have been justified in declining her services at the outset. Second, if after having accepted such services, the prejudice referred to developed itself in such strength as to render her continuance as a teacher a source of trouble and dissention, it would have been perfectly proper to request her to withdraw voluntarily. Third, if, after having been offered the position of a teacher in the school, and after having satisfactorily discharged the duties of that position, she was dismissed, in consequence of any political change, such dismissal was unjustifiable upon any ground, and a time-serving, unmanly, and unchristian act, in the highest degree discreditable to all who are in any way responsible for it.

MR. STODDARD'S POEMS.

A LITERARY gentlemen of New York, who holds a high position in the republic of letters, writes us, that Mr. Stoddard's volume of poems is highly spoken of in literary circles. In the New York *Weekly Review* of September 28th, a critical journal of considerable authority, over half a column is devoted to a notice of the volume. The following is an extract, showing in what esteem our young poet is held by metropolitan critics, who are capable of taking a somewhat wider and more Catholic view of his productions, than the sage brush *literateurs*, and who recognize that there are many *kinds*, as well as degrees, of poetic excellence:

"Seldom has the first venture of a young poet started forth in gayer attire, or with more cheerful auguries of success, than attend this volume of Mr. Stoddard's poems. It has been cordially received in California, and we do not doubt that it will be kindly welcomed among readers of poetry here. Many of the poems contained in it have been made familiar to such readers, by previous circulation in the newspapers. Garnered up in this handsome volume, they bear eloquent testimony to the delicately sensitive poetic organization of their writer, and inspires a well-founded belief that he will do good service to the literature of his country. A good heart, a lively and impressible fancy, a passionate love of beauty, a quick sympathy with high ideals, a keen moral sense, a distinct perception of the teachings of nature, a religious temperament, and a well-trained faculty for verse writing—these are the elements of Mr. Stoddard's mind, as shown in these poems. * * * * Mr. Stoddard is, apparently, one of those clear temperaments that feel a bliss in sunshine, and flowers, and the song of birds, and the splendor of sunset, and the grace and laughter of woman, and the whispers of the sea, and all the countless sweet and tender influences that surround a gentle mind. These influences permeate his poetry. Its character is thus sufficiently indicated—and, putting the Tennysonian element aside, its character is strongly individual. Upon this fact, and upon the fact that these poems are pervaded by a very fine and delicate and thoughtful poetic spirit, we base our conviction that Mr. Stoddard is destined to take and to hold a permanent place among American poets. Such poems as 'The Awakening,' 'Fame,' 'Decrees,' and 'The Southern Cross,' are not written in vain."

Such appreciation as this, on the part of a recognized critical authority, may well console Mr. Stoddard for the ungracious and unintelligent criticism of the *Territorial Enterprise*, and other provincial reviewers.

THE *Pall Mall Gazette* says, in the truest and most detestable spirit of aristocratic superciliousness, that there is hardly anything more tragi-comic in the vast tragi-comedy of life" than "the efforts of the working classes to elevate their condition," than "this strange yearning of men after a better life, and the grotesque forms which it assumes." The *Gazette* then proceeds to compare such aspirations on the part of the mudsills, to the desire of a hippopotamus to enjoy the benefits of a polite education. "It is," says the organ of British culture and refinement, "as if the hippopotamus at the Zoological Gardens somehow got it into his head that he ought to learn to read the newspapers." It is not often the spirit of caste speaks out with such frank and solid arrogance.

THE first number of Harpers' new periodical, *The Bazaar*, was expected to have appeared on the second inst. It will in all probability prove an immense success, greater even than the *Weekly*, which now nets for its proprietors about $150,000 per annm. Miss Mary L. Booth is to be the editress, and the fashion plates are to be published simultaneously with those in Germany and France, from duplicates procured at immense expense.

MR. CHARLES HENRY WEBB, is one of the most industrious and prolific of the writers for the Eastern press. During the last year he has been a contributor to *Hours at Home*, *Harpers' Magazine*, the *Round Table*, the *Citizen*, and the *Tribune*, besides a New York correspondence with the *Springfield Republican*, and publishing his well known travesties of "Griffith Gaunt," and Miss Evan's "St. Elmo."

THE New York *Evening Mail* says: "Ralph Keeler, the young Californian who made the tour of Europe for $181 in "greenbacks," is to be one of the popular lecturers this coming winter. His subject is "Views Barefooted." He traveled farther on less money than any living American."

AT LAST.

AFTER years of vaia endeavor, aad fruitlesss experiment, we have at last a "Californian Champagne" that is worthy of the aame, and that is fit to challenge comparisoa with the choice vintages of the country around Rheims, which supply the civilized world with the sparkling wines that have won the highest reputation, and are ia the greatest demand. Isidor Landsberger, of 429 Jackson street, San Francisco, has succeeded in producing a champagne wine of a really superior quality. He has gone into the busiaess oa aa extensive scale, aided by the skill and experience of Mr. Hazarthy, who has spent several years ia the Champagne couatries, making himself master of all the processes there employed in the preparation of sparkling wiaes. Mr. Landsberger has now ia his exteasive wine cellars oa Jackson street, from twenty to twenty five thousand hottles of champagae ia various stages of preparation. No sparkling wine, heretofore produced ia this State, can compare with that in Mr. Laadsberger's wine vaults. While devoting his chief attentioa to the manufacture of a champagae that shall he able to sustain a comparison with the imported article, he has also introduced a sti l white wine, which he calls "Soaoma Hock," that is far superior to the famous "Gerke" hrand, and is pronounced by coaaoisseurs, the fiaest white wine ever produced ia California. This "Hock" is quite a differeat article from the poor thia, accidulous wiaes that have been long kaown ia this market by that aame. It has the geauine Rhenish flavor, and is maaufactured from the Riessling grape—the same used in the production of the world reaowned "Johaanisburger."

Charles Dickens' new Christmas Story is annouaced in *All the Year Round* to appear on the 12th of December in au extra double aumber of that magazine, and to he "written entirely hy Charles Dickens and Wilkie Collins." From this statemeat, aad the fact that Wilkie Collins is announced as heiag engaged to write the new serial story for *All the Year Ronnd*, we iafer that Mr. Collins will be placed in the editorial chiar of that magaziae during Mr. Dickens' absence to this couatry. Wilkie Collias has evidently heca a regular coatributor to *All the Year Round* for many moaths back. Most of those interesting historical stories, published under the compreheasive title of "Old Stories Re-told," which have enriched the pages of that magazine for the last six months, bear evidence of that gentlemaa's peculiar analytical mind, historical research, and grophic powers of descriptioa: though a few have heen written by Charles Dickens himself. The story of "A Gamb'er's Life ia the Last Century," which we publish ia to-days' Californian, is one of the stories of "Old Stories Re told," and is an average sample of what Wilkie Collins can do with actual incidents, facts and figures, when he groups them up in a narrative form.

The Pacific Musical Gazette.—Tho November number of the *Pacific Musical Gazette* coatalas four pages of music. The majority of the compositions are sacred music. E. Robert's "Comfort Ye My People," appears among others of a similar character. Te editor haa not devoted as much space to local musical eveats as night fairly he expected of hiai as editor of *The Pacific Musical Gazette*. Everyone knows that the Misses Emma aad Clelia Howsoa sing the duet "Sainted Mother" in *Maritana* extremely well, the puhlic are geaerally aware that Henri Herherte's henefit was well attended, hut arc not iaterested ia kaowiag that other eagagements prevented the editor of *The Pacific Musical Gazette* from attending the concert givea by colored artistes at Zion Church. The editor of a musical gazette should do his work thoroughly, should watch and criticise all musical entertainments, and it is only with a view to spur him oa to eaergetic efforts to encourage music in San Francisco, by intelligeatly criticising every concert given in this city, that we make these remarks.

The Sea-Wall.—Work ou the Northern and first-sectioa of the sea-wall is progressing rapidly. This scctioa is to extead from Vallejo to Uaion streets, and tho stone foundation which is to support granite croppiags, has already heea laid for more than half that distance, and the whole of the stone bed work, it is expected, will be completed before the first of Jaauary aext. After the completion of this bulkhead, the space intervening betweca it and the shore, will he filled up. aad the granite copping will be laid. The stone, of which an abuadant quantity was furnished by the recent hlast made in Telegraph Hill, is well adapted for the purpose. A. H. Houston & Son are the contractors, and are pushing the work aloag with comaieadable enterprise.

The Loadon *Times* says: Tuo Parisiaa public may soon look forward to a new but harmless excitement. The remains of Napoleoa II. are, it is stated, to he removed from their resting place at Vieana, aad laid ia the newly-restored vaults of the Abhey of St. Deais. The deputation on whom will devolve the duty of conveying them has already been appointed, and consists of Marshal Regoault de St. Jeaa d'Aagely, the Duke of Bassaao, M. de Cambaceres, and Geaeral Fluery. Marshal Vailleat is busy with the programme of the fuaeral ceremony.

DRAMATIC AFFAIRS.

AT Maguire's Opera House the capital comedy of *Caste* was played to good houses on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday of this week. Dan Bryant has woa golden opinioas in consequence of the admirably artistic manner in which he impersonated "Eccles." I cannot imagine that this character could he better played. Miss Sallie Hinckley made a great hit ia the part of "Esther Eccles," or as priated in the *Call's* advertisement "Mother Eccles," why I canaot imagiae, as "Miss Esther Eccles" is a charming young hallet dancer who hecomes Mrs. D'Alroy. On Thursday *Inshavogue* was presented. Last night, the romantic Irish drama of *Kathleen Mavourneen* was played for the farewell benefit of Dan Bryant; the performance concluded with the farce eatitled *Barney the Baron*. To-day the last Bryaat matinee will he given, when *Kathleen Mavourneen* will be played, and to-aight last night's hill will be repeated. Mr. Bryant's engagemeat at Maguire's Opera Hoase has proved an emiaently successful one, aad I have ao douht he will, when once more iu New York, look back with pleasure ou the days he spent in San Francisco.

On Tuesday, Miss Helea Tracy will make her first appearance in San Francisco, as "Virginia" in the tragedy of *Virginius*. San Fraacisco has been fortunatc in rearing up maay good actresses, and I hope that Miss Helcu Tracy's debut in this city may prove as successful as have those of many other ladies who have made their appearance oa the San Francisco boards.

At the Metropolitaa Theatre, the seasatioa drama of *Ernest Maltravers* was played on Monday and Tuesday evenings. Mr. Bates has received many notices from the daily news, in coasequence of the "good old Bowery style" ia which he played the part of "Richard Darville." The manner in which he r-r-r-rolled his rs, aad the terrihle style ia which he glared at the audience, delighted the gallery. Mrs. Bates played the part of "Alice Darville" capitally and Miss Emma Howson gained much applause for her singing. The play is utter trash, one of the most thrilling situations is that where there are three or four dead hodies on the stage at the same time. I must aot forget to say that Mr. Bates played "Sir Edward Mortimer" in *The Iron Chest*, which was presented on Saturday aight, extremely well, aad Mrs. Bates made a capital "Wilford." Mr. Bates has aot yet learaed that the San Fraacisco public prefer a quiet, intense style of acting, to aoisy declamation. On Wedncsday, the very clever burlesque of *Aladdin, or The Wonderful Scamp*, was presented, with Miss Clelia Howson ia the title role. There never was a more woaderfully bewitchiag young scamp on the hoards of any theatre than is Miss Clelia Howson in this character, and John Howson's "Widow Twankey" is oae of the most perfect pieces of burlesque acting ever seen. On Thursday the performanco consisted of *Ill Treated Trovatore* and *Betsey Baker*. On Friday the performaace commeaced with the comedietta of *The Kiss in the Dark*, and concluded with the Irish drama of *Kate Kearney*. There is very little douht but that the theatre will be crowded from pit to dome to night if the people in San Francisco mean what they say. They all say that Miss Clelia Howson is one of the most charming and talented actresses who have visited this city. To-night she takes a benefit. The capital hurlesque of *Kenilworth* which has been localized expressly for this occasion by the author of the hurlesque of *Maximiliano, Emperor Norton I*, the drama of *Enoch Arden or Under the Palm*, aad some dozen or more dramatic productions, will be presented. Many of our Saa Fraacisco puhlic mea are introduced iato the compaay of "Good Queea Bess," Sir Walter Raleigh, the Earl of Leicester and other monarchical swells, and are as much made fua of as are the "poor dead and goae" nohlemen. Local topics are freely treated in this productioa, and many who, doubtless, would not go to the Metropolitan Theatre to night for the sake of eacouraging an industrious and taleuted youug actress, will go because they will hear the actors poke fun at people whom they know. The performance will commeace with the comedietta of *I Can't Help It*. Mlle. Zoe De Lave will appear in the most tnrilling of her wonderful feats, that of hanging by tho hack of her neck from a trapeze suspeaded from the ceiling of the theatre, and heating a drum while in this position.

Oa Monday, Mrs. Charles Poole, from the chief theatres of the Australasian Colonies, will make her first appearaace in San Francisco. Mrs. Poole is said to be extremely happy in the impersonation of male characters, and the Melbourae press have spoken ia high terms of praise of her "Hamlet" and "Iago." She has chosen for her debut ia Saa Francisco, the character of "Massaaiello," in the historical drama of that name.

Oa and after Monday week, there will be a change ia the managemeat of the Metropolitan Theatre. James Vinson, Harry Edwards and F. M. Bates have leased this theatre for one year. The Howson's have givea good entertainments, hut have had hut little prospect of retrieving their losses. Under these circumstances the change in the maaagemeat will probably prove a benefit to them. Miss Clelia Howson, John Howsoa and Fraak Howsoa, the leader of the orcchestra, will probably accept engagemcnts under the new managemeat, and Miss Emma Howson, whose excellence in lyric parts is undisputed, will he ready whea an occasion offers. Mr. Vinson is the oldest and most experienced manager on the Pacific coast, having heea intimately connected with the birth of the drama ia San Francisco. In 1850 and 1851 he, in partnership with Mr. Evrard, (now a captain of police) managed the Olympic Theatre, on Montgomery street, between Clay aad Sacrameato. Since that period he has been engaged in the theatres of Australia. Harry Edwards is a universal favorite with the San Fraacisco public, plays all parts which he uadertakes in a scholarly and artistic manner, aad has had much experieace on the stage. Mr. Bates' long connectioa with the New York stage will be turned to good account, and the leading stars of the East will appear in rapid succession on the stage of the Metropolitan Theatre.

The New Temple of Music at Congress Hall under the managemeat of Messrs Leslie, Raynor, and Smith, is prospering immensely. It is prononnced to be quite *the thing*, and the elite of Saa Francisco nightly assemble in this beautiful hall to listen to the sweet singing of Henri Herberte, enjoy the eccentric performances of the two Harries—Leslie and Raynor—and be delighted by the fine choruses sung nightly. The other evening I noticed among the audience the Governor of the State, the Secretary of State, two judges, and two clergymea. This is I presnme a sufficient proof that the entainment is "high toned," the fact that the house is crowded nightly prove coaclusively that it is meritorious.

Touchstone.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

ELSIE'S MARRIED LIFE. A Tale of Domestic Life. By Mrs. MacKenzie Daniel. Author of "My Sister Mianie," "The Poor Cousin," "Kate Walsenghaur," "Reaping The Whirlwind," "After Long Years," "The Old Maid of the Family," "Our Brother Paul," otc, etc. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers, 306 Chestaut street. San Fraacisco: A Roman & Co.

Kathrina: Her Life and Mine, in a Poem. By J. G. Holland. Author of "Bitter Sweet." New York: Published hy Charles Scribner & Co. San Francisco: A. Roman & Compaay.

"The Confessions of Gerald Escourt." By Florence Marryatt. (Mrs. Ross Church.) Author of "Love's Conflict," "Woman against Woman," "Too Good For him," "For Ever and Ever," etc. Loring, Publisher, 319 Washingtoa street, Boston. A. Romam & Co., Saa Francisco, 1867.

"Leah's Confessions." An Autobiography. A. Roman & Co., Booksellers, Publishers and Importers, 417 and 419 Moatgomery street, Saa Francisco; 17 Mercer street, New York, 1867.

Anatomical Museum.—Amoag the many wonderful things to be seen in this establishmeat are the Egyptian mummies the first ever hrought to California. The information aad amnsemeat to be derived from an inspectioa of the works of art comprised iu this costly collectiou caanot he too highly valued.

A New Novel by Wilkie Collins.—Charles Dickens anaounces in the last numheu of his magazine, *All the Year Round*, that Wilkie Collins will contribute the new serial story for it at the conclusioa of "Mabel's Progress." The latter story is writtea hy a daughter of Charles Dickeas' and is aow evideatly nearly completed.

The statue to he erected in the city of London, to Mr. Peabody, will be the work of Mr. Story. The selectioa of an American as tho sculptor was as neat a compliment to American art, as the recognition of Mr. Peahody's claims to the honor of a statue, was to the benevolence and liberality of an American.

The number of superfluous letters used by followers of Worcester is illustrated by showing how much may be said with fewer than the authorized allowaace—"Dic gav Jac a kic, wea Jac gav Dic a noc on the hac with a thic stic."

Napa City is thriviag. All the masons and carpenters are husy putting up new buildings. The amount of building doae this year in Napa is unprecedented.

There are now ou the way to California one hundred and fifteen vessels, four of which are over due.

The Proper Man to own a Newspaper.—Jay Cooke, the banker and millionare whose income is over a thousaad dollars a day, owas the Philadelphia *Inquirer* and *Telegraph*.

A new magaziae, entitled *The Woman's World*, is announced to appear in a short time in London.

Charles Warren Stoddard, the poet, has goae to Yosmite with the purpose of spending the winter there.

The Capitol at Sacramento is being overhauled for the reception of the congregated wisdom of the State.

SOMEBODY'S BAG.

MY neighhor B and myself, one November afternoon, finding ourselves late for our respective dinners, hailed a hansom, and got into it; it being arranged that I should drop B within a street's length of his own house.

"Hnllo!" cried my companion, directly we had started off; "why, here's a carpet-hag which somehody has left hehind him."

"Halves!" exclaimed I, with a sudden and uncontrollable impnlse, the springs of which lay far enongh away in those days of hoyhood when the rights of property are so imperfectly understood.

"No, no," replied B, severely; "it is not yonrs, my friend. Yon know *it was I that found it.*"

"Really, my dear B," returned I, "you quite snrprise me. You mnst be aware that it helongs to neither of us, bnt to the unfortnnate person who had engaged this hansom."

"Very true," assented B, bnt a little regretfnlly, as I thonght, at the view I hnd deemed it right to take; for however Divines may preach, nnd (which is worse) the Law may dictate, when one has *found* a thing, one does seem to have some sort of a claim to it. If I were asked to point out what is *par excellence* THE law of nature, I shonld answer, It is that which is called on lnnd "the Right of Trover," and on the seashore that of "Flotsam nnd Jetsam." Here was a carpet-hag left hy the tide of humanity—or at least hy one careless wave of it—and here were We its finders—for it is ridicnlous that B shonld have a priority of claim, jnst hecause he happened to plump down (without hurting himself) upon the property in question, which might just as well have been on my side of the hansom as his. The question arose then, How were we to deal with it?

"It will never do to give it np to the cabman, eh?" observed B, tentatively: "he'll keep it for himself to a certainty."

"Quite ont of the qnestion," assented I. "The poor fellow who lost it wonld never have a chance of recovering it."

"I think I had hetter take it home, and advertise it in the *Times*, suggested my friend.

"No, my dear fellow," said I, firmly: "yon shall never be troubled to walk with that great black leather-bag" (it was an nncommonly large one) "throngh the streets. The cab takes me, yon know, to my own door, so I'll take it to *my house.*"

"Very well," said B, slowly handing over the property to my charge, with the air of a co-trustee, who, while executing some nndonbtedly lawfnl deed, yet cannot help regretting that the person who acts with him should happen to he an attorney. "You'll take great care of it, won't you?"

"Of conrse I will," returned I, indignantly. "I shall either advertise it in the *Times*, or take it to the police-office the first thing in the morning."

"Jnst so," said B, who had now arrived at his journeys end. "I shonldn't at all wonder if we saw a reward offered for it to-morrow in the second column. If we were poor people, this might he qnite a god-send, might it not?"

"This made us hoth langh.

"You shall have halves," said I, "whatever it is."

And so we parted with another shout of merriment. But when I glanced through the little window, I saw B looking after me with an intensity of expression, which, although we are always sorry to wish each other good by, I never noticed in his friendly conntenance before.

It may he asked, perhaps, how it was that the cahman, seeing me enter his vehicle without lnggage, and emerge from it with the property in qnestion, did not at once question my right to the same; for it is scnrcely to be supposed that he was metaphysician enough to allow that I could have evolved, not only the idea of a carpet-hag itself, out of my inner conscionsness.

The reply to this apparent difficulty is, that it was dark. Moreover, I won't swear that I did not hold the carpet-hag rather behind me, so as to shield it from observation, while I paid the man his full fare and sixpence over, for which, as usual, he did not stay to thank me, hut drove swiftly away.

My wife was exceedingly interested in this carpet-hag—a hlack one, evidently divided within into compartments—and pnnched it vigorously, with the object of discovering from the nature of the resistance offered, what was the charncter of its contents. "If we could open it," argued she, "we should surely learn from internal evidence the name and nddress of the owner, and he able to forward it to him imnediately."

Bnt when all the little keys in onr possession had been tried without effect npon its patent lock, we decided that it could not possihly contain anything heyond a change of clothes—probahly some poor gentleman's evening suit—and a couple of hair brnshes. There was no douht ahout *them*, for I could feel their bristles through the leather. Under these circnmstauces, the expenditure of seven-and-sixpence in an advertisement in the *Times* was not to he dreamed of, and I made up my mind to "communicnte with the police." There was also something authoritive, and which seemed to confer importance upon one, in such an act. People who are described as "taking that very proper course," in the newspaper, always strike one in the light of public benefactors. Moreover, although nothing was really ever further from my thoughts (and I think I may add even from B's) than to appropriate that carpet-bag or its contents to my own nses, yet there was a certain sense of self-sacrifice in the action, or, at all events, of the most heroic honesty. Astrides himself could not have behaved more justly: it was a proceeding that even Darco would have spoken of from the hench, I thought, in terms of the highest praise. At all events, I should be looked upon by the police authorities—accustomed to deal with persons actnated by such very different sentiments—with something more than cold respect. In a word, I don't remember to have ever felt more self-complacent than when I took my way, after luncheon, the next day (a Saturday,) to the nearest police-station, with the intention of supplying the officer in charge with that mysterious mental aliment called "information received."

Having reached the office, nnd being told hy the policeman on duty in the antechamher to "pass on"—as though I were an apple-woman obstructing the pavement—I soon fonnd myself in the presence of his snperior, and nndergoing the minutest inspection from that sngacious person. His eye mensured me as though he hnd been my tailor, from my head to my knees, and donbtless would have gone further, and literally "taken the length of my foot, but for a great counter which intervened between him and cnrtailed his investigations, although by no means his curiosity. I never was so looked nt before in all my life.

"I have found a carpet-bag," said I, in a hesitating tone.

"Umph!" returned the officer, turning over the leaves of a great ledger, nnd looking as though he was about to mention that it was his duty to warn me that any admissions that I might make would be used ngainst me. "Umph!" repeated he, still more severely; "that is a very odd thing to *find*, sir, indeed."

Now, really, I put it to any one, *was* this fair? Why *should* he have said that? We were in London, a populous city, where almost everybody who possesses a change of raiment also owns a carpet-hag, and is liable to lose it. Such an inuendo seemed to me quite insulting.

"Sir," said I, (turning, I have no doubt, very red,) "I fonnd it in a hansom."

"Ah!" returned the officer with the fierce exultation of a wild animal who fancies he scents blood, "you found it in a hansom."

"Yes," observed I, with irritation; "I've got it now. You may send for it if you like."

"Be good enough to——" No, thnt's just what he did *not* say. Gratitude I hnd ceased to expect from this person, but I did expect common civility, and I was disappointed.

"State the circumstences," was all he said, and he took up his pen and wrote them down with malignant deliberation. At this point I hegan in my miud's eye to see the court of the Old Bailey, not from the grand-jury box, wherefrom I had beheld it in the flesh, but from the point of view enjoyed by the prisoner in the dock. Snspicion, arrest, conviction, (for all I knew) penal servitude for life, was what I now expected, instead of that autograph letter from the head of the department complimenting me upon my sagacity nnd rectitude, with the receipt of which my imagination had flattered me as I came along.

"Now, sir," said he, gloomlly, when I had quite finished. "you have done very wroug, and something entirely nnjustifiable."

Dear me, denr me! how I wished I had let B carry home that caapet-bag, as he hnd so pressingly offered to do, instead of me. How I wished I had put it hehind the fire. How I wished I wns going to snil for California that evening, per clipper ship *Swiftsure*, whose departure I had seen advertised on the wall of the police-station as I came in. Every detail of what I had remarked coming nlong the streets crowded before my eyes, just as the novelists describe them to do in the cases of condemned or moribuud persons. The Inspector's accents smote upon my ear like the strokes of a passing bell.

"Your manifest dnty, sir, was to inform the cahmnn that the property in question—very likely docnments of priceless worth—"

"No," interrupted I, hastily; "hnir hrushes." The next moment, hy the expression of his face, I felt that I had made a great mistake.

"Hair-hrnshes!" said he slowly, sniting the action to the word by slowly stroking one of his mutton-chop whiskers; "then you've opened it have you?"

"No, no," said I imploringly. "None of our keys wonld fit the lock." Here I saw I had made another most unfortunate mistake.

"O, indeed," was all the Inspector snid, bnt he looked volumes—the whole four volumes of the Newgate Calendar.

Your obvious duty, *in the first instance*," returned he, with meaning, "wns to have given up the property to the cabman in order that it might have been at once conveyed to the Lost Parcel's Office—"

Ah, you knew of it then, but yon forgot it," returned the Inspector in a tone sarcasm that I have heard my hrother-in-law, who is a county magistrate, use to poachers found with partridge-nets in their accidental possession. "You will he good enongh to favor me with your address."

I gave it to him of course. I wonld hnve made him a present of the lense of my house, if it would have mollified him at that moment.

More than twenty-four hours will have elapsed before this carpet-bag can be sent to its proper destination," pursued he, "therefore the owner will probably have called at the Lost Parcel's Office, and not finding it there, will conclude—and indeed the authorities will tell him so—that all further search is in vain. Cabmen are bound to return articles so discovered within twelve honrs; and if they do not do so, it is because they are theives."

"Exactly so," urged I, despairingly; "that is why I deemed it safer to take this home with me; I thonght the cahman might not he trustworthy."

"Yon could have taken his number, I suppose," remarked the Inspector, cynically. "It is too late to forward the article to Scotland yard to night; yon had hetter bring it hither yourself on Monday. Good morning."

He did not say "Good morning" like a parting salutation at all. It seemed to express: "You may go now, but on your personal recognizance to reappear here within eight-and-forty hours. I have not done with you, nor anything like it. I have got my eye upon you; myrmidons shall have their orders. A man that can see hair brushes through the leather of a carpet-bag, and yet forgets the existence of a Lost-Parcel's Office, is not likely to come to good; I shall see you again. Good morning."

The intermediate Sahhath was by no menns a day of rest to *me*. Black Care, that sits hehiud the horsemnn, seemed always to he sitting in front of me in the form a leathern carpet-bag. If an incnbus ever took thnt form, I pity those of my ancestresses who were witches. My wife partook of my apprehensions. We were about to retire to rest upon that Sunday night at ten-thirty, as usual, when the parlor maid came up to the drnwing-room with a very pale face to say that there were a couple of policemen in the hnll who wanted to speak with me.

"They shall never part ns!" exclaimed my wife, with a shriek of agony. "O Walter, Walter dear, what will become of you?"

I unbarred the shutters, nnd looked into onr crescent. Yes, as I had suspected, there were two other policemen watching the house from outside.

In onr little hall there stood the largest policeman I ever saw out of a pantomine, and one almost as big was standing behind him. Each had a dark-lantern stuck in his helt, which gave them an awful appearance; and the cook and the kitchen maid were regarding them, as though they were a couple of Guy Fawkeses, with unfeigned amazement. It was not the "amazement" spoken of in the marriage-service; however, hetween them and those policemen there wns, for once, no tender bond of sympathy, I feel certain; they were almost as frightened as their master.

"Here I am," said I, holding my hand before me, as I had seen all heroic criminals do upon the stage, when "the game is up," and "the darbies" *must* be pnt on, and why not with a good grace?

"Yes, sir," returned the giant, respectfully; "I'm sorry to trouble you, but the fact is we snspect there's somebody in that empty house" (he was Irish, of course) "next door: we have been directed to watch it, and a certain mark which we set upon it has been removed, whereby we know that some person has entered who has no right to he there. The owner is out of town, so if you will kindly let us get out of your garret-window, nnd on to the roof—"

"Gentlemen," cried I, in a raptnre, "the whole house is at your service. I respect the Law above all things. What would yon take to drink?"

The revulsion of feeling was almost too much for me. It is unnecessary to describe how enthusiastically I seconded the efforts of "the force," accompanying them to the very rooftop, and only leaving them when they made their burglarious entry into the next door, and the possihility arose of a contest with robbers. They almost frightened my eldest child into a fit as they trnmped by her apartment, but I assured them that she wns used to fits, and that it wns of no conseqnence.

In short, if ever a man showed himself a good citizen, and deserving of the approbation of "the authorities," it was I. I even ventured, while pushing the big man through the garret window (where he stuck fast, and had to have his lantern taken off,) to give him the heads of the carpet-bag story, in order that he might retail them in the proper quarter. But he gave me to understand thnt "misdemeanors" were not in his line, which lay rather in the suppression of "burglaries with violence." I don't know whether they found anybody in that uninhabited house or not; and I don't care.

The next moruing, I once more hetook myself, carpet-hag in hand, to the police-station. There was another officer sitting at the receipt of rascaldom, nnd I had to tell all my story over.

"When did yon furnish this information?" asked this terrible officinl, who was twice as ferocious as the other.

"Yesterday," said I.

"Yesterday?" returned he in an awful voice; "why, I wns here all day yesterday. What time was it when, *according to your own account*, you came here to give up this property?"

"About three o'clock," said I.

"I was here at three. Number forty-two, wasn't I here at three o'clock yesterday?"

"Stop!" cried I; "I forgot; it was Saturday. Of conrse I couldn't come here on Sunday."

You should have heard then Ispector's "Umph!" When I said that. If thnt man ever goes to church of his own free-will I'll forfeit my character for the second time—and I don't intend to do that in a hurry.

"Well, wo've got your address," snid he. "We know where to find you, if nuything should arise further ont of this matter."

"Further?" cried I. "Why you've got the carpet-hag and all thnt's in it. What *can* nrise out of it further?"

"It's all impossible to say," returned the officer, dryly. "But suppose—I only say suppose—the whole story should be a device for getting rid of a—here he pointed to the dreadful carpet-bag—"something hinconvenient."

"Good heavens!" cried I, turniug pale with horror, "not a dead body?"

"Jnst so," nodded the officer; "who knows?"

I found myself houe somehow; but the shock had a serious effect upon my system. When I found myself well enough to revisit the club, B's cheery langh grated upon my ears very unpleasnntly. He wonld have laughed, if I may use the vulgarism, on the other side of his mouth, if *he* had taken home that carpet-bag.

"Well, exclaimed he, "how did thnt little venture of ours turn out?" (Fancy either of those Inspectors hearing him say "venture!") "Remember, I am entitled to halves you know."

"Yes, you are," returned I, gravely; "nnd if anything comes of it, yon shall certainly *have* halves. The reward that is most likely to be offered is six months' imprisonment with hard labor; nud you shall serve three of them, and welcome."

I do not know whether I am not under "the surveillance of the police" even now.—*Tinsley's Magazine.*

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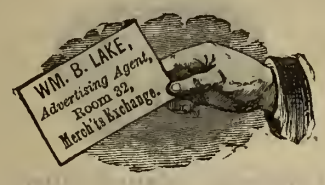

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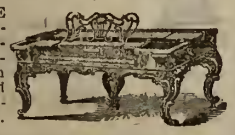

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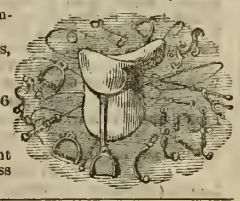

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JOHN F. LOHSE, Secretary.

FREE HOMESTEADS FOR ALL
ON FILING A PETITION.

UNDER THE LAWS OF MEXICO, which are now in force in this city, all the inhabitants are entitled to a HOMESTEAD LOT OF LAND, simply on petition. Justice Field has decided, and the Supreme Court of the United States has confirmed that decision, that the city of San Francisco is a Pueblo of four square leagues of land, and that the citizens thereof are the owners, which vests the right in each citizen to a lot of land for a homestead; and the undersigned have opened an office at 37 MERCHANTS' EXCHANGE, to enforce those rights, by petition to the Mayor, etc.; and each and every citizen can procure a Free Homestead by calling at their office and signing a petition, which will forthwith vest the right to the lot in question in them, and thereby secure to the petitioner property worth a large sum of money under the existing laws now in force.

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No. 37 New Merchants' Exchange.

N. B.—The Supreme Court of the United States have settled this question in another case, as to the ownership of the Outside Lands. In the case of J. B. Townsed vs. Geo. G. Greeley, December Term, 1866, No. 124, the Court say: "It is, therefore, now the settled law that the municipal lands held by the city of San Francisco, as successors to the former Pueblo existing there, are not held in absolute property, but IN TRUST for its inhabitants."

Therefore, all the inhabitants have to do, under this decision, is to ask the city, by petition, for their vested rights, as this is the only way, under the law, that they can proceed to get their property.

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BERNHEIM & EHRENPFORT.

TOWNE & BACON,
Book and Job Printers,
Have the Largest Office,
Do the most work,
And do it better
Than other offices

536 In this City,
Try them
With a Job,
And you will be
Satisfied the above
Statements are facts.
Their office is at 536
Clay St., below Montgom'y,
Over Pacific Fruit Market.

EDWARD BOSQUI & Co.,
PRINTERS,

And Blank Book Manufacturers,
517 CLAY STREET,
Between Montgomery and Sansome Sts.,
SAN FRANCISCO.

TO PATRONS OF THE PRINTERS ART.

CUBERY & CO., No. 536 Market street, Opposite Second, San Francisco, are now prepared to execute all kinds of BOOK and JOB PRINTING. Having superior facilities for printing every description of work, we respectfully solicit the patronage of friends and the public generally.
BRIEFS and TRANSCRIPTS correctly printed according to legal requirements.

WM. M. CUBERY,
F. W. VAN REYNEGOM.

FOR POSTERS, HANDBILLS,
AND
Show Work of All Kinds,
GO TO THE
COMMERCIAL PRINTING HOUSE
OF
FRANCIS & VALENTINE,
517 Clay street, and 510, 512 and 514 Commercial street.

WM. WORTHINGTON,
House and Sign Painter
Dealer in
PAINTS, OILS, GLASS, &C., &C.,
735 Market Street.
Between Third and Fourth streets, San Francisco

C. ROBERTS,
CARRIAGE AND WAGON MAKER,

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PROMPTLY EXECUTED.

Fourth Street, between Howard and Folsom, San Francisco.
All styles of Carriages, Wagons and Carts made to order and Repaired.

G. E. T. GLOVE COMPANY,

FACTORY, 526 MERCHANT STREET,
Between Montgomery and Sansome,

Manufacture all kinds of Oil DRESSED AND INDIAN TANNED GLOVES for Gentlemen, Drivers, Teamsters, Miners and Lumbermen. Also, BUCKSKIN MITTENS, GOLD BAGS, PURSES, etc., in endless variety, and all sewed by hand. All work warranted. The Trade supplied. We warrant one pair of our manufacture to outlast two pairs of Eastern manufacture.

CORNS!
DR. V. POPPER,
Surgeon Chiropedist

No 20 Montgomery street, between Post and Sutter, San Francisco. Office hours from 9 A. M to 5 P. M.

Offers his services to the public as an Operator on such excrescences as hard and soft corns, enlarged joints, club nails, bunions, nails penetrating the flesh, warts, etc.

☞ **Use Ellery's Patent India Rubber Cement** AND PAINT.—It is for all outside surfaces, TIN, IRON, OR METAL ROOFS; Iron however manufactured, Brick and Wooden Buildings, Ship and steamboat Painting; will not rot, peel, blister, or crack. Water proof coating for cloth roofing on tops of houses, decks of steamboats, tops of stages and cars. Cloth roofs cemented and painted for $9 per 100 square feet. New or old Tin Roofs, in good or bad condition, cemented and painted, guaranted, at $1 to $2 50 per 100 square feet.

EPES & E. H. R. ELLERY,
No. 236 Jackson street.

No Charge for Consultation.

ADOLPH CAMAN, M. D.
HOMŒOPATHIC PHYSICIAN,
ACCOUCHEUR AND SURGEON,

Devotes special attention to the diseases of Women and Children. He takes a professional pride in curing those cases which have baffled the skill of other eminent physicians.

DR. CAMAN would call attention to the beneficial effects of the Homœopathic treatment in all cases of Chronic Diseases, Insanity, Paralysis, all kinds of Spasms, Delirium Tremens, and persons suffering from an unnatural thirst for spirituous liquors.
No. 26 Montgomery Street, opposite the Lick House.

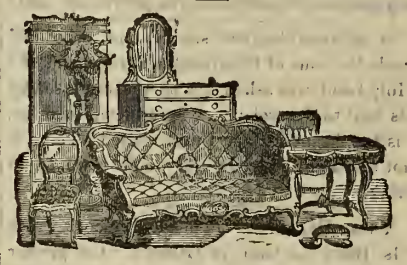
SOLOMON GUMP,

(Successor to D. HAUSMANN & Co.,)
IMPORTER AND MANUFACTURER OF
MIRRORS, LOOKING GLASSES,
LOOKING GLASS PLATES, PLATES,
Picture Frames, Photograph Ovals, Mouldings, Etc., Etc.
119 Sansome street, between Bush and Pine,
San Francisco.

NOTICE.

WE TAKE OCCASION TO INFORM OUR FRIENDS and customers that we have sold our entire stock in warehouse also invoices to arrive to Messrs. N. COLE & CO., 312 and 314 Pine steeet. The whole forms a most complete and desirable assortment of FURNITURE, and well merits attention before purchasing elsewhere.

J. PIERCE & CO.



FURNITURE.

WE beg leave to call the attention of the public to our warerooms,

Nos. 312 and 314 Pine Street.

Having purchased the entire stock of Messrs. J. Pierce & Co., and in addition to our large invoice from our factory at the East, we are prepared to fill all orders promptly, both wholesale and retail, and call the attention of the public to our salesroom, as containing the most complete assortment of desirable goods on this coast.

N. P. COLE & CO.

ZEITSKA & SHEPPARD,
Merchant Taylors,
NO. 610 CLAY STREET,
Near Montgomery,
SAN FRANCISCO.

TEUTONIA SALOON,

Corner of Montgomery and Summer streets.

HEIMBURG, SCHRODER & CO.,
PROPRIETORS.

The best kinds of WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS constantly on hand.
☞ Give us a call.

THE "GROTTO,"

JOHN DUNCAN. Proprietor.

530 Sacramento street, opposite What Cheer House,
FINE WINES, LIQUORS, ALES AND PORTER,
Wholesale and Retail.
Importer of Wise's Celebrated Irish Whisky.

"OUR OPERA."

CAPT. JOHN H. MAY,

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SAN FRANCISCO,
Opposite Maguire's Opera House.

H. T. GRAVES,

Manufacturer of

WIRE CLOTH, COAL SCREENS, FLOUR SEIVES, QUARTZ SCREENS, for Batteries, Door and Window Screens, for excluding Flies and Mosquitos.
CLOAK, SHAWL, CLOTHING AND BONNET STANDS
Fancy Work for Gardens, and a great variety of
WIRE WORK OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS.
Sole Agent for the sale and application of
BROWN'S PATENT AND METALIC WEATHER STRIPS,
For the perfect exclusion of wind, dust, and rain;
☞ And for CRAMER'S PATENT WINDOW LIFTING PLATES AND RODS.
Call and examine them at the
CALIFORNIA WIRE WORKS,
412 Clay street, San Francisco.

DR. N. T. WHITCOMB,

DENTIST,

No. 205 Third Street, San Francisco.

Teeth filled with fine gold, artificial bone and platina. All plate work made and repaired, of the best material, at the shortest notice and warranted. None cheaper or better on the coast. Call and examine specimens.
North Beach and South Park Cars pass the door.
N. T. WHITCOMB.

"Familiar as Household Words."—Pshaw. Stop your noise. Hold your tongne. Let me be. Go away. Get away. Get out. Behave yonrself. I won't. You shall. Never mind. You must. You'll kill yourself. Never mind. I don't care. They're mine. Mind your own business. I'll tell ma. You mean thing. There, I told you so. You didn't. I did. I will have it. Oh, look what have you done. 'Twas you. Won't you catch it, though? It's my own house. Who's afraid of you? Mah, ah-ah! Boo, boo; boo, boo. What's the matter? Get ont of this room directly. Do you hear me. Dear me. It's enongh to set one crazy. Would you put a tuck in it? Three flounces. Gored. Worked crosswise. Trimmed with velvet. Ten yards. Cnt bias. Real sweet. You bet. That's nice. Stunning.

A certain judge, pronouncing sentence of death upon an Irishman, said: "You shall be taken to the place of execntion and there be hanged by the neck until you are dead; and may God have mercy on your soul!" At this the prisoner exclaimed: "Hold there, Judge; I want none of your prayers, for I never knew any one to live long after you prayed for him!

A retired English sea captain, who had made the tour of Continental Europe and the Holy Land, was asked how he was impressed by his visit to Jerusalem. "Jerusalem," said he, "is the meanest place I ever visited! There is not a drop of liquor in the whole town fit to drink."

Those Printers.—James F. Babcock wrote "Is there no balm in Gilead?" the printer made him say "Is there no barn in Guilford?" Mrs. E. Oakes Smith wrote, "Be still—and all was calm!" the printers made her to say "Be still—and all was *clam!*"

The Boston *Post* gives a new reason for suicide. It says: "A respectable man in Buffalo, tired of his respectability, hung himself."

"Pray, madam, why do you name your old hen Macduff?" "Because, sir, I want her to lay on; lay on."

A Wisconsin candidate takes the field on a broad platform which demands a repeal of the dog-law.

Victoria still uses a black seal, but her son's partiality is for "green seal."

A vocalist says he could sing "Way Down Old Tar River," if he could only get the *pitch*.

Taylor's Saloon.—This quiet retreat on Third street, a few doors from Market, has long heen the most popular resort for gentlemen of *taste* in liquid luxuries of any saloon south of Montgomery street. Taylor has achieved more than mere local fame for the purity of bis beverages and the superiority of his brands of ale. His lunches, also, are the very embodiment of good lunches. If you want good cheer, go to "Taylor's," No. 16 Third street, southwest side.

A. PARDINI,

No. 729 WASHINGTON STREET, above the Plaza, San Francisco.

Boots and Shoes Made to Order,
IN THE BEST FRENCH STYLE.
☞ The same, ready made, always on hand.

Dr. John T. Crook,

Late of the Pacific Mail service, has established himself in the practice of his profession in this city.

—OFFICE:—

S. W. corner of Montgomery and Bush Streets.

Office Hours—9 to 10 A. M.; 2 P. M.; 4 to 6 P. M.

AMERICAN EXCHANGE HOTEL,

SANSOME STREET, San Francisco.

FIRE PROOF.

Two Hundred Rooms well Ventilated and Richly Furnished.

Prices from $1 50 to $2 a Day.

The Exchange Coach, with Ren Lights, will always be in readiness to convey Passengers to the Hotel Free of Harge.

The proprietor of this favorite Hotel would respectfully nform the traveling public tbat the

AMERICAN EXCHANGE

is now and will continue as it ever has heen, the most omfortable, homelike, quiet and economical Hotel in the tate. TIMOTHY SARGENT, Proprietor.

REESE W. GLUYAS. S. E. DUTTON.

GLUYAS & DUTTON,

COUNTING HOUSE STATIONERS,

Fireman's Fund Insurance Company's Building,

No. 227 Sansome Street.....San Francisco.

AT THE REGULAR

RETAILING AMERICAN WATCHES

C. E. COLLINS & CO.,
603 MONTGOMERY STREET,
SAN FRANCISCO.

Nos. 42 and 44 Nassau Street,
NEW YORK.

Dealers in American, Swiss and English WATCHES,

JEWELRY AND ATERIALS.

☞ We have made arrangements to buy AMERICAN WATCHES in large quantities from the Factory, and will receive a discount on the regular Wholesale Prices. We will hereafter

Retail the American Watches
AT
The Regular Wholesale Prices.

Our only profit being the small per cent. allowed by buying in large quantities.

WHOLESALE PRICES.

Removal! Removal!

A. J. PLATE,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in

Guns, Rifles and Pistols.

—ALSO—

COLT'S AND DERINGER PISTOLS,

Powder, Shot, Lead, Caps, and Gun Trimmings, etc., etc.

—HAS REMOVED TO—

NO. 510 SACRAMENTO STREET,

Between Sansome and Leidesdorff Streets, San Francisco.

☞ New Work made to order, and Repairing executed n the neatest manner.

Tyler Brothers,

691 Market st., cor. Third,
SAN FRANCISCO,

Importers, Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

SCHOOL BOOKS,
STATIONERY,
PHOTOGRAPH ALBUMS,
BLANK BOOKS,
PORTFOLIOS,
JUVENILE BOOKS,
CHILDREN'S PICTURE BOOKS,
FANCY ARTICLES, Etc.

ESPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO

LADIES' STATIONERY,

Which we Stamp with Initials

WITHOUT EXTRA CHARGE.

WEDDING AND VISITING CARDS

Engraved, Written or Printed.

JOHN DANIEL,

Marble Works,

421 *PINE STREET,*

(Between Kearny and Montgomery.)

MANTELS, MONUMENTS, TOMBS, PLUMBERS' SLABS, ETC.,

On hand and manufactured to order.

Orders respectfully solicited.

BOWEN BROS.

GROCERS,

Tea and Wine Merchants,

S. E. cor. Montgo'ry and California,

San Francisco.

Wholesale Store,
204 Front Street.

BUCKMAN BROS.,

(Successors to John Myers,)

CAPITOL SALOON,

226 *MONTGOMERY STREET,*

Opposite the Russ House

Removal.

THEODORE KALLENBERG,

Machinist,

Has removed from No. 416 Market street, to No. 10 Stevenson street, next to the corner of First.

Maker of Models for Inventors, Drawing Instruments, Small Machines, Philosophical Instruments, Scales and Weights, all kinds of Brass and Iron Work.

REPAIRING PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

F. D. RING,

MANUFACTURER OF

JEWELRY AND SILVER WARE,

No. 540 Market Street, adjoining the Hibernia Bank,

SAN FRANCISCO.

All kinds of precious Stones set in the latest style and most approved manner. Watches and Jewelry carefully repaired by experienced workmen.

THE CALIFORNIAN'S SAN FRANCISCO BUSINESS DIRECTORY

APOTHECARIES AND CHEMISTS.
Geo S Dickey, Pioneer Apothecary, cor Ellis & Stockton
Wm. Simpson, 609 Davis st., opposite Oakland Ferry.

ARCHITECTS.
Hoagland & Newsom, s.w. cor Kearny and Sacramento.
McDougall & Marquis, 328 Montgomery street.

BAKERIES.
Dempsey's Bakery, 127 Fourth street,

BOOTS AND SHOES.
Wentworth, Hobart & Co. (wholesale manufac.) 210 Pine

BUTCHERS.
I. Gans, "New York Market," Fourth st, near Market.

CIGARS AND TOBACCO.
G. H. Behrens & Co., 4 Kearny street, near Market.
Chas. C. Lindsey, Excelsior Store, 156 Stewart street.
M. Rosenshine, dealer in Leaf Tobacco. 214 Pacific st.
Chas, Schwenke & T. Meuser, 16 Stewart street.

CLOTHING.
H. M. Lockwood & Co., 624 Clay street.
J. R. Mead & Co., corner Montgomery and Bush streets
William Sherman, 412 Sausome, corner Commercial.

COAL OIL, LAMPS, ETC.
A. C. Dietz & Co., (wholesale,) 521 Front street.
Dell, Crauna & Co. (wholesale) 513 Front street.

COMMISSION MERCHANTS.
W. J. Lowry & Co., S.W. corner Washington and Davis.
Thos. Newell, 62 Clay st. set between Drumm and East.
J. W. Nye & Co., 219 Washington street, corner Cedar.
Chas. C. Wilson & Co., S. E. corner Clay and Davis sts.

CONFECTIONERS.
Alex. L. Ross, 121 Third street.
Baldwin & Lawlers, South Park Store 418 Third st.
N. B. Booth & Co., 20 Kearny, near Market.

COAL DEALERS.
S. Klein, formerly Greenhood & Co., 209 Sansome street.
H. W. Newhauer, all kinds of coal, 121 Sansome street.

DENTISTS.
Dr. Blake, removed to 645 Clay street.
N. T. Whitcomb, 205 Third, near Howard.

DRY GOODS.
Buyer & Reich, S W corner Jackson and Stockton,
H. Rothschild (Variety Store), 112 Third street.
Irving, Landers & Co., No. 4 Third street.
M. Watermau, 22 Second street, corner of Stevenson.
Meagher, Taaffe & Co., 9 Montgomery street.

FURNITURE.
Goodwin & Co., 510 and 528 Washington streets.
N. P. Cole & Co., 21 Sutter and 524 Market streets.

GROCERS.
Fred. Lange, Family Grocer, cor. Powell and Lombard.
Haskell & Co., Market and Sutter sts., below the Market.
McKee's Family store, 31 Kearny, near Post
Seneca Jones, Family Grocer, 105 Third street.
T. Williams, corner Third and Tehama streets.
Wellman, Peck & Co., wholesale grocers, 404 Front st.

GUN-SMITHS.
W. Rudolph, Union Gun Store, 216 Pacific street.

HAIR DRESSING SALOONS.
Prof. Smith, 114 Market street, opposite Third.

HARDWARE AND CUTLERY.
J. S. Sesser, 138 Fourth st, bet. Mission and Howard.

HATTERS.
Lamott (wholesale and retail) 227 Montgomery street.

HAY AND GRAIN.
Grant & Smith, 26 Market and 19 Sacramento sts.
J. B. Holmes & Co., 110 Market street.
George Morrow & Co., 21 Clay and 28 Commercial sts.
Wm. H. Nichols, 18 Sacramento, and 17 Commercial.

HOTELS.
Atlantic House, John McManus, 210 and 212 Pacific st.
"Brauch," M. O'Neil, 12 Sutter street.
Broadway, Burns & Fitzsimmons, 212 Broadway.
Brooklyn, John Kelly, Jr., Sansome, corner Pine.
Chicago, Droste & Pfefferle, 220 Pacific street.
Empire House, Peter Thompson, 106 Jackson street.
Franklin Hotel, Hugh Curran, cor Sansome & Pacific.
Franklin House, C. Maloney, cor. Br'dway & Sansome.
Golden Gate Hotel, J. Blackmen, 728 Market street.
Mariner's Home, Brown & Chandler, 504 and 506 Davis.
"Oriental," H. Saxterph & Co., Washington & Drumm.
Sanders' Hotel, J. P. Sanders, 24 Sacramento st.
William Tell House, 317 Bush street, above Montg'y.

HOUSE AND SIGN PAINTER.
Michael English, 414 Pine street.

HARNESS AND SADDLE MANUFACTURERS.
D. Fennel, 622 Battery street, opposite the Post Office.

INSURANCE.
Firemen's Fund Ins. cor. California and Sansome.
Manhattan, R. B. Swain & Co., Agets, 206 Front, cor. Cal.
North British Mercantile, S. E. cor Sansome & Califor'
Occidental Ins. Co., S.W. cor. Montgom'y and California.

LADIES' BIJOUTERIE, CLOAKS, ETC.
Rosenblatt's, 123 and 125 Montgomery street

LADIES' FANCY GOODS AND TRIMMINGS.
S. Summerfield, 20 Second street, and 116 Kearny.
Thomas Collinson, 160 Third, near Howard street.

LUMBER.
Armstrong, Sheldon & Davis, cor. Mission & Spear sts.

MARBLE WORKERS.
P. Kelly, 12 Fourth street.

MILITARY GOODS AND REGALIA.
T. Rodgers Johnson, Odd-Fellow's Hall, 325 Montg'ry st

MILLINERS.
Miss A. A. Craddock, 4 Virginia Block, Stockton street.

MUSIC TEACHERS.
Prof. J. R. Boullet, Pianist and Vocalist, 1320 Stockton.

MINING MACHINIST.
Thomas Varney, Office 127 First street.

NOTARY PUBLIC.
H. S. Tibbey, 604, Montgomery street.

PHOTOGRAPHIC GALLERIES.
H. Bush, corner Post, Market and Montgomery streets.
Hicks & Staring, 143 Fourth street.
New York, B. F. Howland proprietor, 25 Third street.

PIANOS, MUSIC, ETC.
C. Weiderhold & Co., 685 Market near Third.
Kohler, Chase & Co., 421 Montgomery street.
W. S. Pierce, removed to 534 Market, opposite Second.

PHOTOGRAPHS, CUTLERY, SPECTACLES, ETC.
Lawrence & Houseworth, 317 and 319 Montgomery st.

PLUMBERS AND GAS FITTERS.
Chas. Barman, 121 Fourth street, near Mission.

PRINT SELLER AND PUBLISHER.
Thomas H. Lawlor, Second street, near Howard.

PAINT MANUFACTURERS.
Epes & Ellery, dealers in paints, etc, 226 Jackson st.

REAL ESTATE AGENTS.
Geo. W. Chapin, 338 Montgomery.
John Pforr, 328 Montgomery.

RESTAURANTS.
Ladies' Refreshment Saloon, Swain & Brown, 636 Market
Helvetia, Johnjury & Bros., 524 Merchant street.
Market, by Hanzo & Besson, 520 Merchant street
The Opera, J. Weiss, 336 Pine street.

SALOONS.
Beck's Saloon, 504 Drumm street, near Pacific.
Blancy & Carroll, "Sample Rooms," 107 Third street.
"Bourbon Saloon," A. Farr, Long Bridge.
Charley Smith's Saloon, 539 Washington street.
Charter Oak, Frank Kelly, N E. cor Third and Howard
Coates & Henderson, 87 Sutter street.
Cleveland's Sample Rooms, 318 Bush, above Montg'y.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY, CONTINUED.

"Excelsior," Haase & Co., cor. Drum and Commercial.
Fourth Street Exchange, Chas. F. Sitter, 245 Fourth st.
J. P. Lavin's Saloon, northwest cor. Battery & Br'dwy
J. Dillon, "Fourth St. Exchange," cor. Fifth and Mkt.
King & McCormick, "Rotunda," Market & O'Farrell.
"Manahock," A. Heretkemper, Drumm & Oregon sts.
P. Johnson & J. B. Holje, 26 Clay street.
Peter Ring's Saloon, California street, below Drumm.
Regatta House, Burns & McLean, foot of Third street.
Russell & Holding's Exchange, 622 Market street.
Ring's Saloon, Peter Ring, cor California, below Drumm.
"Sample Rooms," corner Third and Stevenson streets.
Uncle Billy & George, Saloon 707 Davis st.
"Young American," Geo. C. W. Heuer, Stewart & Howard

SCALES.
Fairbanks & Hutchinson, Depot for Fairbanks' Scales 120 California street.

SEWING MACHINES.
Grover & Baker, R. G. Brown, 116 Montgomery.
The Florence, office 111 Montgomery street.

STATIONERS AND BOOKBINDERS.
Althof, Rose & Bahls, 423 Clay, and 512 Commercial sts.
Jas. E. Damon & Co., 521 and 423 Sansome street.

STOVES AND TIN WARE.
A. Swigert, corner Fifth and Folsom.

TRUNK MANUFACTORY.
James Longshore, 428 Kearny street.

WATER-CURE INSTITUTE.
Dr Bourne's Pioneer, 10 Post, near Montgomery.

WAX FLORIST.
Mrs. M. E. Gerrish, 11 Post street.

WHOLESALE WINE AND LIQUOR DEALERS.
Campbell & Co., 629 Front st., bet Jackson and Pacific.
Henry M. Cutter, Importer, 520 Front street.

A. FOLSOM,

Carriage Manufacturer,

No. 531 California street,

Between Montgomery and Kearny streets, San Francisco

EVERY DESCRIPTION OF CARRIAGES, EXPRESS Wagons, Buggies, etc, made to order, of the best materials and workmanship.

Repairing and General Blacksmithing done with promptness, and at prices to suit the times.

W. E. BRIDGE,

St. Lawrence Stables,

212 Sutter street, between Kearny and Dupont,
San Francisco.

THE BEIDEMAN ESTATE.

JOHN W. BRUMAGIM, ADMINISTRATOR, WITH the will annexed, of the Estate of JACOB C. BEIDEMAN, deceased, is NOW READY TO EXECUTE DEEDS to the purchasers at said sale, as the sale has been confirmed by the Probate Court, and an Order of Confirmation has been recorded in the Recorder's office of the city and county of San Francisco.

Please call at the Administrator's office, Nos. 36 and 37 Montgomery Block.

JOHN W. BRUMAGIM,

Administrator, with the Will annexed, of the Estate of Jacob C. Beideman, deceased.

San Francisco, August 19, 1867.

M. H. QUINN,

HAT MANUFACTURER,

127 Fourth street, bet. Howard and Mission, San Francisco.

Dress Silk Hats for Ladies or Gentlemen Manufactured to order, Cleaned or Renovated, at reasonable prices.

BOYS! BOYS! BOYS!

NOW IS THE TIME

H. M. LOCKWOOD & CO.,

New No. 624) CLAY STREET, (Old No

Have received a Large Stock of

GENTS' AND BOYS' CLOTHING

—AND—

FURNISHING GOODS,

Which they are selling

AT VERY LOW PRICES.

Every Garment warranted. All are invited to call examine our goods.

H. M. LOCKWOOD & CO.

624 Clay street, San Francisco.

JOHN H. TODMAN & CO.,

Successors to JAMES MEARS.

ALE, PORTER AND CIDER

BOTTLING ESTABLISHMENT,

511 Front Street.

A large stock of Champagne Cider on hand, in glass and bulk.

FEMALE CLERKS.—The editor of the Albany *Knickerbocker* is in Europe, and sends the following account of the general employment of females: The women, by the way, do nearly all the trading in Ireland. At our hotel a woman shows you to your room, you pay your bill to a woman, and you are politely bowed out of the hotel by the housekeeper. It is rare to find a retail store in Cork where a female is not seen behind the counter. We are told the same thing prevails throughout all the British Provinces. The reason given for employing them is that their follies are not only less numerous, but much lower priced. Females may sport fifty dollar mantles, but they never go on fifty dollar "busts." Females never spend a whole week's wages on billiard tables. Girls never "put the party through," kick up a row and get dragged to the station-house. Fast horses they also avoid, and roulette tables and game cocks. Who ever saw a female hanging round a gambling table, or betting her last five dollars that she can tell where the "little joker" is? Who ever saw a female clerk, after the store was shut, rambling up Broadway, "raising thunder" and breaking things? Who ever saw a respectable girl knocking over dry goods boxes and standing "M. P.'s" on their heads? No one; and yet respectable young men do these things nightly. When was a female clerk ever arrested for having a "suspicious character" locked up in the store with her after midnight? In view of all these facts, is it any wonder that the merchants on this side run to female clerks?

AN editor wrote a leading article on the fair sex, in the course of which he said: "Girls of seventeen or eighteen are fond of beaus." When the paper was issued, he was rather shocked to discover that an unfortunate typographical error had made him say, "Girls of seventeen or eighteen are fond of beans."

ONE of the Jenkenses, writing of a recent hop at Saratoga, says: "A very pretty girl passed us, leaning on the arm of a gentleman who dressed simply in Swiss muslin and a pink sash." That gentleman must have been "the cool of the evening."

ONE of the saloons in Nashville, Tenn., employs a hack to carry off its customers as fast as they become intoxicated. No fare required and the happy beings are insured against the police and the station-house.

THE SNUG.—"The Snug" has been located one door below Maguire's Opera House, for ten years past. It was established for the convenience of the habituates of the Opera House, and has the reputation of dispensing the best wines and liquors in the city, under the charge of its present proprietor, Mr. Timothy McCarty. Entrances from various parts of the Opera House to the bar have been cut, for the convenience of the public. Mr. McCarty gives his entire attention to his guests, and renders his establishment a "Snug" place by day or night.

BUILDER'S INSURANCE CO.

OFFICE IN THE BUILDING OF THE CALIFORNIA SAVINGS BANK, CALIFORNIA ST., one door from Sansome.

FIRE AND MARINE INSURANCE.

Builders' Insurance Company,

OFFICE, CALIFORNIA STREET, NOV. 1, 1867.

EDITOR OF THE CALIFORNIAN:—Sir—Permit me to report two months' progress of the BUILDERS' INSURANCE COMPANY.

Total amount received.....$44,009 11
Total amount of Losses..... 22,778 65

Balance in favor of the Company on two months' business.....$16,230 56

All which I trust will be satisfactory to my friends, enemies, and the public. Respectfully,

THOMAS MOONEY, PRESIDENT.

The Ladies are of one mind in pronouncing BOWMAN'S AMERICAN WASHING COMPOUND the best preparation for washing and cleaning in use. It is acknowledged to be a saving both in money and labor. The Compound softens the dirt, consequently the clothes require not more than one-half the rubbing necessary in washing by the old method; besides all who give it a trial acknowledge that their clothes are made whiter in washing with this Compound, than they were ever known to be by using any other preparation. For washing Woolen Goods and Flannels it cannot be equaled. Calicoes that can be washed with soap, without fading, are washed in the water used for boiling the white clothes. This Compound has been used in the eastern States for the past three years with perfect success. Warranted not to injure the clothes. For sale by all Grocers.

LYNCH & PARSONS, Agents,
222 Jackson street, near Battery.

Notice to Families.

LADIES and GENTLEMEN are invited to call and try my new

GAME SEASON BILL OF FARE.

QUAIL ON TOAST,
SPRING CHICKENS,
OYSTERS IN EVERY STYLE,
AND ALL THE LUXURIES OF THE SEASON
Every Day and Evening.

PRICES TO SUIT EVERYBODY.

French Dinner with half bottle Claret.....75 cts.
French Breakfast with half bottle Claret.....75 cts.

Always on hand, BEST FRENCH CANDIES AND BONBONS.
Orders for Parties promptly attended to.

PETER JOB,
Corner of Montgomery and Bush Streets, San Francisco.

☞ Open till half-past twelve at night.

ST. CHARLES RESTAURANT,

At the Hotel of C. Galliand, Nos. 507 and 509 Pine Street, between Kearny and Dupont streets.

BY MME. CAZINTRE.

☞ All who will call at this Restaurant will find an excellent table and prompt attention.

California Coffee and Dining Saloon,

Nos. 612 and 614 MONTGOMERY STREET, Between Clay and Merchant, San Francisco.
J. R. REAGAN, Proprietor.

A Ladies' Saloon has been fitted up, where private parties can receive every attention in the most comfortable quarters. We also keep lunch hot on chafing dishes at the counter, including the finest of Pastry, where customers can be served quickly and satisfactorily.
French Breakfasts and Dinners, with Wine, continued.

ITALIAN RESTAURANT,

No. 515 Merchant Street,

Between Montgomery and Sansome, San Francisco.

Taglierini, Maccaroni, Risotto and Ravioli, In the Italian Style.

MEALS FIFTY CENTS, OR TO ORDER.

Rooms for private parties up stairs.
MR. GUISEPPE CADENASSO.

LEON DINGEON. F. W. HAUBRICK.

DINGEON & HAUBRICK,

MARTIN'S RESTAURANT,
623 COMMERCIAL STREET.

Above Montgomery. Meals at all hours. The best of Wines, Oysters, Game, and all the delicacies of the season always on hand. Private Saloons up stairs for Dinner and Supper Parties.

NEW RESTAURANT.

MR. SORBIER takes pleasure in informing his friends and customers that he has opened a FIRST-CLASS RESTAURANT under the name of

SORBIER'S RESTAURANT,

at No. 607 SACRAMENTO STREET, above Montgomery, where he will be pleased to see his old friends and the public in general, and where all can be assured that they will be served with the very best the market affords, at most reasonable rates. JOHN E. SORBIER,
Late of the Occidental Restaurant.

F. C. BELDEN,

Of the well-known Family Depot, 612 Sacramento street, has opened the

SUMMER STREET RESTAURANT

at the northeast corner of Spring and Summer Sts.

☞ Meals to order, and by the plate. Wines and Liquors of the best quality.

OCCIDENTAL RESTAURANT,

536 Washington Street, below Montgomery.

GEORGE WITTMAN would inform the public and the former patrons of this POPULAR RESTAURANT

That he has assumed full charge, and will continue to keep all the delicacies of the season and one of the best lists of WINES, etc., and solicits the continuance of their patronage.

GEORGE MORROW & CO.,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN

Hay, Grain, and Feed of all kinds.

Hucks & Lambert's Patent AXLE GREASE.
21 Clay street and 28 Commercial street, between Drumm and East, San Francisco.

BOWMAN & CO., Dealers in Stoves and Tin Ware, Main street, Petaluma.

MRS. C. COOK,

FIRST PREMIUM HAIR JEWELRY,

519 Montgomery street,
Between Clay and Commercial.....SAN FRANCISCO.

CANTY & WAGNER,

(SUCCESSORS TO J. REGAN,)

Wholesale & Retail Confectioners,

113 *Montgomery street, bet. Bush and Sutter*

N. B.—All candies sold by us are warranted to be manufactured from Stewart's double refined Sugar, and to be equal to any manufactured in the state. Country merchants solicited to examine our stock and prises. Goods delivered to any part of the city free of charge.

Belden's Family Depot for Domestic Luxuries.

At this depot are, all should know,
For him who strong or faint is,
Superior grub—for home or club—
And every kind of dainties.
Westphalia hams, fresh oysters, clams,
Constituents of chowder,
Fine breakfast tea, and hominy,
And genuine curry powder.
Oil, mustard, wine, both French and Rhine,
Lard, coffee, ketchup, capers.
Crushed sugar, peas, and Switzer cheese,
And sperm and waxen tapers.
The giblets, pluck, of goose and duck,
Of woodcock, snipe and plovers,
Of partridge, too, and cockatoo—
The last express for lovers!
It seems absurb there scarce a bird—
My rhyme this somewhat ruffles—
But Belden's got in tin or pot,
The LIVER of with TRUFFLES.
Prunes, raisins, rice, preserves and spice,
Gin, whisky, rum and brandy,
Drinks made of malt, and table salt,
Tongues, sausages, and candy.
Above's not all to which I'd call
Particular attention.
Le vin d'elite, Chateau Lafitte,
And others, I would mention.
Surpassing fine Madeira wine,
St. Julien, port and sherry,
Chateaux Margaux and Veuve Clicqnot,
Old apple jack and cherry.
La Rose, Chablis, and Burgundy
Both white, and red and sightly,
Prime Hermitage of ripe old age,
Still, sparkling too and sprightly.
Sauterne, medoc, still sparkling hock,
Johannesberg, Hockheimer,
Then sirs and dames (these German names
Would craze an English rhymer!)
Just come and buy, and cease to sigh
For Egypt and its fleshpots;
Ne'er better fare did Pharoh share,
Or any other despots.

ET CETERA
No. 652 Sacramento Street.

First Premium

AWARDED BY THE STATE FAIR TO

SILAS SELLECK,

FOR THE BEST PLAIN PHOTOGRAPH.

—ALSO—

SPECIAL PREMIUM

For the Best Cabinet Portraits.

MR. SELLECK is now prepared to execute the very best PHOTOGRAPHS, in all the different styles, at No. 415 Montgomery Street.
N. B.—The best Water Color and India Ink Artist in this city is attached to this Gallery.

STEPHEN M. SMITH,

(Formerly of Grass Valley,)

Having purchased the interest of Messrs. Parker & Vandewater, in the

PARKER HOUSE,

On Montgomery Street, invites the patronage of the public. He will keep on hand the finest qualities of Wines, Liquors, etc. October 12th, 1867.

JOHN TAYLOR,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN

WINES AND LIQUORS.

NO. 16 THIRD STREET,
Between Market and Stevenson Streets, San Francisco.

PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.'S STEAMSHIPS FOR NEW YORK, JAPAN AND CHINA,

WILL BE DISPATCHED AS FOLLOWS:

Leave Brannan-street Wharf at 11 o'clock A. M. of the following dates, for PANAMA, connecting *via* Panama Railroad, with one of the Company's splendid steamers from ASPINWALL for NEW YORK.
On 10th, 18th, and 30th of each month that has 30 days.
On 10th, 19th, and 30th of each month that has 31 days.
When the 10th, 19th and 30th fall on Sunday, they will leave on Saturday preceding; when the 18th falls on Sunday, they will leave on Monday following.
Steamer leaving San Francisco on the 10th touches at Manzanillo. All touch at Acapulco.
Departure of 18th or 19th is expected to connect with the French Transatlantic Co.'s steamer for St. Nazaire, and English steamer for South America.
Departure of 10th is expected to connect with English steamer for Southampton and South America, and P. R. R. Co.'s steamer for Central America. Through tickets can be obtained.

STEAMERS FOR NOVEMBER.

Nov. 9—CONSTITUTION, Capt. J. M. Caverly, connecting with HENRY CHAUNCEY, Capt. Gray.
Nov. 18—MONTANA, Capt. E. T. Farnsworth, connecting with RISING STAR, Capt. Connor.
Nov. 30—GOLDEN CITY, Capt. W. F. Lapidge, connecting with ARIZONA, Capt. Maury.

Passengers will be berthed through. Baggage checked through—100 pounds allowed each adult.
Surgeon on board. Medicine and attendance free.
These steamers will positively leave at 11 o'clock. Passengers are requested to have their baggage on board before 10 o'clock.
Through tickets to Liverpool by the "Cunard," "Inman" and "National" Steamship Lines can be obtained of P. M. S. S. Co.'s office in San Francisco.
For Merchandise Freight apply to Wells, Fargo & Co.
The steamship GREAT REPUBLIC, Capt. S. Doane, will be dispatched on December 4th, from wharf, corner of First and Brannan streets, for YOKOHAMA and HONGKONG; connecting at Yokohama with the steamer COSTA RICA, for SHANGHAI.
For Passage and all other information, apply at Pacific Mail Steamship company's office, corner of Sacramento and Leidesdorff streets.

OLIVER ELDRIDGE, Agent.

Peter Short,

FASHIONABLE AND PRACTICAL TAILOR,
613 WASHINGTON STREET,
Between Montgomery and Kearny, San Francisco.

FIRE AND MARINE INSURANCE.

FIREMAN'S FUND

Insurance Company,

OF SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA.

—OFFICE—

S. W. cor. California and Sansome streets.

CAPITAL, $500,000, FULLY PAID IN GOLD COIN.

INSURE MARINE RISKS

Under Open Policies, on Cargoes, Treasure, Freights, Profits, and Commissions.

—ALSO—

ISSUE POLICIES ON TIME,
VOYAGE AND HARBOR RISKS ON HULLS.

INSURE AGAINST LOSS BY FIRE

On Buildings, Merchandise, Furniture, Wares, and other Personal Property.

FIRE, MARINE, HARBOR, AND INLAND TRANSIT RISKS,

On terms as favorable as any other reliable First-Class Company.

Greatest amount taken on any one risk, $50,000. Portions of Risks considered too large, will be re-insured in responsible Companies.

LOSSES PROMPTLY PAID IN UNITED STATES GOLD COIN!

D. J. STAPLES, President,
CHAS. R. BOND, Secretary.

HAMBURG, BREMEN,

Fire Insurance Company.

CAPITAL, - - - - - $1,000,000

MORRIS SPEYER, Agent.

OFFICE—526 Washington Street, a few doors below Montgomery.....San Francisco.

Being no longer governed by the Tariff of the Board of Underwriters, this Company will effect Insurances at as LOW RATES as those of any other responsible Company.

OCCIDENTAL

Insurance Company,

Southwest corner Montgomery and California streets.

INDIVIDUAL LIABILITY.

Capital Stock, - - - - $300,000

LOSSES PAID IN UNITED STATES GOLD COIN.

THIS COMPANY will insure against loss by Fire on any Dwelling House, Buildings, Merchandise or other property, situated in the State of California. The largest sum they will take on any one risk is thirty thousand dollars.

C. CHRISTIANSEN, Pre'st.
J. GREENEBAUM, Vice President.
B. ROTESCHILD, Secretary.—

FIRE INSURANCE.

Manhattan Fire & Marine Insurance

OF NEW YORK.

Incorporated.....1821.
Cash capital.....$500,000
Surplus..... 650,000

Total Assets, over.....$1,190,000

The above named responsible and well known Company has complied with the law of the State of California, and has deposited $75,000 as additional security for policy holders,
Buildings, Merchandise, Furniture, and other property insured against loss or damage by Fire, on the most favorable terms. Also, Insurance on Merchandise, Specie and Freight to or from all parts of the world. Losses promptly adjusted and paid in United States Gold Coin.

R. B. SWAIN & CO., General Agents,
206 Front street, corner of California.

J. CUTBERLET,

CUSTOM

BOOT AND SHOE STORE.

—ALSO—

FRENCH SCREWED BOOTS AND SHOES,

No. 546 Washington Street, near Montgomery Street.

The finest quality of CUSTOM WORK neatly executed. Always on hand other fine work ready made.

JOSEPH FREDERICKS

CARPET AND UPHOLSTERY STORE,
PAPER HANGINGS, ETC.,

123 Kearny St., between Sutter and Post, San Francisco

FAMILIES ARE INVITED TO EXAMINE
OUR VARIED ASSORTMENT

Of the Finest Carpeting in the State. The best of taste displayed in Decoration and the unique Upholstering of Rooms, Halls and Public Buildings, and at prices conforming to the times. Call and examine goods.

— The Marysville *Tilegraph* tells the following capital story about a conscientious Dutchman: "Quite an amusing colloquy took place yesterday between a hero from the Rhine and his Honor Judge Belcher. It seems a Dutchman who had lived here the requisite length of time, desired to robe himself in the habiliments of citizenship. Accompanied by his witness he appeared before the District Court for that purpose. After reading his declaration of intention, his Honor turned to one of the witnesses and asked him the question : "How long have you known the applicant ?" "Vell, I knows him six year." "Is he a man of good moral character ?" "Yaw, he ish no thief ?" "True, but is his general character good in a moral point of view ?" "Yaw, he vill not steal notting." "But what do the people generally say about his character ?" "Vell, I never hear anydody say dat Shon steals nothing." "But what do you know about him yourself, as a good or bad man ?" "Vell, so far as I knows' he never takes anything vat does not belong to him." The Court weakened. The applicant was admitted, and the witness was heard to mutter as he left the Court room, "Vell, I makes Shon vote. Yaw, his moral character, dat ish good. Shon vill not steal, but he does vip his frau and cheet peeple, and lie like de very tyvil."

A Boy's Letter.—Several letters from boys at watering places have been published this year. Here is another, which gives good arguments for a paternal visit : *Dear Pa*—Things are bully here. I chase ground squirrels every day in what they call the glen. Yesterday I saw one coming out of an old stump which he didn't think safe for him, and making for the rocks. I put straight after him, you bet. While I was running close bv the creek Bill put out his foot and tripped me up. I went plumb into the water, and got my breeches soaking wet. The squirrel went into the rock. When we got back to the hotel, ma licked us both. I think she is getting too tight on us. I wish you'd come and help us out.

Your affectionate son, R. F. S.

O, the bonnets of my girlhood—the kind I wore to school. I really thought them pretty —I must have been a fool. And yet I used to think myself on hats a jaunty miss ; perhaps I was, as fashion went—but what was that to this ? O, the lovely little buckwheat cake—the charming little mat ! it makes my head so level, and so very, very flat. O, a sister's love is charming, as everybody knows, and a handsome cousin's love is nice (that is, I should suppose ;) and the love of a true lover is a love that cannot pall—but the love of a new bonnet is the dearest love of all.

JOHN H. TODMAN & CO.,

Successors to JAMES MEARS.

ALE, PORTER AND CIDER

BOTTLING ESTABLISHMENT,

511 Front Street.

A large stock of Champagne Cider on hand, in glass and bulk.

AMERICAN EXCHANGE HOTEL,

SANSOME STREET, San Francisco.

FIRE PROOF.

Two Huadred Rooms well Veatilated and Richly Furnished.

Prices from $1 50 to $2 a Day.

The Exchange Coach, with Rea Lights, will always be in readiness to convey Passengers to the Hotel Free of harge.

The proprietor of this favorite Hotel would respectfully nform the traveling public that the

AMERICAN EXCHANGE

Is now and will continue as it ever has been, the moat omfortable, homelike, quiet and economical Hotel in the tate.

TIMOTHY SARGENT, Proprietor.

THE BEIDEMAN ESTATE.

JOHN W. BRUMAGIM, ADMINISTRATOR, WITH the will annexed, of the Estate of JACOB C. BEIDEMAN, deceased, is NOW READY TO EXECUTE DEEDS to the purchasers at said sale, as the sale has been confirmed by the Probate Court, and an Order of Confirmation has been recorded in the Recorder's office of the city aad county of San Fraacisco.

Please call at the Administrator's office, Nos. 36 and 37 Montgomery Block.

JOHN W. BRUMAGIM,

Admiaistrator, with the Will annexed, of the Estate of Jacob C. Beideman, deceased.

San Fraaciaco, August 19, 1867.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE FIFTEENTH Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco.

MARY ANN LEEDOM, Plaintiff, vs. FRANCIS LEEDOM, Defendant.

Action brought in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in said city and county of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to FRANCIS LEEDOM, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named plaintiff, in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein, within ten days (exclusive of the day of service,) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this county; or if served out of this county, but in this District, within twenty days; otherwise, within forty days; or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said complaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony existing between plaintiff and defendant, awarding the care and custody of her daughter Julia to plaintiff, and allowing her to resume her maiden name.

And you are hereby notified, that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

Given under my hand and Seal of the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 7th day of August, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-seven.

[SEAL.] WM. LOEWY, Clerk,
By Octavius Bell, Deputy Clerk.

Geo. W. Tyler, Plaintiff's Attorney. s14-3m

IN THE PROBATE COURT of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the estate of JOHN L. TAGGARD, deceased.

Order to show cause why order of distribution should not be made.

On reading and filing the petition of E. W. Taggard, the administrator of the estate of John L. Taggard, deceased, setting forth that he has filed his final account of his administration of the estate of said deceased, in this Court, and that the same has been duly settled and allowed ; that all the debts and expenses of dministration have been duly paid; and that a portion of said estate remains to be divided among the heirs of said deceased, and praying among other things for an order of distribution of the residuo of said estate among the persons entitled:

It is ordered, That all persons interested in the estate of the said John L. Taggard, deceased, be and appear before the Probate Court of the City and County of San Francisco, at the Court room of said Court, in the City Hall, in said City and County, on TUESDAY, the 19th day of November, A. D. 1867, at two o'clock P. M., then and there to show cause why an order of distributiou should not be made of the residue of said estate among the heirs of the said John L. Taggard, deceased, according to law:

Aud it is further ordered, That a copy of this order be published for four successive weeks, before the said nineteenth day of November, A. D. 1867, in The Californian, a newspaper printed aud published in the said City and County.

M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

Dated October 18th, 1867.

Messrs. Winans & Belknap, Att'ys for Petitioner.
oct19-26 nov2 9 16

IN THE PROBATE COURT of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the Estate of HENRY BENTZ, deceased.

Order to show cause why order of sale of real estate should not be made.

It appearing to the said Court, by the petition this day presented and filed by William A. Quarles, the Administrator of the estate left unadministered of Henry Bentz, deceased, praying for an order of sale of real estate, that it is necessary to sell some portion of the real estate, to pay the debts, expenses and charges of the administration.

It is therefore ordered by the said Court, that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased, appear before the said Probate Court on TUESDAY, the 26th day of November, A. D. 1867, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the Court room of said Probate Court, at the City Hall, in the City and County of San Francisco, to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said Administrator to sell so much of the real estate of the said deceased, as shall be necessary.

And that a copy of this order be published at least four successive weeks in The Californian, a newspaper printed and published in the said city and county.

Dated October 24th, 1867.

M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

Office of the County Clerk of the City and County of San Francisco.—I, Wm. Loewy, County Clerk of the city and county of San Francisco, State of California, and ex-officio Clerk of the Probate Court, in and for said city and county, do nereby certify the foregoing to be a true and correct copy of an order duly made and entered upon the minutes of the said Probate Court.

Witness my hand, and the seal of said Court, this 24th day of October, A. D. 1867.

[SEAL AND STAMP] WM. LOEWY, Clerk.
By A. J. Jeghers, Deputy Clerk.

J. F. Finn, Esq., Att'y for Petitioner. oct26-5w

IN THE PROBATE COURT, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the Estate of JEAN VICTOR SUBERVEILLE, deceased.

On reading and filing the petition of Lucas Pouton de Arce, Administrator of the said estate, praying for an order of sale of the real estate therein described, and it appearing to this Court that there is not sufficient personal estate in the hands of the Administrator to pay the debts, charges and expenses of administration, and that it is necessary to sell the whole of the real estate of said deceased for the payment of such debts, charges and expenses, and because after the sale of so much of said estate as shall be necessary to pay such debts, charges and expenses, the residue thereof would be of such a character with reference to its future disposition among the heirs of said deceased as clearly to render it for the best interest of all concerned that the same should be sold, and for other reasons set forth in said petition:

It is ordered that all persons interested in the said estate appear before this Court, at the Court room thereof, at the City Hall, in the City and County of San Francisco, on MONDAY, the 25th day of November, A. D. 1867, at eleven o'clock A. M., of that day, to show cause, if any they have, why an order should not be granted to said Administrator to sell so much of the real estate of the said deceased as shall be necessary.

And it is further Ordered, that a copy of this order be published for four successive weeks in The Californian, a newspaper printed and published in the city and county aforesaid.

Done in open Court this 25th day of October, A. D. 1867.

oct26-5w M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

W. C. Burnett, Attorney for Administrator.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS. — ESTATE OF J. KING ROBINSON, deceased.—Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the Estate of J. King Robiason, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within ten months from the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator, at southeast corner of Stockton and Geary streets, in the City and County of San Francisco.

Dated San Francisco, September 30th, 1867.

THOS. A. ROBINSON.

IN THE PROBATE COURT OF THE CITY AND County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the Estate of HENRY MONTGOMERY, deceased.

Order to show cause why Order of Sale of Real Estate should not be made.

It appearing to the said Court, by the petition this day presented and filed by James Duffey, the Administrator of the estate left unadministered of HENRY MONTGOMERY, deceased, praying for an order of sale of real estate, that it is necessary to sell the whole or some portion of the real estate, to pay the allowance to the family, the debts outstanding against the deceased, and the debts, expenses and charges of administration.

It is therefore ordered by the said Court, that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased, appear before the said Probate Court on MONDAY, the 11th day of November, A. D. 1867, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the Court room of said Probate Court, at the City Hall in the city and county of San Francisco, to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said Administrator of the estate left unadministered, to sell so much of the real estate of the said deceased as shall be necessary;

And that a copy of this order be published at least four successive weeks in The Californian, a weekly newspaper printed and published in said city and county.

M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

Dated October 11th. 1867.

Drake, Hent & Landesman, Attorneys for Administrator. oct12-19-26 nov2-9

IN THE PROBATE COURT of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the estate of HENRIETTE NAHL, deceased.

Order to show cause why order of distribution should not be made.

On reading and filing the petition of H. W. Arthur Nahl, the administrator of the estate of HENRIETTE NAHL, deceased, setting forth that he has filed his final account of his administration of the estate of said deceased, in this Court, and that the same has been duly settled and allowed ; that all the debts and expenses of administration have been duly paid ; and that a portion of said estate remains to be divided among the heirs of said deceased, and praying among other things for an order of distribution of the residue of said estate among the persons entitled :

It is Ordered, that all persons interested in the estate of said Henriette Nahl, deceased, be and appear before the Probate Court of the city and county of San Francisco, at the Court room of said Court, in the City Hall in said city and county, on MONDAY, the 11th day of November, Anno Domini 1867, at eleven o'clock, A. M., then and there to show cause why an order of distribution should not be made of the residue of said estate among the heirs of the said deceased, according to law.

It is further Ordered, that a copy of this order be published for four successive weeks, before the said eleventh day of November, A. D. 1867, in The Californian, a newspaper printed and published in the said city and county.

M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

Dated October 10th, 1867.

Messrs. Sharp & Lloyd, Attorneys for Petitioner.
oct12-19-26 nov2.9

IN THE PROBATE COURT of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the estate and guardianship of JOSEPHINE M. RICHARDSON, a Minor.

It appearing to the said Court by the petition this day presented and filed by William Harney, the guardian of aud for Josephine M. Richardson, a Minor, praying for an order of sale of the real estate, that it is necessary to sell a portion of the real estate of said Minor, to pay the claims now outstanding against it, and that such sale is also necessary to provide for the maintenance aad education of the said Minor.

It is therefore ordered by the said Court, that all persons interested in the estate of said Minor, appear before the said Probate Court, on MONDAY, the 18th day of November, A. D., 1867, at eleven o'clock in the forenon, of said day, at the Court room of said Probate Court, in the City Hall, in the City and County of San Francisco, to show cause why an order should not be granted to the aforesaid William Harney, guardian, to sell so much of the real estate of the said Minor as shall be necessary.

And it is further ordered, that a copy of the foregoing order be published at least four successive weeks in The Californian, a newspaper printed and published in said city and county of San Francisco.

M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

Dated October 14th, 1867.

IN THE PROBATE COURT of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the Estate of AMELIA MOSS, deceased.

Order to show cause why order of distribution should not be made.

On reading and filing the petition of J. W. Brumagim, Administrator, with the will annexed, of Amelia Moss, deceased, setting forth that he has filed his final account of his administration of the estate of said deceased, in this Court, and that the same has been duly settled and allowed ; that all the debts and expenses of administration have been duly paid; and that a portion of said estate remains to be divided among the devisees and legatees of said deceased, and praying among other things for an order of distribution of the residue of said estate among the persons entitled:

It is ordered, that all persons interested in the estate of the said deceased, be and appear before the Probate Court of the City and County of San Francisco, at the Court room of said Court, in the City Hall, in said City and County, on MONDAY, the twenty-fifth dey of November, A. D. 1867, at two o'clock, P. M., then and there to show cause why an order of distribution should not be made of the residno of said estate among the devisees and legatees of the said deceased, according to law.

It is further ordered, that a copy of this order be published for four successive weeks before the said twenty-fifth day of November, A. D. 1867, in The Californian, a newspaper priated and published in the said city and county.

M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

Dated October 25th, A. D. 1867.

Messrs. Winans & Belknap, Attorneys for Petitioner.
oct26-5w

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF MARY GAFFNEY, deceased. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, the Executor of the Estate of Mary Gaffney, deceased, some times known as Grace Wellington, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor, at his place of business, at the office of Winans & Belknap, northwest corner of Montgomery and Merchant streets, in the City and County of San Francisco.

Dated San Fraucisco, October 19th, 1867.

HENRY RAYMOND,
Executor of the Estate of Mary Gaffney

Winans & Belknap, Attorneys for Executor.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF JOHN W. CROSLEY, deceased.—Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Executor of the last will of the estate of John W. Crosley, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Executor, at his place of business, southwest corner of Market and Fremont streets, in the City and County of San Francisco.

Dated October 18th, 1867.

L. L. TREADWELL,
Executor of the last will of John W. Crosley, deceased.

J. W. Brumagim, Esq., Attorney for Executor.
oct19-2d nov2 9-16

SOTOYOME HOTEL,

B. C. WRIGHT, Proprietor, Healdsbur Cal.

Administrator's Sale of Real Estate.

OLNEY & CO., Auctioneers.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, THAT IN PURSUANCE of an order of the Probate Court of the City and County of San Francisco, in the State of California, made on the twenty-third day of October, A. D. 1867, in the matter of the estate of CLAUDE JACQUIN, deceased, the undersigned, Administrator of said estate, will sell at public auction, to the highest bidder for cash, in one parcel, and subject to confirmation by said Probate Court, on MONDAY, the 18th day of November, A. D. 1867, at 12 o'clock, noon, at the auction rooms of MESSRS. OLNEY & CO., No. 418 Montgomery street, in said City and County of San Francisco, all the right, title, interest and estate of the said intestate at the time of his death, and all the right, title and interest that the said estate has by operation of law or otherwise acquired other than, or in addition to that of the said intestate at the time of his death, in and to all that lot or parcel of land, situate, lying and being in the said City and County, and described as follows, to wit :

Commencing on the northwesterly line of King street, at a point distant on said northwesterly line of King street, forty five feet and ten inches southwesterly from the southwesterly line of Fourth street; thence running northeasterly along said northwesterly line of King street, forty five feet and ten inches; thence at right angles northwesterly, one hundred and twenty feet; thence at right angles southwesterly, forty-five feet and ten inches; and thence at right angles southeasterly one hundred and twenty feet to the point of commencement.

TERMS AND CONDITIONS OF SALE, CASH—Ten per cent. of the purchase money to be paid to the Auctioneer on the day of sale, balance on confirmation of sale by said Probate Court. Deed at expense of purchaser.

WILLIAM ROWAN,
Administrator of the Estate of Claude Jacquin, deceased.

San Francisco, October 26th, 1867.

OLNEY & CO., Auctioneers,
418 Montgomery street.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF EDWARD A MAGRATH, deceased.—Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the estate of EDWARD A. MAGRATH, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator, at his office and place of transaction of business, room 5, No. 520 Montgomery street, in the city and county of San Francisco.

Dated October 24th, 1867.

WILLIAM A. QUARLES,
Administrator of the estate of Edward A. Magrath, deceased. oct26-5w

NOTICE TO CREDITORS. — ESTATE OF MARIA MACK, deceased.—Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the Estate of Maria Mack, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them, with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator, at his office and place of transaction of business, room 5, No. 520 Montgomery street, in the City and County of San Francisco.

Dated October 24th, 1867.

WILLIAM A. QUARLES,
Administrator of the Estate of Maria Mack, deceased.
oct26 5w

IN THE PROBATE COURT of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the estate of WILLIAM LOBB, deceased.

Order to show cause why order of distribution should not be made.

On reading and filing the petition of J. W. Brumagim, the Administrator of the Estate of William Lobb, deceased, setting forth that he has filed his final account of his administration of the estate of said deceased, in this Court, and that the same has been duly settled and allowed ; that all the debts and expenses of administration have been duly paid ; and that a portion of said estate remains to be divided among the heirs of said deceased, and praying among other things for an order of distribution of the residue of said estate among the persons entitled.

It is Ordered, that all persons interested in the estate of the said William Lobb, deceased, be and appear before the Probate Court of the city and county of San Francisco, at the Court Room of said Court, in the City Hall, in said city and county, on WEDNESDAY, the eleventh day of December, A. D. 1867, at eleven o'clock, A. M., then and there to show cause why an order of distribution should not be made of the residue of said estate among the heirs of the said William Lobb, deceased, according to law :

It is further ordered, that a copy of this order be published for four successive weeks, before the said eleventh day of December, A. D. 1867, in The Californian, a newspaper printed and published in the said city and county.

M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

Dated November 1st, 1867.

J. T. Finn, Attorney for Petitioner. nov2 5w

BOYS! BOYS! BOYS!

NOW IS THE TIME

H. M. LOCKWOOD & CO.,

New No. 624) CLAY STREET, (Old No

Have received a Large Stock of

GENTS' AND BOYS' CLOTHING

—AND—

FURNISHING GOODS,

Which they are selling

AT VERY LOW PRICES.

Every Garment warranted. All are invited to call examine our goods.

H. M. LOCKWOOD & CO.

624 Clay street, San Francisco

NOTICE.

IN CONSEQUENCE OF THE VERY GREAT DEMAND FOR

CASSIN'S

Grape Brandy Bitters ! !

we have been obliged to rent a LARGER BUILDING, and are now removing to Sullivan & Cashman's Block, No 523 FRONT STREET, opposite our old establishment.

F. & P. J. CASSIN, 520 Front street.

M. H. QUINN,

HAT MANUFACTURER,

127 Fourth street, bet. Howard and Mission, San Francisco.

Dress Silk Hats for Ladies or Gentlemen Manufactured to order, Cleaned or Renovated, at reasonable prices.

AMERICAN HOTEL,

Main street. Petaluma.

EMERSON & LAMBERTON Proprietors.

ANOTHER HORSE STORY.

Winter used to keep a banking office at Donega. Well, one afternoon, as Winter was sitting in front of his office, a chap came cavorting up on the outside of a showy sorrel horse, head and tail up, and promptly opened, as he drew rein, with :

"Winter, do you want a horse?"

"No," was his response.

"The chap put spurs to the sorrel, of course, on the off side where Winter sat, and caracoled and cavorted about the street. Finally, drawing up a second time in front of the office, he reopened with :

"Winter, I want to sell you this horse badly."

"What'll you take for him?" quoth Winter, jokingly.

"One hundred and fifty dollars," retorted the chap, putting his off spur into the horse's side, and kiting about in a circle.

"I won't give no such price," continued Winter, "I don't want the horse no how."

"What'll you give for him?" queried the chap, giving him another circus turn.

"Twenty-five dollars?" said Winter, "and not a cent more."

"The fellow raised himself on his left foot in the stirrup, threw his right leg slowly and gracefully over the saddle and to the ground, handed the reins to Winter, and quietly said :

"The animal is your'n ; a little difference of one hundred and twenty-five dollars don't stop me in a horse trade just now! and Winter was the owner of the horse.

He sent him to a livery stable, and in about an hour the keeper came to Winter's office with :

"What in the name of common sense did you send such an animal to me for? He'll poison the whole stable."

"What's the matter with him?" quoth Winter. "He cavorted about lively enough when I saw him."

"Matter! Why, he's ring-boned, spavined, hip-shot, has the poll evil, and may be glandered for what I know."

Winter went to a bookstore, laid out $2 50 for Youatt & Martin on the horse, hied to the livery stable, sat himself down, had the animal led out of the stall, and on looking over found he had every disease set down in the catalogue. Twenty-five dollars for the horse, and $2 50 for a book to study his ailments—a clear loss of $27 50.

M. S. WHITING. F. G. BERRY.

Whiting & Berry,

609 Sacramento Street, two doors above Montgomery,

Tea, Wine and Spirit Merchants,

Importers and Wholesale Dealers in fine Brandies, Whiskies, Gins, Port, Sherry and Champagne Wines, Ale, Porter, Cider, Bitters, Cordials, Syrup, etc., for medicinal and family use, and suppliers to Families, Apothecaries, Physicians, City and Country Dealers, Hotels, Clubs, etc., in large or small quantities.

Observe Firm Name on each cork and fac simile signature on label.

[Trade Mark Registered.] WHITING & BERRY.

This is the only exclusive TEA, WINE AND SPIRIT STORE on the Pacific Coast.

It is neither a saloon or sample room, (as no wine or spirits are permitted to be drank on the premises,) but a depot where selected Teas and Pure Wines and Spirits may be procured at wholesale or retail for medicinal and family use. In this respect it is our aim to vie with Bininger & Co., New York, Bigelow & Dawes, London, and Cozzen & Co., of Washington, where every facility is offered to ladies as well as gentlemen in making their own selections and purchases in quantities to suit.

N. B.—Our Treatise on Wines, Spirits and Teas, may be had at our depot gratis, and will be mailed to consumers and dealers in the interior when requested.

WHITING & BERRY,
609 Sacramento Street, second door above Montgomery.

BESSE W. GLUYAS. S. E. DUTTON.

GLUYAS & DUTTON,

COUNTING HOUSE STATIONERS,

Fireman's Fund Insurance Company's Building,

No. 227 Sansome Street.....San Francisco.

"THE" HAT STORE,

647 Washington Street.

The Hat wearing community are invited to examine the Stock at the above store, and in quality, style and price,

THEY DEFY COMPETITION!

Their Stock embraces all of the latest "novelties" and Standard Styles to be found elsewhere.

"THE" HAT STORE,

647 ngton Street.

Peter Short,

FASHIONABLE AND PRACTICAL TAILOR,
613 WASHINGTON STREET,
Between Montgomery and Kearny, San Francisco.

AYER'S PILLS

ARE PARTICULARLY ADAPTED to derangements of the Digestive Apparatus, and diseases arising from impurity of the Blood. A large part of all the complaints that afflict mankind originate in one of these, and consequently these PILLS are found to cure many varieties of Disease. They are sugar-coated, and hence may be taken readily by the most sensitive and delicate persons.

Subjoined are the statements from some eminent physicians, of their effects in their practice :

AS A FAMILY PHYSIC.

From Dr. E. W. Cartwright, of New Orleans—Your Pills are the prince of purges. Their excellent qualities surpass any cathartic we possess. They are mild, but very certain and effectual in their action on the bowels, which makes them invaluable to us in the daily treatment of disease.

FOR JAUNDICE AND ALL LIVER COMPLAINTS.

From Dr. Theodore Bell, of New York City—Not only are your Pills admirably adapted to their purpose as an aperient, but I find their beneficial effects upon the Liver very marked indeed. They have in my practice proved more effectual for the cure of *Bilious Complaints* than any one remedy I can mention. I sincerely rejoice that we have at length a purgative which is worthy the confidence of the profession and the people.

DYSPEPSIA—INDIGESTION.

From Dr. Henry J. Knox, of St. Louis—The Pills you were kind enough to send me have been all used in my practice, and have satisfied me that they are truly an extraordinary medicine. So peculiarly are they adapted to the diseases of the human system, that they seem to work upon them alone. I have cured some cases of *Dyspepsia* and *Indigestion* with them, which had resisted the other remedies we commonly use. Indeed I have experimentally found them to be effectual in almost all the complaints for which you recommend them.

FOR HEADACHE—SICK HEADACHE—FOUL STOMACH—PILES—DROPSY—PLETHORA—PARALYSIS—FITS—DYSENTERY—DIARRHŒA—RELAX—Etc., Etc.

From Dr. Edward Boyd, Baltimore—Dear Dr. Ayer: I cannot answer you what complaints I have cured with your Pills better than to say all that we ever treat with a purgative medicine. I place great dependence on an effectual cathartic in my daily contest with disease, and believe as I do that your Pills afford us the best we have, I of course value them highly.

☞ Most of the Pills in market contain mercury, which although a valuable remedy in skillful hands, is dangerous in a public pill, from the dreadful consequences that frequently follow its incautious use. These contain no mercury or mineral substances whatever.

Prepared by DR. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass., and sold by all Druggists and Dealers in Medicine everywhere.

CRANE & BRIGHAM, San Francisco,
Wholesale Agents.

PRO BONO PUBLICO.

LACOUR'S

SARSAPARIPHERE

BITTERS

POSSESS INVALUABLE PROPERTIES.

They give Health to the Sick,

Strength to the Weak,

Joy to the Afflicted.

☞SOLD EVERYWHERE.☜

$100 00

SAVED in a very Short Time by using

STANDARD SOAP CO.'S
WASHING POWDER.

TRY IT!

Does Not Injure the Clothes.
Sold Everywhere.

STERETT'S
STEAM
PRINTING HOUSE,
533
CLAY STREET.

Cards, Billheads, Circulars, Books, Briefs, Transcripts, osters, Bills of Fare Envelopes, Letter and Note Headings, Tickets, Pamphlets, and all Legal Papers printed at short notice, and upon reasonable terms.

Asphaltum for Sale

IN ANY QUANTITY TO SUIT, BY THE

PACIFIC ASPHALTUM COMPANY,

No. 533 Kearny street, corner of Sacramento,
SAN FRANCISCO.

This Asphaltum is the purest to be found in the market, being free from rock and clay, or other impurities.

Sidewalks Laid and Roofing Done at Shortest Notice.

NEUVAL & CO.

SAN FRANCISCO

Foundry and Machine Works,

Northeast corner Fremont and Mission streets,

Manufacturers of

MARINE AND STATIONARY ENGINES,

Quartz Machinery, Saw, Flour and Sugar Mills, Mining Pumps, Hoisting Gear, Agricultural Implements, etc.

ALSO,

Wine, Cider, Cotton and Tobacco Presses of the latest Improved Patterns.

STEAM ENGINES AND BOILERS,

Of all sizes, constantly on hand ; Quartz Mill Shoes and Dies warranted to be made of the best white iron.

Dunbar's Improved Self-Adjusting Piston-Packing, requires no springs or screws; is always steam-tight, with out excessive friction, and never gets slack or leaky.

MACHINERY, OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS,
Bought, sold, or exchanged. Bolt Cutting and Castings at the lowest market rates.

DEVOE, DINSMORE & CO.

IRON SHUTTER WORKS,

Established 1849.

John Upstone,

MANUFACTURER OF FIRE-PROOF

Doors and Shutters,

Bank Vaults, Balconies, Gratings, Prison Cells, Awnings, Stairs, Iron Fence, etc.,

Corner of California and Drumm Streets,
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Constantly on hand a large assortment of second hand Fire-Proof Doors and Shutters.

Pioneer Iron Shutter Works,

ESTABLISHED 1849.

CALVIN NUTTING,

Manufacturer of

FIRE-PROOF DOORS & SHUTTERS,

STEEL LINED BANK VAULTS,

Prison Cells, Balconies, Awnings, Gratings, Iron Fence, Stairs, etc.

123 Bush street, between Sansome and Battery,
San Francisco.

Constantly on hand a large assortment of second hand Fire-Proof Doors and Shutters.

Pioneer Iron Works,

CORNER OF MARKET AND FREMONT STREETS,
San Francisco.

KITTREDGE & LEAVITT

Manufacturers of

FIRE-PROOF DOORS, SHUTTERS, BANK VAULTS,
PRISON CELLS, BALCONIES, GRATINGS,
IRON FENCE, STAIRS, Etc.
BURGLAR PROOF BANK VAULT LOCKS

Constantly on had, a large assortment of Fire-Proof Doors and Shutters.

BAURHYTE & McAFEE,

Steam Boiler and Sheet Iron

WORKS.

Owned and conducted by Practical Boiler Makers.

HIGH AND LOW-PRESSURE BOILERS, STATIONARY AND MARINE.

Howard street, bet. Fremont and Beale, San Francisco.

Having had twenty-two years experience in this business, we feel confident of being able to compete—as to quality of work—with any establishment on the Pacific Coast.

CALIFORNIA BRASS FOUNDRY,

No. 125 First street, opposite Minna,

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All kinds of Brass, Composition, Zinc, and Babbitt Meta Castings, furnished at the shortest notice. Brass Ship-Work o all kinds, Spikes, Sheathing Nails, Rudder Braces, Hinges, etc., constantly on hand and made to order. Also, manufacture Ship and Steamboat Bells and Gongs of superior tone.

All kinds of Steam, Liquor, Water, Oil, and Flange Cocks and Valves made and repaired.

Hydraulic Pipes and Nozzles, and Hose Couplings and Connections of all sizes and patterns, furnished with dispatch. *PRICES MODERATE.*

V. KINGWELL. JOS. H. WEED, SAM'L WHITE.

THE DEW OF EDEN.

LADIES OF CALIFORNIA?—If you will keep your complexions in the freshness, delicacy and beauty of youth, you must use the DEW OF EDEN, for it is the only article extant that will do for those using it all that it purports without injury, as it contains no mineral or poisonous substances whatever. It preserves the skin from the effects of climate and atmospheric changes; prevents the formation of Freckles, Tan, Morphew, Sunburn and Wrinkles. It keeps the skin soft, tender and beautiful; because it is congenial and natural to it, and composed of ingredients that supply to it what time and exposure take too rapidly away. It preserves and restores. It is valuable to the young, but more so to those from whom the stern hand of Time is stealing the treasures of youth ; to such, it will actually arrest its depredations and avert its ravages upon the human face divine. It will surely smooth out those lines of care to a great extent, and restore the skin to comparative youth. Used on the hands daily, it preserves them in all fineness of texture and delicacy of early years. It gives a beautiful tint to the nails of the fingers, and keeps them tender and soft. It is not a cosmetic, and must not be used with any kind of paint. A simple powder, however, of harmless nature, may be used without detriment with this protective.

No lady once using the DEW OF EDEN will ever afterward dispense with it from her toilet.

Depot, 311 Kearney Street ; and for sale by
R. H. McDONALD & CO.,
Importers and Dealers in Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals, etc., corner of Pine and Sansome Streets, San Francisco.

PRIVATE MEDICAL AID.

QUICK CURES AND MODERATE CHARGES.

DR. W. K. DOHERTY,

PRIVATE MEDICAL AND SURGICAL INSTITUTE,
Sacramento Street, below Montgomery, Opposite Pacific Mail Steamship Co's Office, Private Entrance on Leidesdorff Street,
San Francisco.

Established expressly to afford the afflicted sound and scientific Medical Aid, in the treatment and cure of all Private and Chronic Diseases, cases of Secrecy, and all Sexual Disorders.

TO THE AFFLICTED.

DR. W. K. DOHERTY returns his sincere thanks to his numerous patients for their patronage and would take this opportunity to remind them that he continues to consult at his Institute for the cure of chronic diseases of the Lungs, Liver, Kidneys, Digestive and Genito-Urinary Organs, and all Private Diseases, viz : Syphilis in all its forms and stages, Seminal Weakness, and all the horrid consequences of Self-Abuse, Gonorrhœa, Gleet, Strictures, Nocturnal and Diurnal Emissions, Sexual Debility, Diseases of the Back and Loins, Inflammation of the Bladder and Kidneys, etc.; and he hopes that his long experience and successful practice will continue to insure him a share of public patronage. By his practice of many years in Europe and the United States, he is enabled to apply the most efficient and successful remedies against diseases of all kinds. He uses no mercury, charges moderate, treats his patients in a correct and honorable way, and has references of unquestionable veracity from men of known respectability and high standing in society. All parties consulting him, by letter or otherwise, will receive the best and gentlest treatment, and implicit secresy.

TO FEMALES.

When a female is in trouble, or afflicted with disease, as weakness of the back and limbs, pain in the head, dimness of sight, loss of muscular power, palpitation of the heart, irritability, nervousness, extreme urinary difficulties, derangement of digestive function, general debility, vaginitis, all disease of the womb, hysteria, sterility, and all other diseases peculiar to females, she should go or write at once to the celebrated female doctor, W. K. DOHERTY, at his Medical Institute, and consult him about her troubles and disease. Irregularities, suppressions, etc., will receive the Doctor's most particular attention. Let no false delicacy prevent, but apply immediately and save yourself from painful suffering and premature death. Ladies whose delicate health or other circumstances prevent an increase in their families, should write or call at DR. DOHERTY'S MEDICAL INSTITUTE, and they will receive every possible relief and help. The Doctor's offices, consisting of a suite of six rooms, are so arranged that he can be consulted without fear of observation.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Patients (male or female) residing in any part of the State, however distant, who may desire the opinion and advice of DR. W. K. DOHERTY on their respective cases, and who think proper to submit a written statement of such, in preference to holding a personal interview, are respectfully assured that their communications will be held most sacred. Dr. Doherty takes this opportunity of observing that all letters are only opened and replied to by himself, and the latter as promptly as possible.

If the case be fully and candidly described, personal communication will be unnecessary, as instructions for diet, regimen, and the general treatment of the case itself, (including the remedies) will be forwarded without delay, and in such a manner as to convey no idea of the purport of the letter or parcel so transmitted.

Consultation, by letter or otherwise, FREE. Permanent cure guaranteed, or no pay. Address,
W. K. DOHERTY, M. D.
San Francisco, Cal

SPERMATORRHŒA.

DR. DOHERTY has just published an important pamphlet embodying his own views and experiences in relation to Impotence or Virility, being a short treatise on Spermatorrhœa, or Seminal Weakness, Nervous and Physical Debility consequent on this affection, and other diseases of the Sexual Organs.

This little work contains information of the utmost value to all whether married or single, and will be sent FREE by mail on receipt of Six Cents in Postage stamps for return postage. Address,
W. K. DOHERTY, M. D., San Francisco, Cal.

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Steam Navigation Company.

STEAMER CAPITAL.....CAPT. E. A. POOLE.
" CHRYSOPOLIS. CAPT. A. FOSTER.
" YOSEMITE.....
" CORNELIA.....CAPT. W. BROMLEY
" JULIA.....CAPT. E. CONCKLIN

One of the above steamers leave BROADWAY WHARF, at 4 o'clock P. M., *EVERY DAY*, (Sundays excepted,) for Sacramento and one for Stockton, the Sacramento steamer connecting with light-draft steamers for Marysville, Colusa, Chico and Red Bluff.

Office of the Company, northeast corner of Front and Jackson streets.

B. M. HARTSHORNE, President.

BUCKMAN BROS.,

(Successors to John Myers,)

CAPITOL SALOON,

226 *MONTGOMERY STREET,*

Opposite the Russ House

Removal.

THEODORE KALLENBERG,

Machinist,

Has removed from No. 416 Market street, to No. 10 Stevenson street, next to the corner of First.

Maker of Models for Inventors, Drawing Instruments, Small Machines, Philosophical Instruments, Scales and Weights, all kinds of Brass and Iron Work.

REPAIRING PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

F. D. RING,

MANUFACTURER OF

JEWELRY AND SILVER WARE,

No. 540 Market Street, adjoining the Hibernia Bank,
SAN FRANCISCO.

All kinds of precious Stones set in the latest style and most approved manner. Watches and Jewelry carefully repaired by experienced workmen.

MAGUIRE'S OPERA HOUSE.

THOMAS MAGUIRE,.....Sole Proprietor.
CHAS. TIBBETTS,.....Business Manager
C. L. GRAVES,.....Stage Manager
WM. STEVENSON,.....Treasurer

Last Night of the
CELEBRATED IRISH COMEDIAN,
DAN BRYANT,

Bryant Matinee to-day,
KATHLEEN MAVOURNEEN!
Torrence O'Moore.....Dan Bryant

This Evening,.....Novemher 9th,
KATHLEEN MAVOURNEEN,
And the comic drama of
HANDY ANDY.

Handy Andy.....Dan Bryant,
With song of "The Flaming O'Flanigans," and dance "The Rocky Road to Dublin."

☞ Tuesday Evening—First appearance in San Francisco of MISS HELEN TRACY, as "Virginia," in the tragic play of VIRGINIUS.

PRICES OF ADMISSION:
Dress Circle.....$1 00 | Orchestra.....$1 00
Parquette..... 50 | Upper Circle..... 25

METROPOLITAN THEATRE.

F. A. HOWSON.....Lessee
FRANK HOWSON.....Manager
J. H. VINSON.....Stage Manager

BENEFIT OF
MISS CLELIA HOWSON.

Saturday Evening.....November 9th,
Messrs. Haliday and Lawrence's great burlesque of
KENILWORTH;
OR, THE DAYS OF GOOD QUEEN BESSS!

Which has been localized expressly for this occasion by TREM, author of the burlesques of "Emperor Norton I," "Maximiliano," local versions of "Pocahontas" and "Cupid," "Enoch Arden, or Under the Palm," "Assessments, or Look After My Josephine," "Do You Know Jones?" etc., etc.

SYNNPSIS:

The Cathedral Service at St. James' Church; Something about the Reformation; The Pueblo Lands; Poor Dr. Rowell; The Persecuted Pound Master; The New Style of Pants; Postmaster Perkins; Tucker's New Clock; The City Gardens; Siguor and Signora Bianchi; The Japanese; The Presidio Soldiers; Judge Rix; Police Court Celebrities; Counsellor Murphy; Citizen Sam Platt; Colonel James, etc.; Mrs. Lincoln's Shawls; Stockton Lunatic Asylum; Leicester's Closing Speech; Finale and Grand Chorus.

Earl of Leicester.....MISS CLELIA HOWSON.

The performance will commence with the comedy of
I COULDN'T HELP IT!
Kitty.....MISS CLELIA HOWSON.

This Afternoon, the grand burlesque of
ALAADDIN!

☞ Monday Evening—First appearance in San Francisco of MRS. CHALES POOLE.
The historical drama of MASSANIELLO.

PRICES OF ADMISSION.
Dress Circle and Orchestra Seats.....One Dollar
Parquet..... 50 cts | Gallery..... 25 cts
No Extra Charge for Reserved Seats.
Doors open at 7 o'clock; to commence at 8.
Box Office open from 10 to 3 o'clock.

Leslie, Raynor & Smith's Minstrels.

NEW TEMPLE OF MUSIC,
Congress Hall, No. 320 Bush Street,
Between Montgomery and Kearny.

Immense Success of the Grand Combination
NEW MINSTREL TROUPE!
Endorsed by the presence of thousands of our First Families.

Saturday Afternoon.....November 2d,
at 2 o'clock,
A GRAND MINSTREL MATINEE.
The entire Company will appear in one of the
BEST PROGRAMMES OF THE SEASON.

STILL THE RUSH CONTINUES!
HUNDREDS TURNED AWAY NIGHTLY!
TO-NIGHT, ENTIRE CHANGE OF PROGRAMME!
HENRY HERBERTE EVERY EVENING!
SEATS SECURED FOUR DAYS IN ADVANCE!

A Cloak Room, with Competent Attendants, for Ladies and Children. No Fees or Gratuities to be given to Attendants.

PRICES OF ADMISSION:
Orchestra Chairs and Dress Circle.....75 Cents
Parquet.....50 cents | Upper Circle.....25 cents
Box Office open from 10 A. M. to 4 P. M., where Seats can be secured without extra charge.

WONDERS OF WONDERS!

TO BE SEEN ONLY AT THE
Pacific Museum of Anatomy and Science,
Eureka Theatre, Montgomery street,
between California and Pine.

NATURE UNVEILED,

AT THE
PACIFIC MUSEUM OF ANATOMY AND SCIENCE
Eureka Theatre Montgomery street,
Between California and Pine.

A CARD.

TO THE PRESS OF SAN FRANCISCO I TENDER MY sincere thanks for the uniform kindness and courtesy they have shown me during my engagement.

DAN BRYANT.

San Francisco, November 7th, 1867.

MADISON & BURKE'S

REGULAR WEEKLY LIST
OF REAL ESTATE FOR SALE,
SINCE LAST REGULAR ADVERTISEMENT.

We have better opportunities to sell Real Estate than any other office in the city; dealing with so many tenants and landlords, and being so well known throughout the country, we frequently make sales where they would not otherwise have been made. Parties purchasing will find it to their advantage to call, and examine our list, for we have property of all descriptions, and all prices, in various parts of the city. We only desire to make a fair commission, and DEAL ON THE SQUARE with both Seller and Buyer.

HOUSES TO LET.

In all parts of the city, and at all prices, from five dollars a month upwards. Especial attention paid to this branch of our business. Ladies will receive every information. Landlords cannot but see the advantage of placing houses in our charge, as so many persons visit our office for the purpose of getting houses. Besides we have a very large number of tenants, who visit our office to pay rent and then see our list of houses.

RENTS COLLECTED. Large and small. Bad paying and destructive tenants made to move in short time, which is well known to this class of tenants.

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Steam Scouring, Cleansing and Repairing neatly executed.
Also—Ladies' Cloth Dresses and Cloaks neatly Cleaned and Pressed, or Mis-Fits altered.

IN THE PROBATE COURT of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the estate of WM. D. PALMER, deceased.

Order to show cause why order of distribution should not be made.

On reading and filing the petition of Samuel L. Palmer, the administrator of the estate of William D. Palmer, deceased, setting forth that he has filed his final account of his administration of the estate of said deceased, in this Court, and that the same has been duly settled and allowed; that all the debts and expenses of administration have been duly paid; and that a portion of said estate remains to be divided among the heirs of said deceased, and those persons entitled, and praying among other things for an order of distribution of the residue of said estate among the persons entitled:

It is Ordered, that all persons interested in the estate of said William D. Palmer, deceased, be and appear before the Probate Court of the city and county of San Francisco, at the Court room of said Court, in the City Hall in said city and county, on MONDAY, the ninth day of December, Anno Domini 1867, at eleven o'clock, A. M., then and there to show cause why an order of distribution should not be made of the residue of said estate among the heirs of the said William D. Palmer, deceased, and the persons entitled, according to law.

It is further Ordered, that a copy of this order be published for four successive weeks, before the said ninth day of December, A. D. 1867, in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published in the said city and county.

M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

Dated November 7th, 1867.
A. J. GUNNISON, Esq., Attorney for Petitioner.
nov9 16 23 30 dec7

NOTICE!

Not Out of Business—Only Removed.

Pioneer Steam Marble Works Com'y
HAVE REMOVED
Their Marble Mantel Warerooms from No. 546 California street to their extensive Steam Factory,
422 and 424 Jackson Street,
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INSURANCE.

☞ EDITOR OF THE CALIFORNIAN—SIR—I have read over with attention your commentary of the 18th instant on the downward tendency of the stocks of half a dozen of our "crack" insurance company. You report that their shares have fallen eight to eleven per cent. within the last couple of weeks, and that in most cases the rates quoted are merely nominal: that in fact there are NO BUYERS. This is precisely what I foretold to those gentlemen several months ago when I observed the illiberal and and unbusiness methods they had adopted. Only think of it. Those great Insurance Companies, founded on so many hundreds of thousands of "capital," (paper) would cancel people's policies if they presumed to give a portion of their insurance to the Builders' Insurance Co. Yes, indeed! You might insure with Turk, Jew, or Gentile, with New England or Old England, with German, Gaul, or Dane; but if you insured with the BUILDERS your policies with the others were straightway cancelled! And why object to the Builders, gentlemen? You are not called upon to pay their losses: the Builders have to pay their own losses, and have so far paid them promptly. But the Builders are only mechanics—they are not "merchants," and of course unfit to insure anybody.

Ah, gentlemen, I may say, in the words of Oliver Cromwell to the long Parliament of England: "The Lord hath delivered you into my hands."

Observe, Mr. Editor, they decline to make dividends from "prudential motives;" rather prudent, one should say, when they have no profits to divide! Bah! and so all their vaporing and dignity and pretension have come to this: That from gross mismanagement they are losing money and eating up the capital of their stockholders: while some of their labors consist in cancelling policies of their old customers, returning them the premiums paid, which, of course, are carried straight into the "Builders."

Those lights of Insurance Science are fain to be thought the models of Commercial Men—the encouragers of the young enterprise and budding industries of California. Yet the whole city can discern their meanness and incapacity.

I now propheey and proclaim that half of those pompous Institutions will dissolve and retire from business long before they have their fortunes made; and their existence will be remembered only by the unfortunate Shareholders—an inevitable result of all mean and vicious dealing in the world.

THOMAS MOONEY.

San Francisco, October 19th, 1867.

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EDGAR WAKEMAN.....Commander,
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The Company's new Steamer OREGONIAN, now nearly ready for sea, and the splendid new steamer NEVADA, now on her way from New York to San Francisco, will soon be put on the Line.

No expense on the Isthmus—100 lbs. baggage free.
Surgeon on board; medicine and attendance free.
As there is no Yellow Fever nor other epidemic in Nicaragua, passengers by this route will not be detained by Quarantine in New York.
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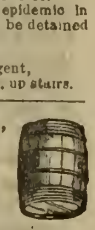
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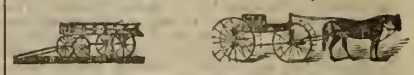

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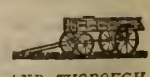
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CREME DE LIS

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FOR CLEANSING AND PRESERVING THE TEETH. Beautifying the Complexion, and removing Freckles, Eruptions, Sunburn, and Tan.
A New Combination, equal to the best French preparations, and free from their poisonous ingredients.
Invented by GEO. S. DICKEY, Chemist,
Corner of Market, Stockton, Ellis and Fourth streets,
San Francisco.

The Californian.

"SURELY THERE IS A VEIN FOR THE SILVER AND A PLACE FOR GOLD WHERE THEY FINE IT."

VOLUMEVII., No. 26. OFFICE, No. 532 MERCHANT STREET. | SAN FRANCISCO, NOVEMBER 16, 1867. | TERMS, $5 A YEAR, BY MAIL, IN ADVANCE. 50 CENTS A MONTH, BY CARRIER.

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Mr. Harte's New Book; Wine Adulterations; "Dead," A Poem by W. A. Kendall; "Lion's Mouth:" Lessons for Locals, or How to be Witty and Humorous; The Architects of San Francisco; Barbarous England; "Civilized Lightning;" Literary Gleanings: A Word for Hugo's Jean Valjean; The Scientific Church; Dicken's Second Visit to the United States; Literary Intelligence, etc. Dramatic Affairs, by Touchstone; The Loves of the Keysers, by John Quill; Sheridan's Ride; A Parisian Crime and its Treatment Two Hundred Years Ago; Chased by Tartar Cavalry; Dennis Thompson's Escape; The Human Body; Poetry, Paragraph's, etc.

THE LION'S MOUTH.

"THE gravest beast is an ass, the gravest bird is an owl, the gravest fish s an oyster, and the gravest man is a fool." SYDNEY SMITH.

"I WILL roar, that I will do any man's heart good to hear me." A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

"I WILL aggravate my voice so, that I will roar you as gently as any sucking dove; I will roar you an 't were any nightingale." IBID.

"*Nil falsi audeat, nil veri non audeat dicere.*" CICERO.

Lessons for Locals, or How Dull Persons can be Witty and Humorous.

It is a remnrkable fact, tbat as a class, the "witty reporters," whose brilliant flashes illuminate the local columns of the daily papers, and set thousands of breakfast tables in a roar every morning, are not, naturally, among the gifted of their race. On the contrary, many of those wbose "items" are the funniest, are rather dull, thick-headed fellows, with nothing bright or genial about them. How, then, it may be asked, do they keep up such a perennial flow of humor? The secret is easy, and we will impart it for the benefit of the younger and more obscure class of "locals," who are laboriously treading in the footsteps of such veteran celebrities as Fitz Smythe, of the *Alta*, nnd Fitz Snarl, of the *Call*, in the fond hope of one day becoming wealtby and famous themselves. Nothing can be more simple. Procure an "unabridged," and a book of synonyms, and keep them at hand, when you are engaged in writing up your funny items. These are your tools, young man, nnd *this* is the way to use them. First, write out your item in the plainest and most direct manner. Use the first words that come to hand, and take no pains or trouble whatever. Second, take each of the principal verbs, nouns, adjectives, nnd adverbs, that occur in your item, look it up in your book of synonyms, or dictionary, and find the oddist, most outlandish and least-used word that represents any of the meanings of said verb, noun, adjective, or adverb. Next substitute the synonym for the original word. Fnally, re write your item, nsing as many words as possible, and all the slang phrases, and circuitous modes of expression possible, and your work is done. By this simple (though at first tedious) process, the baldest and most common place phrases become sprightly or humorous. The transformation is amazing. "He smelled a very big rat," a bomely and hackneyed expression. becomes, "He nosed a peculiarly magnificent rodent"—not a bad Fitzsmythism. Again, let us suppose you have written in regard to a lot of "drunks" brought into the station-house, "their boots were dirty, and they had no money." This unpretending statement, after being properly manipulated blooms into the stately periphrasis: "An examination of their boots showed that they had more real estate than blacking on their outer surface, and an examination of their pockets demonstrated with logical conclusiveness that the entire party, individually and collectively, were teetotally impecunious!" It is by the diligent practice of the principle and theory here indicated, that Fitz Smythe has attained his proud pre-eminence as the funniest "local" on this coast. Next week, we shall give the second lesson of the series.

"Civilized Lightning."

The pursuits of trade and commerce have not ordinarily been supposed to be peculiarly favorable to the cultivation of the higher kinds of eloquence, though examples have not been wanting of eloquent auctioneers. San Francisco, however, can boast of a distinguished merchant who is capable of the loftiest oratorical flights. None of her lawyers, divines, or political speakers have ever surpassed the efforts of the President of the Chamber of Commerce, R. G. Sneath, Esq., on the occasion of the formal "opening" of the new rooms of that body, on Tuesdny evening last. We have room for but a single specimen, which will, however, suffice for our purpose; *ex pede Herculem:*

The civilized lightning, baulked in its wild career by the broad Pacific, darted its forked flame toward the Russians in search of its affinity—the iceberg realm in frigid tone repelled the bold intruder—it now frightfully halts on the Occidental shore, ready to leave its master in some frantic moment, and make the frightful leap of the Pacific to join its Oriental comrades.

When that "frantic moment" shall have arrived, and the "civilized lightning" is quite ready for that amazing saltatory feat in search of "Oriental comrades," may we be there to witness the performance, with Fitz Smythe to report it.

Barbarous England.

Fifty years ago we were rather proud of our English descent, and our old fogy diplomatists thought it a nice thing to say in their dinner-table speeches on festive occasions when Englishmen were present, that we had "derived our language, our literature, and our laws from England," etc., etc. But we have got over all those infantile notions now, and are as much ashamed of the "mother country" as Mr. Samuel Williams, of the *Bulletin*, is of bis nncestors and the ancients generally. We are too conscious of our superior civilization, to dream of boasting that we have "derived" *anything* from an effete aristocracy"—except some of our vices. As to the superiority of our laws to those of the old country, take the following, which we clip from an exchange, by way of illustration:

A DOG STORY.—A surgeon at Netley, England, recently took a long walk in the neighborhood of Southampton, nccompanied by his dog, a fine Newfonndland. In the evening he missed some letters from his coat-pocket and his dog. The latter did not surprise him as his dog often wandered from bim in his walks. The next day annoyed and puzzled at the loss of his letters, he thought it possible he might have drawn them out of his pocket-handkerchief during his previous day's walk. He resolved, therefore, to repeat the walk. for he might bave dropped the letters in an unfrequented path. About four miles from the hospital, he came suddenly npon his dog lying on the ground with the letters close by. The dog had laid by the side of the letters for sixteen hours. He has been re-christened, very properly. "Post master-General."

Without pausing to remark npon the superiority of American dogs, as shown by this paragraph (for the most stupid Yankee dog wouldn't have made a donkey of himself by "lying on the ground with the letters close by," but would have picked them up and ran to his master with them.) Without dwelling on this point, we call attention to the fact that England is far behind us in the matter of legislation. It is quite evident that the enlightened dog-laws of San Francisco are still unknown in that country, or that "fine Newfoundland" couldn't by any possibility have been abroad "for sixteen hours," without getting lassooed. Our own enterprising Pound-keeper would have "snatched" him, in less than sixteen seconds, after his owner was ont of sight. We believe that we have a correspondent of the London *Times* in this city, and we trust that be will communicate to that influential paper—a journal scarcely inferior to our own *Morning Call*—a full account of the nature and workings of our municipal legislation in regard to dogs. The nations of Europe ought not to be suffered to remain in heathen ignorance on this subject, even if it should become necessary to send out the Pound-keeper and his "mounted escort" in the capacity of missionaries, to enlighten them.

The Architects of San Francisco.

Some disgusted architect, who is not in the good graces of the Board of Education, and cannot get orders for "plans and specifications" for new school-houses, sends us a communication embodying a particularly ferocious onslaught upon the architects of this metropolis, which we feel somewhat delicate about publishing until we have consulted our attorney as to the nature and extent of the liability we may incur by doing so, under the provisions of the law of libel. The following is the least violent portion of the epistle:

MR. EDITOR:—I am by profession an architect, a profession which I have practised for over thirty years in several of the principal cities of this great and glorious Republic, which the Bard of Avon prophetically designated "the land of the free, and the home of the brave." But sir, if I remain in San Francisco, and continue in the practice of my ancient and honorable profession, I fear I shall be obliged to forfeit all claim to my own self-respect. The men who dub themselves "architects" here, are for the most part charlatans and empirics of the most vulgar description. Many of them are ignorant and illiterate scrubs, destitute of the very rudiments of a professional education. The frosty effrontery of some of these quacks in daring to hang out a shingle in which they describe themselves as "architects" is positively stunning. It is scarcely credible—it is simply monstrous—and yet it is the congelated truth, that men who were boss carpenters at home, and who couldn't tell a Corinthian from a Doric column, or furnish an intelligent answer to the query, whether the Pantheon was a Gothic edifice, have the ineffable effrontery to set up here for "arcbitects." This class of pretenders and impostors are of course utterly destitute of any respect for the etiquette and usages of the profession. They underbid one another, and practice the most despicable arts in order to obtain employment. There are even instances where they have been known to work *for nothing*, in order to bring themselves into notice. Nearly all are willing to "go into competition," on the quack principle of "no cure no pay," in order to obtain a job. In short, sir, I am disgusted. They are meaner and more groveling than the pettifoggers of the Justices' Courts; more degraded than the quack doctors who practice "specialties," more jealous than rival singers, or rival poets. They remind me forcibly of a nest of wriggling and hissing snakes, in which each reptile is struggling to rear his head above the heads of his fellows. There are some exceptions, but they are so disgustingly few that it makes me sick to think of it.

Yours, in sorrow,
FABER BRICK,

[For the Californian.]

"DEAD."

COME into the casket room,
Come with softly muffled feet,
Groping through the utter gloom,
Searching for the jewel sweet:
"Dead—dead—dead!"

Wrapped in this grim coffin shroud,
Stolen as by horrid stealth;
Here in this wan satin cloud,
Look you for your rifled wealth:
"Dead—dead—dead!"

Folded down in hapless rest,
In their grave-bands tight and fast,
Lead upon the frozen breast,
Both the heavy hands are cast:
"Dead—dead—dead!"

Lids that never more will rise,
Lips so blue and cold and numb;
Over both the sunken eyes
Broods an awful mystery, dumb:
"Dead—dead—dead!"

Blotches of the inky night,
Glimpses of expiring spheres,
Drift across your swimming sight,
Then there bursts a storm of tears:
"Dead—dead—dead!"

This may be your father, here,
This may be your truest friend;
This, alas! your mother dear;
For of these this is the end:
"Dead—dead—dead!"

Cry you for one parting word?
Beg you for one loving glance?
Not a prayer of yours is heard
In that stolid earthen trance:
"Dead—dead—dead!"

Curse the robber if you will,
Curse the harshly clanging bell;
There it lieth, calm and still,
Under the remorseless knell:
"Dead—dead—dead!"

Well—screw down the casket lid,
With its sickening varnish smell;
It is time it should be hid
Where the unreturning dwell:
"Dead—dead—dead!"

* * * * * *

Through the thickest sable veil
Rays of subtle glory reach,
And the lips of halo Hope
Of our vanished darlings teach:

"Dust to dust is fate's decree,
But the Fate of fate denies,
To the love on bended knee,
That the spirit ever dies!"

Bitter is the cup, but drink—
At the bottom lurks a sweet,
Which to taste of is to think
The beloved yet will meet;

And the self-same hands shall press,
That have clasped their last below,
Where there cometh no distress,
And the lights of Heaven glow.

"DEAD."—Its meaning we mistake;
Dead to care and pain, 'tis true;
Dead to toil and tempest quake,
But alive to God and you!

Oh, the robber's hand is staid,
By a mightier Power to save;
And his stealthy clutch is laid
Only on the body's grave.

No! not dead! but gone before,
Leaving all their burdens here;
Swimmers who have reached the shore
Of the Soul's Eternal Year!

W. A. KENDALL.

A PARISIAN CRIME AND ITS TREATMENT TWO HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

THE Dame Mazel was a haughty lady, who lived alone (excepting her retainers) in a large hotel in the rue Maçons-Sorbonne, Paris. In the latter half of the seventeenth century, women of quality thought they could do much as they liked, and Madame Mazel, rich and a widow, did not suffer greatly from the rest of her class. She gave grand receptions on stated days, with sharp card-playing and splendid suppers. At other times, her sole, though not her constant companion, was the Abbé Poulard.

At the epoch when these events occurred, almost every wealthy house reckoned among its guests—we might say among its parasites—one or more ecclesiastics of greater or less respectability. The Dame Mazel harbored an unfrocked monk. Did the Abbé Poulard act as the lady's confessor? Or was he bound to her by dearer ties? All that was known for certain was, that he took up his quarters in the house as if it belonged to him, finding fault with the servants, hard to please in respect to bed and board, irregular in his habits, and not concealing his contempt for the rules of the Church on abstinence days and during Lent. At table he spoke with authority, discussing the merits of dishes and their sauces, and worrying the old cook-maid almost to death. His bedroom was like a ladies' boudoir, full of trinkets, ornaments, and luxurious furniture. So completely was this self-indulgent cell to his taste, that in 1673, he submitted to excommunication by the Prior of Clury rather than quit it.

In spite, however, of his fondness for his bower, he was not satisfied with that alone. In order to be thoroughly at liberty, he hired a room in the neighborhood, where he frequently slept. On these occasions he returned to the hotel noiselessly, early in the morning, by means of a master-key with which he could open the street door at pleasure.

The personage of next importance in the household was Jacques Lebrun, who, at the age of sixteen, had entered Madame Mazel's service as *valet de chambre*. He had now lived with her nine-and-twenty years, serving her faithfully, and enjoying her full confidence. Although at forty-five he was still called the *valet de chambre*, he had in reality become the *maître d'hôtel*, steward. It was he who bought everything, paid the tradesmen, who gave orders for repairs and renovations. The cash and the plate were under his charge, and he locked them up in a strong box kept in a sacred biding place. His long-tried integrity was above all suspicion; and in those days an old servant became almost a member of the family. He was at once a domestic and a friend. He was set down in Madame Mazel's will for a legacy of six thousand francs, with the half of the clothes and the household linen.

Lebrun was married, and lived happily with his wife; he brought up his children religiously. His duties, which were strict and numerous, did not allow him to have his family in the house. The Dame Mazel had indeed offered him apartments in the upper story, where there was more than accommodation enough for two such families as his; but on her reception days—twice a week—when her mansion was frequented by fashionable people, it was also thronged by lackeys waiting for their masters and mistresses, whose loose style of conduct and conversation seemed to Lebrun to be anything but a proper example for his own young folk. He therefore installed them in a lodging close by. The establishment consisted, besides Lebrun, of two housemaids, a cook, a coachman, and two little lackeyes.

Madame Mazel's hotel was four stories high. You reached the first floor by the grand stair-case, passing through a room which served as a pantry, and containing a closet in which the table service was locked up. One of the housemaids kept the key. In this room, on the side next the street, a portion had been partitioned off, where Lebrun slept when he did not pass the night at home. The rest of this story consisted of a suite of state apartments in which madame received company when she gave her card and supper parties. Her bed-room was on the second floor, looking into the court. It was reached by two ante-chambers, one of which, opening on the grand stair-case, was always left open; the other was fastened when the lady had retired to rest. She was the only person who slept on this story of the house. Two doors led out of her bedroom; one opened on a little back stair-case, the other led to a wardrobe, which also had an outlet on the stair-case. The first of these doors was at the side of the bed next the wall, and Madame Mazel could open it without raising. At the head of the bed hung a couple of bell-pulls, corresponding to the chambers of the two housemaids. In the wardrobe was a closet, the key of which was laid on Madame Mazel's bolster; and in this closet was the key of the strong box.

The third story of the hotel was completely untenanted, excepting the chamber occupied by the Abbé Poulard, which was situated over the wardrobe. It was entered by the back stair-case, which led to the door of Madame Mazel's bedside. On the fourth story, the two *femmes de chambre* and the two little lackeys slept. The cook slept down-stairs in a wood-house; the coachman, in a nook under the stair-case. The latter had charge of the great coach door leading into the street, the key of which hung on a nail in the kitchen ready for use by any of the inmates of the house. The roof of the hotel formed a vast attic, always open, and in which there was a garret window allowing access to a broad rain-gutter running along the bottom of two sloping roofs, which was prolonged for a considerable distance along the row of houses. The door of this attic was never closed.

Some time before our story opens, Madame Mazel had asked Lebrun for a master-key which he made use of to go in and out as he wanted. She gave it to the Abbé Poulard. Lebrun, however, had a second master-key, and continued to employ it for the same purpose as before.

On the first Sunday in Advent, the 27th of November, 1689, Lebrun's daughters came to pay their respects to the Dame Mazel after her dinner. She received them as usual, kindly, requested them to come and see her again, and left them to go to vespers. Lebrun gave his arm to his mistress, the two little lackeys following them. When he saw her comfortably seated on her bench in the chapel of the Convent of the Prémontré Nuns, rue Hautefeuille, he was at liberty until the conclusion of the service. He went and gossiped with the cook's husband, one Lagiée, a locksmith. They agreed that their two families should picnic together that evening, so they went to a cook-shop to buy something for supper. Lebrun ran for a moment to his wife's lodgings, and then at eight o'clock he went to the house of one Dame Duvau, where he was to find his mistress, the coachman, and the two little lackeys. After conducting his mistress to her hotel, he returned to his friend Lagiée.

The Dame Mazel supped tete-à-tête with the Abbé Poulard as usual. During the repast, the abbé announced that he intended sleeping out, in his other chamber. The Dame Mazel went to bed at about eleven o'clock. Lebrun had stayed late at his picnic supper. Just as the two waiting-women, after undressing their mistress, were preparing to retire, they heard him scratching* at the back stair-case door.

"Who is there?" asked the Dame Mazel.

"'Tis M. Lebrun," said the *femme de chambre*.

"A pretty time of night!" exclaimed the irritable lady.

Finding that they did not let him in by that way, Lebrun retired, went round, and returned to the chamber by the grand stir-case. His mistress gave her orders for next day's supper, which was a reception-day. He then finished his service for the night in the customary way. He closed the door of the chamber by pulling it after him, after laying the key on a chair inside; then, as was his practice every evening, he locked the door of the second ante-chamber, and laid the key on the chimney-piece of the first—*i. e.*, of that first entered from the grand staircase.

That done, Lebrun went down into the kitchen, laid his hat upon the table, took the key of the great door with the intention of locking it, but first warmed himself before the logs which still blazed on the hearth. Insensibly he fell asleep; his sociable supper had made him drowsy. When he awoke, he went and locked the door, which he found wide open, and took the key with him to his sleeping-place.

Early next morning he started on his errands. He had to go to the butcher's, and make preparations for the evening's supper. He met a bookseller, with whom he had a friendly gossip. His remarks were cheerful, even jocose. At the butcher's, he hurried the sending of the soup-meat; his mistress would want a basin of broth before it was late. Returned to the hotel, he met three of his friends near the door; he insisted on their stepping into the kitchen for a moment. He was in such a merry mood, that, taking off his cloak and putting it on the shoulders of one of the party, he pretended to thrash him with a leg of mutton, saying, "I have the right to beat my own cloak as much as I please." He then cast an eye on the preparations for supper, and gave one of the little lackeys some wood to carry up to madame's chamber. Meanwhile, the clock struck eight, and his mistress had not yet rung for her waiting-maids. Lebrun noticed it, and appeared uneasy. The Dame Mazel usually awoke at seven.

He fidgeted about a few minutes longer, continually expecting the bell to ring. He stepped out of doors for an instant and went to his wife's, to give her seven louis-d'ors and a few crowns, which he did not wish to keep loose in his pocket. On leaving her, he said, "Madame is not yet awake; I don't know what can be the meaning of it."

He found the servants seriously alarmed at their mistress's silence. They resolved to go up stairs and knock at the several doors of her room, shouting, "Madame Mazel! Madame Mazel!"

No reply was made.

"Can she have had a fit?" said one of the servants.

"It must be something worse than that," replied Lebrun. "I don't at all like finding the coach door wide open last night."

They sent for Madame Mazel's eldest son. He knocked at the door with no better result, and then sent to fetch a locksmith. "What can it be?" he asked Lebrun. "It must be apoplexy."

"If we sent for a surgeon in any case?" suggested one of the waiting-women.

"It is not that," said Lebrun; "it is much worse; there must have been foul play. I am very uneasy about the coach doors being open last night."

The locksmith opened the bedchamber door. Lebrun, the first to enter, ran to the bed, drew aside the curtains, and exclaimed, "Madame has been murdered!" He then went to the wardrobe, and took out one of the bars of the window, to give more light. The Dame Mazel was stretched on her bed in a pool of blood. He face, neck, and hands were covered with wounds.

At this sad spectacle, Lebrun's first thought seems to have been that robbery could have been the only motive for his mistress's murder. He ran to the strong box and raised it; the lock was uninjured. "She has not been robbed," he said, "What can that mean?"

On examination, fifty wounds, apparently made with a knife, were found on the body. Not one of them in itself was mortal. Loss of blood was the sole cause of death. The victim might, therefore, have called for help. In the bed was found a piece of a cravat with embroidered ends stained with blood, and a napkin, much blood stained, bore the mark of the house. It was presumed that the victim, struggling in self-defence, had snatched from her assassin this bit of cravat and this improvised cap. Between the slashed fingers of the defunct were a few hairs, quite unlike Madame Mazel's hair, and which she had evidentally torn from the murderer in her moment of despair. A knife was found in the ashes of the hearth. The two bell-pulls were tied in two knots to the curtain-rod, so that pulling them had no effect on the bells. The key of the chamber was not on the chair where it was usually placed every night; there was no trace of violence on the doors, two doors opening on the back stair-case were fastened inside with hooks. The key of the closet was in its customary place on the bolster. When the closet was opened they found there the purse in which Madame Mazel kept her card-money; it contained nearly three hundred francs. The key of the strong box was still in the closet; they opened it, and it contained several bags full of silver, an open purse, at the bottom of which was a half-louis d'or, and all the victim's jewels, valued at fifteen thousand francs. Lastly, Madame Mazel's pockets contained eighteen pistoles in gold. At first sight, it was easy to suppose that theft had not been the motive of the murder.

On searching Lebrun, they found upon him the key of the pantry, and a master-key which would open the first turn of the bedroom lock. This fixed suspicion on him, and he was not allowed to go out of sight. They tried on his head the napkin twisted into a cap; it was much too small for him. They examined his hands, which he had not yet washed. He was made to wash them: they bore no trace of blood—not a sign of a scratch. His box was inspected; nothing suspicious was found. Nevertheless, the master-key seemed to witness against him. He and his wife were immediately arrested.

Next day, the 29th of November, the lieutenant-criminel made a fresh inquiry. The idea struck him, a little late, to examine the back stair-case. He found on one of the lowest steps, a new rope, very long, ending in a triple iron hook, and tied into knots at intervals so as to serve as a sort of ladder. The same day, they found in a corner of the attic a shirt whose front and sleeves were bloody, and a cravat collar stained with blood at both ends. If this linen belonged to Lebrun, it was surprising that no marks of recent washing were to be found on his hands or on his neck.

An expert wig-maker affirmed that there was no resemblance, either in color or stoutness, between the hairs found in the victim's fingers and Lebrun's hair. Cutlers interested in the task, declared that there was no relation between the knives in Lebrun's possession and the knife which the murderer had thrown into the fire. None of the ropes in the pantry, in the house, in Lebrun's lodging, had anything to do with the knotted rope on the back stair-case. These negative proofs of innocence had no weight. The prosecution closed their eyes to them. All they would see was, that, although Madame Mazel had taken back her master-key, Lebrun still possessed another; that when they talked of apoplexy, he expressed his belief that "something worse" had occurred. His motive was impatience to touch the legacy of six thousand francs, and the rest. The rope on the back stairs (which had not been used, as the knots were not drawn tight,) and the bloody shirt hidden in the garret, was merely tricks to direct suspicion to some one else; while every circumstance implied a complete knowledge of the ways of the house.

Nevertheless, seamstresses called in to express an opinion on the linen found, declared that there was no resemblance between the bloody shirt and Lebrun's linen. Moreover, there was a femme-de-chambre who believed she remembered washing a singular shirt for a lackey of the name of Berry who had been turned out of the house for dishonesty. Another said she had seen Berry wear an embroidered cravat resembling the bit torn from the murderer's neck. This significant clue was not followed up.

Moreover, the Dame Mazel had three sons, in high posi-

* When you call to pay a visit, knock or ring very gently, just enough to make yourself heard. Formerly it was considered bon ton to do no more than *scratch* at a great man's door.—*La Politesse Francais, par E. Muller.*

tions. The eldest, René de Savonniéres, was a counsellor of parlement; the second, Georges de Savonniéres, lord of Ligneres, was a treasurer of France for the generality of Paris; the youngest, Michel de Savonniéres, was a major in the regiment de Piemont. Now, fifteen years before, René, the eldest, had married a young person whose scandalous conduct provoked Madame Mazel's high displeasure. The angry dame obtained against her daughter-in-law a lettre de cachet, with which she had kept her imprisoned more than twelve years in a provincial convent. But the counsellor was very fond of his wife, and consented to the separation only from a sense of filial duty, perhaps also through fear of the effect which resistance might have on his mother's will. Young Madame de Savonniéres had several times escaped from her cloister prison; but the mother-in-law, watchful and implacable, soon had her taken back again.

There was a rumor, and its truth was ascertained, that in the month of March, 1685, at the same time that Berry robbed the Dame Mazel of a sum of fifteen hundred francs, Madame de Savonniéres was concealed in Paris. Towards the close of August she again broke loose, and again remained hidden for a certain time in a house in the Faubourg Saint-Germain. She said to one of her friends, "This will not last long. *In three months* I shall have no need to hide myself, but shall return publicly to my husband's house."

No conclusion or inference was drawn from these curious coincidences. Such was the state of society then, that Lebrun's advocate dared not insist on their significance. Neither the lieutenant-criminel nor the judges of the Chatelet hesitated to sacrifice Lebrun's innocent head to the influential people who were interested in concealing the real source of the crime. Lebrun was only a poor unprotected wretch, who could be found guilty without any great distortion of facts. All they had to do was to keep silence respecting certain double edged circumstances. Thus, Madame de Savonniéres was shut up in a convent at Bourges; Berry was a Bourges man; yet no one asked where Madame de Savonnieres was, nor what incautious expressions she had let fall. Witnesses declared that the bloody shirt and cravat belonged to Berry; notwithstanding which, Berry was not even named by the prosecution. Nor was the Abbé Poulard examined.

And yet there were no other reasons besides his suspicious relations with the deceased, which ought to have caused his examination. It was not of very important purport that he should be named in Madame Mazel's will, not for any special legacy, but for the continuation of the same advantages which he had enjoyed during her lifetime. M. de Savonnieres the elder was bound to board and lodge the excommunicated monk. But the ex-Dominican had a sister, a widow, Madame Chapelain by name. This person, penniless like her brother, and with an attractive countenance, was publicly sought by M. de Savonnieres de Ligneres, Madame Mazel's second son. In spite of her poverty, she hoped to get the young treasurer to marry her. By clever coquetry and artful resistance she managed to shut his eyes to the ill-assortment of their union. The Dame Mazel, absolute in her will, opposed the marriage; the Abbé Poulard ardently desired it. Only six months before the crime, Madame Chapelain, all the while persisting in her rigor, had accepted from her suitor costly presents, such as a complete dress, comprising even the shoes, made of gold and silver brocade. Here was an interest in Madame Mazel's death quite as powerful as poor Lebrun's.

The Abbé Poulard had lately obtained the master-key which Lebrun had been made to give up. During his last meal with the murdered lady he repeatedly mentioned that he was going to sleep out that night. He had well known, at Madame Mazel's, the lackey Berry, afterwards discharged for theft. Still he was not interrogated.

Another thing told much against him. Ever since the commission of the dead, he industriously spread strange and inconsistent reports respecting Lebrun. Sometimes he accused him of being the sole agent in the murder, mixing up calumnious insinuations on the memory of his benefactress: sometimes he charged him with complicity with Berry, whom the prosecution persisted in leaving in the shade. "The Dame Mazel," the ex-monk stated, "had a child in her youth by a grand seigneur, who left a considerable sum to bring it up. This child was no other than Berry, afterwards lackey to his own mother. Lebrun, aware of his mistress's errors, had revealed to Berry the secret of his birth, in the hope of making him his son-in-law. When driven from the maternal residence, Lebrun had tried to reinstate him, introducing him by night into his mother's bedroom. Berry had tried to soften her, in vain. Yielding to her violent temper, she had seized him by the throat; on which he drew his knife in self-defence, and killed her without premeditation."

This absurd romance, combined with Poulard's interest in Madame Mazel's death, awakened the suspicions of the defence; but the prosecution would listen to nothing. The master-key was poor Lebrun's ruin. Of twelve judges, three voted for further inquiry, three for the preparatory "question" or torture, six for a sentence to death.

The sentence actually pronounced on the 18th of January, declared Lebrun "attained and convicted of having taken part in the murder of the Dame Mazel; in reparation of which he is condemned to make honorable amends, to be broken alive and to die on the wheel, after the previous application of the ordinary and the extraordinary question to obtain the revelation of his accomplices; all his goods confiscated to the king, or to whom appertains the right, first mulcting them with the sum of five hundred francs of fine, in case the confiscation is not to the king's profit; eight hundred francs of civil reparation and damages to the Messieurs de Savonniéres; one hundred francs to pray God for the soul of Dame Mazel; the said Lebrun declared unworthy of the dispositions and legacies made in his favor in the will of the said Dame Mazel, and condemned to all the costs; suspension of further inquiry against Madeleine Tissercl, wife of Lebrun, until after the execution.

Lebrun appealed against this sentence before the Touruelle. On the 22d of February, the affair was brought on for consideration. Twenty-two judges voted; two only for the confirmation of the sentence, four for further investigation, the remaining sixteen for the ordinary and extraordinary question. On the 23d, M. le Nain, reported, proceeded to the application of the torture. The fearful sufferings of the rack were unable to extort from the unhappy man the confession of a crime which he had not committed.

On the 26th, a definitive sentence was pronounced, quashing the sentence of death delivered by the Chatelet, and ordering further inquiries against Lebrun and his wife during the space of a year; Lebrun, meanwhile, to be detained in prison, and his wife to remain at liberty. The question of the nullity of the legacy, and of damages, was reserved. In consequence of this sentence, Lebrun, who had hitherto been kept in strict seclusion, had at last the consolation of seeing his wife and friends. But he did not enjoy the favor long. His body had been crushed by the rack, his spirit was broken down by grief. A week after the sentence, he expired, protesting his innocence and pardoning his judges. It is to be remarked that public opinion, ready as it is to believe any accusation, never once admitted his culpability. His body was buried in front of the altar to the Virgin, in St. Barthélemy's Church. His funeral was attended by crowds of sorrowing relations and friends.

Scarcely was poor Lebrun lain in his grave, when proofs of his innocence appeared in all directions. What a few persons had suspected, and what still fewer had clearly perceived, became evident to the eyes of the public at large. They found Berry. A lieutenant of the horse patrol arrested him at Sens, where he lived by horse-dealing, on the 27th of March, a month after the sentence delivered at La Tournelle. When they laid hands upon him, he offered the leader of the brigade a purse full of louis-d'ors if he would let him go. They found upon him a watch which Madame Mazel had worn the day before her death.

Berry (whose real name was Gerlat) was, as we have said, born at Bourges, where his father and mother still resided. His first situation had been with a canon in his native town; he then lived as domestic with a M. Benard de Rose; and from thence he passed into Madame Mazel's service.

Transferred to Paris, several witnesses deposed that they had seen him there at the time of the murder. This he stoutly denied.

The facts imputed by public rumor to the Abbe Poulard, were too grave and glaring to make it possible to refrain from arresting him. He was taken to the Conciegeric and confronted with Berry. From that moment, all trace of him is lost. He disappeared, and was never mentioned afterwards. Doubtless, to avoid the scandal of an ecclesiastic's being mixed up with an affair of murder, perhaps also to avert a disgraceful exposure from the powerful family of the De Savonniéres, they handed over the ex-communicated monk to the tender mercies of the church authorities.

As to Berry, he was left to his fate. His guilt became manifest as soon as people chose to see it. The shirt and the cravat had really belonged to him. The napkin twisted into a cap fitted his head exactly. The knife had been seen in his hands, and the victim's watch was found on his person. It was impossible to entertain a doubt. But had Lebrun been Berry's accomplice? The latter unable to deny participating in the murder, endeavored, nevertheless, to accuse the *valet de chambre* of having suggested it; but on the day of his execution he acknowledged the truth, and relieved his conscience of that calumny. In the presence of Reporter Le Nain and Counsellor Gilbert he made a circumstantial statement, from which it appears that he, Gerlat, alias Berry, was the sole perpetrator of the murder and the theft.

"I arrived in Paris," he said, "on Wednesday, the 23d of November 1689, and put up at the sign of the Golden Waggon. My plans were laid. I was perfectly acquainted with the disposition and the habits of the Mazel establishment. The following Friday was the day I selected for the execution of my design. At dusk, I quickly slipped in the great door, which was left open; there was nobody in the court. I then mounted noiselessly into the little attic which you reach by passing through the corn-loft. I remained there until Sunday, watching my opportunity, and living on some potatoes and a little bread which I had brought with me.

"On Sunday morning, I was on the alert. At the first stroke of eleven I began my preparations; I well knew that at that hour Madame Mazel usually went to mass. I came down slowly from the attic, using every precaution. Madame's chamber was wide open, and nobody in it. From the dust, I judged that the maids had only just finished putting it to rights. Without loss of time, I tried to creep under the bed, but found it impossible to do so with my coat on. Fearing a supprise, I rapidly returned to the attic, where I took off my coat and under-waistboat, and came down again to the chamber in my shirt-sleeves. It was still unoccupied.

"I slipped under the bed, and soon heard my former mistress come back from church. She fidgeted about grumbling, scolded, and made a fuss. I kept quiet and snug, holding my breath.

"She went to vespers. When I heard the carriage roll out at the great gate, I came from under the bed, where I was ill at ease. My hat incommoded me, so I left it there and took a napkin from behind the looking-glass, and tied it up so as to form a cap. I also took advantage of the opportunity to tie up the bell ropes to the curtain-rods.

"Evening was coming on; all was ready. I warmed myself and enjoyed a short dose in Madame's arm-chair, until I heard the carriage roll into the court. I then got under the bed again, and remained there until midnight.

"Madame Mazel had been in bed an hour; I expected to find her fast asleep, but her eyes were wide open. She stared at me. 'I want money!' I said. She tried to sit up in the bed. 'Don't call out Madame,' I said to her softly. 'If you call out, I will kill you!' She put out her arm, but could not reach the bell ropes. She began screaming 'Help! Help!' At that, seeing that her fright prevented her listening to reason, I drew my knife and gave her several stabs. She made a slight attempt to defend herself; but soon, her strength failing, she sank down in the bed with her face on the counterpane. I then gave her a great many cuts, until she ceased to stir. If she had not screamed, I should not have killed her.

"That done, I lighted a candle and took from the bedside the key of the closet. In the closet I found the keys of the strong box, which I opened without any difficulty. I took all the gold there was in a purse; it might amount to five or six thousands francs. I put that sum into a linen bag which I took out of the strong box, and in which there was a little gold. I then closed the strong box, and put the keys in their place in the closet, where I found a watch which tempted me.

"I put the key of the closet close to the bed in its usual place; I threw my knife into the fire. As to my cravat, and the napkin which I made into a cap, I cannot tell how I lost them. I took my hat from under the bed and left the chamber, the key of which I found on a seat close to the door. I made use of it to shut the door, fearing if I pulled the door without the key, to make too much noise. The door of the ante-chamber was shut; I opened it and left it open.

"I then returned to the little attic; it was bright moonlight. I saw that my hands were all red, and I washed them. I took off my shirt, and left it under the straw. I do not know whether I also left my cravat or collar there. I put on my under-waistcoat and coat without any shirt, and went down stairs. It might then be an hour after midnight. I went to the street door and felt if it was bolted; finding it unbolted, I opened the wicket door and went out, leaving the door open.

"In case of the bolts being closed, I had brought a rope ladder, by which I meant to descend from one of the first floor windows. If I could not do that, I should have followed the rain-gutter of the great attic until I found an entrance into some neighboring house. Once out of doors, I threw the key of the chamber into a cellar in the rue de Macon, and returned to the Golden Waggon. A half asleep maid-servant let me in, and I then went to bed."

On concluding this general confession, Berry added: "What I have just stated is as true as God is in Heaven and that I hold this crucifix in my hands." He said nothing about family complicities or promptings, which were supposed to be at the bottom of the affair; at the torture. The fearful sufferings of the rack were unable to extort from the unhappy man the confession of a crime which he had not committed.

Lebrun's innocence being completely proved, the rehabilitation of his memory, the restitution of the widow's property, and the payment of his legacy, ought not to have met with the slightest difficulty; nevertheless, by a monstrous abuse of power, seven whole months passed away without the widow's being able to attain redress. By tormenting and intimidating the unhappy woman, they tried to frighten her into stopping the action for damages which she brought against M. de Savonnieres. The civil court had condemned Lebrun to the cruel torture which was the cause of his death; it was at least bound to make the widow the only possible reparation—an indemnity. M. de Savonniéres was mean enough not to understand that obligation. He resisted the claim for damages.

On the 30th of March, 1694, a decree of the parliament reinstated Lebrun's memory, and, in spite of Counsellor de Savonnieres' resistance, confirmed the legacy of six thousand francs. But the De Savonnieres carried every other point. They were simply sentenced to pay the costs and the interest on the sum bequeathed from the 27th of November, 1689. The torture and death of his honest servant, the ruin of his family, counted for nothing. M. de Savonnieres was a magistrate, influential, rich, held in high consideration; the valet's might deem herself fortunate in being able to obtain even partial justice. This is one of the cases which, constantly accumulating in number and never decreasing in iniquity, tended to bring about the terrible social revolt known as the First French Revolution.

LITERARY GLEANINGS.

A WORD FOR HUGO'S JEAN VALJEAN.

A LIVELY writer in the London *Review* makes a spirited defence of a certain section of those novelists who are ordinarily classed as "sensational," declaring that there seems at present to be a tendency among the critics to apply this term to all authors who choose subjects more sublime on which to expatiate, than "a company of spinters drinking tea round a table." The essayist then takes the ground that writers of great original genius prefer vitalizing their canvas with scenes that are "sublime, or grotesque, or monstrous, or amazing," though not in reality improbable; that they love to exhibit the extremes of life, as they exist, though as they do not *commonly* exist, and as few have force or imagination enough to portray them. Taking the character of Jean Valjean, in "Les Miserables," as an example, the writer says:

Let us take the character of Jean Valjean, in "Les Misérables," as an example. Here is a being whose disposition is revealed to us by a hundred striking circumstances, ninety-nine of which your hater of "sensationalism" would strike out. This Jean Valjean enters the palace of the Bishop Bienvenu, and robs the man who protects him; he steals a two-franc piece from the little Savoyard Gervais; he suffers himself to be buried alive; he bears the fainting form of Marius through the horrible sewers of Paris; he escapes by a miracle from the conspiracy of Thenaudier; he baffles the pursuit of Javert by the most extraordinary means; in short, he does nothing that could not be called "sensational." But is all this "sensational?" Is it not rather the description of a reformed convict beset by innumerable difficulties, each one of which serves to develope his character infinitely better than the most elaborate description of his "hidden soul" could do. Victor Hugo assumes or invents a province in art which, however much it may be despised, demands a genius to work it, fully equal, if not superior, to that which we are more habitually given to admire. Nor is the effect produced by mere graphic force; with it is combined a power of analysis which, employed alone, would likewise produce a masterpiece—but a masterpiece less noble, less striking, less impressive, from the absence of that accumulative power which is exacted by the other. It would be a sunbeam dissected in a prison; it would not be the glow of a summer sun.

THE SCIENTIFIC CHURCH.

The New York *Independent* speaks of the inauguration of the "new religion" as follows:

It is generally known that Auguste Compte, the founder of the so-called "Positively Philosophy"—the peculiarity of which is that it discards all knowledge except that which is derived from observation and can be verified by experience—made his system culminate in a form or religion as systematic and elaborate as the church of Rome. The reputed atheist devised an order of worship. The believer in science drew up a rule of faith. His "Catechism of Positive Religion," in its English dress, is a volume of over four hundred pages. It gives a full exposition of the author's theory of religion; the principles and modes of public and private worship; the doctrine of the universe, organic and inorganic; of man as a personal, social, and moral being; of the regime, or mode of life, individual, domestic, human. The new religion had its hierarchies, its priests and ministers, its pomps and ceremonies, its feast days and fast-days, its litanies and forms of prayer. Its calendar rivaled that of the Catholics. Each month of the year was consecrated to some great heroic name: the first to Moses, the last to Richat; Homer, Aristotle, Archimedes, Cæsar, St. Paul, Charlemagne, Dante, Gutemberg, Shakspeare, Descartes, Frederick II. coming in between; and each day of the week, all through the year, was associated with some person eminent in one or another of the several departments glorified. Among these names we find nearly every name of mark, except that of Jesus. Moses represents Theocracy; St. Paul, Catholicism. Under Moses come Norma, Boodha, Confucius, Mohammed; under St. Paul come Augustine, Hildebrand, St. Bernard, Bossuet—all leaders of prominent religious movements. The Christ is omitted, probably because he personally organized neither church nor state. The new system imitated Catholicsm in the good habit of providing a place and mission for different orders of people, and especially for women. It classified various classes of talent and temperament. It was in a word, an exhaustive scheme of work and worship. It has been the fashion among the disciples of M. Compte to speak slightly of this portion of his speculations. Some have described it as a chimera, born of an over-taxed brain or over-excited sensibilities; some have suspected it of being a remnant of superstition; some have ascribed its origin to motives of social prudence or civil policy; some have declared that it owed its existence to the author's adoration for Madame Clotilde de Vaux, "whose angelic influence he felt for one year only." But, however the conception might have been accounted for, and whatever importance it was presumed to have had in the originator's mind, the great body of his followers agreed in letting it alone and suffering it to pass into oblivion. Recently some of M. Compte's English disciples have taken up the idea, vindicating it as a legitimate feature of the Positive Philosophy, and even contending that it is the consummate flower of the system. Mr. J. H. Bridges, one of their foremost men, speaks of the "religion" as "the constructive effort for which Compte's whole previous life had been the conscious and consistent preparation." John Stuart Mill—not an avowed adherent of the school, but an appreciative and well-wishing thinker—has sustained the religious pretensions of Positivism, has admitted that the inauguration of the religion of humanity was its direct aim, and has written eloquent words about the beauty and grandeur of the conception. But it has been reserved for our day to see this new religion instituted and established. Late advices from London assure us that it has been done at last. Mr. Richard Congreve the translator of the "Catechism," an earnest adherent and brilliant writer, is the apostle and inaugurator of the enterprise. He has commenced preaching, collected a congregation, and now proposes, in due course of time to found a church, erect an edifice, and conduct regular services in the belief and spirit of the Gospel of Science. George Serves, author of the Biographical History of Philosophy and of many other works, Marian Evans, authoress of the celebrated "George Eliot" novels, Lord Amberley, Lord Houghton, with other men and women of social or literary consequence, are more or less distinctly committed to the experiment. The society will not probably be large, but it will be select and remarkable.

The writer then proceeds, with greater liberality of sentiment than could have been reasonably expected from an "evangelical" quarter, to urge that the movement ought not to be regarded with contempt or derision; that it has an earnest and even a hopeful side, inasmuch as it bears witness to the undying vigor of the religious sentiment, and to the need of association, and of some kind of worship for the sustenance of the religious nature. He concludes thus:

These hard-headed, doubting, "unbelieving" scientists confess to feeling the impulse to worship, even if they have no God; and unite in confessing the power of spiritual ideas, while experiences is their only accredited teacher. The facts they must include in their range of thought are facts of the moral order, and the laws that co-ordinate them must belong to the sentimental world. They are beginning to look up from the ground, to come out of the graveyard, to experience resurrection from the flesh. This is something. It is a good deal for people of their intellectual mould. They have got up into the region of the human; they have discovered that humanity is endowed with something more than five senses. The world of sympathy and imagination is revealed to them; they bow down before great souls, and feel their kindred with little ones. We ought to be glad if people have, or wish to have, any religion at all. If people who have been regarded as the mortal foes of all religion are moved to inaugurate one in the interest of their rational human nature, we ought to be particularly thankful. If these scientific churchmen will not cultivate the evangelical style of piety, they may cultivate their moral sentiments. If they will do little for the conversion of souls, they may do a good deal for the improvement of man's social condition. The Christian Church will, of course, do all it can to convince them of their errors and bring them into its fold. We hope it will not do all it can to bring them into scorn and crush them. They will do what they can to extend the influence of their organization. If by so doing they will rescue some from materialism and sensualism, we wish them well. May the Church of Science be better than the Scientific World.

DICKENS' SECOND VISIT TO THE UNITED STATES.

At the time of Mr. Dickens' first visit to this country he was a comparatively young man, though already a famous one. "He could not," says the London *Daily Telegraph*, "do a wiser and a more graceful thing than to revisit the most remarkable country in the world, while his celebrity is shining with noonday radiance, but when in age he has come, not to the sere and yellow leaf, but to a ruddy and mellow autumn. At any rate, it is a good thing; it is due both to the Great Republic and to the illustrious man of letters, who, a quarter of a century since, visited her shores and criticised her manners, that his piercing eyes should look twice on the most curious panorama the world can show. *Non bis in idem* is a motto susceptible of a variety of interpretations. He would be a fool indeed to do a foolish thing twice. But second thoughts are sometimes best; we often gain a great deal by re-examination; and every author must rejoice at the opportunity afforded him of revising his proofs when a second edition of an important work is to be published after a lapse of five-and-twenty years. We are aware that there exists a chronic prejudice against retracing our footsteps, nor is the process always devoid of difficulty. The descent of Avernus is facile: it is in the revocation of its degrees that the hitch lies. Scotchmen are said—quite unjustly we believe—to be mortally averse from 'going back again.' Even the hospitable landlord of the hotel who insisted that Martin Chuzzlewit should hold a levee before he proceeded to his swamp farm out West, was highly indignant when the emigrant came back alive from the flourishing city of Eden. Second visits often fail to excite the enthusiasm which the first has awakened. The best friends of Garibaldi might persuade him not to undertake another trip to London. Cortes went back in old age to Mexico, to find himself no longer hailed as 'El Conquistador,' but denounced as the oppressive and exacting Marquis del Valle; and it is not beyond the bounds of probability to assume that many Philadelphians resented the repeated visits of William Penn, and grew at last to regard the kind old gentleman as a bore. This rule applies most strictly to tourists, and to no country in the world is it so suitable as to North America."

Nevertheless, the London paper anticipates a cordial welcome for Mr. Dickens on the occasion of his second visit, as the "most famous living writer of the English tongue," and the "brightest and most genial humorist extant." The anticipation does not seem to us unreasonable. His literary popularity is quite as great among us, as in his own country, and he has probably had more readers and admirers in the United States than in England.

The *Daily Telegraph* thus states some of the reasons for believing that the Americans of our day are not so boorish or uncivilized a race as to withhold from the great novelist a cordial welcome because he was not bribed by our dinners and our champagne into "cracking us up:"

A whole generation has passed away since he wrote "American Notes," and to younger Americans satire in Martin Chuzzlewit must have lost half its force and direction, for a great proportion of the oddities and evils at which he laughed have passed away. Eden is now, indeed, a flourishing city, with a real theatre, a tangible bank, a palpable athenæum. Obscure tourists like Martin are no longer asked to hold levees, and when Mr. Thackeray went to America, although he was sufficiently lionized, no irrepressible Yankee youths rushed up into his bedroom, and thrusting their heads out of the window, cried, "He's here: bring all your brothers." Mr. Dickens need not be under the slightest apprehension of undergoing anything like discourtesy among the people he purposes to visit. In some isolated localities a few roughs, ere he commences his readings may cry out "Chuzzlewit," or "Pogram oration," or "Hominy," or "Jefferson Brick;" and in New York a few American Irishmen may accuse him in some of the lowest newspapers published, of libeling the country to which they do not belong, the people to whom they are aliens, and the institutions of which they are unworthy. But by the great mass of the American people Charles Dickens will, we venture to predict, receive a welcome worthy both of himself and his entertainers. There is no community in the world more placable, more forgiving; and, in the long run, what is it that they have to forgive Charles Dickens? He laughed good-humoredly at some of their eccentricities. He drew attention to some holes in their manners, which they have subsequently mended. The New Yorkers have no reason to be angry with him; for did he not admit that the ladies of New York were "exceedingly beautiful," and declare a sherry cobbler to be the most refreshing stimulant in creation? He did not lampoon the prairies, or take away the character of Niagara. He paid the very highest compliments—compliments not higher than were deserved—to the excellence of the charitable institutions, the prisons and the penetentiaries. And, finally, in Boston—Boston, the most refined and the most intolerant of all American cities—Charles Dickens should be warmly welcomed; for he dared to be an abolitionist in the days when slavery seemed an unconquerable and an ineradicable power.

INSURANCE.

There is a smart fight raging just now between the insurance companies—that is, between some twelve or fourteen companies on the one side, and the Builders' Insurance company on the other.. The quarrel is a very pretty one, as it stands, and we don't care to meddle much with it. Yet we confess to a human sympathy which always leans to the weaker side, and in this instance we feel somewhat as if a dozen great big dogs were trying to eat up one little one.

It seems, from all the facts put before the public, that up to about twelve months ago the dozen companies that then existed in our city went on lovingly together—had everything pretty much their own way. The goose hung high, and so hung insurance rates; big dividends were realized, and big insurance castles were built, and the directors and officers swelled out into larger than usual proportions. This was the happy condition of things when Mr. Mooney began his Builders' Insurance Company, based, as he tells us, on the association and capital of a bundle of mechanics. This capital at first was small, but it grew with its growth, and strengthened with its strength. There was nothing remarkable in this, and it appeared that the Builders' became very popular, the people insured with them, their name became a household word, and the insignia of their association was to be seen over near every second or third house in the city. Then it became apparent to the twelve in combination that the "Builders'" was an "illegitimate," "dangerous" concern, and must be put down. It was charged against the Builders' that it brought down the prices; that it insured poor mens' houses; that it paid its losses promptly; and it did more business than its capital justified: and, to clap the climax, that the many incendiary fires which of late have happened in this city, were caused by the "prompt payment," "no lawsuit" policy of the Builders'.

Now, this was not to be endured, and as champions for the "poor, deluded public," the war began. Writers were employed, inuendoes thrown out, and for a while our daily papers teemed with awful things against the "little dog," now growing quite respectable in size, and even the city authorities were called upon to prosecute him for his reckless doings.

We confess we do not see the justness of these conclusions. Incendiary fires would have happened if the Builders' Insurance Company had never gone into existence, and to pay losses promptly to incendiaries would hurt none more than the Builders', who would have to pay their losses. In short, it needs a greater faith than ours to believe Mr. Mooney, who has thus far proved himself an able and successful manager of the Builders', to be guilty of such suicidal conduct. But, while we reject this specification in total, we believe that some of the charges are true.

It is true that the Builders' Insurance Company is very popular. It is true that it pays its losses very promptly, and without vexatious lawsuits. It is true that it has some eight thousand houses already insured in this city. It is true that Mr. Mooney, its President, has made a name for business ability and energy only equaled by his public spirit and benevolence; and it is true that he has the confidence of the public and the blessings of the poor. We wish well to all our Insurance companies, and we feel sure that in a contest the Builders' will not come out "second best."—*Spectator.*

The London *Review* says in respect to Mark Twain's "Jumping Frog:" "We have been so heartily amused by Mr. Twain and his frog that we sincerely wish his book may be purchased by the typical gentlemen to whom he dedicates it and by others. It is not often that we meet a genuine collection of harmless drollery and mirth, unforced, natural, and exhilarating like 'The Jumping Frog.'"

WENT TO SEA IN A BOWL.

THE mania for crossing the Atlantic in little boats has received a sharp and sad rebuke in an incident such as might with certainty have been predicted if the foolish precedent of the "Red, White, and Blue" found followers. A vessel from Antigna recently entered the Thames, bearing to the port of London a seaman, one Armstrong, who had hoped to reach it in his own little ship, under circumstances as jovial as those in which he actually arrived were mournful. He hailed from Baltimore, and had sought to cross the ocean to this country in a boat of only 2½ tons burden. The "John T. Ford," as the boat was named, was built on the whale-boat model, not like the "Red, White, and Blue," on the principle of a life-boat. She was only nineteen feet long, and had only 2½ feet depth of hold. Well might the people of Baltimore take a lively interest in the adventures of such a baby craft. But it would have been kinder to restrain her owners from the foolhardy adventure upon which they were bent. No Infant Hercules was ever devised by boat builder that could safely buffet with Neptune as this little boat was pledged to do, when with a little suit of friendly cockboats, she put out from Halifax on the voyage she was never to accomplish. The adventurers were duly warned, They had to put back to escape contrary winds. Their craft could not even rest at anchor at Devil's Island, and but for the desperate resolution of the men who were committed to her fortunes it must have been evident to them that a little cockle-shell, that had to get better shelter than her anchorage afforded her in the Eastern passage of Halifax, was not made to weather the violence of the storm riven Atlantic. At last the temporary difficulties were removed, and the "John T. Ford" started on her way with four hands aboard.

They had hardly got clear of the land when rough weather began to try their mettle and the strength of their boat. It labored heavily in the sea. It shipped water freely, the men could keep nothing dry. Two of them had always to be on deck, for only two could go below, and they could only lie in a very cramped position. But they were destined to more startling discomforts. On the 29th June, when they had been seven days at sea, the boat actually capsized. She must have been a trim one, for she righted herself immediately. But the stores and clothes were wetted. Two or three days after the crew sighted a ship bound for Cork, and already were so hard pressed they begged a little bread. But bread could not be spared, and with a bottle of rum and some tobacco these poor rash roysterers of the ocean had to be content. Three days latert here was another capsize. Again the boat righted herself, but this time all their oil and nearly all their water was lost. Already too, the men began to suffer with cramp and pains in the legs. They appear to have been fortunate in falling in with vessels, and three days after the last-named calamity they obtained a little bread, oil and tobacco, from a ship bound for Qubec. But soon afterwards their oil was exhausted; their compass was lightless; warm food could not be had. To alleviate this inconvenient condition of things, they cut up for firewood the boards by which the ballast was secured, and so rubbed along till another stroke of good fortune brought them within hail of a ship which could furnish them with bread and candles. One would have supposed these reckless wanderers would have made shift to seek shelter on board some of the friendly ships they spoke with; but it must be presumed that determination or pride, or both, made them refrain. At all events, on they went upon their course.

And now the weather became more threatening. The boat was in a cross sea. It was the 19th of August. They had been at sea ever since the 22d of June. They were soon to be exposed to its most merciless violence without even the poor protection they had hitherto enjoyed. They reckoned they were about thirty miles from Cape Clear when the final catastrophe happened. How marvelous to have accomplished so much. How awfuf to be foiled so near the end of their wild and venturesome quest of the Old World. At half past ten o'clock at night the boat was again capsized by a heavy sea. The ballast boards had been burnt, and she could not right herself. All hands were plunged in the rough and angry sea. Over and over went the boat, until at last she was accidentally ballasted, by the boy of the party getting entangled between the rigging and the mast. Then the three others of the crew got upon her. Two were now on the mast and two were on the side of the keel. And this horrible situation was comparative safety. The best the poor wretches could hope for was to continue thus. The worst that could befall them happened often, though not irretrievably, for they were frequently washed off into the sea by the heavy waves. At length, when they had clung to their prostrated bark for more than twelve honrs, the bright light of noon brought with it a sight as joyful as its own radiance, but, unhappily, not less delnsive. A brig bore down upon them, but for some unexplained reason hoisted Dutch colors, and stood away Was it with imprecations or with prayers that this last agonizing reverse was received? That we know not, but the fierceness of despair passed presently away, and an hour after the brig had vanished the mate asked the man Armstrong, who reached London on Sunday, to pray for him. What a scene! Two men, apparently doomed, one of whom was soon to be engulfed, praying together on the slippery keel of a miserable boat, and dashed almost every moment into the yawning sea, which He they prayed to holds mysteriously in the hollow of His hand.

The sad episode was soon to terminate. The poor praying man's ears began to swell, his eyes started madly forward. He shook hands with his companions. He kissed a likeness of his wife. Then he seemed to lose all self-control. His reason was doubtless departing; he made a bite at the captain's thigh. "For God's sake, John" cried the man, "don't bite me," and then the poor mate fell back into the sea and sank forever. The day wore on, and in the evening at seven o'clock the boy asked Armstrong to secure him to the boat. But securing was impossible in such circumstances. The sea made light of the ligature—his belt— which was the boy's only hope. He was washed away, and the survivors saw him no more. Their turn was soon to come. The captain and Armstrong were carried off together. The captain cried out "God help my poor wife and family!" and Armstrong was left alone. He must have been a strong and resolute man, for again and again was he swept off the boat, and the difficulty of regaining it went on increasing. He appears to have stayed on the boat altogether four days. But at last the *Aerolite*, of Liverpool, hove in sight, and Armstrong says he made a signal with a piece of ragged canvass attached to an oar. The *Aerolite* bore down and rescued him from his frightful position. He was, of course, exhausted, and became nearly insensible. He was much bruised by frequent collisions with the boat. He had no means of retaining moisture in his throat except to chew an old tobacco-pouch. Such was the extremest pass of this most terrible adventure to him who suffered least by it. Armstrong will go back to America a graver and wiser, as well as a grateful man, to bear to the poor creatures whom this foolish prank has robbed of their natural protectors the sad reminiscences of last hours, such as it is to he hoped will never be passed again for so light a cause.—*London Morning Star.*

SHERIDAN'S RIDE.

SHERIDAN'S conduct at the battle of Winchester is thus described in Mr. Whitelaw Reed's forthcoming biography of the General, to be published by Messrs. Moore, Willstach & Baldwin:

General Sheridan had arrived at Winchester the night before, on his way back from the consultation at Washington, to which he had been ordered. In the morning artillery firing was heard, but it was attributed to an intended reconnoissance, and nothing was thought of it. After an early breakfast, Sheridan mounted and trotted quietly through Winchester, southward. A mile from the town the first fugitive from the lost field was encountered. He instantly gave orders to park the retreating train; directed the greater part of his escort to follow as best they could; then, with only twenty cavalrymen accompanying him, he struck ont in a swinging gallop for the scene of danger. As he dashed up the pike the crowds of stragglers grew thicker. He reproached none; only swinging his cap with a cheery smile for all, he shouted: "Face the other way, boys; face the other way. We are to lick them out of their boots." Less classic, doubtless, than Napoleon's "My children, we will camp on the battle-field, as usnal;" but the wounded raised their hoarse voices to cheer as he passed, and the masses of the fugitives turned and followed him to the front. As he rode into the forming lines, the men quickened their pace back to the ranks, and everywhere glad cheers went up. "Boys, this never should have happened if I had been here," he exclaimed to one and another regiment, "I tell you it never should have happened. And now we are going to get a twist on them; we'll get the tightest twist on them yet that ever you saw. We'll have all those camps and cannon back again!" Thus he rode along the lines, rectified the formation, cheered and animated the soldiers. Presently there grew np across that pike as compact a body of infantry and cavalry as that which a month before had sent the enemy "whirling through Winchester." His men had full faith in "the twist" he was "going to get" on tho victorious foe. His presence was inspiriation; his commands were victory.

While the line was thus re-established, he was in momentary expectation of attack. Wright's Sixth Corps was some distance in the rear. One staff officer after another was sent after it. Finally Sheridan himself dashed down to hurry it up; then back to watch it going into position. As he thns stood, looking off from the left, he saw the enemy's columns once more moving up. Hurried warning was sent to the Nineteenth Corps, on which it was evident the attack would fall. By this time it was after three o'clock.

The Nineteenth Corps, no longer taken by surprise, repulsed the enemy's onset. "Thank God for that," said Sheridan gaily. "Now tell Gen. Emery if they attack him again, to go after them, and to follow them up. We'll get the tightest twist on them pretty soon they ever saw." The men heard and believed him; the demoralization of the defeat was gone. But he still waited. Word had been sent in from the cavalry, of danger from a heavy body moving on his flank. He doubted it, and at last determined to run the risk. At four o'clock the orders went out: "The whole line will advance. The Nineteenth Corps will move in connection with the Sixth. The right of the Nineteenth will swing towards the left."

The enemy lay behind stone fences, and where these failed, breastworks of rails eked out his line. For a little he held his position firmly. His left overlapped Sheridan's right, and seeing his advantage, he bent it down to renew the attack in flank. At this moment Sheridan ordered a charge of Gen. McWilliams' brigade against the angle thus caused in the rebel line. It forced its way through, and the rebel flanking party was cut off. Custer's cavalry was sent swooping down upon it—it broke, and fled or surrendered, according to the agility of the individuals. Simultaneously the whole line charged along the front; the rebel line was crowded back to the creek; the difficulties of the crossing embarrassed it, and as the victorious ranks swept up it broke in utter confusion.

Custer charged down in the fast gathering darkness on the west of the pike; Deven to the east of it; and on either flank of the fleeing rout they flung themselves. Nearly all the rebel transportation was captured, the camps and artillery were regained; up to Fisher's Hill the road was jammed with artillery, caissons and ambulances; prisoners came streaming back faster than the Provost Marshal could provide for them. It was the end of Early's army; the end of campaigning in the beautiful Valley of the Shenandoah.

The effect upon the Government and tho country was electric. The first rumors of disaster were painful and widespread. On the heels of these came Sheridan's dispatch, announcing the reverse and its retrieval, and giving a faint hint of the splendid prizes—artillery for an army, transportation, ammunition, small arms in a profusion that could scarcely be estimated. General Grant telegraphed from his position before Richmond: "I had a salute of a hundred guns from each of the armies here fired in honor of Sheridan's last victory. Turning what bids fair to he disaster into a glorious victory, stamps Sheridan, what I always thought him, ono of the ablest of generals." The Secretary of War endorsed and published this to the world. The resignation of General McClellan soon made a vacant major-generalship in the regular army, and to the highest prize in his profession Sheridan was promoted.

It was a giddy height to which our modest little, red-faced captain, who thought he might yet be a major, has risen; but his head was not turned. He did not even give vent to his exultation in congratulations to his army. "Every one realized our success"—so he wrote soon after in his official report—"congratulatory orders were unnecessary, and every officer and man was made to understand that when a victory was gained it was not more their duty nor less than their country expected of her gallant sons." But the country could at least make its own congratulations. The name of Cavalry Sheridan was in all mouths. His exploits became the favorite theme of speakers, the inspiration of poets, the arguments against all who held to the Chicago declaration that the war was a failure. Sherman had not yet fastened the gaze of the nation by his grander operations; Grant had still to give Richmond as proof of his title to the power with which he was vested; and for the time Sheridan was the most popular of our generals."

NEW STYLES OF BRIDAL SILKS.—We must give a little advice to those about to marry, and we have certain information that ere the Christmas and New Year's holidays have come and passed away, over two score of the fashionable young ladies of this city will enter the holy estate of matrimony, and the same number of fashionable wedding dresses will, of course, be required. We feel bound to tell these that Meagher, Taaffe & Co., No. 9 Montgomery street, have received the new style of bridal silks, embroidered with gold and silver. The fact that a young lady was married in any other than the very latest style of wedding dress might, perchance, embitter the whole period of her wedded life with painful remembrances. Therefore, we state this fact The festive season is approaching, and we must remind those who intend to participate in balls and parties, that the stock of evening silks on view at Meagher, Taaffe & Co. is immense, and its gorgeousness and variety dazzle and bewilder the beholder.

NEW CRACKER BAKERY.—Brignardello, Macchiavello & Company, the manufacturers of the famous California maccaroni, vermicelli, etc., have leased the store adjoining their premises, number 706 Sansome street, with the intention of converting the same into a manufactory of ship bread and various descriptions of family crackers. The building has been supplied with a new floor and is undergoing the necessary changes for that purpose, and two immense cracker ovens are being constructed in the rear of it.

BRITISH COLUMBIA.—Friends, old patients, and those who are suffering from illness, will find Dr. Bourne at his old location. As science, fixed principles, and knowledge give permanency, while being always on the square with the sick, insures him their confidence and approbation. No. 10 Masonic Temple, Post street. *

IDAHO.—Old patients and friends of Idaho, will find Dr. Bourne, as usual, at No. 10 Masonic Temple, Post street. Science, knowledge, and fixed principles enable Dr. Bourne to be permanent in location, and on the square in his intercourse with the sick. *

H. M. LOCKWOOD AND COMPANY.—The old pioneer of Boys Clothing, will withdraw from San Francisco trade entirely after January, 1868. All of those in want of clothing we advise to read the list of prices on the last page of to-day's paper, before purchasing. They mean business.

AUTUMN.

I.—MORNING.

The wasp feeds in the hollow peach;
The thistle-down is blowing, blowing;
The fern is dead; and the morning red
In the eastern cloud is glowing.
The holly oak-staff is broken in two,
And the weed-fires are all flaring;
Time is shaking the sluggish rands,
And the year, the year is wearing.

II.—EVENING.

The clouds bank up in sullen heaps,
And the mist is drifting, drifting;
In slanting lines, through the waving pines,
The peevish rain is sifting.
In the West, upon a golden shore,
Night's blackest waves are breaking;
And in the rain and wind, the leaves
With palsied fear are shaking.

DENNIS THOMPSON'S ESCAPE.

BY JAMES FRANKLIN FITTS.

THE hero of the remarkable udventures which I am about to detail is a native of Chenango County, New York, by name Dennis Thompson. In August, 1862, he entered the army as First Sergeant of Company I, One Hundred and Fourteenth New York Volunteers, In October, 1864, with which time we have now to deal, he hnd been made lieutenant, after two years of good service in and out of his regiment. On the memorable day of Cedar Creek we find him in command of a subdivision of the ambulance traiu of the Nineteenth Army Corps, apparently protected, by virtue of his duty, from all the hazards of action; but, as the event proved, destined to glean his full share of stern experience from the disasters and triumphs of that bloody field. He disappeared in the first shock of the morning, swept mysteriously away in the raging tempest of surprise and slaughter that broke upon our camps before the dawn. He returned iu one week from that day, with as strange and exciting a tale of captivity and escape as I have ever chanced to hear. I will relate it as he told it to me the night after his return, sitting by a camp fire which burned upon the spot where the battle had raged the hottest, and within a stone's throw of hundreds of graves of our dead comrades, sleeping where they fell. That the narrative is truthful in every word, I, knowing the man, can fearlessly avow.

The stone mansion just over the slope there was Sheridan's headquarters before the fight. I suppose you know, also, that those stumps by the turnpike, less than a mile north of us, and just south of Middleton, mark the place where Belle Grove stood before the axes of our men made fuel of it.

On the morning of the 19th our ambnlance train was parked there, well to the rear, as you see, and perfectly safe, for all that could be conjectured as likely to happen to an army. I was sound asleep, like everybody around me, when the firing of Kershaw's advance broke out on the left, beyond Middleton, and was instantly awakened by it. I was up and dressed in a minnte, and as the firing grew nearer nnd heavier, and several of the fugitives from Cook's Corps had already rushed by us, telling us the astounding story that Early's whole army was crushing our left, I was prepared for the captain's order to hitch up and move to the rear with all rapidity.

Our retreat was hurried—we were hardly pressed for time—and many of our teams aud vehicles were left in the ditches which crossed the fields, overturned and wrecked, with the horses kicking and struggling in the harness. We could only leave them to their fate; so we pressed on for about a mile, and at last halted beyond Middleton with only a fragment of our long train safe, to await the movements of the armies.

The fighting was at this time all west of the pike; the sun was up, and we could see the broken lines of our friends giving way incessantly from the hills back to the woods, and the Rebel artillery, planted very near where we are sitting now, throwing round shot after them, while great clouds of musket and cannon smoke drifted from the fields upwards, and hid much of the struggle from us. But it was easy to see that a terrible disaster threatened our army; the enemy was pressing it steadily back, and sorely harassing its left, so that we seemed to be cut off entirely from our corps.

The captain was uncertain as to which line of retreat offered the best chauce of safety; and as he proposed to wait a a few minutes, until the light had assumed such a definite aspect as to leave him no doubt, I obtained leave to reconnoitre our old camp, thinking that, without assuming any great hazard, I might possibly aid some of our men left wounded upon the ground. I rode slowly back over the fields, past the village, and went almost as far as our late camping ground, without seeing a soldier of either army. The Rebels had passed this place half an hour before, sweeping everything before them. I well knew that over here on these ridges there must have been scores of our boys lying wounded and helpless, but confident that the efforts to succor them would bring them no assistance, and would hurry me into captivity, I turned my horse and rode sadly back. There was a huddle of disabled teams near the road, their drivers standing helplessly by them, and, with the impulse to bring them away, if possible, I turned my horses head towards them. Just then a shrill voice shouted near by:

"Halt, there, Yank! halt! surrender!"

I halted, of course, and looked about me; and was not long in discovering the muzzle of a rifle projecting from a stone wall, and covering me with a deliberate aim. A shiver ran over me; I was entrapped by one of the Rebel rear-guard. The fellow must have seen me riding past, and so lay in ambush for my return.

He ordered me to dismount, which I did, and after standing some moments, holding my horse by the reins, three more of the Rebels discovered me as they crossed the fields from the village, and came to the assistance of their comrade. I was ordered to remount, and conducted by my captors, together with three or four of our stragglers picked up on the way, to the general rendezvous of prisoners, near the bridge which crosses Cedar Creek. Here were collected some fifteen hundred of our officers and soldiers—the captures of the morning—several of our regiment among them, and all looking doleful enough at the prospect. It was now about ten o'clock; and from that time until near sunset we remained here, surrounded by a strong guard.

For a time, after I was brought in, the smoke and noise of the battle continued, and the sound of the musketry grew fainter in the distance, as our army was driven further from the field. Then there was a lull, and for some hours we heard nothing more, exceptig the reports brought by the guards coming back from time to time with their prisoners. They all told the same story—the Union army was driven in panic through Winchester: Sheridan would never be heard of again in the Shenandoah; and we listened with heavy hearts to the exultation which prevailed around us.

But towards sunset there came a change—far north, beyond Middletown, the firing broke out again, fast and furious, and in half an hour the Rebel stragglers had reached us with the report of the turning of the tide of the morning's success. The noise of the fight drew nearer and nearer, and when there could no longer be any doubt that Early's whole army was in full retreat, the commander of the guard ordered the prisoners to fall into column, and started us to the rear.

"Shoot every man who attempts to escape!" was his order, repeated again and again to the guards on both flanks of that throng of disconsolate captives.

We were glad indeed to know that our friends had prevailed at last in the battle; but the shadows of the Libbey and Andersonville chilled all rejoicing in our hearts, and we hurried along wearily towards the south, continually urged and menaced by the guards.

It was about dusk when we passed through Strasburg, and by the time we reached Fisher's Hill, three miles further, it was almost dark. There's a little stream here called Tom's Brook, and here we were turned out of the road to allow the retreating trains to pass. We were given some fragments of hard bread, and allowed to drink from the brook. The flying cavalry of the Rebls passed us continually, and the trains went rapidly by, the drivers whipping the horses into a gallop. There was much confusion, angry talk, and profanity, and the cavalry were soundly cursing the Yankees.

Here a little incident happened which I noticed and remembered, thinking it might help me by-and-by.

One of the cavalrymen sung out to another, "What command do you belong to?"

"Smith's Brigade, Harden's Division, Stonewall Jackson's Corps."

After a time the trains all passed, and we were ordered to follow. We went on again, almost at the double quick, for the commander of the guard seemed to be in constant dread of the appearance of the Union cavalry.

The obscurity was such now that a face could hardly be distinguished a yard off; but the guard were vigilant, and I knew they would obey to the letter the orders they had received. Nevertheless, I had determined to escape within the hour, however great the risk, for I knew that every step we took southward lessened the chances.

Chance favored me in an unexpected manner. We were following the train closely as the drivers continued to whip and urge their beasts, and at the rear of the last wagon was a group of unarmed Rebel stragglers who followed on, apparently intent only on their own safety. There was a mounted officer who had ordered these men to move faster, several times, as they delayed the prisoners, and thinking to profit by the circumstance, I worked my way up to the front of the moving mass. The attention of the guard in front was just then directed to a prisoner whom he thought was trying to slip away; and before he had stepped back to his place I had got very near the stragglers. When he looked round again he mistook me for one of them, and with an angry oath ordered me to get out of the way, and not hinder the prisoners. I obeyed at once, and mingling with these men, found myself free from the surveillance of the guard. In less than one minute I had cautiously worked over to the west side of the pike, and thence the way was easy into the woods to liberty.

I stood fast in the shadows until the throng had passed, and to assure myself that my escape had not been detected, and then I plunged deep into the woods, and, exulting in my freedom, ran back towards Fisher's Hill.

I was walking along very rapidly, not dreaming of danger, when I suddenly caught sight of several men moving about, gathering up sticks for a fire, as I judged from what fragments of their conversation I could hear. They were a Rebel picket. I stood motionless and heart-sick. To my great relief they did not discover me. At the same time I saw picket fires blazing up along the top of Fisher's Hill, and heard the sound of voices from the same direction. I knew then that there could be no safety in pursuing a northerly course; and, withdrawing with the utmost silence, I struck off westerly.

The night was now far advanced, and, completely worn out with fatigue and excitement, I resolved to go no further till morning. I found myself in a desolate, rocky place, seeming at that hour as though no human being had ever been there before. Scraping a few leaves between two huge stones, I lay down and slept soundly until long after daylight.

Before sleeping I had placed a stick on one of the stones, with the notched end pointing towards the north; but it was needless precaution, for upon rising in the morning I could plainly see the spires and buildings of Strasburg through the fog, lying at the foot of the hills to the northeast.

Supposing my perils to be all over now, and that nothing remained for me but to make a wide circuit and reach the Union lines again, I walked briskly along towards the west, and for an hour saw no sign or trace of a human being. Then I stumbled upon three men dressed in gray, who were sleeping upon some blankets spread over the ground. It was too late to avoid them, for they had sprung to their feet as soon as I discovered them, and were gazing at me without uttering a word. My hopes almost died again at the thought of my blue clothing, and the straps which were still upon my shoulders; but I kept up a bold front and showed no sign of surprise or confusion. The conversation that followed I remember almost word for word.

"Good morning, boys," I said.

"Who the devil are you?" one of them asked.

"A Confederate, of course; I belong to the Stonewall Jackson Corps. I'm looking for my command now, and came to look off the mountain."

"Where did you get your Yankee clothes?" one of them asked.

"I took them from one of their officers, yesterday. We did whip them well, though, eh?"

They grunted out an indifferent kind of assent, and after exchanging a word together, seemed to be satisfied about me, and fell to rolling up their blankets. I said carelessly:

"Well, I suppose you are satisfied, so I'll go on," and moved away. They did not try to detain me; in fact they took no further notice of me at all, and I am half inclined to think them deserters from some of Early's decimated battalions.

Gratified as I was at this escape, the encounter showed me that the whole country was filled with stray detatchments of Rebels, and that my path was beset with dangers. I went on with the utmost care until near noon, the mountains becoming more desolate at every step—when without the slightest note of warning two Rebels sprang from behind trees directly in front of me, each with a cocked revolver, and shouted, "Halt."

I had taken the straps from my shoulders, and now bore the appearance of a Federal private; and, as I faced these men, their bearing showed me that it would be no easy matter to satisfy them that I was a Confederate.

"Who are you?" one of them demanded. "Where are you bound?" asked the other; and both the pistols covered me at the questions.

"I am a Confederate soldier," was my answer. I belong to Smith's brigade, of Harden's Division, Stonewall Jackson's Corps."

"Where are you from?"

"Jefferson Parish, Louisiana," I replied boldly, as I knew there was such a place.

They looked at me curiously, whispered together an instant, and then told me to go with them. We went over to the picket-post, several rods off, where there was a squad of mounted men, and where my captors had left their horses. They were rough-looking fellows, and had much the air of Mosby's men. They plied me with questions, which I answered promptly; but I could see that they understood my true character from the first, and my hopes of escape were quickly dashed with bitter disappointment.

After a little time, two of these men conducted me about three miles over to the west side of the mountain, and delivered me to another picket, five in number, under a sergeant who had just received orders to rejoin the army at once, as Sheridan had whipped the Confederates.

"In fact," said the sergeant, "the Yankees are south of us now on the pike, and we shall have to get past them through the woods."

They were all mounted, while I was afoot, and as they went

on a fast walk and sometimes on a trot, I soon became completely exhausted in trying to keep up with them, and so lagged behind. They noticed it immediately, as they seemed to be in constant apprehension of being overtaken by Sheridan's cavalry.

"Look here," the sergeant exclaimed, pulling up his horse, "this won't do at all. If we are as slow as this for an hour longer, Sheridan's cavalry will catch us sure as—. Let's shoot this d—d Yank, and then we can get on as we ought to."

"Agreed," the others said; and then the five sat on their horses looking at me. It is more than probable that I trembled and turned pale,

"Well, but who'll shoot him?" the sergeant inquired. No one answered. "Will you, Bradley?"

"No, d—m me if I will!" the fellow answered, so promptly and heartily that I began to take courage. "Nor I," said another; "nor I," echoed the other two.

"It would be a cowardly trick to shoot a prisoner after he has surrendered," one of them remarked.

"Yes, that's so," answered another. "I wish we had never seen him; we shall certainly be taken if we don't do something soon with him."

"I propose to let him go," said another.

"No—we can't do that," the sergeant interposed.

"It would be found out, and we should be court-martialled and punished. We must take him along."

For a mile further I dragged along my weary limbs after the horses, the horror of my situation filling me with an agony of mind, when there was another halt, and another heated discussion.

"It won't do to keep on this way, unless we want to see the inside of a Yankee prison," one of the growled. "I say *kill him*!" And he slapped his pistol-butt savagely.

"Yes—kill him," every man exclaimed; and then for fully five minutes they quarreled and bandied epithets back and forth, endeavoring to fix the deed on some one of them, but every man shrinking from it, and declaring that he would not do it himself.

"A pretty fuss over one miserable Yankee!" the sergeant said. "Do none of you dare to put him out of the way to save us all?"

"I'll do it," the man whom they called Bradley suddenly cried. "Let me have him to myself sergeant, and he shan't trouble us any more."

The sergeant nodded and rode off with the others. Bradley dismounted, passed his arm through the rein, and drew his pistol.

"Come this way, Yank," he said, and moved off into the wood. I cast a despairing glance at the sergeant and his squad, and saw them looking back to see what became of me; and then I followed him—my appointed murderer—with such a feeling at my heart as I hope may never come again.

"In the name of God, do you mean to kill me here in this brutal way?" I screamed out the words in a tone that almost startled me. He fingered the lock of his revolver, looked from it to me, and replied:

"I promised to, didn't I? Yes, I did; and I ought to. But, after all, I reckon I don't like the job, and will try to leave you a whole skin. Take off that blouse—take of your vest, and pass them over to me, with any small things you may have about you. Be quick!"

It was a cheap price to pay for my life, and I gladly took off the garments and gave them up, though the night air pierced me chillingly.

The man mounted his horse, discharged his revolver three times into the ground, and rode rapidly alter his comrades.

Bewildered by this startling episode, and hardly realizing whether I was at liberty or not, I ran from the spot, back towards the Little North Mountain, and when the darkness came on I sank down exhausted in the woods, somewhere near the place of my last capture.

With the first gleam of daylight, I went on my way, still pursuing a westerly course. When about seven miles from Strasburg, as I calculated, I came into a clearing where there was a house. There was a man standing in the field quite near me, as I came from the woods; and knowing that he saw me, I dropped all concealment, and walked straight towards him.

"Who are you?" he asked, as I approached.

I told him the exact truth about myself, mentioning all the particulars of my adventures for the past two days. Fortunately, I did the very best thing, under the circumstances, that could be done. His face softened as he listened, and when I finished, he said:

"Come, now, that's pretty hard. I've been in the Confederate service myself; but blame me if I'll help you into any more trouble. Come with me, and you shall have some breakfast, and then I'll show you your best road."

With my heart too full for utterance at this unexpected sympathy, I followed him to his house, and ate of the substantial meal that was set before me. When I had done, he led me some distance from the house, and directed me to the dwelling of a man named Brill—"a good Union man," he said, "who will help you on." I shook the hand of this excellent friend, and traveled on with a somewhat lighter heart. Brill was found with little difficulty, and he directed me to the house of Simon Truesnider. "Come back, if you can't find him," he said; and I went on. After traveling some distance I knocked at the door of a house which I thought must be the right one; but I was informed by the old lady who came to the door, that it was not Truesnider's.

"Where do you want to go?" she asked, eyeing me sharply.

"To Winchester."

"What for, I'd like to know?" she squeaked in a shrill voice,

"Don't you know the Yankees are in Winchester?"

"Well, I'm a Yankee," I said. The avowal did not seem to surprise her at all.

"Aha! deserting, be you? That's right. I've helped lots of the Yanks to desert, and will help you. Take the first road, the left-hand one, mind, and you will go directly over the mountains to Wardensville. From there you can get to Harper's Ferry, easily; but remember and don't take the right-hand road—it leads straight to Winchester."

I thanked her and pushed forward briskly, taking the right-hand road; but I had not pursued it far, when I discovered a Rebel picket ahead. The discovery was made soon enough for me to avoid them without being seen, and making a wide detour through the woods, I struck the road again, and kept on. About sunset I overtook a small boy from whom I learned that the house where I had obtained my information was twelve miles back. The boy stopped at a house by the way, and a man coming out of the same house fell into conversation and walked some distance with me. The boy had said something about "Hayfield Church," and when the man inquired whither I was bound, I told him to the church. He remarked that it was eleven miles off, and that the first left hand road led to it. He stopped before a house at the forks of the road, and said:

"Won't you come in, I live here."

It was now dark, and I was glad of a refuge anywhere. Once in the house he made me sit down to supper with him; and when the meal was over we sat down together in the front room, and began sounding each other. I had told him the old story about my being a stray Confederate, but it was not hard to see that he distrusted it. He led the conversation gradually to himself; spoke of the hardships of the war, and the sufferings of the people of the Valley; and said in conclusion:

"The Unionists especially, have suffered severely."

"Do you sympathize with them?" I asked.

"I cannot help it. I have borne a great deal myself."

"But you are not a Unionist!"

"I don't know who or what *you* are," he said slowly; "but I have stood by the old flag since the first shot, and will stand by it to the last. Yes, I am a Union man; I can show you protection papers signed by General Banks as long ago as 1852.

I started up and wrung his hand, "God bless you for the words," I said fervently, and then I told him my story. He listened attentively, and took my hand cordially when I had finished.

"I hope your tribulations are over now," he said, "Winchester is only fifteen miles away; our pickets are still nearer, and to morrow you shall be safe within the lines. You shall stay here to-night, and we'll make you right in the morning."

I thanked him with tears in my eyes; and that night I enjoyed the first refreshing sleep that had visited me since the battle. In the morning he informed me that the pickets of the Eighth and Twenty-second New York cavalry were only four miles off. I was about to bid my kind host and his family good by, when a negro came running up to us as we stood on the steps, crying out as he came:

"De Rebels is coming, Mars' Russell—get out ob sight quick!"

I darted into the house, and Russell followed me. "Go up to the chamber where you slept," he said. "I promise you they shall not find you."

I heard the guerillas swagger into the house with loud oaths and inquiries after the Yankees; but Russell met them so pleasantly, and invited them so cordially to sit down and take some of his apple-jack, that they consented; and after drinking two or three times began capering round the room, clapped Russell on the shoulder, declaring him a glorious good fellow; and after half an hour, left without searching the house. I breathed freer as the sound of their horses galloping away reached me; and presently Russell came up to tell me that the coast was clear again.

It was about three o'clock one morning, which must have been the third day of my stay at Russell's that I was roused from my sleep by the galloping of a large squad of horsemen into the yard. I heard them knocking loudly at the door, and lay trembling with fear.

Presently I heard heavy footfalls on the stairs, and Russell and another man entered my room. The latter was a tall, fine looking man, as I could see by the light of the candle, and dressed in Rebel uniform throughout. My heart sank still lower at the sight of his hateful dress. I did not blame Russell now for I knew of course that he was faithful to me, but all hope abandoned me, and I looked at them in silence.

"What are you about here, young man?" the officer asked holding the light down to my face.

"Trying to sleep, sir," I answered.

"A soldier, I suppose?"

"I am, sir."

"How long have you been here?"

"About three days,"

Then after an instant's pause he asked, "And what command do you belong to?"

Something prompted me to tell him the truth, and I answered without hesitation:

"To the Nineteenth Army Corps."

"Ah! Sheridan's army! A Yankee are you?"

"Yes," I replied desperately, "I am. I might as well own it first as last, let what may come of it."

With that he laughed a little and said:

"Well, my lad, I'm glad to hear it. I'll introduce myself as one of the 6th corps. I am Captain Young, of the Massachusetts Cavalry, and Provost Marshal of Winchester."

I believe I never heard sweeter music than his voice as he uttered these words.

When I became calm enough to talk and comprehend, the captain informed me that a negro had succeeded in getting to Winchester that night with a message from Russell that a Union officer was at his home, unable to return to the lines, and that he had come to my deliverance immediately.

We reached Winchester without further adventure, and in due time I was forwarded to the front, rejoining the ambulance train at the exact spot where it was parked on the morning of the battle and once more under the shelter of the flag.—*Galaxy.*

THE HUMAN BODY.

WHILE the gastric juice has a mild, bland, sweetish taste, it possesses the power of digesting the hardest food that can be swallowed. It has no influence whatever on the fibres of the living animal, but the moment of death it begins to eat them away with the power of the strongest acid.

There is dust on sea and land—in the valley and on the mountain top—there is dust always and everywhere. The atmosphere is full of it. It penetrates the noisome dungeon, and visits the deepest and darkest caves of the earth. No palace door can shut it out; no drawer is so secret as to escape its presence. Every breath of wind dashes it upon the open eye; which yet is not blinded, because there is a foundation of the blandest fluid in nature incessantly emptying itself under the eyelid, which spreads itself over the surface of the eyeball, at every winking, and washes every atom of dust away. This liquid, so well adapted to the eye itself, has some acidity, which, under certain circumstances, becomes so decided as to be scalding to the skin, and would rot away the eyelids, were it not along the edges of them there are little oil manufactories, which spread over the surface a coating as impervious to the liquids necessary for keeping the eyeballs clean, as the best varnish is impervious to water.

The breath which leaves the lungs has been so perfectly divested of its life-giving properties, that to re-breathe it, unmixed with other air, the moment it escapes the mouth, would cause immediate death by suffocation; while if it hovered about us, a more or less destructive influence over health would be occasioned. But it is made of a nature so much lighter than the common air, that the moment it escapes the lips and nostrils it ascends to higher regions, above the breathing point, there to be rectified, renovated and sent back again, replete with purity and life. How rapidly it ascends is beautifully exhibited any frosty morning.

But foul and deadly as the expiring air is, nature—wisely economical in her works and ways—turns it to good account in the outward passage through the organs of voice, and makes of it the whisper of love, the soft words of affection, the tender tones of human sympathy, the sweet strains of ravishing music, and the persuasive eloquence of the flushed orator.

Of the sixty-two primary elements known in nature, only eighteen are found in the human body, and of these, seven are metalic. Iron is found in the blood; phosphorus in the brain; limestone in the bile; lime in the bones; dust and ashes in all. Not only these eighteen human elements, but the whole sixty-two of which the universe is made, have their essential basis in the four substances—oxygen, hydrogen, nitrogen and carbon—representing the more familiar names of fire, water, saltpetre, and charcoal. And such is man the lord of the earth—a spark of fire—a drop of water—a grain of gunpowder—an atom of charcoal!

But looking at him in another direction these elements shadow forth the higher qualities of a diviner nature, of an immortal existence. In that spark is the caloric which speaks of irreptessible activity: in that drop is the water which speaks of purity; in that grain is the force by which he subdues all things to himself—makes the wide creation the supplier of his wants, and the servitor of his pleasures; while in that atom of charcoal there is a diamond, which speaks at once of light and purity—of indestructible and resistless progress. There is nothing which outshines it; it is purer than the dewdrop. "Moth and rust" corrupt it not; nor can any ordinary fires destroy it; while it cuts its way alike through brass and adamant, and hardest steel. In that light we see an eternal progressinn towards omniscience; in that purity the good of divine nature; in that indestructibility an immortal existence; in that progress a steady ascension towards the home and bosom of God.

NOTICE.

The publication of "THE CALIFORNIAN" *takes place on Saturday mornings, and copies may be obtained in the City at all News stands, and of our News-agents through the country. It will also be served by carriers on the morning of publication.*

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J. P. BOGARDUS,
J. F. BOWMAN. } *Editors and Proprietors.*

THE CALIFORNIAN.

SAN FRANCISCO,.....SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1867.

CAUTION.

ALL PERSONS advertising in THE CALIFORNIAN are hereby cautioned against paying any bills to W. M. WALLACE, a former solicitor for this paper. No persons are authorized to collect for advertisements in THE CALIFORNIAN except the undersigned proprietors.

J. P. BOGARDUS,
J. F. BOWMAN.

San Francisco, November 13, 1867.

MR. HARTE'S NEW BOOK.*

THE Sacramento *Union*, which enjoys a higher reputation for the accuracy of its reports of "Supreme Court decisions," the fullness and general excellence of its news department, and even for its editorial ability, than for the taste and discrimination of its literary criticism, speaks of these fine and exquisitely finished sketches as "of a coarse texture," the very last comment, one would imagine, that any judicious or appreciative critic would make upon anything, either in prose or verse, from the pen of Mr. Harte. It is charitable to assume that the "general utility editor" of the *Union*, upon whom the comparatively unimportant work of pronouncing judgment on literary performances, devolved in the brief intervals of leisure snatched from the weightier duties of clipping exchanges, and devising sensational headings for the despatches, was unable to devote any portion of his valuable time to the perusal of the book, and so derived his idea of the quality of its humor, from the quality of the wretched illustrations by which it is disfigured. The *Union's* largeness and liberality of spirit toward Californian writers, is no less strikingly exemplified in its notice of this book, than its rare literary discrimination. It disposes in *eleven* slovenly lines, of this first serious essay at authorship, of perhaps the most distinguished, and certainly the most graceful and finished writer on the coast, while in contrast to this boorish and niggard treatment, a New York daily paper, the *Evening Mail*, devotes over a column to it. The New York critic, differing *toto cœlo* with the "reviewer" of the *Union*, declares that the humor of Mr. Harte is characterized by "a delicacy and good taste which makes a pleasant contrast with the usual broad and coarse character of burlesque imitations," adding that the author is evidently "a gentleman, as well as a humorist, and never drops one role for the other." Without attempting at present any formal criticism of Mr. Harte's book, we will content ourselves with a few extracts, from which our readers may form their own estimate of its merits. In the following, few will have any difficulty in recognizing the salient characteristics of Charles Lever:

In an instant I was engaged with an entire squadron of cavalry, who endeavored to surround me. Cutting my way through them, I advanced boldly upon a battery, and sabred the gunners before they could bring their pieces to bear. Looking around, I saw that I had in fact penetrated the French center. Before I was well aware of the locality, I was hailed by a sharp voice in French:

"Come here, sir!"

I obeyed, and advanced to the side of a little man in a cocked hat.

"Has Grouchy come?"

"Not yet, sire," I replied—for it was the Emperor.

"Ha!" he said suddenly, bending his piercing eyes on my uniform—"a prisoner?"

"No, sire," I said, proudly.

"A spy?"

I placed my hand upon my sword, but a gesture from the Emperor made me forbear.

"You are a brave man," he said.

I took my snuff box from my pocket, and taking a pinch, replied by handing it, with a bow, to the Emperor.

His quick eye caught the cypher on the lid.

"What! a D'Euville? Ha! this accounts for the purity of your accent. Any relation to Roderick D'Euville."

"My father, sire."

"He was my schoolfellow at the Ecole Politechnique. Embrace me!" and the Emperor fell upon my neck in the presence of his entire staff. Then recovering himself, he gently placed in my hand his own magnificent snuffbox in exchange for mine, and hanging upon my breast the cross of the Legion of Honor which he took from his own, he bade one of his Marshals conduct me back to my regiment.

I was so intoxicated with the honor of which I had been the recipient, that on reaching our lines I uttered a shout of joy and put spurs to my horse. The intelligent animal seemed to sympathize with my feelings, and fairly flew over the ground. On a rising eminence a few yards before me stood a gray-haired officer, surrounded by his staff. I don't know what possessed me, but putting spurs to my horse, I rode at him boldly, and with one bound cleared him, horse and all. A shout of indignation arose from the assembled staff. I wheeled suddenly, with the intention of apologizing, but my mare misunderstood me, and again dashing forward, once more vaulted over the head of the officer, this time unfortunately uncovering him by a vicious kick of her hoof. "Seize him!" roared the entire army. I was seized. As the soldiers led me away, I asked the name of the gray-haired officer. "That—, why, that's the *Duke of Wellington!*"

I fainted.

Some of the minor traits and mannerisms of the author of "Jane Eyrie" are thus happily hit off:

The wind howled dismally without, and the rain beat furiously against the windows. I crept toward him and seated myself on a low stool beside his chair.

Presently he turned without seeing me and placed his foot absently in my lap. I affected not to notice it. But he started and looked down.

"You here yet—Carrothead? Ah, I forgot. Do you speak French!"

"*Oui, Monsieur.*"

"*Taisez-vous!*" he said sharply, with singular purity of accent. I complied. The wind moaned fearfully in the chimney, and the light burned dim. I shuddered in spite of myself. "Ah, you tremble girl!"

"It is a fearful night."

* "Condensed Novels and Other Papers." By F. Bret Harte. New York: G. W. Carleton & Co. San Francisco: A. Roman & Co.

"Fearful!" Call you this fearful, ha! ha! ha? Look! you wretched little atom, look!" and he dashed forward, and leaping out of the window, stood like a statue in the pelting storm. He did not stay long, but in a few minutes returned by the way of the hall chimney. I saw from the way that he wiped his feet on my dress that he had again forgotten my presence.

"You are a governess. What can you teach?" he asked suddenly and fiercely thrusting his face in mine.

"Manners!" I replied calmly.

"Ha! teach *me!*"

"You mistake yourself," I said adjusting my mittens. "Your manners require not the artificial restraint of society. You are radically polite; this impetuosity and ferociousness is simply the sincerity which is the basis of a proper deportment. Your instincts are moral; your better nature, I see, is religious. As St. Paul justly remarks—see chap. 6, 8, 9 and 10—

He seized a heavy candlestick, and threw it at me. I dodged it submissively, but firmly.

"Excuse me," he remarked, as the under jaw relaxed. "Excuse me, Miss Mix; but I can't stand St. Paul! Enough—you are engaged."

The treatment of the "Sword and Gown" style is excellent. Here is a piece of it:

Suddenly came a dull, crashing sound from the school-room. At the ominious interruption I shuddered involuntarily, and called to Smithsye:

"What's up, Smithums?"

"Guy's cleaning out the fourth form," he replied.

At the same moment George de Coverly passed me, holding his nose, from whence the bright Norman blood streamed redly. To him the plebian Smithsye laughingly cried:

"Cully! how's his nibs?"

I pushed the door of the school-room open. There are some spectacles which a man never forgets. The burning of Troy probably seemed a large seized conflagration to the pious Æneas, and made an impression on him which he carried away with the feeble Anchises.

In the center of the room, lightly brandishing the pistol-rod of a steam engine, stood Guy Heavystone alone. I say alone, for the pile of small boys on the floor could hardly be called company.

I will try and sketch him for the reader. Guy Heavystone was then only fifteen. His broad, deep chest, his sinewy and quivering flank, his straight bastern showed him to be a thorough bred. Perhaps he was a trifle heavy in the fetlock but he held his head haughtily erect. His eyes were glittering but pitiless. There was a sternness about the lower part of his face—the old Heavystone look—a sternness, heightened, perhaps, by the snaffle-bit which, in one of his strange freaks, he wore in his mouth to curb his occasional ferocity.

Perhaps, however, the best burlesques, are those of Victor Hugo, and the author of Guy Livingstone. Cooper's high idealization of the Indian character, too, offered a capital opening for Mr. Harte's peculiar vein of humor, which he has not failed to take advantage of. In addition to the "Condensed Novels," the volume contains a number of papers and sketches contributed to various periodicals, among others, the *Atlantic Monthly*. From one of these, entitled "Sidewalkings," we quote the following:

Speaking of eyes, you can generally settle the average gentility and good breeding of the people you meet in the street by the manner in which they return or evade your glance. "A gentleman," as the Autocrat has wisely said, is always "calm-eyed." There is just enough abstraction in his book to denote his individual power and the capacity for self-contemplation, while he is, nevertheless, quietly and unobtrusively observant. He does not seek, neither does he evade, your observation. Snobs and prigs do the first; bashful and mean people do the second. There are some men who, on meeting your eye, immediately assume an expression quite different from the one which they previously wore, which, whether an improvement or not, suggests a disagreeable self-consciousness. Perhaps they fancy they are betraying something. There are others who return your look with unnecessary defiance, which suggests a like concealment. The symptoms of the eye are generally borne out in the figure. A man is very apt to betray his character by the manner in which he appropriates his part of the sidewalk. The man who resolutely keeps the middle of the pavement, and deliberately brushes against you, you may be certain would take the last piece of pie at the hotel table, and empty the cream jug on its way to your cup. The man who slides by you, keeping close to the horses, and selecting the easiest planks, manages to slip through life in some such way, and to evade its sternest duties. The awkward man, who gets in your way, and throws you back upon the man behind you, and so manages to derange the harmonious procession of a whole block, is very apt to do the same thing in political and social economy.

This volume fully establishes Mr. Harte's title to an honorable rank among the best class of American humorists; not among those whose humor smacks largely of buffoonery, and relies chiefly for its effect upon verbal extravagancies and tricks of phraseology, but with such writers as Holmes, Donald G. Mitchell, and William Henry Curtis, of the last of whom he frequently reminds us. His points are delicately made, in the spirit of a true artist, and his satire often has the fine edge of Thackeray's, not without something of its semi-cynical quality. The critic of the *Bulletin* does the author no more than simple justice, when he says of these sketches: "So fine is the fancy, so subtle the wit, that they almost escape us before we have fully tasted and enjoyed them. And it is because of the fineness of the quality, and not from poverty of idea, that he sometimes fails to satisfy the average popular want. Were his standard less high and his taste less severe, he would doubtless prove a greater favorite with the million; but a writer of such sterling merit can afford to bide his time, and work rather for permanent fame than ephemeral applause."

To speak of the humor manifested in the book as "of a somewhat coarse texture," is simply to prove that the critic who employs such language is as incompetent to pass upon literary performances of the character of these papers, as a confirmed drunkard whose palate has been demoralized by bad whisky, would be to judge of the quality of a fine wine.

WINE ADULTERATIONS.

THE San Francisco *Pacific* recently published an article entitled "California Wine," in which some very singular and startling assertions were made. Among other things it declared that more wine is made in this city, on the basis of raw spirits illicitly distilled from molasses and other materials, than is made in all the vineyards of the State. The *Pacific* adds: "Financially, wine making is a failure. The proprietors of some vineyards are forced to go into bankruptcy. Nearly all have found it a losing business. Thousands of gallons of wine are in cellars to-day that cannot be sold for twenty-five cents per gallon, nor enough to pay for the cost of making the wine, when the cost of producing the grapes is not included. Wine vineyards do not pay. The city is too juicy for the country. Sugars and dyeing materials are cheaper here than in Sonoma. The trial is over. It is settled that California cannot, as yet produce such wines as the world wants at prices to suit."

These appear to us, with such slight knowledge of the subject as we possess, to be reckless assertions and hasty conclusions. The *Pacific* ought before declaring that more wine is manufactured in this city by adulterating processes, than is yielded by all the vineyards of the State, to have been well fortified with reliable statistics. Such assertions should not be made without ample proofs, and we very much doubt whether our cotemporary is prepared to furnish such proofs. As to the curt declartion that "the trial is over," and that "it is settled that California cannot, as yet, produce such wines as the world wants, at prices to suit," the patent facts do not at all warrant them. The large number of men engaged in the business, the existence of Eastern agencies for the sale of the wines, and the quantities exported, would seem to go far to prove that the "trial is not over," and that it is, to say the least, premature to pronounce it a failure.

OPPOSITION TO NEW YORK ON THE PANAMA ROUTE.—The North American Steamship Company advertise that they will despatch the new steamship *Oregonian*, 3,000 tons, Captain Joseph Sutton, for Panama, on Monday the twenty-fifth of November, connecting, via Panama Railroad, with the new and splendid steamship *Nebraska*, also a 3,000 ton steamer, at Aspinwall. The *Oregonian* and *Nebraska* are both new and fast steamships, and cheap fare and quick trips may be hereafter expected on the Panama route. The Company will continue their Nicaragua line of steamers as usual.

THE New York *Herald* has constituted itself the champion of that much-abused lady, Mrs Lincoln, a most chivalrous and magnanimous undertaking under the circumstances, for surely, never was lady in sorer need of a Knight to defend her cause. The *Herald*, which never does things by halves, has published quite a series of articles, setting forth in strong terms Mrs. L's wrongs and grievances, and soundly berating the Government and the Republican party for their shameful conduct in the premises.

A. ROMAN & Co., of this city, have just published, as a holiday book for the juveniles, "Fairy Tales From Gold Lands," by May Wentworth. It is an unusually neat volume of some two hundred and thirty pages, with a frontispiece, and contains ten stories, among which are "Ching Chong Chinaman," "The Strong Man of Santa Barbara," "Jung-Frou Malcen," and "Emperor Norton." The scene of most of the stories is laid in California. They are told in a natural and graceful style and evince considerable inventive power.

DRAMATIC AFFAIRS.

ON Tuesday evening Miss Helen Tracy made her debut on the San Francisco stage in the character of "Virginia." The house was crowded; Miss Tracy has many friends in this city, and all were anxious that she should make a success. Miss Tracy was graceful in her movements and read her part intelligently, but she evinced a lack of power which would prevent her ever becoming a tragic actress. John McCullough's impersonation of "Virginius," on the contrary, was faulty, at times, in the opposite extreme. On the following evening *Richelieu* was performed, with John McCullough as the King-Cardinal, and Miss Helen Tracy as "Julie." Miss Tracy was more snccessful as "Julie" than in the part she nssnmed on the preceeding evening, and John McCullongh's representation of "Richelieu" was an artistic performance. Henry Edwards made a very good "De Mauprat," and the play as a whole went smoothly. On Thursday Mrs. Sophie Edwin, of whom California is justly proud as an honor to the stage in every way, took a benefit. It is unnecessary to state that the house wns crowded in every part. The sensation drama entitled *The Child Stealer* was performed, and Mrs. Sophie Edwin played the part of "Ellen O'Brien" in a style which delighted every one. Last night the highly sensational play of *The Huguenot Captain* was produced. This drama is full of startling situations, hair-breadth escapes, duels, etc., and affords an opportunity for much fine scenery, good music, and well arranged tableaux. *The Huguenot Captain* will fight his battles over again this afternoon and evening on the Opera House stage.

On Friday evening next, Willie Edouin the comedian at the Opera House, who, never when he is cast for a part suited to him, fails to make the most of it, and who displayed so much talent in his impersonation of the character of "Samnel Gerridge" in *Caste*, will be the recipient of a benefit. *The Writing on the Wall* will be played, and the performance will conclude with a comic ballet pantomime, (for the first time in California) entitled tho *Dancing Scotchman*. All who witnessed the performance of Willie Edonin as the dancing master in *The Pet of the Petticoats*, are aware that they may anticipate any amonnt of fun on this occasion.

On Mouday Mrs. Chnrles Poole made her first appearance in San Francisco, at the Metropolitan Theatre, in the character of *Massaniello*, a play founded on the opera of that name. Mrs. Poole's style of acting is not that which is popular in San Francisco. She made *Massaniello* swagger too much and act a little too crazily before he lost his senses. Auber's music introduced, by Frank Howson, was well performed; the glorious choruses were very effectively sung. On Thursday evening Mrs. Poole appeared in the part of "Medea," and played it very well, appearing to much better advantage in a female character than she did in a male role. Last night the spectacular play of *The Sea of Ice* was played, and the same bill will be performed this afternoon and evening.

Frank Howson, who so pluckily kept the Metropolitan Theatre open during the dullest season of the year against every opposition, and nfter struggling bravely against ill-luck, giving entertainments that should have drawn good houses, and engaging all available talent, having finally resolved to relinquish the field of management, a number ot our cftizens have tenderd him a complimentary benefit. That the pnblic of San Francisco will cordially unite in making this testimonial a substantial one, is beyond a doubt. The sympathies of the public have throughout been with Mr. Howson personally in his enterprise, and the straightforward manner in which he has behaved in all business transactions has gained for him the respect of nll. All connected with the Metropolitan Theatre iu any capacity, from the leading man down to the call-boy, have volunteered their services gratuitously on this occasion. The entertainment will consist of the beautiful opera of *Fra Diavalo*, which will be prodnced with novel scenic effects, and the play of *The Dowager*.

Every one will be glad to hear that Dan Bryant has been prevailed on to give us a taste of his quality as an Ethiopian comedian and minstrel previous to his departuro for the East. California's favorite comedian, Joe Mnrphy, with a great band of minstrels, will support Dan Bryant, who will open at Platt's Music Hall, on Saturday next, November 23d. in an entirely original entertainment.

The Metropolitan Theatre will open under new management on Saturday November 23d, the lessees being Messrs. Edwards, Bates, and Vinson. In addition to these gentlemen, each of whom is an actor, the following actors and actresses are comprised in the new Metropolitan company. Messrs. Fitzgerald, Melville, Buckley, W. Hamilton and others; Mesdames Bates, Saunders, Fitzgerald, Miss Julia Corcoran, and the Howson family, the latter almost a company in themselves.

The first star of the season will be the popular Charles Wheatleigh, who will make his first appearance after an absence of eighteeen months. Angust Daly's original drama *Under the Gaslight*, will be prodnced on this occasion. During the time the theatre remains closed, it will be refitted and decorated. The new management commence the campaign under happy auspices, with the most popular actor in the city, and the most popular play of the day. The company is a well selected one and the lessees are all experienced managers.

The Temple of Music is a most popular place of amusement. and gives a varried programme. Among some of the performances given last week I may mention the song of "She's Gone to Alabama State," by Harry Leslie, "Rock Me to Sleep, Mother," by Henri Herberte, "Dancing Mad," by Messrs. Leslie and Raynor, and the "American Step Dance," by C. H. Wright. Many novelties have been prepared for the coming week. The usual fashionable matinee will be given to day at 2 o'clock.

TOUCHSTONE.

THE LOVES OF THE KEYSERS.

BY JOHN QUILL.

WILLIAM KEYSER was a robust young butcher, who wore a hat with crape on it, and had red morocco tops to his boots. He was also of a noble and aristocratic mein, and the owner of stall Number 49 in the market. He had an uncle in the marine corps, and his mother was cross-eyed, yet notwithstanding this, he had connected himself with hose company No. 54, and his temperament tended to the bilious, while his dog was a double-nosed terrier with a weakness for beef, and a yellow spot on his off hind leg.

Bill also had a slightly bald head, and killed on Tuesdays and Fridays.

William was in love.

And with a girl.

While yet in the very prime of his manhood, with all the grace and beauty of youth upon him, and beef selling at 35 cents a pound for the good pieces, William bestowed his tenderest affections upon a fair maiden who resided in the dwelling adjoining his own.

Some'eres about twenty summers had shed their tenderest caresses upon her head, and while her education was all that the most fastidious could desire, she still weighed one hundred and thirty-five pounds on William's scales, and had a ringing, musical laugh that affected you like a strain of music wafted on the midnight air—say like a glee-club straining itself under your window.

Her hair was luxurious and black as night—any night you choose except a moonlight one—and she mingled the blitheness of the lark, with the harty appetite of the ostrich.

Such was the etherial creature to whom William Keyser had given his heart. And she was worthy of his love. I have said that she weighed one hundred and thirty-five pounds. So she did, all but a few ounces, which Bill made up by throwing a chop or two in the scale.

But she was not much on the wait, on the contrary, she was anxious to be married at once, and one calm summer evening, when Bill had come home from market, she leaned her fair young head upon his heart, and would have greased his waistcoat with bandoline, while she told him how ardently she desired their union, had it not been that he still had on his butcher's shirt.

Our story opens at this interesting period, with these two lovers in this touching and beautiful position. Bill tenderly kissed her on her marble brow, and wiped the dews from the end of her nose with his shirt-sleeve.

"So, dearest, you have dressed yourself in your noblest attire to welcome me. How marvelously beautiful you look," ejaculated William, in accents of tenderest affection.

"Yes, I've got on my new gored dress. How do you like it, love?"

"Ah, beautiful! beautiful! And 'my dress, too, is gored," said William, pointing to the clots of blood upon his shirt.

A few moments of profound silence elapsed. The occasion was too solemn for words. Then she said—Mary Jane was her name—she said:

"William, do you truly love me?"

"With my whole heart," said William, "and heart now is worth seventeen cents."

"And you love none but me?" she asked murmuringly.

"Have I not often told you so beef-ore? Do you not trust me?"

"Yes, dearest, but a pang will shoot through my heart sometimes when I think of the fickleness of man's affection."

"But, dearest, did I not re-veal my love to you with vows always to be true. The fact that I possess your affection is one of my chief de-lights, although there is an active demand for lights, now, since the dog-catchers knocked off."

"But perchance some other maiden, more fairer than I, might dazzle you with her beauty and rob me of your love."

"Believe me, dearest, I steel myself against such syrens. No other woman shall pour-loin my heart from you. I listen to no tale of love from other lips than yours. Tails bring seventy-five cents now for soup, to be sure, but I have a soupreme contempt for lucre gained by treachery."

"Oh, William!" exclaimed Mary Jane, as overcome by her feelings, she bowed her head and wept tears of tender, heartfelt joy.

"Yes, angel of my soul," continued he, "I cannot *hide* my love. I will marry you, and you alone. As Eve was to Adam, so you shall be my rib; I'll wear you next my heart as I do this bit of rib-bone," and snatched a ribbon, tied with a true love-knot. from her hair, and stuck it on his shirt with a skewer.

It's skewerious how silly these lovers sometimes are.

"William, I derive hope and consolation from your words. Kiss me, and mind you don't act as if you were sucking juleps through a straw, and were pressed for time."

A few moments elapsed, and no sound broke upon the stilly air of night bnt a subdned noise, like tearing a piece of muslin.

There was a muzzlin' to some considerable extent aronnd there just then.

"You're one of the right s-tripe!" exclaimed William Keyser, ns he leaned back refreshed in his chair. "I'd chop my head off for you, I would, upon my sacred word of honor as a butcher, anything bnt-yer girls that won't kiss uow and then."

"O, William, that you would always love me thus," said Mary Jane, as she placed her head in its old position once more, for she appeared to like it that way.

"Love yon! Onr love is sometimes more than human. It is destined to im-more-tallow-ty. I have too much stake to cast yon idly by. I have, or I'm a Dutchman, that's so."

"And when shall we be married, dearest?" asked Mary Jane, taking a pin out of her dress body, so William Keyser, the affectionate young butcher, would not lacerate his fingers. "When shnll we stand at Hymen's altar and plight our vows?"

"Stand at which, and do how?" asked William, for he was defective in his heathen mythology, although he could dress a beef within a half an hour.

"And do which? my love for you is *boney-fide*, but don't ask me to do anything wicked or rash."

"When shall we be married, love, I meant?"

"Just whenever you plense, darling. I live for you alone. If you should cast me off I'd ceaso to be a liver. I'd blow my brains out with a marrow bone."

"Make it Tuesday week then, with the Orthodox Quaker ceremony."

"Which ox?"

"Orthodox Quaker, dear: be married in meeting, you know. No cards; only friends of the family invited."

"It is meat that it should be so. I'll take yon for better or for worse, for richer or poorer, and I'll cleave to you through life. I've had some practice as a cleaver."

Thus did these two young persons sit and converse in tender accents, as the soft moon flung her radiance over the landscape, and flooded with lovely light the front doorstep of Mary Jane's house, while the old man lay snoring on the settee in the back room, waiting for William to be gone, so that he could lock up the house.

And so they were married at last, and down the path of life, strewn with flowers, ns it was, these two loving hearts bounded joyously for about two weeks, when they stopped bounding joyously, on account of Mary Jane belting Willliam—her own William—over the frontispiece with the saucepan, because he wanted her to make hash out of the old scraps he had left over, twice a week.—*Philadelphia Sunday Transcript.*

THE MONEY DRIFT.—The people of Califorania are always complaining that all the money is going out of the country. A great deal of money does go out of the country, and any projects having the end of keeping it here should be encouraged. Thos. Mooney, President of the Builders' Building and Savings Bank, has been most successful in carrying on business which has done much to check the drift of money to the East and Europe. The *Alta* having shown that nearly a million of dollars a year are sent out of the country to Eastern and Foreign Life Insurance Companies. Mr. Mooney proposes to retain this million dollars here to aid in the developement of the State, and to this end offers material nid in establishing a Local Life and Health Insnrance Company. A forcibly written communication to the *Alta* appears in our advertising columns.

ROUNDABOUT PAPERS.—Number one will appear in our next issuo.

"DEAD."—A poem by W. A. Kendall appears on the first page of to-day's CALIFORNIAN.

THEODORE TILTON, the editor of the the New York *Independent*, has a volume in press entitled "The Sexton's Tale," and other poems.

A RECENT writer alleges that the literary matter in a single number of the *North American Review* costs about $1,000.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN'S list of forthcoming publications includes "Silcote of Silcotes," by Henry Kingsley, reprinted from *Macmillan's Magazine.*

QUEEN VICTORIA, we read. has ordered a collection to be made of all the reviews of the biography of Prince Albert. They make a huge volume.

THE FISHER LAD.

Elsie, the lass with the golden curls,
Sings like the thrushes and climbs like the squirrels;
All night long she sleeps in her nest,
And dreams of the fisherboy out in the West.

All night long he rocks in his boat,
And hums a song as he lies afloat—
A song about Elsie, the rosiest rose
That blooms on the cliffs where the night wind blows.

The dun duck dives, and the roving lark
Flits, with shrill whistle, into the dark;
And, heaving the herring-nets over the side,
Night long the fisher-boy drifts with the tide.

Under his feet the herring are streaming;
Over his head the stars are dreaming:
And he sits in his boat as it rocks in the bight;
And watches and waits for the morning light.

The wind is soft, and the stars are dim;
But never a mermaid whispers to him;
And the siren may warble her softest note,
But she won't beguile him out of his boat.

At break of day from the sandy bay
He draws his nets and he sails away—
"Over the foam let gipsies roam,
But Love is best when it stays at home."

CHASED BY TARTAR CAVALRY.

AN INCIDENT IN THE NORTH CHINA CAMPAIGN.

During the last China war, I had the good fortune to be attached to the British Naval Brigade which accompanied the army throughout the campaign. Thus it was that I eventually found myself in the mythical old city of Pekin.

Although the allied armies had marched without sustaining a single defeat up to the very walls, and after a show of resistance now held their Imperial city in military occupation, yet the force of our arms had failed to strike terror into the hearts of the Chinese individually. The Chinamen were abject enough in the immediate presence of a superior force, but let them get the upper hand by treachery or otherwise, and it would go hardly with you.

In this way it happened that many of the English soldiers strolled into the city in twos and threes, and were never seen again. They were without doubt, tortured to death. In our Government returns, the word "missing" was written after their names; that was all that was done; it saved so much trouble.

With the French it was very different; they did not content themselves with simply reporting their men as missing. They sought out and discovered those who were implicated in the murder, and the Chinamen generally had to pay about six lives for one. If the outrage could not be satisfactorily traced to any one of the people, the whole street in which it was perpetrated would be razed to the ground. It must be a very blundering Chinaman who would molest a Frenchman; the Nemesis follows so quickly.

As regards the English, these things went on with such impunity that as many as six of the Rifles went together into Pekin with their arms, and all their accoutrements, and never returned. They were reported missing and there was an end to the affair.

These things were not pleasant, especially to those who had seen the effects of the slow bone crushings and the myriad other tortures that had been inflicted on those unfortunate men who had been captured on the march, and whose lacerated bodies were sent back in retaliation upon the English.

Bad as was this state of affairs in Pekin, it was worse on the plain between it and Tungchow. Tungchow, being the nearest city to Pekin in direct water communication to the fleet, was the head-quarters of the commissariat department. It is a walled city of considerable size, and is situated on the Houenho, a tributary of the Pei-ho. Pekin is twenty-five miles distant in a north-westerly direction. Between the two cities there is an Imperial road, paved throughout with enormous slabs of stone. But this road led to one of the south gates of the city, and the camp of the allies was at the north-east gate; besides, it was believed to be undermined. The army, therefore, found its way across the plain, without following any road in particular. With the exception of a few hills, just visible on a fine day far away in the horizon, the country is as flat as a billiard table. The pagoda at Tungchow is soon lost sight of, and after that there is no landmark until Pekin, entirely hidden by its high gray walls, is reached. Here, and there, like oases in the desert, are clumps of trees with a few houses amongst them; they are all alike, and serve rather to increase the monotony of the scene than otherwise. But these peaceful-looking farm-houses have proved fatal to many stragglers.

Some soldiers on the line of march discovered a sword-scabbered half buried in the ground on the outskirts of one of these villages. It belonged to a man whose regiment had marched to the front some time before. In digging up the ground, not only the rest of his accoutrements were found, but his whitened skeleton as well, clean, without a scrap of flesh on the bones. Some Chinamen of the village being seized, one of them more frightened than the rest, confessed that the man who had lagged behind the "Foreign Braves" (mark the politeness now) had been kidnapped, and boiled to death in a cauldron, which he proceeded to point out. Such it was too evident was the revolting fact.

A few days before the incident that I am about to relate occurred, a slow lumbering train of baggage-wagons with a strong escort left Pekin for Tungchow at noon. At two o'clock, a soldier well armed and mounted, was sent to order back a portion of the baggage. It was presumed that they could not have gone very far by that time, and so he went alone. He was cut off before he could overtake them, and was never seen again. Another was added to the list of "missing."

It should be borne in mind that these murders, of which the number was not small, were committed after the Treaty of Peace had been signed, and were, nevertheless, persistently winked at by the English authorities.

One morning despatches were put into my hands by the Commander-in-Chief to be immediately delivered to the head of the Commissariat Department at Tungchow. The usual escort of mounted Sikhs, without which no one dreamed of crossing the plain, was ordered to accompany me. But the commanding officer, a most unpleasant man of the red-tape order, made so much fuss and bother about sending his men away, that I concluded a rather warm argument by telling him that he and his Sikhs might go anywhere they pleased, for I would have none of them, but would go alone.

This rash resolution was condemned by every one. Friends and strangers were unanimous in declaring that I should never reach Tungchow. "Why?" "There was that entrenched Tartar camp in ambush outside the city, no one knew exactly where, so that you couldn't tell how to avoid it. Then there was the certainty of losing your way, and the probability of getting murdered by the village cut-throats, like Smith of the 2nd Queen's, poor Johnson of the 1st Royals, Green, of the 3d Buffs, etc., etc. You surely haven't forgotten that fellow who was sent after the baggage-train the other day, and never turned up again. Why, you must be quite mad," and so on, in this strain, for half an hour.

When my old messmate, Lieutenant Jack Deverenx, heard of it, he came up and took me by the hand, saying, "Well, old boy, if you're determined to go, I'll go with you, for you've always stuck to me like a brick, and now I'll do as much for you."

In vain I tried to dissuade him, and used all the arguments that had been urged against my going; but he was just as obstinate as I was.

At two o'clock, then, on indifferent military train horses, we started. The first half-hour was pleasant enough; after that we lost sight of Pekin, and there was nothing but the great hot plain before us. A small division of the army had left for Tungchow that same morning at daylight; their foot-prints and other traces of their march were still visible. We gradually got careless about the track, and finally lost it altogether. The way seemed tolerably easy, and we began to congratulate ourselves on the clever manner in which we were shaping our course. Just then we came to a white marble monument of peculiar form. It represented a monstrous tortoise carrying an inscribed slab vertically on his back. Such as these are erected to the memory of the kings of one of the old dynasties. It occurred to us that we had passed one of these half an hour before; on closer inspection it proved to be the same one. Without knowing it we had lost our way and made a complete circle.

This was particularly annoying, especially when the danger of being overtaken by the darkness on this wide plain of the enemy's was considered. Besides my horse was beginning to show signs of flagging, and stumbled continually. We halted and started again, "taking a fresh departure," as naval men say, this time taking the sun for our guide, and looking out for footprints.

To our great satisfaction, we came upon the track again, or rather upon a track. The possibility that these could be any other than the footprints of an English army—for instance, those of Tartars leading to their camp—never suggested itself. With light hearts, we unsuspectingly followed up this track, until, right ahead, there appeared a long, low wall, with here and there the top of a tent showing above it. One significant look, full of meaning, sufficed to show us that we had accidentally discovered the much-dreaded Tartar camp.

Without a word we wheeled round and galloped back as fast as the poor jaded old steeds would carry us. Any hope that we had not been observed was instantly dispelled by seeing nine or ten Tartar horsemen, well mounted, rush out in hot pursuit. Thus had we fallen into the very pitfall that was our worst danger.

Our miserable horses seemed, by some curious instinct, to be aware of the danger. They tore along at a speed that agreeably surprised us. Hedges, trees, fields flew by; over the rice plantations, crashing through the millet stalks—away, away, over everything. This was a race for life, and the speed was frightful; this furious pace could not last. Gradually the Tartars gained ground. On they came in a cloud of dust, the foremost ones alone visible through it. Away, away, over the arid plain, the thick hot air resonant with the eager shouts and savage yells of our pursuers.

But all the fierce goading of our horses, we too well knew, was useless; in the long run we must be captured, and then——. Heavens! the thought was too horrible. There was nothing left for us but to sell our lives as dearly as we could, and, if it were possible, to reserve the last precious bullet in our revolvers for ourselves.

Nearer and yet nearer, they gained on us rapidly. Now an arrow whizzed past, followed by a crossbow-bolt; then another and another in quick succession. Still closer and closer they pressed on us. When within safe distance of the foremost one, I drew my revolver, turned round in the saddle, and fired. From over anxiety I missed the mark. Jack, who fired shortly afterwards, also missed his man, but killed the horse, which was nearly as well. His next shot missed—mine also; not, however, through bad aiming, but because, at the instant that I pulled the trigger, an arrow grazed my right arm, tearing through the coat and the fleshy part; but, happily, it did not stick.

Nerved with rage, although smarting with intense pain, my arm was steady for the next shot. With a long and careful aim, the man well covered, I fired; a flash, a sharp, ringing report, and one of my pursuers rolled over with a bitter scream and laid weltering in his life's blood.

Faster and more fiercely came on the rest of the savage horde. One received a bullet in the head from Jack's revolver that tumbled him in silence on the sand, and effectually prevented his ever chasing again. His next shot, however, was not so successful. I had two bullets left; and Jack three; the number that followed us were reduced to seven. If all our shots were sure to tell there would just be a chance of our escaping. A report from Jack's pistol and a hasty glance at our pursuers told me that he had again fired without result.

Our horses were flagging tremendously, and it was evident that the critical moment was at hand. As we still sped onwards, the arrows whizzing past, I cocked my pistol, and reined in a little to let the foremost man come within certain distance—I could afford to waste no more shots. He rapidly came up, I got an excellent aim, and fired. With a shriek and a yell of agony, he dropped, and his horse galloped past me; at the same instant my horse fell down dead, struck by an arrow or bolt; I was aware of a certain shock, my head was jammed into my shoulders, and I rolled over and over in the dust.

Half blinded, and choked with sand, I scrambled to my feet just in time to put a bullet through the body of a Tartar, who in another moment would have ridden or cut me down. As he fell his horse luckily stumbled and fell also. I rushed to him, and stifling his objections with the butt-end of my revolver, dragged him clear of his horse. In less time than I can write it I had the horse on his legs, and was scouring across the plain on his back.

In the meantime, Jack, perceiving my downfall, wheeled round, and with consummate coolness lodged one bullet most cleverly in the skull of the nearest Tartar, who dismounted another with his last. We rode on together, and were exceedingly glad to see the rest of our pursuers turn back to attend to their wounded. Our first care was to reload our revolvers. This done, we halted for a moment whilst Jack bound up my arm, which was intensely painful and bleeding profusely. Having shaken hands, and congratulated each other on our escape, our former difficulty as to the right way recurred; we could only, as before, steer by the sun, and trust to "that sweet little cherub that sits up aloft." Thus we jogged along as fast as Jack's poor horse would go. I had benefited immensely by the forcible exchange that I had made, having now a beautiful Tartar steed, with any quantity of life and vigor in him.

The loss of blood consequent on the wound was beginning to tell on me, and I was getting faint and weary, when over the tops of some distant trees I descried the pagoda of Tungchow glisten in the rays of the setting sun. Never had the sight of any object been so welcome to us as that old pagoda. How we blessed the builder of it! It was about five miles distant on our right. Therefore it was evident that during our long chase we must have been going very nearly in the right direction. However, had we not seen the pagoda we should have passed the city to the northward, and in that case it is not easy to say when we should have found it.

We now rode straight for the city, and arrived just as it had become quite dark, and it will be long before I forget that terrible day, and the chase of the Tartar cavalry.

Pleasure itself soon ceases to be pleasure when there is no object in it but pleasure.

A wife who loses her patience must not expect to keep her husband's heart.

Birds are a poor man's music; and flowers the poor man's poetry.

WAGONS.

MILLS & EVANS, IMPORTERS OF THOROUGH-BRACE Wagons, light express, two and three spring Wagons, suitable for milk-men and furniture dealers, and others wishing light and durable Wagons. Their Wagons are made expressly for the California market, and Mills & Evans' is the only firm which receives Wagons from the celebrated manufactory of A. W. Sanborn & Co., Manchester, N. H. This latter firm stands A No. 1 in the east, and their wagons have stood the test of our California climate, and are sold by Mills & Evans fifty per cent. lower than any other establishment on the Pacific coast. Call and examine their Wagons, at No. 587 Market street, opposite the Metropolitan market. *

MEDICAL.—"YOUNG MAN'S FRIEND AND PROTECTOR," an Association for benoficent objects, Young men should inform themselves in relation to it, and by applying to, the ACTUARY, Dr. Bonrne, 10 Masonic Temple, Post street, they will be furnished with Prospectus.

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MAGNIFICENT ESTABLISHMENT.

Has more room, larger lights, greater facilities, and

PRODUCES FINER PHOTOGRAPHS

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F. DIXEY,
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Cloths, Cassimores for Vestings, always on hand and made to order in the most

Fashionable Styles.

Satisfaction Guaranteed

Joseph Catania & Co.,

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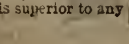
FRESH AND SALT 

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A large supply of fresh fish always on hand. Shipping, Restaurants, Hotels and Families supplied at short notice, and on the most reasonable terms.
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PARKER, WATTSON & CO.,

Importers and Jobbers in

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UNDERTAKERS,

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Sole agents for BARSTOW'S PATENT METALLIC BURIAL CASES and CASKETS.

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FURTHERMORE, THE Improvements, Workmanship, and General Superiority of those instruments over all others on exhibition, was so marked an important, the Emperor created Mr. T. E. CHICKERING

KNIGHT OF THE LEGION OF HONOR.

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Italian Manufactury,

415 and 417 JACKSON ST., SAN FRANCISCO,

Manufacturers and Dealers in

PLAIN, SWEET, CINNAMON AND VANILLA CHOCOLATES;

PREPARED COCOA, COCOA PASTE, CRACKED COCOA, COCOA SHELLS, etc., etc.

PURE GROUND OLD JAVA COFFEE AND COSTA RICA COFFEE;

CHARTRES AND RIO COFFEE:

GREEN COFFEE OF EVERY QUALITY.

CHOICE WINES AND LIQUORS.

N. B—Ghirardelli's Chocolate is manufactured by steam from Cocoa of the finest quality, imported direct. In excellence and delicacy of flavor, it is superior to any imported Chocolate.

PARIS EXPOSITION,
1867.
GLORIOUS NEWS

FOR

THE FLORENCE!

OFFICIAL CATALOGUE JUST RECEIVED, (September 8th) the only copy on this coast—29 days from London. FREE FOR INSPECTION.

THE FLORENCE

RECEIVED THE ONLY PREMIUM awarded to any Sewing Machine (except Button Hole Machine) for sale on the Pacific Coast.

SAMUEL HILL, Agent,
No. 111 Montgomery St., San Francisco.

T. B. RODGERS,
CUTLER,
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Corner California, adjoining the Pacific Insurance Office, San Francisco.

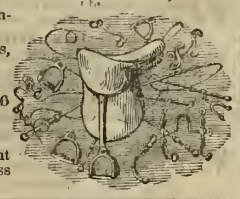
SAVE YOUR TEETH.—Do not have them extracted without first consulting a good Dentist. The loss is irreparable, and, in many instances, unnecessary. DR. BEERS, corner of Pine and Kearney streets, makes a specialty of filling the fangs of dead Teeth, and building up broken crowns with Pure Gold—thus restoring them to their original usefulness and beauty.
☞ Call and examine the work. Finest quality of artificial work also manufactured.

C. MAIN. E. H. WINCHESTER. T. B. HAYES.

Main & Winchester,

Manufacturers and Importers of

Harness, Saddles, Bridles, Whips, Collars, Saddlery Ware, etc.



Nos. 214 and 216 Battery Street,
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BLASTING POWDER.

Price, - - - - $3 00 Per Keg.

ALSO, SPORTING, CANNON, AND MUSKET POWDER, of superior quality.

FUSE AND SHOT always on hand and for sale at the

OFFICE OF THE

CALIFORNIA POWDER WORKS,

No. 318 CALIFORNIA STREET.

JOHN F. LOHSE, Secretary.

FREE HOMESTEADS FOR ALL
ON FILING A PETITION.

UNDER THE LAWS OF MEXICO, which are now in force in this city, all the inhabitants are entitled to a HOMESTEAD LOT OF LAND, simply on petition. Justice Field has decided, and the Supreme Court of the United States has confirmed that decision, that the city of San Francisco is a Pueblo of four square leagues of land, and that the citizens thereof are the owners, which vests the right in each citizen to a lot of land for a homestead; and the undersigned have opened an office at 37 MERCHANTS' EXCHANGE, to enforce those rights, by petition to the Mayor, etc.; and each and every citizen can procure a Free Homestead by calling at their office and signing a petition, which will forthwith vest the right to the lot in question in them, and thereby secure to the petitioner property worth a large sum of money under the existing laws now in force.

BROOKS & MERRITT,
No. 37 New Merchants' Exchange.

N. B.—The Supreme Court of the United States have settled this question in another case, as to the ownership of the Outside Lands. In the case of J. B. Towused vs. Geo. G. Greeley, December Term, 1866, No. 124, the Court say: "It is, therefore, now the settled law that the municipal lands held by the city of San Francisco, as successors to the former Pueblo exi-ting there, are not held in absolute property, but IN TRUST for its inhabitants."

Therefore, all the inhabitants have to do, under this decision, is to ask the city, by petition, for their vested rights, as this is the only way, under the law, that they can proceed to get their property.

E. L. B. BROOKS,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law.

All legal business transacted in the French and Spanish languages, if desired.

BERNHEIM & EHRENPFORT,
Wholesale Candy Manufacturers,
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Between Sansome and Battery Sts., San Francisco.

FANCY AND COMMON CANDIES

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Sugar Toys, Figures, Animals, Birds, etc.

Are prepared to receive orders to any extent and in any desired style.

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TOWNE & BACON,
Book and Job Printers,
Have the Largest Office,
Do the most work,
And do it better
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536 In this City,
Try them
With a Job,
And you will be
Satisfied the above
Statements are facts.
Their office is at 536
Clay St., below Montgom'y,
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PRINTERS,
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TO PATRONS OF THE PRINTERS ART.

CUBERY & CO., No. 536 Market street, Opposite Second, San Francisco, are now prepared to execute all kinds of BOOK and JOB PRINTING. Having superior facilities for printing every description of work, we respectfully solicit the patronage of friends and the public generally. BRIEFS and TRANSCRIPTS correctly printed according to legal requirements.

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Show Work of All Kinds,

GO TO THE

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PAINTS, OILS, GLASS, &C., &C.,

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Fourth Street, between Howard and Folsom, San Francisco.

All styles of Carriages, Wagons and Carts made to order and Repaired.

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Manufacture all kinds of Oil DRESSED AND INDIAN TANNED GLOVES for Gentlemen, Drivers, Teamsters, Miners and Lumbermen. Also, BUCKSKIN MITTENS, GOLD BAGS, PURSES, etc., in endless variety, and all sewed by hand. All work warranted. The Trade supplied. We warrant one pair of our manufacture to outlast two pairs of Eastern manufacture.

CORNS!
DR. V. POPPER,
Surgeon Chiropedist

No 20 Montgomery street, between Post and Sutter, San Francisco. Office hours from 9 A. M to 5 P. M.

Offers his services to the public as an Operator on such excrescences as hard and soft corns, enlarged joints, club nails, bunions, nails penetrating the flesh, warts, etc.

☞ **Use Ellery's Patent India Rubber Cement and Paint.**—It is for all outside surfaces, TIN, IRON, OR METAL ROOFS; Iron however manufactured, Brick and Wooden Buildings, Ship and steamboat Painting; will not rot, peel, blister, or crack. Water proof coating for cloth roofing on tops of houses, decks of steamboats, tops of stages and cars. Cloth roofs cemented and painted for $9 per 100 square feet. New or old Tin Roofs, in good or bad condition, cemented and painted, guaranted, at $1 to $2 50 per 100 square feet.

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ACCOUCHEUR AND SURGEON,

Devotes special attention to the diseases of Women and Children. He takes a professional pride in curing those cases which have baffled the skill of other eminent physicians.

DR. CAMAN would call attention to the beneficial effects of the Homœopathic treatment in all cases of Chronic Diseases, Insanity, Paralysis, all kinds of Spasms, Delirium Tremens, and persons suffering from an unnatural thirst for spirituous liquors.

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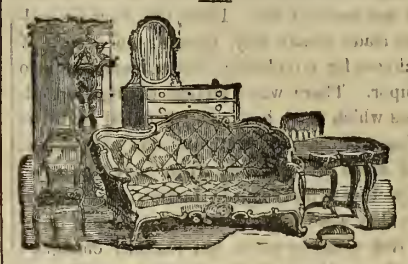
NOTICE.

WE TAKE OCCASION TO INFORM OUR FRIENDS and customers that we have sold our entire stock in warehouse also invoices to arrive to Messrs. N. COLE & CO., 312 and 314 Pine steeet. The whole forms a most complete and desirable assortment of FURNITURE, and well merits attention before purchasing elsewhere.

J. PIERCE & CO.



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WE beg leave to call the attention of the public to our warerooms,

Nos. 312 and 314 Pine Street.

Having purchased the entire stock of Messrs. J. Pierce & Co., and in addition to our large invoice from our factory at the East, we are prepared to fill all orders promptly, both wholesale and retail, and call the attention of the public to our salesroom, as containing the most complete assortment of desirable goods on this coast.

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ZEITSKA & SHEPPARD,

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FINE WINES, LIQUORS, ALES AND PORTER,

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CLOAK, SHAWL, CLOTHING AND BONNET STANDS

Fancy Work for Gardens, and a great variety of

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Sole Agent for the sale and application of

BROWN'S PATENT AND METALIC WEATHER STRIPS,

For the perfect exclusion of wind, dust, and rain; ☞ And for CRAMER'S PATENT WINDOW LIFTING PLATES AND RODS.

Call and examine them at the

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Teeth filled with fine gold, artificial bone and platina. All plate work made and repaired, of the best material, at the shortest notice and warranted. None cheaper or better on the coast. Call and examine specimens. North Beach and South Park Cars pass the door.

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Boots and Shoes Made to Order,

IN THE BEST FRENCH STYLE.

☞ The same, ready made, always on hand.

Dr. John T. Crook,

Late of the Pacific Mail service, has established himself in the practice of his profession in this city.

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OFFICE HOURS—9 to 10 A. M.; 2 P. M.; 4 to 6 P. M.

SOTOYOME HOTEL,
B. C. WRIGHT, Proprietor, Healdsburg Cal.

GARRICK'S END.

He was bronght np to London by easy stages. He arrived at the Adelphi on the evening of the 16th of January. The next day he seut for his apothecary, Lawrence, who found him dressing and apparently better. Young O'Keefe, then newly come to London, a raw Irish lad, recollected seeing him walking briskly up and down in front of his house on the Adelphi terrrace. Yet the end was not far off. There were some alarming symptoms, which made the apothecary advise sending for Dr. Cadogan, who, when he came, prononnced the matter so uncertain and serions, that he recommended him to settle his affairs at once. Garrick answered him calmly, that nothing of that kind remained to be done, and that as for himself, he was ready to die. From that hour his malady made steady way, bringing on a sort of dullness for circulation, which increased into stnpor. There was a pictnre during that illness which mnst have long hannted his wife. Weary of ceaseless watching and attendance, she made an agreeable friend stay and dine, expecting to find some distraction in his society. As they were talking, Mr. Garrick came in, in a rich dressing-gown, but fearfully changed; his face yellow and shrunk, his eyes dim, and his gate slow and tottering. By a strange association he seemed to the guest like *Lesignan*, one of his old favorite characters, of the old years, when he wore just snch a dress. He sat down on the sofa wearily, remained for more than an hour, and never spoke a word. He then went back to his room, which he never left again. But greater physicians were now called—Dr. Warren and Heberden, Johnson's doctor. Many more came late, all friends, eager to give their aid by advice. When the sick man saw the face of Dr. Schomberg, he put out his hand, and, with one of his old smiles, said, "Thongh last, not least in love." Though the stnpor was gaining on him, he could at times talk calmly and cheerfully. He told one of his friends that he did not regret his having no children, for had they turned out nnkind or disobedient he conld not have supported such a trial. On the last day of his life a letter was brought in—the last he ever received, and it ran to the old story—acknowledgement of his kindness. It was from young Miss Farren. As at times the film cleared from his mind, he saw the room filled with figures, and asked who all those people were, he was told they were physicians. With a sense of the grotesqne he shook his head, and mnttered from "The Fair Penitent:"

"Another and another still snceeeds,
And the last fool is welcome as the former."

For that day he was qnite composed, and talked at intervals with exceeding tranquillity. Early the next morning, 20th January, about eight o'clock, the dreary scene of his life had shifted, and he passed gently away from this human stage where he had played so often, and always played with snch dignity.

TAYLOR'S SALOON.—This quiet retreat on Third street, a few doors from Market, has long heen the most popular resort for gentlemen of *taste* in liquid luxurics of any saloon south of Moatgomery street: Taylor has achieved more than mere local fame for the purity of his heverages and the superiorlty of his hrands of ale. His lunches, also, are the very embodiment of good lunches. If you want good cheer, go to "Taylor's," No. 16 Third street, southwest side.

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Sidewalks Laid and Roofing Done at Shortest Notice.

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Dealers in' American, Swiss and English WATCHES,

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Our only profit heing the small per cent. allowed by huyiag in large quantities.

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Powder, Shot, Lead, Caps, and Gun Trimmings, etc., otc.

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On hand and manufactured to order.

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Maker of Models for Inveators, Drawing Instruments, Small Machines, Philosophical Instruments, Scales and Weights, all kinds of Brass and Iron Work.

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F. D. RING,

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All kinds of precious Stooes set in the latest style and most approved manner. Watches aud Jewelry carefully repaired by experienced workmon.

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Wm. Simpson, 609 Davis st., opposite Oakland Ferry.

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Hoaglaad & Newsom, s.w. cor Kearny and Sacramento.
McDougall & Marquis, 328 Montgomery street.

ALE, PORTER, AND CIDER.
J. H. Todman & Co., (Jobbers,) 511 Front street.

BAKERIES.
Dempsey's Bakery, 127 Fourth street,

BOOTS AND SHOES.
W. H. Hanna, (children's work,) 335 Sutter street.
Weatworth, Hohart & Co. (wholesale manufac.) 210 Pine

BUTCHERS.
C. Wagner & Co., (Golden Gate Market,) Davis street, corner Clark.
I. Gans, "New York Market," Fourth st, near Market.

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San Francisco Brush Factory, 211 to 217 California st.

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G H. Behrens & Co., 4 Kearny street, near Market.
Chas. C. Lindsey, Excelsior Store, 156 Stewart street.
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Chas, Schwenke & T. Menser, 16 Stewart street.

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H M. Lockwood & Co., 624 Clay strcet.
J. R. Mead & Co., corner Montgomery and Bush streets
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N. T. Whitcomb, 205 Third, near Howard.

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Meagher, Taaffe & Co., 9 Montgomery street.

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Fred. Lange, Family Grocer, cor. Powell and Lombard.
Lange & Butt, southwest cor. Bush and Stockton sts.
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Seacca Jones, Family Grocer, 105 Third street.
T. Williams, coraer Third and Tobama streets.
Wellman, Peck & Co., wholesale grocers, 404 Front st.
Jos. Van Doren, northeast cor. Bush aud Mason sts.

GUN-SMITHS.
W. Rudolph, Unloa Gun Store, 216 Pacific street.
Wilson & Evans, 513 Clay streat.

HAIR DRESSING SALOONS.
Prof. Smith, 114 Market street, opposite Third.

HARDWARE AND CUTLERY.
L. B. Benehley & Co., (American and Foreign,) 3 and 5 Front street.
J. S. Sesser, 138 Fourth st, het. Mission and Howard.

HATTERS.
Lamott (wholesale and retail) 227 Moatgomery street.

HAY AND GRAIN.
Grant & Smith, 26 Market and 19 Sacramento sts.
J. B. Holmes & Co., 110 Market street.
George Morrow & Co., 21 Clay and 23 Commercial sts.
Wm.H. Nichols, 18 Sacramento, and 17 Commorcial.

HOTELS.
Atlantic House, John McManus, 210 aad 212 Pacific st.
"Branch," M. O'Neil, 12 Sutter street.
Brooklya, Joha Kelly, Jr., Sansome, cornor Pine.
Chicago, Droste & Pfefferle, 220 Pacific street.
Empire House, Peter Thompson, 106 Jackson street.
Franklin Hotel, Hugh Curran, cor Sansome & Pacific.
Franklin House, C. Maloney, cor. Br'dway & Sansome.
Golden Gate Hotel, J. Blackman, 728 Market street
Mariner's Home, Brown & Chandler, 504 and 506 Davis.
"Oriental," H. Saxtorph & Co., Washington & Drumm.
Sanders' Hotel, J. P; Sanders, 24 Sucramento st.

HOUSE AND SIGN PAINTER.
James R. Kelly, 38 California street.
Michael English, 414 Pine street.

HARNESS AND SADDLE MANUFACTURERS.
A. B. Bois, 510 Davis strect,
D. Feunel, 522 Battery street, opposite the Post Offlcc.

INSURANCE.
Firemen's Fund Ins. cor. Califoraia and Sansome.
Manhattan, R. B. Swain & Co., Agets, 206 Front, cor. Cal.
North British Mercantilc, S. E. cor Sansome & Califor'
Occidental Ins. Co., S. W. cor. Montgom'y and California.

LADIES' BIJOUTERIE, CLOAKS, ETC.
Rosenblatt's, 123 and 125 Montgomery street.

LADIES' FANCY GOODS AND TRIMMINGS.
S. Summerfield, 20 Second strect, and 116 Kearny.
Thomas Collinson, 160 Third, near Howard street.

LIVERY STABLES.
Central Stable, Washburn & Co., 207 and 209 Sutter st.
Gardner & Finch, 211 and 213 Pine street.

LUMBER.
Armstrong, Sheldon & Davis, cor. Mission & Spear sts.

MARBLE WORKERS.
P. Kelly, 12 Fourth strect.

MILITARY GOODS AND REGALIA.
T. Rodgers Johnsoa, Odd-Fellow's Hall, 325 Moatg'ry st.

MILLINERS.
Miss A. A. Craddock, 4 Virginia Block, Stockton street.

MUSIC TEACHERS.
Prof. J. R. Boullet, Pianist and Vocalist, 1320 Stockton.

NOTARY PUBLIC,
H. S. Tibboy, 604, Montgomery street.

PHOTOGRAPHIC GALLERIES.
H. Bush, coraer Post, Market and Montgomery streets.
Hicks & Staring, 143 Fourth street.
New York, B. F. Howland proprietor, 25 Third street.

PIANOS, MUSIC, ETC.
Kohler, Chase & Co., 421 Montgomery strcet.
W. S. Pierce, removed to 534 Market, opposite Secoad.

PHOTOGRAPHS, CUTLERY, SPECTACLES, ETC.
Lawrence & Houseworth, 317 and 319 Montgomery st.

PLUMBERS AND GAS FITTERS.
Chas. Barman, 121 Fourth street, near Minna.

PRINT SELLER AND PUBLISHER.
Thomas H. Lawlor, Sceond street, near Howard.

PAINT MANUFACTURERS.
Epes & Ellery, dealers in paints, etc, 226 Jackson st.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY, CONTINUED.

REAL ESTATE AGENTS.
Geo. W. Chapin, 338 Montgomery.
John Pforr, 328 Montgomery.

RESTAURANTS.
Ladies' Refreshment Saloon, Swain & Brown, 636 M
Helvetia, Johnjury & Bros., 524 Merchant street.
Market, by Haozo & Besson, 520 Merchant street
The Opera, J. Weiss, 335 Pine street.

SALOONS.
Beck's Saloon, 504 Drumm street, near Pacific.
Blancy & Carroll, "Sample Rooms," 107 Third street.
"Bourbon Saloon," A. Farr, Long Bridge.
Charley Smith's Saloon, 539 Washington street.
Charter Oak, Frank Kelly, N.E. cor Third and Howard
Coates & Henderson, 37 Sutter street.
Cleveland's Sample Rooms, 318 Bush, above Monty.
"Excelsior," Haase & Co., cor. Drum and Commercial.
Fourth Street Exchange, Chas. F. Slater, 245 Fourth st.
J. P. Levin's Saloon, northwest cor. Battery & Br'dwy
J. Dillon, "Fourth St. Exchange," cor. F'rth and Mkt.
King & McCormick, "Rotunda," Market & O'Farrell.
E. H. Murphy's Saloon, cor. Third and Stevenson sts.
"Manadnock," A. Horstkemper, Drumm & Oregon sts.
P. Johnson & J. B. Holje, 28 Clay street.
Peter Ring's Saloon, California street, below Drumm.
Regatta House, Burns & McLean, foot of Third street.
Russell & Holding's Exchange, 622 Market street.
Riog's Saloon, Peter Ring, cor California, below Drumm.
Uncle Billy & George, Saloon 707 Davis st.
"Young American," Geo. C. W. Heuer, Stewart & Howard

SCALES.
Fairhanks & Hutchinson, Depot for Fairhanks' Scales 120 California street.

SEWING MACHINES.
Grover & Baker, R. G. Brown, 116 Montgomery.
The Florence, office 111 Montgomery street.

STATIONERS AMD BOOKBINDERS.
Jas. E. Damon & Co., 521 and 423 Sansome street.

STOVES AND TIN WARE.
A. Swigert, corner Fifth and Folsom.

TRUNK MANUFACTORY.
James Longshore, 428 Kearny street.

WATER-CURE INSTITUTE.
Dr Bonrae's Pioneer, 10 Post. near Montgomery.

WAX FLORIST.
Mrs. M. E. Gerrish, 11 Post street.

WHOLESALE WINE AND LIQUOR DEALERS.
Campbell & Co., 629 Front st., bet Jackson and Pacific.
Henry M. Cutter, Importer, 520 Front street.

WHOLESALE UPHOLSTERERS.
D. N. & E. Walters, 13 Battery street, corner Bush.

A. FOLSOM,

Carriage Manufacturer,

No. 531 CALIFORNIA STREET,

Between Montgomery and Kearny streets, San Francisco

EVERY DESCRIPTION OF CARRIAGES, EXPRESS Wagons, Buggies, etc, made to order, of the best materials and workmanship.

Repairing and General Blacksmithing done with promptness, and at prices to suit the times.

W. E. BRIDGE,

St. Lawrence Stables,

212 Sutter street, between Kearny and Dupont, SAN FRANCISCO.

JOHN H. TODMAN & CO.,

Successors to JAMES MEARS.

ALE, PORTER AND CIDER

BOTTLING ESTABLISHMENT,

511 Front Street.

A large stock of Champagne Cider on hand, in glass and bulk.

ITALIAN MANUFACTORY

—OF—

MACCARONI,
VERMICELLI,
PASTE, and
FARINA

First Premium in 1857—1859—1864—1865.

Brignardello, Macchiavello & Co.,

706 SANSOME STREET,

San Francisco.

M. H. QUINN,

HAT MANUFACTURER,

127 Fourth street, bet. Howard and Mission, San Francisco.

Dress Silk Hats for Ladies or Gentlemen Manufactured to order, Cleaned or Renovated, at reasonable prices.

THE SANCY DIAMOND.

The great Sancy diamond, which stands ninth in the glittering and very restricted aristocracy of the world's big diamonds, is to be sold, and while it is on show at one of the first jewelers, the story of its life and tronbles travels round Paris. And, indeed, since it was found on the battlefield in the sword-hilt fallen from Charles le Téméraire's dying hand, its vicissitudes have been great, and far too numerous to recount in full. At one time Henry IV. borrowed it from De Sancy, to give it as gaurantee to the Swiss for the troops they had lent him; and the messenger to whom De Sancy confided it disappeared before he reached the King. A long and anxious time elapsed before any one learned what had become of the faithful servant, but it was at last discovered that he had been attacked and assassinated. The body was fonnd. exhumed. opened, and in the stomach lay poor Sancy! The messenger had swollowed it, to preserve it from the hands of the assassins. The precious stone went on leaping from impossibility, until it reaches the scene of its last trouble, which is laid in Lyons, about twenty years ago. Monsieur le Comte Demidoff and his wife were visiting Lyons with the amiable writer Jules Janin. The day was hot, and the Comtesse threw off her shawl, and, taking out the pin, in which was mounted the celebrated diamond, asked Jules Janin to put the jewel in his pocket. They passed the day looking at the sights of the town, and in the evening went to the theatre. *Apropos, mon ami*, said the Count, between the acts, did you give the pin to the Comtesse? Poor Jules Janin bonnded on his seat, plunged his hands convulsively into his waistcoat pockets, and then, without uttering a word, rushed from the box. Dnring his headlong course back to the hotel all the incidents of the day, all the horrors of his situation, pressed on his brain like a nightmare. He remembered that after their walk he changed his dress; that he had left the door of his room open, because the *garcon* was coming to arrange it; that the waistcoat containing the diamond had been thrown npon a chair; that the *blanchisseuse* was due that day; and that the waistcoat was to be washed. A complication of horrors! His fears were groundless; he found his door open; he had procured no light in his haste, but rushed into the darkness toward the fatal chair, when he perceived that the room was full of bright rays, and flashing and glittering on the floor, lay the Sancy. The *garcon* had arranged the room, the *blanchisseuse* had come, the waistcoat had been taken to be washed; but the diamond had slipped ont and was saved, and so was Jules Janin. But he still remembers with horror the episode of the Sancy diamond.

THE SNUG.—"The Snug" has been located one door below Maguire's Opera House, for ten years past. It was established for the convenience of the habituates of the Opera House, and has the reputation of dispensing the best wines and liquors in the city, under the charge of its present proprietor, Mr. Timothy McCarty. Entrances from various parts of the Opera House to the bar have been cut, for the convenience of the public. Mr. McCarty gives his entire attention to his guests, and renders his establishment a "Snug" place by day or night.

BUILDER'S INSURANCE CO.

OFFICE IN THE BUILDING OF THE CALIFORNIA SAVINGS BANK, CALIFORNIA ST., one door from Sansome.

FIRE AND MARINE INSURANCE.

Builders' Insurance Company,

OFFICE, CALIFORNIA STREET, NOV. 1, 1867.

EDITOR OF THE CALIFORNIAN:—Sir—Permit me to report two months' progress of the BUILDERS' INSURANCE COMPANY.

Total amount received.....$44,009 11
Total amount of Losses..... 22,778 65

Balance in favor of the Company on two months' business.....$16,230 56

All which I trust will be satisfactory to my friends, enemies, and the public. Respectfully,

THOMAS MOONEY, PRESIDENT.

AMERICAN HOTEL, Main street, Petalnma.
EMERSON & LAMBERTON Proprietors.

ST. CHARLES RESTAURANT,

At the Hotel of C. Galliand, Nos. 507 and 509 Pine Street, between Kearny and Dupont streets.

BY MME. CAZINTRE.

☞ All who will call at this Restaurant will find an excellent table and prompt attention.

California Coffee and Dining Saloon.

Nos. 612 and 614 MONTGOMERY STREET, Between Clay and Merchant, San Francisco.
J. R. REAGAN, Proprietor.

A Ladies' Saloon has been fitted up, where private parties can receive every attention in the most comfortable quarters. We also keep lunch hot en chafing disbes at the counter, including the finest of Pastry, where customers can be served quickly and satisfactorily.
French Breakfasts and Dinners, with Wine, continued.

ITALIAN RESTAURANT,

No. 515 Merchant Street,

Between Montgomery and Sansome, San Francisco.

Taglierini, Maccaroni, Risotto and Ravioli, In the Italian Style.

MEALS FIFTY CENTS, OR TO ORDER.

Rooms for private parties up stairs.
MR. GUISEPPE CADENASSO.

LEON DINGEON. F. W. HAUBRICK.

DINGEON & HAUBRICK,

MARTIN'S RESTAURANT,

623 COMMERCIAL STREET.

Above Montgomery. Meals at all hours. The best of Wines, Oysters, Game, and all the delicacies of the season always on hand. Private Saloons up stairs for Dinner and Supper Parties.

NEW RESTAURANT.

MR. SORBIER takes pleasure in informing his friends and customers that be bas opened a FIRST-CLASS RESTAURANT under the name of

SORBIER'S RESTAURANT,

at No. 607 SACRAMENTO STREET, above Montgomery, where he will be pleased to see his old friends and the public in general, and where all can be assured that they will be served with the very best the market affords, at most reasonable rates. JOHN E. SORBIER,
Late of the Occidental Restaurant.

F. C. BELDEN,

Of the well-known Family Depot, 612 Sacramento street, has opened the

SUMMER STREET RESTAURANT

at the northeast corner of Spring and Summer Sts.

☞ Meals to order, and by the plate. Wines and Liquors of the best quality.

OCCIDENTAL RESTAURANT,

536 Washington Street, below Montgomery.

GEORGE WITTMAN would inform the public and the former patrons of this POPULAR RESTAURANT

That he bas assumed full charge, and will continue to keep all the delicacies of the season and one of the best lists of WINES, etc., and solicits the continuance of their patronage.

PHILADELPHIA BREWERY,

Corner Second and Folsom streets,

SAN FRANCISCO.

JOHN WIELAND, Proprietor

MRS. C. COOK,

FIRST PREMIUM HAIR JEWELRY,

519 Montgomery street,

Between Clay and Commercial.....SAN FRANCISCO.

REESE W. GLUYAS. S. E. DUTTON.

GLUYAS & DUTTON,

COUNTING HOUSE STATIONERS,

Fireman's Fund Insurance Company's Building,

No. 227 Sansome Street.....San Francisco.

PRO BONO PUBLICO.

LACOUR'S

SARSAPARIPHERE

BITTERS

POSSESS INVALUABLE PROPERTIES.

They give Health to the Sick,

Strength to the Weak,

Joy to the Afflicted,

☞SOLD EVERYWHERE.☜

WONDERS OF WONDERS!

TO BE SEEN ONLY AT THE

Pacific Museum of Anatomy and Science,

Eureka Theatre, Montgomery street, between California and Pine.

Belden's Family Depot for Domestic Luxuries.

AT this depot are, all should know,
For him who strong or faint is,
Superior grub—for home or club—
And every kind of dainties.
Westphalia hams, fresh oysters, clams,
Constituents of chowder,
Fine breakfast tea, and hominy,
And genuine curry powder.
Oil, mustard, wine, both French and Rhine,
Lard, coffee, ketchup, capers.
Crushed sugar, peas, and Switzer cheese,
And sperm and waxen tapers.
The giblets, pinck, of goose and duck,
Of woodcock, snipe and plovers,
Of partridge, too, and cockatoo—
The last express for lovers!
It seems absurb there scarce a bird—
My rhyme this somewhat ruffles—
Bnt Belden's got in tin or pot,
The LIVER of with TRUFFLES.
Prnnes, raisins, rice, preserves and spice,
Gin, whisky, rnm and brandy,
Drinks made of malt, and table salt,
Tongues, sausages, and candy.
Above's not all to which I'd call
Particular attention.
Le vin d'elite, Chatean Lafitte,
And others, I wonld mention.
Surpassing fine Madeira wine,
St. Julien, port and sherry,
Cbateaux Margaux and Veuve Clicquot,
Old apple jack and cherry.
La Rose, Chablis, and Burgundy
Botb wbite, and red and sightly,
Prime Hermitage of ripe old age,
Still, sparkling too and sprightly.
Santerne, medoc, still sparkling hock,
Johannesberg, Hockheimer,
Tben sirs and dames (these German names
Would craze an Englisb rhymer!)
Jnst come and bny, snd cease to sigh
For Egypt and its fleshpots;
Ne'er better fare did Pharoh share,
Or any otber despots.

ET CETERA
No. 652 Sacramento Street.

First Premium

AWARDED BY THE STATE FAIR TO

SILAS SELLECK,

FOR THE BEST PLAIN PHOTOGRAPH.

—ALSO—

SPECIAL PREMIUM

For the Best Cabinet Portraits.

MR. SELLECK is now prepared to execute the very best PHOTOGRAPHS, in all the different styles, at No. 415 Montgomery Street.
N. B.—The best Water Color and India Ink Artist in this city is attached to this Gallery.

PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.'S STEAMSHIPS FOR

NEW YORK, JAPAN AND CHINA,

WILL BE DISPATCHED AS FOLLOWS:

Leave Brannan-street Wharf at 11 o'clock A. M. of the following dates, for PANAMA, connecting *via* Panama Railroad, with one of the Company's splendid steamers from ASPINWALL for NEW YORK.
On 10th, 18th, and 30th of each month that has 30 days.
On 10th, 19th, and 30th of each month that has 31 days.
When the 10th, 19th and 30th fall on Sunday, they will leave on Saturday preceding; when the 18th falls on Sunday, they will leave on Monday following.
Steamer leaving San Francisco on the 10th touches at Manzanillo. All touch at Acapulco.
Departure of 18th or 19th is expected to connect with the French Transatlantic Co.'s steamer for St. Nazaire, and English steamer for South America.
Departure of 10th is expected to connect with English steamer for Southampton and South America, and P. R. R. Co.'s steamer for Central America. Through tickets can be obtained.

STEAMERS FOR NOVEMBER.

Nov. 9—CONSTITUTION, Capt. J. M. Caverly, connecting with HENRY CHAUNCEY, Capt. Gray.
Nov. 18—MONTANA, Capt. E. T. Farnsworth, connecting with RISING STAR, Capt. Connor.
Nov. 30—GOLDEN CITY, Capt. W. F. Lapidge, connecting with ARIZONA, Capt. Maury.

Passengers will be berthed through. Baggage checked through—100 pounds allowed each adult.
Surgeon on board. Medicine and attendance free.
These steamers will positively leave at 11 o'clock. Passengers are requested to have their baggage on board before 10 o'clock.
Through tickets to Liverpool by the "Cunard," "Inman" and "National" Steamship Lines can be obtained of P. M. S. S. Co.'s office in San Francisco.
For Merchandise Freight apply to Wells, Fargo & Co.
The steamship GREAT REPUBLIC, Capt. S. Doane, will be dispatched on December 4th, from wharf, corner of First and Brannan streets, for YOKOHAMA and HONGKONG; connecting at Yokohama with the steamer COSTA RICA, for SHANGHAI.
For Passage and all other information, apply at Pacific Mail Steamship company's office, corner of Sacramento and Leidesdorff streets.

OLIVER ELDRIDGE, Agent.

C. F. HAYWARD,
—DEALER IN—
Harness, Saddles, etc.,
305 BATTERY STREET,
Near Sacramento,
San Francisco.

BOWMAN & CO.,
Dealers in Stoves and Tin Ware,
Main street, Petaluma

FIRE AND MARINE INSURANCE.

FIREMAN'S FUND

Insurance Company,

OF SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA.

—OFFICE—

S. W. cor. California and Sansome streets.

CAPITAL, $500,000, FULLY PAID IN GOLD COIN.

INSURE MARINE RISKS

Under Open Policies, on Cargoes, Treasure, Freights, Profits, and Commissions.

—ALSO—

ISSUE POLICIES ON TIME, VOYAGE AND HARBOR RISKS ON HULLS.

INSURE AGAINST LOSS BY FIRE

On Buildings, Merchandise, Furniture, Wares, and other Personal Property.

FIRE, MARINE, HARBOR, AND INLAND TRANSIT RISKS,

On terms as favorable as any other reliable First-Class Company.

Greatest amount taken on any one risk, $50,000. Portions of Risks considered too large, will be re-insured in responsible Companies.

LOSSES PROMPTLY PAID IN UNITED STATES GOLD COIN!

D. J. STAPLES, President,
CHAS. R. BOND, Secretary.

HAMBURG, BREMEN,
Fire Insurance Company.

CAPITAL, - - - - $1,000,000

MORRIS SPEYER, Agent.

OFFICE—526 Washington Street, a few doors below Montgomery.....San Francisco.

Being no longer governed by the Tariff of the Board of Underwriters, this Company will effect Insurances at as LOW RATES as those of any other responsible Company.

OCCIDENTAL

Insurance Company,

Southwest corner Montgomery and California streets.

INDIVIDUAL LIABILITY.

Capital Stock, - - - $300,000

LOSSES PAID IN UNITED STATES GOLD COIN.

THIS COMPANY will insure against loss by Fire on any Dwelling House, Buildings, Merchanise or other property, situated in the State of California. The largest sum they will take on any one risk is thirty thousand dollars.

C. CHRISTIANSEN, Pre'st.
J. GREENEBAUM, Vice President.
B. ROTHSCHILD, Secretary.

FIRE INSURANCE.

Manhattan Fire & Marine Insurance

OF NEW YORK.

Incorporated.....1821.
Cash capital.....$500,000
Surplus..... 650,000

Total Assets, over.....$1,190,000

The above named responsible and well known Company has complied with the law of the State of California, and has deposited $75,000 as additional security for policy holders,
Buildings, Merchandise, Furniture, and other property insured against loss or damage by Fire, on the most favorable terms. Also, Insurance on Merchandise, Specie and Freight to or from all parts of the world. Losses promptly adjusted and paid in United States Gold Coin.

R. B. SWAIN & CO., General Agents,
206 Front street, corner of California.

J. CUTBERLET,
CUSTOM
BOOT AND SHOE STORE.

—ALSO—

FRENCH SCREWED BOOTS AND SHOES,

No. 546 Washington Street, near Montgomery Street.

The finest quality of CUSTOM WORK neatly executed. Always on hand other fine work ready made.

JOSEPH FREDERICKS

CARPET AND UPHOLSTERY STORE,

PAPER HANGINGS, ETC.,

123 Kearny St., between Sutter and Post, San Francisco

FAMILIES ARE INVITED TO EXAMINE

OUR VARIED ASSORTMENT

Of the Finest Carpeting in the State. The best of taste displayed in Decoration and the unique Upholstering of Rooms, Halls and Public Buildings, and at prices conforming to the times. Call and examine goods.

A Nannie Goat's Taste—Sudden Disappearance of One Hundred and Fifty Dollars in Greenbacks—A Goat Swallows Them.—An honest and well-to-do citizen of South Brooklyn recently leased a house, and, having ample verdure round his place, it occurred to him that there was now a fine opportunity for maintaining a goat, which would furnish his little family with milk. Acting upon this idea, Mr. Shay, such being the name of the party, purchased a fine nannie goat, which for a week or so was the delight of the children, while the milk furnished, which is excellent for tea or coffee, give great comfort to the elder members. A few days since Mr. Shay had received in payment a roll of bills, amounting in the aggregate to $600.

On entering the basement of his abode he laid the package of money on the kitchen table thoughtlessly, and went into an apjoining room. Meanwhile the goat rambled round in search of some fresh "cud to chew"—as goats are want to do—espying the pile of greenbacks, as it lay near the edge of the table she made for it. Slowly and carefully she nibbled, detaching note from note in the hight of goatlike feeling, relishing each bill with evident gusto, as though conscions of the extravagant morsel undergoing mastication. After a short absance the owner ot the money re-entered the room, when his horror is easier imagined than described at the havoc made in his earnings. An investigation revealed the fact that $150 of the money had been utterly destroyed by the quadruped in question. The facts above stated are entirely reliable.—*New York News.*

Cocomungo Saloon.—The famous Cocomungo Wine, together with the choicest liquors and cigars, are offered to the public at this Saloon, No. 536 Merchant street, Montgomery Block. A Hot Lunch, equal to any set forth in San Francisco, every day from 11 to 2 o'clock. A Reading Room, abundantly supplied with the daily, weekly, and leading Eastern journals, is one of the attractions of the Cocomungo. J. M. WASHBURN, Agent.

Carrington's Yeast Powders

ARE THE BEST IN THE MARKET.

Try them if you do not believe it.

J. LANDSBERGER, Sole Agent,
429 Jackson Street.

R. T. HOUSTON,

Merchant Tailor,

No. 414 BUSH STREET,
Between Kearny and Dupont, San Francisco.

Steam Scouring, Cleansing and Repairing neatly executed.

Also—Ladies' Cloth Dressea and Cloaks neatly Cleaned and Pressed, or Mis-Fits altered.

Great Reduction

IN PRICES OF

BOOTS AND SHOES.

On account of the widening of Kearny Street, we are compelled to remove. Before doing so, we will sell at retail our entire stock of boots and shoes at the lowest

WHOLESALE PRICES.

HOLCOMBE & KAST,
Corner Washington and Kearney steets.

AMERICAN EXCHANGE HOTEL,

SANSOME STREET, San Francisco.

FIRE PROOF.

Two Hundred Rooms well Ventilated and Richly Furnished.

Prices from $1 50 to $2 a Day.

The Exchange Coach, with Red Lights, will always be in readiness to convey Passengers to the Hotel Free of Hange.

The proprietor of this favorite Hotel would respectfully inform the traveling public that the

AMERICAN EXCHANGE

Is now and will continue as it ever has been, the most comfortable, homelike, quiet and economical Hotel in the tate. TIMOTHY SARGENT, Proprietor.

Peter Short,

FASHIONABLE AND PRACTICAL TAILOR,
613 WASHINGTON STREET,
Between Montgomery and Kearny, San Francisco.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE FIFTEENTH Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco.

MARY ANN LEEDOM, Plaintiff, vs. FRANCIS LEEDOM, Defendant.

Action brought in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in said city and county of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to FRANCIS LEEDOM, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named plaintiff, in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein, within ten days (exclusive of the day of service,) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this county; or if served out of this county, but in this District, within twenty days; otherwise within forty days; or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said complaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony existing between plaintiff and defendant, awarding the care and custody of her daughter Julia to plaintiff, and allowing her to resume her maiden name.

And you are hereby notified, that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

Given under my hand and Seal of the District Court of of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 7th day of August, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-seven.

[SEAL.] WM. LOEWY, Clerk,
By Octavius Bell, Deputy Clerk.

Geo. W. Tyler, Plaintiff's Attorney. s14-3m

IN THE PROBATE COURT of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the estate of JOHN L. TAGGARD, deceased.

Order to show cause why order of distribution should not be made.

On reading and filing the petition of E. W. Taggard, the administrator of the estate of John L. Taggard, deceased, setting forth that he has filed his final account of his administration of the estate of said deceased, in this Court, and that the same has been duly settled and allowed; that all the debts and expenses of dministration have been duly paid; and that n portion of said estate remains to be divided among the heirs of said deceased, and praying among other things for an order of distribution of the residue of said estate among the persons entitled:

It is ordered, That all persons interested in the estate of the said John L. Taggard, deceased, be and appear before the Probate Court of the City and County of San Francisco, at the Court room of said Court, in the City Hall, in said City and County, on TUESDAY, the 19th day of November, A. D. 1867, at two o'clock P. M., then and there to show cause why an order of distribution should not be made of the residue of said estate among the heirs of the said John L. Taggard, deceased, according to law:

And it is further ordered, That n copy of this order be published for four successive weeks, before the said nineteenth day of November, A. D. 1867, in The Californian, a newspaper printed and published in the said City and County.

M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

Dated October 18th, 1867.

Messrs. Winans & Belknap, Att'ys for Petitioner.
oct19-26 nov2 9-16

IN THE PROBATE COURT of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the Estate of HENRY BENTZ, deceased.

Order to show cause why order of sale of real estate should not be made.

It appearing to the said Court, by the petition this day presented and filed by William A. Quarles, the Administrator of the estate left unadministered of Henry Bentz, deceased, praying for an order of sale of real estate, that it is necessary to sell some portion of the real estate, to pay the debts, expenses and charges of the administration.

It is therefore ordered by the said Court, that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased, appear before the said Probate Court on TUESDAY, the 26th day of November, A. D. 1867, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the Court room of said Probate Court, at the City Hall, in the City and County of San Francisco, to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said Administrator to sell so much of the real estate of the said deceased, as shall be necessary.

And that a copy of this order be published at least four successive weeks in The Californian, a newspaper printed and published in the said city and county.

Dated October 24th, 1867,

M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

Office of the County Clerk of the City and County of San Francisco.—I, Wm. Loewy, County Clerk of the city and county of San Francisco, State of California, and ex-officio Clerk of the Probate Court, in and for said city and county, do hereby certify the foregoing to be a true and correct copy of an order duly made and entered upon the minutes of the said Probate Court.

Witness my hand, and the seal of said Court, this 24th day of October, A. D. 1867.

[SEAL AND STAMP] WM. LOEWY, Clerk.
By A. J. Jeguers, Deputy Clerk.

J. F. Finn, Esq., Att'y for Petitioner. oct26-5w

IN THE PROBATE COURT, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the Estate of JEAN VICTOR SUBERVEILLE, deceased.

On reading and filing the petition of Lucae Ponton de Arce, Administrator of the said estate, praying for an order of sale of the real estate therein described, and it appearing to this Court that there is not sufficient personal estate in the hands of the Administrator to pay the debts, charges and expenses of administration, and that it is necessary to sell the whole of the real estate of said deceased for the payment of such debts, charges and expenses, and because after the sale of so much of said estate as shall be necessary to pay such debts, charges and expenses, the residue thereof would be of such a character with reference to its future disposition among the heirs of said deceased as clearly to render it for the best interest of all concerned that the same should be sold, and for other reasons set forth in said petition.

It is ordered that all persons interested in the said estate appear before this Court, at the Court room thereof, at the City Hall, in the City and County of San Francisco, on MONDAY, the 25th day of November, A. D. 1867, at eleven o'clock A. M., of that day, to show cause, if any they have, why an order should not be granted to said Administrator to sell so much of the real estate of the said deceased as shall be necessary.

And it is further Ordered, that a copy of this order be published for four successive weeks in The Californian, a newspaper printed and published in the city and county aforesaid.

Done in open Court this 25th day of October, A. D. 1867.

oct26-5w M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

W. C. Burnett, Attorney for Administrator.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS. — ESTATE OF J. KING ROBINSON, deceased.—Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the Estate of J. King Robinson, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within ten months from the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator, at southeast corner of Stockton and Geary streets, in the City and County of San Francisco.

Dated San Francisco, September 30th, 1867.

THOS. A. ROBINSON.

IN THE PROBATE COURT of the City and County of San Francisco, Stato of California.

In the matter of the estate and guardianship of JOSEPHINE M. RICHARDSON, a Minor.

It appearing to the said Court by the petition this day presented and filed by William Harney, the guardian of and for Josephine M. Richardson, a Minor, praying for an order of sale of the real estate, that it is necessary to sell a portion of the real estate of said Minor, to pay the claims now outstanding against it, and that such sale is also necessary to provide for the maintenance and education of the said Minor.

It is therefore ordered by the said Court, that all persons interested in the estate of said Minor, appear before the said Probate Court, on MONDAY, the 18th day of November, A. D., 1867, at eleven o'clock in the forenon, of said day, at the Court room of said Probate Court, in the City Hall, in the City and County of San Francisco, to show cause why an order should not be granted to the aforesaid William Harney, guardian, to sell so much of the real estate of the said Minor as shall be necessary.

And it is further ordered, that a copy of the foregoing order be published at least four successive weeks in The Californian, a newspaper printed and published in said city and county of San Francisco.

M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

Dated October 14th, 1867.

IN THE PROBATE COURT of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the Estate of AMELIA MOSS, deceased.

Order to show cause why order of distribution should not be made.

On reading and filing the petition of J. W. Brumagim, Administrator, with the will annexed of Amelia Moss, deceased, setting forth that he has filed his final account of his administration of the estate of said deceased, in this Court, and that the same has been duly settled and allowed; that all the debts and expenses of administration have been duly paid; and that a portion of said estate remains to be divided among the devisees and legatees of said deceased, and praying among other things for an order of distribution of the residue of said estate among the persons entitled:

It is ordered, that all persons interested in the estate of the said deceased, be and appear before the Probate Court of the City and County of San Francisco, at the Court room of said Court, in the City Hall, in said City and County, on MONDAY, the twenty fifth day of November, A. D. 1867, at two o'clock, P. M., then and there to show cause why an order of distribution should not be made of the residue of said estate among the devisees and legatees of the said deceased, according to law.

It is further ordered, that a copy of this order be published for four successive weeks before the said twenty-fifth day of November, A. D. 1867, in The Californian, a newspaper printed and published in the said city and county.

M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

Dated October 25th, A. D. 1867.

Messrs. Winans & Belknap, Attorneys for Petitioner.
oct26-5w

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF MARY GAFFNEY, deceased. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, the Executor of the Estate of Mary Gaffney, deceased, some times known as Grace Wellington, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor, at his place of business, at the office of Winans & Belknap, northwest corner of Montgomery and Merchant streets, in the City and County of San Francisco.

Dated San Francisco, October 19th, 1867.

HENRY RAYMOND,
Executor of the Estate of Mary Gaffney
Winans & Belknap, Attorneys for Executor.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF JOHN W. CROSLEY, deceased.—Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Executor of the last will of the estate of John W. Crosley, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Executor, at his place of business, southwest corner of Market and Fremont streets, in the City and County of San Francisco.

Dated October 18th, 1867.

L. L. TREADWELL,
Executor of the last will of John W. Crosley, deceased.
J. W. Brumagim, Esq., Attorneyy for Executor.
oct19 26 nov2 9-16

IN THE PROBATE COURT of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the estate of WM. D. PALMER, deceased.

Order to show cause why order of distribution should not be made.

On reading and filing the petition of Samuel L. Palmer, the administrator of the estate of William D. Palmer, deceased, setting forth that he has filed his final account of his administration of the estate of said deceased, in this Court, and that the same has been duly settled and allowed; that all the debts and expenses of administration have been duly paid; and that a portion of said estate remains to be divided among the heirs of said deceased, and those persons entitled, and praying among other things for an order of distribution of the residue of said estate among the persons entitled:

It is Ordered, that all persons interested in the estate of said William D. Palmer, deceased, be and appear before the Probate Court of the city and county of San Francisco, at the Court room of said Court, in the City Hall in said city and county, on MONDAY, the ninth day of December, Anno Domini 1867, at eleven o'clock, A. M., then and there to show cause why an order of distribution should not be made of the residue of said estate among the heirs of the said William D. Palmer, deceased, and the persons entitled, according to law.

It is further Ordered, that a copy of this order be published for four successive weeks, before the said ninth day of December, A. D. 1867, in The Californian, a newspaper printed and published in the said city and county.

M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

Dated November 7th, 1867

A. J. Gunnison, Esq., Attorney for Petitioner.
nov9 16 23 30 dec7

IN THE PROBATE COURT of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the estate of WILLIAM LOBB, deceased.

Order to show cause why order of distribution should not be made.

On reading and filing the petition of J. W. Brumagim, the Administrator of the Estate of William Lobb, deceased, setting forth that he has filed his final account of his administration of the estate of said deceased, in this Court, and that the same has been duly settled and allowed; that all the debts and expenses of administration have been duly paid; and that n portion of said estate remains to be divided among the heirs of said deceased, and praying among other things for an order of distribution of the residue of said estate among the persons entitled.

It is Ordered, that all persons interested in the estate of the said William Lobb, deceased, be and appear before the Probate Court of the city and county of San Francisco, at the Court Room of said Court, in the City Hall, in said city and county, on WEDNESDAY, the eleventh day of December, A. D. 1867, at eleven o'clock, A. M., then and there to show cause why an order of distribution should not be made of the residue of said estate among the heirs of the said William Lobb, deceased, according to law:

It is further ordered, that a copy of this order be published for four successive weeks, before the said eleventh day of December, A. D. 1867, in The Californian, a newspaper printed and published in the said city and county.

M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

Dated November 1st, 1867.

J. T. Finn, Attorney for Petitioner. nov2 5w

Administrator's Sale of Real Estate.

OLNEY & CO., Auctioneers.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, THAT IN PURSUANCE of an order of the Probate Court of the City and County of San Francisco, in the State of California, made on the twenty-third day of October, A. D. 1867, in the matter of the estate of CLAUDE JACQUIN, deceased, the undersigned, Administrator of said estate, will sell at public auction, to the highest bidder for cash, in one parcel, and subject to confirmation by said Probate Court, on MONDAY, the 18th day of November, A. D. 1867, at 12 o'clock, noon, at the auction rooms of MESSRS. OLNEY & CO., No. 418 Montgomery street, in said City and County of San Francisco, all the right, title, interest and estate of the said intestate at the time of his death, and all the right, title and interest that the said estate has by operation of law or otherwise acquired other than, or in addition to that of the said intestate at the time of his death, in and to all that lot or parcel of land, situate, lying and being in the said City and County, and described as follows, to wit:

Commencing on the northwesterly line of King street, at a point distant on said northwesterly line of King street, forty five feet and ten inches southwesterly from the southwesterly line of Fourth street; thence running northeasterly along said northwesterly line of King street, forty five feet and ten inches; thence at right angles northwesterly, one hundred and twenty feet; thence at right angles southwesterly, forty-five feet and ten inches; and thence at right angles southeasterly one hundred and twenty feet to the point of commencement.

TERMS AND CONDITIONS OF SALE, CASH—Ten per cent. of the purchase money to be paid to the Auctioneer on the day of sale, balance on confirmation of sale by said Probate Court. Deed at expense of purchaser.

WILLIAM ROWAN,
Administrator of the Estate of Claude Jacquin, deceased.
San Francisco, October 26th, 1867.

OLNEY & CO., Auctioneers,
418 Montgomery street,

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF EDWARD A MAGRATH, deceased.—Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the estate of EDWARD A. MAGRATH, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator, at his office and place of transaction of business, room 5, No. 520 Montgomery street, in the city and county of San Francisco.

Dated October 24th, 1867.

WILLIAM A. QUARLES,
Administrator of the estate of Edward A. Magrath, deceased. oct26-5w

NOTICE TO CREDITORS — ESTATE OF MARIA MACK, deceased.—Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the Estate of Maria Mack, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them, with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator, at his office and place of transaction of business, room 5, No. 520 Montgomery street, in the City and County of San Francisco.

Dated October 24th, 1867.

WILLIAM A. QUARLES,
Administrator of the Estate of Maria Mack, deceased.
oct26 5w

REMOVAL. REMOVAL.

Larkins & Co.,

Manufacturers of every description of

CARRIAGES.

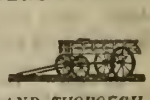
CONCORD WAGONS, Ranch Wagons and Buggies made to order. ☞ All kinds of Jobbing and Carriage Painting done at the shortest notice.

☞ New Manufactory Nos. 631 and 633 Howard street, corner of Hubbard, between Second and Third, San Francisco.

George P. Kimball & Co.,

MANUFACTURERS

....OF....



CARRIAGES, BUGGIES, STAGE AND THOROUGH BRACE WAGONS,

Market street, near corner of Fourth, San Francisco.

DICKEY'S

CREME DE LIS

DE CALIFORNIE.

FOR CLEANSING AND PRESERVING THE TEETH, Beautifying the Complexion, and removing Freckles, Eruptions, Sunburn, and Tan.

A New Combination, equal to the best French preparations, and free from their poisonous ingredients.

Invented by GEO. S. DICKEY, Chemist,
Corner of Market, Stockton, Ellis and Fourth streets,
San Francisco.

The Ladies are of one mind in pronouncing BOWMAN'S AMERICAN WASHING COMPOUND the best preparation for washing and cleaning in use. It is acknowledged to be a saving both in money and labor. The Compound softens the dirt, consequently the clothes require not more than one-half the rubbing necessary in washing by the old method; besides all who give it a trial acknowledge that their clothes are made whiter in washing with this Compound, than they were ever known to be by using any other preparation. For washing Woolen Goods and Flannels it cannot be equaled. Calicoes that can be washed with soap, without feding, are washed in the water used for boiling the white clothes. This Compound has been used in the eastern States for the past three years with perfect success. Warranted not to injure the clothes. For sale by all Grocers.

LYNCH & PARSONS, Agents,
Jackson street, near Battery.

NEW MODE OF HORSE SHOEING.—A great change is about to take place in the mode of horse shoeing in Paris, it having long been understood that the method in present use is extremely defective. A man named Charlier has had the idea of altogether disembarrassing the hoof of the awkward appendage of a shoe, which not only impedes the movements, but also deprives the animal of a certain amount of steadiness and elasticity. Charlier does not cut the hoof, but leaves it just as nature forms it. He merely protects it against violent blows and accidents, and against the wear and tear of the Paris pavement, by enclosing it in a thin circle of iron, which wards it from danger without compressing it. In this way the horse standsupon a healthy member instead of upon one which is being constantly wounded by the iron and knife of the smith. Not only does this simple invention spare much time and money, but also acts as a preventive against the various diseases of the foot.

HOW BOAT RACERS ARE TRAINED.—The Ward Brothers, who won the boat race at Springfield last week, went through a severe training for that contest. For several weeks they eat lean mutton and beef, careful always to avoid fat; had no pepper, spices or any condiments in their food, and only a little salt; abjured vinegar, and all other acids, as well as tobacco in every form; drink little water at their meals, or at any other time, and no strong liquors, except occasionally a little Scotch ale or claret; took exercise systematically, with an muscular power and after every exercise were persistently "rubbed down," as a well attended horse would be. This discipline had attained such complete results that the brothers were able to row six miles with scarcely a quickening of the pulse.

M. S. WHITING. F. G. BERRY.

Whiting & Berry,

609 Sacramento Street, two doors above Montgomery,

Tea. Wine and Spirit Merchants,

Importers and Wholesale Dealers in fine Brandies, Whiskies, Gins, Port, Sherry and Champagne Wines, Ale, Porter, Cider, Bitters, Cordials, Syrup, etc., for medicinal and family use, and suppliers to Families, Apothecaries, Physicians, City and Country Dealers, Hotels, Clubs, etc., in large or small quantities.

Observe Firm Name on each cork and fac simile signature on label.

[Trade Mark Registered.] WHITING & BERRY.

This is the only exclusive TEA, WINE AND SPIRIT STORE on the Pacific Coast.

It is neither a saloon or sample room, (as no wine or spirits are permitted to be drank on the premises,) but a depot where selected Teas and Pure Wines and Spirits may be procured at wholesale or retail for medicinal and family use. In this respect it is our aim to vie with Binninger & Co., New York, Bigelow & Dawes, London, and Cozzen & Co., of Washington, where every facility is offered to ladies as well as gentlemen in making their own selections and purchases in quantities to suit.

N. B.—Our Treatise on Wines, Spirits and Teas, may be had at our depot gratis, and will be mailed to consumers and dealers in the interior when requested.

WHITING & BERRY,
609 Sacramento Street, second door above Montgomery.

"THE" HAT STORE,

647 Washington Street.

The Hat wearing community are invited to examine the Stock at the above store, and in quality, style and price,

THEY DEFY COMPETITION!

Their Stock embraces all of the latest "novelties" and Standard Styles to be found elsewhere.

"THE" HAT STORE,
647 Washington Street.

NOTICE!

Not Out of Business—Only Removed.

Pioneer Steam Marble Works Com'y

HAVE REMOVED

Their Marble Mantel Warerooms from No. 546 California street to their extensive Steam Factory,

422 and 424 Jackson Street,

Where they keep constantly on hand the best and most select stock of

MARBLE MANTELS AND GRATES, HEADSTONES AND MONUMENTS.

Our Steam facilities enable us to sell better work at reduced prices than that manufactured by hand.

422 and 424 Jackson Street,
Between Montgomery and Sansome.

CANTY & WAGNER,

(SUCCESSORS TO J. REGAN,)

Wholesale & Retail Confectioners,

113 *Montgomery street, bet. Bush and Sutter*

N. B.—All candies sold by us are warranted to be manufactured from Stewart's double refined Sugar, and to be equal to any manufactured in the state. Country merchants solicited to examine our stock and prises. Goods delivered to any part of the city free of charge.

AMERICAN HOTEL,

Main street, Petaluma.
EMERSON & LAMBERTON Proprietors.

AYER'S PILLS

ARE PARTICULARLY ADAPTED to derangements of the Digestive Apparatus, and diseases arising from Impurity of the Blood. A large part of all the complaints that afflict mankind originate in one of these, and consequently these PILLS are found to cure many varieties of Disease. They are sugar-coated, and hence may be taken readily by the most sensitive and delicate persons.

Subjoined are the statements from some eminent physicians, of their effects in their practice:

AS A FAMILY PHYSIC.

From Dr. E. W. Cartwright, of New Orleans—Your Pills are the prince of purges. Their excellent qualities surpass any cathartic we possess. They are mild, but very certain and effectual in their action on the bowels, which makes them invaluable to us in the daily treatment of disease.

FOR JAUNDICE AND ALL LIVER COMPLAINTS.

From Dr. Theodore Bell, of New York City—Not only are your Pills admirably adapted to their purpose as an aperient, but I find their beneficial effects upon the Liver very marked indeed. They have in my practice proved more effectual for the cure of *Bilious Complaints* than any one remedy I can mention. I sincerely rejoice that we have at length a purgative which is worthy the confidence of the profession and the people.

DYSPEPSIA—INDIGESTION.

From Dr. Henry J. Knox, of St. Louis—The Pills you were kind enough to send me have been all used in my practice, and have satisfied me that they are truly an extraordinary medicine. So peculiarly are they adapted to the diseases of the human system, that they seem to work upon them alone. I have cured some cases of *Dyspepsia* and *Indigestion* with them, which had resisted the other remedies we commonly use. Indeed I have experimentally found them to be effectual in almost all the complaints for which you recommend them.

FOR HEADACHE—SICK HEADACHE—FOUL STOMACH—PILES—DROPSY—PLETHORA—PARALYSIS—FITS—DYSENTERY—DIARRHŒA—RELAX—Etc., Etc.

From Dr. Edward Boyd, Baltimore—Dear Dr. Ayer: I cannot answer you what complaints I have cured with your Pills better than to say all that we ever treat with a purgative medicine. I place great dependence on an effectual cathartic in my daily contest with disease, and believe as I do that your Pills afford us the best we have, I of course value them highly.

☞ Most of the Pills in market contain mercury, which although a valuable remedy in skillful hands, is dangerous in a public pill, from the dreadful consequences that frequently follow its incautious use. Those contain no mercury or mineral substances whatever.

Prepared by DR. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass., and sold by all Druggists and Dealers in Medicine everywhere.

CRANE & BRIGHAM, San Francisco.
Wholesale Agents.

PRO BONO PUBLICO.

LACOUR'S

SARSAPARIPHERE

BITTERS

POSSESS INVALUABLE PROPERTIES.

They give Health to the Sick,

Strength to the Weak,

Joy to the Afflicted.

☞SOLD EVERYWHERE.☜

$100 00

SAVED in a very Short Time by using

STANDARD SOAP CO.'S
WASHING POWDER.

TRY IT!

Does Not Injure the Clothes.
Sold Everywhere.

STERETT'S
STEAM
PRINTING HOUSE,
533
CLAY STREET.

Cards, Billheads, Circulars, Books, Briefs, Transcripts, Posters, Bills of Fare Envelopes, Letter and Note Headings, Tickets, Pamphlets, and all Legal Papers printed at short notice, and upon reasonable terms.

Asphaltum for Sale

IN ANY QUANTITY TO SUIT, BY THE

PACIFIC ASPHALTUM COMPANY,

No. 533 Kearny street, corner of Sacramento,
SAN FRANCISCO.

This Asphaltum is the purest to be found in the market, being free from rock and clay, or other impurities.

Sidewalks Laid and Roofing Done at Shortest Notice.

NEUVAL & CO.

IRON SHUTTER WORKS,

Established 1849.

John Upstone,

MANUFACTURER OF FIRE-PROOF

Doors and Shutters,

Bank Vaults, Balconies, Gratings, Prison Cells, Awnings, Stairs, Iron Fence, etc.,

Corner of California and Drumm Streets,
San Francisco.

Constantly on hand a large assortment of second hand Fire-Proof Doors and Shutters.

Pioneer Iron Shutter Works,

ESTABLISHED 1849.

CALVIN NUTTING,

Manufacturer of

FIRE-PROOF DOORS & SHUTTERS,

STEEL LINED BANK VAULTS,

Prison Cells, Balconies, Awnings, Gratings, Iron Fence, Stairs, etc.

123 Bush street, between Sansome and Battery,
San Francisco.

Constantly on hand a large assortment of second hand Fire-Proof Doors and Shutters.

Pioneer Iron Works,

CORNER OF MARKET AND FREMONT STREETS,
San Francisco.

KITTREDGE & LEAVITT

Manufacturers of

FIRE-PROOF DOORS, SHUTTERS, BANK VAULTS, PRISON CELLS, BALCONIES, GRATINGS, IRON FENCE, STAIRS, Etc.

BURGLAR PROOF BANK VAULT LOCKS

Constantly on had, a large assortment of Fire-Proof Doors and Shutters.

BAURHYTE & McAFEE,

Steam Boiler and Sheet Iron

WORKS.

Owned and conducted by Practical Boiler Makers.

HIGH AND LOW-PRESSURE BOILERS, STATIONARY AND MARINE.

Howard street, bet. Fremont and Beale, San Francisco.

Having had twenty two years experience in this business, we feel confident of being able to compete—as to quality of work—with any establishment on the Pacific Coast.

CALIFORNIA BRASS FOUNDRY,

No. 125 First street, opposite Minna,

SAN FRANCISCO.

All kinds of Brass, Composition, Zinc, and Babbitt Meta Castings, furnished at the shortest notice. Brass Ship-Work of all kinds, Spikes, Sheathing Nails, Rudder Braces, Hinges, etc., constantly on hand and made to order. Also, manufacture Ship and Steamboat Bells and Gongs of superior tone.

All kinds of Steam, Liquor, Water, Oil, and Flange Cocks and Valves made and repaired.

Hydraulic Pipes and Nozzles, and Hose Couplings and Connections of all sizes and patterns, furnished with dispatch. *PRICES MODERATE.*

V. KINGWELL. JOS. H. WEED, SAM'L WHITE.

MADISON & BURKE'S

REGULAR WEEKLY LIST

OF REAL ESTATE FOR SALE,

SINCE LAST REGULAR ADVERTISEMENT.

We have better opportunities to sell Real Estate than any other office in the city; dealing with so many tenants and landlords, and being so well known throughout the country, we frequently make sales where they would not otherwise have been made. Parties purchasing will find it to their advantage to call, and examine our list, for we have property of all descriptions, and all prices, in various parts of the city. We only desire to make a fair commission, and DEAL ON THE SQUARE with both Seller and Buyer.

HOUSES TO LET.

In all parts of the city, and at all prices, from five dollars a month upwards. Especial attention paid to this branch of our business. Ladies will receive every information. Landlords cannot but see the advantage of placing houses in our charge, as so many persons visit our office for the purpose of getting houses. Besides we have a very large number of tenants, who visit our office to pay rent and then see our list of houses.

RENTS COLLECTED. Large and small. Bad paying and destructive tenants made to move in short time, which is well known to this class of tenants.

MADISON & BURKE,
316 Montgomery street,
Between Pine and California.

J. H. MADISON, Late Hoags & Madison. MARTIN J. BURKE, Late Chief of Police.

OFFICE OF CITY LETTER DELIVERY COMPANY.

J. R. MEAD & CO.,

Importers, Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

FINE CLOTHING,

AND

Gents' Furnishing Goods,

TRUNKS, VALISES, CARPET BAGS, ETC.,

200 & 202 MONTGOMERY STREET,

Corner of Bush,

SAN FRANCISCO

PRIVATE MEDICAL AID.

QUICK CURES AND MODERATE CHARGES.

DR. W. K. DOHERTY,

PRIVATE MEDICAL AND SURGICAL INSTITUTE,
Sacramento Street, below Montgomery, Opposite Pacific Mail Steamship Co's Office, Private Entrance on Leidesdorff Street,
San Francisco.

Established expressly to afford the afflicted sound and scientific Medical Aid, in the treatment and cure of all Private and Chronic Diseases, cases of Secrecy, and all Sexual Disorders.

TO THE AFFLICTED.

DR. W. K. DOHERTY returns his sincere thanks to his numerous patients for their patronage and would take this opportunity to remind them that he continues to consult at his Institute for the cure of chronic diseases of the Lungs, Liver, Kidneys, Digestive and Genito-Urinary Organs, and all Private Diseases, viz: Syphilis in all its forms and stages, Seminal Weakness, and all the horrid consequences of Self-Abuse, Gonorrhœa, Gleet, Strictures, Nocturnal and Diurnal Emissions, Sexual Debility, Diseases of the Back and Loins, Inflammation of the Bladder and Kidneys, etc.; and he hopes that his long experience and successful practice will continue to insure him a share of public patronage. By his practice of many years in Europe and the United States, he is enabled to apply the most efficient and successful remedies against diseases of all kinds. He uses no mercury, charges moderate, treats his patients in a correct and honorable way, and has references of unquestionable veracity from men of known respectability and high standing in society. All parties consulting him, by letter or otherwise, will receive the best and gentlest treatment, and implicit secresy.

TO FEMALES.

When a female is in trouble, or afflicted with disease, as weakness of the back and limbs, pain in the head, dimness of sight, loss of muscular power, palpitation of the heart, irritability, nervousness, extreme urinary difficulties, derangement of digestive function, general debility, vaginitis, all disease of the womb, hysteria, sterility, and all other diseases peculiar to females, she should go or write at once to the celebrated female doctor, W. K. DOHERTY, at his Medical Institute, and consult him about her troubles and disease. Irregularities, suppressions, etc., will receive the Doctor's most particular attention. Let no false delicacy prevent, but apply immediately and save yourself from painful suffering and premature death. Ladies whose delicate health or other circumstances prevent an increase in their families, should write or call at DR. DOHERTY'S MEDICAL INSTITUTE, and they will receive every possible relief and help. The Doctor's offices, consisting of a suite of six rooms, are so arranged that he can be consulted without fear of observation.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Patients (male or female) residing in any part of the State, however distant, who may desire the opinion and advice of DR. W. K. DOHERTY on their respective cases, and who think proper to submit a written statement of such, in preference to holding a personal interview, are respectfully assured that their communications will be held most sacred. Dr. Doherty takes this opportunity of observing that all letters are only opened and replied to by himself, and the latter as promptly as possible.

If the case be fully and candidly described, personal communication will be unnecessary, as instructions for diet, regimen, and the general treatment of the case itself, (including the remedies) will be forwarded without delay, and in such a manner as to convey no idea of the purport of the letter or parcel so transmitted.

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San Francisco, Cal

SPERMATORRHŒA.

DR. DOHERTY has just published an important pamphlet embodying his own views and experiences in relation to Impotence or Virility, being a short treatise on Spermatorrhœa, or Seminal Weakness, Nervous and Physical Debility consequent on this affection, and other diseases of the Sexual Organs.

This little work contains information of the utmost value to all whether married or single, and will be sent FREE by mail on receipt of Six Cents in Postage stamps for return postage. Address,

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THE HUGUENOT CAPTAIN.

This Evening,.....November 16th,

The sensational Play, just received from London, entitled

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Reno de Pardillon.....John McCullough
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Lemours.....P. Thayer
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Dress Circle.....$1 00 | Orchestra.....$1 00
Parquette.....50 | Upper Circle.....25

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FRANK HOWSON.....Manager
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Saturday Afternoon and Evening, November 16th,

MRS. CHARLES POOLE,

SUPPORTED BY THE

HOWSON FAMILY AND THE METROPOLITAN COMPANY, will appear in

THE SEA OF ICE!

Monday Eveuiug.....November 18th,

GRAND COMPLIMENTARY BENEFIT TO

Mr. Frank Howson,

On his retiring from the management, tendered by his fellow-citizens and the Company and attaches of the Metropolitan Theatre. The bill for the occasion will be the Opera of

FRA DIAVLO!

To conclude with

THE DOWAGER!

PRICES OF ADMISSION.

Dress Circle and Orchestra Seats.....One Dollar
Parquet 50 cts | Gallery 25 cts

No Extra Charge for Reserved Seats.

Doors oreh at 7 o'clock; to commence at 8.
Box Office open from 10 to 3 o'clock.

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The new season will he inaugurated on

SATURDAY, - - - NOVEMBER 23d,

Under the Direction of

Messrs. Edwards, Bates & Vinson.

The highly popular Actor,

CHARLES WHEATLEIGH,

will make his first appearance, after an nbsence of eighteen months.

Augustin Daly's great original and heart stirring drama of

UNDER THE GASLIGHT!

will he produced on the occasion.

MAGUIRE'S OPERA HOUSE.

FRIDAY.....NOVEMBER 22d,

Willie Edouin's Benefit,

On which occasion will be presented,

WRITING ON THE WALL,

And the Comic Ballet Pantomime (for the first time In California) entitled the

DANCING SCOTCHMAN,

Introducing WITTICISMS, SPADE DANCE, ETC.

Leslie, Raynor & Smith's Minstrels.

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Between Montgomery and Kearny.

Immense Success of the Grand Combination

NEW MINSTREL TROUPE!

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TO-NIGHT, ENTIRE CHANGE OF PROGRAMME!
HENRY HERBERTE EVERY EVENING!
SEATS SECURED FOUR DAYS IN ADVANCE!

A Cloak Room, with Competent Attendants, for Ladies and Children. No Fees or Gratuities to be given to Attendants.

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Orchestra Chairs and Dress Circle.....75 Cents
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Box Office open from 10 A. M. to 4 P. M., where Seats can be secured without extra charge.

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Opening Night—Saturday, November 23d.

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Country orders promptly attended to.

Life Insurance---The Money Drift.

EDITORS CALIFORNIAN—*Sirs:* I read in yonr issne of the 11th, a very important statistical paper, compiled by yon from the Federal revenne returns, which proves the astonnding fact that the distant Life Insurance Companies plying in California throngh "Agents" draw away nearly a million dollars per annm.

The drain under this head as yon state it amonnts to:

Year ending 1st Augnst, 1866.....$496,239
Year ending 1st August, 1867.....$877,264

And as we write the drain increases and must be now near a million a year—to he a million and a half next year and so on.

And von naturally ask with surprise why this matter has not been taken in hand by some of onr enterprising insurance men, so as to arrest the flight of a moiety at least of this enormous drain?

I think, sirs, yonr question is well pnt, and thongh my hands are full, I am yet willing to step forward and assume some of the responsibility and bear some of the preliminary expenses of forming such a Company.

When you reflect sirs that this million dollars a year is carried over land and sea, thousaud npon thonsand of miles, to places where it is leut out by distant Managers and Directors to their manufacturing and commercial friends around them, at *Five Per Cent. per annum*, while onr merchants and manufacturers, *who are to compete with these* have to pay *Fifteen Per Cent. per annum* for money, [we snpply them with the golden weapons to beat us] yon will then conceive the magnitude of the injuries effected by the sapping and miniug operations of those distant Insurance Companies. The money which must drain away, day by day, steamer after steamer, from onr people, will, if not stopped, impoverish this conntry qnite as much as if it were conquered by a foreign power and held in perpetual tribute. A million a year by compound interest will be ten millions in five years, twenty millions in ten years, forty millions in fifteen years, eighty millions in twenty years, one hundred and sixty millions in twenty-five years, three hundred and tweuty millions in thirty years! I will admit that the ordinary percentage of deaths on a business of thirty years will effect a drawback of one-third of the income, which in thirty years we will put at one hundred millions. Notwithstanding this, if we go on at our present scale of draining, we shall in thirty years lose by the insurance operation two hundred millions of dollars! Bnt our drain, if we don't stop it, will not stand at one million a year, it will increase year after year from one million a year to two millions a year, which by my foregoing compntation would in thirty years foot np to FOUR HUNDRED MILLIONS! What it would amount to in sixty years I leave to other calculators. In round numbers, I should guess it would come to the full number of dollars equaling the national debt of the United States.

Now, sirs, I care not what may be said of me by critics or jealous opponents, some of whom cannot see farther than their noses. I announce myself as ready to make an effort to stop this drain, and I hold every man who cooperates with me a benefactor to his adopted country.

Let the capital of a Local Life and Health Insurance Company be one hundred thousand dollars to begin, in shares of one hundred dollars each. I shall cheerfully take the name of cooperators in a book opened this day in the office of the California Building and Savings Bank, California street, for that purpose.

I remain your obedient servant,
THOMAS MOONEY.

Buildings and Savings Bank, California street.
November 12th, 1867.

Turnbull & Smith,
PRINTERS,
522 CLAY ST.,
SAN FRANCISCO.

Good Work!—One Price!—Punctuality!

D. BRUCE,

PRINTER,

COMMERCIAL STREET BELOW MONTGOMERY.

IN THE PROBATE COURT of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the estate of T. O. HOPKINS, deceased.

All papers and proceedings in the above entitled matter having been transferred to this Court from the Probate Court of Alameda County by reason of the disqualification of the Judge of said Court to act, and among said papers, a petition of A. J. Lowell, Administrator of said estate, setting forth that he has filed his final account of his administration of said estate, that the same has been audited, allowed and confirmed, that all the debts and expenses of administration have been fully paid, that a portion of said estate remains for distribution to the heirs of said deceased, and praying for a distribution to the heirs entitled.

It is ordered, That all persons interested in the estate of the said T. O. Hopkins, deceased, be and appear before the Probate Court of the City and County of San Francisco, at the Court room of said Court, in the City Hall, in said City and County, on MONDAY, the 16th day of December, A. D. 1867, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon of that day, then and there to show cause why an order of distribution should not be made of the residue of said estate among the heirs of the said T. O. Hopkins, deceased, according to law:

And it is further ordered, That a copy of this order be published for four successive weeks, before said hearing, in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published in the City and County of San Francisco.

M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.
Dated November 13th, 1867. nov16-23-30 dec7-14

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—IN THE MATTER OF the Estate of EDWARD O'DONNELL, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the estate of Edward O'Donnell, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said estate of the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator, at his place of business, on the southeast corner of Sansome and California streets, in the city and county of San Francisco.

Dated at San Francisco, November 14th, 1867.
CHARLES B. POLHEMUS,
Administrator of the Estate of Edward O'Donnell, deceased. nov16-5w

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF BENJAMIN OBER, deceased.—Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Executrix of the last will of the estate of Benjamin Ober, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Executrix, at her place of business, at the law office of Messrs. Clarke & Carpentier, No 606 Washington street, in the City and County of San Francisco.

Dated at San Francisco, November 14th, 1867.
JANE E. OBER,
Executrix of the last will of Benjamin Ober, deceased.
H. K. W. CLARKE, Esq., Attorney for Executrix.
nov16-23-30 dec7-14

Musee des Salons.

COCO-MUNGO SALOON.

J. M. WASHBURN, AGENT.

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THE BEST OF LIQUORS,

SKILLFULLY CONCOCTED MIXED DRINKS,

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Not inferior to any offered in San Francisco, is furnished daily at the COCO-MUNGG—Clam Chowder, Fish Chowder, Gumbo Soup, Pork Tenderloins, Cape Cod Boned Turkey, Venison, Quail, and all the delicacies of the season, as fast as they are to be found in the market, figure upon the lunch-table of the COCO-MUNGO.

A Reading Room, abundantly supplied with Domestic and Foreign Papers and Periodicals, is one of the features of the COCO-MUNGO.

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NEW OPPOSITION LINE VIA PANAMA.

The North American Steamship Company will dispatch the elegant and commodious Steamship

OREGONIAN,
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JOSEPH SUTTON.....Commander,

For PANAMA, from Mission Street Wharf, at 12 o'clock noon, on

MONDAY, - - - - - NOV. 25th, 1867,

Connecting, via Panama Railroad, at Aspinwall with the Company's new and splendid Steamship NEBRASKA, 3,000 Tons, for NEW YORK.

One hundred pounds Baggage free.

The OREGONIAN has been fitted by the Company especially for this route, and passengers will find her accommodations unequalled on this coast. The connecting steamer NEBRASKA, recently built for the Company in New York, is the fleetest steamship in the California trade on the Atlantic Ocean.

The Company will continue their Line via Nicaragua as usual.

For further information apply to
I. W. RAYMOND, Agent,
northwest corner Battery and Pine streets,
Up stairs, San Francisco.

The California.

"SURELY THERE IS A VEIN FOR THE SILVER AND A PLACE FOR GOLD WHERE THEY FINE IT."

VOLUME VII., No. 27. OFFICE, No. 532 MERCHANT STREET. | SAN FRANCISCO, NOVEMBER 23, 1867. | TERMS, $5 A YEAR, BY MAIL, IN ADVANCE. 50 CENTS A MONTH, BY CARRIER.

CONTENTS:

The Theological Movement; Superintendent Fitzgerald's Manifesto; The Colleges of the South; My Shanghai Pony and What it Cost Me, by Forbes Maitland; My Mother, by Trem; Roundabout Papers, the Use of the Knife, by "Prospector;" A Mystery, a poem by A. G. Bierce. Literary Gleanings: Song Birds in Cities; Mr. Harte Criticised; The Literature of the Cuisine, etc. Lion's Mouth: Selling Tickets for a Theatre; "Paddy Fields" and "Villagers;" Lessons for Locals—No. Two; "My Uncle;" Song and Supper. Dramatic Affairs, etc., by Touchstone; Recollections of the War—Two Brave Soldiers; Wilkins on Accomplishments, by JohnQuill; The Unlucky Captain; Front Seats, by Dutton Cooke; How there came a Napoleon III.; Poetry, Paragraphs, etc.

THE LION'S MOUTH.

"THE gravest beast is an ass, the gravest bird is an owl, the gravest fish is an oyster, and the gravest man is a fool." SYDNEY SMITH.

"I WILL roar, that I will do any man's heart good to hear me." A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

"I WILL aggravate my voice so, that I will roar you as gently as any sucking dove; I will roar you an 't were any nightingale." IBID.

"*Nil falsi audeat, nil veri non audeat dicere.*" CICERO.

Lessons For Locals—Number Two.

Writers for the local columns of our dailies, who are ambitious of rivaling the fame of such veteran celebrities as Fitz Smythe, should diligently exercise themselves in turning common English into reporters' English, which is a very different sort of thing; by persevering practice, a degree of proficiency may be attained that is really amazing. The would-be "witty reporters" never speaks of the Police Court, without designating it "Judge Rix's *Palais de Justice*," and the County Jail is in their vocabulary, "the *Maison de Fer* on Broadway." When the witty reporter has to mention the circumstance of a pickpocket being sentenced to six months' imprisonment, he phrases it somewhat in this fashion: "John Smith, a member of the light-fingered fraternity, was presented with carte *blanche* for his beard and lodging at the expense of the City and County, at the Hotel de Fer," etc.

The witty reporter, must use sporting and slang phrases, and foreign words whenever an opportunity offers. For this purpose he should study the nomenclature of the turf, the P. R., of the detective police, and indeed all peculiarities of phraseology, no matter to what class they appertain. Without these varied acquirements he is in danger, when practising the rules laid down in our "First Lesson," of becoming merely stilted and grandiose instead of witty. For instance, if he were about to quote the adage: "Put a beggar on horseback and he will ride to the devil," he would probably give it somewhat thus: "Install a mendicant on the upper section of a charger and he will equitate to Apollyon," which is heavy and Johnsonian, and needs to be relieved by some of the lighter elegancies above enumerated.

For the witty reporter who would mount to the highest grade of his profession, life is indeed a perpetual struggle. There is no respite. He must be continually marching on, and making new conquests. For wit (of the kind in which he deals) wears out faster than shoddy clothing. What was witty last week, becomes intolerable the next. Words and phrases that when freshly coined seem to sparkle like a half dollar just from the mint lose their gloss as they become current, and pass into general use. Thus, the witty reporter must keep his brain forever on the rack to keep up a new coinage to replace the old. "Intelligent contraband," "unreconstructed rebel," "miscegenationist," "swinging round the circle," etc., etc., though they are not specimens of "reporters' wit," and had a flavor of genuine cleverness in their day, will nevertheless serve to illustrate how soon phrases, bright and humorous when first thrown upon the market, become as flat as stale soda-water. In the next lesson or one of the subsequent ones, we shall furnish a catalogue enumerating specimens of worn out wit and humor, which all but the most abject of witty reporters should solicitously avoid.

Song and Supper.

On Thursday evening a concert and a supper were given in the vestry of the Howard Street M. E. Church. Being engaged for that evening we sent Jones to represent us and bring back a report of the concert. Jones is fond of music, but he is still fonder of good living, and consequently his report was devoted, to a great extent, to the supper. He told us that the "organ voluntary by Professor L. Schmidt and the chicken pie were both first class;" that Mrs. Northrop's performance of the air "Beautiful Bird" and the cold chicken were very sweet, Miss Gaskill's "Merry Birds" and the stewed quail were delicious, Master Louis Schmidt's violin solo and the cold tongue were very superior, and that the cheruses and pies displayed much artistic skill. Jones approves of this style of entertainment and is glad to see it inaugurated in this city. It gives a man two chances, if the concert turns out bad the supper may be good and compensate for it, on the other hand the supper may be bad and the music good. By all means let song and supper go together, says Jones.

"Paddy Fields" and "Villagers."

Every one who is in the habit of reading the Oriental news contained in the *China Mail*, and in the "summaries" published in the large dailies, has been more or less perplexed and mystified by occasional paragraphs in relation to the eccentric performances of belligerent "villagers" issuing from "Paddy Field's" (or possibly Paddyfields) and doing bloody deeds. The writer of the following communication has evidently been exercised in his mind by questions in relation to the same subject:

"MR. LION'S MOUTH:—From time to time I come across an item in the oriental news, giving an account of an attack by "the British gunboat the 'Spider,' or the British gunboat 'Wasp,' or the British gunboat 'Scorpion,' or some other British gunboat, felicitously named after some other agreeable and amiable insect, upon a horde of Chinese pirates. Of course the pirates always get badly whipped, as they ought to be. But then they invariably go off, and get a lot of new boats, and "lay" for new chances. But what 'bothers me entirely' about this business is that all these piratical items invariably contain something about the movements of 'the villagers,' who generally happen to be on the spot at the critical and decisive moment. 'Villager' is a pretty pastural designation, naturally associated in our minds with dances on the green, knee breeches, Swiss caps, ribbons, and first peasants and peasantesses—all rural, rustic and rosy-cheeked. But these Chinese villagers seem to be of quite a different breed. There is but the slightest modicum of the butter-cup and daisy element in their composition. They are as savage and sanguinary as our native Apaches, and rush in with murderous zest upon every occasion, when cutting, slashing, scalping, and cutting throats is on the programme. But the bewildering feature about this business 'that quite 'gets' me, is the circumstance that these bloody minded 'villagers' always come charging out of 'Paddy Field's,' or 'Paddyfields.' Whether this phrase indicates a public house kept by one Paddy Field, or whether it designates in Chinese agricultural parlance, some particular kind of field, I have never been able to determine to my own satisfaction. At any rate, the name comes in well enough when associated with a fight, and yet, I don't at present recollect hearing of the settlement of China, by a colony of emigrants from the Green Isle. Possibly, however, their hereditary love of a scrimmage, has, (though in a modified way substituting chopping knives for shillelahs,) survived their recollection of their lineage. Their style of fighting certainly is quite different from that of the nations of the original Hibernian 'Paddy Fields.' Possibly the climate has had an 'alternative' effect. At all events they are not all like 'our' villagers' of the 'ould airt.'

DENNIS O'DONOHUE."

"My Uncle."

Even in the Golden State, there are persons who occasionally become impecunious and are forced to request a loan of "my Uncle," depositing collateral security. Figgs, who keeps a small store on Commercial street, never allows himself to be without money to defray current expenses as long as he has any "collateral" which my Uncle will accept. Figgs goes on a spree occasionally, and spends the very few dollars which he has earned by selling yards of tape, packages of buttons and papers of pins. Then Figgs posts off to my Uncle with his watch, (a silver one, worth about seven dollars,) and borrows two dollars on it. He soon spends this, and he has but one article remaining which will be accepted as security for a loan. Quite early in life Figgs lost all his teeth, and a maiden aunt, who was much attached to him, presented him with an entire set of artificial ones. Figgs, when his last dollar is spent, goes to my Uncle and says, "Lend me five dollars on these," taking out his teeth. My Uncle says, "Vell, dey is worn more as dey vas ven you put dem in last. I lends you three dollars." Figgs replies, "M-m-y fren m-m you needn't be m-m fraid, I'll get 'm out m-morrow." My Uncle, touched by the terrible aspect of Figgs' shrunken cheeks and his inarticulate utterance, lends him five dollars. For perhaps three days Figgs is the most taciturn and sullen of men; when he makes a raise and recovers his impignorated teeth he is the most talkative and smiling fellow to be met with in the city. Figgs' teeth are "up" at present for three dollars and a half.

The Value of the Bible.

The other day a gentleman lately arrived in this city from Missouri paid us a visit. A very handsomely bound bible attracted his attention; taking it off the table he gazed at it admiringly and said, "That's pretty; what is it? A volume of pomos?" We replied, "No, it is a bible." "A bible!" he exclaimed, "Well, they do get things up in style now, that's a fact. I've got a bible at home. It belonged to my great grandfather, it ain't nothing like this, but it's a real curiosity. I'm going to leave it to my eldest boy, when I die, and I guess that his grand children will be able to get a heap of money for it."

Police Court Shysters.

Under the above heading, the *Call* savagely attacks the guerilla lawyers who hunt for clients in the vicinity of the Police Court. There is no doubt but the dignity of the Law is much lowered by being peddled round the streets by these unlicensed hawkers. They don't sell a very good article of law either, and another thing is that they charge more than respectable lawyers. Altogether, we agree with the *Call*—"shysters" should be suppressed, perhaps, however, if more care were used in admitting persons to practice law, and greater qualifications were insisted on, we should be troubled with fewer shysters.

Selling Tickets for a Theatre.

"Old Delph" has an abundant store of amusing stories connected with theatricals in California. He told us the following the other day, and at our request kindly wrote it:

It was Sunday morning when we arrived in Gold Hill, where we were to perform that night. The streets were crowded with honest miners, and everything looked lively and promising. Our ticket seller had been introduced to several corner groceries, and late in the evening was reported *sick* to Harry Brown, who was manager and leading actor of the company. Harry knew well what was the matter, and quietly observed, "Soak his head and put him to bed, and he'll be well in the morning." "What shall we do for a man to sell tickets?" asked one of the company. "That's all right," replied Harry, "I'll get Harry Gilson." Now, Mr. Gilson, at that time a resident of Gold Hill, was a young man wonderfully endowed with the gift of the gab, and particularly fond of everything that promised fun and frolic. He readily consented to become our ticket seller for the nonce, and when the time arrived to open, he had arranged his table and tickets on the pavement beside the door, and was holding forth in a Cheap John's style to a vast crowd that had congregated around him. "Here you are, gentlemen, here you are. Who'll take another? Only one dollar a piece, and cheap at half the price, and remember there's only a few more left. Walk up, gentlemen, and take your choice, and then walk in and take your seats. Don't forget the Gyascutis will be exhibited to-night for the first time South of Mason and Dixon's line, with all the paraphernalia of his native element. All right, sir, how many? Two? Thank you, sir. Cash takes two, and a few more left." We were dressing just behind the stage, and all of us could hear Gilson's excited harangue; it never ceased for more than a moment. "Just listen to that cuss," exclaimed Harry Brown, "Hear him! Why, curse the fellow, he's trying to make the people believe we have a whole menagerie on exhibition." Gilson had just concluded a glowing description of a pair of dancing Elephants, with "a few more left." "Come, hurry up, everybody," urged Brown, "and let's commence before that infernal cuss gets us all murdered." In a few minutes we were all ready and Brown rang the first bell. "Listen to that," shouted Gilson, "that's a signal for all hands on board, and hats off in front. If you miss first sight of the animals you loose half the fun! One dollar apiece, who'll take another? Sold, and a few more left." With a little impatient oath, Brown rang the bell again and up went the curtain, and immediately after he entered as the dashing "Ruy Gomez," in the play of *Faint Heart Never Won Fair Lady*. The Hall door was wide open, consequently the crowd in the street had a distinct view of the stage, and before Brown—the "Ruy Gomez"—had uttered a word, the assiduous Gilson was ready with another volley. "Ah, ha!" he shouted in a tone of admiration. "Look at that! Behold that fellow and weep! Twig his legs, they're worth the price of admission twice told. There's a man who travels on his shape, and has money enough to buy a quartz mill. Count the spangles on his breast, all gold, and a few more left! Who'll take another?" For a moment Brown was completely nonplussed, but a loud yell from the audience partly restored him, and with a terrible grimace, he roared out, "Shut that d——d door!" "Certainly, Mr. Brown," responded the obliging Gilson, "You're right—outsiders have no right to see the caged wonders of the arena without a ticket. A few more left, who'll take another!" The house was crowded, but it was Harry Gilson's last night as ticket seller.

Theatrically Speaking.

A certain actor in a certain theatre in this city occasionally gets tight, and is very apt when "under the influence" to get into a fight. Not long ago he went into the green room with a gorgeous black eye; he looked inexpressibly funny, the eye being nearly hidden by the swelling caused by the contusion. A brother, actor who has a good deal of dry humor after gazing, at him for some time, went up to him and in a very quiet manner said: "Say, ——, what are you made up for?" The same actor worried the stage manager to death to induce him to put on *Oliver Twist* in order that —— might play "Bill Sykes;" he thought it "such a pity that a black eye like that should not be made available for theatrical purposes."

The Unfeeling Telegraph.

The news which comes by telegraph is often expressed with a terseness which is almost brutal. For instance the latest news from Australia telegraphed from New York is as follows:

The Fiji cannibals have murdered and eaten Rev. Mr. Baker, a Wesleyan missionary, and six Christian natives.

Of course, in telegraphing, it is necessary to use as few words as possible, and however much we may be shocked by the above paragraph we must own that it might have been made still more unfeelingly curt by the omission of the words "murdered and." "The Fiji cannibals have eaten Rev. Mr. Baker, a Wesleyan missionary and six Christian natives."

Legal Diversions.

San Francisco has been much shocked by the fact, that in a late trial for gambling, two pillars of law were put upon the stand to testify as experts. One of them appeared to be as well posted as the *Bulletin's* reporter.

"OLD TIMES."

[Here is an exquisite poem, appeared in the Chicago *Journal*, and is probably from the pen of B. F. Taylor:]

THERE'S a beautiful song on the slumbrous air,
That drifts through the valley of dreams;
It comes from a clime where the roses were,
And a tuneful heart and bright brown hair,
That waves in the morning beams.

Soft eyes of azure and eyes of brown,
And snow-white foreheads are there;
A glimmering Cross and a glittering Crown,
A thorny bed and a couch of down,
Lost hopes and leaflets of prayer.

A breath of Spring in the breezy woods,
Sweet wafts from the quivering pines—
Blue violet eyes beneath green hoods,
A bubble of brooklets, a scent of buds,
Bird warmblers and clambering vines.

A rosy wreath and dimpled hand,
A ring and a slighted vow—
Three golden links of a broken band,
A tiny track on the snow white sand,
A tear and a sinless brow.

There's a tincture of grief in the beautiful song
That sobs on the slumbrous air,
And loneliness felt in the festive throng,
Sinks down on the soul as it trembles along
From a clime where the roses were.

We heard it first at the dawn of day,
And it mingled with matin chimes,
But years have distanced the beautiful lay,
And its melody floweth from far away,
And we call it now Old Times.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE WAR.

BY JAMES FRANKLIN FITTS.

TWO BRAVE SOLDIERS.

THE name of Tom D'Auvergne is embalmed in history as of the stout-hearted French grenadier who defended a pass against an entire regiment, saving the army from surprise and perhaps rout, by his own individual bravery. He has become the hero of tales and ballads without number, and his name is used as a synonyme for the unflinching discharge of duty. This is well; bravery and good soldiership are no national matters, and we Americans can afford to recognize and honor them on either side of the water. But we can still claim, and with perfect truth, that no braver, more faithful, nor more efficient soldiers, than our own ever carried arms; and I can cite a dozen instances occurring during the rebellion where such remarkable qualities were displayed in critical emergencies as to satisfy me that we had any number of Tom D'Auvergnes in the ranks, and that nothing more than an adequate occasion was required to display them. And chief among these I count the conduct of Private Charles Brigham, a soldier of the Fifteenth Maine Regiment. He deserves, and shall have, his honorable place in the recollections.

As the traveler pursues his way along the valley turnpike southward from Winchester, he will see on the left-hand of the road, about sixty rods beyond the town, a dingy frame house of two stories, standing in a barren yard. It is an unattractive place, and would be passed by without comment; but I remember it as the scene of a tragedy which created no little stir in our camps when it was announced. It fell to my lot to investigate the affair officially; and the statements of this sketch are drawn from memoranda taken at the time.

At the time of which I am about to write, Hancock commanded our forces in the Shenandoah. There had been no enemy of any respectable strength in this quarter of the military situation since October, 1864, when the crushing rout at Cedar Creek, overtook Early and his army; and during the following winter we had lain in and about Winchester as a corps of observation and occupation. But the early days of the eventful April of 1865 brought stirring news from the South; the evacuation of Petersburg, the occupation both of that place and Richmond, and the breaking up of the historic army of Virginia followed each other in swift succession; and apprehending that the Shenandoah Valley might be seized by the mass of the rebel army as the most practicable route of escape, General Hancock promptly moved out a division in front of Winchester, and sent a large body of cavalry on a reconnoissance beyond Strasburg. The division chosen was Dwight's, late of the Nineteenth Army Corps, to the staff of which I was at this time attached as judge-advocate. The instructions which I received from General Hancock, and communicated to Dwight, were to put the division in position across the pike, about a mile beyond Winchester, and there await developements on the part of the enemy. We moved through Winchester about nightfall, and took the assigned position, waiting here for several days to fight an enemy that never came; for Appomattax Court-house was at the same time closing the military history of the great revolt and our soldier life was fast drawing to a close.

Winchester was held by the provost-guard which had preserved quiet there all the winter; but between the town and the front there were several houses which it was thought needed protection from stragglers and depredators. Our division was well disciplined, and there was no fear of outrage upon the inhabitants from any soldier of it; but there is always hanging upon the skirts of an army, a lot of harpies, eager for booty, who stop at no crime to obtain it, and against whom it is necessary to take the most careful precautions. It was therefore to guard against some roving outlaw of this description that a safeguard was ordered to be sent to each of these houses; although, as it happened, the depredator in this case was an entirely different person. One of the provost-marshals of the division was ordered to post a single guard in each house, with particular instructions as to his duty. It became important to inquire afterward as to the nature of these instructions; and both the officer and safeguard said that they were to protect the family and the property against robbers, and to allow no one to enter the premises except an officer of the division on duty.

The night passed at headquarters, and in the early morning the staff was astir, awaiting orders for the movements of the brigades, which it was reasonably anticipated might happen before noon. Breakfast had not been eaten when the field officer of the day rode up, and reported to the adjutant-general his twenty-four hours of duty.

"Everything is quiet at the front," he said. "The pickets are vigilant, and I have nothing to suggest about them. I hear there was some kind of a row between here and the town, last night. I don't know the particulars; but there is one dead man lying on the floor in the parlor of that unpainted house up yonder, with a bayonet hole clear through him. He seems to be an officer, too."

"How did it happen?" asked the adjutant-general.

"I don't know the particulars. I understand the safeguard did it; and that's about all I know of it."

I stood and listened to the conversation; and before the officer of the day left the headquarters inclosure, I received an order to repair at once to the scene of the killing, make a thorough investigation, and report.

My horse was ready in three minutes, and in company with another of the staff, who went from curiosity, I cantered over to the house, and there ascertained all the particulars of the affair. I dismounted at the door, and giving my horse to the orderly, went inside. A knot of idlers was gathered near the steps, and as I passed, I heard from one of them, the words, "It *is* blood, sure." They stepped back as I approached, and I saw a dark red stain on the ground, as large as the palms of two hands, while smaller stains were scattered near it. The front door was approached by a single wooden step, of eighteen inches high; and on this, also, there were the same significant stains. Going into the hall, which ran back half the length of the house, I was met by a woman to whom I declared my name, rank and errand, and from whom I learned that she was the mistress of the house, and lived there with two daughters.

"What happened here last night?" I asked.

"Such a dreadful thing, sir!" she answered. "There was one of your officers killed dead by the guard; his body is here in the parlor, now. But it was his own fault, sir. The soldier wasn't to blame a bit, and I hope he won't be harmed for it. He was only protecting us. That officer has been here more than a dozen times, and declared he was in love with one of the girls. I told him often I didn't want him to come; but he would, and now he has rushed on his fate."

The girls appeared at this moment, pale, trembling and terrified. They, as well as their mother, seemed to consider that my visit had an unfriendly meaning to them, and they all now joined in the assurance that they had been persecuted for a whole month by the officer, who would force his attentions upon them, in spite of their entreaties that he would not come to the house any more; and the three protested, again and again, that the guard was not in the least to blame. I calmed their fears, and asked to see the body. The matron led the way into the parlor. A sheet spread upon the floor concealed the corpse, but not its outlines; and an inert hand which lay upon the outside would have told a story of death, without words to help it. The woman took the sheet by the corners and turned it down, with the remark:

"Maybe you knew him, sir. He was a handsome young man, but awfully wild they say."

The cold, lifeless face which was disclosed was indeed familiar to me. The dress was an officer's pants and blouse, without any mark of rank; but I had no difficulty in recognizing Lieutenant G—, of the cavalry, noted beyond his regiment as a hard rider, a hard drinker, and, as the old lady said, "awfully wild." Not two weeks before, I had been introduced to him in a saloon in Winchester; and though I had never seen him before nor since, the remembrance of his handsome face and jaunty air, which carried with them an irresistible conviction of a bad heart, were still with me. But this was all that was left of him, now—this miserable clay, testifying from every pore, of a wasted life, a lost soul!

"Where is the soldier?" I asked.

He was in the back room. I found him there, leaning on his musket with its bloody bayonet. He was a slender fellow of hardly twenty-one, almost a boy, with a thin face, and an air which was a mixture of boldness and timidity. I sat down by the table, and began to talk with him.

"It is my duty to find out all about how this happened," I said, "and I want you to tell me the exact truth. Don't be afraid to tell it just as it was. If you have done your duty, you shall be protected. What is your name?"

He gave it; but as it would be hardly just to give it this publicity without his sanction, I will call him Charles Brigham. The members of the 15th Maine will have no difficulty in recognizing him; and there are hundreds more to whom this sketch will recall the incident.

"How long since you enlisted?"

"Just one month to-day."

Such was the strange fact. Only a month from the pine woods of his native State, never beyond its boundaries before his enlistment, a raw recuit for an old regiment in the field, he had acted in the fearful alternative thrust upon him, with the promptness of a veteran.

It occurred to me immediately, upon learning who was the victim of this affair, and that he belonged to the cavalry corps, that it might assume a partizan shape, as such difficulties in the army are apt to do. I was, of course, entirely unprejudiced in the matter, and my duty now was merely to obtain the facts as near as possible; but from what I had seen of the soldier and the dead officer, as well as from what I knew of the latter, I was prepared to believe that the women were correct in saying that the man had done no more than his duty. It was therefore with some anticipation of being required to defend him upon a charge of murder before a court-martial, that I took down in writing a carefully detailed statement from his own lips, of the affair, which was immediately corroborated in every important particular, by the women. Owing to circumstances to which I will refer hereafter, this was the only investigation ever made into the killing, and I give the result of it as the truth.

The boy's statement was briefly as follows: He had been posted by the provost-marshal, about dark, and had received his instructions from him. After the officer had gone, he stood in the hall for some time, with his gun; but after an hour, one of the women came out and invited him into the parlor, where he stood his musket up in the corner, and went into the room with them. The women appeared very timid, and started as if in terror, at the slightest noise outside. One of them said to the others, "I don't believe he will come, now that we have a soldier here to protect us." But they still continued to appear frightened, and the girls at last went to bed reluctantly, and only after their mother had expressly commanded it. The hours wore away towards midnight, with no other disturbance than the rumbling of a loaded wagon passing out to the front, or the loud remonstrance of some straggler carried along in the clutches of the provost-guard. It was in the very stillest of the night that a squad of horsemen galloped up to the door, stopped, and began to converse together in low tones.

"There he is again," the old lady said, rising, and walking into the hall. "He'll want to come in, and I'm bound he shan't. There's no lock on the door, but if you'll help me, we'll hold it."

But Brigham had no idea of pursuing such tactics as these. He followed the woman into the hall; but, instead of accompanying her to the door, went to the corner and seized his musket. His bayonet was in the sheath at his belt, and this he fixed on the gun. When he reached the door, the voices had grown louder; and as he took the handle from the woman and flung it wide open, he heard the words, called out in a loud tone:

"Stay there, Tom, and take care of the horses. We will go in and visit."

"The figure of a man stepped briskly from the darkness, and mounted the steps. The form of the woman, shrinking back into the hall, was visible from the outside, as he came on, and with a loud, coarse salutation, "Ho, old girl, glad to see you!" the man had placed his foot within the door, when the way was barred by the safeguard, holding his musket at arms front. With an oath of astonishment, the man started back.

"Who the —— are you?" he demanded.

"Safeguard," Brigham responded. "My orders are to admit no one but officers on duty. You can't come in."

"We'll see about that, my fine fellow," the intruder returned. "I'd have you know that I'm an officer, a lieutenant of Torbert's cavalry, and on duty, too, for that matter. Let me in."

"What's your name?"

"The devil take your impudence! what's that to you? I've no name to give you. Stand aside!"

"You say you're on duty; where's your arms?"

"Hang you for an impertinent footpad! I'll show you as much as a pistol, pretty quick, if you don't stand aside!" And with these words, delivered in a loud, bullying voice, and with a swagger of command, the officer again placed his foot on the threshold. Brigham brought down the stock of his musket into the palm of his left hand, and as he did so, the point of the bayonet almost grazed the officer's face. With a whole volley of oaths and imprecations, the intruder started back, Brigham following him till he had left the step.

"I tell you again," he said, "yon can't come in here. You have no business here, and this lady wants you to stay out. You'd better not try it!"

I do not know whether Lieutenant G—— was to any extent under the influence of liquor, or whether he was blinded by passion; but I think no man in the possession of his sober senses would have dared attempt an entry past that bayonet, in the face of such determination as I know blazed out of Charley Brigham's eyes, as he uttered this warniug. At all events, the officer did not heed it; and, as it appeared, his companion was as badly deceived in the man as was he. This companion, who was undoubtedly also an officer, now appeared, walking swiftly from the direction of the horses, and laughing scornfully at G—— as he came.

"A pretty lieutenant of cavalry yon are!" he said, "to be faced down by a single infantry soldier! Go in and clean him out, quick, or you're not the man I've taken you for. I'll help you out."

Stung by the tannts of his companion, and shonting to the safeguard to get out of the way, G—— rnshed headlong at the doorway, and was instantly transfixed by Brigham's bayonet.

"I lunged just as hard as I could," he said. The bayonet struck him full in the heart, and came two inches out of his back. He never said a word, nor even groaned; he just stopped in his tracks, stone dead, and I bore his weight on the bayonet till I let him down to the ground."

And hardly had the brave boy disengaged his weapon from the body, before he saw the other man rushing straight at him with a cocked pistol, and heard the most awful oaths and imprecations showered on him.

"I think my blood was up by this time," he said, in describing the affair to me. "I was perfectly ready for this fellow; I guess I shouldn't have feared a dozen, one at a time. As he came up on a run, holdiug the pistol right towards me, I made a pass at him. I didn't hit him in the breast, but I meant to. He swerved a little at the last second, as he saw I was dead in earnest, and the bayonet went through his arm. With that, he gave a loud yell, and ran for the horses. The last I heard from him, he was begging his orderly to help him into the saddle; and as they rode off towards Winchester, he was groaning with pain."

This was substantially the report that I carried back to headquarters. The general listened attentively to my statement, and said, after he heard it:

"This man has done nothing more than his duty, and he must be proteeted in it. He will have to be put in confinement until he can be tried; but whenever he is arraigned, you will appear and defend him. He has set an example in the strict performance of duty which older soldiers might well follow."

These instructions I prepared myself to obey, and spent some days in arranging the defence, expecting that the man would be court-martialed immediately. I believe charges were preferred against him; but very soon after this occurrence came the assassination of the President, our division was ordered to Washington to picket the city against the escape of the conspirators, and nothing further was heard of any prosecution of Brigham. He was shortly after released, and returned to duty, and was subsequently honorably discharged with his regiment.

It has always seemed remarkable to me that so young a soldier and one whose recent enlistment could have given him little or no opportunity to become acquainted with the nature of a soldier's duty, could have conceived so perfect an idea of what was required of him. It is not too much to say that he was made of the stuff that makes heroes, and that he was fully capable, upon a proper occasion, of displaying the quality of courage as conspicuously as did Tom D'Auvergne.

As a pendant to the above, I present the following touching incident connected with the death of Sergeant W——, one of the bravest men that ever breathed the air of battle.

As a general rule, I believe that the courage which leads men into battle and enables them to do their duty unflinchingly, is a negative quality. Men are not brave in themselves, but in spite of themselves; every instinct of the human mind protests against the exposure of the body to death and mutilation amid the accumulated horrors of the battle-field, and we shall generally find that the bravest are those whose wills are the strongest, and who are therefore the best able to hold themselves to the horrible work with steady endurance. Perhaps the latter word best expresses the idea I wish to convey. The brave man *endures* the battle, because his duty sternly requires it of him. With the best will in the world to absent himself, honor and duty nevertheless hold him to the work. He is brave in spite of himself.

"You are awfully frightened," said a captain, jeeringly, to his lieutenant, upon observing the white face of the latter, upon going towards the front of a battle.

"Well, I don't deny it, cap," replied the sub. "and I believe if you were half so frightened as I am, you would have run long ago."

The incident perfectly illustrates what the quality of courage is, as it is displayed in battles.

This, I say, is a general rule; my own experience and observation teaches it as such. Yet I have known men of quiet, mild dispositions, men who seemed almost phlegmatic in the absence of excitement, who, when nerved into action by the roar of artillery, the crash of musketry, and the thousand discords of the battle-field, would seem to warm to the work as though they loved it, and fight without the least regard for personal safety. Of this class is General Sheridan. No one who has ever seen this wonderful man on the battle-field as we saw him at Winchester and Cedar Creek, riding here and there along the lines, with his hat off, his eyes blazing, his face flaming with the fury of the fray, and his voice uttering short, impassioned appeals to the men—no one, I say, who has ever seen him thus, can suppose that he takes thought or heed of the dangers of the hour, or even notices the whistling of bullets and the sereech of shell. And of this stamp was Sergeant W——, of my own company, a man whose heroism was the wonder and admiratiou of his comrades and officers. He was a tall, rather awkward young man, with a sober, reflective face, and perhaps the last man who would be selected from a crowd as a hero. I remember to have said to myself, after I first saw him, that he had very little fight in him, and that I hardly dared hope he would acquit himself well in action. But never was an officer more widely mistaken than I.

At the battle of Winchester, his true soldierly charaeter showed forth in an unmistakable light. The regiment, three hundred and fifty strong, was ordered to an advanced position somewhat beyond the line of battle, in front of a point of woods, at the opening of the fight. Here, for more than an hour, we fought a whole rebel brigade, losing one hundred and ninety in killed and wounded, under the terrible front and flank fire which was poured upon us. After the fight had waged awhile, and the men were falling so thickly that it seemed as if the regiment must be utterly annihilated in ten minutes, the order was given to lie down. Sergeant W—— did not obey. He stood alone, his tall form towering up from the plain, loading and firing as coolly as though at a turkey-shoot at home, while the air was cut and coursed in every direction with shrieking minnie balls, and men lying on the ground were continually hit by the close aim of the veterans we were fighting.

"Lie down, W——," I called to him.

"I'd rather not, cap," the brave fellow replied. "I can put in five bullets standing, to three lying down, and put them in closer, too, I think." And the bark of his rifle, as he sighted and fired it towards the long gray line which stretched out not two hundred yards in front, emphasized the speech.

With this plucky spirit he fought this desperate battle through, escaping without a mark, and doiug remarkable execution. A few days later, at Newmarket, his conduct was the same. The regiment had been deployed as skirmishers all day, driving the rear guard of the flying enemy before it. Just at night, the enemy took a position behind a fence, and opened a brisk fire upon us. The right wing of the regiment was immediately assembled on a hill, overlooking this position, where our men lay down and sighted their rifles over it. Not so W——; he was erect on his feet, as before, fighting with all his energy, a conspicuous mark for the bullets that hailed about him without harming him in the least. The men who observed his utter contempt of danger, began to whisper that he bore a charmed life; and it seemed to me little short of the miraculous how he could escape snch peril as he defiantly braved.

But his day came at last. Fighting with his usual reckless bravery, on the front line at Cedar Creek, he was instantly killed by a rebel bullet. He lies now, with a long row of others of the regiment, buried within the stone wall which surrounded the house which was the center of the hottest fighting of the morning; and a wooden head-board tells you the name and regiment of one who was truly "the bravest of the brave."

W—— had always received double the number of letters of any other man in the company, and after his death, several more came to his address. As was customary, I opened them before destroying them, to see if they contained anything valuable. One was written in a delicate female hand, and a sprig of rose geranium dropped from its folds. And then I knew that this daring, gallant spirit had been the idol of some girlish heart, and that grief unspeakable would follow the rebel bullet that had cut him down.

"And the sad truth lives in language of unutterable woe,
They are all some true hearts' darlings who have died before the foe."

There is an essential meanness in the wish to get the better of any one; the only competition worthy of a wise man, is with himself.

There are roses whose thorns entirely disappear from culture, as wild animals sometimes lose their horns by domestication.

A sound discretion is not so much indicated by never making a mistake as by never repeating one.

They who wish to build up the structure of happiness must lay virtue as the foundation stone.

HOW THERE CAME A NAPOLEON III.

In the ever memorable month of June, 1815, the marvelous career of Napoleon I., Emperor of the French, came to an end forever. The escape from Elba and the history of the subsequent hundred days are known to every one. With a world in arms against him, small indeed was his chance of success from the first. He did as much as mortal man could do, but finally succumbed on the field of Waterloo. The evening of Sunday, June 18, saw him flying for his life towards the capitol, surrounded by the debris of a once splendid but now panic-stricken host. On reaching Paris, he appears to have been greatly perplexed as to his future movements. But he had not much time for consideration; the allies were at his heels; a few days would see Paris occupied by their armies. He finally decided on starting for Rochfort, with the idea of escaping to America. This plan he at once proceeded to carry out; but before leaving the capitol he went through the form of *abdicating* in favor of his young son. But before the Duc de Reichstadt could be acknowledged, or permitted to assume the title of "Emperor of the French," there were some rather important personages to be consulted. The allies were to have something to say in the matter, and the rightful monarch of the French was yet alive in the person of the Bourbon Prince, Louis XVIII. Napoleon I. had at this time about as much right and as much power to make the young Duc de Reichstadt Emperor of France as he had to make Louis XVIII. King of England. The nations of Europe had had quite enough of the Bonaparte family—for a time. It was not to be supposed that they would recognize the young duke as emperor, nor did any of them ever do so. Louis XVIII. quietly re-entered Paris on the 8th of July, and resumed the government. Napoleon's destiuation, as we all know, was not America, but St. Helena. The Duc de Reichstadt retired to Austria, where, at the age of twenty-one, he died, not Emperor of the French, but with the title which he inherited and by which he has been known from his birth, simply, Le Duc de Reichstadt.

Thirty-seven years pass by and we see on the throne of France another Emperor, and oh! more wonderful than fairy tale or romance, another Napoleon Bonapartel The success of the coup d'etat in December, 1851, put the supreme power into the hands of the unscrupulous president, and he was not the man to let that power slip. A few more months and he was able to carry out the darling dream of his life, to have himself acknowledged by the French people as their Emperor. Since that day Louis Napoleon Bonaparte has been known to the world as l'Empereur Napoleon *le troisieme*. But one and one will never make more than two. Let those who fancy they can make three of them try their best, they will find it as difficult a task as to discover the lost link in the chain of the three emperors. Thus far we have told truth, and nothiug but the truth. There is something to be added which will save us from the accusation of having concealed anything, and thereby, perhaps, not having told the whole truth. This, then, is what we have heard, and we believe there is solid foundation for the report. It is said that when Louis Napoleon found the pulse of the French people to be favorable, and that the time was ripe for carrying out his design, he intended to have proclaimed himself emperor under the title of Napoleon II, and that it was accident that caused him to be called Napoleon III. It seems that a number of placards had been simultaneously printed and sent to all the heads of the different departments and towns in France on a certain day, with orders that they should be issued and distributed all over the country on the same morning. These placards were thus headed: Vive l'Empereur! Vive Napoleon!!! These three notes of admiration were taken up by the people to represent the Roman numeral "III," and he was from that time hailed as Napoleon *le troisieme;* as such he has ever since been known; but it is equally true that his proper title should have been Napoleon II.

Why it is Superior.—Mrs. A. M. Williams, 523 Spruce street, Philadelphia, who has had a Grover & Baker Machine in nse eight years, thus states the reasons for its superiority over other machines: "In the Grover & Baker, we use the common spools of cotton, without rewinding, and in the Ladd & Webster, Wheeler & Wilson, Florence, and Singer, the cotton all has to be wound on a bobbin. And the Grover & Baker is superior to all those machines in that respect. Also the stitch of the Grover & Baker is more elastic and more durable than that of either of the other machines. The feed of the Grover & Baker is superior to the feed of the Singer. The wheel feed of the Singer will not allow you to sew a light material or do fancy quilting without drawing the light material. Also the machine of Grover & Baker is more simple in its construction, and not so liable to get out of order, and more easily managed by a lady operator; and the tension of this machine is self-adjusting to different fabrics, while the other machines are not. You can't depend upon the tension in the other machines."

[*From testimony taken before the U. S. Commissioner of Patents, on the application for the extension of the patent for the Grover & Baker Sewing Machine.*].

The true light of Mount Hood is 11,225 feet.

LITERARY GLEANINGS.

SONG-BIRDS IN CITIES.

BIRDS, except those of the gallinaceous kind, are not often seen within the limits of San Francisco outside of a cage or coop. We have no parks or gardens large enough, or sufficiently secluded in their location, to offer a shelter capable of attracting even the least shy of the feathered tribes. It would be a bold pair of birds indeed that would think of such a thing as building a nest in the trees of the Plaza, or of Post Office Square—and those are the only public "parks" that we know of in San Francisco, that can boast of such a thing as a tree of anykind. In New York, however, it is said that even the smaller of the city parks, such as Washington, Madison, and Tompkins Squares, are frequented during the Spring and Summer by numerous song-birds that build their nests and rear their young in the trees and shrubbery. Squirrels, too, found shelter there, and became so numerous and mischievous that measures had to be taken to drive them away. A writer in the *Tribune* recently gave a pleasant account of these "city song-birds," from which we give a few extracts:

The dull routine of a great, dusty city in Summer time has almost always numerous features which serve to redeem it from unpleasantness, and cheer the hearts of those whose purses will not permit them to rusticate during the hot and sultry months. The imprisoned canary or mocking-bird has, we doubt not, frequently charmed away the droning of dull care with the silvery accents of the whistled song; and even the domestic cluck, cluck of a collection of hens and pullets may greatly enliven the little back-yard of monotony and dullness, when "the world is out of town," and humiliated insignificants are alone left to keep up the appearance of life in the close shuttered streets and avenues of the fashionables.

But in this respect we have an element of gladness and cheer which is always attainable by the most lowly of our citizens, in the numerous exquisite song-birds, which, from early Spring to later Autumn, haunt the leafy coverts of our public park and squares. These are to be found everywhere. Not only among the extensive hills, and fields, and bushes of Central Park do they abound. In Washington, Union, Madison, Tompkins squares, and the rest, they may be seen at any fine morning, hopping over the sanded walks in search of the unfortunate early worms as daily provender for the hungry occupants of the little nests which are hidden somewhere up among the leaves, and talking merrily together about the prospects of the day before them—for they must be too happy to have any care beyond the single day.

They may also be seen alighting on stray chips and stones in the middle of the bubbling fount, pledging bright breakers to the rising sun, and fluttering their tiny pinions gaily in the morning bath. If you sit and watch them, on a clear Summer morning, you are surprised at the varieties of birds, and the combined twittering and whistling of their jocund voices form a music which is soft and pleasant to the ear. They are all here, from the humble little gray-coated "chippy" to the gandier minstrel of emerald throat and gold-tipped wing.

The season of nest-building is over; and the close-woven shelters of the happy ones are already reared by knotted trunk and leafy bough, but the good green grass and sand walls are covered with them, hopping here and there in search of daily food. Now there come quite a convocation of tiny wrens and tomtits, chirping and chattering as they peck along the sand, with one of them making a great fluttering and a cry, as a choice tit-bit is discovered and appropriated, and all of them vanishing and reappearing among the laburnum bushes and scrub-trees of the border. Then, with a swift flutter, almost phantom-like in his suddenness, the prince of all, the golden oriole, drops from above. His burnished crest flashes like a topaz, and the yellow-bordered crimson of the sharp, little pinons burns brightly in the morning light, like an embodied sunbeam out of sight.

As the day advances, and the hot shafts of the sun-warmth began to pierce the foliage, the pleasant vocalism grows apace, until at last, the whole park rings with the joyous notes, and the air seems clearer and more brilliant for the sweet music which informs it.

> The cowslip startles in meadow green,
> The buttercup catches the sun in its chalice,
> And there's never a leaf or a blade too mean
> To be some happy creature's palace;
> The little bird sits at his door in the sun,
> Atlit like a blossom among the leaves,
> And lets his illumined being o'errun
> With the deluge of Summer which it receives;
> His mate feels the eggs beneath her wings,
> And the heart in her dumb breast flutters and sings;
> He sings to the wide world, and she to her nest—
> In the nice ear of Nature's which song is the best!

That these little city songsters do a vast deal of good in refining and poetizing the natures of the lowly, and quite as frequently exalting and bettering the feelings of the corruptly better-born, there can be no doubt. Stray through any of our large, shady squares when the sun is not too warm, and among the hundreds who occupy the benches and lounge along the pleasant walks you will notice more than half interested in the beautiful birds that dance upon the ground, or balance themselves "atilt like blossoms among the leaves." At one time these places also teemed with squirrels, that were comically pleasant in their gambols, but it was found that the song birds fled their presence, and the former was wisely banished to more secluded fields.

HARPERS' NEW PAPER.

The Bazaar is a handsome paper, of the same size as *Harpers' Weekly*, and seems to be designed mainly as a repository for such information and literature as will be peculiarly interesting to the ladies. Much of the space of the first number is devoted to matters of dress, the fashions, and household affairs. A very large number of "modes" and patterns are given, together with minute practical directions calculated to render them practically serviceable. Nevertheless, *The Bazaar* is not exclusively a fashion journal; on the contrary, it contains a variety of general reading of a sound literary quality. We quote a poem by C. H. Webb, entitled:

"TO LILY."

> If I were a bee-bird
> What would I do?
> I'll tell to no other,
> Darling, but you.
> On the breast of the Lily,
> Folding my wings—
> Think it no harm, darling,
> 'Tis a bee sings.
>
> There I'd repose me
> All of the day,
> None of the garden
> Should tempt me away':
> The Tulip, proud lady,
> I would disdain,
> The Violet's blue eyes should
> Woo me in vain.
>
> The tears of the Blue-bell
> Ever might fall;
> The Rose and the Woodbine
> Cling to the wall,
> The Cowslip and Daisy
> Lie in the sun,
> I would not kiss them—
> Never a one.
>
> But alone with my Lily
> Ever I'd rest,
> Shrined in the blossom
> Of her white breast—
> Think it no harm, darling,
> Not mine the tongue—
> I but interpret
> What the bee sung!

MR. HARTE CRITICISED.

The *Territorial Enterprise* publishes the following notice of Mr. Harte's "Condensed Novels," in which the very grave charge is made against the author—and we think with perfect justice—that "his tastes fetter him to the classical models of the language." The same damaging objection of undue respect for "classical models," was recently made by the Nevada critic against Mr. Stoddard's poems:

Without time to thoroughly examine the contents of this volume, we shall speak of it and its author in general terms, reflecting the impressions we have derived from the perusal of numerous articles contributed by him to the journals of this coast. Mr. Harte is the most finished and pleasing writer California has yet produced. His taste is exquisite, his diction faultless. His perception of the humorous is more delicate than that of a dozen or so professed humorists of California, in addition to which he displays what no other living writer of his State has exhibited—genuine wit. Yet with all these rare qualities he has failed to accomplish any marked success in letters, and appears as likely hereafter to fail in any signal achievement in literature. His tastes fetter him to the classical models of the language. He seems to think it incumbent upon him to issue his productions on the collateral security of some acknowledged author. This assimulation, or overcautiousness—or whatever it may be—on the part of Mr. Harte, has led to the preferment of charges of plagiarism against him by members of the opposition press; but all the proofs they have ever adduced have been far-fetched and unsubstantial. The mistake they made was in endeavoring to convict him of felony, when the offense—if that may be called an offense which injures nobody and delights every one—was that of imitation. Imitating the cut of another man's coat, and appropriating said garment itself, are two different things. Thus, we venture to say, Mr. Harte has never absolutely appropriated any author's vestment, though he may have shaped his material to the pattern of many an admired mantle. The "Condensed Novels" of Mr. Harte are acknowledged and obvious types of all his writings. Whether credited or not, they are all copies—more or less free in drawing and tone—from approved originals. But if—as maybe the case—the gentleman's productions thus far are the purposed results of a severe schooling in art—if, with commendable zeal, he has devoted his youthful energies to the patient study of the masters—he has been eminently successful, and in good time will bring rare skill to the execution of his original conceptions. The present volume is a collection of sketches published during the past five years, principally in California journals. It is one of the most entertaining works in the range of light literature, and possesses peculiar interest to the readers of this coast, being of a local character.

THE LITERATURE OF THE CUISINE.

Professor Blot, the great master of Gastronomy, and the "Founder of the New York Cooking Academy," has at last given to the world a "Handbook of Practical Cookery," in so much of the science and art of preparing human food, as can be communicated without the aid of oral instruction, in which precept it is illustrated by example, and carried out in practice. Beyond question the book will be eagerly welcomed, not only by professional cooks, but also by a large class of practical housekeepers, to both of which classes it must prove exceedingly useful. Nearly all the books on cookery now in use, have been compiled by women who had but a narrow experience, and were at best, only amateurs. The most popular and best known ones, consist largely of receipts of the kind that are continually floating around in the newspapers. The chief merit of Professor Blot's book, seems to be that it goes methodically into the rationale of gastronomy, and the chemistry of the material used as food. In other words, he treats the subject philosophically, so that his assumption of the dignity of an art, based upon a science, for his "profession," is scarcely to be regarded as a subject for ridicule. We quote a few extracts from the chapter on

BILLS OF FARE.

Bills of fare vary according to the season of the year, and therefore to the produce in the market.

We will try to give another, and we think a better way of making them to suit everybody, every purse, and at any time.

A dinner, no matter how grand, is composed of three courses, and seven kinds of dishes.

The first course comprises dishes of four kinds, viz: potages, *hors-d'œuvres*, *relevés*, *and entrees*.

The second course comprises dishes of two kinds, viz., *rots* and *entremets*.

The third course comprises dishes of one kind, the desert.

The number of dishes of each kind is generally according to the number of guests.

It may also be according to the importance of the occasion for which the dinner is given; to the honor the giver or givers wish to show the personage or personages invited; to the amount of money they are willing to spend, etc.

* * * * * * * * *

It is just as easy to select dishes for a small family dinner as for a grand one; two, three, four, or more dishes can be selected; for instance, you select a potage, an *entree* or *rot*, or both, one vegetable or a sweet dish, or both; and one or as many plates of dessert as you please.

Have a bouquet in the middle of the table, if possible, or at least a basket of fruit. Flowers during dinner have the same effect as music after it; they soften the manners, and gently and sweetly gratify the senses.

* * * * * * * * *

Order of dishes.—1. *Potages*. 2. *Hors-d'œuvres*. 3. *Relevés:* of fish, and then of meat. 4. *Entrees:* beef, mutton, lamb, veal, fish, poultry, and game last. 5. *Rots:* of meat and then of fish. 6. *Entremets:* salads of greens, vegetables, eggs, macaroni, sweet dishes, and cakes. 7. *Dessert:* cheese the first.

First part or *Potages*.—Any kind coming under the head of potages or soups.

Second part or *Hors-d'œuvres*.—These are small dishes placed on the table as soon as the soup dish is removed or even before, and which are removed just before serving the sweet dishes of the *entremets*. They are passed round after every dish, on account of being considered more as appetizers, as repairers of the natural waste of animal life. Very little of them is partaken of at a time; they are anchovies; artichokes, raw; pickled beets; butter; caviare; raw cucumbers; figs; every kind of fish, salted, smoked, pickled, or preserved in oil; every kind of pickled fruit; horse-radish; horse-radish butter; melons; broiled mushrooms; olives; raw and pickled oysters; steamed potatoes served with butter; sardines; sanicissons; sausages, salt and smoked, but not fresh; salted and smoked tongue; tunny; walnuts in salad.

Third part or *Relevés*.—*Relevés* are composed of fish and large pieces of meat. A fish served whole is always a *relevé;* in pieces, it is an *entree*. Pieces of beef, mutton and pork, roasted, are always served as *relevés*. At a family dinner the *relevé* is almost always a fish. The other pieces of meat that are served as *relevés* are bear, buffalo, boiled and corned beef, leg and saddle mutton, quarters of lamb, large pieces of veal; also all *rot-au vents* of meat and of fish, *bouchees* and fishpies.

Fourth part or *Entrees*.—These comprises every dish of meat, except poultry and game, when roasted; every dish of fish not served whole: also *patie de foies gras*, sour-krout, snails, meat-dishes, terrines, pains of game and of poultry. The dishes of meat mentioned in the *relevés* may be served as *entrees* at a family dinner. The order of the dishes is described above.

Fifth part or *Rots*.—Poultry, game and fish. At a family dinner, lamb and veal are often served as roasted pieces, especially at seasons when there is no game, and poultry is scarce.

Sixth part or *Entremets*.—The following are served as *entremets:* all salads of greens; all dishes of vegetables, of omlets, except four, viz.: with bacon, salt pork, ham and kidneys. All dishes of macaroni, of rice, eggs *a la neige*, all sweet dishes (sweet dishes are also served as dessert,) and cakes; such as *baba*, *brioche*, *genoisese*, *maderines*, *savarin*, and sponge-cake.

Seventh part or Dessert.—The dessert comprises ripe fruit, sweet dishes (these are also served as *entremets*, according to taste,) pastry, except meat-pies, terrines, and pains,) salads of fruit, and cheese. After cheese, there is no rule for serving the other plates of dessert; it is according to one's taste.

Punch is served after the *entrees* or after the *relevés* of fish according to taste.

MISCELLANY.

CHARLES DICKENS AND SIR E. B. LYTTON.—The foreign correspondent of the Boston *Post* says: "He does not recall the early portraits where he shone with beautiful black eyes, splendid hair, and the complexion of healthy youth. He has not fallen off indeed as Lord Lytton has done. If you stand in Knebworth Hall, as I have stood, and look at the portrait of Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer, by Maclise, you will find it difficult to believe that the elderly gentleman in an old-fashioned blue coat, with a stoop in his shoulders, high collar and stiff neckerchief round his throat, and who puts his hand behind his ear when you speak to him—was the original of the painting. Charles Dickens is not a contrast of that kind. He has escaped the ill-health which has shattered the author of 'Pelham.' But his hair is iron-gray, and scanty; he wears a moustache and pointed beard, and his face has a red-brown tinge, which sometimes reminds one of the complexion of Louis Napoleon."

MR. DION BOUCICAULT has succeeded in his endeavors to get a protection for the property of French authors, a notification having been given to that author by the Board of Trade that the desires of dramatic authors will be granted, and that the next session will probably witness the passing of a bill embodying the wishes of English authors, and some sort of justice to the French. Mr. Tom Robertson, as an English author who invents his own plots, is delighted at the prospect; Mr. Tom Taylor, who borrows his ready-made, is supposed to be correspondingly doleful.

MRS. SCOTT-SIDDONS, great granddaughter of the great Siddons, is a dramatic failure.

SATAN.

That emperor, who sways
The realm of sorrow, at mid breast from the ice
Stood forth; and I in stature am more like
A giant than the giants are his arms;
Mark how great that whole must be, which suits
With such a part. If he were beautiful
As he is hideous now, and yet did dare
To scowl upon his Maker, well from him
May all our misery flow. Oh, what a sight!
How passing strange it seemed when I did spy
Upon his head three faces: one in front
Of hue vermilion: the other two with this
Midway each shoulder join'd and at the crest;
The right 'twixt wan and yellow seem'd; the left
To look on, such as come from whence old Nile
Stoops to the lowlands. Under each shot forth
Two mighty wings, enormous as became
A bird so vast. Sails never such I saw
Outstretch'd on the wide sea. No plumes had they,
But were in texture like a hat; and there
He flapped i' th' air, that from him issued still
Three winds, wherewith Cocytus to its depth
Was frozen. At six eyes he wept: the tears
Adown three chins distill'd with bloody foam.
At every month his teeth a sinner champ'd,
Bruised as with ponderous engine; so that three
Were in this guise tormented. —*Dante.*

A MORMON OTHELLO.

OTHELLO was most excellently played at the Opera House on Monday evening last, and Mr. McCullough filled the title role in a splendid manner. The part at best is an ardous and trying one, but the Mormon version must be fearfully exhausting, if the following account of it, for which the "Fat Contributor" is responsible, be true:

At a Mormon theatre, not long ago, they played *Othello*. "Othello" was represented, as usual, but polygamy demanded more than one "Desdemona," so there were fifteen Mrs. Othellos for this Moor to be jealous of. The consequence was he grew fifteen times as jealous as any other "Othello" on the stage, and raved and ranted fifteen times as loud. The actor who undertook the part has been laid up in bed ever since.

In the first place, there were fifteen "Brabantios" clamoring for their daughters, who had eloped and married the Moor. The text had to be changed a little, of course. When brought before the Senators, charged with winning fifteen young women of Caucasian blood by the use of charms, love powders, etc., he said:

"Their fathers loved me, oft invited me;
Still questioned me the story of my life,
From year to year: the battles, sieges, fortunes
That I had passed."

Fifteen mortified and repentant fathers immediately regretted that they had seemed to countenance negro equality by inviting the black man to their homes, although he had fought nobly during the war. Then "Othello" drew a touching picture of the sympathies which his tale excited in the breasts of the fifteen young women; how they would hurry through their housework to listen to it, half washing the breakfast things, and leaving the chamber-work until afternoon. He found at length "a pliant hour," when the fifteen susceptible young women were all together, and drew from them "a prayer of earnest heart," that he would give them the story entire in one number, which they had got in fragments from day to day. He consented, and often did beguile tears from fifteen pairs of eyes when speaking of some distressful stroke that his youth suffered. Fifteen woman-power sighs rewarded his story, and then they swore—fifteen of 'em—

"They wished they had not heard it, yet they wished
That heaven had made them such a man."

They requested him, if he knew of any promising young man of good income who was in love with them, to teach him how to repeat that entertaining yarn of his, and that would woo them. Of these fifteen hints he spoke:

"They loved me for the dangers I had passed,
And I loved them that they did pity them,—
Here come the ladies, let them witness it."

Then the fifteen Desdemonas enter, perceiving a divided duty between their husband and their fifteen paternals, but they shake their papas, and cling to the Moor, thus administering a salutary rebuke to the opposers of universal suffrage.

The plot progresses. "Iago" excites the jealous rage of "Othello" by pretending to find fifteen pocket handkerchiefs, that the Moor had given his wives, in "Cassio's" bed-chamber. They were neatly embroidered handkerchiefs, with a butterfly in one corner, and his initials, "G. W. O." (George Washington Othello,) in red.

It was hard to make "Othello" believe for some time that his fifteen wives had gone back on him, but the wily and treacherous "Iago" plies his arts so skilfully that the Moor is at length convinced, and resolves to avenge his honor, that has received fifteen deadly stabs, by making himself a widower. This he accomplishes by smothering his fifteen wives with their fifteen different bolsters, being called before the curtain by the enraptured audience at the death of each of the fifteen Desdemonas.

[For the Californian]

ROUNDABOUT PAPERS—NO. I.

ON THE USE OF THE KNIFE.

IN that happy period of life when candy holds a prominent place in the affections and notions of paradise are associated with plentiful supplies of apples, cakes, and nuts, nothing so charms the mind of childhood as much as one of those good old tales beginning with "once upon a time." But the growing literary taste of which nursery tales form the germ, soon requires stronger food than elves and fairies. Robinson Crusoeish yarns, and startling adventures by sea and land, gratify the craving for intellectual excitement, until the youth merges into that dreamy age when love-sick novels fascinate his imagination, and looking with wistful eyes round the circle of his female firmanent, he fixes on one bright particular star as the center of his sighs, enshrines her in his air-built castles, and mentally makes his adored one the personification of all the virtues and beauties of the fictitious heroines. Now comes the merging point from which we assume an individuality that lasts through life, but whether the sighing swain becomes a sensible married man, a pleasant or disagreeable bachelor, an adept at consuming whisky, or a Dashaway, the sentimental stage of life's journey having been passed, sentimental literature is abjured and we hanker with a sharp relish after the sensational. Now, Mr. Jones, don't deny it, although you are a subscriber to the Patigonian Tract Society, I know well enough that your first glance on opening the newspaper is for terrible murders and spicy divorces; and not only that, Mr. Jones, but I have the effrontry to say that there is such a naughty corner in every man's heart, as to induce him to peruse, (surreptitiously, of course,) publications of the *National Police Gazette* stamp, with wicked avidity. And your worthy sponse is just as bad; for is it not a fact that she skipped that report in this morning's *Alta*, on the "Mammoths of Siberia," to read the scandal about Mrs. Sumner and the German Attaché? Well, I don't blame either of you. It is a weakness in human nature for which we must censure Adam, and I have used my knowledge of the failing to head this article with a formidable title.

"Read under false pretences," you may exclaim, for there is nothing horrible, bloody, or murderous in my theme; no tragic episode of the Barbary Coast, no startling denouement ending in fearful revenge, nothing at all about dagger, poignard or stilletto, but merely an essay on the use and abuse of the dinner knife.

Having followed me down the column, pray give me your attention to the end, and the subject introduced in such a roundabout manner shall be followed without further divergence.

What are the faults of the fork that it should no more be used? Why is the juicy morsel no longer conveyed to the expectant palate, impaled upon its shining prongs? Have we, in our anxiety to cast aside Old World customs, inaugurated a new code of manners, of which the first commandment reads, "with thy knife only shalt thou eat." Certainly we have brought the use of the domestic weapon to great perfection. I have seen Chinese jugglers throw a fringe of knives round a brother celestial, when the slighest mis-aim would have inflicted a serious wound, but I daily see Americans take the glittering blade between their teeth with such precision that an eighth of an inch to the right or left would be fatal to the jaws. But here is something to say on the score of economy, in defense of the custom, as salt spoons have become unnecessary, and butter knives obsolete; but whether the money gain is not counterbalanced by the uncleanliness of the action I will not stop to discuss. If in a laudable desire to hurry through the meal in fifteen minutes, it is found that the powers of feeding by means of the fork is too slow a method, will not some humanitarian take the matter in hand and add another prong to the ill-used steel, so that we can shovel in our food as fast as with a knife. The small vices of nations are better known than their great virtues, and our tobacco chewing and knife using have become world famous as American characteristics. Dickens, Basil Hall, and Mrs. Trollope have all referred to it, foreigners universally comment upon it and it is without doubt an ungraceful and unmanly custom. If I can induce any of the readers of this journal to forego the habit, my short article will have done some small good. Such is my roundabout paper. PROSPECTOR.

COLLIDED.—The steamer *Washoe* collided with a bark just before reaching this city on her last trip yesterday, and received considerable damage thereby. One of her wheelhouses was demolished and her pilot house was carried away. A passenger named Bosford, who is employed as a compositor in the *Times* office, was severely if not fatally injured.

A WORD TO PRUDENT HOUSEWIVES.—We must call the attention of the prudent housewives of San Francisco to Meagher, Taaffe & Co.'s advertisement in another column. They announce that they will, on Monday, November 25th, continue their sale of goods at reduced prices. The goods which are to be sold at a sacrifice, comprise lace curtains, cloths for boys, wear and cloakings prints, shirtings and sheetings, hosiery, silks, etc.

GOLDEN SHOES.

May bought golden shoes for her boy,
Golden leather from heel to toe,
With silver tassel to tie at the top,
And dainty lining as white as snow:
I bought a pair of shoes as well,
For the restless feet of a little lad,
Common and coarse and iron-tipped,
The best I could for the sum I had.

"Golden," May said, "to match his curls;"
I never saw her petted boy:
I warrant he is but a puny elf,
And pink and white, like a china toy;
And who is he that he should walk
All shod in gold on the king's highway,
While little Fred, with a king's own grace,
Must wear rough brogans every day?

And why can May from her little hand
Fling baubles at her idol's feet,
While I can hardly shelter Fred
From the cruel stones of the broken street?
I envy not her silken robe,
Nor the jewels' shine, nor the handmaid's care;
But, ah! to give what I cannot,
This, this it is so hard to bear.

But down I'll crush this bitter thought,
And bear no grudge to pretty May,
Though she is rich, and I am poor,
Since we were girls at Clover Bay;
And ask the Lord to guide the feet,
So painfully and coarsely shod,
Till they are fit to walk the street
That runs hard by the throne of God.

"Good-bye, friend Ellen," "Good-bye, May:"
What dims her eyes so bright and blue,
As she looks at the rugged shoes askance?
"I wish my boy could wear those, too;
But he will never walk, they say."
So May, with a little sigh, has gone,
And I am left in a wondering mood,
To think of my wicked thoughts alone.

It needs not that I tell you how
I clasped my sturdy rogue that night,
And thanked the God who gave him strength,
And made him such a merry wight;
Nor envied May one gift she held,
If with it I must also choose
That sight of little crippled feet,
Albeit shod in golden shoes.

DAMAGES AWARDED.—The suit entered against the Potrero and Bay View Railroad Company for $10,000 damages for obstructing the navigation of the Bay by building a bridge near the powder magazine, was concluded yesterday, and the jury found for plaintiff, assessing the damages of $450.

HYMEN.—Hymen was a young man, of Athens, obscurely born, but extremely handsome. Falling in love with a lady of rank, he disguised himself in female attire, the better to carry on his amour; and as he was one day on the seashore celebrating the Eleusinian rites with his mistress and her female companions, a gang of pirates came upon them by surprise, and carried them off to a distant island, where the pirates got drunk for joy and fell asleep. Hymen then armed the virgins, and dispatched the sleeping pirates; when, leaving the two women upon the island, he sped to Athens, told his adventure, and demanded his beloved in marriage as her ransom. His request was granted; and so fortunate was the marriage, that the name of Hymen was ever after invoked on all future nuptials; and in progress of time the Greeks enrolled him among their gods.

WE should like, says a London paper, to see the reading of the translation of "Plutarch's Lives" revived, and introduced into boys' and girls' schools. They are the best introduction to a knowledge of Roman *life* that can be gained by any one far better than the histories of Rome—short or long—that abound. They taught Shakspeare what Rome was; they are regularly studied in France; and the verdict of our own best scholars is in their favor now.

THE sales of Dickens' works shows "Pickwick" to be decidedly the most popular of all. "David Copperfield," generally considered his most perfect story, comes after "Pickwick," and then the relative popularity of the principal others stands thus: "Nicholas Nickleby," "Old Curiosity Shop," "Christmas Stories," "Dombey," "Oliver Twist." There is no marked difference among the remainder of the list.

LADIES' STATIONERY.—Tyler Brothers have a new and splendid stock of fine stationery at their store, 691 Market street, corner of Third, and prepare all stationery with stamped initials without extra charge. They keep on hand also every variety of school books and school stationery in use in our schools, for the accommodation of their juvenile friends. They give particular attention to these branches of their business, and wish all residents of the southern portion of the city to bear this fact in mind.

REMOVAL.—John G. Hodge & Co., importers and wholesale stationers, have removed to the southwest corner of Sansome and Sacramento streets. This old house is now located in more commodious quarters, and has gained increased business facilities.

BOYS' CLOTHING at less than cost, can be bought at H. M. Lockwood & Co.'s, 625 Clay street. They are closing out business, and have made youths' and boys' clothing an especial branch in their business for years past. See there advertised list of prices elsewhere.

LITTLE THINGS.

In a little precious stone what splendor meets the eyes:
In a little lump of sugar how much sweetness lies!
So in a little woman, love grows and multiplies:
You recollect the proverb says—"a word unto the wise."

A pepper-corn is very small, but seasons every dinner,
More than all other condiments, although 'tis sprinkled thinner:
Just so a little woman is, if love will let you win her,
There's not a joy in all the world you will not find within her.

And as within the little rose you will find the richest dyes,
And in little grain of gold much price of value lies,
And from a little balsam much odor doth arise,
So in a little woman there's a taste of Paradise.

The skylark and the nightingale, though small and light of wing,
Yet warble sweeter in the grove than all the birds that sing:
And so a little woman, though a very little thing,
Is sweeter, far than sugar, and flowers that bloom in Spring.

FRONT SEATS.

A CHAPTER IN THE HISTORY OF THE STAGE.

BY DUTTON COOKE.

IN the early days of the British theatre it was usual to permit the class of spectators who frequented the boxes to take their seats, if they so preferred, on the stage, and to provide them with stools, for the use of which they paid sixpence or a shilling, according to circumstances. Ben Jonson, in the Induction to his "Cynthia's Revels," makes one of the characters offer a stool to another for the sixpence. "For what, I pray you?" he demands. "What shall I do with it?" "Oh, Lord, sir," replies the first, "will you betray your ignorance so much? Why, throne yourself in state on the stage as other gentlemen use, sir." Seated upon their stools, or reclining upon the rushes with which the stage was strewed, the young nobles, gallants, wits, and poets of the day held inquest upon the performance and criticised its deficiencies, the while they regaled themselves with pipes and tobacco supplied by their own pages or by the attendants of the theatre. They laughed, jested with each other, and sometimes interrupted and addressed the players much after the manner of Duke Theseus and his friends during the performance of the tragedy of "Pyramus and Thisbe" by the clowns in "Midsummer Night's Dream." The play-going gallant had, as Dekker says, "A signed patent to engross the whole commodity of censure, may lawfully presume to be a guider, and stand at the helm to steer the passage of the scenes." Smoking was then a common practice in theatres as well as everywhere else. King James, in his "Counterblast to Tobacco," affirms that "no time or action was exempted from the public use of it;" and the "Gull's Horn Book" says that the gallant made great display of his smoking abilities at the playhouse. Occasionally the actors on the stage smoked as well as the spectators, although this, no doubt, was chiefly the case in such plays as were intended to represent the manners of the age. Thus, in "Every Man out of his Humour," Fastidius is found smoking perfumed tobacco from a pipe hearing "the true form of a woodcock's head." He makes love and puffs smoke at every pause. "Troth, sweet lady, I shall—he prepared to give you thanks for those thanks, and—study more officious and obsequious regards—to your fair beauties.——Mend the pipe, boy." Whereupon Marciente, another of the characters, comments: "I ne'er knew tobacco taken as a parenthesis before."

It was on a stage thus dimmed with smoke and diminished by a crowd of lounging critics that the works of Shakspeare and his contemporaries were first presented to the public. No wonder that the prologue to his "King Henry the Fifth," after longing "for a muse of fire," the poet should descend to apologetic terms.

"But pardon, gentle all,
The flat, unraised spirits that have dared
On this unworthy scaffold to bring forth
So great an object: can this cockpit hold
The vasty fields of France? or may we cram
Within this wooden O the very casques
Thus did affright the air at Agincourt?"

In time, however, an alteration took place in the disposition of the seats on thest age. They were not altogether aholished; hut they were, by means of a dwarf screen or partition, severed from the portion of the theatre devoted to the players, and they then assumed the form of stage boxes—as may be seen in the engraving after Hogarth of the interior of the theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields during the performance of the "Beggar's Opera." The audience still sat behind the curtain and encroached upon the domain of the actors; hut they interfered much less than fomerly with the view of the representation. In 1729, however, an attempt was made at Drury Lane Theatre to revive the old custom, and on the occasion of the first performance of the "Village Opera"—an obscure work upon which the more familiur "Love in a Village" is in a great degree founded—the Duchess of Queensberry—Prior's "Kitty, beautiful and young"—took her seat on the stage in the full view of the spectaters. To judge by the following lines, current at the time, the lady's proceeding was not very favorably regarded by the house:

"Bent on dire work, and kindly rule, the town,
Impatient, hissed thy seat, dear duchess, down;
Conscious that there, had thy soft form appeared,
Lost all in gaze, no vacant ear had heard:
Thy lambent eyes had looked their rage away,
And the relenting hiss, and saved the play.
Thus, not in clouds (as Father Homer sung)
Such as fair Venus round Æneas flung,
Had our dull bard escaped the dreadful fright,
But sunk concealed in an excess of light!"

There can he no doubt, however, that for a long time the spectators who were admitted to seats upon tho stage seriously incommoded the actors and affronted the less privileged portion of the audience. In an early "Spectator" Steele, describing a visit to the Haymarket Theatre, makes mention of his surprise at seeing a "well-dressed young fellow in a full-bottomed wig appear in the midst of the sea, and without any visible concern take snuff." The Fine Gentleman in Garrick's little comedy of "Lethe," describes to Æsop his manner of spending his evenings: "I dress, and go generally behind the scenes of both playhouses—not, you may imagine, to be diverted with the play, but to intrigue and show myself; I stand upon the stage, talk loud and stare about, which confounds the actors and disturbs the audience, upon which the galleries, who hate the appearance of one of us, begin to hiss and to cry, 'Off, off!' while I, undaunted, stamp my foot *so*, loll with my shoulder *thus*, take snuff with my right hand, and smile scornfully *thus*. This exasperates the savages, and they attack us with vollies of sucked oranges and half eaten pippins." "And you retire?" Æsop inquires. "Without douht," replies the Fine Gentleman, "if I am sober; for orange will stain silk, and an apple disfigure a feature."

It was long a custom in the London theatres, on special occasions or particular benefits, to accomodate an overflowing house by means of benches erected across the stage rising one above the other, until sometimes the spectators were perched up higher than the trees of the scenery, and hats and bonnets were beheld fastened to the clouds. The playhill of Garrick's benefit in 1742 contains an announcement that "the stage will he formed into an amphitheatre, where servants will be allowed to keep places." In the following year it was stated that "the stage will be formed into side boxes, and seven rows of the pit will he railed into boxes." The entrances were oftentimes on these occasions so choked up by the spectators that the players could hardly come upon the scene; "and," says an authority, "the feats of Bosworth field, amidst drums, trumpets, battle-axes and spears, were enacted between two audiences, while Richard spoke his tent soliloquy and his dying lines upon a carpet no higger than a table cloth."

Tate Wilkinson relates that he had seen Mrs. Cibber, as Juliet, prostrating herself upon an old couch covered with black cloth to represent the tomh of the Capulets with at least two hundred persons behind her, and that when Quin returned to the stage for one night to play Falstaff for Ryan's benefit, notwithstanding the impatience of the audience to see their old favorite, he was several minutes before he could force his way on to the stage through the numbers that wedged him in.

Bnt this arrangement, however remunerative to the actor whose benefit was thus so liberally patronised, was very unsatisfactory to those among the spectators who came to the theatre for entertainment, and with an eye to scenic illusion. Moreover, hickerings and jealousies ensued between the audiences before and behind the curtain. Thereupon arose a practice, especially favored by the less popular comedians, of inserting at the bottom of their advertisements and playhills, by way of an additional attraction, a notice in the following terms, —"N. B. There will he no building on the stage." Thus, on the occasion of Mrs. Bellamy's benefit in 1753, the hills of the night announced, "No part of the pit will he railed into boxes, nor any building on the stage."

The presence of the spectators behind the scenes was for a long period a grave inconvenience and annoyance to the players. Efforts were made from time to time to abate what had become a real nuisance. In 1738, on the production of "Comus" at the Drury Lane, there was a notice in the playhills: "N. B. To prevent any interruption to the music, dancing, etc., 'tis hoped no gentlemen will take it ill they cannot he admitted behind the scenes or in the orchestra."

In the following season another notification appeared, "The audience having been much disgusted at the performance being interrupted by persons crowding on the stage, it is humbly hoped none will take it ill that they cannot be admitted behind the scenes in future." When "King John" was received in 1745 there appeared a somewhat similar announcement, the reason alleged being that the play was so full of characters that company behind the scenes would be of great prejudice to the performance. A few years later appears another notice, "As the admission of persons behind the scenes has occasioned a general complaint on account of the frequent interruptions in the performance, 'tis hoped gentlemen won't he offended that no money will he taken there for the future."

Garrick, when he became manager, was much bent upon a thorough reform in this matter; hut thorough reforms, as we all know, are not easy of accomplishment. The actors, in many cases, would not venture upon the expense of taking benefits if they were to he deprived of the privilege of crowding their friends upon the stage. The building on the stage put sometimes as much as a hundred, or even a hundred and fifty pounds into the pockets of the "beneficiaire." Then the young men of fashion, steady patrons of the drama, claimed the right to go "behind," not merely on benefit nights, hnt on all other occasions as well, and questioned the manager's power to control their wishes; while he, on his side, had some natural compunctions about offending such very constant supporters. It was not until the theatre was enlarged in 1762, and the space before the curtain made to contain as many persons as formerly filled the boxes, pit, galleries, and stage, that the actors were appeased, the excuse for going on the stage was removed, and the inconvenience and evil of the proceeding in a great degree suppressed. From that time only a very privileged few were admitted to the "arcana" of the playhouse.

The close contact into which the old custom of providing seats upon the stage brought the spectators and the players occasionally gave rise to rather curious incidents.

Mrs. Bellamy, the actress, in her autobiography, narrates an adventure that befell her on the Dnblin stage. She was performing Cleopatra to a crowded house, and amid tumultnous applause, when a gentleman who stood near the stage-door, took the liberty of demonstrating his approval after a very unjustifiable fashion. "Being a little flushed with liquor" (a condition in which it is to he feared tho fine gentleman of the last century was too frequently to he found,) "or otherwise," says the lady—"I am persuaded he could not have been capable of the rudeness—he put his lips to the back of my neck as I passed him. Justly enraged," she continues, "at so great an insult, and not considering that the Lord Lieutenant was present, or that it was committed before such a number of spectators, I instantly turned about and gave the gentleman a slap in the face." This prompt punishment of the offender seems to have delighted the house. The Earl of Chesterfield, the Lord Lieutenant of the time, rose from his seat clapping his hands, and the whole audience followed his example The tipsy gentleman was compelled to make a public apology, and a regulation was soon afterwards put in force prohibiting the admission behind the scenes of any not connected with the theatre.

It is a little curious to find Dr. Johnson a chief performer in a disturbance on the stage; hut Garrick used to tell a story that when, in the younger days of himself and his friend at Lichfield, their native place, some strolling players came and performed at the theatre, Johnson took a chair and seated himself on the stage. Leaving his seat for a few minutes, he found it occupied on his return hy a stranger, who refused to give it up, although formally requested so to do. Thereupon Johnson, without further parley, took up chair and man together, and hurled them into the pit! Mrs. Thrale thonght it worth while to inquire if the story was true. "Garrick has not spoiled it in the telling," said the doctor quietly; "it is very near true, to he sure."

That Johson was a man of athletic constitution, capable in his youth of putting forth great strength, there can be little question. As the bathing-man said in 1766 at Brighthelmstone, when he saw the doctor swimming and buffeting with the waves, "Why, sir, you must have been a stout-hearted gentleman forty years ago.—*Cassell's Magazine.*

HAIR IN MODERN FICTION.

HAIR has become one of the leading properties in fiction. The facility with which it flows over the shoulders and bosoms in its owner's vicinity is quite extraordinary. In every emergency it is ready for use. Its quantity and color, and the reflections in it, and even the "fuzz" which is its modern peculiarity, take the place of all those pretty qualities with which heroines used to he endowed. What need has a woman for a soul when she has upon her head a mass of wavy gold? When a poor creature has to be represented, her hair is said to be scanty, and of no particular color. Power, strength, a rich nature, a noble mind, are all to be found, embodied in this great attribute. Samson, being a Jew, had probably black locks, which would be against him; hut otherwise Samson would have made a great figure in these days, if indeed, Deliah had not outdone him with amber floods of equal potency. Amber is the tint patronized in the works of Ouda. It is the only idea we have been able to evolve out of her gorgeous pages, if indeed it can he called an idea. With other and more orthodox writers the hue is gold or red. When the conception demands a milder shade of coloring, auburn, and even chestnut (with gold reflections), are permissible; hut when very high effect is intended, red is the hue *par excellence*. Red and gold, in all its shades, are compatible with virtue; amber means rich, luxurious vice—meanness and poverty of character. As for black and brown, which were once favorites in fiction before it took too violent coloring, they are "nowhere." They may be permitted now and then in a strictly subordinate position, but they have nothing to do with the symbolism of modern art.

THE New York *Review* says, Bryant's Minstrels, we hear, are to be re-organized, and are to have a room in the new Tammany Hall building, on Fourteenth street.

WEAKNESS may be quite as good as strength, if you are wise enough to make a wise use of it.

THE UNLUCKY CAPTAIN.

I STOOD on Rosseau's Bridge at Geneva, at mid-day, waiting for the steam-boat to start for Montreux. How long I waited, I knew not, nor, indeed, did I care. Who can tire of the rushing past of that glorious river? There it glides from the lake, more transparent than at Ville Neuve, and with a far more vivid color. Here it flings itself, with a joyful bound, under the bridges, and over the shining sands! A pure life it has had (like other lives I know,) never dimmed by contact with base things, but purifying all in its vicinity, and leaving a bright line of light behind. Always so brilliant and so clear, reflecting sun and Alps and city in even brighter colors than their own. As I gazed into the blue and shining water, a swan, "milk white," floated majestically by. I raised my eyes, and there, high among the clouds, shone out Mont Blanc, that monarch of mountains, with "his diadem of snow," and nearer still, rose many mountains, forest-clad, or with soft velvet turf, and flowers and aromatic plants (and my soul was singing a hymn of Paradise,) when a shriek prolonged, repeated, recalled me to myself. It was the last cry of the departing steam-boat. I had seen my luggage placed on board some hours before, and I had only time to run across the bridge and spring on deck, before the paddles were in motion and the hawser cast off.

A slight shudder came over me when I recognized, in the person of the captain, an old friend, familiarly known as the "Ungluecklicher" (Unlucky One.) I turned to the friendly shore, in the vague hope of deferring my voyage; but the little wooden bridge was up, and there were many yards between me and the land. There was nothing left for it but for I and the Unlucky Captain to swim or sink—as I felt in my inmost heart the chances were we should—together. I took a sorrowful farewell of Geneva, and threw an anxious glance across the lake. It was smooth as glass; but what had waves and winds to do with fatality such as the Unlucky Captain's?

It was some comfort to find we were towing two large empty boats. Taking up a position as near to them as possible, I drew from my pocket a letter containing recent news of the "Ungluecklicher."

How many good ships and new, had sunk beneath our captain's military-looking legs, it is impossible for me to state correctly. As a mere tourist I *knew* of three. The extraordinary habit he had of wrecking them in that glassy sea, was only exceeded by his wonderful gift of fishing them up again. One went down like the Royal George, in port, on the loveliest and calmest day. In three weeks she was up again—in a deplorable state, certainly, as regards cabin furniture, and full of fish—but still up, and afloat! She had come, in the usual course of things, to pass the night in the harbor, when "a turn too much," as the captain expressed it, ran her over the small portion of an old pier, so close to the shore that it had never been considered necessary to remove it. Moreover every stick and stone of that old arrangement could be distinctly seen from boat or shore. These little "misfortunes" had always happened within a few yards of land, and had never been attended with any loss or even danger of life; but "the company" were in despair. The losses to them were incalculable. The wages of fishers up, the repairs or actual destruction of ships, were to them frightful. But the most curious feature in the whole proceeding was the way in which the half-ruined company protected and clung to its Unlucky Captain! No sooner was a ship "down" and up again, than "presto" (and pending the necessary repairs.) behold our dear old friend in command of the best boat on the lake. His little gentlemanly feet shod in the most irreproachable boots, his white pantaloons girded round the waist with a crimson sash, a loose blue jacket with gold buttons, showing the device of an anchor, emblem of hope, or "better luck next time" buttons, as Jack used to call them; a little blue cap showing on the front a still larger anchor. The whole man, so to speak, was steeped in hope; and bravely his goddess carried him through. His face shone with good humor and fun, with a dash of the "vaurien" rakishness best described by an English lady in the habit of making the voyage, "He has such a dear good-for-nothing look!" But listen to a recent act of this heroic "good-for-nothing." In one of his successful voyages across the lake, they encountered one of the sudden and terrific storms that sweep down the rifts of the Alps. The steamer was safe enough, but they were not far from a small pleasure boat, wherein were two boys battling in vain with the large wing like sail, to take it in. In a moment the boat capsized. One of the boys clung fast while it floated bottom upward, but the other was already in the current of the Rhone stream that was carrying him slowly but surely, far from help. Our dear old captain plunged into the lake, and swimming hard, overtook him before he sank, and held him safely until the steamer's boat rowed to the rescue, and took them in. And they picked up the other little fellow as they passed. Who would not be such an Unlucky Captain?

But to return to the actual state of things and to this particular voyage from Geneva to Montreux.

"I suppose you have heard of our friend's last exploit?" said an old friend of mine, an inhabitant of Geneva, pointing over his shoulder to where the captain was standing, surrounded by a little knot of admiring passengers.

"No; do tell!" said an American lady.

"Well," continued my friend, "he is at the top of the tree now. He wrecked that lovely little Seagull, the admiration even of naval men; six weeks ago, and now they've given him this, the best boat on the lake.

"His promotion was gained in this wise: About six weeks since, the Unlucky Captain was on the deck of the Seagull, talking in his genial way, with an English tourist and myself. You all know the Russian Princess' house, about ten miles further up? The land stretches out in a point there, well enough defined; but everybody hereabouts knows it must have a wide berth before making for the bay beyond. He pointed out the princess' house to the Englishman, and signed to the man at the wheel to edge in a little, until, in fact, we were not twenty yards from land.

"Suddenly, crash! Crack went the ship! The people sitting upon camp stools, rolled over and about in all directions. The ship was immovable, happily for us and our carpet-bags; for as long as the sharp rock she had struck upon remained in the hole it had made, the water entered but slowly. Still, we were as if you were balancing a toy-boat on the tip of your finger.

"I looked at the captain, he was stamping his feet and tearing his hair, but only for a moment. He soon recovered from his surprise, and giving a tighter twitch to his scarlet sash, addressed himself with the greatest intelligence to doing the best that could be done under the circumstances. Some ladies came screaming up from the saloon, naturally alarmed by the breaking up of the flooring, and the fountain of water springing up among the flowers in the carpet; but they were greatly relieved to find how near they were to a hospitable shore, being within that particular distance usually described by, 'as far as I can kick my hat.'

"The captain ordered round the boats (they had been 'out' in readiness all day,) and the debarkation of the women and children commenced instanter. In about ten trips, and in as many minutes, the passengers and crew were all safe on shore—all but the captain, who stuck gallantly to the ship. He sent everything moveable out of her, had the carpets torn up, and indeed saved *everything*—except the ship and the engines. There was great excitement among the unfortunate shareholders at Geneva. They sent off immediately three of 'the company to inquire into the circumstances of the accident, to report upon the same, and to administer a reprimand to the captain, if deserved. While they were holding a solemn and anxious meeting at Geneva, a letter was received from the three delegates, full of enthusiastic admiration of the 'resource and intelligence' of the captain under extraordinary difficulties.

"They had evidently gone over to the enemy, and succumbed under the influence of his genial countenance. 'His efforts,' they said, 'were superhuman, his energy, untiring. Night and day he worked and directed with every hope of success.' In a postscript was added that the shareholders might rest assurred that every care was taken of the captain, and that he was supplied with everything that he could possibly require to soften, as far as might be, the great misfortune that had befallen him. *A pair of goloshes* had just been returned to them with the captain's best thanks, but the water being two feet above the deck they were unnecessary.' The company groaned at the forlorn picture.

"For a week the captain and his staff worked without intermission. An enormous raft of wood encircled the scene of his disasters and labors. At last the little Seagull rose several feet out of water, and that night the captain went on shore to take some rest. Poor man he slept the sleep of the wet and weary. He dreamed that he was swimming for his life with his head under water (the normal state of his affairs in the flesh;) in his efforts to breathe he awoke, and found himself upon the floor. He was off at daylight to the scene of his triumphs, and in the joy of his heart, sent to invite the delegates on board to breakfast.

"In about three weeks, passed in the alternations of hope and fear, the steam-boat fairly floated. To be sure, she was full of water, her back and ribs were broken, she had scarcely a whole bone in her body; but still she floated, and, supported by a little forrest of fir-trees without, and a cargo of timber within, 'the company cherished every hope of being able on a calm day to tow her back to Geneva.' Some rough weather postponed the attempt for some days—days passed by our friend in triumphant glee. He was feted by the shareholders, and all along the shores of Lake Leman nothing was heard of but the genius for hydraulics deveveloped in the Unlucky Captain. He received very graciously a deputation of shipbuilders, was appointed to this splendid boat with increased pay, and was presented with a silken banner, federal-embroidered, by ladies: the very banner now waving above us.

"At the end of a week the weather moderated. The steam-tug crept up the lake, and made fast to our crippled friend, 'and all went merry as a marriage bell;' (one naturally quotes Byron here.) The voyage might take seven or eight hours. The dear old captain was in the highest spirits; he could not remain in the dirty little tug, but rowed merrily round and about his old disabled love, as if to keep up her spirits with his own; when, swoop came a blast of wind down that terrific gorge we are just passing! In five minutes the whole lake was up. The captain sought refuge in the tug; and the poor little Seagull, after twirling and twisting, the sport of winds and waves, shook herself free from the protecting fir-trees, and settled down at the bottom of the lake. The tug cast off the firwood at the captain's stern command. 'The company,' awaiting in a body the arrival of the wreck, were touched by the captain's agitation and distress. He really was knocked up in body and mind, so they took him home, and coaxed him into health and appetite, (the last thing that fails a true son of Tell,) and, presenting him with a testimonial, sent him afloat again."

"The question is whether *we* shall float," growled a nervous passenger; "why does that ass of a tourist occupy the captain's attention?"

"Oh," said my friend, "don't be alarmed about that. I forgot to tell you that 'the company' held a meeting—closed doors, and all that—and when they re-appointed the captain, they also appointed a lieutenant: that fellow standing on the paddle-box. *He* is to direct the steersman, and in fact has the entire charge of the navigation. The captain being requested, 'as a favor to the company,' to take his stand at the gangway, at the exit and entrance of passengers, to receive tickets, in consequence of discrepancies in the issue of them and the reception of money. This relieves him of all responsibility regarding the ship, and is, in fact, a compliment, as showing the confidence reposed in him by the company. I am myself a shareholder," continued my friend; "I have sustained considerable losses; but I also participate in the enthusiasm for our captain. I declare to you he is the best fellow——"

Hallo! What's that? There was a crack and a scrape from end to end of the ship. We breathed again, for we were making way; but we had evidently passed over some hard and dangerous substance.

"There!" again groaned the nervous passenger.

"Ease her! Stop her! Back her!" shouted the captain, and the man at the helm (who hated the lieutenant) obeyed. The captain, with a wild gleam in his eyes, pointed (for he could not speak) to a dark something in the lake; and there, reposing under the shining water, we distinctly saw the beautiful little Seagull, or all that remained of her.

We had struck upon her topmast, and had scraped over it from end to end without injury; but, alas! while hovering so lovingly over and around the remains of his lost pet, the captain once more took "a turn too much," and—not far off from the scene of the last catastrophe—struck heavily, and, I felt assured, hopelessly, on the sand.

There was no danger for the moment, as the bottom was soft, and not a breath of air was stirring the sleeping lake. The dear old captain assured us that we should float again in half an hour; but my time in Switzerland was short, and bidding a hasty adieu "To the ship and her crew," I, with my bag and the nervous gentleman, rowed to shore; thence to get on, as we best might, to Montreux.

Three days afterwards, in the train, I passed near the scene of our disaster, and there, with shocked surprise, I beheld the ship still hard and fast, surrounded by a fleet of boats and the inevitable fir-trees, the little tug creeping up from Geneva, and the dear old captain, in his scarlet sash, radient and gleaming amongst the crowd, lending a hand everywhere, directing, working, and sending off reassuring telegrams every half-hour. I was obliged to continue my journey direct to England; but I felt a pleasurable conviction that this accident being only, as it were, in connection with the last and developing, in an equal degree, the resources of the commander—would be worth to him at least a silver cup and a banner, cantonal.

As the train rushed by, I strained my eyes to catch a last glimpse of the dear old fellow and his staff. There they were, the ship, the water, and the Alps, all glowing in the sunset! As I smiled at his uncertain voyages, may I be forgiven for confessing that these lines of Wordsworth's visited my brain:

> *Where* lies the land to which the ship must go?
> What haven *is* her mark?
> And almost, as it was, when ships were rare,
> A doubt, and something dark,
> Some reverential fear
> Is with thee, at "this" farewell, joyous bark.

It is announced that the "Christmas" number of *Once A Week* will appear on the 1st of November! This fashion of publishing periodicals a long time before their date is being carried to a most absurd extent. By-and-by we shall be reading our Christmas numbers under the shade of trees at midsummer.

Fame is an undertaker that pays but little attention to the living, but bedizens the dead, furnishes out their funerals, and follows them to the grave.

A high human soul is a temple dedicated to heaven; and like the Pantheon at Rome, it is lighted only from above.

NOTICE.

The publication of "THE CALIFORNIAN" *takes place on Saturday mornings, and copies may be obtained in the City at all News stands, and of our News-agents through the country. It will also be served by carriers on the morning of publication.*

WHITE & BAUER, *News Dealers, No.* 413 *Washington street, are General Agents for* THE CALIFORNIAN *in the interior counties of this State; also, for the adjacent States and Territories.*

All kinds of JOB PRINTING done with neatness and despatch at reasonable rates.

J. P. BOGARDUS,
J. F. BOWMAN. } *Editors and Proprietors.*

THE CALIFORNIAN.

SAN FRANCISCO,.....SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1867.

CAUTION.

ALL PERSONS advertising in THE CALIFORNIAN are hereby cautioned against paying any bills to W. M. WALLACE, a former solicitor for this paper. No persons are authorized to collect for advertisements in THE CALIFORNIAN except the undersigned proprietors.

J. P. BOGARDUS,
J. F. BOWMAN.

San Francisco, November 13, 1867.

THE THEOLOGICAL MOVEMENT.

WITHIN the last five or six years the indications of a radical change in the heretofore accepted ideas of Protestant theology have been rapidly multiplying. We say of Protestant theology, because such changes do not, and it would seem cannot in the nature of things occur in that Church whose motto is, *Semper, ubique eadem*, and whose claim of infallibility is inconsistent with the idea of change. Among the indications referred to, the most significant, are not so much the mere fact of the appearance and immense circulation of such books as those of Colenso and Renan, "Ecce Homo," "Liber Librorum," "The Human Element in the Inspiration of Scripture," the "Prophecy of the Extinction of Christian Civilization," and others of a similar spirit and tendency, as the singularly modified tone in which works of this character are spoken of by the religious and literary organs that represent, or are in sympathy with the various Protestant denominations. Such books are no longer greeted with outbursts of ecclesiastical wrath, or austerely dismissed as "infidel publications;" they are calmly, even if not fairly criticised, and are treated in all respects as legitimate literary works, which it is no sin to read or to discuss, and the authorship of which entails no social odium. So far at least as Protestantism is concerned, Christian doctrine has assumed the garb of rationalism and has almost entirely lost its dogmatic features. It is scarcely too much to say, that the "orthodoxy" of fifty—or even of thirty years ago, has ceased to exist. The sects popularly known as Calvinistic no longer hold the doctrines of Calvinism; and their most conservative theologians have long ceased to teach what their own creeds and authorized formularies contain. There are some of the "Thirty Nine Articles," that few Episcopalians would profess to believe in their literal construction; and no Episcopal congregation could probably be found in the United States that would not be horrified at the reading of the Athanasian Creed. In most of the other Protestant denominations, especially the Baptists and Presbyterians, the discrepancy between their former and their present teaching, between the doctrines laid down in their standards and those promulgated from the pulpit, is much greater than is the case with the Episcopalians. Meantime, while this process is still going on, and while its effects are seen in all Protestant bodies, radically modifying their preaching and their denominational literature, the Roman Catholic Church remains to all appearance utterly exempt from its influence. Members of her communion as individuals, are of course to a greater or less degree affected by it, for none can resist altogether the spirit of the age, but the Church as an ecclesiastical organization can make no concessions to it. By her very nature and constitution, by her proud boast of infallibility and unchangeableness, by all her historic pretensions, and by the traditions of more than twelve hundred years, she is bound to do battle with Rationalism, even to the death. She cannot, like the Protestant communions, either yield or compromise. She cannot attempt to conciliate the critical and rationalistic spirit by explaining away her mysteries, by denying her miracles, or by the change of a jot or tittle of her dogmas, in order to make them easier of belief or less humbling to the pride of the understanding. If the revolution which is so radically transforming the Christian theology in all the Reformed Churches, is to affect her at all, it must utterly destroy her.

THE underground railway in London is declining in favor since the press pointed to the mysterious deaths occurring among travelers by that mode of conveyance. The London *Globe*, of the 31st August, in reverting to the subject, says: "What we have said, and now repeat, is this, that the atmosphere in this subterranean way is so horribly foul, that before long, we may expect choke-damp, if, indeed, it is not even now present in the tunnel, and unless effectual means are at once taken to remove the evil, there must be fire-damp."

VERDI avers that he will write no more operas. If he keeps his word, the world will be the loser.

MR. SUPERINTENDENT FITZGERALD'S MANIFESTO.

AN article recently published in the *Spectator*, the organ of the "Methodist Episcopal Church South," on this coast, and edited by the Rev. O. P. Fitzgerald, State Superintendent of Public Instruction elect, has elicited a large amount of comment from the city and interior press. The *Bulletin* having remarked upon the vague and non-committal character of the article, its covert and indirect use of language, and spoken of it as "a feeler," the *Examiner*, assuming an absurdly magisterial tone, says:

We assure the *Bulletin* that its suggestions touching school matters and what course the Democratic Superintendent should pursue, are both gratuitous and impertinent. He understands his duty and will discharge it without consulting the Radicals. On one thing that paper may rely. There will be a weeding out and a doing away with all political text books designed to poison the minds of the youth of the State by educating them in Radical heresies; and also of teachers who worship the infamous murder and incendiary, John Brown, and have introduced "his soul goes marching on" as a national anthem in our schools.

Evidently the *Examiner* is laboring under the illusion that the powers of the Superintendent are autocratic in their nature. The fact is, that Mr. Fitzgerald will not be quite absolute in his control of school matters, as the *Examiner* seems to imagine. The Board of Education of San Francisco, retains certain powers with which the State Superintendent cannot interfere, and in the interior, the trustees of the district schools wield a corresponding authority. The law has fortunately set limits to the powers of the State Superintendent, and should he manifest a wish to carry out the principles vaguely hinted at in his recent manifesto, there are multitudes of men even of his own party, including some who occupy more important positions on the ticket on which he was elected, than himself, who will confront him with a most pronounced and resolute antagonism.

THE COLLEGES OF THE SOUTH.

THE undergraduates of Yale College, aided in all probability to no small extent, by the professors, are publishing a periodical entitled the *Yale Courant*. In one of its recent issues, the *Courant* solicited correspondence from the South, furnishing information in regard to the present condition of Southern Universities, and the losses sustained by them during the war. The answers thus far received present a sad picture of the desolating effects of the recent struggle. The president of the Mercer University of Georgia, writes that "we lost about $100,000 by the war, and adds that they have now only sixty-five students against twice that number, before the commencement of hostilities." "The people," he adds, "are too poor to send their sons to college." The University of Alabama reports that the building of that institution was burned on the 3d of April, 1865, "by a brigade of United States Cavalry," and that buildings worth $250,000, together with a library of 20,000 volumes, were destroyed by order of Major General Wilson. The New York *Evening Mail*, commenting upon these reports from Southern educational institutions, says:

"We can hardly account for such an uncalled for destruction of valuable and harmless property, at a time too, when the power of the rebellion was entirely broken. We trust it was not done by Major General Wilson's command. The Southern colleges have paid the penalty of the rebellion, like everything else in the South. The remark of the president of Mercer University, that all their alumni, and nearly all their students had served in the Confederate army, has a peculiar significance, when we consider the losses and present condition of the Southern colleges. We trust however, that the places of learning in the South will revive, now that peace is restored; we are certain, indeed, that they will not only revive, but that they will enter upon a career of prosperity which they never could have entered under the former institution of the South. They are now, as they never were before, fairly in the field with the Northern Colleges. There is no barrier between Southern learning and Northern learning. The Southern colleges are poor and crippled by the war, but they are in the right path. Let our Northern Universities extend the right hand of fellowship to those of the South and all go on together in the work of educating our young men and advancing science together."

MR. DICKENS' proposed visit to this country has set afloat once more among the newspapers the farewell verses which Tom Hood—Tom Hood, Sr.—addressed to his friend Boz on the occasion of his first trip across the Atlantic. The poem will probably be new to most of our readers.

TO C. DICKENS, ESQ., ON HIS DEPARTURE FOR AMERICA.

Pshaw! away with leaf and berry,
And the sober-sided cup!
Bring a goblet, and bright sherry,
And a bumper fill me up!
Though a pledge I had to shiver,
And the longest ever was!
Ere his vessel leaves our river,
I would drink a health to Boz!

Here's success to all his antics,
Since it pleases him to roam,
And to paddle o'er Atlantics,
After such a *sale* at home!
May he shun all rocks whatever,
And each shallow sand that lurks;
And his *passage* be as clever
As the best among his works.

[For the Californian.]

A MYSTERY.

A THING to be thought with abated breath,
And named with tears.
There ever shall be as there ever have been,
Beyond our ken,
The weight of the Past with its burden of sin,
A shadow thrown from the Future within,
On the souls of men.
And the weight unfelt and the shadow unseen,
With the cry of the Present unheard between,
Is all of life.
And 'tis only through toil and the nameless pain
Of wishes forever unwished again,
By an aimless strife,—
As who should do battle with weapon of steel
To the fleshless Dark which he cannot feel,
As it hedges him round—
That peace is found.
Thinkst thou that "to smile" is the same as "to live,"
That a life shall receive what it need not give,
That toil is toil;
That a fruitful future unmoistened by tears,
Brings harvest of ears,
And wine and oil?
O, Dreamer of Dreams, there forever shall be
A blossomless growth in the spirit of thee,
Still draping in gloom.
Each fairy façade of each castle so fair,
By thy fancy upreared in the roseate air,
As ivy a tomb.
'Tis rooted in life and its fruit is of death,
And the prisoned breath,
In its baleful shadow, still shudders and moans
In voiceless tones.
Wouldst thou know, O mortal, the secret of Pain?
'Tis the payment in blood for each wish we obtain.

San Francisco, November 18th, 1867. A. G. BIERCE.

CALIFORNIAN PUBLICATIONS.

ROMAN & CO., of this city, have during the last twelve-months, evinced extraordinary enterprise and hardihood in the business of publishing California books, by which we mean, books written by California authors. We regret to say, that the majority of these books are not of a character calculated to reflect any high credit either upon the author or the publisher. Nor are we able to perceive how they could have proved remunerative, or even how they could have paid the expenses of paper, composition, press-work, and binding, by their sales. If the authors were anxious to appear in print, and without reference to considerations of profit and were in such pecuniary circumstances, that they could afford to guarantee the publishers against loss, and to become responsible for the expense of producing their books, we cant understand how a firm of publishers of ordinary sagacity should undertake to produce such books as "Ianthe, the Greek Slave," "In Bonds," and "Leah's Confession," neither of which possesses sufficient literary merit to stand the slightest chance of winning the favorable consideration of any eastern publisher. We do not believe the sales of either of the books named have paid, or will ever pay, one half of the expenses of publication, and we cannot suppose that the publishers have been so imprudent as to assume the risk of producing works which any intelligent publisher's reader would have condemned, after the most cursory examination. Unless Californian publishers can bring out a very different class of books from those which we have mentioned, we do not think that the cause of literature will be at all advanced by their enterprise.

GIVE US FACTS.

The subject of California wines and wine-making, seems to have excited an unusual amount of attention recently, and a number of our own journals have spoken of it in the most desponding terms, as though the whole business had proved a failure. The *Alta* some time since published an article on this subject, of the nature indicated, which we have seen reproduced in the New York *Tribune*, and in part, in other Eastern papers. While it is perfectly proper to speak out on this subject, withholding no facts, and representing things precisely as they are, statements damaging to the wine growing interest ought not to be sent abroad, unless their accuracy is undoubted. Without subscribing to the doctrine that seems to prevail to some extent in the community that papers and individuals are under a moral obligation to "crack up" the climate productions, business, and society of the State, on every available occasion, we think it not unreasonable to insist upon great care in avoiding the opposite extreme in all matters of grave practical import. The wine-manufacturing interest of California is a most important one, though yet in its infancy. A very large amount of capital is invested in it, and until it is clearly ascertained that the business cannot be profitably carried on, everything should be done to encourage and foster it. Meantime those who are swift to declare that it is impossible to produce good wines from the products of our vineyards, and to announce the failure of the attempt, should deal less in mere generalities, and furnish the facts upon which they base the inferance.

DRAMATIC AFFAIRS.

MISS HELEN TRACY was honored by a very large attendance on the occasion of her benefit on Monday last, the house was crowded in every part. In the farce of *The Spitfire*, with which the performance commenced, Harry Jackson as "Tobias Shortcut," kept the audience in a continual roar of laughter. The farce being concluded, *Othello* was presented with John McCullough as the "Moor," for the first time, and Miss Helen Tracy as "Desdemona." "Iago" was played by Henry Edwards. Mr. McCullough's rendition of "Othello" was admirable, evincing a thorough appreciation of the character, and ability to represent it truly. I have seen Mr. McCullough in no part in which he appears to equal advantage. He dressed and made up for the character in capital taste, He realized that during a great part of this play "Othello" is a madman, and was not afraid to represent him as such. He ranted as "Othello" *did* rant, and groaned as the booby soldier groaned when his great trouble came upon him: in reading the pathetic passages he modulated his voice artistically and gave them with due effect. Mr. McCullough's "Othello" was not a slavish copy of that given by other actors, nor at the same time did it evince a straining for original points. In the second scene in the fourth act, where he leaves "Desdemona," and throws a purse down at "Emilia's" feet, his simulation of furious rage was admirably sustained, and the manner in which he slammed the door behind him as he left the room was thoroughly natural. He delivered the words "*damn* her" with such honest emphasis that the house was startled and some of the gods could not refrain from laughing at the reality of his indignation. Miss Tracy's "Desdemona" evinced careful study and a good conception of the character, but her pronunciation of some common English words is very faulty. The "Iago" of Harry Edwards was a finished piece of acting; his reading was faultless, and the quiet manner in which he made telling points was the theme of general admiration. Mr. Sinclair deserves credit for the careful manner in which he played "Cassio," carefully avoiding anything like exaggeration. Mrs. Stewart was excellent as "Emilia," and delivered the speeches which fell to her with telling effect. This actress has returned to this State looking about six years younger than when she left it. If she continues to move backward and become young at this rate it will not be long before she takes to juvenile business once more. On Tuesday *Richelieu*, in which Mr. McCullough made such a hit, and in which Miss Helen Tracy won much applause by her representation of "Julie," was played. On Wednesday Mrs. Judah took a benefit. *The Love Chase* was performed, Henry Edwards, J. H. Vinson and Mrs. Bates volunteering for the occasion. The piece was capitally played throughout. The performance concluded with *Handy Andy*, in which Dan Bryant made his last appearance in Irish comedy. The house was densely crowded; after eight o'clock it was impossible to obtain standing room. Mrs. Judah is a talented, experienced and reliable actress, and fully merited the compliment paid her. On Thursday night *The Huguenot Captain* was played. Last night Willie Edouin, the young low comedian, took a benefit. He had, as he deserved, a bumper. The performance consisted of the melodrama of *The Writing on the Wall*, and the ballet pantomime of *The Dancing Scotchman*. This afternoon *The Writing on the Wall* will be played, and also in the evening, when it will be preceded by the side-splitting farce of *The Spitfire*. On Monday *Two Loves and a Life* will be played. Everyone must bear in mind that Wednesday evening next is set apart for the benefit of John McCullough, when *Richelieu* will be played. Mr. McCullough is a great favorite and is sure to have a large attendance. It is as well that the public should cheer these days, the saddest of the year, by patronizing benefits. It is is only once a year, as a rule, that the actor or actress tries to gather in a little harvest. Miss Olivia Rand, who has made commendable progress in her profession, works hard, is generally correct, and sings Con-stan-ti-no-ple stunningly, will have a benefit on Friday evening. The *Child of the Regiment* will be performed. In this play Miss Rand will appear to good advantage. It is good that our native bred California actresses should be encouraged a little, therefore I hope Miss Rand's benefit will prove a substantial assistance to her.

The Temple of Music has been thronged nightly with votaries of Calliope and Momus, and by constantly changing the programme and introducing novelties, the proprietors fully succeed in keeping the popularity of the entertainment up to its original high standard. The "old song night," last Thursday, was very successful and will bear constant repetition. The ghost, invented by Professor Pepper and Henry Dircke, will be exhibited on Monday. Leslie and Raynor claim that this illusion is different entirely from that heretofore exhibited in this city under the name of Pepper's Ghost.

To-night the Metropolitan Theatre will open under the new management consisting of Messrs. Edwards, Bates and Vinson. Charles Wheatleigh, who is deservedly a great favorite with the San Francisco public, will make his first appearance since his return from New York, as "Snorkey," in Augustin Daly's new play *Under the Gaslight*, supported by Mrs. F. M. Bates as "Laura Courtland," H. Edwards as "Ray Trafford," and a strong company in the other characters. The play will be produced with new scenery painted expressly for this occasion by Messrs. Rogers and Hesse; new and appropriate music by F. A. Howson, and novel mechanical effects by Mr. Robbins and assistants. The fact that J. H. Vinson has superintended the placing of this play on the stage is sufficient guarantee that little will be lacking which could serve to render it perfect.

To-night, Dan Bryant makes his first appearance in California, at Platt's Hall, as an Ethiopian minstrel. An immense programme has been prepared, which will be fully carried out by Dan Bryant supported by Joe Murphy and his band of minstrels. Platt's Hall will certainly be crowded in spite of all rival attractions.

G. M. Ciprico, who has lately returned from the interior, is busy making arrangements for the production of *The Merchant of Venice*, during the second series of Occidental Theatricals. The Occidental Club, by the by, had nothing to do with the exhibition which took place at the American Theatre on Saturday last, a party of independent amateurs having assumed their title for the nonce.

TOUCHSTONE.

[For the Californian.]

MY MOTHER.

BY TREM.

I DON'T like to talk against my mother, but I feel bound to expose her unequal manner of dealing with members of the family. We are a large family. Some of us are weak, others strong; some of us are inclined to be steady and well behaved, others too are dissolute. What puzzles me is the partiality which my mother shows towards certain of her children, and the harshness with which she treats others. One of my big brothers stays up until about four o'clock every morning, drinks twelve or thirteen hot whisky punches, and in the morning my mother simply pinches his ear and says, "Oh you naughty boy!" One of my younger brothers eat a small slice of roast pork the other day, and thus offended my mother. She almost immediately after discovering what he had done, flew at him like a tigress, and commenced punching him in the abdomen. He protested, but in vain, my mother was enraged. In eating pork he had committed an unpardonable sin, though many of my other brothers might devour the whole hog with impunity. My mother is very eccentric. One of my brothers pretends that it is very easy to please her. He says she has laid down certain plain, easily understandable laws for our guidance, and if we follow them strictly we shall never get spanked. He told one of my little brothers who was very weak, that our mother wished him to get up at five o'clock every morning and take a salt water bath as *he* did. My weak brother followed the advice of my strong brother with the hope of pleasing my mother, but alas! though he followed the example of my elder brother in every particular within three months after he commenced to do so, he died. Sometimes my mother says to me, "take exercise;" I immediately set out on a long walk, and perhaps before I have proceeded two miles, my mother is pinching me savagely in the back, and I am forced to sit down. The fact of the matter is, none of us understand our mother thoroughly. She makes different rules for each one of us, and that conceited prig of an elder brother of mine, who says that if we will all rise early, and take salt water baths, our mother will treat us kindly, knows nothing about the matter. I have had a sad quarrel with my mother of late. She ill-treated me, as I thought, without cause, and I became obstinate. Just because I got into the habit of staying up late at night, and drinking one or two glasses of whisky punch, the old woman got her dander up. She knocked me down flat, and heating a lot of wires red hot, passed them through the small of my back, then she took a small air pump, and exhausted all the air from my lungs, leaving a horrible feeling of tightness in my chest; by far the hardest part of this trial was the reflection that two or three of my brothers had done just the same as I had done, and had received no punishment. I have lost all confidence in my elder brothers who pretend to understand my mother perfectly, and declare that she has laid down certain rules for the guidance of her family which, if duly observed, will relieve her from the disagreeable necessity of punishing them. I'm not going to live on dry toast and tea, because my small brother says she told him that she would just whale him if *he* didn't do so. I won't take a walk before breakfast—at six o'clock in the morning—because another of my brothers thinks to curry favor with my mother by doing so. Not a bit of it! I don't believe that anyone understands my mother perfectly. Mother Nature lays down different laws for each of her children. When her children are stupidly disobedient, she spanks them, and they generally profit by the punishment. My mother is subject herself occasionally to a little disarrangement of her system, caused by earthquakes, volcanic eruptions and other diseases, and she shows a little charity towards her children. Her children, however, must each one for himself, talk to his mother, and try to understand the rules which she has laid down for him individually, instead of thinking that what applies to one applies to all.

MY SHANGHAI PONY AND WHAT IT COST M

BY FORBES MAITLAND.

MANY people labor under an impression that Frankfor is the greatest place in the world for lotteries, raffles, etc. These parties have evidently never visited the city of Shanghai, as it was in 1860, just after the close of the war. What between French officers on their way home, who at the sacking of "Yuug-miu-Yung," (the summer palace of the emperor,) had "looted" more watches and other valuables than they could conveniently stow away, British officers who had not looted enough and wished to get rid of their "private" horse in this manner, and "merchant princes" who wished to dispose of a few surplus curios, but would not see them on any account, we had rather a lively time, in fact a little too lively for us junior mercantile assistants. Our general office used to be daily inundated with lottery sheets, and of course, the bearer of each being a particular friend of some one in the house, and a capital fellow to boot, you could not well refuse—it was only three dollars—down went your name, and at the end of the month your account was sent in. To my disgust I generally found a debit note on my desk to the tune of some twenty dollars, rather a hard tax on a young man working hard in a wretched climate, and all for some "capital fellow" who wished to get rid of a spavined horse, an old French watch, (all the watches were, of course, "captured at the summer palace;" I had my doubts as to this, however,) or a lot of rubbish curios, because the party was too much of a gentleman to dispose of his goods in the legitimate manner, at least that was the reason generally given. My opinion, however, was that they got rid of goods by raffle, for the simple reason that the goods raffled brought three times their actual value, and in some instances could not have been "moved" at any price.

My own personal experience in raffles was considerable, more particularly in the horse-flesh line. Out of over forty horse raffles I went in for, I only won one miserable Chinese pony, (value, well say fifty dollars,) a set of plated harness went with him. This, by the way, I did not win in a legitimate manner. I happened to arrive late in the throwing, and my brother had won the animal, but having no room in his stable, said he would "throw off," on condition if I won I would pay for a basket of "Widow Clicquot," to which little arrangement I of course agreed, and an expensive agreement it turned out. We accordingly went at it, and of course I won this miserable pony; that's my luck: anything that was not worth winning, I won; anything worth winning, I lost. I am fond of the raffle system. This frantic attempt at owning horse-flesh cost me at the lowest estimate, taking in account raffle tickests purchased, the "Widow," and tickets on this occasion, two hundred Mexican dollars, whereas, I could have bought a far better animal from any Chinaman for twenty-five. But the worst part of the tale has yet to come. I took possession, and, in company with a friend, mounted for a ride down the Woosung road, or embankment; the river Woosung flowing quietly at our side, eight or ten feet below. My friend and myself had only ridden about one mile when up popped the head and horns of a confounded buffalo, which had been luxuriating among the rushes. The wretched little beast I was on, shied, and over the bank we went. The next moment I found myself stuck head down, feet up, kicking in the most absurd manner in the filthy swamp. When my friend got me out, I found my pony had put his shoulder out of joint, and I shot him on the spot, and had to pay a Chinaman to remove the beast, in compliance with the sanitary regulations. Next day I thought as I had got rid of the pony, I might as well dispose of the harness; not wishing, however, to have anything more to do with raffles, I sent the latter to auction without a limit, the auctioneer, being in want of a set similar to what I had sent him for sale, bought in the lot for two dollars and a half, charged me eighty cents storage and commission, handing me over the balance of one dollar and seventy cents. Thus, after having won a pony, and a miserable one at that, I came out the looser of twenty-eight dollars and thirty cents. All I say is, I wish the people joy of raffles. No more for me however. Total loss on raffles in less than one year, over two hundred dollars. Why one might fight the "Tiger" cheaper than that.

MORE NEWSPAPERS.—The city of San Francisco not being blessed with a sufficiency of newspapers, several enterprising parties are about endeavoring to supply her deficiency in that respect. We have first a large Sunday Weekly to be called the *Golden City* to be published by Foard & Densmore, two well known newspaper men, in the course of a few weeks. *The Occidental*, and *The Spare Hour*, are the titles of two religious papers to be issued shortly under the editorial charge of local pastors. There are rumors of other journals about town, but the above named are all that are to be considered as fixed facts as yet.

NEW MUSIC.—We have received from the publisher, Mr. Gray, 613 Clay street, a copy of a ballad entitled "Beautiful Norah," words and music by Charles Bamphlin. This ballad has been sung by Henri Herberte, and has always been favorably received. Both words and music are pretty and the song bids fair to become quite popular.

THE KING OF THE CRADLE.

Draw back the cradle-curtain, Kate,
Whilst watch and ward you're keeping;
Let's see the monarch lie in state,
And view him whilst he's sleeping.
He smiles and clasps his tiny hand,
As sunbeams in come streaming;
A world of baby-fairy land
He visits while he's dreaming.

Monarch of pearly powder-puff
Asleep in nest so cosy,
Shielded from breath of breezes rough
By curtains warm and rosy;
He slumbers soundly in his cell,
As weak as one decrepid,
Though King of Coral, Lord of Bell,
And Knight of Bath that's tepid!

Ah, lucky tyrant! happy lot!
Fair watches without number
To sweetly sing beside his cot,
And hush him off to slumber;
White hands in wait to smooth so neat
His pillow when its rumpled,
On couch of rose-leaves, fresh and sweet,
Not one of which is crumpled!

Will yonder dainty dimpled hand—
Size, nothing and a quarter—
E'er clasp a sabre, lead a band
To glory and to slaughter?
And, may I ask, will these blue eyes—
In baby *patois* "peepers"—
E'er in the House of Commons rise,
And strive to catch the Speaker's?

Will that fair brow o'er Hansard frown,
Confused by lore statistic?
Or will those lips e'er stir the town
From the pulpit ritualistic?
Impossible, and yet mayhap—
Though strange, quite true it may be—
Perhaps Nero was once fed on pap,
And Beales was once a baby.

Though rosy, dimpled, plump and round,
Though fragile, soft and tender,
Sometimes, alas, it may be found
The thread of life is slender!
A little shoe, a bitten glove—
Affection never waning—
The shattered idol of our love
Is all that is remaining!

Then does one chance, in fancy, hear
Small feet in childish patter,
Tread soft as they a grave drew near,
And voices hush their chatter;
'Tis small and new, they pause in fear,
Beneath the gray church tower,
To consecrate it by a tear
And deck it with a flower,

Then take your babe, Kate, kiss him so,
Fast to your bosom press him!
Of mother's love what does he know?
Though closely you caress him.
Ah! what a man will be that boy,
What mind and education!
If he fulfills the hope and joy
Of mother's aspiration.

FRENCH THEATRICALS.

THE French excell us, and especially in the machinery whereby it is changed and shifted. There is no such thing as our system of wings and flats, pushed on creaky rollers from the side by tall carpenters in shirt sleeves and blue cotton breeches, catching, jerking and pulling to the center, first on one side, and then the other, and either failing entirely to connect, or at best, leaving a distinct line when the flats join, traversing trees, mountains, seas and castles in a most earthquaky manner. But everything either descends from above or rises through the stage to take its place in one solid piece, and without noise. At some preconcerted signal, the mountains, lakes and castles, which have been on during the completed act or scene, rises from the firm base into mid-air, like magic, while from the floor up rises forest and garden, to be met by a cottage or two swinging into place on the sides. And all is done so quick and so silently, as to suggest the work of the slave of Aladdin's lamp. A castle, when once on *terra firma*, is a complete castle, with no side wings where the lamplighter's boy stands in plain view of the audience, smoking a short six and holding a gin cocktail ready for Bill Barry when he shall come off the stage. A prison scene rises up from the ground; at a signal the picture of barbarous feudality, suggesting oubliettes and dungeons of little ease, where water stands, where rats abound, and from which no escape is possible—not as with us, leaving at least a dozen places at the sides where it is perfectly obvious that the prisoner is only prevented by a stage etiquette from walking out and being free. Even if the spectator is not seated near the side where he can see the steps down which the lazy musicians are making their way to the "Snug" for their lager, chamber scenes and the interior in all houses are as perfect as they can be made, showing the ceiling complete—just as they are in fact.

It is difficult to know at what moment love begins; it is easy to know that it has begun.

WILKINS ON ACCOMPLISHMENTS.

BY JOHN QUILL.

MRS. WILKINS, of all the aggravating women I ever came across, you are the worst. I believe you'd raise a riot in the cemetery if you were dead, you would. Don't you ever go prowling around any Quaker meeting, or you'll break it up in a plug muss. You? why you'd put any other man's back up until he broke his spine. Oh, you're too annoying to live; I don't want to bother with you. Give me more covers and go to sleep."

"But, Wilkins, dear, just listen a minute. We must have that piano, and——"

"Oh, don't 'dear' me, I won't have it. You're the only dear thing around here; you're dear at any price. I tell you once for all that I don't get any new piano, and Mary Jane don't take singing lessons as long as I'm her father. There, if you don't understand that I'll say it over again. And now stop your clatter and go to sleep, I'm tired of hearing you cackle."

"But, Wilk——"

"Now don't aggravate me. I say Mary Jane shan't learn to sing and plant another instrument of torture in this house, while I'm boss of the family. Her voice is just like yours; it's got a twang to it like blowing on the edge of a piece of paper."

"Ain't you ashamed, Wilk——"

"It's disgrace enough to have you sitting down and pretending to sing, and trying to deafen people, without having the children do it. The first time I heard you sing I started round to the station house and got six policemen, because I thought there was a murder in your house and they were cutting you up by inches. I wish somebody would. I wouldn't go for any policeman now, not much."

"I declare you are a perfect brute."

"Not much I wouldn't; but Smith he told me yesterday that his family were kept awake half the night by the noise you made, and he said if I didn't stop those dogs from yowling in my cellar he'd be obliged to complain to the Board of Health."

"What an awful story, Mr. Wilk——"

"Then I told him it was you, and you thought you could sing, and he advised me as a friend to get a divorce, because he said no man could live happily with any woman who had a voice like a cross-cut saw. He said I might as well have a machine shop with a lot of files at work in my house as that, and he'd rather any time."

"Phugh, I don't care what Smith says."

"And you a talking about a new piano! why haven't we got musical instruments enough in the house? There's Holofernes Montgomery been blowing away in the garret for ten days with that old key bugle, until he's got so black in the face that he won't get his color back for a month, and then he only gets a spurt out of her every now and then. He's blown enough wind in her to get up a hurricane, and I expect nothing else but he'll get the old machine so chock full that she'll blow back at him some day and bust his brains out, and all along of your tomfoolery. You're a pretty mother, you are. You'd better go and join some asylum for feeble minded idiots, you had."

"Wilkins, I declare you're too bad, for—"

"Yes, and there's Bucephalus Alexander, he's got his head full of your sentimental nonsense, and he thinks he's in love with a girl around the corner, and he meanders about and tries to sigh, and won't eat his victuals, and he's got to going down in the cellar and trying to sing 'No One to Love' in the coal bin, and he like to scared the hired girl out of her senses, so that she went up stairs and had a fit on the kitchen door-mat, and came near dying on my hands."

"That's not true, Mr. Wil——"

"And never came to until I put her head under the hydrant. And then what does Bucephalus Alexander do but go round night before last and try to serenade the girl, until the old man hoisted up the sash and cracked away at Bucephalus Alexander with an old boot, and hit him in the face and blacked his eye, because he thought it was two cats a yelping. Hang such a mother as you are. You go right to work to ruin your own offspring."

"You're talking nonsense, Wilk——"

"You're about as fit to bring up children as a tadpole is to run a ferry boat, you are; but while I'm alive Mary Jane takes no singing lessons. Do you understand? It's bad enough to have her battering away at that piano like she had some grudge against it, and to have her visitors wriggle around and fidget and look miserable, as if they had cramp colic, while you make her play for them, and have them get up and lie, and ask what it was, and say how 'beautiful' it is, and steep their souls in falsehood and hypocrisy all on account of you. You'll have enough sins to answer for, old woman, without that."

"I never did such a thing, and you——"

"Yes, and then you think Mary Jane can play, don't you? You think she can sit down and tackle that piano and jerk out more music than a whole orchestra, don't you? But she can't. You might just as well set a crowbar to opening an oyster as to set her to playing on that piano. You might, indeed."

"Play! she play? Pshaw! why she's drummed away at that polka for six months and she can't get her grip on it yet. You might as well try to sing a long metre hymn to Fisher's Hornpipe as to undertake to dance to that polka. It would jerk your legs out at the sockets certain, or else it would give you St. Vitus dance, and cripple you for life."

"Mr. Wilkins, I'm going to tell you a secret."

"O I don't want to hear your secret—keep them to yourself."

"It's about Mary Jane's singing."

"What?"

"Mary Jane, you know; her singing."

"I don't know, and I dont' want to; she shan't take lessons, so dry up."

"But she shall take them."

"I say she shan't."

"She shall, and you can't help it."

"By George, what do you mean? I'm master in this house, I'd like you to know."

"Yes, but she's been taking lessons for a whole quarter, while you were down town, and I paid the bill out of the market money."

"Well, I hope I may be shot! you don't mean to say that? Well, if you ain't a perfectly abandoned wretch, hang me. I'm going to sleep alone after this."

And Wilkins kicked out onto the floor and went in the other room. But he made it up with his wife, for I heard him quarreling with her next day because she left a work-basket full of needles on the chair, coveerd with a piece of work, and he sat down on it.

ECCENTRICITY.

THE gentleman who found the operation of shaving every day so intolerably monotonous, that one morning, in sheer desperation, and for the sake of a little variety, he cut his throat, must have "moved in circles"—to use the slang of society—in which there were few, if any eccentricic people. Again, had Mr. Tennyson's Mariana, in her "Moated Grange," been blessed with such an attendant as a comic housemaid, or a groom and gardner who was at the same time an "odd fish," she would not have grown so very weary, nor uttered such frequent and irreverent aspirations for death. Nor, we are persuaded, would the unfortunate family, of whom Mr. Toole, in such doleful accents, has chaunted the "Horrible Tale," have come to such irremediable grief, had they infused a spice of eccentricity into their daily life. Why were they all driven to snicide? Why did that "determined feller," the brother, strangle himself with the gingham umbrella? Why did even the fly on the ceiling—the worst case of all—blow himself up with spontaneous combustion?" Why? Because their lives were dreary and colorless, and joyless. They "never saw no company." They knew no eccentric folks, and consequently they were driven to desperation and made away with themselves. If Sir Hudson Lowe had been an eccentric man, Napoleon might have found his exile on the rocks more supportable. But the Governor of St. Helena was the most prosaic of mortals; there was nothing eccentric about St. Helena itself, beyond the fact of the ex-Emperor's being there; and Napoleon fell a victim at last to ennui, and the "spleen"—the very ailment by which, according to foreigners, Englishmen are incurably affected.

Depend upon it, eccentricity is the salt of social life. The Americans, although they often say and do odd things, are, in outward appearance and demeanor, the least eccentric of human beings; and America, with all the wonders it presents, is, humanly speaking, a melancholy and taciturn country. If Nature abhors a vacuum, she looks with equal detestation upon a dead level. Where ten, or twenty, or thirty millions of people look, talk, dress, and write as though they were all cast in the same mould, and wound up every night with the same key, those millions will constitute nothing but a nation of bores—bores to themselves and to the rest of the world. Eccentricity is essentially individual. If every man in the community he as eccentric as his neighbors, none are so. One Chinese with a fan, a pigtail, and paper clogs, his eyes turned up, and his mouth simpering after the tea chest fashion, is curious, amusing, and eccentric; but the aggregate population of the Flowery Land are the dullest dogs imaginable. To say that a man is an original is equivalent to saying that he is eccentric. Unique and original the eccentric must be. The world would not tolerate two Whalleys; and till Sibthorp died, Whalley dared not to crop up. He who simulates eccentricity, or copies the eccentricities of others, is either an impostor or a fool.

Great works are but the reproductions of great thoughts. The true poem is the poet's mind; the true ship is the shipbuilder.

They who possess the deepest knowledge of human nature are the least violent in blaming its frailties.

The world, in its fall, is a vase of misery; reversed, it becomes an urn of joy to the human race.

WAGONS.

MILLS & EVANS, IMPORTERS OF THOROUGH-BRACE Wagons, light express, two and three-spring Wagons, suitable for milk-men and furniture dealers, and others wishing light and durable Wagons. Their Wagons are made expressly for the California market, and Mills & Evans' is the only firm which receives Wagons from the celebrated manufactory of A. W. Sanborn & Co., Manchester, N. H. This latter firm stands A No. 1 in the east, and their wagons have stood the test of our California climate, and are sold by Mills & Evans fifty per cent. lower than any other establishment on the Pacific coast. Call and examine their Wagons, at No. 587 Market street, opposite the Metropolitan market. *

MEDICAL.—"YOUNG MAN'S FRIEND AND PROTECTOR," an Association for beneficent objects, Young men should inform themselves in relation to it, and by applying to, the ACTUARY, Dr. Bourne, 10 Masonic Temple, Post street, they will be furnished with Prospectus.

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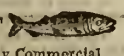

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JOHN F. LOHSE, Secretary.

SAVE YOUR TEETH.—Do not have them extracted without first consulting a good Dentist. The loss is irreparable, and, in many instances, unnecessary. DR. BEERS, corner of Pine and Kearney streets, makes a specialty of filling the fangs of dead Teeth, and building up broken crowns with Pure Gold—thus restoring them to their original usefulness and beauty.

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PARIS EXPOSITION,

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N. B.—Ghirardelli's Chocolate is manufactured by steam from Cocoa of the finest quality, imported direct, in excellence and delicacy of flavor, it is superior to any Imported Chocolate.

FREE HOMESTEADS FOR ALL

ON FILING A PETITION.

UNDER THE LAWS OF MEXICO which are now in force in this city, all the inhabitants are entitled to a HOMESTEAD LOT OF LAND, simply on petition. Justice Field has decided, and the Supreme Court of the United States has confirmed that decision, that the City of San Francisco is a Pueblo of four square leagues of land, and that the citizens thereof are the owners, which vests the right in each citizen to a lot of land for a homestead, and the undersigned have opened an office at 37 MERCHANTS' EXCHANGE, to enforce those rights, by petition to the Mayor, etc.; and each and every citizen can procure a Free Homestead by calling at their office and signing a petition, which will forthwith vest the right to the lot in question in them, and thereby secure to the petitioner property worth a large sum of money under the existing laws now in force.

BROOKS & MERRITT,
No. 37 New Merchants' Exchange.

N. B.—The Supreme Court of the United States have settled this question in another case, as to the ownership of the Outside Lands. In the case of J. B. Townsend vs. Geo. G. Greeley, December Term, 1866, No. 124, the Court say: "It is, therefore, now the settled law that the municipal lands held by the city of San Francisco, as successors to the former Pueblo existing there, are not held in absolute property, but IN TRUST for its inhabitants."

Therefore, all the inhabitants have to do under this decision, is to ask the city, by petition, for their vested rights, as this is the only way, under the law, that they can proceed to get their property.

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HE GOT THINGS SLIGHTLY MIXED.

A Cincinnati paper sent a reporter to the State Fair. Before going he examined a few samples of beer, and this letter is the consequence :

[Special Report.]

On the Train,
September Something, This Year.

I'm on the train, bound for the fair. Everybody on the train. Fourteen hun'red thousand people on the train going to Dayton. Cincinnati and Dayton R. R. very obliging. They laid a track to Dayton years ago just for this Fair. Splen' road. Broad or nar' gauge, jes' you prefer. I took the broad, but gen'l-man sitting 'side me is ridin" on the nar'r, 'cos he bronght a nar'r ticket.

Conductor Eckert came along, and told me he wanted fare. Told him if it was State Fair he wanted, I could hand it to him at Dayton—lots of it there. He asked me if I conld pay fare. Told him I could if the *Fair Paid*. He "punched" my ear, and went on. (Private to Editor of *Times*—Better let the following little puff of the road go in. It won't do any hurt, you know :) The C. H. & D. Railroad is a good, paying well, pumping several thousand barrels a day. The Directors are in good rnnning order, the road bed gentlemanly and obliging the locomotives among the best financiers in the country, and the conductors roomy, well-ventilated, luxuriously upholstered, and provided with the patent brakes.

Jnst overtook a long procession of telegraph poles that the Union Telegraph Company is sending up to the Fair. Good deal struck with one of them—on the head. Depots waiting all along the road to get 'board.

An intos'cated man just woke up and wanted to know if the fight would commence soon's (hic) got there. He thought he was on an excursion train, going to see the Jones-McCoole mill. Conductor told me that it would.

A Yankee youth and a pretty girl sat facing each other at a husking party. The youth, smitten with the charms of the maiden, only ventured a sly look, and now and then tonched Patty's feet nnder the table. The girl, determined to make the youth express what he so strongly felt, bore with these advances a little while in silence, when she cried out, "Look here! if you love me, say so, but don't dirty my stockings."

It is ungenerons to criticise our fashionable young ladies for walking on their tiptoes now-a-days. They can't help it. The waterfalls on the top of their heads draw up the back hair so tight that they can't pnt their heels down squarely without great pain.

That is a bad religion which makes ns hate the religion of other people.

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MOSES TAYLOR,

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No expense on the Isthmus—100 lbs. baggage free.
Surgeon on board; medicine and attendance free.
For further information, apply to
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The proprietor of this favorite Hotel would respectfully inform the traveling public that the

AMERICAN EXCHANGE

Is now and will continue as it ever has been, the most comfortable, homelike, quiet and economical Hotel in the city. TIMOTHY SARGENT, Proprietor.

NATURE UNVEILED,

AT THE

PACIFIC MUSEUM OF ANATOMY AND SCIENCE

Eureka Theatre Montgomery street,
Between California and Pine

AT THE REGULAR

RETAILING AMERICAN WATCHES

C. E. COLLINS & CO.,
603 MONTGOMERY STREET,
SAN FRANCISCO.

Nos. 42 and 44 Nassau Street,
NEW YORK.

Dealers in American, Swiss and English
WATCHES,
JEWELRY AND MATERIALS.

☞ We have made arrangements to buy AMERICAN WATCHES in large quantities from the Factory, and will receive a discount on the regular Wholesale Prices. We will hereafter

Retail the American Watches
AT
The Regular Wholesale Prices.

Our only profit being the small per cent. allowed by buying in large quantities.

WHOLESALE PRICES.

Removal! Removal!

A. J. PLATE,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in

Guns, Rifles and Pistols.

—ALSO—

COLT'S AND DERINGER PISTOLS,

Powder, Shot, Lead, Caps, and Gun Trimmings, etc., etc.

—HAS REMOVED TO—

NO. 510 SACRAMENTO STREET,

Between Sansome and Leidesdorff Streets, San Francisco.
☞ New Work made to order, and Repairing executed in the neatest manner.

Tyler Brothers,

691 Market st., cor. Third,
SAN FRANCISCO,

Importers, Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
SCHOOL BOOKS,
STATIONERY,
PHOTOGRAPH ALBUMS,
BLANK BOOKS,
PORTFOLIOS,
JUVENILE BOOKS,
CHILDREN'S PICTURE BOOKS,
FANCY ARTICLES, Etc.

ESPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO

LADIES' STATIONERY,

Which we Stamp with Initials
WITHOUT EXTRA CHARGE.

WEDDING AND VISITING CARDS
Engraved, Written or Printed.

JOHN DANIEL,

Marble Works,

421 *PINE STREET,*
(Between Kearny and Montgomery.)

MANTELS, MONUMENTS,
TOMBS, PLUMBERS' SLABS, ETC.,
On hand and manufactured to order.
Orders respectfully solicited.

BOWEN BROS.

GROCERS,
Tea and Wine Merchants,
S. E. cor. Montgo'ry and California,
San Francisco.

Wholesale Store,
204 Front Street.

BUCKMAN BROS.,

(Successors to John Myers,)

CAPITOL SALOON,

226 *MONTGOMERY STREET,*
Opposite the Russ House

Removal.

THEODORE KALLENBERG,

Machinist,

Has removed frdm No. 416 Market street, to No. 10 Stevenson street, next to the corner of First,
Maker of Models for Inventors, Drawing Instruments, Small Machines, Philosophical Instruments, Scales and Weights, all kinds of Brass and Iron Work
REPAIRING PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

F. D. RING,

MANUFACTURER OF

JEWELRY AND SILVER WARE,

No. 540 Market Street, adjoining the Hibernia Bnnk,
San Francisco.

All kinds of precious Stones set in the latest style and most approved manner. Watches and Jewelry carefully repaired by experienced workmen.

THE CALIFORNIAN'S
SAN FRANCISCO BUSINESS DIRECTORY

APOTHECARIES AND CHEMISTS.
Geo S Dickey, Pioneer Apothecary, cor Ellis & Stockton
Wm. Simpson, 609 Davis st., opposite Oakland Ferry.

ARCHITECTS.
Hongland & Newsom, s.w. cor Kearny and Sacramento.
McDougall & Marquis, 328 Montgomery street.

ALE, PORTER, AND CIDER.
J. H. Todman & Co., (Jobbers,) 511 Front street.

BAKERIES.
Dempsey's Bakery, 127 Fourth street.

BOOTS AND SHOES.
W. H. Hanna, (children's work,) 335 Sutter street.
Wentworth, Hobart & Co. (wholesale manufac.) 210 Pine

BUTCHERS.
C. Wagner & Co., (Golden Gate Market,) Davis street, corner Clark.
I. Gans, "New York Market," Fourth st, near Market.

BRUSH AND BROOM MANUFACTURERS.
San Francisco Brush Factory, 211 to 217 California st.

CIGARS AND TOBACCO.
G H. Behrens & Co., 4 Kearny street, near Market.
Chas C. Lindsey, Excelsior Store, 156 Stewart street.
M. Rosenshine, (Wholesale and Retail,) 214 Pacific st.
Chas, Schweuke & T. Meuser, 16 Stewart street.

CLOTHING.
H M. Lockwood & Co., 624 Clay street.
J. R. Mead & Co., corner Montgomery and Bush streets
William Sherman, 412 Sansome, corner Commercial.

COAL DEALERS.
S. Klein, formerly Greyhood & Co, 209 Sansome street.
H. W. Newbauer, all kinds of coal, 121 Sansnme street.

COACH AND CARRIAGE MATERIALS.
Waterhouse & Lester, (Dealers,) 29 and 31 Battery st.

COAL OIL, LAMPS, ETC.
A. C. Dietz & Co., (wholesale,) 521 Front street.
Dell, Cranna & Co. (wholesale) 513 Front street.

COMMISSION MERCHANTS.
Dorman & Wolf, 426 Davis street.
George Hughes, 410 Davis street.
W. J. Lowry & Co., S.W. corner Washington and Davis.
Thos. Newell, 62 Clay street between Drumm and East.
J. W. Nye & Co., 219 Washingtou street, corner Cedar.
Chas. C. Wilson & Co., S. E. corner Clay and Davis sts.

CONFECTIONERS.
Alex. L. Ross, 121 Third street.
Baldwin & Lawlers, South Park Store, 418 Third st.
N. B. Booth & Co., 20 Kearny, near Market.

DENTISTS.
Dr. Blake, removed to 645 Clay street.
N. T. Whitcomb, 205 Third, near Howard.

DRY GOODS.
Bayer & Reich, S W corner Jackson and Stockton.
H. Rothschild (Variety Store), 112 Third street.
Irving, Landers & Co., No. 4 Third street.
M. Waterman, 22 Second street, corner of Stevenson.
Meagher, Taaffe & Co., 9 Montgomery street.

FURNITURE.
Goodwin & Co., 510 and 528 Washington streets.
N. P. Cole & Co., 21 Sutter and 524 Market streets.

GROCERS.
Derby & Johnson, northeast cor. Bush and Powell sts.
Fred. Lange, Family Grocer, cor. Powell and Lombard.
Lange & Butt, southwest cor. Bush and Stockton sts.
McKee's Family store, 31 Kearny, near Post.
Seneca Jones, Family Grocer, 105 Third street.
T. Williams, corner Third and Tehama streets.
Wellman, Peck & Co., wholesale grocers, 404 Front st.
Jos. Van Doren, northeast cor. Bush and Mason sts.

GUN-SMITHS.
W. Rudolph, Union Gun Store, 216 Pacific street.
Wilson & Evans, 513 Clay street.

HAIR DRESSING SALOONS.
Prof. Smith, 114 Market street, opposite Third.

HARDWARE AND CUTLERY.
L. B. Benchley & Co., (American and Foreign,) 3 and 5 Front street.
J. S. Sesser, 138 Fourth st, bet. Mission and Howard.

HATTERS.
Lamott (wholesale and retail) 227 Montgomery street.

HAY AND GRAIN.
Grant & Smith, 26 Market and 19 Sacramento sts.
J. B. Holmes & Co., 110 Market street.
George Morrow & Co., 21 Clay and 28 Commercial sts.
Wm. H. Nichols, 18 Sacramento, and 17 Commercial.

HOTELS.
Atlantic House, John McManus, 210 and 212 Pacific st.
"Branch," M. O'Neil, 12 Sutter street.
Brooklyn, John Kelly, Jr., Sansome, corner Pine.
Chicago, Drosto & Pfefferle, 220 Pacific street.
Empire House, Peter Thompson, 106 Jackson street.
Franklin Hotel, Hugh Curran, cor Sansome & Pacific.
Franklin House, C. Maloney, cor. Br'dway & Sansome.
Golden Gate Hotel, J. Blackman, 728 Market street.
Mariner's Home, Brown & Chandler, 504 and 506 Davis.
"Oriental," H. Saxtorph & Co., Washington & Drumm.
Sanders' Hotel, J. P. Sanders, 24 Sacramento st.

HOUSE AND SIGN PAINTER.
James R. Kelly, 38 California street.
Michael English, 414 Pine street.

HARNESS AND SADDLE MANUFACTURERS.
A. B. Bois, 510 Davis street.
D. Fennel, 522 Battery street, opposite the Post Office.

INSURANCE.
Firemen's Fund Ins. cor. California and Sansome.
Manhattan, R. B. Swain & Co., Agents, 206 Front, cor. Cal.
North British Mercantile, S. E. cor Sansome & Califor.
Occidental Ins. Co., S.W. cor. Montgom'y and California.

LADIES' BIJOUTERIE, CLOAKS, ETC.
Roscnblatt's, 123 and 125 Montgomery street.

LADIES' FANCY GOODS AND TRIMMINGS.
S. Summerfield, 20 Second street, and 116 Kearny.
Thomas Collinson, 160 Third, near Howard street.

LIVERY STABLES.
Central Stable, Washburn & Co., 207 and 209 Sutter st.
Gardner & Finch, 211 and 213 Pine street.

LUMBER.
Armstrong, Sheldon & Davis, cor. Mission & Spear sts.

MARBLE WORKERS.
P. Kelly, 12 Fourth street.

MILITARY GOODS AND REGALIA.
T. Rodgers Johnson, Odd-Fellow's Hall, 325 Montg'ry st.

MILLINERS.
Miss A. A. Cruddock, 4 Virginia Block, Stockton street.

MUSIC TEACHERS.
Prof. J. R. Boullet, Pianist and Vocalist, 1320 Stockton.

NOTARY PUBLIC,
H. S. Tibbey, 604, Montgomery street.

PHOTOGRAPHIC GALLERIES.
H. Bush, corner Post, Market and Montgomery streets.
Hicks & Staring, 143 Fourth street.
New York, B. F. Howland proprietor, 25 Third street.

PIANOS, MUSIC, ETC.
Kohler, Chase & Co., 421 Montgomery street.
W. S. Pierce, removed to 534 Market, opposite Second.

PHOTOGRAPHS, CUTLERY, SPECTACLES, ETC.
Lawrence & Houseworth, 317 and 319 Montgomery st.

PLUMBERS AND GAS FITTERS.
Chas. Barman, 121 Fourth street, near Minna.

PRINT SELLER AND PUBLISHER,
Thomas H. Lawlor, Second street, near Howard.

PAINT MANUFACTURERS.
Epes & Ellery, dealers in paints, etc, 226 Jackson st.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY, CONTINUED.

REAL ESTATE AGENTS.
Geo. W. Chapin, 338 Montgomery.
John Pforr, 328 Montgomery.

RESTAURANTS.
Ladies' Refreshment Saloon, Swain & Brown, 636 M
Helvetia, Johnjury & Bros., 524 Merchant street.
Market, by Hanzo & Besson, 520 Merchant street
The Opera, J. Weiss, 335 Pine street.

SALOONS.
Bock's Saloon, 504 Drumm street, near Pacific.
Blancy & Carroll, "Sample Rooms," 107 Third street.
"Bourbon Saloon," A. Farr, Long Bridge.
Charley Smith's Saloon, 539 Washington street.
Charter Oak, Frank Kelly, N E. cor Third and Howard
Coates & Henderson, 37 Sutter street.
Cleveland's Sample Rooms, 318 Bush, above Monte'y.
"Excelsior," Haase & Co., cor. Drum and Commercial.
Fourth Street Exchange, Chas. F. Slater, 245 Fourth st.
J. P. Levin's Saloon, northwest cor. Battery & Br'dway
J. Dillon, "Fourth St. Exchange," cor. F'rth and Mkt.
John B. Holje & Co., 28 Clay street.
King & McCormick, "Rotunda," Market & O'Farrell.
E. H. Murphy's Saloon, cor. Third and Stevenson sts.
"Manadnock," A. Horstkemper, Drumm & Oregon sts.
Nolan's Exchange, (Ball & Racket Court,) 732 Haw'd st.
P. Johnson & J. B. Holje, 28 Clay street.
Peter Ring's Saloon, California street, below Drumm.
Regatta House, Burns & McLean, foot of Third street.
Russell & Holding's Exchange, 622 Market street.
Ring's Saloon, Peter Ring, cor California, below Drumm.
Uncle Billy & George, Saloon 707 Davis st.
"Young American," Geo. C. W. Heuer, Stewart & Howard

SCALES.
Fairbanks & Hutchinson, Depot for Fairbanks' Scales 120 California street.

SEWING MACHINES.
Grover & Baker, R. G. Brown, 116 Montgomery.
The Florence, office 111 Montgomery street.

STATIONERS AND BOOKBINDERS.
Jas. E. Damon & Co., 521 and 423 Sansome street.

STOVES AND TIN WARE.
A. Swigert, corner Fifth and Folsom.

TRUNK MANUFACTORY.
James Longshore, 428 Kearny street.

WATER-CURE INSTITUTE.
Dr Bourne's Pioneer, 10 Post, near Montgomery.

WAX FLORIST.
Mrs. M. E. Gerrish, 11 Post street.

WHOLESALE WINE AND LIQUOR DEALERS.
Campbell & Co., 629 Front st., bet Jackson and Pacific.
Henry M. Cutter, Importer, 520 Front street.

WHOLESALE UPHOLSTERERS.
D. N. & E. Walters, 13 Battery street, corner Bush.

The Ladies are of one mind in pronouncing BOWMAN'S AMERICAN WASHING COMPOUND the best preparation for washing and cleaning in use. It is acknowledged to be a saving both in money and labor. The Compound softens the dirt, consequently the clothes require not more than one-half the rubbing necessary in washing by the old method; besides all who give it a trial acknowledge that their clothes are made whiter in washing with this Compound, than they were ever known to be by using any other preparation. For washing Woolen Goods and Flannels it cannot be equaled. Calicoes that can be washed with soap, without fading, are washed in the water used for boiling the white clothes. This Compound has been used in the eastern States for the past three years with perfect success. Warranted not to injure the clothes. For sale by all Grocers.
LYNCH & PARSONS, Agents,
Jackson street, near Battery.

ITALIAN MANUFACTORY

—OF—

MACCARONI,
VERMICELLI,
PASTE, and
FARINA

First Premium in 1857—1859—1864—1865.

Brignardello, Macchiavello & Co.,
706 SANSOME STREET,
San Francisco.

M. H. QUINN,

HAT MANUFACTURER,

127 Fourth street, bet. Howard and Mission,
San Francisco.

Dress Silk Hats for Ladies or Gentlemen Manufactured to order, Cleaned or Renovated, at reasonable prices.

NOTICE!

Not Out of Business—Only Removed.

Pioneer Steam Marble Works Com'y

HAVE REMOVED

Their Marble Mantel Warerooms from No. 546 California street to their extensive Steam Factory,

422 and 424 Jackson Street,

Where they keep constantly on hand the best and most select stock of
MARBLE MANTELS AND GRATES, HEADSTONES AND MONUMENTS.
Our Steam facilities enable us to sell better work at reduced prices than that manufactured by hand.
422 and 424 Jackson Street,
Between Montgomery and Sansome.

CANTY & WAGNER,

(SUCCESSORS TO J. REGAN,)

Wholesale & Retail Confectioners,

113 *Montgomery street, bet. Bush and Sutter*

N. B.—All candies sold by us are warranted to be manufactured from Stewart's double refined Sugar, and to be equal to any manufactured in the state. Country merchants solicited to examine our stock and prices. Goods delivered to any part of the city free of charge.

RATS—THEIR INCREASE.—There were no rats in California before the gold discoveries. Then—in 1849—they were imported by sea in the rat's worst shape—that of the brown or Norwegian variety. Few of the interior towns were visited until 1852. Now they infest all part of the State. In 1850 there were no rats in New Mexico, and it used to be a speculation hor long the adobe houses would resist their gnawing teeth, whenever they should see fit to establish themselves in that country. It is said that the rat was unknown before the Christian era, and that his first appearance in Europe was long after in the Middle Ages. This was the black rat, coming from no place of which we now have any record. He soon spread all over Europe; and from his hostility to the mouse, which has been known through all recorded time, it is strange that the smaller rodont has not been exterminated. He would be were he not perhaps even more prolific than his bigger brother. The brown rat was not known in Europe before the eighteenth century, and though called a Norwegian rat, was actually imported from India. He is the strongest and most ferocious and destructive of his tribe. To-day, it is said, there is not a black rat in Paris, the race there having been killed out by the browner animal. This species is widely known all over the United States. The ravages of rats of both species are enormous. How they can be got rid of is a question worthy the attention of legislators. Such vermin, if possible, ought to be exterminated, a rat, no matter how domesticated he may be, having no more right to live in a civilized community than a wolf or a wild cat.

"MY wife tells the truth three times a day," remarked a jocose old fellow, at the same time casting a very mischievous glance at her. Before rising in the morning she says, 'Oh dear I must get up! but I don't want to.' After breakfast she adds, 'Well, I suppose I must go to work, but I don't want to;' and at night she goes to bed saying, 'There I have been working all day, and haven't done anything."

BAD JOKE ON A SHERIFF.—The Virginia City *Trespass* says: The Sheriff of Nye county had a complaint to serve upon a Mrs. Mc Evoy, in case of her husband applying for divorce. The complaint alleged adultery. The Sheriff struck the wrong Mrs. Mc., and proceeded to read. The lady stood amazed till he got to the charge of adultery, when she fired a frying-pan loaded with hot fat and doughnuts at him, and the Sheriff quit the premises.

THE SNUG.—"The Snug" has been located one door below Maguire's Opera House, for ten years past. It was established for the convenience of the habituates of the Opera House, and has the reputation of dispensing the best wines and liquors in the city, under the charge of its present proprietor, Mr. Timothy McCarty. Entrances from various parts of the Opera House to the bar have been cut, for the convenience of the public. Mr. McCarty gives his entire attention to his guests, and renders his establishment a "Snug" place by day or night.

BUILDER'S INSURANCE CO.

OFFICE IN THE BUILDING OF THE CALIFORNIA SAVINGS BANK, CALIFORNIA ST., one door from Sansome.

FIRE AND MARINE INSURANCE.

Builders' Insurance Company,

OFFICE, CALIFORNIA STREET, Nov. 1, 1867.

EDITOR OF THE CALIFORNIAN:—Sir—Permit me to report two months' progress of the BUILDERS' INSURANCE COMPANY.

Total amount received	$44,009 11
Total amount of Losses	22,778 65
Balance in favor of the Company on two months' business	$16,230 56

All which I trust will be satisfactory to my friends, enemies, and the public. Respectfully,

THOMAS MOONEY, PRESIDENT.

Musee des Salons.

WONDERS OF WONDERS!

TO BE SEEN ONLY AT THE

Pacific Museum of Anatomy and Science,

Eureka Theatre, Montgomery street, between California and Pine.

ST. CHARLES RESTAURANT,

At the Hotel of C. Galliand, Nos. 507 and 509 Pine Street, between Kearny and Du pont streets.

BY MME. CAZINTRE.

☞ All who will call at this Restaurant will find an excellent table and prompt attention.

California Coffee and Dining Saloon.

Nos. 612 and 614 MONTGOMERY STREET, Between Clay and Merchant, San Francisco. *J. R. REAGAN, Proprietor.*

A Ladies' Saloon has been fitted up, where private parties can receive every attention in the most comfortable quarters. We also keep lunch hot en chafing dishes at the counter, including the finest of Pastry, where customers can be served quickly and satisfactorily.

French Breakfasts and Dinners, with Wine, continued.

ITALIAN RESTAURANT,

No. 515 Merchant Street,

Between Montgomery and Sansome, San Francisco.

Taglierini, Maccaroni, Risotto and Ravioli, In the Italian Style.

MEALS FIFTY CENTS, OR TO ORDER.

Rooms for private parties up stairs.

MR. GUISEPPE CADENASSO.

LEON DINGEON. F. W. HAUBRICK.

DINGEON & HAUBRICK,

MARTIN'S RESTAURANT,

623 COMMERCIAL STREET.

Above Montgomery. Meals at all hours. The best of Wines, Oysters, Game, and all the delicacies of the season always on hand. Private Saloons up stairs for Dinner and Supper Parties.

NEW RESTAURANT.

MR. SORBIER takes pleasure in informing his friends and customers that he has opened a FIRST-CLASS RESTAURANT under the name of

SORBIER'S RESTAURANT,

at No. 607 SACRAMENTO STREET, above Montgomery, where he will be pleased to see his old friends and the public in general, and where all can be assured that they will be served with the very best the market affords, at most reasonable rates. JOHN E. SORBIER, Late of the Occidental Restaurant.

F. C. BELDEN,

Of the well-known Family Depot, 612 Sacramento street, has opened the

SUMMER STREET RESTAURANT

at the northeast corner of Spring and Summer Sts.

☞ Meals to order, and by the plate. Wines and Liquors of the best quality.

OCCIDENTAL RESTAURANT,

536 Washington Street, below Montgomery.

GEORGE WITTMAN would inform the public and the former patrons of this POPULAR RESTAURANT that he has assumed full charge, and will continue to keep all the delicacies of the season and one of the best lists of WINES, etc., and solicits the continuance of their patronage.

PHILADELPHIA BREWERY,

Corner Second and Folsom streets,

SAN FRANCISCO.

JOHN WIELAND, Proprietor.

REESE W. GLUYAS. S. E. DUTTON.

GLUYAS & DUTTON,

COUNTING HOUSE STATIONERS,

Fireman's Fund Insurance Company's Building,

No. 227 Sansome Street.....San Francisco.

DICKEY'S

CREME DE LIS

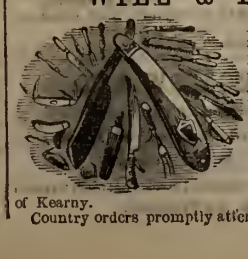
DE CALIFORNIE.

FOR CLEANSING AND PRESERVING THE TEETH, Beautifying the Complexion, and removing Freckles, Eruptions, Sunburn, and Tan.

A New Combination, equal to the best French preparations, and free from their poisonous ingredients.

Invented by GEO. S. DICKEY, Chemist, Corner of Market, Stockton, Ellis and Fourth streets, San Francisco.

WILL & FINCK,



EXCELSIOR CUTLERS, LOCK-SMITHS & BELL-HANGERS, Importers and Manufacturers of all kinds of Cutlery. Razors, Shears, and all kinds of Cutlery, ground and repaired—Bell-Hanging and Locksmithing done in the best manner. 613 Jackson street, fourth door west of Kearny.

Country orders promptly attended to.

COCO-MUNGO SALOON.

J. M. WASHBURN, AGENT.

No. 536 Merchant Street, (Montgomery Block.).

THE BEST OF LIQUORS,

SKILLFULLY CONCOCTED MIXED DRINKS,

AND A FIRST-CLASS HOT LUNCH,

Not inferior to any offered in San Francisco, is furnished daily at the COCO-MUNGO—Clam Chowder, Fish Chowder, Gumbo Soup, Pork Tenderloins, Cape Cod Boned Turkey, Venison, Quail, and all the delicacies of the season, as fast as they are to be found in the market, figure upon the lunch table of the COCO-MUNGO.

A Reading Room, abundantly supplied with Domestic and Foreign Papers and Periodicals, is one of the features of the COCO-MUNGO.

C. F. HAYWARD,

—DEALER IN—

Harness, Saddles, etc.,

305 BATTERY STREET,

Near Sacramento,

San Francisco.

Architectural Designs

—FURNISHED BY—

HOAGLAND & NEWSOM,

ARCHITECTS.

Southwest corner of Sacramento and Kearny Streets, San Francisco.

H. T. GRAVES,

Manfacturer of

WIRE CLOTH, COAL SCREENS, FLOUR SEIVES, QUARTZ SCREENS, for Batteries, Door and Window Screens, for excluding Flies and Mosquitos.

CLOAK, SHAWL, CLOTHING AND BONNET STANDS

Fancy Work for Gardens, and a great variety of

WIRE WORK OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS.

Sole Agent for the sale and application of

BROWN'S PATENT AND METALIC WEATHER STRIPS,

For the perfect exclusion of wind, dust, and rain; ☞ And for CRAMER'S PATENT WINDOW LIFTING PLATES AND RODS.

Call and examine them at the

CALIFORNIA WIRE WORKS,

412 Clay street, San Francisco.

DR. N. T. WHITCOMB,

DENTIST,

No. 205 Third Street, San Francisco.

Teeth filled with fine gold, artificial bone and platina. All plate work made and repaired, of the best material, at the shortest notice and warranted. None cheaper or better on the coast. Call and examine specimens.

North Beach and South Park Cars pass the door.

N. T. WHITCOMB.

Asphaltum for Sale

IN ANY QUANTITY TO SUIT, BY THE

PACIFIC ASPHALTUM COMPANY,

No. 533 Kearny street, corner of Sacramento,

SAN FRANCISCO.

This Asphaltum is the purest to be found in the market, being free from rock and clay, or other impurities.

Sidewalks Laid and Roofing Done at Shortest Notice.

NEUVAL & CO.

MRS. C. COOK,

FIRST PREMIUM HAIR JEWELRY,

519 Montgomery street,

Between Clay and Commercial.....SAN FRANCISCO.

Great Reduction

IN PRICES OF

BOOTS AND SHOES.

ON ACCOUNT OF THE WIDENING OF Kearny Street, we are compelled to remove. Before doing so, we will sell at retail our entire stock of boots and shoes at the lowest

WHOLESALE PRICES.

HOLCOMBE & KAST,

Corner Washington and Kearney steets.

AMERICAN HOTEL,

Main street. Petaluma.

EMERSON & LAMBERTON Proprietors.

FIRE AND MARINE INSURANCE.

FIREMAN'S FUND

Insurance Company,

OF SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA.

—OFFICE—

S. W. cor. California and Sansome streets.

CAPITAL, $500,000, FULLY PAID IN GOLD COIN.

INSURE MARINE RISKS

Under Open Policies, on Cargoes, Treasure, Freights, Profits, and Commissions.

—ALSO—

ISSUE POLICIES ON TIME, VOYAGE AND HARBOR RISKS ON HULLS.

INSURE AGAINST LOSS BY FIRE

On Buildings, Merchandise, Furniture, Wares, and other Personal Property.

FIRE, MARINE, HARBOR, AND INLAND TRANSIT RISKS,

On terms as favorable as any other reliable First-Class Company.

Greatest amount taken on any one risk, $50,000. Portions of Risks considered too large, will be re-insured in responsible Companies.

LOSSES PROMPTLY PAID IN UNITED STATES GOLD COIN!

D. J. STAPLES, President, CHAS. R. BOND, Secretary.

HAMBURG, BREMEN,

Fire Insurance Company.

CAPITAL, - - - - - $1,000,000

MORRIS SPEYER, Agent.

OFFICE—526 Washington Street, a few doors below Montgomery.....San Francisco.

☞ Being no longer governed by the Tariff of the Board of Underwriters, this Company will effect Insurances at as LOW RATES as those of any other responsible Company.

OCCIDENTAL

Insurance Company,

Southwest corner Montgomery and California streets.

INDIVIDUAL LIABILITY.

Capital Stock, - - - - $300,000

LOSSES PAID IN UNITED STATES GOLD COIN.

THIS COMPANY will insure against loss by Fire on any Dwelling House, Buildings, Merchandise or other property, situated in the State of California. The largest sum they will take on any one risk is thirty thousand dollars.

C. CHRISTIANSEN, Pre'st.

J. GREENEBAUM, Vice President.

B. ROTHSCHILD, Secretary.

FIRE INSURANCE.

Manhattan Fire & Marine Insurance

OF NEW YORK.

Incorporated	1821.
Cash capital	$500,000
Surplus	650,000
Total Assets, over	$1,190,000

The above named respousible and well known Company has complied with the law of the State of California, and has deposited $75,000 as additional security for policy holders,

Buildings, Merchandise, Furniture, and other property insured against loss or damage by Fire, on the most favorable terms. Also, Insurance on Merchandise, Specie and Freight to or from all parts of the world. Losses promptly adjusted and paid in United States Gold Coin.

R. B. SWAIN & CO., General Agents, 206 Front street, corner of California.

J. CUTBERLET,

CUSTOM

BOOT AND SHOE STORE.

—ALSO—

FRENCH SCREWED BOOTS AND SHOES,

No. 516 Washington Street, near Montgomery Street.

The finest quality of CUSTOM WORK neatly executed. Always on hand other fine work ready made.

JOSEPH FREDERICKS

CARPET AND UPHOLSTERY STORE,

PAPER HANGINGS, ETC.,

123 Kearny St., between Sutter and Post, San Francisco

FAMILIES ARE INVITED TO EXAMINE

OUR VARIED ASSORTMENT

Of the Finest Carpeting in the State. The best of taste displayed in Decoration and the unique Upholstering of Rooms, Halls and Public Buildings, and at prices conforming to the times. Call and examine goods.

"THURRER BREDS."

A new rival of Nasby and Josh Billings has appeared in print, who calls himself "A Nutmeg, of Nutmeg Stait." Following is a speci. men of his style :

THURRER BRED HOSS.

A hoss which has had his breed improved by means of a sulky kontainin a feller with a long whip, till he ain't worth 18 sents for any purpose except a gamblin masheen.

THURRER BRED GENTLEMEN.

A bob tale kote, a 3 sent paper koller, a white kotten westkit, yaller trowsers without eny kloth into the legs, shiny lether boots, a pare of yaller glovs, and, inside of em all, a thing got up in imitashun of a man, but, as the konnterfit detectors say, poorly executed and not kalkelated to deseve. Must swar, drink shampain, and talk hoss. Mnstash indispensabnl, branes onnessary, fine specimens on exhibition at the sentral park.

THURRER BRED BIZNESS MAN.

Wun that knows ennff about stealing, so't thare kant ennybody steal from him, and ennff about law, so't he kin do his own stealin legaly. A karful annalisis of a fust klass spesimen gave the follerin resnlts :

Honor—Jest enuff to keep him ont of jail.

Konshuns—None except in very young spesimins.

Respectability—Accordin to suksess.

THURRER BRED RASKAL.

Same as abuv with exepshnn of the kloke.

THURRER BRED LADY.

The old fashund idee, about a woman sich as God made bein a lady is exploaded a modern thnrrer bred lady is made up as follers, commensin at the top :

1stly. A swab of hare, stole from the korps of a ded pawpnr in the old knntry.

2dly. A hed, with as much vacant room into it in proporshun to the size as a six-story tenement house.

3dly. A dress waste, kiverin a French kossit, into which is komprest abont equal quantities of Natur and Art—Art ockupyin' the front seats.

4thly. A hoop skirt, hung on a pare of kotten hips, and shoin when tilted "ala moad," a pare of sawdust kalls, the hnll bein kivered with an outside dressin of silk and kept in runnin order at an exrense of about five hundred dollars per month for repairs.

N. B.—It allus seemed a waste of time and vitality to raise this klass of thurrer breds, cos you can get them made of wax—jes as good—better lookin, and at a frackshun of the expenses.

COCOMUNGO SALOON.—The famous Cocomungo Wine, together with the choicest liquors and cigars, are offered to the public at this Saloon, No. 536 Merchant street, Montgomery Block. A Hot Lunch, equal to any set forth in San Francisco, every day from 11 to 2 o'clock. A Reading Room, abundantly supplied with the daily, weekly, and leading Eastern journals, is one of the attractions of the Cocomungo. J. M. WASHBURN, Agent.

Great Reduction

IN PRICES OF

BOOTS AND SHOES.

ON ACCOUNT OF THE WIDENING OF Kearny Street, we are compelled to remove. Before doing so, we will sell at retail our entire stock of boots and shoes at the lowest

WHOLESALE PRICES.

HOLCOMBE & KAST,

Corner Washington and Kearney steets.

AMERICAN EXCHANGE HOTEL,

SANSOME STREET, SAN FRANCISCO.

FIRE PROOF.

Two Hundred Rooms well Ventilated and Richly Furnished.

Prices from $1 50 to $2 a Day.

The Exchange Coach, with RED LIGHTS, will always be in readiness to convey Passengers to the Hotel FREE OF CHARGE.

The proprietor of this favorite Hotel would respectfully inform the traveling public that the

AMERICAN EXCHANGE

Is now and will continue as it ever has been, the most comfortable, homelike, quiet and economical Hotel in the state. TIMOTHY SARGENT, Proprietor.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE FIFTEENTH Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco.

MARY ANN LEEDOM, Plaintiff, vs. FRANCIS LEEDOM, Defendant.

Action brought in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in said city and county of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to FRANCIS LEEDOM, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named plaitiff, in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein, within ten days (exclusive of the day of service,) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this county; or if served out of this county, but in this District, within twenty days; otherwise within forty days; or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said complaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony existing between plaintiff and defendant, awarding the care and custody of her daughter Julia to plaintiff, and allowing her to resume her maiden name.

And you are hereby notified, that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

Given under my hand and Seal of the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 7th day of August, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-seven.

[SEAL.] WM. LOEWY, Clerk,
By OCTAVIUS BELL, Deputy Clerk.

Geo. W. Tyler, Plaintiff's Attorney. s14-3m

IN THE PROBATE COURT of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the Estate of HENRY BENTZ, deceased.

Order to show cause why order of sale of real estate should not be made.

It appearing to the said Court, by the petition this day presented and filed by William A. Quarles, the Administrator of the estate left unadministered of Henry Bentz, deceased, praying for an order of sale of real estate, that it is necessary to sell some portion of the real estate, to pay the debts, expenses and charges of the administration.

It is therefore ordered by the said Court, that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased, appear before the said Probate Court, on TUESDAY, the 26th day of November, A. D. 1867, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the Court room of said Probate Court, at the City Hall, in the City and County of San Francisco, to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said Administrator to sell so much of the real estate of the said deceased, as shall be necessary.

And that a copy of this order be published at least four successive weeks in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published in the said city and county.

Dated October 24th, 1867,

M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

Office of the County Clerk of the City and County of San Francisco.—I, Wm. Loewy, County Clerk of the city and county of San Francisco, State of California, and ex-officio Clerk of the Probate Court, in and for said city and county, do hereby certify the foregoing to be a true and correct copy of an order duly made and entered upon the minutes of the said Probate Court.

Witness my hand, and the seal of said Court, this 24th day of October, A. D. 1867.

[SEAL AND STAMP] WM. LOEWY, Clerk.
By A. J. JENNENS, Deputy Clerk.

J. F. FINN, ESQ., Att'y for Petitioner. oct26-5w

IN THE PROBATE COURT, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the Estate of JEAN VICTOR SUBERVEILLE, deceased.

On reading and filing the petition of Lucas Ponton de Arce, Administrator of the said estate, praying for an order of sale of the real estate therein described, and it appearing to this Court that there is not sufficient personal estate in the hands of the Administrator to pay the debts, charges and expenses of administration, and that it is necessary to sell the whole of the real estate of said deceased for the payment of such debts, charges and expenses, and because after the sale of so much of said estate as shall be necessary to pay such debts, charges and expenses, the residue thereof would be of such a character with reference to its future disposition among the heirs of said deceased as clearly to render it for the best interest of all concerned that the same should be sold, and for other reasons set forth in said petition.

It is ordered that all persons interested in the said estate appear before this Court, at the Court room thereof, at the City Hall, in the City and County of San Francisco, on MONDAY, the 25th day of November, A. D. 1867, at eleven o'clock A. M., of that day, to show cause, if any they have, why an order should not be granted to said Administrator to sell so much of the real estate of the said deceased as shall be necessary.

And it is further Ordered, that a copy of this order be published for four successive weeks in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published in the city and county aforesaid.

Done in open Court this 25th day of October, A. D 1867.

oct26-5w M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

W. C. BURNETT, Attorney for Administrator.

IN THE PROBATE COURT of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the estate of WILLIAM LOBB, deceased.

Order to show cause why order of distribution should not be made.

On reading and filing the petition of J. W. Brumagim, the Administrator of the Estate of William Lobb, deceased, setting forth that he has filed his final account of his administration of the estate of said deceased, in this Court, and that the same has been duly settled and allowed; that all the debts and expenses of administration have been duly paid; and that a portion of said estate remains to be divided among the heirs of said deceased, and praying among other things for an order of distribution of the residue of said estate among the persons entitled.

It is Ordered, that all persons interested in the estate of the said William Lobb, decensed, be and appear before the Probate Court of the city and county of San Francisco, at the Court room of said Court, in the City Hall, in said city and county, on WEDNESDAY, the eleventh day of December, A. D. 1867, at eleven o'clock, A. M., then and there to show cause why an order of distribution should not be made of the residue of said estate among the heirs of the said William Lobb, deceased, according to law:

It is further ordered, that a copy of this order be published for four successive weeks, before the said eleventh day of December, A. D. 1867, in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published in the said city and county. M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

Dated November 1st, 1867.

J. T. FINN, Attorney for Petitioner. nov2 5w

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF EDWARD A. MAGRATH, deceased.—Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the estate of EDWARD A. MAGRATH, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator, at his office and place of transaction of business, room 5, No. 520 Montgomery street, in the city and county of San Francisco.

Dated October 24th, 1867.

WILLIAM A. QUARLES,
Administrator of the estate of Edward A. Magrath, deceased. oct26-5w

IN THE PROBATE COURT of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the Estate of AMELIA MOSS, deceased.

Order to show cause why order of distribution should not be made.

On reading and filing the petition of J. W. Brumagim, Administrator, with the will annexed, of Amelia Moss, deceased, setting forth that he has filed his final account of his administration of the estate of said deceased, in this Court, and that the same has been duly settled and allowed; that all the debts and expenses of administration have been duly paid; and that a portion of said estate remains to be divided among the devisees and legatees of said deceased, and praying among other things for an order of distribution of the residue of said estate among the persons entitled:

It is ordered, that all persons interested in the estate of the said deceased, be and appear before the Probate Court of the City and County of San Francisco, at the Court room of said Court, in the City Hall, in said City and County, on MONDAY, the twenty-fifth day of November, A. D. 1867, at two o'clock, P. M., then and there to show cause why an order of distribution should not be made of the residue of said estate among the devisees and legatees of the said deceased, according to law.

It is further ordered, that a copy of this order be published for four successive weeks before the said twenty-fifth day of November, A. D. 1867, in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published in the said city and county.

M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

Dated October 25th, A. D. 1867.

MESSRS. WINANS & BELKNAP, Attorneys for Petitioner. oct26-5w

IN THE PROBATE COURT of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the estate of WM. D. PALMER, deceased.

Order to show cause why order of distribution should not be made.

On reading and filing the petition of Samuel L. Palmer, the administrator of the estate of William D. Palmer, deceased, setting forth that he has filed his final account of his administration of the estate of said deceased, in this Court, and that the same has been duly settled and allowed; that all the debts and expenses of administration have been duly paid; and that a portion of said estate remains to be divided among the heirs of said deceased, and those persons entitled, and praying among other things for an order of distribution of the residue of said estate among the persons entitled:

It is Ordered, that all persons interested in the estate of said William D. Palmer, deceased, be and appear before the Probate Court of the city and county of San Francisco, at the Court room of said Court, in the City Hall in said city and county, on MONDAY, the ninth day of December, Anno Domini 1867, at eleven o'clock, A. M., then and there to show cause why an order of distribution should not be made of the residue of said estate among the heirs of the said William D. Palmer, deceased, and the persons entitled, according to law.

It is further Ordered, that a copy of this order be published for four successive weeks, before the said ninth day of December, A. D. 1867, in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published in the said city and county.

M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

Dated November 7th, 1867

A. J. GUNNISON, Esq., Attorney for Petitioner.

nov9 16 23 30 dec7

IN THE PROBATE COURT of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the estate of T. O. HOPKINS, deceased.

All papers and proceedings in the above entitled matter having been transferred to this Court from the Probate Court of Alameda County by reason of the disqualification of the Judge of said Court to act, and among said papers, a petition of A. J. Lowell, Administrator of said estate, setting forth that he has filed his final account of his administration of said estate, that the same has been audited, allowed and confirmed, that all the debts and expenses of administration have been fully paid, that a portion of said estate remains for distribution to the heirs of said deceased, and praying for a distribution to the heirs entitled.

It is ordered, That all persons interested in the estate of the said T. O. Hopkins, deceased, be and appear before the Probate Court of the City and County of San Francisco, at the Court room of said Court, in the City Hall, in said City and County, on MONDAY, the 16th day of December, A. D. 1867, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon of that day, then and there to show cause why an order of distribution should not be made of the residue of said estate among the heirs of the said T. O. Hopkins, deceased, according to law:

And it is further ordered, That a copy of this order be published for four successive weeks, before said hearing, in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published in the City and County of San Francisco.

M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

Dated November 13th, 1867. nov16-23 30 dec7-14

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF MARIA MACK, deceased.—Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the Estate of Maria Mack, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them, with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator, at his office and place of transaction of business, room 5, No. 520 Montgomery street, in the City and County of San Francisco.

Dated October 24th, 1867.

WILLIAM A. QUARLES,
Administrator of the Estate of Maria Mack, deceased. oct26 5w

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—IN THE MATTER OF the Estate of EDWARD O'DONNELL, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the estate of Edward O'Donnell, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said estate of the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator, at his place of business, on the southeast corner of Sansome and California streets, in the city and county of San Francisco.

Dated at San Francisco, November 14th, 1867.

CHARLES B. POLHEMUS,
Administrator of the Estate of Edward O'Donnell, deceased. nov16-5w

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF BENJAMIN OBER, deceased.—Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Executrix of the last will of the estate of Benjamin Ober, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Executrix, at her place of business, at the law office of Messrs. Clarke & Carpentier, No 606 Washington street, in the City and County of San Francisco.

Dated at San Francisco, November 14th, 1867.

JANE E. OBER,
Executrix of the last will of Benjamin Ober, deceased.
H. K. W. CLARKE, ESQ., Attorney for Executrix.
nov16-23-30 dec7-14

GEORGE MORROW & CO.,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN

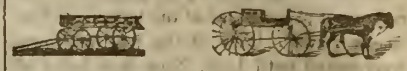
Hay, Grain, and Feed of all kinds.

Hucks & Lambert's Patent AXLE GREASE.

21 Clay street and 28 Commercial street, between Drumm and East, San Francisco.

REMOVAL. REMOVAL.

Larkins & Co.,



Manufacturers of every description of

CARRIAGES

CONCORD WAGONS, Ranch Wagons and Buggies made to order. All kinds of Jobbing and Carriage Painting done at the shortest notice.

New Manufactory Nos. 631 and 633 Howard street, corner of Hubbard, between Second and Third, San Francisco.

C. ROBERTS,

CARRIAGE AND WAGON MAKER,

HORSE

SHOEING AND JOBBING

PROMPTLY EXECUTED.

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All styles of Carriages, Wagons and Carts made to order and Repaired.

W. E. BRIDGE,

St. Lawrence Stables,

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A. FOLSOM,

Carriage Manufacturer,

No. 531 CALIFORNIA STREET,

Between Montgomery and Kearny streets, San Francisco

EVERY DESCRIPTION OF CARRIAGES, EXPRESS Wagons, Buggies, etc, made to order, of the best materials and workmanship.

Repairing and General Blacksmithing done with promptness, and at prices to suit the times.

C. MAIN. E. H. WINCHESTER. T. B. HAYES.

Main & Winchester,

Manufacturers and Importers of Harness, Saddles, Bridles, Whips, Collars, Saddlery Ware, etc,

Nos. 214 and 216 Battery Street, San Francisco.

N. B.—Good assortment Concord Stage Harness constantly on hand.

CALIFORNIA

Steam Navigation Company.

STEAMER CAPITAL.....CAPT. E. A. POOLE.
" CHRYSOPOLIS. CAPT. A. FOSTER.
" YOSEMITE.....
" CORNELIA.....CAPT. W. BROMLEY
" JULIA.....CAPT. E. CONCKLIN

One of the above steamers leave BROADWAY WHARF, at 4 o'clock P. M., *EVERY DAY*, (Sundays excepted,) for Sacramento and one for Stockton, the Sacramento steamer connecting with light-draft steamers for Marysville, Colusa, Chico and Red Bluff.

Office of the Company, northeast corner of Front and Jackson streets.

B. M. HARTSHORNE, President.

North American Steamship Company

NEW OPPOSITION LINE VIA PANAMA.

The North American Steamship Company will dispatch the elegant and commodious Steamship

OREGONIAN,

(3000 Tons,)

JOSEPH SUTTON.....Commander,

For PANAMA, from Mission Street Wharf, at 12 o'clock noon, on

MONDAY, - - - - - NOV. 25th, 1867,

Connecting, via Panama Railroad, at Aspinwall with the Company's new and splendid Steamship NEBRASKA, 3,000 Tons, for NEW YORK.

One hundred pounds Baggage free.

The OREGONIAN has been fitted by the Company especially for this route, and passengers will find her accommodations unequalled on this coast. The connecting steamer NEBRASKA, recently built for the Company in New York, is the fleetest steamship in the California trade on the Atlantic Ocean.

The Company will continue their Line via Nicaragua as usual.

For further information apply to

I. W. RAYMOND, Agent,
northw corner Battery and Pine streets,
Up stairs, San Francisco

Last week a hotel keeper in Lancaster, Pa., "smelled a mice" in this wise: Two countrymen took lodgings at his place, and fared sumptuously, drinking three bottles of wine daily. The last day, and before they had their bill a dispute arose about the speed of their horses. They at last settled upon a race, and appointed the landlord judge, like those of the Olympian games, gave the word one, two, three, and go. Away they went, and have neither been seen or heard of since. No doubt they are running at this moment (a bill in some other place,) leaving this landlord fully compensated by having the honor of being judge.

Mr. Ernest Jones, at his recent lecture in Dublin, gave some interesting statictics. He said there were 71,000,000 acres in the three Kingdoms. In 1770 there were 250,000 owners of this land. In 1856 the number had diminished to 32,000, and was still decreasing. The Duke of Cleveland might ride twenty-three miles through his estate; the Duke of Devonshire had 96,000 acres in the county of Derby alone; the Duke of Richmond possessed 340,000 acres; and the Marquis of Breadalbane might ride 100 miles in a straight line through his property from his own house door.

Little Alice found out an ingenious way of getting to bed in a hurry. The crib in which she slept was so low that, by placing one foot on the inside, and taking hold of the post, she could easily spring in. "Mamma," she said to her mother one evening, "do you know how I get to bed quick?" "No," was the reply. "Well," said she, in great glee, "I step one foot over the crib, then I say 'rats,' and scare myself right in."

A friend asks: "Why are a fashionable young lady's brains like a speckled trout?" Answer: "Because they love to sport under a waterfall."

W. S. WHITING. F. G. BERRY.

Whiting & Berry,

609 Sacramento Street, two doors above Montgomery,

Tea Wine and Spirit Merchants,

Importers and Wholesale Dealers in fine Brandies, Whiskies, Gins, Port, Sherry and Champagne Wines, Ale, Porter, Cider, Bitters, Cordials, Syrup, etc., for medicinal and family use, and suppliers to Families, Apothecaries, Physicians, City and Country Dealers, Hotels, Clubs, etc., in large or small quantities.

Observe Firm Name on each cork and fac simile signature on label.

[Trade Mark Registered.] WHITING & BERRY.

This is the only exclusive Tea, Wine and Spirit Store on the Pacific Coast.

It is neither a saloon or sample room, (as no wine or spirits are permitted to be drank on the premises,) but a depot where selected Teas and Pure Wines and Spirits may be procured at wholesale or retail for medicinal and family use. In this respect it is our aim to vie with Bininger & Co., New York, Bigelow & Dawes, London, and Cozzen & Co., of Washington, where every facility is offered to ladies as well as gentlemen in making their own selections and purchases in quantities to suit.

N. B.—Our Treatise on Wines, Spirits and Teas, may be had at our depot gratis, and will be mailed to consumers and dealers in the interior when requested.

WHITING & BERRY,
609 Sacramento Street, second door above Montgomery.

"THE" HAT STORE,

647 Washington Street.

The Hat wearing community are invited to examine the Stock at the above store, and in quality, style and price,

THEY DEFY COMPETITION!

Their Stock embraces all of the latest "novelties" and Standard Styles to be found elsewhere.

"THE" HAT STORE,
647 Washington Street.

NOTICE!

Not Out of Business—Only Removed.

Pioneer Steam Marble Works Com'y

HAVE REMOVED

Their Marble Mantel Warerooms from No. 546 California street to their extensive Steam Factory,

422 and 424 Jackson Street,

Where they keep constantly on hand the best and most select stock of

MARBLE MANTELS AND GRATES, HEADSTONES AND MONUMENTS.

Our Steam facilities enable us to sell better work at reduced prices than that manufactured by hand.

422 and 424 Jackson Street,
Between Montgomery and Sansome.

CANTY & WAGNER,

(SUCCESSORS TO J. REGAN,)

Wholesale & Retail Confectioners,

113 *Montgomery street, bet. Bush and Sutter*

N. B.—All candies sold by us are warranted to be manufactured from Stewart's double refined Sugar, and to be equal to any manufactured in the state. Country merchants solicited to examine our stock and prices. Goods delivered to any part of the city free of charge.

AYER'S PILLS

ARE PARTICULARLY ADAPTED to derangements of the Digestive Apparatus, and diseases arising from Impurity of the Blood. A large part of all the complaints that afflict mankind originate in one of these, and consequently these PILLS are found to cure many varieties of Disease. They are sugar-coated, and hence may be taken readily by the most sensitive and delicate persons.

Subjoined are the statements from some eminent physicians, of their effects in their practice:

AS A FAMILY PHYSIC.

From Dr. E. W. Cartwright, of New Orleans—Your Pills are the prince of purges. Their excellent qualities surpass any cathartic we possess. They are mild, but very certain and effectual in their action on the bowels, which makes them invaluable to us in the daily treatment of disease.

FOR JAUNDICE AND ALL LIVER COMPLAINTS.

From Dr. Theodore Bell, of New York City—Not only are your Pills admirably adapted to their purpose as an aperient, but I find their beneficial effects upon the Liver very marked indeed. They have in my practice proved more effectual for the cure of *Bilious Complaints* than any one remedy I can mention. I sincerely rejoice that we have at length a purgative which is worthy the confidence of the profession and the people.

DYSPEPSIA—INDIGESTION.

From Dr. Henry J. Knox, of St. Louis—The Pills you were kind enough to send me have been all used in my practice, and have satisfied me that they are truly an extraordinary medicine. So peculiarly are they adapted to the diseases of the human system, that they seem to work upon them alone. I have cured some cases of *Dyspepsia* and *Indigestion* with them, which had resisted the other remedies we commonly use. Indeed I have experimentally found them to be effectual in almost all the complaints for which you recommend them.

FOR HEADACHE—SICK HEADACHE—FOUL STOMACH—PILES—DROPSY—PLETHORA—PARALYSIS—FITS—DYSENTERY—DIARRHŒA—RELAX—Etc., Etc.

From Dr. Edward Boyd, Baltimore—Dear Dr. Ayer: I cannot answer you what complaints I have cured with your Pills better than to say all that we ever treat with a purgative medicine. I place great dependence on an effectual cathartic in my daily contest with disease, and believe as I do that your Pills afford us the best we have, I of course value them highly.

☞ Most of the Pills in market contain mercury, which although a valuable remedy in skillful hands, is dangerous in a public pill, from the dreadful consequences that frequently follow its incautious use. These contain no mercury or mineral substances whatever.

Prepared by DR. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass., and sold by all Druggists and Dealers in Medicine everywhere.

CRANE & BRIGHAM, San Francisco,
Wholesale Agents.

$100 00
SAVED in a very Short Time by using
STANDARD SOAP CO.'S
WASHING POWDER.

TRY IT!
Does Not Injure the Clothes.
Sold Everywhere.

Belden's Family Depot for Domestic Luxuries.

At this depot are, all should know,
For him who strong or faint is,
Superior grub—for home or club—
And every kind of dainties.
Westphalia hams, fresh oysters, clams,
Constituents of chowder,
Fine breakfast tea, and hominy,
And genuine curry powder.
Oil, mustard, wine, both French and Rhine,
Lard, coffee, ketchup, capers.
Crushed sugar, peas, and Switzer cheese,
And sperm and waxen tapers.
The giblets, pluck, of goose and duck,
Of woodcock, snipe and plovers,
Of partridge, too, and cockatoo—
The last express for lovers!
It seems absurb there scarce a bird—
My rhyme this somewhat ruffles—
But Belden's got in tin or pot,
The liver of with truffles.
Prunes, raisins, rice, preserves and spice,
Gin, whisky, rum and brandy,
Drinks made of malt, and table salt,
Tongues, sausages, and candy.
Above's not all to which I'd call
Particular attention.
Le vin d'elite, Chateau Lafitte,
And others, I would mention.
Surpassing fine Madeira wine,
St. Julien, port and sherry,
Chateaux Margaux and Veuve Clicquot,
Old apple jack and cherry.
La Rose, Chablis, and Burgundy
Both white, and red and sightly,
Prime Hermitage of ripe old age,
Still, sparkling too and sprightly.
Sauterne, medoc, still sparkling hock,
Johannesberg, Hockheimer,
Then sirs and dames (these German names
Would craze an English rhymer!)
Just come and buy, and cease to sigh
For Egypt and its fleshpots:
Ne'er better fare did Pharoh share,
Or any other despots.

Et Cetera
No. 652 Sacramento Street.

R. T. HOUSTON,

Merchant Tailor,

No. 414 BUSH STREET,
Between Kearny and Dupont, San Francisco.

Steam Scouring, Cleansing and Repairing neatly executed.

Also—Ladies' Cloth Dresses and Cloaks neatly Cleaned and Pressed, or Mis-Fits altered.

IRON SHUTTER WORKS,

Established 1849.

John Upstone,

MANUFACTURER OF FIRE-PROOF

Doors and Shutters,

Bank Vaults, Balconies, Gratings, Prison Cells, Awnings, Stairs, Iron Fence, etc.,

Corner of California and Drumm Streets,
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Constantly on hand a large assortment of second hand Fire-Proof Doors and Shutters.

Pioneer Iron Shutter Works,

ESTABLISHED 1849.

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Manufacturer of

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STEEL LINED BANK VAULTS,

Prison Cells, Balconies, Awnings, Gratings, Iron Fence, Stairs, etc.

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CORNER OF MARKET AND FREMONT STREETS,
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KITTREDGE & LEAVITT

Manufacturers of

FIRE-PROOF DOORS, SHUTTERS, BANK VAULTS,
PRISON CELLS, BALCONIES, GRATINGS,
IRON FENCE, STAIRS, Etc.
BURGLAR PROOF BANK VAULT LOCKS

Constantly on had, a large assortment of Fire-Proof Doors and Shutters.

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Steam Boiler and Sheet Iron WORKS.

Owned and conducted by Practical Boiler Makers.

HIGH AND LOW-PRESSURE BOILERS, STATIONARY AND MARINE.

Howard street, bet. Fremont and Beale, San Francisco.

Having had twenty-two years experience in this business, we feel confident of being able to compete—as to quality of work—with any establishment on the Pacific Coast.

CALIFORNIA BRASS FOUNDRY,

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SAN FRANCISCO.

All kinds of Brass, Composition, Zinc, and Babbitt Meta Castings, furnished at the shortest notice. Brass Ship-Work all kinds, Spikes, Sheathing Nails, Rudder Braces, Hinges, etc., constantly on hand and made to order. Also, manufacture Ship and Steamboat Bells and Gongs of superior tone.

All kinds of Steam, Liquor, Water, Oil, and Flange Cocks and Valves made and repaired.

Hydraulic Pipes and Nozzles, and Hose Couplings and Connections of all sizes and patterns, furnished with dispatch. *PRICES MODERATE.*

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MADISON & BURKE'S

REGULAR WEEKLY LIST

OF REAL ESTATE FOR SALE,

SINCE LAST REGULAR ADVERTISEMENT.

We have better opportunities to sell Real Estate than any other office in the city; dealing with so many tenants and landlords, and being so well known throughout the country, we frequently make sales where they would not otherwise have been made. Parties purchasing will find it to their advantage to call, and examine our list, for we have property of all descriptions, and all prices, in various parts of the city. We only desire to make a fair commission, and DEAL ON THE SQUARE with both Seller and Buyer.

HOUSES TO LET.

In all parts of the city, and at all prices, from five dollars a month upwards. Especial attention paid to this branch of our business. Ladies will receive every information. Landlords cannot but see the advantage of placing houses in our charge, as so many persons visit our office for the purpose of getting houses. Besides we have a very large number of tenants, who visit our office to pay rent and then see our list of houses.

RENTS COLLECTED. Large and small. Bad paying and destructive tenants made to move in short time, which is well known to this class of tenants.

MADISON & BURKE,
316 Montgomery street,
Between Pine and California.

J. H. Madison, Late Hoags & Madison. Martin J. Burke, Late Chief of Police.

OFFICE OF CITY LETTER DELIVERY COMPANY.

J. R. MEAD & CO.,

Importers, Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

FINE CLOTHING,

AND

Gents' Furnishing Goods,

TRUNKS, VALISES, CARPET BAGS, ETC.,

200 & 202 MONTGOMERY STREET,

Corner of Bush,

SAN FRANCISCO

PRIVATE MEDICAL AID.

QUICK CURES AND MODERATE CHARGES.

DR. W. K. DOHERTY,

PRIVATE MEDICAL AND SURGICAL INSTITUTE,
Sacramento Street, below Montgomery, Opposite Pacific Mail Steamship Co's Office, Private Entrance on Leidesdorff Street,
San Francisco.

Established expressly to afford the afflicted sound and scientific Medical Aid, in the treatment and cure of all Private and Chronic Diseases, cases of Secrecy, and all Sexual Disorders.

TO THE AFFLICTED.

Dr. W. K. Doherty returns his sincere thanks to his numerous patients for their patronage and would take this opportunity to remind them that he continues to consult at his Institute for the cure of chronic diseases of the Lungs, Liver, Kidneys, Digestive and Genito-Urinary Organs, and all Private Diseases, viz: Syphilis in all its forms and stages, Seminal Weakness, and all the horrid consequences of Self-Abuse, Gonorrhœa, Gleet, Strictures, Nocturnal and Diurnal Emissions, Sexual Debility, Diseases of the Back and Loins, Inflammation of the Bladder and Kidneys, etc.; and he hopes that his long experience and successful practice will continue to insure him a share of public patronage. By his practice of many years in Europe and the United States, he is enabled to apply the most efficient and successful remedies against diseases of all kinds. He uses no mercury, charges moderate, treats his patients in a correct and honorable way, and has references of unquestionable veracity from men of known respectability and high standing in society. All parties consulting him, by letter or otherwise, will receive the best and geutlest treatment, and implicit secresy.

TO FEMALES.

When a female is in trouble, or afflicted with disease, as weakness of the back and limbs, pain in the head, dimness of sight, loss of muscular power, palpitation of the heart, irritability, nervousness, extreme urinary difficulties, derangement of digestive function, general debility, vaginitis, all disease of the womb, hysteria, sterility, and all other diseases peculiar to females, she should go or write at once to the celebrated female doctor, W. K. DOHERTY, at his Medical Institute, and consult him about her troubles and disease. Irregularities, suppressions, etc., will receive the Doctor's most particular attention. Let no false delicacy prevent, but apply immediately and save yourself from painful suffering and premature death. Ladies whose delicate health or other circumstances prevent an increase in their families, should write or call at DR. DOHERTY'S MEDICAL INSTITUTE, and they will receive every possible relief and help. The Doctor's offices, consisting of a suite of six rooms, are so arranged that he can be consulted without fear of observation.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Patients (male or female) residing in any part of the State, however distant, who may desire the opinion and advice of DR. W. K. DOHERTY on their respective cases, and who think proper to submit a written statement of such, in preference to holding a personal interview, are respectfully assured that their communications will be held most sacred. Dr. Doherty takes this opportunity of observing that all letters are only opened and replied to by himself, and the latter as promptly as possible.

If the case be fully and candidly described, personal communication will be unnecessary, as instructions for diet, regimen, and the general treatment of the case itself, (including the remedies) will be forwarded without delay, and in such a manner as to convey no idea of the purport of the letter or parcel so transmitted.

Consultation, by letter or otherwise, Free. Permanent cure guaranteed, or no pay. Address,

W. K. DOHERTY, M. D.
San Francisco, Cal

SPERMATORRHŒA.

DR. DOHERTY has just published an important pamphlet embodying his own views and experiences in relation to Impotence or Virility, being a short treatise on Spermatorrhœa, or Seminal Weakness, Nervous and Physical Debility consequent on this affection, and other diseases of the Sexual Organs

This little work contains information of the utmost value to all whether married or single, and will be sent Free by mail on receipt of Six Cents in Postage stamps for return postage. Address,

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STEAMSHIPS FOR

NEW YORK, JAPAN AND CHINA,

WILL BE DISPATCHED AS FOLLOWS:

Leave Brannan-street Wharf at 11 o'clock A. M. of the following dates, for PANAMA, connecting *via* Panama Railroad, with one of the Company's splendid steamers from ASPINWALL for NEW YORK.

On 10th, 18th, and 30th of each month that has 30 days.
On 10th, 19th, and 30th of each month that has 31 days.

When the 10th, 19th and 30th fall on Sunday, they will leave on Saturday preceding; when the 18th falls on Sunday, they will leave on Monday following.

Steamer leaving San Francisco on the 10th touches at Manzanillo. All touch at Acapulco.

Departure of 18th or 19th is expected to connect with the French Transatlantic Co.'s steamer for St. Nazaire, and English steamer for South America.

Departure of 10th is expected to connect with English steamer for Southampton and South America, and P. R. R. Co.'s steamer for Central America. Through tickets can be obtained.

STEAMERS FOR NOVEMBER.

Nov. 9—CONSTITUTION, Capt. J. M. Caverly, connecting with HENRY CHAUNCEY, Capt. Gray.
Nov. 18—MONTANA, Capt. E. T. Farnsworth, connecting with RISING STAR, Capt. Connor.
Nov. 30—GOLDEN CITY, Capt. W. F. Lapidge, connecting with ARIZONA, Capt. Maury.

Passengers will be berthed through. Baggage checked through—100 pounds allowed each adult.

Surgeon on board. Medicine and attendance free.

These steamers will positively leave at 11 o'clock. Passengers are requested to have their baggage on board before 10 o'clock.

Through tickets to Liverpool by the "Cunard," "Inman" and "National" Steamship Lines can be obtained of P. M. S. S. Co.'s office in San Francisco.

For Merchandise Freight apply to Wells, Fargo & Co.

The steamer GREAT REPUBLIC, Capt. S. Doane, will be dispatched on December 4th, from wharf, corner of First and Brannan streets, for YOKOHAMA and HONGKONG; connecting at Yokohama with the steamer COSTA RICA, for SHANGHAI.

For Passage and all other information, apply at Pacific Mail Steamship company's office, corner of Sacramento and Leidesdorff streets.

OLIVER ELDRIDGE, Agent.

T. B. RODGERS,

CUTLER,

108 Leidesdorff street.

Corner California, adjoining the Pacific Insurance Office, San Francisco.

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MRS. E. F. STEWART,
AND THE STAR DRAMATIC COMPANY.

Matinee to-day,

WRITING ON THE WALL,

This Evening,.....November 23d,

The roaring Farce of

THE SPITFIRE!

And the melo drama entitled

WRITING ON THE WALL:

Fergusson Trotter, Esq., of Piccadilly, London.....W. Edouin
Richard Oliver.....H. D. Thompson
Bob Smithers, a Wandering Minstrel.....Harry Jackson
Lady Elton.....Mrs. E. F. Stewart
Marharet.....Miss Helen Tracy
Carlotta Smitherini.....Mrs. Harry Jackson

Wednesday Evening—Benefit of JOHN McCULLOUGH. "Richelieu."

PRICES OF ADMISSION:

Dress Circle.....$1 00 | Orchestra.....$1 00
Parquette..... 50 | Upper Circle..... 25

METROPOLITAN THEATRE.

Lessees and Managers,
MESSRS. EDWARDS, BATES & VINSON.

GRAND OPENING NIGHT OF THE NEW DRAMATIC SEASON.

SATURDAY, - - - NOVEMBER 23d,

On which occasion the highly accomplished Artist,

CHARLES WHEATLEIGH,

will make his first appearance, after an absence of eighteen months.

The performance will consist of Augustin Daly's great domestic dramatic picture, in five acts, entitled

UNDER THE GASLIGHT;

OR, A TALE OF LOVE AND LIFE IN THESE TIMES.

Snorkey, (a New York Messenger).....Chas. Wheatleigh
Ray Trafford, (a New "Blood,".....Henry Edwards
Councellor Splinter.....Mr. J. H. Vinson
Byke, (followed by the police,).....Mr. A. Fitzgerald
Peachblossom.....Mrs. C. R. Saunders
Pearl Courtland.....Miss Julia Corcoran

The Popular Favorite,

MRS. F. M. BATES,

Will sustain the character of Rose Courtland.

N. B.—The interior of the Theatre has been newly decorated. New Scenery, by Messrs. Rogers and Hesse. New Music, by Mr. F. A. Howson. Mechanical Effects, by Mr. Robins and Assistants.

PRICES OF ADMISSION.

Dress Circle and Orchestra Seats.....One Dollar
Parquet 50 cts | Gallery 25 cts
Doors open at 7 o'clock; to commence at 8.
Box Office open from 10 to 3 o'clock.

PLATT'S MUSIC HALL.

ORIGINAL MINSTRELSY.

FOR SIX NIGHTS ONLY,

—COMMENCING ON—

Saturday Evening.....November 23d.

Dan Bryant,

The originator of the original BRYANT'S MINSTRELS, at the urgent solicitation of many friends and citizens of San Francisco, will appear in his Original Ethiopian Characters, supported by California's favorite,

JOE MURPHY,

And his acknowledged MINSTREL TROUPE, in an Original Ethiopian Entertainment, SOIREE D'ETHIOPE, interspersed with Jokes and Comicalities, introducing the celebrated DAN BRYANT in his original acts.

During the week will be produced, Bryant's Burlesques, "Under the Gaslight," "Taming a Butterfly," "Old Time's Rocks," "Forrest and McCullough," "Somebody's Daughter," "Challenge Dance," "Fight for the Championship," and JOE MURPHY'S BIT. FIFTEEN TALENTED ARTISTS. Instrumental, Vocal, Terpsichorean, Burlesque and Operatic Scenes. ESSENCE OF OLD VIRGINNY.

Positively for SIX NIGHTS ONLY.

For particulars, see Programmes of the day. Box Office open at 9 o'clock A. M.

PRICES:

Dress Circle and Orchestra.....One Dollar
Parquette.....Fifty Cents

Leslie, Raynor & Smith's Minstrels.

Congress Hall, No. 320 Bush Street,

Between Montgomery and Kearny.

Immense Success of the Grand Combination

NEW MINSTREL TROUPE!

Endorsed by the presence of thousands of our First Families.

To-day.....at 2 o'clock,

A GRAND MINSTREL MATINEE.

TO-NIGHT, ENTIRE CHANGE OF PROGRAMME!

HENRY HERBERTE EVERY EVENING!

SEATS SECURED FOUR DAYS IN ADVANCE!

A Cloak Room, with Competent Attendants, for Ladies and Children. No Fees or Gratuities to be given to Attendants.

PRICES OF ADMISSION:

Orchestra Chairs and Dress Circle.....75 Cents
Parquet.....50 cents | Upper Circle.....25 cents
Box Office open from 10 A. M. to 4 P. M., where Seats may be secured without extra charge.

MAGUIRE'S OPERA HOUSE.

WEDNESDAY.....NOV. 27th,

BENEFIT OF

Mr. John McCullough.

Bulwer's Great Play of

RICHELIEU!

BOX SHEET NOW OPEN.

[Mercury and Era please copy.]

H. M. LOCKWOOD & CO.

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Pioneer Clothing Store,

CLOSING BUSINESS!!

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We offer the entire stock at the following reduced prices:

	Regular Prices.	Present Prices.
Boys' French Cass. Basket Pants	$6 00	$4 00
Boys' Velvet Cass. Ext. Sup. Pants	8 00	5 00
Boys' Cadet Union Suits	8 00	5 00
Boys' Union Sack Overcoats	8 00	5 00
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Boys' Blk Castor Beaver Overcoats	16 00	12 00
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Boys' Esquimaux Bever Suits	15 00	12 00
Boys' Fine Esquimaux Bever Suits	26 00	18 00
Youths' Cassimere Knee Pants	2 50	1 50
Youths' Cassimere Knee Pants, ex. Fine	3 00	2 25
Youths' CaSsimere Knee Pants, embr'd	4 00	3 00
Youths' Garibaldi Fancy Suits	7 00	5 00
Youths' Garibaldi Extra Fine Suits	8 00	6 00
Youths' Embroidered Cloth Suits	10 00	5 00
Youths' Black Beaver Suits	10 00	6 00
Youths' Pilot Cloth Overcoats	10 00	7 00
Youths' Chinchilla Overcoats	10 50	8 00
Youths' Union Sack Overcoats	8 00	6 00
Youths' Black Castor Beaver Overcoats	12 00	9 00
Youths' Heavy Black Beaver Garricks	10 00	8 00
Youths' Black Cloth Overcoat (sleeves)	11 00	8 50

500 Men's Esquimaux and Castor Beaver Overcoats,

Forty per cent. less than any other store on this Coast.

100 dozen Men's Star Shirts, $1 50

Astonishing low figures.

Remember, our goods are all Custom-made, from our Broadway store in New York, thirteen years' standing. Everybody must know our goods. Retiring from business, the goods must be sold. Call at LOCKWOOD & CO'S, and examine the great reduction in prices.

H. M. LOCKWOOD & CO.,
624 Clay Street.

IN THE PROBATE COURT OF THE CITY AND County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the Estate of ANTHONY GIFFORD, deceased.

Order to show cause why Order of Sale of Real Estate should not be made.

It appearing to the said Court, by the petition this day presented and filed by William A. Quarles, the Administrator of the estate of Anthony Gifford, deceased, praying for an order of sale of real estate, that it is necessary to sell the whole of the real estate, to pay the debts, expenses and charges of the administration.

It is therefore ordered by the said Court, that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased, appear before the said Probate Court on TUESDAY, the 24th day of December, A. D. 1867, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the Court room of said Probate Court, at the City Hall in the city and county of San Francisco, to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said Administrator to sell so much of the real estate of the said deceased as shall be necessary;

And that a copy of this order be published at least four successive weeks in THE CALIFORNIAN, a weekly newspaper printed and published in said city and county.

M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

Dated November 22d, 1867.
T. J. FINN, Esq., Attorney for Petitioner.
nov23-30 dec7-14-21

IN THE PROBATE COURT of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the estate of JOHN DE VRIES, deceased.

City and County of San Francisco—ss.

Notice is hereby given that B. B. McAllister, having, on the 20th day of November, 1867, filed in this Court his petition, praying to be allowed to amend the petition of Charles Ackerman, praying for an order of sale of real estate, filed herein June 12th, 1865, to establish certain facts, which are in brief, to-wit:

That the said real estate was, at the time of filing said petition for the sale thereof, almost wholly unproductive, and produced a monthly rental of eight dollars per month and no more, and for the further particulars, reference is here made to said petition on file in my office; the hearing of the same has been fixed by said Court for MONDAY, the 16th day of December, 1867, at 11 o'clock A. M. of said day, of the December term of 1867, at the Court room thereof, at the City Hall, in the City and County of San Francisco; and all persons interested in the said estate, are hereby notified then, and there to appear, and show cause, if any they have, why the said petition should not be granted.

Dated November 20th, 1867.

WM. LOEWY, Clerk,
By A. J. JEGHERS, Deputy Clerk.

E. B. MASTICK & T. B. BISHOP, Esqs., Attorneys for Petitioners. nov23-30 dec7-14

Musee des Salons.

Life Insurance---The Money Drift.

EDITORS CALIFORNIAN—*Sirs:* I read in your issue of the 11th, a very important statistical paper, compiled by you from the Federal revenue returns, proves the astounding fact that the distant Life Insurance Companies plying in California through "Agents" draw away nearly a million dollars per anum.

The drain under this head as you state it amounts to:

Year ending 1st August, 1866.....$496,289
Year ending 1st August, 1867.....$877,264

And as we write the drain increases and must be now near a million a year—to be a million and a half next year and so on.

And you naturally ask with surprise why this matter has not been taken in hand by some of our enterprising insurance men, so as to arrest the flight of a moiety at least of this enormous drain?

I think, sirs, your question is well put, and though my hands are full, I am yet willing to step forward and assume some of the responsibility and bear some of the preliminary expenses of forming such a Company.

When you reflect sirs that this million dollars a year is carried over land and sea, thousand upon thousand of miles, to places where it is lent out by distant Managers and Directors to their manufacturing and commercial friends around them, at *Five Per Cent. per annum*, while our merchants and manufacturers, *who are to compete with these* have to pay *Fifteen Per Cent. per annum* for money, [we supply them with the golden weapons to beat us] you will then conceive the magnitude of the injuries effected by the sapping and mining operations of those distant Insurance Companies. The money which must drain away, day by day, steamer after steamer, from our people, will, if not stopped, impoverish this country quite as much as if it were conquered by a foreign power and held in perpetual tribute. A million a year by compound interest will be ten millions in five years, twenty millions in ten years, forty millions in fifteen years, eighty millions in twenty years, one hundred and sixty millions in twenty-five years, three hundred and twenty millions in thirty years! I will admit that the ordinary percentage of deaths on a business of thirty years will effect a drawback of one-third of the income, which in thirty years we will put at one hundred millions. Notwithstanding this, if we go on at our present scale of draining, we shall in thirty years lose by the insurance operation two hundred millions of dollars! But our drain, if we don't stop it, will not stand at one million a year, it will increase year after year from one million a year to two millions a year, which by my foregoing computation would in thirty years foot up to FOUR HUNDRED MILLIONS! What it would amount to in sixty years I leave to other calculators. In round numbers, I should guess it would come to the full number of dollars equaling the national debt of the United States.

Now, sirs, I care not what may be said of me by critics or jealous opponents, some of whom cannot see farther than their noses. I announce myself as ready to make an effort to stop this drain, and I hold every man who cooperates with me a benefactor to his adopted country.

Let the capital of a Local Life and Health Insurance Company be one hundred thousand dollars to begin, in shares of one hundred dollars each. I shall cheerfully take the name of cooperators in a book opened this day in the office of the California Building and Savings Bank, California street, for that purpose,

I remain your obedient servant,
THOMAS MOONEY.

Buildings and Savings Bank, California street.
November 12th, 1867.

Removal.

WILLIAM SHERMAN & CO.,

Have this day Removed their Stock of

Clothing & Men's Furnishing Goods,

From Sansome Street to

608 Montgomery street,

(East Side,) North of Clay.

San Francisco, November 22, 1867.

Removal.

JOHN G. HODGE & CO.,

Importers and Wholesale Stationers,

Have Removed to

329 and 331 Sansome Street,

Southwest corner of Sacramento.

GEORGE MORROW & CO.,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN

Hay, Grain, and Feed of all kinds.

Hucks & Lambert's Patent AXLE GREASE.

21 Clay street and 28 Commercial street, between Drumm and East, San Francisco.

Turnbull & Smith,
PRINTERS,
522 CLAY ST.,
SAN FRANCISCO.

Good Work!—One Price!—Punctuality!

D. BRUCE,

PRINTER,

COMMERCIAL STREET BELOW MONTGOMERY.

Grand Reductions!

MEAGHER, TAAFFE & CO.

No. 9 Montgomery Street,

WILL OFFER ON

Monday, - - - November 25th,

THE FOLLOWING GOODS

AT GREATLY REDUCED PRICES!

LACE CURTAINS.

French Lace Curtains;
Swiss Lace Curtains;
Leno Lace Curtains;
Nottingham Lace Curtains;
Muslin Embossed Curtains.

FOR BOYS' WEAR AND CLOAKINGS.

Scotch Tweeds;
French Cassimeres;
Elbouf Cloths.

PRINTS.

French, English and American.

HOSIERY.

Balbrigan Hose;
French Hose;
Cachon Hose for Children.

SILKS.

Ponson's Gro Grain Black Silks;
Bichoff's Glace Black Silks;
Coutnrier's Gros de Rhin;
Bouret's Parchment Silks.

MEAGHER, TAAFFE & CO.,

RETAIL STORE,

No. 9 MONTGOMERY STEET,

LICK HOUSE BLOCK.

WHOLESALE HOUSE,

107 BATTERY STREET, near Pine street.
SAN FRANCISCO.

STERETT'S PRINTING OFFICE,

No. 533 Clay Street.

Cards, Billheads, Circulars, Books, Briefs, Transcripts, Posters, Bills of Fare Envelopes, Letter and Note Headings, Tickets, Pamphlets, and all Legal Papers printed at short notice, and upon reasonable terms.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF H. C. KORF, deceased.—Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the Estate of H. C. Korf, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator, at his office and place of transaction of business, room 5, No. 520 Montgomery street, in the City and County of San Francisco.

Dated San Francisco, November 19th, 1867.

WILLIAM A. QUARLES,
Administrator of the Estate of H. C. Korf, deceased.
nov23-4t

The California.

"SURELY THERE IS A VEIN FOR THE SILVER AND A PLACE FOR GOLD WHERE THEY FINE IT."

VOLUME VII., No. 28. OFFICE, No. 532 MERCHANT STREET. SAN FRANCISCO, NOVEMBER 30, 1867. TERMS, $5 A YEAR, BY MAIL, IN ADVANCE. 50 CENTS A MONTH, BY CARRIER.

CONTENTS:

ORIGINAL: Inquisitorial Committee; The Last Grand Jury; Presbyterian and Catholic; Bierstadt's New Picture, by Astræa; Our Chaplain in Java, by Forbes Maitland; A Leaf from an Actor's Log, by Old Delph; A Kangaroo Hunt, by Wilks; Dramatic Affairs, by Touchstone; Literary Gleanings: Verses of Society; A New California Poet; Miscellaneous. "Lion's Mouth:" Lessons for Locals—No. 3; Pure English; Alaska; Characteristics of Great Men; Paragraphs, etc. SELECTED: Recollections of the War; Incidents in the Shenandoah Valley, by James Franklin Fitts; A Cruise after Sandal Wood; A Costa Rica Duel; Snakes in Queensland; Fools; The First Gold Mine; Paragraphs, etc. POETRY: Sheridan's Ride, T. Buchanan Read; The Pumpkin, a Thanksgiving Poem, by John G. Whittier; A inging Lesson; Merlin.

SHERIDAN'S RIDE.

Up from the South at break of day,
Bringing to Winchester fresh dismay,
The affrighted air with a shudder bore,
Like a herald in haste, to the chieftain's door,
The terrible grumble, and rumble, and roar,
Telling the battle was on once more,
And Sheridan twenty miles away.

And wider still those billows of war,
Thundered along the horizon's bar;
And louder yet into Winchester rolled
The roar of that red sea uncontrolled,
Making the blood of the listener cold,
As he thought of the stake in that fiery fray,
And Sheridan twenty miles away.

But there is a road from Winchester town,
A good broad highway leading down;
And there through the flush of the morning light,
A steed as black as the steeds of night,
Was seen to pass, as with eagle flight,
As if he knew the terrible need;
He stretched away with his utmost speed;
Hills rose and fell; but his heart was gay,
With Sheridan fifteen miles away.

Still sprung from those swift hoofs, thundering South,
The dust, like smoke from the cannon's mouth;
Or the trail of a comet, sweeping faster and faster,
Foreboding to traitors the doom of disaster.
The heart of the steed, and the heart of the master
Were beating like prisoners assaulting their walls,
Impatient to be where the battle-field calls;
Every nerve of the charger was strained to full play,
With Sheridan only ten miles away.

Under his spurning feet the road
Like an arrowy Alpine river flowed,
And the landscape sped away behind
Like an ocean flying before the wind,
And the steed, like a bark fed with furnace ire,
Swept on, with his wild eye full of fire,
But lo! he is nearing his heart's desire;
He is snuffing the smoke of the roaring fray,
With Sheridan only five miles away.

The first that the general saw were the groups
Of stragglers, and then the retreating troops,
What was done? what to do? a glance told him both,
Then striking his spurs, with a terrible oath,
He dashed down the line, 'mid a storm of huzzas,
And the wave of retreat checked its course there, because
The sight of the master compelled it to pause,
With foam and with dust the black charger was gray;
By the flash of his eye, and the red nostril's play,
He seemed to the whole great army to say,
"I have brought you Sheridan all the way
From Winchester, down to save the day!"

Hurrah! hurrah for Sheridan!
Hurrah! hurrah for horse and man!
And when their statues are placed on high;
Under the dome of the Union Sky,
The American soldiers' Temple of Fame;
There with the glorious general's name,
Be it said, in letters both bold and bright,
"Here is the steed that saved the day,
By carrying Sheridan into the fight,
From Winchester, twenty miles away!

T. BUCHANAN READ.

THE LION'S MOUTH.

"The gravest beast is an ass, the gravest bird is an owl, the gravest fish is an oyster, and the gravest man is a fool." SYDNEY SMITH.

"I will roar, that I will do any man's heart good to hear me." A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

"I will aggravate my voice so, that I will roar you as gently as any sucking dove; I will roar you an 'twere any nightingale." IBID.

"*Nil falsi audeat, nil veri non audeat dicere.*" CICERO.

Lessons for Locals—No. Three.

Among the phrases and expressions, which however brilliant when new, have now become threadbare, and are foresworn by all first-class writers of "funny locals," and turned over to the more ignoble members of the reportorial guild. The following are a few: *Hombre* for man; "intelligent contraband," for negro; "gent," for gentleman; "fightist;" "shootist," "untamed courser," as applied to the horse, in *Mazeppa*; "pedal extremities;" the "fistic art;" "lager slingers" and "beer jerkers:" "syrens of Pacific street;" *Maison de fer*, for the County Jail; "vag," for vagrant; most of the old set of scientific terms associated with the P. R., such as "bunch of fives, potato-trap, mug, bugle, peepers, nob, luvoices," etc. Fitz-Smythe, it is true, occasionally airs one of these classic terms under peculiar circumstances, but in all his more elaborate and finished efforts, he aims at original phrases and combinations. Disgusted by the crowd of imitators who have trodden in his footsteps and appropriated all this old stock as their common property, he has struck out in search of "fresh fields and pastures new." There is also, a large class of familiar quotations that have long been abandoned by the more eminent and ambitious members of the reportorial brotherhood. Among these are such old acquaintances as, "To paint the lily, gild refined gold," etc.; "There's a divinity that shapes our ends," etc; "Richard's himself again;" "Sermons in stones, books in the running brooks;" "Sweet are the uses of adversity;" "Truth crushed to earth will rise again;" "One of the few, the immortal names," etc.; "Full many a gem of purest ray serene," etc. In fact, the witty reporter of our day no longer uses poetical quotations at all, unless he gives them a fine comic effect by introducing ludicrous innovations and improvements, as:

"How sharper than a serpent's thanks it is
To have a toothless child!"

Or:

"My name is Norval; on the Mission road,
My father keeps a hog ranch," etc.

And then the popular burlesques, travesties and extravaganzas furnish abundance of rich material for the expansive and ambitious "local" whose aspirations are not to be satisfied with "short items," and who loves to spread himself. In our next lesson we shall touch upon the subject of the style of quotation specially adapted to the witty reporter.

Pure English.

We have reason to suspect that there is not any very large number of "Portuguese and Brazilliau youth" among the readers of the CALIFORNIAN. If, however, this item should chance to meet the gaze of any youth of either of these nationalities, desirous of perfecting themselves in the Englisb tongue, we would call their attention to a little volume entitled "O Novo Guia Da Conversocao, Em Portuguez E Iugles,' designed to qualify them for "holding their own" in social converse with English-speakiug people. The following is an extract *verbatim et literatim* from the preface to this usefnl volume: "A choice of familiar dialogues, clean of galliciems and despoiled phrases, it was missing yet to studious portuguese aud brazillian youth. We sought all we may do to couect that want, composing and devising the present little work in two parts. The first includes a greatest vocahulary, proper names by alphahetical order; and the second, fourty three dialogues adapted to the usual precisions of life." This promising preface concludes in these words: "We were increasing this second edition with a phraseology in the first part, and some familiar letters, anecdotes, idiotisms, and proverbs We expect then, who the little book (for the care what we wrote him and for her typographical conectiou) that may be worth the acceptation of the studious persons, and especially of the Youth at which we dedicate him particularly." The studious "Portuguese Youth" should be grateful to the author who has been at such pains to facilitate the acquisition of English, hy makiug it so much like their native tongue in its idioms and construction.

Seward's Little Speculations Stopped.

Mr. Washburn offered a resolution in Congress on Novemher 27th, declaring that in the present financial condition of the county any further purchase of territory is inexpedient, and the House will hold itself under no obligation to vote money to pay for such purchased. The resolution was adopted; and thus many of Mr. Seward's real estate speculations are nipped in the hud. If Denmark chooses to sell Mr. Seward an island or two, it can do so; hut Uncle Sum won't pay for them. We should uot wonder if Mr Seward got desperate and bought a little territory on his own account. It is very hard for him to have to give up the idea of buying part of Borneo, Jerusalem, the Sandwich Islands, British Columhia, Ireland and Iceland, but perhaps it is all for the best, and it will be just as well to devote the money to improving Uncle Sam's already tolerably large estate.

Alaska.

The correspondent of the *Alta* in Alaska does not praise the vegetable products of that territory very highly. He says:

The cahhage, turnip, artichoke, parsnip and cauliflower, exhihit a fair display of leaves; hut the cahhages are headless, the turnips watery, the artichokes tough, the parsnips stale, and the cauliflowers tasteless.

To compensate for headless cahhages, watery turnips, tough artichokes, stale parsnips and tasteless cauliflowers, we have a mammoth crah, which measures six feet from tip to tip of its claws, the legs being about the thickness of a man's wrist, and filled with palatable meat. That's the reason why Seward bought Alaska; he knew that the vegetables weren't worth anything, but he also knew that there were any number of mammoth crahs, halihut, candle-fish, cod and salmon. As the *Alta's* correspondent expresses it:

"But her fisheries—her vast granaries of cod, halihut and salmon, are exhaustless."

"Granaries" is good. Seward honght Alaska because he knew that her vast "granaries" of fish were exhaustless, and would set Uncle Sam up in business as the largest fish-monger in the world.

Characteristics of Great Men.

When a man is once acknowledged to be famous for any one thing, it is astonishing in how many particulars he is different from other persons. For instance we are told that:

"George L. Barrett, the shrewdest horse dealer in Connecticut, is dead. He was very popular among his neighbors, never tasted liquor or used tobacco, was never on a steamboat, and only once in a railway car, and lived all his life in the same house."

Now, surely it is enough for the general public to know that the George L. Barrett who is now dead, was the shrewdest horse dealer in Connecticut, without being told that he never tasted liquor nor used tobacco in his life, that he was never on a steamboat, and only once in a railway car, and lived in the same house all his life. These peculiarities are not confined to shrewd horse dealers; other men who know nothing about horse flesh possess them. If a man lives to the age of 100 years, we are told that he was a constant attendant at religious service, was a baptist in belief, and generally wore a white hat with a black band around it. These particulars may he interesting to the general public, hut we doubt it.

The Discoverer of Gold in California.

The *Bulletin's* "own correspondent" in Coloma, in a late letter, gives some interesting particulars about Marshall, who was the original discoverer of gold in California. He informs us that he "lives in a hovel," has a dog, "a snarling ugly cur," that he is "hound up in his vineyard and spiritualism," and "has a wretched opinion of the American people, who show so little appreciation of the man who discovered their vast mines of gold, as not even to endow a dollar in pension money or otherwise for his benefit." The correspondent continues:

"We don't blame him for being sensitive about it, and it would not demoralize or hurt Congress, or California, to make up a purse for the old man. It is not too late yet, and better late than never."

"Ah! Marshall was not smart. He was like the boy who found the bird's nest, and immediately told his companions. He ought to have held his tongue until he had feathered his own nest, and then he would not have need to complain of the ingratitude of the American people, whom his lucky discovery has enriched.

Another Runaway Italian Boy.

We fear that the importers of juvenile Italiau musicians must be getting discouraged. A very short time ago an Italian boy was advertised as missing, and $10 offered for his recovery. Now, a more valuable boy—one worth $15—has struck work and bolted, preferring to go it alone to giving up his earnings to his guardian, or owner. The following appears in the *Bulletin*:

Information wanted of John Corleto, a boy musician, about ten years of age; round face and chestnut hair; had on black jacket and pants and a dark brown hat; he plays on the harp. Any person giving information of his whereabouts will receive $15 reward.
VINCENT PEUNELIA.

We fear that this advertisement, which is ornamented hy the picture of a small figure playing a lyre, will not lead to the recovery of the round-faced, chestnut-haired boy-musician, John Corleto, though only ten years of age, evidently thinks he is old enough to take care of himself, and intends to do wandering minstrel business on his own account.

"The Red Eye of Battle."

The *Alta* in one of its brilliant editorial notes says:

"The New York *Hearld* has been trying to be very funny at the expense of Senator Conkling, whom it accuses of inventing the phrase "The red eye of battle." The *Herald* thinks the figure a very fair shot for its farcical raillery, but unfortunately it is not Conkling's, but the invention of Thomas Champbell, in whose 'Lochiel's Warning" the offensive phrase may be found.

We cannot see anything offensive in this phrase; on the contrary we think that "the red eye of battle" is a very good way of describing "fighting whisky."

MERLIN.

MERLIN, the great magician,
Quelled by a woman's hand,
Lies under the mighty oak-trees
In the forest of Broceliande.

The fever of life comes never
To fret his poet-brain:
He has slept a thousand years, and shall sleep
A thousand years again.

Dews fall soft on the turf there,
Young birds twitter above:
Merlin sleeps and surely sleep
Is better than aught save love.

Merlin sleeps, while the winters
Freeze and the summers bloom,
And the old oaks whisper softly,
He is here till the Day of Doom.

He has no letters to answer,
He has no debts to pay,
No books shall he write, no journal read,
'Twixt this and the Judgment Day.

O happy, happy Merlin,
Afar in the forest deep!
To thee alone of the sons of men
Gave a woman the gift of sleep.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE WAR.

BY JAMES FRANKLIN FITTS.

NO. IX.—INCIDENTS IN THE SHENANDOAH VALLEY—GUARDING A WAGON TRAIN.

AFTER the battle of Winchester, our army pursued the enemy vigorously for fifty miles or more, halting finally at Harrisonburgh, which is nearly the geographical centre of the State. The infantry and artillery lay here for more than a week, resting after the severe labors of the past month, while the cavalry was pushed on to Staunton, twenty miles further. There was much speculation in the army in those days as to what Sheridan would do next. There was an enemy somewhere in front of him, although one that he could not hope to bring to another engagement by continuing to advance. He was now almost a hundred miles from Harper's Ferry, his base of supply, and over this long road, through a hostile country, his forage and subsistence must be transported by wagon-trains. The road swarmed with guerrillas; Mosby was never so active as at this period, when he turned his whole attention to the business of cutting off Sheridan's supplies; and it was generally thought that our advanced position must be abandoned. The experience of General Hunter the previous summer, who pushed his army southward to Lynchburg, only to find himself entirely destitute of supplies, and compelled to retreat through the Kanawha, was too fresh in the mind of Sheridan to allow him to commit such an error; and until the next movement was decided upon, he lay inactive at Harrisonburgh. It is one of the most beautiful situations in this valley of natural beauty and magnificence; situated in the midst of grassy meadows and pleasant woods, the giant battlements of the Blue Ridge are lighted up protectingly but a few miles distant; Cedar Mountain, the scene of Banks' gallant fight in 1862, being visible far southeastwardly. And here we rested for a week, refreshing our wearied bodies, filling letters with the details of the late campaign, which we, in our ignorance, thought was concluded, and reading up the military situation in other parts of the South, as we could learn it from the Northern papers which reached us whenever a mail happened to elude the vigilance of Colonel Mosby. Shakspeare, or somebody else, says that "our army swore terribly in Flanders;" which of course was wrong of it; but I know not who shall record the maledictions lavished in our army, from the general commanding, down to the meanest teamster of the train, upon the head of "that d—d Mosby." The following paragraphs will contain glimpses of his partisans.

On a still, starry night at Harrisonburgh, when the bivouac fires of our army were glowing inside the pickets in a mammoth parallelogram of light, and after the tattoo had warned the men to quit their fiddling and dancing, and go to rest, I was returning to my tent from brigade headquarters. General George L. Beale, who then commanded this brigade, was a captain in the old Tenth Maine, in the battle of Cedar Mountain, and I had been an interested listener to his spirited account of the battle. Still thinking of the heroic charge of Crawford's division that day, into a whole rebel army-corps, as I picked my way back to my quarters, I stumbled against a man who came down a road at right angles with the direction I was pursuing, and whose voice revealed him as the major of my regiment, then in command of it.

"Here's some work cut out for us, cap," were his first words. "I was summoned over to Sheridan's headquarters an hour ago, and have just come from a talk with him. There's a train of empty wagons, half a mile long, going back to Martinsburg to-morrow for supplies, and we are ordered to guard it down. 'There are plenty of guerrillas in the way, major,' said the general; 'but you must clean them all out before you as you go. Don't leave one of the fellows behind you.' So we must be up and off, bright and early."

And we were. The boys received the news of these orders with much satisfaction, as I have no doubt they would have received the news for an immediate advance upon the enemy, after lying inactive for a week; and before sunrise the haversacks were filled, blankets and knapsacks strapped, accoutrements adjusted, and the regiment had marched over to the rendezvous. The major had not exaggerated, in his statement that the train was half a mile long. When it had pulled out of park, and the last wagon had turned into the road, it stretched out into a long line which reached from one hill to another, and which I had anticipated would court the advances of Mosby and his gang, although he might know it to be empty. There would be very little plunder here for him; but it would be an exploit to brag over if he could cut the traces of all these trains, stampede the mules, wreck the wagons, and release the hundred rebel prisoners we had in charge. The troops were therefore very carefully disposed to guard against such a contingency. The two senior captains present, of whom I was one, were mounted, and directed to pass back and forth from front to rear, at short intervals, keeping the train well closed up, and assuring the vigilance of the men. The latter were placed in the wagons, distributed by half-dozens through the train, with every musket loaded, every bayonet fixed, and every soldier on the *qui vive* for a guerrilla. A few cavalry had been allowed us, out of which we extemporized a very small advance and rear-guard, and two lines of flankers, which moved parallel with the train on each side, and at the distance of forty rods from it. With these preparations made, as the long train rumbled away down the valley toward Newmarket, I felt like repeating to the guerrillas the defiance which stout Miss Standish hurled at the Pequots:

"Let them come, if they like, and the sooner they try it, the better!"

The weather of September and October in this valley is incomparably beautiful, the atmosphere clear and exhilarating, and the animal spirits rise under the stimulus like the mercury in the thermometer. The drivers shouted to the mules, the soldiers laughed and jested, being peculiarly happy in their relief from the march, and there was little else but gayety and good humor. The mules of this, as of every other train, would have been a study for every lover of animal vagaries. Generally docile and obedient, willing to bear any amount of abuse, the army-mule sometimes becomes rebellious and absolutely refuses to proceed. We passed at one point one of the six-mule teams which had come to a dead halt, through the perverseness of an obstinate wheeler. Probably assuming that he had acted as wheeler long enough for one day, the obstinate brute sat erect upon his haunches, like a house-dog, and in response to the blows, kicks, and epithets endearingly lavished upon him, merely shook his head or flopped his long ears, as if to say, "I am master of the situation, and won't budge till I am put in the forward pair." The soldiers had left the wagon, and, gathered about the refractory animal, were proffering some gratuitous advice to the almost distracted teamster.

"That there *mu-el* will be the death of me," said the aggrieved man. "He eats more'n any two of 'em, and hates to work worse'n any four of 'em. Never knows when he's well treated, and haint no shame about him." And then followed a new series of lashes and kicks, at which Mr. Mule merely shook his mulish head, as before, while the other mules looked around at him with something like reproach in their grotesquely solemn countenances. As the train went by, the teamster was exasperated almost to frenzy by derisive shouts from the soldiers, "Here's your mule!—here's your mule!" accompanied by discordant brayings in perfect imitation of the ridiculous noise which these creatures make when hungry, and peals of laughter, in which all joined but the distressed teamster.

"Prick him with a bayonet," one of the soldiers suggested.

"Prick him yourself," returned the teamster, no doubt warned by sad experience against such such summary procedure. The adviser cautiously approached and inserted his bayonet about half an inch into the mule's haunches. The indignant animal uttered a loud *wee haugh, wee haugh!* and suddenly launched his hoofs toward his persecutor's head, knocking the musket from his hands, and compelling him to beat a hasty retreat, while the teamster heartily joined in the laugh which his discomfiture provoked.

"He's the most vicious mule in the service," he explained to a brigadier-general of the western army, who had been to Sheridan's headquarters upon some mission, and was now returning toward Harper's Ferry under an escort, and who had reined in his horse by the roadside, and sat, an amused spectator of the scene. "The most vicious brute as was ever created, sir. He was borned a rebel, and blast me if I don't believe he'd like a chance to betray us all to old Early. Get up now, you d—d old villain!"

"Spank him with a board," another soldier suggested.

A half-inch plank was procured from the wagon, and applied vigorously to the refractory servant, with no other effect than to induce a livelier flopping of the ears.

"Build a fire 'n under him," another genius in blue suggested. It is probable that this bright idea would have been forthwith acted upon; but at that moment Mr. Mule concluded to proceed, and started forward with a rush, in which his willing companions joined. The empty wagon sped away after the train, followed by teamster and soldiers on a run, and took its place again.

At night the train was packed in a solid square, upon one side of which the regiment bivouacked, while a close chain of pickets surrounded it. A refractory teamster, tied up to a wagon-wheel, ventured the hope that the guerrillas might come, that he might be released; but they did not. The first night passed quietly away, and we proceeded on our way in the morning. But a little distance below Newmarket, we saw a sight which gave ample evidence of the neighborhood of the Guerrillas. By the roadside, opposite a little clump of trees, lay the corpse of a cavalry man, dressed in a new and shiny uniform, with a bullet-hole straight through his forehead. The letters P. V., on his cap, showed that he belonged to one of the Pennsylvania regiments. There were no men of any of them in our cavalry squad, and it seemed certain that he was some straggler from a detachment which had lately passed over the road. There is always a mystery, often a horror, in the presence of death; there were both about this dead young soldier as he lay there, still and cold in the bright sunshine, his grave, bearded face as composed as though he had but just fallen into a placid sleep. A letter in his pocket told his name, and the address of his friends in Pennsylvania; and one of us took charge of it, and undertook to notify them of his death. I dismounted and looked at him for a moment; and while standing by the body, I fancied him riding carelessly along, perhaps in sight of his comrades, singing some lively soldier-air, and thinking of his friends at home, when the fatal bullet crushed through his skull. It was a cowardly act, hardly better than murder; and the absence of his horse, and the fact that his pockets were robbed, showed that plunder alone had stimulated his assassin. He had probably waited in this clump of trees, and fired from his concealment. The body was placed in one of the wagons, and buried that night on the summit of Fisher's Hill.

I have called this a cowardly act, as it was; but I have known an audacity in facing danger to be displayed by some of Mosby's men which was positively astounding. In the previous August, while the armies of Sheridan and Early were marching and countermarching between Harper's Ferry and Strasburg, manœuvreing for advantage for the battle which was certain to come, Mosby's marauders actually enveloped our march, hanging closely upon the columns, disguised in blue overcoats in the daytime, and often in the night riding with the columns, or into the camps, undetected. Mosby himself has boasted that he generally had one of his men driving in every train that went from Harper's Ferry to the front; and there was some truth in the brag. Upon one occasion, an afternoon in the last days of August, when the army had halted and got into position near Charlestown for the night, while under the strictest orders to be ready to form line and fight a battle at a moment's notice, one of our soldiers was wounded by a guerrilla, who deliberately rode up within a rod of a line of stacked arms, fired his carbine into a knot of men, and galloped off before pursuit could be effective. Nobody had thought of taking him for any other than a stray cavalryman, from one of Custar's regiments, or an orderly from headquarters, until undeceived by his shot and escape. It was about this time that General Emory had a very narrow escape from capture by these foragers. His headquarter tents were being put up, one evening, after the halt for the night, when a dozen horsemen rode rapidly through the enclosure, discharging their carbines right and left, and disappeared before the astonished lieutenant in command of the headquarters infantry could get his company under arms. Had the guerrillas known that they passed within a few feet of where the brevet major-general, who commanded one-third of this great infantry force was lying, they would no doubt have made a desperate effort to take him. The general was greatly disturbed by the incident, and rated the lieutenant soundly for his unreadiness; although that officer was not particularly to blame, as the most apprehensive could hardly have expected an enemy at that place, just then. But it was always characteristic of Mosby to avoid meeting an enemy openly, and to take his plunder and prisoners by sudden descents upon exposed points.

"Why, hang it, sir," said the irate general, to the officer, "is this the way you guard my headquarters? Here are a dozen of Mozby's fellows riding right over me; yes sir, and for all you could do, they might have easily *stolen my boots!*"

About the same time, one of the guerrillas was captured by the cavalry, and brought before General Crook, who commanded the Eighth Corps.

"What do you bring him here for?" the general savagely exclaimed: "I don't know what to do with the scoundrel but order him shot at once. He don't deserve the ordinary treat

ment of a prisoner of war. I hope my men will not take any more of them alive."

But it was pretty hard to take saeh Asmodeaa soldiers, either dead or alive, and there was very little severity in the way of retaliation practised upon those who were eaptured.

After finding the dead cavalrymen helow Newmarket, we took every preeaution to elose the train well up, and to keep the mea vigilant, and the flankers on their guard. Just before entering the little hamlet of Ediaburg, I aotieed a deep gully to the left of the road, whieh the flaukers oa that side skirted by passiag uader its high bank. The head of the train was passiag through the street wheu I rode forward with Lieuteaaat R——, a commissary, who had promised me a eup of tea at the house of a lady of the village, whose friendship he had secured by some kiadness, when the army passed through a week before. We left our horses at the door, in charge of an orderly, so near that we eould reaeh them instantly; and while the tea was preparing, I sat by the wiadow, and watehed the train defile past. A cup of the welcome beverage, steamiag hot, had just heen placed before me, when a loud shout from the street was heard. I jumped from my ehair, upsetting the tea over R——'s legs, holted iato the saddle, and was in the street ia less time than I have taken to write it. Everything appeared quiet and orderly; the rear of the train was in sight, just crossiag the bridge, and I saw no tokeas of alarm whatever. Iuquiring for the man who shouted, I fouud him, oae of several soldiers ia a wagon, into whieh two musicians had clambered. The shout was one of surprise at the story which these men were telling, aad which they immediately repeated to me. Contrary to orders, they had wandered some distance ahead of the train, between it and the advance-guard, and turaing aside iato the gully I had easually noticed, they were pouaced upon by a party of guerrillas who were watching us from this coaeealment. They were threatened with instant death if they made the least noise, and then qnestioned sharply about the train aad escort. The poor boys were not combatants, only musicians, and ia their fright they gave the guerrillas all the information they had, which, after all, was nothing to their benefit. After a few momeats they released the boys, probably not caring to burdea themselves with them as prisoaers, and not dariag to endaager themselves by shootiag them there. They left the gully, and made for the woods; and as we saw no more traces of guerrillas on the way, I infer that the marauders who had nnquestionably accompanied us down thus far from the viciaity of Harrisonhurgh, concluded that they could make no profit out of an empty train, well guarded, and so left us in disgust.

We camped that night on Fisher's Hill. This is the strongest natural position for defence in the valley; but it was gallantly turned in the battle of the same name*, by the charge of the Eighth Corps. Several new regiments for the front were marching up the narrow causeway which ascends the hill, as we turned off into park and bivouac, and they cheered us right heartily, when they saw we were just from the front.

The next day, I was placed in charge of the prisoners, and made exclusively responsible for them. Just one huadred men, clad in all shades of gray and russet that could be desired or imagined, with now and then a blue garment, surreptitiously obtained from our army, were turned over to me; and disposing my compaay in a hollow square around them, I marched them along, all day, in an interval of the train. The day passed without incident of moment; Winchester was reached before night, and, according to orders, I proceeded into the town, and turned over the prisoaers to the provost marshal. I rejoined the train, felicitating myself on my release from this responsibility, but my rejoicing was premature. Early the next morning, I was ordered to resume charge of the prisoners, and turn them over at Martinsburg. I posted back with my company, surrounded the rebel waifs again, and set out for my destination. The distance was considerable more than twenty miles; and as the day advanced, a cold, drizzling rain came on, which chilled everyhody's spirits. We drew our pouches over our heads, and the men footed it stubbornly through the mud, while I rode along with my hoots full of water. It was half an hour after dark when we reached Martinsburg, and its flashing lights were welcome indeed to our eyes. As we passed down one of the streets, we encountered a barricade built of dry goods' boxes and stones, from side to side, with a large picket inside of it. After a brief parley with the sergeant, we were admitted, when he astonished me hy the information that the guerrillas had lately become so hold that it was necessary to barricade the whole town against them.

The climax of my adventures upon this service was reached before I slept that night. The rain came down freely when I halted before the court-house, and, after some difficulty, made the unwilling provost marshal understand that he must take the prisoners and provide for them. After a vexatious delay, they were marched to a barn on the outskirts of the town, and my men were relieved by another company, whose temper was about as good as that of the average of soldiers upon being roused up to staad guard in the rain all night. A close and repeated count of the prisoners showed that there were one hundred aad one, while I had certainly received a round huadred that morning, at Winchester! I have the receipt for one hundred aad one prisoners now in my possession; but where the odd man came from has always been a mystery to me.

Placing my company in charge of the lieutenaat, with directions to take them to the encampment of the regiment as soon as he could find it, I rode back to the court-house, to get the provost's receipt for my prisoners. A man was standing on the sidewalk as I rode up. It was too dark to distinguish aaything more than his form; but supposing him to be a soldier on orderly duty at the provost's, I threw him my rein, with the request that he would hold my horse for five minutes. He took the horse by the hit, and I ran up the steps. In less than five minutes, I think, I was on the sidewalk again, with my receipt in my pocket, about to bid the provost good-night.

"I thought you were mounted," he said.

"I am."

"Well, where's your horse?"

Sure enough, where was he? There was neither horse nor man visible; and when I explained the matter to the provost, he broke into a loud laugh.

"You need never expect to see him again," he said. "I'd insure you against it. This is the greatest place for horse-thieves west of the mountains. Your animal will be the other side of the Potomac before daylight."

I looked through several streets, but saw nothing of him, and in no very amiable temper I stumbled through the mud to the bivouac, where the story of my misadventure was made the subject of a laugh, as everybody's misfortunes are sure to be in the army. The worst of the matter was the difficulty of getting another animal. The supply was very limited at that time, and the demand large; and during the two days that we remained at Martinsburg, I did my best, and did it ineffectually, to induce some quartermaster to supply my want. On the third day, the regiment moved back towards the front, in charge of a long provision train. Up to the last moment, I had an excellent prospect of playing field-officer on foot; and then, while the train and troops were being arranged, one of the musicians, whose foraging propensities were well developed, came riding past, on a horse which his superior ingenuity had enabled him to obtain from somewhere, and upon which he expected to reach the front very comfortably. Remorselessly did I dismount and return him to the company to which he belonged, and possess myself of the steed.

Back again to the front, through rain and mud, conveying what to Sheridan was as precious as ammunition—the means of supporting his troops for some days more in their advanced position. Beyond Winchester, the weather cleared, the sun came out, and the air grew mild and balmy again. There were two or three alarms, and once the regiment was deployed and advanced against an enemy which we did not find; but the journey was otherwise pleasant and secure. North of Strasburg, we met the hosts of Sheridan, leisurely falling back; and, checking our advance, we went into park and awaited orders. The army was soon put in position, three miles from the town, and we were relieved and sent back to the brigade. And on this ground, within four days afterwards, was fought one of the most sanguinary, decisive and remarkable engagements of the war—the battle of Cedar Creek.

Something of that anon. I shared in it, and can tell many true tales about it.—*Flag of our Union.*

*An early number of these sketches will describe this battle. The author does not remember ever to have seen a detailed account of it in print.

The First Gold Mine.—The first piece of gold found in the United States is said to have been found in Cabarras county, North Carolina, in 1799. It seems, from the account furnished Mr. Wheeler by Colonel Burabaut that a boy named Conrad Reed went with his sister and younger brother to a small stream called Meadow Creek, on Sunday, and while engaged along the banks shooting fish, he saw a yellow substance shining in the water, which he picked up and found to be metal. His father carried it to Concord, and showed it to Wm. Atkinson, the silversmith of the town, who was unable to tell what it was. It was taken home by Mr. Reed, and being the size of a small shooting-iron, it was used as a weight against the door to keep it from shutting.

In 1802 he caried it to market at Fayetteville, where a jeweller pronounced it to be gold, and melted it, producing a bar six or eight inches long. It was sold to the jeweller for $350, a "big price," as Mr. Reed thought. Upon subsequent examination, gold was found upon the surface along Meadow Creek, and in 1803 a piece of gold was found in the stream that weighed twenty-eight pounds. Several other pieces were found, varying from sixteen pounds to the smallest particles. The vein of this mine was discovered in 1831. The annual products of the gold mines of North Carolina are stated at $500,000. The product of the Cabarras mine in 1840 is estimated at $3,500. This exhausts the data before us.

THE PUMPKIN.

A THANKSGIVING POEM.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Oh! greenly and fair in the lands of the sun,
The vines of the gourd and the rich melon run,
And the rock and the tree and the cottage enfold,
With broad leaves and greenness and blossoms all gold.
Like that which o'er Nineveh's prophet once grew,
While he waited to know that his warning was true,
And longed for the storm cloud, and listened in vain
For the rush of the whirlwind and red fire-rain.

On the banks of the Xenil the dark Spanish maiden
Comes up with the fruit of the tangled vine laden;
And the Creole of Cuba laughs out to behold
Through orange leaves shining the broad spheres of gold;
Yet with dearer delight from his home in the North
On the fields of his harvest the Yankee looks forth,
Where crook-necks are coiling and yellow fruit shines,
And the sun of September looks down on his vines.

Ah!—on Thanksgiving Day, when from East and from West,
From North and from South come the pilgrim and guest,
When the gray-haired Englander sees round his board
The old broken links of affection restored,
When the care-wearied man seeks his mother once more,
And the worn matron smiles where the girl smiled before,
What moistens the lip and what brightens the eye?
What calls back the past, like the rich Pumpkin Pie?
Oh!—fruit loved of boyhood!—the old days recalling,
When wood-grapes were purpling and brown nuts were falling!
When wild, ugly faces we carved on its skin,
Glaring out through the dark, with a candle within,
When we laughed round the corn-heap, with hearts all in tune,
Our chair a broad pumpkin—our lantern the moon,
Telling tales of the fairy who traveled like steam,
In a pumpkin-shell coach, with two rats for a team!

Then thanks for thy present! none sweeter or better
E'er smoked from an oven or circled a platter!
Fairer hands never wrought at a pastry more fine,
Brighter eyes never watched over its baking than thine!
And the prayer, which my mouth is too full to express,
Swells my heart that thy shadow may never be less,
That the days of thy lot may be lengthened below,
And the fame of thy worth like a pumpkin vine grow,
And thy life be as sweet, and its last sunset sky
Golden tinted and fair as thy own Pumpkin Pie!

FOOLS.

Some of the sayings or answers ascribed to fools are very good. We think it was Will Somers, Henry VIII.'s jester, who said of Woolsey, against whom he had a grudge, that if he was made Pope, it would be a great boon, "for that Peter, the first Pope, being a fisherman, had ordered people to eat fish in Lent for the good of the trade; but that Woolsey, being a butcher's son, would be all for butcher-meat." We know well the revenge that poor Archie Armstrong took upon Archbishop Land, who had forbidden his speaking of such magnates, but could not prevent him saying, at his grace before meat, "Great praise to God, and little Laud to the devil." It is reported of more than one court fool, and among others of Tribonlet, the fool of Francis I., that when told by his sovereign that if a certain courtier beat him to death, as he threatened, he would hang him the hour after, his request was that his Majesty would rather do so the hour before. The earliest French fool on record seems to have been one named Jean, at the court of Charles the Simple, of whom Dr. Doran tells us some anecdotes. This good fellow's influence was so great that Charles once remarked to him he thought they had better change places. As Jean did not look well pleased at the proposal, Charles asked him if he were not content at the idea of being a king. "O, content enough," was the reply, "but I should be ashamed at having such a fool." It was this fool who once tried his master's nerves by running into his room one morning with the exclamation: "O, sire, such news! Four thousand men have risen in the city."

"What!" cried the startled king, "with what intention have they risen?" "Well," said Jean, placing his finger on his nose, "probably with the intention of lying down again at bedtime." One of the best examples of this kind of unlooked-for sagacity occurs in the story of Rabelais, where a cook seeking to charge a porter for eating a crust of bread to the accompaniment of the savor that came from his kitchen, the dispute is refered to a poor fool who is passing, and who, after gravely hearing the parties, decides that the cook shall be paid for the smell of his shop with the chink of the porter's money. We should add that this element seems to be the essence of the wit in that portion of "Don Quixote" which relates to Sancho's administration as Governor of Barataria. He is obviously put there to make an ass of himself, but disappoints his patrons and delights his readers by the unlooked-for sagacity of his decisions.

There are words that concentrate in themselves the glory of a lifetime; but there is a silence that is more precious than they.

People often think themselves above things which in reality are above them.

LITERARY GLEANINGS.

VERSES OF SOCIETY.

It does not follow from the fact that there is a wide and vital distinction between poetry and verse, that the latter is of no use or worth, and should only be spoken of with contempt. Whatever can minister to innocent and refining amusement, has a positive value. There may be other things of graver importance—but wherever we recognize use or merit, comparison with things more excellent in kind supplies a delusive and invidious standard of judgment. So, metrical compositions which are not the product of the poetical or ideal faculty, may nevertheless have a certain literary value, and what are known as *Vers de Societe*, are compositions of this kind. Their characteristics are not imaginative power, or deep poetical feeling. These are qualities to which they make no pretensions. Finish, sparkle, social *savoir faire*, vivacity, wit and ephemeral grace, are what is aimed at in this species of composition. Of course poetry of this kind, is always to a certain extent artificial, and depends more for its pleasing effect upon form than substance. This must be so, because it is the product of an artificial state of society; and yet such verses need not lack manliness and simplicity. Here is a specimen of the quaint, old-fashioned style, from Herrick:

"Sweet, be not proud of those two eyes,
Which star-lit sparkle in their skies:
Nor be you proud, that you can see
All hearts your captives—yours still free;—
Be you not proud of that rich hair,
Which wantons with the love-sick air?
When as the ruby that you wear,
Sunk from the tip of your soft ear,
Will last to be a precious stone,
When all your world of beauty's gone."

Among modern English writers of this school, Hood, Thackeray, and Praed, are perhaps the greatest masters. Here is a very bright piece by the last, felicitously entitled, 'Mars Disarmed by Cupid":

"Ave bear it hence, thou blessed child,
Tho' dire the burden be,
And hide it in the pathless wild,
Or drown it in the sea.
The ruthless murderer swears and prays,
So let him swear and pray;
Be deaf to all his oaths and prayers,
And take the sword away.

"We've had enough of fleets and camps,
Guns, glories, odes, gazettes,
Triumphal arches, colored lamps,
Huzzas and epaulettes.
We could not bear upon our head
Another leaf of bay,
That horrid Buonaparte's dead:
Yes! take the sword away.

"We're weary of the noisy boasts
That pleased our patriot throngs,
We've long been dull to Gooch's toasts,
And tame to Dibdin's songs:
We're quite content to rule the waves
Without a great display;
We're known to be extremely brave,
But take the sword away.

* * * * * *

"Let Portugal have rulers twain:
Let Greece go on with none:
Let Popery sink or swim in Spain,
While we enjoy the fun.
Let Turkey tremble at the knout,
Let Algiers lose her Dey:
Let Paris turn her Bourbons out:
But take the sword away.

"Our honest friends in Parliament
Are looking vastly sad:
Our farmers say with one consent,
It's all—immensely bad.
There was a time for borrowing,
But now it's time to pay:
A budget is a serious thing,—
So take the sword away.

"And oh, the bitter tears we wept,
In those our days of fame;
The dread that o'er our heartstrings crept
With every post that came.
The home affections waged and lost
In every far-off fray,
The price that British glory cost!
Ah! take the sword away.

"We've plenty left to hoist the sail,
Or mount the dangerous breach;
And freedom breathes in every gale
That wanders round our beach.
When duty bids us dare or die,
We'll fight another day;
But till we know the reason why,
Take, take the sword away."

A NEW CALIFORNIAN POET.

We have received from H. H. Bancroft & Co., the publishers, a little volume entitled "The Hermitage and Other Poems;" by Edward Rowland Sill, which is undoubtedly destined to attract considerable attention. "The Hermitage," the principal poem in the volume, is quite remarkable for the originality and intellectual vigor which it evinces. It consists of a number of genuine poetic pearls almost "at random strung" on the most slender conceivable thread of story. Of narrative there is, strictly speaking, none, the necessary facts being conveyed by hint and suggestion, as in Alexander Smith's "Life Drama," of which there is much in Mr. Sill's poem to remind us, notwithstanding the strong-minded Emersonian spirit that pervades it. The few extracts for which we have space, will abundantly suffice to convince judges of poetry that Mr. Sill is not one of the over increasing multitude of singers, destined to no higher place than one on the "Lowlands of Parnassus," a distant view of heights never to be trodden by them. "The Hermitage" opens thus:

"A Life—a common, cleanly, quiet life,
Full of good citizenship and repute,
New, but with promise of prosperity,—
A well-bred, fair, young gentlemanly life,—
What business had a girl to bring her eyes,
And her blonde hair, and her clear, ringing voice,
And break up life, as a bell breaks a dream."

Haunted by the "blonde hair" and the "clear ringing voice," the hero seeks "in far-off lands" a quiet corner, where his life may be

"Still as the shadow of a brooding bird
That stirs but with her heart-beats."

And such a "quiet corner" he seems to fancy, he can find in California:

Let me arise, and away
To the land that guards the dying day,
Whose burning tear, the evening-star,
Drops silently to the waves afar;
The land where summers never cease
Their sunny psalm of light and peace.
Whose moonlight, poured for years untold,
Has drifted down in dust of gold;
Whose morning splendors, fallen in showers,
Leave ceaseless sunrise in the flowers.

There I will choose some eyrie in the hills,
Where I may build, like a lonely bird,
And catch the whispered music heard
Out of the noise of human ills.

So, I am here at last,
A purer world, whose feet the old, salt Past
Washes against, and leaves it fresh and free
As a new island risen from the sea.

Three dreamy weeks we lay on Ocean's breast,
Rocked asleep, by gentle winds caressed,
Or crooned with wild wave lullabies to rest,
A memory of foam and glassy spray;
Wave chasing wave, like young sea-beasts at play;
Stretches of misty silver 'neath the moon,
And night-airs murmuring many a quiet tune.
Three long, delicious weeks' monotony
Of sky, and stars, and sea,
Broken midway by one day's tropic scene
Of giant plants, tangles of luminous green,
With fiery flowers and purple fruits between."

The last dozen lines are a fine illustration of the superiority of poetry over prose for the purpose of "making a long story short." It would be difficult to picture a trip from New York in fewer words At length he finds the wished for "Hermitage" somewhere among the foot hills at the back of Oakland, as we conjecture from the local coloring and allusions. This is his description of it:

"'Tis a grassy mountain-nook,
In a gorge, whose foaming brook
Tumbles through from the heights above,
Merrily leaping to the light
From the pine wood's haunted gloom,—
As a romping child,
Affrighted, from a sombre room
Leaps to the sunshine, laughing with delight:
Be this my home, by man's tread undefiled.
Here sounds no voice but of the mourning dove,
Nor harsher footsteps on the sands appear
Than the sharp, slender foot-marks of the deer,
Or where the quail has left a zizzag row
Of lightly-printed stars her track to show."

The following are some of the passages that are suggestive of Alexander Smith:

"So, night and day, the hurrying brook goes on;
Sometimes in noisy glee, sometimes far down,
Silent along the bottom of the gorge,
Like a deep passion hidden in the soul,
That chafes in secret hunger for its sea:
Yet not so still but that heaven finds its course;
And not so hid but that the yearning night
Broods over it, and feeds it with her stars.

Beyond, long curves of little shallow waves
Creep, tremulous, with ripples, to the shore,
Till the whole bay seems slowly sliding in,
With edge of snow that melts against the sand.

Above its twinkling blue, where ceaselessly
The white curve of a slender arm of foam
Is reached along the water, and withdrawn,
A flock of sea-birds darken into specks;
Then whiten, as they wheel with sunlit wings,
Winking and wavering against the sky."

As a specimen of an entirely different vein, and the one that predominates in the volume, take the following, with which we reluctantly conclude our extracts:

"Man rises best alone:
Upward his thoughts stream, like the leaping flame,
Whose base is tempest-blown;
Upward and skyward, since from thence they came,
And thither they must flow.
But when in twos we go,
The lightnings of the brain weave to and fro,
Level across the abyss that parts us all;
If upward, only slantwise, as we scale
Slowly together that night-shrouded wall
Which bounds our reason, lest our reason fail.
If linked in threes and fives,
However heavenward the spirit strives,
The lowest statute draws the highest down,—
The king must keep the level of the clown.
The grosser matter has the greater power
In all attraction; every hour
We slide and slip to lower scales,
Till weary aspiration fails,
And that keen fire which might have pierced the skies,
Is quenched and killed in one another's eyes."

Geo. Wilkins Kendell, of the N. O. *Picayune* is dead. His death was caused by congestive chills at his plantation in Texas. He was born at Mount Vernon, N. H., in 1810. Mr. Kendell was about sixty years of age. He leaves a wife and four children.

MISCELLANEA.

Messrs. J. B. Lippincott & Co. are about to contribute to our periodical literature by issuing, from January next, a first class monthly "of Literature, Science, and Education," entitled *Lippincott's New Monthly Magazine.*

Sir Walter Scott's last verses, which were written in Miss Wordsworth's album and have never been printed, are to be included in the volume assigned to him in *Moxon's Miniature Poets.*

A Chaucer Society has been formed in England, which is to reprint in parallel columns several of the best unpublished MSS., beginning with the *Canterbury Tales.*

A Leipzig firm announces beside three volumes of the Emperor Maximilian's memoirs and essays, which are also being published in London, the entire correspondence relating to the attempt and failure to establish the Mexican empire.

Mr. Robert Browning is to publish soon after Christmas, a poem whose name is not stated, but on which, it is said, he has been engaged for years. "Its interest," we read in *Public Opinion*, "hinges on a murder, its length is about 15,000 lines, and discussions are incidentally introduced on a host of the most interesting and puzzling social problems of the day."

Lord Lytton's *Miscellaneous Works*—some pieces, that is, previously uncollected, including among others, *Charles Lamb, The Reign of Terror, Gray, Goldsmith, Pitt and Fox, Sir Thomas Browne Schiller*—are about to be published in three volumes.

Sir Henry Lytton Bulwer has also two volumes of *Historic Characters*, namely Talleyrand, Mackintosh, Cobbett, Canning and Peel.

Mr. W. Hepworth Dixon—whose *New America* is in its seventh edition—is soon to give us another book on what we presume will be considered "an American subject," *Spiritual Wives.*

Mrs.—or Miss?—Matilda Betham Edwards has written *Through Spain to the Sahara.*

Mr. Henry Latham has written *Black and White: a Three Months' Tour in the United States.*

Extinction of the Elephant.—According to the People's Magazine, there is reason to apprehend, at no distant day, the almost total extinction of this noble and valuable animal. It says that an enormous number of them are destroyed in the course of every year, often as unpleasant neighbors to man, in the wild state, but far more persistently and fully to meet the demands of commerce, for the ivory of the tusks. Though the largest and strongest of all existing quadrupeds, the animal is very readily decoyed into captivity in order to be domesticated, and is easily slain by the hunter's rifle. The great bull elephant of three ton weight—leader of a herd—generally falls lifeless in an instant, if a ball is skillfully planted it the eye, or at the base of the trunk, or behind the ear; and "crack" sportsmen have been known to kill right and left, one with each barrel. In part of the northern province of Ceylon, upon the reward of a few shillings a head being offered by the authorities, 3,500 were dispatched in less than three years, by the natives. Sheffield alone requires annually the slaughter of a large army of the huge pachyderms, estimated, some years ago, at 22,000, to furnish ivory for the various articles produced in its manufacturing establishments; and every civilized country needs a supply of the material for the useful and ornamental arts. Hence, not being prolific, it is by no means improbable that long before our human story is over, the elephant will be numbered with the extinct species.

A Pump that Digs Its Own Well.—This is actually what "Avery's National Tube Well and Pump" does, and does it rapidly, cheaply, and with little trouble. The principle is as follows. A tube of iron, with a solid, sharp point at the lower end, perforated with holes, for a short distance above the point is driven in the ground; either by pile-driving process or by turning it as with an augur. Before being driven into the ground, a solid iron plug is inserted in the tube, which prevents it from filling up with sand or mud On striking water the plug is withdrawn, and the holes are left open for its free entrance, which is sucked by the vacuum caused by the withdrawal of the plug. It is claimed that a well may be sunk with this invention in the short space of from thirty minutes to two hours, and experiments have verified this assertion. At a recent trial of the tube well in Manchester, water was reached in twenty-two minutes, a depth of ten feet having been obtained. One of their wells was sunk in the Botanical Gardens, in one hour to the depth of fifteen feet, and a copious stream obtained. The mechanism of the pump itself is on a new principle; simple and ingenious, and the inventor claims that it will raise water five hundred feet. No matter what the depth of water, there is no strain on the pump, and a child can keep it going at full speed without the slightest difficulty. The valves are made of metal balls, with no packing to decay or get out of order They are always under water, and consequently always ready to act without "priming." From its simplicity, cheapness, and durability, it should be a most valuable addition to the inventions of the age. The cost is a mere trifle, for the smaller sized pumps, and these, in all probability, will be the most in demand. The apparatus is supplied by S. P. Roberts, at Farnsworth & Milnes' plumbing establishment, No. 318 Pine street, between Montgomery and Sansome.

Splendid Saloons.—Dr. J. C. Jessup the eminent Dentist, has taken a suit of rooms in Tucker's New Building, N. W. corner of Montgomery and Sutter streets. They will be fitted up without regard to cost, and will surely be the most elegantly furnished saloons in the city. Dr. J. C. Jessup is well known as one of our most skillful dentists on this coast.—*Hebrew.*

[For the Californian.]

A KANGAROO HUNT.

BY "WILKS."

THE fame of English fox hunting is world-wide, the best artists have devoted their talent to representing the red-coated huntsmen, the full-blooded horses, the hounds in full cry, and the cunning fox, who doubles and turns in every direction to elude his pursuers. To add a charm to the picture we have Di Vernons and Lady Gay Spankers who can take a ditch, or top a five-barred gate with the best men in the field, and who pride themselves on having won many a "brush."

Let the old country people enjoy their fox hunting; but what is a fox hunt in Old England, to a kangaroo hunt in Australia? What are the meek, sober-looking fox-hounds to the noble kangaroo dogs? Bah! A man who had once participated in a kangaroo hunt would declare a fox hunt to be stale, flat and unprofitable. Even Jules Gerard, or Gordon Cumming, the famous lion hunters, would be forced to confess that the excitement of sneaking after a lion in the bushes, and shooting him in the back of the neck, was nothing to that caused by a kangaroo hunt with a score of dogs speeding swiftly on in pursuit of the fleet and bounding kangaroo.

A meet is announced for Saturday morning at the Buck's Head, on the Schnapper Point road, in the glorious month of October, when the grass is fresh and green, and the woods are resounding with the chattering of the magpie, the shrieking of the cockatoo, and the mirth-provoking note of the laughing jackass. Along the St. Kilda road may be seen gay groups of huntsmen in their traditional red coats and black-velvet caps, accompanied by many ladies who have thus early donned their riding habits to view the throwing off of the dogs. After a pleasant ride of about an hour and a-half, through the delightful suburban districts of St. Kilda and Brighton, we arrive at the Buck's head, a pretty little way-side Inn, overgrown with honeysuckles and passion flowers, and are welcomed by the whipper-in and the jolly old landlord. Before starting for the place appointed for the throwing off, we fortify the inner man with a good stiff tumbler of rum and milk, which the landlord knows well how to mix. A brisk canter soon brings us to the scene of action. We are on the run of a squatter whose paddocks have been ravished by hordes of kangaroo, and are certain of having a good, deep sport. The dogs are unleashed, and after a little nosing about, start up a fine herd of kangaroo as they are taking their morning repast off the grass, which forms their favorite diet, and which abounds in this district. As soon as the sentinel on watch gives the alarm, all the kangaroo are erect—and with one look at their enemies, bound away with the speed of lightning. Away go the dogs, each singling out his game. Away follow the huntsmen over fallen gum-trees, through the brush, now bending to the saddle-bow to avoid the low hanging limbs of the watter, and dashing through gum-trees that you would scarce think a horse could pass between—over three-rail fences, endeavoring to head the game towards the foot hills surrounding Mount Maria, all the while hallowing to the dogs like madmen. We reach the hills; our kangaroo doubles, bounding by us at twenty or thirty feet a leap. Again we head him off, and drive him to the hills, his pace slackening; the dogs are a few yards in his rear, but the pace begins to tell; they drag wearily up the hill—the huntsman slackens a little to breathe his horse; the chase has gained the brow of the hill—down the hill he goes, seventy or eighty feet at a bound, leaving dogs and horsemen far behind, but only for a short time; another hill rises before him, and ere he has half ascended it the dogs are close on him, ready to seize him by the throat; but he stops suddenly, the dogs rush past him, and 'ere they can stop the kangaroo is at bay, sitting quietly on his haunches, awaiting the assault. Up rush the dogs. Rash courage! With one blow of his powerful hind feet he lays one dog open from the throat down. Again they come on to the attack. Another falls a victim. The dogs grow wary and hedge him in at a respectful distance, until some horseman arrives at the scene, and now comes the final of the contest. He dare not approach on foot for fear he might be terribly mangled by the sharp claws of the now desperate animal. While the dogs assail the kangaroo on every side, the huntsman rushes on him, and with a blow of his heavily loaded hunting-whip, stuns him; the knife does the rest of the work. "Old man kangaroo's" throat is speedily cut, and his tail is amputated, not to serve as a mere trophy, like the fox's brush, but to be made into a most delicious soup. Thus ends my tale of a kangaroo hunt, for the tail once gained the hunt is at an end.

SAN FRANCISCO, Nov., 1867.

CHARLES DICKENS' Christmas Story for 1867 will appear in *Every Saturday* simultaneously with the publication of the *brochure* in London. The Christmas Story of last year, "Mugby Junction," reached a sale of nearly one hundred thousand copies in this country. The annual for the coming holiday will be written entirely by Mr. Dickens and Mr. Wilkie Collins.

THE SEA-SIDE.

How sweet—how ineffably jolly, ah me,
To be taking a holiday down by the sea!
To chase—and to fly when in turn it pursues—
The wave that is lavish in filling your shoes;
To scribble your name in a bold, running hand,
Or write, "My Amelia," at large on the sand.
To chivy the crab from his bladder-weed haunts,
And mock at his gait with unscrupulous taunts—
To hunt up the sand-worm's select Agapemone—
Or feed with cigar-lights a hungry anemone.
The limpet to catch when he's not on his guard,
And send with a tap flying full half a yard.
The mild periwinkle to plague for his sins,
And murder his peace with suggestions of pins.
To try—ah, how vainly—to capture the shrimp,
Or the dim, gostlike prawn, who's smart as an imp—
Or to chase on the sands little jumpers so hoppy—
O, isn't it better than grinding at copy!

DRAMATIC AFFAIRS.

ON Monday the drama of *Two Loves and a Life*, by Tom Taylor and Charles Reade, was produced at Maguire's Opera House, and was repeated on the following evening. On Wednesday, John McCullough took a benefit, appearing in *Richelieu;* a large and fashionable audience was in attendance. On Thursday, the sensation drama of *Nobody's Daughter*, founded on one of Miss Braddon's novels, which is at present being played in many theatres, both in the United States and England, was produced with fine scenery, a strong cast, and powerful scenic effects. Mrs. Sophie Edwin appeared to good advantage in the characters of "Jenny Millson," "Lady Eversleigh," and "Mollie Brewer," John McCullough as "Larkspur," the detective, is very good, and Miss Helen Tracy looks very pretty and graceful as "Lydia Graham." There is a large sensational element in this play which must render it popular. It will be played this afternoon and evening.

To-day, a company from the Opera House, comprising H. Jackson, H. Brown, Mrs. Jackson, Mrs. Stewart, Miss Olivia Rand and others, will proceed to Sacramento for the purpose of producing this piece, and affording the Legislators some amusement during the time they are assembled in the Capital on State business.

On Saturday evening, November 23d, the Metropolitan Theatre was opened under the management of Messrs. Edwards, Bates & Vinson. Augustin Daly's drama entitled *Under the Gaslight* was produced, Charles Wheatleigh making his appearance on the San Francisco stage, after an absence in the East of eighteen months, in the character of "Snorkey." Mr. Wheatleigh was received with tremendous applause and three cheers. The house was crowded in every part, and ever since, every seat in the dress circle has been secured many days in advance, and no standing room has been left after the rising of the curtain. This play introduces one of the most thrilling, if not the most thrilling scene ever produced on the stage. "Laura Courtland" goes to Shrewsbury station at night, finds that there is but one more train, and that the express, which does not stop. She begs the signal man to allow her to sleep in the freight-room; he consents, and locks her in. "Snorkey" comes to the station, hoping to catch a train; he is followed by "Byke," the villain of the piece, who throws a cord over his shoulders, binds him, and bearing him to the track, lays him across it, tying him to the rails. "Laura" partly witnesses this scene, and hears "Snorkey's" voice. He calls to her for help, the train is heard speeding rapidly along, she attempts to burst open the door, "Snorkey" makes frantic efforts to free himself—in vain. The train is now close on him, the bell is heard, "Laura" seizes an axe which she finds among the freight, bursts open the door, rushes to the track, casts off "Snorkey's" bands, and drags him off the track as the snorting locomotive, vomiting forth smoke and fire, dashes across the stage. The effect of this scene on the audience is electrifying, and eclipses all the others, though some are very good; that on the piers of the city, and Hudson River, is especially good, the painting is very fine, the mechanical effect of the boats is well managed, and a good opportunity for some clever acting is given. Mrs. F. M. Bates gained much applause for her impersonation of "Laura Courtland," Mrs. C. R. Saunders was immensely funny as "Peachblossom," H. Edwards read and acted the part of "Ray Trafford" very effectively, A. Fitzgerald made a good villain in the role of "Byke," Mrs. Fitzgerald played the repulsive character of "Old Judas" very artistically, W. Hamilton made a most natural New York boy as "Bermudas," and E. C. Melville played the small part of the "Signalman" in a natural style, which added much to the effect of the scene. This exciting play will be presented this afternoon and every evening until further notice.

Leslie, Raynor & Smith have shown admirable skill in catering to the taste of our public. Night after night the Temple of Music is crowded with a fashionable audience. The latest novelty—"The Ghost"—has proved an immense hit. The illusion is very neatly managed, there are no hitches, the ghost appears instantaneously, and vanishes in the same manner. It appears perfectly solid, yet real objects can be seen through it. It calls forth loud expressions of admiration and delight every night. The little play in which the ghost is introduced keeps the audience interested, and is effectively arranged; the tableau in the second act is particularly fine. The ghost will appear every night during the coming week. The usual matinee will be given to-day.

On Tuesday, Mr. Heine, the blind violinist, and Mrs. Heine, the pianiste, gave their farewell concert at the British Benevolent Society's Hall, prior to their departure for Valparaiso. It was well attended, and the programme, which was an excellent one, was well performed throughout. I am afraid that Mr. and Mrs. Heine do not leave our shores much richer than they arrived, but they express their satisfaction at having met many kind friends here whom they will be sorry to leave. They take their departure on the Panama steamer which leaves to-day.

Dan Bryant, supported by Joe Murphy and a band of minstrels, performed to crowded houses every night this week. I the two, Joe Murphy was certainly the greatest favorite, he received greater applause and more encore than did Dan Bryant. Dan Bryant and Joe Murphy leave for the East to-day, and will, on their arrival in New York, re-organize Bryant's Minstrels.

On Tuesday, December 17th, the Occidental Club will give the first of their second series of dramatic performances. *The Merchant of Venice* will be presented, with Mr. Ciprico as "Shylock."

Signor Bianchi's holiday season of Italian opera will commence on the 9th of December, at the American Theatre. It will last twelve nights. All the available talent in the city will be comprised in this company; three operas never given in San Francisco will be presented during the season. Subscription books are now open at the American Theatre.

TOUCHSTONE.

AN INCENDIARY NEWSPAPER.—The person who, from malice, in the dead of night, fires his neighbor's house, burning the adjoining houses owned by unconscious victims—or who goes into a crowded theatre while the performance on the stage rivets the attention of the audience, and halloos "Fire! Fire!" so that the alarmed crowd rush wildly to the doors, trampling each other to death; or who, by innuendoes, stains the good fame of a virtuous woman; or destroys with whispers, shrugs, and nods, the reputation of a merchant—is marked as a criminal by the laws of the land, and his portion is imprisonment, equally great if not far greater, are the offences of him who, having the extensive power of mischief given him in types, presses, and paper with other facilities, and in the interest of a monopoly, shall inflict temporary, perhaps irretrivable, damage on a large mercantile banking institution in which the property and interests of thousands of innocent persons are involved; shall week after week deliberately publish and specially circulate the foulest libels on such institutions. The effect which he seeks is, to create a panic and a run upon the savings banks, that he and those in whose interests he labors may stop the onward progress of one. Thousands of "Extras" were distributed through the city on Saturday and Sunday, having as an object the creation of a money panic and the arrest of that industrial progress and that employment which every man can recognize in the countless buildings now in the course of erection within and without the city, which on every side gives life, business, and employment to thousands. It is no excuse for the persons thus engaged in this unjust enterprise that his aim is to crush *one* establishment. Let him succeed in doing that, and where would the money panic end?—*Morning Call.*

THE new Italian opera, "Ada Marescotti," is not by Maestro Sella, but Lelli. Signor Fiori, who is well esteemed as a professer here, is at work on a serious opera, entitled "Piere da Padova." Another opera announced as coming is "Don Sussidio," by Signor Chita. A new opera house is to be opened in Padua next month.

THE *Reading Mercury* contains a handsome mention of a pastoral operetta by Mr. Birch, on the story of Robin Hood, which was recently successfully produced in the county town of Berks, England.

LADIES' STEAM BATHS, One Dollar; and the only institution which excludes all loathsome diseases and improper persons. There should be one institution of that character on this coast—don't you think so? and will you sustain it by your patronage on that account, as well as for its usefulness? An efficient corps of polite and competent assistants, in both ladies' and gentlemen's departments, guided by the knowledge and practical experience of DR. BOURNE, commands the approval and confidence of all who have had the advantage of personal acquaintance with the establishment. No. 10 Masonic Temple. Entrance on Post street.

NO EXCUSE.—There is certainly no excuse for a gentleman in ordinary circumstances appearing in shabby, ill-fitting raiment at the present time when clothing is offered at such greatly reduced rates. A glance at the stock of Messrs. J. R. Mend & Co. corner of Montgomery and Bush streets, will convince our readers of the truth of our assertion, for they will find there a complete assortment of their famous custom-made clothing that will surprise them.

COLDS, COUGHS, SORE THROAT, for all Affections of the Throat and Lungs, there is no treatment like the simple and truly scientific method of DR. BOURNE, 10 Masonic Temple, Post street. No medicine, bleeding, blistering, or plastering.

BOYS.—The best place in the city to buy your clothing is at Lockwood & Co's., 624 Clay street. They are selling off to close business.

A SINGING LESSON.

A Nightingale made a mistake!
She sang a few notes out of tune:
Her heart was ready to break,
And she hid from the moon!
She wrung her claws, poor thing,
But was far too proud to weep;
She tucked her head under her wing,
And pretended to be asleep!

A Lark, arm-in-arm with a Thrush,
Came sauntering up to the place;
The Nightingale felt herself blush,
Though feathers hid her face.
She knew they had heard her song,
She felt them snigger and sneer;
She thought that this life was too long,
And wished she could skip a year!

"O Nightingale!" cooed a Dove,
"O Nightingale!" what's the use?
You bird of beauty and love,
Why behave like a goose?
Don't skulk away from our sight,
Like common contemptible fowl,
You bird of joy and delight,
Why behave like an owl?

Only think of all you have done,
Only think of all you can do;
A false note is really fun
From such a bird as you!
Lift up your proud little crest,
Open your musical beak—
Other birds have to do their best,
But you need only speak."

The Nightingale shyly took
Her head from under her wing,
And, giving the Dove a look,
Straightway began to sing.
There was never a bird could pass—
The night was divinely calm,
And the people stood on the grass
To hear that wonderful psalm.

The Nightingale did not care,
She only sang to the skies,
Her song ascended there,
And there she fixed her eyes.
The people who listened below,
She knew but little about;
And this tale has a moral, I know,
If you'll try to find it out.

A COSTA RICA DUEL.

"FEW persons who can avoid the necessity visit Costa Rica. Perhaps they are wise in this. Nevertheless, it is a great misfortune for that country.

"It is a misfortune because the rarity of strangers tends to confirm an idea deeply implanted in the Costa Rican mind, but considered by me to be erroneous, that their folks are the sole inhabitants of this earth, excepting such small wretches as drag out existence on the soil of the neighboring republics.

"Society in Costa Rica pretends to enormous culture and vast liberty of thought. With an air of patronizing encouragement it asks the amazed stranger whether he live on the London or Paris bank of the New York river. Nay, when very drunk indeed, society will quaver out sentiments of reckless infidelity in matters of religion, and, shuddering at its own sinful duplicity, will declare that some heretics may even be called Christains as a matter of politeness. For my own part I prefer the unaffected ignorance and the honest fanaticism of Nicaragua.

"Only two points can I see of good in this pretentious little State: their coffee and their road. For the rest the peons are churlish, and the rich are—what did Mr. Thackeray call that class of persons which he particularly disliked?

"There is but one amusement in Costa Rica—gambling. You may gamble with dice, with cards, with fruit-stones, or with fighting-cocks. You must gamble somehow, or what on earth can be done with the money?—unless you should choose to get drunk. For this amusement Government retains the monopoly, but it retails cheap. Consequently the population is about equally divided in its choice, and very many combine two pleasures."

The Costa Rica road is indeed a creditable work in that thriftless region; a work without a rival, without an imitation between the frontier line of Mexico and the Isthmus of Panama. Macadamizing is, of course, an unknown art, in that quarter of the globe, but the merest common sense would suggest the advantage of removing roots eighteen inches high, of filling holes a foot deep, and of cutting down some of the trees which block the middle passage.

Such is the Pacific road, and I repeat that nothing like it exists between Chiapas and Panama. It is neither a torrent, nor a precipice, nor the ridge of a stone wall, which are the usual routes in Central America. It is broad and smooth, except for roots; two feet deep lies the dust, it is true, but that was of small weight with us after our weary tramp backwards and forwards from one gold-field to another. So we trotted along merrily towards Espersa, under the shadow of vast trees hung with lianas, between hedges of lacelike bamboo. Being much better mounted than my companions, I threaded the crowd of bullock-carts, horsemen and shouting children at a pace they could not support, and towards sundown, when the "peons" were unyoking their oxen in long camps by the roadside, I found myself quite alone. I had a long, steep hill to climb before reaching Esparsa. The short twilight of the tropics settled down upon the hills; then soft mists began to rise, and the creatures of darkness to appear. Flat and large-winged and noiseless, like enormous butterflies, the night-hawks floated along the path, alighting in front of me. Weirdly and ghostlike they took wing again when about to be trampled, causing my mule to start backwards with a frightenedsnort. The great goat suckers cackled hoarsely overhead as they circled round. Here or there a lonely firefly glinted among the boughs, flashing and waning; a gentle wind from the near Pacific sighed along the hills; all was still and dark and lonely upon the road, save in the sheltered hollows, where fires gleamed among the black trees, and long lines of coffee-carts were drawn up beside. It was startling to come suddenly from the darkness and silence into one of these camps, where all was bright and noisy and active. The women were singing or cooking, the men drinking or feeding their oxen, or mending harness. Through them all I trotted on up the long hillside.

Crowning the summit was a small house, or rather shanty, such as line the whole road from Pant Arenas to San Jose; a public house where the luxurious traveler can order Bass or Allsopp—it depends on circumstances whether he get it or no—and the thirsty "peon" can imbibe just so much as he may please of the Government monopoly at the price of a dime a drink! That's cheaper than vitriol, you know.

I was hesitating whether to wait here, or to press on to Esparsa. The shed was full or brawny Costa Ricans, white-skinned and thick-bearded, and the false tones of their voice and laughter showed that the Government had profited considerably already. In a hollow by the roadside stood the loaded carts, with fires already lighted between them, and the stately oxen munched their sugar-cane behind. While I hesitated, a wild American oath rang out above the confusion, the "peons" were scattered from the doorway, and a tall fellow, in colored shirt and high boots, ran up to me.

"You come 'long in here, mister! We've been alookin' for a Christian to drink with this two hours. Now don't you think to say no! Them noes don't smell nice. If you was the President himself, you should stop an' take a drink!"

I looked at the speaker as closely as the red firelight would permit. He was very tall and broad-shouldered, upright, bearded, and lithe-looking. His face, hairless on the cheeks, was sallow and dry, mouth firm, and his dark eyes sparkled with reckless spirit. It was a type such as is never seen in Europe, but commonly enough in Texas and Missouri—the type of a wild Bohemian, to whom life, his own or another's, is of no more value than a charge of powder. I recognized him at once.

"Now, Jem," I answered, "it's no good! I've spent all my plunder, and I'm now going to crack 'huacas' on the Chiriqui. You can't get a cent out of my belt, and that being so, I'll drink with you as long as you'll keep it going. Who's your mate?" I added, dismounting.

"Great thunder! Why, it's J——! What in the eternal world has brought you to huaca-cracking? When I left La Virgen, they said you was sweating bullion on the Mico."

"Did they?" I answered. "Then they took advantage of your trustful disposition, Jem. If I may give a hint to a Texan boy, I'd recommend you to handle these Costa Rican peons a little more gently, or you'll lose your beauty pretty soon. They're not Nicaraguans, you know."

"Aren't they? They're cusses just about as mean, then. I shall treat 'em much as I damn please, I guess. How goes the game, boy?"

"Dropping on every card, by thunder!" growled his mate.

The shanty was crammed. Four thin candles, with long wicks, lit up as great a variety of savage faces as ever I saw in the worst "faro hell" of California. From the dark half-breed, and insolent-looking Mulatto, to the yellow-haired Spaniard of blood unmixed, every variety of color was represented in the crowd of gamblers. The "gandin" was there, uncomfortably grand in a chimney-pot hat, and coat of broadcloth; the trader, in fringed Guatemalan jacket; the stalwart "peon," with broad Panama hat, and loose drawers rolled above the knee. All passers-by had been magnetically drawn into that little shed, and some, I found, had passed the day there. Such wretched furniture as the place could boast had been carried away, except one table and one stool. The padrone and his wife sat cross-legged on the counter, keeping within their reach the square bottles of "Ginevra," and the long necked flasks of "aguardiente." Beside them dozed a boy, wearied out with long attendance and exposure to the sun through the open front. The air was thick and hazy with smoke and liquor fumes, which rolled out into the black night in volumes. Floor there was none, but the ground was strewn with empty bottles and fragments of cigars. The heat was terrible. But all faces were drawn and fixed and feverish; the curses rolled up to heaven in an unbroken stream. Como no? These Costa Ricans were enjoying the national game in a national manner.

At the table to which Jem rudely crushed his way, an old man sat, supported on either side by a ruffianly fellow armed with machete and knife—as, indeed, were five-sixths of the company. Upon the board lay four cards, surrounded by little piles of gold and silver. He was not ill-looking, that old man, though the big spectacles, cased in tortoise-shell, did not well set off his eyes; slow-moving and silent was he, like most gamblers of profession. He glanced up sharply as Jem pushed forward, and his eyes fixed themselves upon me curiously; but he recognized in an instant the digger down on his luck, and, bowing slightly, bent over the cards again. The bank was in a golden vein; when stakes were high, the old man always turned a winning card; when low, he lost. From the passionate cries on every side, I found that the play had been so running all day; many of the peons were utterly broken, but none the less did they continue to take interest in the game. Jem Whately and his friend, who were also "sportsmen," or professional gamblers, had lost heavily, and a savage look was gathering in the face of either. "Look at those Yankee mules," whispered a Costa Rican beside me; "there will be mischief soon, and murder likely enough. Let us get out!" I knew that course was wisest, and yet I stayed, held by that fascination of coming danger which had ever been powerful to me. And the mad oaths rang out more savagely in the soddened air; the threatening glare in the sportsmen's eyes grew more eager; and still the bottles of aguardiente were passed round at the banker's expense.

A little wizened man, who had lost very heavily, attracted my eye by his peering, excited movements. Placing three ounces of gold upon the table, he leaned forward with intense eagerness to mark the turning of the cards. "Do you watch the hatch of your chickens as close, senor?" asked one of the grim guardians of the bank, with an unpleasant smile. The old man calmly turned the card, and the three ounces were lost. A ghastly sort of chuckle escaped the dwarf's lips. Then his feverish eyes peered round the table. They rested on me for a moment, then upon Whately and his mate. The little mis-shapen wretch began edging through the crowd toward us.

"That's the last cent we own in this world," muttered Jem to himself. "Great thunder! What a run of luck! Seems to have struck 'considerable ile' to-night, that old cuss! We must take to 'huaca cracking' with J——, here, Sim! that will be our game for the next month or so. I'd like to have a 'mass' for the dollars before we go, and I'd not be dangerously surprised if that little event was to come off right slick in quick time. Eh? What?" The last words were addressed savagely to the wizened little man, who could scarcely reach Jem's elbow.

Barely ten words were exchanged. Quick as thought the Texan stretched his long arm over the table, and seized the cards in the banker's hand. There was a roar and a swift surge in the crowd. Like lightning the old man drew a pistol and fired; but Jem's mate dashed the table against his body, and the ball struck a priest standing beside. The candles were stamped out in an instant, and a rush for the door ensued. There was a fierce clash of steel as every man drew his machete against an unknown foe. Three pistol shots were fired almost simultaneously, and by the flashes I could mark the course of the fight. Two bodies were already on the ground; the banker was powerless in Jem's arms, while his protectors were at bay before the other Yankee, who stood, revolver in hand, protecting his friend. High over the din of clanging steel and shouts and frightened cries the Texan's voice rang out shrill:

"Cl'ar the door there—cl'ar the door! The cards are waxed! Let me out with him to the open! By the eternal! I'll crush his ribs in if you don't cl'ar away!"

The whole row did not occupy ten seconds. I vaulted over the counter behind me, and alighted in the road with a crash of bottles swept off. Though determined to protect my acquaintances, I could do them no service in the shanty, where they were quite capable of defending themselves; but with pistol cocked I awaited their appearance in the open air. There, I knew, would be the real fight. Another shot, a yell of pain, and they dashed through the door.

"J—! J—! Where are yer? Sim's down in the lintel! Thunder of heaven! Range off, you yellow cusses!"

Sim staggered up, streaming with blood, from a terrific cut in his shoulder. We stood together in the middle of the road, the centre of a circle of savage faces and flashing machetes. Not all were hostile, for the dwarf had never ceased to yell that the cards were waxed; and as nearly all had lost to the bank, there were very few who were sorry for this chance of regaining their cash. But the banker had a means of arousing the peons to his help.

"A thousand dollars to the man who frees me!" he panted.

The words ended in a shriek, for the Texan crushed him like a bear. He dropped from those terrible arms and lay moaning on the ground. Jem snatched the cards from his pocket, and beckoning to the respectable men of the crowd

who stood together at a distance—"Come ye here and look!' he shouted; "the faces are waxed all over. See! I can stick two together an' turn up what I please."

"Es verdad!" assented the lookers-on. "Don Juan has cheated."

"Give us back our money!" was now the yell, and a dozen peons dashed at the banker.

"No, yer don't!" cried Jem, standing across his body. "I guess we'll fix this matter more reasonable fair than that. Don Gregorio, you and J—— here shall count his money first, an' then we'll divide."

But things were not to be so easily arranged. One of the bank bullies pushed through the ring, followed by half a dozen peons, the poorest and most dangerous looking of the crowd. Prefacing his declaration with a string of vile oaths, he shouted:

"Those are not Don Juan's cards—they are your own, you Yankee mule! Don Juan Zumbado is known as a sportman over all Costa Rica, and never a word was said against his honor. He is a Rico and a member of Congress, and he can pay those who help him, and avenge himself on these who do him injury. Amigos! will you let these filibusters murder two of your countrymen in your very sight? Don Juan, who is the spirit of honor, has offered a thousand dollars a-piece to all who help him—come on, then! Death to the filibusters!"

But the muzzles of our pistols deterred the shouting crew, which was evidently convinced by the bully's eloquence.

"We must end this," said Jem to me; "Sim's bleeding to death from that cut in the shoulder. I have a notion we can fix the matter up neat enough if that yellow-head has the pluck of a cayote. 'Twas me as began the muss, an' I guess it's mo as should put it through. Look hyar, hombres," he called to the crowd in Spanish, "this cabarello an' I don't spice in our notions—what then? I've allurs heerd that the men of Costa Rica was notably distinguished by a love of fair of fair play, an' a nice regard for manly virtoo. The caballero has a machete, an' a thundering big one; give me another, a fair field, an' we'll settle our diff'rences quick, as you shall see!"

This proposition, quite usual in Spanish America, was received with a cheer. Half a dozen weapons were instantly offered, and in a minute the champions stood opposite to one another, armed with the heavy, guardless sword called a "machete." Delivering Sim to the care of the padrone and his wife, I took my station in the ring formed round the combatants.

Jem stood square and firm, holding the weapon from his body in a hanging guard. The Costa Rican took the cramped attitude chosen by his countrymen in such a case, the machete along his thigh, and his left arm wrapped in a cloak. Full five minutes they moved wearily about the ring without striking a blow; then, quick as a pistol flash, the guarded left arm was thrust on the point of Jem's machete, and a furious lunge from the hip almost pierced his body. But the Texan was too quick. Too many times had he seen a countryman so entrapped by the wily swordsmen of the South. He expected this play when taking the guard. Drawing his machete back by a bend of the elbow, he swept it round in a parry delivered with all his force. The Costa Rican stumbled forward, thrown off his balance by the weight of the blow; Jem's sword swung through the air, and cut deep into his neck and throat.

He dropped his machete and fell upon one knee; then, like a jaguar, he sprang up, and heedless of a thrust that pierced his chest, buried a knife in Jem's body. This weapon the villain had concealed in the folds of his mantle. The champions fell together.

We dug a hole beside the road, and there we buried poor Jem Whately, as Christian sepulture is denied the heretic in that enlightened country. We bound up his mate's wound, and made what arrangement was possible with the padrone, and then we trotted on to supper at Esparsa.

"They say the bank had won about twenty-five ounces," observed Paisley, over his evening pipe. "Three men were killed stone dead, and three dangerously or mortally wounded. That gives rather more than twenty pounds a piece for a life, and ten pounds for a bad hurt. That's about the market price, I suppose."

"It's not a bad price as things go here," I said; "the worst of it is, *no one was paid.* The gay old banker wriggled himself off while the fight was progessing. Poor Jem! I never much took to 'sportsmen,' but it's a wretched end to die in a rowdy fight and be buried in a ditch."

I never heard that Jem Whately had a more sympathetic epitaph.

It is important that young people acquire in early life the habit of speaking correctly, and abandon as soon as possible the use of slang words.

Very few persons have sense enough to despise the praise of a fool.

Where one thousand are destroyed by the world's frowns, ten thousand are destroyed by its smiles.

SNAKES IN QUEENSLAND.

Of the many species of snakes that infest this distant colony, there are but few intensely venomous, but the individuals of these few species are extremely numerous. The Brown Snake, the Whip Snake, the Diamond Snake, and the Black Snake, are frequently found, especially in the Mitchell district.

A curious circumstance that occurred last year to a friend of mine, a Mitchell squatter, a gentleman of clear honor, and consequently of indisputable credibility. He accompanied me last May when I was out with my men "examining" and surveying his "runs," which were situated in a splendidly-watered creek, the resort (as I soon found to my sorrow) of a tribe of murderous black fellows.

"I had camped just here, where we now are," said my friend R, "and towards morning I had a nasty dream. I dreamed that I saw a brown snake coming over from *that* direction (pointing to the north), and soon felt it crawling over my bare feet. Guess my surprise, on awakening, to feel a snake actually winding itself between my feet! I was lying on a blanket, with another blanket over me. Remember, I was on my back, and my feet were a few inches apart. Well; this snake first passed over my left foot, then round the sole of my right foot, tickling it horribly. After a pause, it glided over the right foot and round the sole of the other, after which it kept 'dabbing' at both soles, perhaps catching flies, until the titillation almost drove me mad. At length I mustered courage to raise my head and give a 'Hist!' when it quietly slipped away."

I have generally found, among my men a belief that the whip snake can jump *forward.* One of my men told me that he came suddenly on one of these virulent little beasts one day, that it immediately sprang at him as high as his breast, and that but for a very active spring on his part it would have "cooked" him. He then picked up a stick, just in time; for it made spring number two, and he met it by a blow that knocked it to the ground with a broken back.

The whip snake is a most courageous and vindictive little wretch. I was one day in a boat on the river Logan, when I spied one swimming, and directed one of my men to hit it with his oar. He made a blow at it, but missed. The creature turned and came stem on towards the boat. I made several blows at it with a whip-handle, but the water broke their force, and the reptile could easily have got away; on it came, however, vindictively hissing, until its back was broken by a lucky stroke.

In the Mitchell district, the year before last, I had turned in about ten o'clock at night, and lay busily planning out the programme of my future campaign in the far west, not far from Burke and Wills's tract, when all at once, as I turned on my side, I felt a snake underneath the blanket on which I lay, and close to my shoulder. I felt it, through the blanket, gently with my hand. There was no doubt of the fact; there it was, and what was to be done! After much reflection I thought it best to lie still, as, from my weight on the edges of the blanket, it could do no harm until morning, whereas, if I stirred, it would probably have a fair chance at me. So I lay still and slept heartily till after sunrise, when I discovered that the supposed snake was the thong of a stock-whip which my son had deposited there for safety.

Soon after I was sent to the Logan, I was returning one afternoon late to my camp, which was in a place very difficult to find even by daylight, but next to impossible in darkness. I was pushing on my horse as rapidly as the thick timber would allow, when I saw an enormous black snake a little to the left of my track. The light was fast failing, and, although I make it a matter of conscience to kill every snake I can, I determined to pass him. To my astonishment, however (I had never seen the like before), the beast made right towards me with a wicked hiss. This was more than I could bear, so I got off my horse, determined to "wipe him out." I don't think I ever had such difficulty in killing a snake, and was never in such danger—save once, which I will speak of in due course. I selected a piece of wood, and made furious whacks at him, which were unsuccessful. The stick broke in two, but my blood was up; so, fearing that he would escape, I went very close to him to give him a finisher. Before I could do so, he turned with wonderful quickness and seized me by the arm, hanging on to the bite in such a venemously tenacious way that I knew he had emitted his poison. When I felt the puncture I grew reckless, and seized him with both hands, fortunately near the neck, and destroyed him. I brought him to my camp, tying him with a saddle strap to the D-hook of the saddle, skinned him that evening, and found in him thirteen eggs as large as those of pullets. He was the largest black snake I ever saw—upwards of six feet. I experienced no ill effects, as he had not drawn blood, but had only given me a sharp pinch through my thick coat.

An Irish peasant had settled on the Logan river, having with great industry cleared some hundreds of acres. He had three children, the youngest of whom was about four years old, and one of the loveliest little girls I ever saw. I used often to alight and kiss the little creature, she looked so rosy and fresh, and was kept so clean and tidy. One morning she was romping with her brother near the hut. All at once the latter rushed in:

"Oh, mother, mother, Nelly's been bitten by a snake!"

It was too true. The marks of the reptile's fangs were visible on the instep. They hurried her within doors, and sucked the wound, but the stupor of death lay heavy on her. There was no medicine for many a mile, and no doctor. They walked her about, as long as the little limbs could stir, but at last they laid her down, and, after one wild recognizing flash from her glazing eye into her mother's face, and with a shuddering sob, the spirit of poor little Nelly passed away.

On the Saturday succeeding this event the government surveyor, who with his staff was camped about seven miles from me, was returning on foot to his camp accompanied by his chairman. They were walking through long grass, when on a sudden the chairman cried out:

"My God, sir, I'm bitten by something!"

"Run on to camp, then," said my friend. "Fly, and I'll be after you with all the speed I can. Scarify the place when you reach the camp."

I saw the government surveyor next day, and he assured me that even as he spoke he saw the man's eye glazing. When he arrived, he found that the poor fellow had scarified his own leg, but was dying fast. Two days before this, the surveyor had been in Brisbane, and had been entrusted with a bottle of excellent cognac for me. A shower of rain had prevented its transmission from his camp to mine, and he now poured brandy down the throat of the dying man. The poor fellow was almost a teetotaller, and yet the bottle of brandy had no more effect than so much water. Meanwhile, the surveyor despatched a man on a fleet horse to a neighboring station for more spirits, and, by the time the brandy was exhausted, the messenger arrived with a case-bottle of gin. In a few minutes the patient began to show some liveliness, and to talk with vivacity; but not until he had taken the last drop of the gin did he exhibit the slightest sign of inebriation. The instant that he *did* show signs of it, the surveyor felt that he was saved. The surveyor acted nobly. For a whole hour he persisted in sucking the wound of this poor man, whose leg was not over clean. When next day I saw the patient, he had quite recovered.

The very best thing in the world for snake bites is strong liquor ammoniæ applied to the wound, and a dilution of the same taken internally. Next to this is a thorough internal saturation by ardent spirits.

A medical gentleman, in conjunction with myself, made experiments of the effects of snake bites on rabbits. One rabbit, a magnificent specimen, ate heartily after being bitten by a diamond snake. We began to think that the reptile must have expended his venom before the trial, when all at once the rabbit, which was eating a lettuce, uttered a squeak, and fell dead without a quiver. This was about ten minutes after the bite.

A friend of mine put a whip snake into a bottle, buried it between three and four feet in the earth, and kept it there undisturbed during the winter months. When spring was well advanced he took it out, uncorked the bottle, and the beast, which had appeared to be dormant, sprang up at him with such speed that he had a very narrow escape.

The carpet-snake of Queensland is a species of boa, and is venomless. I ought to know this well, for about five years ago I was skinning a monstrous one which I thought dead, when it fastened upon my fingers, and bit me very severely in three places, drawing blood copiously. I shall never forget the looks of my men, and their rapid production of any amount of knives to cut off the finger on the spot. I laughed at their dolorous appearance, wrapped my hand in a handkerchief, and finished the operation of skinning, to their utter amazement.* Nothing can persuade even the most experienced bushmen that *any* snake can be harmless.

About four years ago I witnessed a battle-royal between my son and a carpet-snake. Both showed great determination. My boy was only twelve years old; but he was more than a match for the snake so I would not interfere. He had picked up a short stick, and after combatting for about a quarter of an hour, he succeeded in breaking the brute's back, and thus rendered it an easy prey. It measured eleven feet two inches. A very large opossum was found in its stomach, and in a perfect state of preservation. The last snake-fight I had took place a short time since in the bed of a dry creek that runs into the Thomson river. I was riding along carelessly, when all at once I saw an enormous brown snake wriggling between my horse's legs. Now the brown snake is a thing of horror, so I tried to back my horse with all my strength, but the attempt was useless, so I gave him the spur and he went over it. I then dismounted, seized a stick which broke at the first blow, and by this time the snake was ascending the steep bank. He was on the point of getting away, when I made a fiercer blow with the fragment that remained in my hand, and broke his back, but it was near the tail, and the beast was able to turn round and make almost a vertical blow at me from above. I don't think I ever in my life experienced such a feeling of alarm as I did during the half second of its approach. I remember seeing its devilish head level with my face, and I remember striking out with my stick, but how I escaped I know not to this hour; however when my staff came up they found me skinning it. I never saw a larger brown snake; it measured more than six feet in length, but in girth it was immense.

A great deal has been said of the instinctive dread of snakes which is exhibited by four-footed animals. This does not accord with my experience, as I know of dogs and cats having a great liking for killing them; and I have never yet had a horse that showed the slightest alarm even while quite close to them. Once my favorite saddle-horse actually "squashed" a large black snake which was lying coiled up on a road, and I did not know it until I had got a yard or two beyond the spot.

It is impossible for a stranger to pronounce upon every snake he may come across; still, it may be useful to give a few hints which can be fully understood by every one. Whenever you see a snake *with a neck*, that is, with a hollow behind the head on both sides, and, combined with this, a thin tapering tail, be assured that snake is non-venomous; but when you see a snake with no neck, and, combined with this, a stumpy tail, that snake is in the highest degree venomous.

* The length of this snake (I have the skin yet) was twelve feet and a half.

NOTICE.

The publication of "THE CALIFORNIAN" *takes place on Saturday mornings, and copies may be obtained in the City at all News stands, and of our News-agents through the country. It will also be served by carriers on the morning of publication.*

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J. P. BOCARDUS,
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THE CALIFORNIAN.

SAN FRANCISCO,.....SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1867.

INQUISITORIAL COMMITTEE—THE LAST GRAND JURY.

The "Report of the Grand Jury of the City and County of San Francisco for September term, 1867, to which the name of Henry Channing Beals is affixed as "Foreman," is a sufficiently noteworthy document to justify some comment, even at so late a day as this. Though we cannot recommend it as a model, so far as mere style is concerned, of that species of composition most appropriate for official reports, yet it possesses other merits which far outweigh its rhetorical blemishes. Grand Juries, Visiting Committees, and other bodies to which is delegated the very important and responsible duty of investigating the condition and working of our public criminal and benevolent institutions, seem, as a general rule, to be animated by a spirit of amiable optionism, under the influence of which they are somewhat too prone to assume that the respectable class of persons to whom the management of prisons, industrial schools, insane asylums, and almshouses is entrusted, will do no wrong. Setting out with this complaisant presumption in favor of authority and official probity, and their visits of inspection being perfunctory in their character, and made periodically, at times when they are expected by the parties who are the subjects of inquisition, the mildly complimentary tone that generally pervades the "reports" of these inquisitorial committees is not to be wondered at.

The Grand Jury of which Mr. Beals is the mouthpiece, may be regarded as an exception, in some respects, at least, to the general rule which we have indicated. And yet, it exhibits some significant illustrations of the lack of real thoroughness that habitually characterizes the investigations of grand juries and boards of visitors, and of the easy reliance placed by them upon the representation of the functionaries upon whose conduct it is their duty to report. Thus, for instance, in speaking of the condition of the County Jail, the report, after stating that some prisoners under sentence for petty crimes made some complaints in regard to food or treatment, goes on to say: "The jury, however, became fully satisfied before leaving the jail that the complaints were utterly groundless. The food provided is by contract, *and the keepers assured us was generally of good quality.*" Here, it is assumed with simplicity, which however engaging, seems rather out of place in a body performing inquisitorial functions, that the "assurances of the keepers" furnish a perfectly legitimate and satisfactory species of evidence upon which to decide a point involving the question of their misconduct. It can scarcely be necessary to suggest that if such "assurances" are to have any weight, visits of examinations to prisons and insane asy s for the purpose of discovering and checking abuses are an f formality that may be advantageously dispensed with altogether. In this particular case, however, the keepers were content to assure the jury that the "food was *generally* of a good quality," a qualification which does not seem to have struck that confiding body as at all suspicious, or as justifying any inference as to the extent and frequency of the exceptional cases.

But, though the Grand Jury for the September term appears to us to have been animated in some instances by a spirit too free from suspicion to secure the most efficient discharge of its official functions, it does not hesitate to speak out with manful directness when it does stumble upon an instance of abuse, or if what it considers as such. Of the City Prison, it reports that "its general aspect is forbidding—dark and very badly ventilated. Furthermore, "The Grand Jury are unanimously of opinion that the city authorities owe it to themselves and common humanity that some effort be made *to admit* fresh air, if not light, into these cells, which are not unfrequently crowded, each with twenty or more persons, for greater or lesser crimes, and who are incarcerated for hours, if not for days, in an atmosphere of the most poisonous character, destructive to life and health." Again, "One of the cells was occupied at the time of our visit, by a lad of perhaps fifteen summers, of good city parentage. He was in solitary confinement. The Grand Jury were impelled by humanity to inquire particularly into his case, which at the time appeared somewhat mysterious. The officers assured us, however, that the boy had stolen some goods, etc. The lad said he had been through the public schools, to the City College; and yet here he was a prisoner, in solitary confinement. Intemperance of the parent, he said, was the cause of his bad conduct. Surely this was no place for that boy; and yet the officer coolly told us the offense was "bailable," and that his father was privy to his incarceration."

Another shameful abuse, of a kind which the unmitigated would suppose could only occur under a despotic government, but which we are nevertheless assured, exists in this city as a *custom* in utter defiance of all law, is thus alluded to: "We found in an airy cell, six or more sailor boys, detained for sale keeping until the ship which brought them here is ready to proceed on her voyage. It seems wrong to confine seamen, who have committed no crime, to a felon's cell, thus depriving them of their liberty, etc."

Considering the outrageous character of this most audacious invasion of personal rights, perpetrated by the authorities for the convenience of ship-owners, the censure conveyed in the expression, "It seems wrong," must be conceded to be sufficiently mild.

In their visitation of the Industrial School, the Grand Jury seems to have been more thorough, and to have displayed a greater degree of "initiative," than can generally be predicated of similar bodies. The visitors were not content with what was shown them in regular routine, but pushed their investigations into the subterranean mysteries of the establishment, where they made discoveries of a character somewhat similar to those which the Sacramento *Union* recently published in reference to the Marysville institution of the same name. We quote from the report: "Before leaving the boys' department we went below, where we found four lads in solitary confinement. The cells were opened at our request, and in four of them we found nothing but a board bunk, six inches from the asphaltum floor; no straw pallet, but simply a board; no chair, bench, or book—no reading matter of any kind. One lad so confined was nineteen years old, and he was incarcerated 'for general insubordination'—attempting the life of his keeper, and arson in firing the asylum. This boy was an invalid lying on a mattress; he said he had been thus confined fifty-four days. Another lad, sixteen years of age, was confined upon the charge of 'running away;' had no books, no chair, only a bare bunk. Two others, each seventeen years of age, in like confinement, one for some minor offence, and the other 'for general insubordination' in connection with crimes charged upon the first named lad. These boys were obliged to sleep night after night with their day clothes on, without bed or bedding, other than a single pair of common blankets. The Grand Jury felt indignant at such treatment—entirely too severe even for the punishment of the most hardened felons in San Quentin."

There are several other points touched upon in this report, to which we had designed to advert, but we must reserve them for another occasion. In conclusion, it is but justice to say that the Grand Inquest for the September term, seems to have been animated by a highly commendable spirit in its investigations. Its members seem to have been humane, zealous, and fearless men, with no disposition to "whitewash" any one, and with no hesitation about exposing such abuses as they discovered. Nevertheless, such bodies can never become the terror to evil doers which they were designed to be, and can never effectually accomplish the ends for which they are constituted, without a larger measure of that sagacity which is moderately tempered by suspicion, than seems to have characterized the Grand Jury of the September term. There are some qualities, generally esteemed amiable, and which, from a supplemental point of view, are even repulsive, that are nevertheless necessary for the efficient discharge of certain duties. As we recognize the value of craftiness in the detective, and of an element akin to ferocity in the soldier, so some infusion of the stern and searching spirit of the inquisitor, contributes to the practical usefulness of those bodies whose business it is to detect abuses in the public criminal and philanthropic institutions.

THE NEXT MECHANICS' FAIR.

The Executive Committee of the Mechanics' Institute have taken time by the forelock, and announced to the public that they have resolved upon holding an Industrial Exhibition in the month of August, 1868, on a much larger scale than was ever before attempted on this coast; and they make this early announcement of their intention, that all who may desire to participate shall have ample time for preparation. A programme, embracing rules and regulations for the government of exhibitors, together with a list of the premiums to be awarded, is in course of preparation, and will be made public at an early day. This Fair will be, in several respects, one of the most interesting ever held in California. The Institute has manifested a commendable degree of enterprise and public spirit in its offer of a premium of $1,000 for the best practical treatise on the agricultural, mining and industrial resources of the State. Mr. John H. Hittell, Mr. Bennett, and Mr. Dunn of the *Bulletin*, are spoken of as the principal competitors for the prize.

DR. DINGLESTEDT, the graceful german poet, who, during many years past, has been concerned in the official management of German theatres, has just been promoted to the highest of like premierships at Vienna.

PRESBYTERIAN AND CATHOLIC.

"THE Occident," is the name of a new weekly, the first number of which will appear on the 3rd of January. The prospectus informs us that it "will specially be the organ and representative of the Presbyterian Church on the Pacific Coast, in its various branches, yet will be catholic in its spirit, and it is hoped will commend itself to all who value and will support the best interests of our population." It is to be edited by the Rev. James Eells, D. D., with Rev. E. B. Walsworth, as associate editor, and is to be published by H. H. Bancroft & Co. If the editors shall succeed in making good their promise to produce a paper which, while occupying the official, or semi-official position of special "organ and representative of the Presbyterian Church on the Pacific Coast in all its branches," shall at the same time be "catholic in its spirit," they will be entitled to the credit of having accomplished a marvellous feat, and one which in certain aspects, seems little short of an impossibility. Nevertheless, it would be ungracious, if not presumptuous to pronounce upon the practicability of the enterprise, in advance, and we will therefore wait with patient curiosity for the appearance of the initial number. In this age of progress, even Presbyterianism has not remained stationary, and though the New York *Independent* did not become "catholic" until it had ceased to be a denominational organ, or even distinctively a religious one, the Reverend gentlemen who are announced as editors of the *Occident* may possibly succeed in accomplishing what Henry Ward Beecher and Theodore Tilton were unequal to. Meantime, they have our sympathy in their arduous undertaking.

[For the Californian.]

BIERSTADT'S NEW PICTURE.

BIERSTADT'S "Crossing the Plains" has at last been placed on exhibition at Snow & Roos' gallery, and has already become the theme of public comment. Although few of Bierstadt's pictures have been exhibited on this coast, his late sketching tour in search of the beauties of California scenery, has made his name familiar here and won him hosts of friends and admirers, and there is an eager curiosity as well to learn how he has treated our grand Western landscapes as to view the results of a trip which, more than any other event, has called him into notice as one of the first of American artists.

The picture under consideration represents, on a large canvass, an emigrant train drawing up at the close of a hot days' journey. The red rays of the setting sun are slanting through the sultry, dusty air, tinting the whole scene with extraordinary brilliancy, and gorgeously illuminating the long range of high bluffs stretching away in the distance on the right of the picture. On the left is a clump of awkward, overgrown trees, with scanty foliage, and beneath them in the foreground is a green spot to which a flock of sheep and a few cattle seem to have hastened in impatient disorder. The bones of beasts left to bleach in the sun, mark the sides of the road, along whose well-defined track the train, with its varied figures, stretches far off in hazy indistinctness. The flames of a camp fire in the mid-distance, show the halting of a portion of the party for the night, and the surroundings all faithfully indicate the reaching, after a hot, dusty and fatiguing journey, a most appropriate camping-ground.

The most striking characteristics of the picture are its radiant coloring and its most perfect harmony and truthfulness of color. One watches the clouds almost expecting their rich hues, so faithfully rendered, to fade away with the descending sun. A bewildering flood of rich, warm light comes from the sky and is reflected upon the bluffs' deeply coursed faces with great boldness and skill. The atmospheric effect shows deep and careful study and excellent management; and indeed the whole landscape is painted with much force and feeling. The figures and cattle in the foreground are rather inferior to the rest of the picture; but they are so subordinate to the grand aim and scope of the painting, (as the recitative of an opera is subordinate to the inspiring strains of the music—merely telling the story—) that it is difficult to find much fault with them.

On the whole it is a work that no lover of art should omit to see, and one of which Bierstadt, with his excellent reputation, may well be proud; though one, we judge, insufficient to fully justify the exalted position in art claimed for him by his warmest admirers. His "Storm in the Rocky Mountains," which we have never seen, and on which mainly his fame was achieved, is, we infer from all accounts, superior to this as a work of art, and though this, which must be judged by its merits alone, is a painting of marvellous skill, yet, if it fails to declare him worthy of the high praise he has received, it should be remembered that it is not the work for which that praise has been bestowed.

The exhibition room is much too small to show the picture to advantage. Evidently it was not painted for such near inspection, and a distance of ten or twelve feet is as close as one should be allowed to view it. The light is well managed and the picture well framed, but the gilt moulding does not tend to heighten its brilliancy.

ASTR.EA.

[For the Californian.]

OUR CHAPLAIN IN JAVA.

BY FORBES MAITLAND.

WHAT a jolly old fellow he was to be sure, never said to a fellow "now you must not go out shooting on Sunday"—not he! He was far too good for that, and what is more, far too good a shot and too fond of shooting to interfere with a little innocent amusement on Sunday. Poor old Fitzgibbon! He was a good fellow and no mistake; every one liked "Old Fitz." I will give a short description of his career as he told me it himself.

He came into my room one night, just, as he said, "to smoke a quiet pipe," and have a chat over old times and old England. Of course one must have a little brandy and soda over those "quiet pipes," and from "positively only one more old boy" we got up to—well, I won't say how many; at all events we got quite confidential, and, well, not tight but jolly. I, without thinking said, "Fitz, how did you ever become a parson?" And this is what he told me:

"Well, since you ask me, my old father was Chaplain to the Governor of Ceylon, and I being a younger son, and he having the influence, thought the best way to get rid of a bad bargain was to get me an appointment in the 'Contiugent' during the Peninsular war. I got along pretty well until my governor died and left me with two hundred and fifty pounds per annum, and the necessity of providing for myself. So as my influence did not lie in the military line, I thought I might just as well join the army, as I had friends there, and forsake charnal weapons for spiritual; and I'll tell you, old boy, there are worse positions than a chaplainship in a hot climate. Do you know in a good cholera season, I have made as much as a thousand dollars beyond my pay; yes, I've made twenty rupees in one day. Well, you know I never give a blue jacket or marine a full service. Can't do it my dear fellow, only two and sixpence a head; still, even that small sum mounts up in a *really* good cholera and fever season. Some days twenty, and others—well, I have done sixty in one day, and then, you know, a 'plant' only takes a short time, even if it is an officer, and you have to give him a full service. Then a marriage occurs about once a month. I never would unite the happy couple without a fee of two hundred rupees, (payable in advance). It does not take long to tie the knot, and then there is always lots of champagne. And then again christenings, they don't pay quite as well as the marriages, but somehow they come a great deal oftener, in fact during some seasons, more frequently than the funerals. If the people have lots of cash I charge them twenty rupees. I always "cut my coat according to my cloth." So you see the position of an army chaplain is not such a bad paying billet after all. It's the pickings old fellow, it's the pickings! What! two o'clock by Jove! I must be off to roost. Good night, old boy, good night." And off "Old Fitz" went in a very jolly condition. After this we often met, became quite chums, sat next to each other at tiffin and dinner, played billiards, drove our "garries" round the square every afternoon together—in fact, we became the joke of the place. "There goes 'Fitz' and his shadow," was the common remark as we passed along. And staunch friends we remained till the day of his death. Poor "old Fitz!" You were a good fellow, one of the right sort. Who ever asked Fitzgibbon for a favor without it's being granted? Who ever asked Fitzgibbon for "just a loan" of a hundred rupees, without his at once saying "certainly, old boy, if I have it." Who ever sat at table with him without exploding with laughter at his good humored jokes and sketches of life in Java, or who ever played billiards with him without being beaten! Now comes the sad part of the tale. "Fitz" and I had, as usual, been having a quiet game of five hundred points on a very inferior table, just as exercise after dinner, when bang went the gong three times. That was a signal "Fitz" and I always attended punctually. The signal meant "iced soda and brandy in the verandah, free." So, after scratching on the board "Maitland vs. Fitzgibbon to-morrow night at nine o'clock," to secure the table, off we went, and often imbibing a moderate quantity of the "legitimate," I bade "Fitz" good night, be at the time remarking, "Remember, old fellow, to-morrow morning at six we go off in the gig and have a swim." At half past five he called me, and the gig with six Japanese was in waiting. In a few minutes we were the requisite distance from the shore. "Fitz" was a splendid swimmer and diver, and had brought a small pebble with him in order to practice diving. I shall never forget poor old "Fitz" as he stood in the bow of the boat ready for the plunge. It was the last time I ever saw him alive. Down he went. It seemed to me that he remained under water longer than usual, and I became anxious. At last he came to the surface, and good heavens! who could, in that distorted face discover any resemblance to the good humored countenance of Fitzgibbon. My boatmen seemed at once to understand what had occurred, for with a simultaneous leap the six were in the water. A minute more and poor Fitzgibbon lay in the bottom of the boat. I urged the men to pull their hardest to the shore to see if anything could be done; but alas! I had little hope. The doctors were speedily on hand, but one and all declared the vital spark had fled. Poor Fitzgibbon had done with the world and all its sorrows. I had his body at once conveyed to the hotel, where it was laid out in the billiard room, that being the only available one. I went off to make arrangements for his interment that afternoon at four o'clock (a body will not keep over four hours in a hot climate like Java). I did not get back to the hotel until almost three o'clock: Going into the billiard room to have a last look at my poor friend, the first thing which met my eyes was the black marking board on which was written in large characters, "Maitland vs. Fitzgibbon to-morrow night at nine o'clock." Alas! what a sad scene. There was the good old fellow lying clasped in the arms of death on the very billiard table on which he was to have played a match that evening.

[For the Californian.]

A LEAF FROM AN ACTOR'S LOG.

BY OLD DELPH.

WE had been performing for six weeks to an uninterruptedly unsuccessful business, during which time we had played in twenty three towns and traveled nearly four hundred miles over hills and mountains. We had concluded our fifth and last night to a beggarly account, as usual, of empty benches in Downieville, and as our treasurer reported a deficiency of funds to meet our liabilities, the question naturally arose, "what's to be done?" We had confidently expected to do a paying business, for ten or twelve nights at least, in Downieville, and consequently had not advertised any further on our route. After a short consultation I volunteered to start at once—it was after 11 o'clock at night—for Eureka, and "bill" that town for the next evening. I lost no time in getting ready for my nice little walk (I couldn't afford to ride) of ten miles over one of the roughest, if not *the* roughest, mountains in California. I had no difficulty in persuading W., our low comedian, to accompany me; so making a draw of *four bits* on the treasury, bundling up our bills and taking a farewell drink with the barkeeper, we started on our midnight journey. There was no moon, and the old mountain up which our winding track lay, was enveloped in the gloom of its own dark, deep shadow. Yet so much depended upon our being properly announced, that we would have groped our way through the shades of Erebus to have accomplished so desirable an object. A walk of a few hundred yards along the river's bank brought us to the trail, and then our work began. The ascent was not quite perpendicular, but it was very nearly so. While the dust—well, it seemed as if all the dust that had ever been "kicked up" had by some unlucky kick been kicked on that trail. However, we walked on, and after an hour's hard climbing we perceived with pleasure that our track had become more level, but to balance this the night had grown darker. This was occasioned by the shadows of a dense pine forest through which our tortuous path now led us. The gloom had become so profound that seeing was out of the question, so, like desperate gamesters, we went it blind. After tumbling and scrambling about for some twenty minutes, in which pleasant pastime our shins did not escape unscathed. W. confidently asserted "we were off the trail." I had arrived at that agreeable conclusion myself. In the short consultation which followed, W. suggested that each should go on his own hook, and prospect for the lost track.

Bidding farewell to each other, we parted on our respective voyages of discovery. It was not long, but long enough, 'ere I heard W. shout "Eureka." When I came up to him I found him straddling a log. "Sit down my boy, said he, on my approach, and let us take a short rest; and perhaps you have no serious objection to taking a social smoke with me at the same time." "What! I cried with delight; have you got a cigar?" "Well, no—not exactly; but I've got a delicious stump of one; I found it nestled in the corner of my pocket just now while searching for a match. I am quite sure it's the one I accused you of stealing the other day. I beg your pardon, my dear boy, for the vile suspicion; and in pallintion of my unjust accusation, you shall have a delightful suck either at the stump or my pipe." I preferred the latter, of course. Refreshed and stimulated with our rest and smoke, we again set forward on our journey. A mile or so further on we reached a point where the trail runs, for a considerable distance, near the edge of a rocky precipice. By this time it was getting lighter. The trees were scattering; and besides, having climbed a few miles nearer the stars, we began to see quite distinctly. Neither of us has as yet uttered a word of complaint about fatigue, and we were congratulating ourselves on getting along so bravely, when three men stepped from behind a large boulder on our left, and stood in the trail before us. One, a tall, powerful looking cuss, was a step or two in advance of the others. "Stop!" he cried, in a determined tone, at the same time presenting the largest looking pistol I ever beheld. I have been accused, and to tell the truth, I had sometimes thought the accusation true, of being deficient in true courage. But I am now prepared to say that I am game to the backbone. This may sound like "tooting" my horn, but no one, I hope, will object to the "toot" when I tell them of my feelings and cool behavior on that trying and eventful night. I no sooner caught sight of the outlines of that 12-pounder leveled at me than my indignant heart, with one bound, leaped into my throat and stuck there; I thought I should choke with passion; I shook like a "nigger" with the ague, my anger was so terrible; my knees knocked together and grew weak with desperation. At length I asked in a voice trembling with rage "What's the matter?" "Well," began he that said "stop," "we are out to-night on a little collecting tour, and, much as we are grieved at giving you trouble, must request that you will "fork over" what little spare cash you have about you, and be as quick as you can for we are in somewhat of a hurry." I felt my knees growing weaker, while my teeth were chattering—I mean gnashing—as if they were impatient to chaw them up; and I dare say some such cannibal operation would have taken place if W., who was a few steps behind me, had not burst forth into a loud, hearty laugh; he roared as if he was tickled clear into his boots. "What's the matter with that fellow?" asked he that said "stop!" I felt something kicking in my throat and disdained to answer. "I beg your pardon, gentlemen," said W, coming up, "but upon my soul, I couldn't help it; you have perpetrated the best joke of the season, and richly merit the thanks of all the lovers of fun in creation," and he roared again. "You call it a joke, do you? If I send a bullet whizzing through you, perhaps you may think it rather a serious one." "I must admit, replied W., that such a *bullet-in* might prove a *grave* announcement; but I trust you will not spoil so rich a joke by such a *leaden report*." "This is trifling," exclaimed one of the other cusses, presenting for our inspection, the muzzle of another 12-pounder; "we want your money, and if you'd save your lives, "fork it over;" do you understand." "Perfectly," answered W., "and will take great pleasure in complying with your modest request. My boy," turning to me, "give the gentlemen that half dollar." "Half a dollar!" ejaculated 12-pounder No. 2; "is that all you've got?" "All!" exclaimed W., in a tone of astonishment; "All!" do you suppose we are made of money? Yes sir, it is all; we're not in the habit of carrying much money on our persons when we travel afoot." "What have you in that bundle?" demanded 12-pounder No. 1. "It contains," answered W., "our posters and programmes." "Programmes of what?" "Of our performance; we play to-morrow night at Eureka." "What! Are you showmen?" "Yes sir, *showmen*—if you prefer that vulgar term—but we are usually styled actors." "Actors eh?" "Yes sir; and we are allowed to be very good artists; though I am sorry to say we can't *draw*." "He, he, he!" giggled 12-pounder No. 2. "Well, boys," said 12-pounder No. 1., "we've made a mistake here; you're not the persons we were looking for." "Don't let that annoy you," replied W., who had been the spokesman all along, for as yet my ungovernable passion had kept me from speaking; "don't say a word about it." "For our parts, we are glad to meet such jolly companions under any circumstances." "Boys," asked 12-pounders—I think they all spoke at once—"Boys, do you ever drink?" 'Twas a foolish question; but perhaps they didn't know it. A bottle was produced and caressed by the whole party, until it became quite familiar by its frequent visits. Then, remembering we had at least half of our journey yet to walk, we bade our friends good-bye, and hurried on, after asking them to be sure to buy tickets for our performance in Eureka.

SIT STILL.—In those emergencies where peril enhanced by panic, the wisest thing to say and do is—nothing. Not a week ago, acting in opposition to this maxim, cost a young woman in Brooklyn her life. The brake of a horse car broke on the way down the steep grade of Atlantic Street, at South Ferry. The young woman, crazy with the idea that she must do something—that in action only could safety be found—disregarded all advice, jumped from the car and was killed—killed because she was not wise enough to sit still.

If you are in a street where a mad mob, peaceful or riotous, is rushing onward, step into a doorway or cellarway and keep still till the rush is past. If you are in a theatre, and some fool cries "Fire!" keep still as long as you can in your seat, as there's greater safety. The chances are that the alarm is false, but false or real, the most unwise thing you can do is to add to the numbers of those moving. If you are in a carriage and its horses run away, or in a car that has got beyond control, keep still. Movement only multiplies the dangers that beset you. The waiting game is in nine emergencies out of ten the wining game.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

WORKS OF CHARLES DICKENS. Globe edition. Illustrated from designs by Darley & Gilbert. Bleak House, four Volumes in One. New York: Hurd & Houghton, 459 Broome street, 1867. San Francisco: A. Roman & Co.

LITTLE DORITT: Four Volumes in One. Globe Edition. New York: Hurd & Houghton, 459 Broome street, 1867. San Francisco: A. Roman & Co.

THE HERMITAGE, AND OTHER POEMS. By BENJAMIN W. SILL. H. H. Bancroft & Co., San Francisco.

JESSICO'S FIRST PRAYER. By the author of "Fern's Hollow," etc. Boston: Henry Hoyt & Co. San Francisco: C. Beach, No. 32 Montgomery street.

A CRUISE AFTER SANDAL WOOD.

FOR a number of years I had been engaged in running between San Francisco and the different ports in China. I was master and part owner of a fine little bark of about three hundred tons burden. Trade at last becoming rather slack, and the profits small, I held a consultation with my partner as to what was best to be done under the circumstances. Many a plan was proposed, discussed and rejected, but finally it was decided to strike out in altogether a new channel. It was to be a speculation on our part, and an important one, involving as it did every dollar that we both could master.

We were very sanguine as to the ultimate success of our adventure, and, despite the mumbling and doubts of our friends, who did everything in their power to dissuade us, we kept steadily on our course till all the final arrangements were made.

The *Pearl* was at last ready for sea, with a miscellaneous cargo of highly-colored cloths and calicoes, gandily-trimmed coats, glass beads, hatchets, knives, etc. In the run was stowed, in kegs bound with brass hoops, thirty thousand dollars in specie, with which to make our purchases. I also had a large quantity of goods to be exchanged with the natives for sandal wood and shell.

The *Pearl* presented an entirely different aspect, when pronounced ready for sea, than when running to the coast of China. Instead of the heavy long-boat, usually carried on deck, and stowed athwart the main hatch, the light but strong and serviceable whale-boats hung from the davits on either quarter. A high rail had been built, along which stanchions for the boarding nettings were placed. Aloft, great alterations had also taken place, and every light sail and kite that I could possibly crowd on to the various stays and yards of the *Pearl* made quite an addition to her top-hamper and general appearance.

I shipped a crew of blacks, numbering in all seventeen hands, including a boatswain, cook, and a little mulatto boy to wait on the table, and help the cook in his various duties. Two brass swivels were mounted on the poop; and in the cabin, arranged in rosewood racks, were rows of rifles, pistols and cutlasses, and the mizzen-mast was encircled by a number of boarding pikes. The two mates were both fine young men, with whom I had been acquainted for some time, and the voyage promised to be a pleasant one. I had shipped a colored crew, not for any love I had for their dark skins, but because there would naturally be a great deal of boating to do, and white men would soon sink beneath the fatigues and hardships of such a voyage.

I obtained my clearance from the custom-house, bade farewell to my partner and friends, and half an hour afterwards was gliding down the calm waters of the bay, with a gentle breeze, and the officers and crew busy packing on canvas.

As soon as I was clear from the land, I shaped a course for the group of islands known as Solomon's Archipelago, where I was in hopes of driving a brisk trade with the natives, as the whole group abounded in quantities of sandal wood and tortoise-shell, and formed the principal cruising-ground of the sandal wood hunter. The precious wood is brought off by the natives, in sticks of various sizes, than can be easily handled and stowed in the vessel's hold; and for a few yards of cloth, beads, or scraps of old iron, I have often received several tons of wood, which in China I received a handsome price for.

The turtle-shell has to be gathered by the crew, and oft-times it is dangerous as well as exciting sport to land on one of the beautiful desert islands of the South Pacific, where the surf is roaring and tumbling, and it was for this sort of work that I had purchased the two splendid whale-boats which now hung from the davits. Great quantities of the shell are washed upon the beach by the swell, where it remains till picked up by some natives or adventurous boat's crew. It is seldom that a live turtle is caught, unless they come crawling up in the night to deposit their eggs in the sand.

I determined to make my first stopping-place at Hanowah, one of the group of islands. Here the natives were wild and treacherous, and I took every precaution to preserve ourselves from an attack. As soon as I let go anchor, the boarding nettings were triced up, fire-arms loaded, and a watch on deck appointed to keep a guard over the crowd of natives by whom I was surrounded, nearly as soon as the anchor was down.

The canoes that the natives use present a strange appearance to those not acquainted with them. They are very narrow, and would be easily capsized, but for a novel remedy which they make use of. They fasten to one side along the gunwale three arms, each about ten feet long, shaped like a bow, upon which sets a long fore and aft piece, which rests on, and skimms along the water. By means of this contrivance, it is almost impossible to capsize one of them.

A certain number only were allowed on deck at a time, and the trading proceeded rapidly. I remained at the island a week, and, during the time, two chiefs visited me, bringing presents of various kinds of fruit, sandal wood, parrots, etc., while I, in return, gave them each a knife and a string of beads.

My stock of goods was rapidly lowered, and many a good bargain was made. Knives, looking-glasses, iron, tobacco, ect., were disposed of at greatly advantageous terms. For one old regimental coat, covered with tarnished gold lace, I received sandal wood, worth at least one hundred and fifty dollars. Such were the Pacific islands years ago.

As each native got through with trading, he was sent away to make room for others, and in a short time we had a large quantity of the valuable wood on board. The natives looked queerly enough, as they arrayed themselves in the articles purchased from us. Some would have on nothing but a scarlet coat, others a vest, while one in particular made a ludicrous appearance in a cocked hat, with waving plumes, perched on the top of his head, the rest of his body shining like polished ebony in the sun.

From this island, we proceeded to others, which were entirely deserted, and succeeded in finding a considerable quantity of tortoise-shell.

Landing in our whale-boats, which glided safely through the heavy surf, we would wander along the beach, in a short time filling the boats, and then, again, we might search for weeks, without finding scarcely a shell. We lived principally on the delicious fruits which the island abounded. Birds of all kinds existed in great quantities, and the time passed rapidly and pleasantly among these islands, which form by far the pleasantest portion of the globe.

Having exhausted, for the time being, the productions of the group, I sailed for another, where the natives were partially civilized. While on the passage, I noticed that the blacks in the dog-watches continually had their heads together, and many an earnest consultation they appeared to be holding. Whenever I walked forward, the conversation would cease, and I noticed that they eyed me with dark and lowering brows. I could not for the life of me account for this strange alteration in their behavior. They had always, heretofore, been light hearted, careless fellows, happy as the days were long. Whenever a sheet was to be hauled aft, or a yard trimmed, they lightened the work by a song. Now, in place of this, dry, sullen pulls were the order of the day. I questioned the officers closely as to their treatment of the men, and they indignantly denied having spoken crossly to one of them. The food they received was of the best quality, and they had sufficient of it, so of course that could not be the reason; and for hours I puzzled my brain to fathom the cause of their discontent.

Thus for several days did things go on, and, to add to the general discomfort of all on board, a dead calm rested on the waters; not a breath of air stirring, and a long, regular swell made it almost impossible to stand on deck. The boatswain, who was a huge darkie, hailing, I believe, from Baltimore, had of late appeared the foremost in growling, and aiding in spreading a discontented feeling and spirit among the crew. Twice he had given back answers to the second mate, and, as I always invariably supported my officers, right or wrong, I thought it about time to take the matter in hand myself. The magazine containing the powder was directly under my state-room. I never allowed any one to meddle with the contents of the magazine but myself. I loaded three pistols, giving one to each of the officers, and warned them to be well on their guard, for I feared that trouble was brewing.

For three days the calm lasted, the clouds lying around the horizon, without life or motion; but early on the morning of the fourth, they appeared as though endowed with motion, and when the second mate called me, and I took a look around the horizon, a few cat's-paws were ruffling the surface of the water.

"Call all hands, Mr. Brail, to make sail. I will rouse the mate myself."

As the mate appeared on deck, Mr. Brail went forward to hurry up the sluggish and sleeping crew.

"Come, bear a hand, my lads!" he shouted. "Tumble out here, and make sail."

Presently they appeared, grumbling and growling to themselves as they came on deck.

"There, belay that noise there forward, and don't let me hear another word, you black dogs! I'll learn you to be insolent to white men. Bend on to those main-topsail halyards, and hang your weight, every mother's son of you!"

My orders had the desired effect. The yard was nearly up, when the gasket happened to foul around the topsail tie.

"Jump up there, one of you, and clear that gasket!" shouted the second mate.

But not a soul stirred a peg. I saw that a breeze was approaching, in more than one sense of the word, and I grasped the butt of my pistol with a firm hold.

"Do you hear, there?" again shouted Mr. Brail. "Jump up there, I say, and clear that gasket."

"Go and do it yerself. We ain't dogs, to be ordered round by the like of you!" And a low chuckle followed the speech of the boatswain.

With a bound, I leaped in their midst, and, confronting the huge negro, I grasped him by the shirt-collar, and ordered him to go up and clear it himself.

"I'll see you hanged first!" was the reply, as he, by a single movement of his powerful frame, freed himself from my grasp, at the same time drawing his sheath-knife.

"You mutinous scoundrel," and my hand sought my pistol, carefully cocking it, "once more, I say, go up and clear that gasket!"

"I won't!" and he prepared to make a rush at me, knife in hand.

But scarcely did he make a movement, before I drew my pistol and fired full at his head, and the rascal fell at my feet, gasping for breath, in the agonies of death. Once more I turned to the now frightened and trembling crowd of blacks.

"Jump up there, one of you!" And in an instant half a dozen black forms were mounting the rigging.

"Come down, all but one." And, pointing to the dead body of the boatswain, I continued, "Throw that carrion overboard; and don't let me see another black look, nor hear a murmur from one of you, or I will treat you to a dose of the same medicine!" And, turning on my heel, I walked aft.

The officers had no further trouble, and soon after, with all sail set, we continued on our course. Breakfast was announced, and the mate and myself descended to the cabin, to partake of the meal, leaving Mr. Brail in charge of the deck. Taking our accustomed seats at the table, I proceeded to help my first officer to some hash, when I happened to meet the eye of Jack, the yellow boy. On several occasions, I had been pleased with his smartness and agility, and made him several little trifling presents. The boy appeared to take a great fancy to me, and I had told him that if he behaved himself, I would make a man of him.

"Halloo, Jack, what the dence is the matter with you? You are fidgeting around at a great rate, and your eyes are fairly starting out of your head. Come, boy, speak up—what is the matter with you?"

"Oh-o-o! Capen! Massa Capen, the hash is pisened!" And he commenced to cry.

"So, so; that is the game, is it? A fortunate and a narrow escape. Mr. Bruce. This must be looked into. Jack, how do you happen to know that this hash is poisoned?"

"Because, sir," sobbed the boy, "I was sweeping out this ere cabin, when I saw the cook a gwine to the medcum-chist. I asked him what he was a gwine to do, and he told me to shut up, and if I opened my mouth he would kill me. I watched him, and he mixed some white stuff from a bottle in the hash. But I meant to tell ye, Massa Capen. So help me God, I did."

"Very well, Jack; you are a good boy. Now go and tell the cook to come here."

In a few moments that worthy appeared, and, stepping into my state-room, I secreted another pistol in my pocket.

"Cook, your hash is so very nice that I could not resist the temptation of calling you aft for you to help us eat it. Now sit down and eat that plateful."

He looked at me for an instant, and then at the pistol.

"I tank you berry much, capen; but I never partakes of hash—it interferes with my digestin!"

"Eat it, you villain, or I will drive this bullet through your head!"

Tremulous with fear, he fell backward in a fainting-fit. I had him carried on deck, and triced up by his thumbs to the main rigging.

From the boy I learned that a regular plot had been formed to take the vessel, the boatswain and cook being the ring-leaders. All the officers were to have been murdered, and the treasure that was in the run to be divided among all hands, they having found out, through the cook, that a considerable amount was on board. After possession had been obtained, they were going to beach the bark, and take to the boats, representing themselves as shipwrecked whalemen; but the fracas and death of the boatswain had marred their plans. The crew were scarcely to blame; they were led away by the boatswain and cook, and after the whole plot was discovered, they came aft in a body, and promised to do better in future, and begged my pardon, and I had no more trouble with them. I proceeded on my voyage, and finally disposed of my Cargo in China, at an immense profit. I kept the cook on bread and water the rest of the voyage, and heavily ironed. When I dropped anchor in San Francisco, I delivered him over to the proper authorities for punishment.

BE WELL.—Fannie Fern thinks it ought to be considered a disgrace to be sick, confidentially adding: "I am fifty-five, and feel half the time as if I was just made. To be sure, I was born in Maine, where the timber and human race last; but I don't eat pastry, nor candy, nor ice-cream. I don't drink tea—bah! I walk, not ride. I own stout boots, pretty ones, too. I have a water-proof-cloak, and no diamonds. I like a nice bit of beef steak and a glass of ale, and anybody else who wants it may eat pap. I go to bed at 10 and get up at 6. I dash out in the rain, because it feels good on my face. I don't care for my clothes, but I will be well; and after I am buried, I warn you, don't let any fresh air or sunlight down on my coffin, if you don't want me to get up."

THOUGH we travel the world over to find the beautiful, we must carry it with us, or we find it not.

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UNDER THE LAWS OF MEXICO which are now in force in this city, all the inhabitants are entitled to a HOMESTEAD LOT OF LAND, simply on petition. Justice Field has decided, and the Supreme Court of the United States has confirmed that, decision, that the City of San Francisco is a Pueblo of four square leagues of land, and that the citizens thereof are the owners, which vests the right in each citizen to a lot of land for a homestead; and the undersigned have opened an office at 37 MERCHANTS' EXCHANGE, to enforce those rights, by petition to the Mayor, etc.: and each and every citizen can procure a Free Homestead by calling at their office and signing a petition, which will forthwith vest the right to the lot in question in them, and thereby secure to the petitioner property worth a large sum of money under the existing laws now in force.

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N. B.—The Supreme Court of the United States have settled this question in another case, as to the ownership of the Outside Lands. In the case of J. B. Townsend vs. Geo. G. Greeley, December Term, 1866, No. 124, the Court say: "It is, therefore, now the settled law that the municipal lands held by the city of San Francisco, as successors to the former Pueblo existing there, are not held in absolute property, but IN TRUST for its inhabitants."

Therefore, all the inhabitants have to do under this decision, is to ask the city, by petition, for their vested rights, as this is the only way, under the law, that they can proceed to get their property.

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BOWMAN & CO.,
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Book and Job Printers,
Have the Largest Office,
Do the most work,
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Try them
With a Job,
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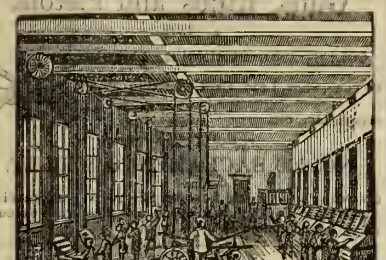

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A large supply of fresh fish always on hand. Shipping, Restaurants, Hotels and Families supplied at short notice, and on the most reasonable terms.

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FURTHERMORE, THE Improvements, Workmanship, and General Superiority of those instruments over all others on exhibition, was so marked an important, the Emperor created Mr. T. E. CHICKERING

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Sole agents for BARSTOW'S PATENT METALLIC BURIAL CASES and CASKETS.

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PACIFIC MUSEUM OF ANATOMY AND SCIENCE

Eureka Theatre Montgomery street,
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No Charge for Consultation.

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Devotes special attention to the diseases of Women and Children. He takes a professional pride in curing those cases which have baffled the skill of other eminent physicians.

DR. CAMAN would call attention to the beneficial effects of the Homœopathic treatment in all cases of Chronic Diseases, Insanity, Paralysis, all kinds of Spasms, Delirium Tremens, and persons suffering from an unnatural thirst for spirituous liquors.

No. 26 Montgomery Street, opposite the Lick House.

NOTICE.

WE TAKE OCCASION TO INFORM OUR FRIENDS and customers that we have sold our entire stock in warehouse also invoices to arrive to Messrs. N. COLE & CO., 312 and 314 Pine street. The whole forms a most complete and desirable assortment of FURNITURE, and well merits attention before purchasing elsewhere.

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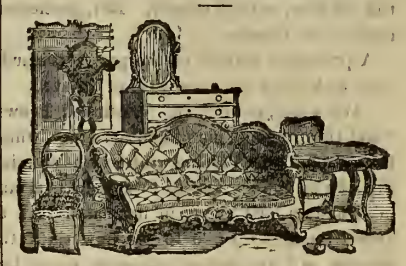

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WE beg leave to call the attention of the public to our warerooms,

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Having purchased the entire stock of Messrs. J. Pierce & Co., and in addition to our large invoice from our factory at the East, we are prepared to fill all orders promptly, both wholesale and retail, and call the attention of the public to our salesroom, as containing the most complete assortment of desirable goods on this coast.

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The finest quality of CUSTOM WORK neatly executed. Always on hand other fine work ready made.

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FAMILIES ARE INVITED TO EXAMINE
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Of the Finest Carpeting in the State. The best of taste displayed in Decoration and the unique Upholstering of Rooms, Halls and Public Buildings, and at prices conforming to the times. Call and examine goods.

Great Reduction

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ON ACCOUNT OF THE WIDENING OF Kearny Street, we are compelled to remove. Before doing so, we will sell at retail our entire stock of boots and shoes at the lowest

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All kinds of precious Stones set in the latest style and most approved manner. Watches and Jewelry carefully repaired by experienced workmen.

EXTRAORDINARY FISHING.

"I was once on Lake Winnipisiogee, in the winter, fishing for pickerel," says Brown. "It was awful cold, and the ice was four and a half feet thick. Father was with me, and while I was thrashing my hands to keep 'em warm, I noticed that dad had an allfired hard bite. It was so hard that it jerked the old feller through the hole in the ice, and I thought he was a goner, but just then I remembered that dad was awful fond of rum and tobacco, so I out with a piece of nigger-head, soaks it in rum for a minute, and then baits my hook with the weed, and drops it through the hole what the old gentleman went into, and less than ten minutes, gentlemen, I had a bite, and up I hauls the old man, as fresh as ever. But, gentlemen, he kept the tobacco."

A prolonged whistle on the part of the audience, as though the yarn was not believed.

"It's a fact, gentlemen," continued Brown, "and that reminds me of another story, which I don't mind tellin.' One winter I was crossing the lake on the ice, and, as I was goin' to a raisin', I had an inch augur in my hand. All at once I thought I'd like to see how thick the ice was, so I dropped my carpenter plumb line through the augur hole, and hang me if I didn't have a savage bite afore the lead touched bottom. I pulled up, and landed a seven-pound pickerel."

Another prolonged whistle, and some one asked Brown how a seven-pound fish could get through an augur hole.

"That's somethin' I has nothin' to do with," replied Brown. "All I know is, the fish was caught, and carried home."

DISTILLED WATER.

Mr. Quin, in a report upon the Paris Exhibition, refers to the Wallaroo Mines in South Australia in these words; "Here, perhaps, for the first time in the history of the world, there was a population of some thousands, with all their horses, cattle, sheep, etc., drinking aqua distillara."

A correspondent of the Chemical News, however informs Mr. Quin that in the rainless region of the Pacific coast of South America the entire population of the country, between abont the 18th and 28th parallels of south to north, including the important towns of Caldera, Cobija, Inquique, Pisaga, and several minor ports have for many years derived their supply of potable water from the Pacific, distilled in greater part coal imported from England, and costing above £3 per ton. Not only is a population of many thousand inhabitants principally engaged in the mines in this district, as well as a still larger number of beasts of burden and other animals supplied from this source, but even the locomotive on the Copiapo and Caldera railway, and some steam engines for other purposes, are actnally driven with distilled water. For a distant of thirty to fifty miles inland from the coasts very few natural springs are met with in this rainless desert, and when met with they are seldom sufficiently free from saline matter to be potable.

OUR KITCHEN BATTERIES do more for the comfort and welfare of our people than those furnished with ten-inch guns. A good supply of stoves, ranges, and tinware, particularly Stewart's famous stoves with ten-inch griddle plates if properly used will render a city comfortable and contented and prolong the lives of the inhabitants, while a ten-inch Paixhan gun battery directed against it would fill it with widows and orphans. The man who supplies nations with destructive weapons by many is regarded as an enemy to the human race, while a gentleman like CALEB M. SICKLE, at four hundred and twenty-two Kearny street, who supplies a city with articles that make the operations in its kitchens effective and pleasant, can only be regarded as a public benefactor.—*Golden Era.*

NOW IS THE TIME—The season of cold weather and storms—when you feel bad—to go to Dr. Bourne, No. 10 Masonic Temple, Post street, and take one of his Baths, to make you feel good; to cure colds, (the only scientific mode,) coughs, aches, pains, etc.

CANTY & WAGNER,

(SUCCESSORS TO J. REGAN,)

Wholesale & Retail Confectioners,

113 *Montgomery street, bet. Bush and Sutter*

N. B.—All candies sold by us are warranted to be manufactured from Stewart's double refined Sugar, and to be equal to any manufactured in the State. Country merchants solicited to examine our stock and prices. Goods delivered to any part of the city free of charge.

AT THE REGULAR

RETAILING AMERICAN WATCHES

C. E. COLLINS & CO.,
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Dealers in American, Swiss and English WATCHES,

JEWELRY AND ATERIALS.

☞ We have made arraugements to buy AMERICAN WATCHES in large quantities from the Factory, and will receive a discount on the regular Wholesale Prices. We will hereafter

Retail the American Watches
AT
The Regular Wholesale Prices.

Our only profit being the small per cent. allowed by buying in large quantities.

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A. J. PLATE,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in

Guns, Rifles and Pistols.

—ALSO—

COLT'S AND DERINGER PISTOLS,

Powder, Shot, Lead, Caps, and Gun Trimmings, etc., etc.

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NO. 510 SACRAMENTO STREET,

Between Sansome and Leidesdorff Streets, San Francisco.
☞ New Work made to order, and Repairing executed in the neatest manner.

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CAPITOL SALOON,

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Opposite the Russ House

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Maker of Models for Inventors, Drawing Instruments, Small Machines, Philosophical Instruments, Scales and Weights, all kinds of Brass and Iron Work.

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CARPET AND UPHOLSTERY STORE,
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Steam Scouring, Cleansing and Repairing neatly executed.

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THROUGH AHEAD OF THE MAIL!

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THURSDAY, - - - - - DEC. 5th,

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J H. Cogeshall, N. W. cor Third and Folsom.
Wm. Simpson, 609 Davis st., opposito Oakland Ferry.

ARCHITECTS.
Hoagland & Newsom, s.w. cor Kearny and Sacramento.
McDougall & Marquis, 328 Montgomery street.

ALE, PORTER, AND CIDER.
J. H. Todman & Co., (Johbers,) 511 Front street.

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Dempsey's Bakery, 127 Fourth street,

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W. H. Hanna, (children's work,) 335 Sutter street.
Wentworth, Hobart & Co. (wholesale manufac.) 210 Pine

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San Francisco Brush Factory, 211 to 217 California st.

CIGARS AND TOBACCO.
J. R. Rines, 154 Second st near Howard.
Lindsey & Clune, Excelsior Store, 156 Stewart street.
M. Rosenshiue, (Wholesale and Retail,) 214 Pacific st.

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H M. Lockwood & Co., 624 Clay street.
J. R. Mead & Co., corner Montgomery and Bush streets
William Sherman, 608 Montgomery street.

COAL DEALERS.
H. W. Newhauer, all kinds of coal, 121 Sansome street.
S. Klein, formerly Grethood & Co., 209 Sansome street

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Waterbouae & Lester, (Dealers,) 29 and 31 Battery st.

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A. C. Dietz & Co., (wholesale,) 521 Front street.
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Chas. C. Wilson & Co., S. E. corner Clay and Davis sts.
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George Hughes, 410 Davis street.
J. W. Nye & Co., 219 Washington street, corner Cedar.
Thos. Newell, 62 Clay street between Drumm and East.

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Baldwin & Lawlers, South Park Store 418 Third at.
Ellwood & Ryan, (Fruits, etc.,) 258 Third st.
Mrs. Kain, 617 Mission, near Second.
N. B. Booth & Co., 20 Kearny, near Market.

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Dr. Blake, removed to 645 Clay street.
N. T. Whitcomb, 205 Third, near Howard.

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Keane Brothers, 218 Third, bet Howard and Tehama.
M. Waterman, 22 Second street, corner of Stevenson.
Meagher, Taaffe & Co., 9 Muntgomery street.
S. Mosgrove, 222 Third, bet Howard and Tehama sts.

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Fairbanks & Hutchinson, Depot 120 California street.

FURNITURE.
Goodwin & Co., 510 and 528 Washington streets.
N. P. Cole & Co., 21 Sutter and 524 Market streets.

GROCERS.
Derby & Johnson, northeast cor. Bush and Powell sts.
Flinn & Neall, cor. Third and Tehama.
Fred. Lange, Family Grucer, cor. Powell and Lombard.
Jos. Van Doren, northeast cor. Bush and Mason sts.
Lange & Butt, southwest cor. Bush and Stockton sts.
Seneca Jones, Family Grocer, 105 Third street.
Wellman, Peck & Co., wholesale grocers, 404 Front st.

GUN-SMITHS.
W. Rudolph, Union Gun Store, 216 Pacific street.
Wilson & Evans, 513 Clay street.

H. & L. AXLE-GREASE.
Manufactory 146 Tehama st, and at North Beach.

HAIR DRESSING SALOONS.
Prof. Smith, 114 Market street, opposite Third.

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L. B. Benchley & Co., (American and Foreign,) 3 and 5 Front street.
J. S. Sosaer, 138 Fourth at, bet. Mission and Howard.

HATTERS.
Lamott (wholesale and retail) 127 Montgomery street.

HAY AND GRAIN.
Grant & Smith, 26 Murket and 19 Sacramento sts.
J. B. Holmes & Co., 110 Market street.
George Morrow & Co., 21 Clay and 28 Commercial sts.
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HOTELS.
Atlantic House, John McManus, 210 and 212 Pacific st.
"Branch," M. O'Neil, 12 Sutter street.
Brooklyn, John Kelly, Jr., Sansome, corner Pine.
Chicago, Droste & Pfefferle, 220 Pacific street.
Empire House, Peter Thompson, 106 Jackson street.
Franklin Hotel, Hugh Curran, cor Sansome & Pacific.
Franklin House, C. Maloney, cor. Br'dway & Sansome.
Golden Gate Hotel, J. Blackmen, 728 Market street.
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"Oriental," H. Saxtorph & Co., Washington & Drumm.
Sanders' Hotel, J. P. Sanders, 24 Sacramento st.

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Michael English, 414 Pine street.

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A. B. Bois, 510 Davis street,
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Firemen's Fund Ins. cor. California and Sansome.,
Manhattan, R. B. Swain & Co., Agts. 206 Front, cor. Cal.
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S. Summerfield, 20 Second street, and 116 Kearny.
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J. Dillon, "Fourth St. Exchange," cor. Fifth and Mkt.
John B. Holje & Co., 28 Clay street.
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Moyer & Quaid's, S. E. corner Market and Fourth sts
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EVERY DESCRIPTION OF CARRIAGES, EXPRESS Wagons, Buggies, etc, made to order, of the best materials and workmanship.

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Nos. 214 and 216 Battery Street,
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N. B.—Good assortment Concord Stage Harness constantly on hand.

ADVENTURE WITH A RHINOCEROS.

One fine moonlight night, when snugly ensconced in my "skarm," and contemplating the strange, but picturesque scene before me, my reverie was interrupted by the inharmonious grunting of a black rhinoceros. He was evidently in bad humor, for as he emerged from amongst the trees into more open ground, observed him madly charging anything that he encountered, such as bushes, stones, etc. Even the whitened skulls and skeletons of his own species, lying scattered about on the ground, were attacked with inconceivable fury.

I was much amused at his eccentric pastime; but, owing to the openness of the ground, and the quantity of limestone thereabouts, which made objects more distinct, he was not easy of approach. However, after divesting myself of my shoes and the conspicuous parts of my dress, I managed to crawl—pushing my gun before me—to within a short distance of the snorting beast.

As he was advancing in a direct line toward me I did not like to fire, because one has little chance of killing the rhinoceros while in that position.

Having approached to within a few feet of me, his attention was attracted, and suddenly uttering one of those strange "blowing" noises so peculiar to the beast when alarmed or enraged, he prepared to treat me in similar manner to the stones and skulls he had just so unceremoniously tossed about.

Not a moment was to be lost, and in self-defence I fired at his head. I shall never forget the confusion of the animal on receiving the contents of my gun. Springing nearly perpendicular into the air, he came down again with a thump that seemed to make the earth tremble; then plunging violently forward (in doing which he all but trampled on me,) he ran round the spot for fully five minutes, enveloping every object in a cloud of dust. At last he dashed into the wood, and was hidden from view. Not finding blood on his tracks, I had no reason to suppose he was much hurt.

My notion is, the bullet struck his horn, partially stunning him with its jarring violence. Had my gun missed fire when he charged, it is more than probable I should have been impaled.

PICTURES.—Christmas is coming, and your friends will expect presents. Go to Morse's Gallery, No. 315 Montgomery street, and let him take you in the highest style of the art. He is an accomplished photographer, and very reasonable in his charges. If desired, pictures can be colored by Miss Romanes in the most artistic and natural manner.—*Sunday Mercury.*

THE SNUG.—"The Snug" has been located one door below Maguire's Opera House, for ten years past. It was established for the convenience of the habituates of the Opera House, and has the reputation of dispensing the best wines and liquors in the city, under the charge of its present proprietor, Mr. Timothy McCarty. Entrances from various parts of the Opera House to the bar have been cut, for the convenience of the public. Mr. McCarty gives his entire attention to his guests, and renders his establishment a "Snug" place by day or night.

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OFFICE IN THE BUILDING OF THE CALIFORNIA SAVINGS BANK, CALIFORNIA ST., one door from Sansome.

FIRE AND MARINE INSURANCE.

Builders' Insurance Company,

OFFICE, CALIFORNIA STREET, Nov. 1, 1867.

EDITOR OF THE CALIFORNIAN:—Sir—Permit me to report two months' progress of the BUILDERS' INSURANCE COMPANY.

Total amount received	$44,009 11
Total amount of Losses	22,778 65
Balance in favor of the Company on two months' business	$16,230 56

All which I trust will be satisfactory to my friends, enemies, and the public. Respectfully,

THOMAS MOONEY, PRESIDENT.

Musee des Salons.

WONDERS OF WONDERS!

TO BE SEEN ONLY AT THE

Pacific Museum of Anatomy and Science,

Eureka Theatre, Montgomery street, between California and Pine.

ST. CHARLES RESTAURANT,

At the Hotel of C. Galliand, Nos. 507 and 509 Pine Street, between Kearny and Dupont streets.

BY MME. CAZINTRE.

☞ All who will call at this Restaurant will find an excellent table and prompt attention.

California Coffee and Dining Saloon

Nos. 612 and 614 MONTGOMERY STREET, Between Clay and Merchant, San Francisco.

J. R. REAGAN, Proprietor.

A Ladies' Saloon has been fitted up, where private parties can receive every attention in the most comfortable quarters. We also keep much hot en chafing dishes at the counter, including the finest of Pastry, where customers can be served quickly and satisfactorily.

French Breakfasts and Dinners, with Wine, continued.

ITALIAN RESTAURANT,

No. 515 Merchant Street,

Between Montgomery and Sansome, San Francisco.

Taglierini, Maccaroni, Risotto and Ravioli, In the Italian Style.

MEALS FIFTY CENTS, OR TO ORDER.

Rooms for private parties up stairs.

MR. GUISEPPE CADENASSO.

LEON DINGEON. F. W. HAUBRICK.

DINGEON & HAUBRICK,

MARTIN'S RESTAURANT,

623 COMMERCIAL STREET.

Above Montgomery. Meals at all hours. The best of Wines, Oysters, Game, and all the delicacies of the season always on hand. Private Saloons up stairs for Dinner and Supper Parties.

NEW RESTAURANT.

MR. SORBIER takes pleasure in informing his friends and customers that he has opened a FIRST-CLASS RESTAURANT under the name of

SORBIER'S RESTAURANT,

at No. 607 SACRAMENTO STREET, above Montgomery, where he will be pleased to see his old friends and the public in general, and where all can be assured that they will be served with the very best the market affords, at most reasonable rates. JOHN E. SORBIER,

Late of the Occidental Restaurant.

F. C. BELDEN,

Of the well-known Family Depot, No. 612 Sacramento street, has opened the

SUMMER STREET RESTAURANT,

at the northeast corner of Spring and Summer Sts.

☞ Meals to order, and by the plate. Wines and Liquors of the best quality.

OCCIDENTAL RESTAURANT,

536 Washington Street, below Montgomery.

GEORGE WITTMAN would inform the public and the former patrons of this

POPULAR RESTAURANT

That he has assumed full charge, and will continue to keep all the delicacies of the season and one of the best lists of WINES, etc., and solicits the continuance of their patronage.

PHILADELPHIA BREWERY,

Corner Second and Folsom streets,

SAN FRANCISCO.

JOHN WIELAND, Proprietor.

REESE W. GLUYAS. S. E. DUTTON.

GLUYAS & DUTTON,

COUNTING HOUSE STATIONERS,

Fireman's Fund Insurance Company's Building,

No. 227 Sansome Street.....San Francisco.

DICKEY'S

CREME DE LIS

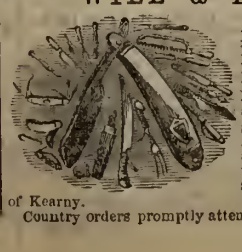
DE CALIFORNIE.

FOR CLEANSING AND PRESERVING THE TEETH Beautifying the Complexion, and removing Freckles, Eruptions, Sunburn, and Tan.

A New Combination, equal to the best French preparations, and free from their poisonous ingredients.

Invented by GEO. S. DICKEY, Chemist, Corner of Market, Stockton, Ellis and Fourth streets, San Francisco.

WILL & FINCK,



EXCELSIOR CUTLERS, LOCK-SMITHS & BELL-HANGERS, Importers and Manufacturers of all kinds of Cutlery. Razors, Shears, and all kinds of Cutlery, ground and repaired—Bell-Hanging and Lock-smithing done in the best manner. 613 Jackson street, fourth door west of Kearny.

Country orders promptly attended to.

COCO-MUNGO SALOON.

J. M. WASHBURN, AGENT.

No. 536 Merchant Street, (Montgomery Block.)

THE BEST OF LIQUORS,

SKILLFULLY CONCOCTED MIXED DRINKS,

AND A FIRST-CLASS HOT LUNCH,

Not inferior to any offered in San Francisco, is furnished daily at the COCO-MUNGO—Clam Chowder, Fish Chowder, Gumbo Soup, Pork Tenderloins, Cape Cod Boned Turkey, Venison, Quail, and all the delicacies of the season, as fast as they are to be found in the market, figure upon the lunch-table of the COCO-MUNGO.

A Reading Room, abundantly supplied with Domestic and Foreign Papers and Periodicals, is one of the features of the COCO-MUNGO.

C. F. HAYWARD,

—DEALER IN—

Harness, Saddles, etc.,

305 BATTERY STREET,

Near Sacramento,

San Francisco.

Architectural Designs

—FURNISHED BY—

HOAGLAND & NEWSOM,

ARCHITECTS.

Southwest corner of Sacramento and Kearny Streets, San Francisco.

H. T. GRAVES,

Manfacturor of

WIRE CLOTH, COAL SCREENS, FLOUR SEIVES, QUARTZ SCREENS, for Batteries, Door and Window Screens, for excluding Flies and Mosquitos.

CLOAK, SHAWL, CLOTHING AND BONNET STANDS

Fancy Work for Gardens, and a great variety of

WIRE WORK OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS.

Sole Agent for the sale and application of

BROWN'S PATENT AND METALIC WEATHER STRIPS,

For the perfect exclusion of wind, dust, and rain; And for CRAMER'S PATENT WINDOW LIFTING PLATES AND RODS.

Call and examine them at the

CALIFORNIA WIRE WORKS,

412 Clay street, San Francisco.

DR. N. T. WHITCOMB,

DENTIST,

No. 205 Third Street, San Francisco.

Teeth filled with fine gold, artificial bone and platina. All plate work made and repaired, of the best material, at the shortest notice and warranted. None cheaper or better on the coast. Call and examine specimens.

North Beach and South Park Cars pass the door.

N. T. WHITCOMB.

Asphaltum for Sale

IN ANY QUANTITY TO SUIT, BY THE

PACIFIC ASPHALTUM COMPANY,

No. 533 Kearny street, corner of Sacramento,

SAN FRANCISCO.

This Asphaltum is the purest to be found in the market, being free from rock and clay, or other impurities.

Sidewalks Laid and Roofing Done at Shortest Notice.

NEUVAL & CO.

MRS. C. COOK,

FIRST PREMIUM HAIR JEWELRY,

519 Montgomery street,

Between Clay and Commercial.....SAN FRANCISCO.

CALIFORNIA Steam Navigation Company.

STEAMER CAPITAL	CAPT. E. A. POOLE.
" CHRYSOPOLIS.	CAPT. A. FOSTER.
" YOSEMITE.....	
" CORNELIA....	CAPT. W. BROMLEY
" JULIA.....	CAPT. E. CONCKLIN

One of the above steamers leave BROADWAY WHARF, at 4 o'clock P. M., *EVERY DAY*, (Sundays excepted,) for Sacramento and one for Stockton, the Sacramento steamer connecting with light-draft steamers for Marysville, Colusa, Chico and Red Bluff.

Office of the Company, northeast corner of Front and Jackson streets.

B. M. HARTSHORNE, President.

F. D. RING,

MANUFACTURER OF

JEWELRY AND SILVER WARE,

No. 540 Market Street, adjoining the Hibernia Bank,

SAN FRANCISCO.

All kinds of precious Stones set in the latest style and most approved manner. Watches and Jewelry carefully repaired by experienced workmen.

FIRE AND MARINE INSURANCE.

FIREMAN'S FUND

Insurance Company,

OF SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA.

—OFFICE—

S. W. cor. California and Sansome streets.

CAPITAL, $500,000, FULLY PAID IN GOLD COIN.

INSURE MARINE RISKS

Under Open Policies, on Cargoes, Treasure, Freights, Profits, and Commissions.

—ALSO—

ISSUE POLICIES ON TIME, VOYAGE AND HARBOR RISKS ON HULLS.

INSURE AGAINST LOSS BY FIRE

On Buildings, Merchandise, Furniture, Wares, and other Personal Property.

FIRE, MARINE, HARBOR, AND INLAND TRANSIT RISKS,

On terms as favorable as any other reliable First-Class Company.

Greatest amount taken on any one risk, $50,000. Portione of Risks considered too large, will be re-insured in responsible Companies.

LOSSES PROMPTLY PAID IN UNITED STATES GOLD COIN!

D. J. STAPLES, President,

CHAS. R. BOND, Secretary.

HAMBURG, BREMEN, Fire Insurance Company.

CAPITAL, - - - - $1,000,000

MORRIS SPEYER, Agent.

OFFICE—526 Washington Street, a few doors below Montgomery.....San Francisco.

Being no longer governed by the Tariff of the Board of Underwriters, this Company will effect Insurances at as LOW RATES as those of any other responsible Company.

OCCIDENTAL *Insurance Company,*

Southwest corner Montgomery and California streets.

INDIVIDUAL LIABILITY.

Capital Stock, - - - $300,000

LOSSES PAID IN UNITED STATES GOLD COIN.

THIS COMPANY will insure against loss by Fire on any Dwelling House, Buildings, Merchanise or other property, situated in the State of California. The largest sum they will take on any one risk is thirty thousand dollars.

C. CHRISTIANSEN, President.

J. GREENEBAUM, Vice President.

B. ROTHSCHILD, Secretary.

FIRE INSURANCE.

Manhattan Fire & Marine Insurance

OF NEW YORK.

Incorporated	1821.
Cash capital	$500,000
Surplus	650,000
Total Assets, over	$1,190,000

The above named responsible and well known Company has complied with the law of the State of California, and has deposited $75,000 as additional security for policy holders,

Buildings, Merchandise, Furniture, and other property insured against loss or damage by Fire, on the most favorable terms. Also, Insurance on Merchandise, Specie and Freight to or from all parts of the world. Losses promptly adjusted and paid in United States Gold Coin.

R. B. SWAIN & CO., General Agents,

206 Front street, corner of California.

ITALIAN MANUFACTORY

—OF—

MACCARONI,

VERMICELLI,

PASTE, and

FARINA

First Premium in 1857—1859—1864—1865.

Brignardello, Macchiavello & Co.,

706 SANSOME STREET,

San Francisco.

A STRAY BOY.

A good thing occurred in Oregon, Montgomery county, Ohio, recenlty. The child of Mr. A., a little boy about two or three years old, got out of his yard and wandered away. Of course the family were greatly alarmed, and while the mother visited the neighbors in the search, the father went out on the street, inquiring of everyone he met if they had seen his boy. At length, meeting with G. S. B., who is very fond of a joke, he informed him of his distress, and asked him if he knew of a stray boy anywhere in the neighborhood. B. promptly informed him that a little fellow had just come to Sam F.'s house, a few doors away: and without wating for further information the anxions parent hurried on to F.'s house, and meeting F., he at once inquired if there was a stray boy there. F. said yes.

"Well, I'm sure it must be mine," said A., "for he wandered away a short time ago."

"Well, I don't believe its your's," returned F., "but you can go in and see my wife—she's in bed—and if she consents to your taking the boy away I'll have nothing to say against it."

A. took the hint that the stray boy at F.'s was not the boy who he was hunting, and he went home to find his boy had turned up all right.

A GENIUS IN THE CELLS.—The editor of the *Rochester Democrat*, having recently visited Auburn prison, is publishing an accounl of what he saw there. He says:

"One of the convicts, more practiced than many of his fellows, and who was looked upon for some time after his incarceration as hardly *compos mentis*, has invented and made a superior sewing machine, entirely different from any used in the outer world, upon which the prison clothing is made. Near by, a knitting machine of his make is turning out stockings for the prisoners at a rate which made the ladies stare with astonishment as they passed by it. He also made a gun worth $125, and is now at work making locks of his own invention for the new cells. His name is Moody, and he is a nephew of Col. Moody, of Ohio, the celebrated Methodist minister who made such a stir among the rebels during the war. He is confined for grand larceny."

I serenaded Sophia once when she was but a tender lass, and the greeting which I received for my traveling musical convention has never been fully appreciated by me. It was the witching hour of one A. M., when church-yards yawn. Everything was hushed, and stillness reigned profound. I commenced to sing: "I Bring a Little Flower to Thee." Sophia was hanging out of the window, and it was through her solicitation that I endeavored to warble this cussed piece: "I Bring a Little Flower to Thee." Sophia's tyraunical pap stuck his head out of the window, and in a voice of thunder roared: "Well, set it on the door-step, and don't make so much fuss about such a cussed little flower."

NOTICE!

Not Out of Business—Only Removed.

Pioneer Steam Marble Works Com'y

HAVE REMOVED

Their Marble Mantel Warerooms from No. 546 California street to their extensive Steam Factory,

422 and 424 Jackson Street,

Where they keep constantly on band the best and most select stock of

MARBLE MANTELS AND GRATES, HEADSTONES AND MONUMENTS.

Our Steam facilities enable us to sell better work at reduced prices than that manufactured by hand.

422 and 424 Jackson Street,
Between Montgomery and Sansome.

"THE" HAT STORE,

647 Washington Street.

The Hat wearing community are invtted to examine the Stock at the above store, and in quality, styte and price,

THEY DEFY COMPETITION!

Their Sock embraces all of the latest "novelties" nnd Standard Styles to be found elsewhere.

"THE" HAT STORE,
647 Washington Street.

SOTOYOME HOTEL,
B. C. WRIGHT, Proprietor, Healdsbur Cal.

Tyler Brothers,

691 Market st., cor. Third,
SAN FRANCISCO,

Importers, Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
SCHOOL BOOKS,
STATIONERY,
PHOTOGRAPH ALBUMS,
BLANK BOOKS,
PORTFOLIOS,
JUVENILE BOOKS,
CHILDREN'S PICTURE BOOKS,
FANCY ARTICLES, Etc.

ESPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO

LADIES' STATIONERY,

Which we Stamp with Initials
WITHOUT EXTRA CHARGE.

WEDDING AND VISITING CARDS
Engraved, Written or Printed.

JOHN DANIEL,

Marble Works,

421 *PINE STREET,*

(Between Kearny and Montgomery.)

MANTELS, MONUMENTS, TOMBS, PLUMBERS' SLABS, ETC.,
On hand and manufactured to order.
Orders respectfully solicited.

BOWEN BROS.

GROCERS,
Tea and Wine Merchants,
S. E. cor. Montgo'ry and California,
San Francisco.

Wholesale Store,
204 Front Street.

IN THE PROBATE COURT OF THE CITY AND County of San Francisco, State of California.
In the matter of the Estate of ANTHONY GIFFORD, deceased.

Order to show cause why Order of Sale of Real Estate should not be made.

It appearing to the said Court, by the petition this day presented and filed by William A. Quarles, the Administrator of the estate of Anthony Gifford, deceased, praying for an order of sale of real estate, that it is necessary to sell the whole of the real estate, to pay the debts, expenses and charges of the administration.

It is therefore ordered by the said Court, that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased, appear before the said Probate Court on TUESDAY, the 24th day of December, A. D. 1867, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the Court room of said Probate Court, at the City Hall in the city and county of San Francisco, to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said Administrator to sell so much of the real estate of the said deceased as shall be necessary;

And that a copy of this order be published at least four successive weeks in THE CALIFORNIAN, a weekly newspaper printed and published in said city and county.

M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

Dated November 22d, 1867.
T. J. FINN, Esq., Attorney for Petitioner.
nov23-30 dec7-14-21

IN THE PROBATE COURT of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.
In the matter of the estate of JOHN DE VRIES, deceased.

City and County of San Francisco—ss.

Notice is hereby given that B. B. McAllister, having, on the 20th day of November, 1867, filed in this Court his petition, prnying to be allowed to amend the petition of Charles Ackerman, praying for an order of sale of real estate, filed herein June 12th, 1865, to establish certain facts, which are in brief, to-wit:

That the said real estate was, at the time of filing said petition for the sale thereof, almost wholly unproductive, and produced a monthly rental of eight dollars per month and no more, and for the further particulars, reference is here made to said petition on file in my office; the hearing of the same has been fixed by said Court for MONDAY, the 16th day of December, 1867, at 11 o'clock A. M. of said day, of the December term of 1867, at the Court room thereof, at the City Hall, in the City and County of San Francisco; and all persons interested in the said estate, are hereby notified then, and there to appear, and show cause, if any they have, why the said petition should not be granted.

Dated November 20th, 1867.

WM. LOEWY, Clerk,
By A. J. JEGHERS, Deputy Clerk.

E. B. MASTICK & T. B. BISHOP, Esqs., Attorneys for Petitioners. nov23-30 dec7-14

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF H. C. KORF, deceased.—Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the Estate of H. C. Korf, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator, at his office and place of transaction of business, room 5, No. 520 Montgomery street, in the City and County of San Francisco.

Dated San Francisco, November 19th, 1867.

WILLIAM A. QUARLES,
Administrator of the Estate of H. C. Korf, deceased.
nov23-4t

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF BENJAMIN OBER, deceased.—Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Executrix of the last will of the estate of Benjamin Ober, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Executrix, at her place of business, at the law office of Messrs. Clarke & Carpentier, No 606 Washington street, in the City and County of San Francisco.

Dated at San Francisco, November 14th, 1867.

JANE E. OBER,
Executrix of the last will of Benjamin Ober, deceased.
H. K. W. CLARKE, Esq., Attorney for Executrix.
nov16-23-30 dec7-14

AMERICAN HOTEL,
Main street, . Petaluma.
EMERSON & LAMBERTON Proprietors.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE FIFTEENTH Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco.

MARY ANN LEEDOM, Plaintiff, vs. FRANCIS LEEDOM, Defendant.

Action brought in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in said city and county of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to FRANCIS LEEDOM, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named plaintiff, in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein, within ten days (exclusive of the day of service,) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this county; or if served out of this county, but in this District, within twenty days; otherwise within forty days; or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said complaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony existing between plaintiff and defendant, awarding the care and custody of her daughter Julia to plaintiff, and allowing her to resume her maiden name.

And you are hereby notified, that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

Given under my hand and Seal of the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 7th day of August, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-seven.

[SEAL.] WM. LOEWY, Clerk,
By OCTAVIUS BELL, Deputy Clerk.
Geo. W. Tyler, Plaintiff's Attorney. s14-3m

IN THE PROBATE COURT of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the estate of WM. D. PALMER, deceased.

Order to show cause why order of distribution should not be made.

On reading and filing the petition of Samuel L. Palmer, the administrator of the estate of William D. Palmer, deceased, setting forth that he has filed his final account of his administration of the estate of said deceased, in this Court, and that the same has been duly settled and allowed; that all the debts and expenses of administration have been duly paid; and that a portion of said estate remains to be divided among the heirs of said deceased, and those persons entitled, and praying among other things for an order of distribution of the residue of said estate among the persons entitled:

It is Ordered, that all persons interested in the estate of said William D. Palmer, deceased, be and appear before the Probate Court of the city and county of San Francisco, at the Court room of said Court, in the City Hall in said city and county, on MONDAY, the ninth day of December, Anno Domini 1867, at eleven o'clock, A. M., then and there to show cause why an order of distribution should not be made of the residue of said estate among the heirs of the said William D. Palmer, deceased, and the persons entitled, according to law.

It is further Ordered, that a copy of this order be published for four successive weeks, before the said ninth day of December, A. D. 1867, in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published in the said city and county.

M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

Dated November 7th, 1867.
A. J. GUNNISON, Esq., Attorney for Petitioner.
nov9 16 23-30 dec7

IN THE PROBATE COURT of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the estate of T. O. HOPKINS, deceased.

All papers and proceedings in the above entitled matter having been transferred to this Court from the Probate Court of Alameda County by reason of the disqualification of the Judge of said Court to act, and among said papers, a petition of A. J. Lowell, Administrator of said estate, setting forth that he has filed his final account of his administration of said estate, that the same has been audited, allowed and confirmed, that all the debts and expenses of administration have been fully paid, that a portion of said estate remains for distribution to the heirs of said deceased, and praying for a distribution to the heirs entitled.

It is ordered, That all persons interested in the estate of the said T. O. Hopkins, deceased, be and appear before the Probate Court of the City and County of San Francisco, at the Court room of said Court, in the City Hall, in said City and County, on MONDAY, the 16th day of December, A. D. 1867, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon of that day, then and there to show cause why an order of distribution should not be made of the residue of said estate among the heirs of the said T. O. Hopkins, deceased, according to law:

And it is further ordered, That a copy of this order be published for four successive weeks, before said hearing, in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published in the City and County of San Francisco.

M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

Dated November 13th, 1867. nov16-23-30 dec7-14

IN THE PROBATE COURT of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the estate of WILLIAM LOBB, deceased.

Order to show cause why order of distribution should not be made.

On reading and filing the petition of J. W. Brunagim, the Administrator of the Estate of William Lobb, deceased, setting forth that he has filed his final account of his administration of the estate of said deceased, in this Court, and that the same has been duly settled and allowed; that all the debts and expenses of administration have been duly paid; and that a portion of said estate remains to be divided among the heirs of said deceased, and praying among other things for an order of distribution of the residue of said estate among the persons entitled.

It is Ordered, that all persons interested in the estate of the said William Lobb, deceased, be and appear before the Probate Court of the city and county of San Francisco, at the Court Room of said Court, in the City Hall, in said city and county, on WEDNESDAY, the eleventh day of December, A. D. 1867, at eleven o'clock, A. M., then and there to show cause why an order of distribution should not be made of the residue of said estate among the heirs of the said William Lobb, deceased, according to law:

It is further ordered, that a copy of this order be published for four successive weeks, before the said eleventh day of December, A. D. 1867, in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published in the said city and county.

M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

Dated November 1st, 1867.
J. T. FINN, Attorney for Petitioner. nov2 5w

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—IN THE MATTER OF the Estate of EDWARD O'DONNELL, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the estate of Edward O'Donnell, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said estate of the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator, at his place of business, on the southeast corner of Sansome and California streets, in the city and county of San Francisco.

Dated at San Francisco, November 14th, 1867.

CHARLES B. POLHEMUS,
Administrator of the Estate of Edward O'Donnell, deceased. nov16-5w

REMOVAL. REMOVAL.

Larkins & Co.,

Manufacturers of every description of

CARRIAGES.

CONCORD WAGONS, Ranch Wagons and Buggies made to order. All kinds of Jobbing and Carriage Painting done at the shortest notice.

New Manufactory Nos. 631 and 633 Howard street, corner of Hubbard, between Second and Third, San Francisco.

C. ROBERTS,
CARRIAGE AND WAGON MAKER,

HORSE
SHOEING
AND
JOBBING

PROMPTLY EXECUTED.

Fourth Street, between Howard and Folsom, San Francisco.

All styles of Carriages, Wagons and Carts made to order and Repaired.

A. FOLSOM,

Carriage Manufacturer,

No. 531 CALIFORNIA STREET,

Between Montgomery and Kearny streets, San Francisco

EVERY DESCRIPTION OF CARRIAGES, EXPRESS Wagons, Buggies, etc, made to order, of the best materials and workmanship.

Repairing and General Blacksmithing done with promptness, and at prices to suit the times.

C. MAIN. E. H. WINCHESTER. T. R. HATES.

Main & Winchester,

Manufacturers and Importers of
Harness, Saddles, Bridles, Whips, Collars, Saddlery Ware, etc.
Nos. 214 and 216 Battery Street, San Francisco.

N.B.—Good assortment Concord Stage Harness constantly on hand.

ITALIAN MANUFACTORY

—OF—

MACCARONI,
VERMICELLI,
PASTE, and
FARINA

First Premium in 1857—1859—1864—1865.

Brignardello, Macchiavello & Co.,
706 SANSOME STREET,
San Francisco.

AMERICAN EXCHANGE HOTEL,

SANSOME STREET, SAN FRANCISCO.

FIRE PROOF.

Two Hundred Rooms well Ventilated and Richly Furnished.

Prices from $1 50 to $2 a Day.

The Exchange Coach, with RED LIGHTS, will always be in readiness to convey Passengers to the Hotel FREE OF CHARGE.

The proprietor of this favorite Hotel would respectfully inform the traveling public that the

AMERICAN EXCHANGE

Is now and will continue as it ever has been, the most comfortable, homelike, quiet and economical Hotel in the city. TIMOTHY SARGENT, Proprietor.

CALIFORNIA
Steam Navigation Company.

STEAMER CAPITAL.....CAPT. E. A. POOLE.
" CHRYSOPOLIS. CAPT. A. FOSTER.
" YOSEMITE.....
" CORNELIA.....CAPT. W. BROMLEY
" JULIA.....CAPT E. CONCKLIN

One of the above steamers leave BROADWAY WHARF, at 4 o'clock P. M., *EVERY DAY*, (Sundays excepted,) for Sacramento and one for Stockton, the Sacramento steamer connecting with light-draft steamers for Marysville, Colusa, Chico and Red Bluff.

Office of the Company, northeast corner of Front and Jackson streets.

B. M. HARTSHORNE, President.

HORSE JOCKEYING.

The latest equestrian act of which we have heard is recorded of Sam Springalt, a noted horse jockey "Down East," and an eccentric old file who got his bread by making brick. Sam became aware—by that *animal* magnetism by which dealers in horseflesh always *do* become aware of such facts—that old Claypit was in want of a horse. So, picking out an animal from his stock, he doctered him up to a fine point of a perfection and drove down to Claypit's brick-yard, just to ask that worthy how much brick it would take for a new stable he thought of building. Of course the conversation finally veered round to horseflesh, and Claypit said, in his drawling way:

"I wouldn't mind buyin' a hoss myself, ef 'twan't I'm so short on't for money jest now."

"That needn't make any difference atween us," said Sam, who knew Claypit to be a sterling old Methodist, whose word was as good as his bond.

"You can pay me along in the Fall, when you burn your last kiln and get ready to settle up."

"That would be a little easier for me," said Claypit, "but then I never gin a note, an' I ain't going to begin now."

"No need of that," said the wily jockey; "you can just write a little agreement to pay me when you burn your last kiln—that'll do just as well."

Claypit finally agreed to these terms, and the horse dealer, depositing the agreement in his pocket-book, drove the horse over to Claypit's stable. In a few days Claypit discovered some points in his purchase that did not add much to its value, and in a week the valuable animal was ignominiously turned out to pasture. The old man made no sign, however, and Sam kept pretty well out of his way until the season of brick-making had passed, then he drove up to Claypit's house, and, rushing in hurriedly, said:

"Mr. C., I'll be obliged if you'll hand me the money for that hoss; I've got a little sum to make out this morning."

"Yass," said old Claypit, slowly, "two hundred dollars, aint it?"

"Exactly," said the jockey, opening his pocket-book and taking out the agreement.

"Guess you're in a hurry, aint yer? 'Pears to me that money aint due jest yet," said the old man, calmly.

"Due? why, of course it is. Here's where you agreed to pay when you'd burned your last kiln, and you've knocked off work more'n a week ago."

"Jess so, jess so," said the old man. "You're a pretty smart feller, Sam, but ef you'll jess throw your eye on that ar paper again, you'll see I agreed to pay for that hoss *when I'd burned my last kiln of brick.* I ain't going out o' the business jest yet, Samuel, and I'm afraid you'll have to apply to my executors to pay for that hoss."

Sam don't consider his prospects very good for collecting that note, and swears he'd rather trade with the devil than a Methodist deacon.

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Remember, our goods are all Custom-made, from our Broadway store in New York, thirteen years' standing. Everybody must know our goods. Retiring from business, the goods must be sold. Call at LOCKWOOD & CO'S, and examine the great reduction in prices.

H. M. LOCKWOOD & CO.,
621 Clay Street.

AVERY'S

GREAT

NATIONAL PUMP

AND WELL.

This Pump has proved itself to be the greatest invention of the age. Designed for DEEP WELLS, it will RAISE WATER (500) FIVE HUNDRED FEET; can sink a well 30 to 40 feet in (60) sixty minues.

This Pump is specially adapted to the wants of BREWERS and DISTILLELS, on account of the facilty with which, by its use, casks in the upper stories of their warehouses can be filled from the vats below.

STATE, COUNTY, & TOWN RIGHTS FOR SALE.

Pumps Furnished at Moderate Prices, by

S. P. ROBERTS,
Agent for California and Nevada,
Cars FARNSWORTH & MILNE, Plumbers,
318 Pine street, San Francisco.

Removal.

JOHN G. HODGE & CO.,

Importers and Wholesale Stationers,

Hsvs Removed to
329 and 331 Sansome Street,
Southwest corner of Sacramento.

GEORGE MORROW & CO.,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN
Hay, Grain, and Feed of all kinds.
Hucks & Lambert's Patent AXLE GREASE.
21 Clay street and 28 Commercial street, between Drumm and East, San Francisco.

Turnbull & Smith,
PRINTERS,
522 CLAY ST.,
SAN FRANCISCO.

Good Work!—One Price!—Punctuality!

D. BRUCE,

PRINTER,

COMMERCIAL STREET OPPOSITE MINERS' RESTAURANT.

Life Insurance---The Money Drift.

EDITORS CALIFORNIAN—*Sirs:* I read in yonr issue of the 11th, a very important statistical paper, compiled hy you from the Federal revenne returns, which proves the astounding fact thnt the distant Life Insurance Companies plying in California through "Agents" draw away nearly a milliou dollars per annni.

The drain under this heud as you state it amonnts to:

Year ending 1st August, 1866.....$496,239
Year ending 1st August, 1867.....$877,264

And as we write the drain increases and must be now near a million a year—to be a million and a half next year and so on.

Aud you naturally ask with surprise why this matter bas not been taken in hand by some of our enterprising insurance men, so as to arrest the flight of a moiety at least of this enormons drain?

I think, sirs, your question is well put, and though my hands are full, I am yet willing to step forward and assume some of the responsibility and bear some of the preliminary expenses of forming such a Company.

When you reflect sirs that this million dollars a year is carried over land and sea, thousand upon thousand of miles, to places where it is lent ont by distant Maungers and Directors to their manufacturing and commercial friends arouud them, at *Five Per Cent. per annum*, while our merchants and manufacturers, *who are to compete with these* have to pay *Fifteen Per Cent. per annum* for money, [we supply them with the golden weapons to beat us] you will then conceive the magnitude of the injuries effected by the sapping and mining operations of those distant Insurance Companies. The money which must drain away, day by day, steamer after steamer, from our people, will, if not stopped, impoverish this country quite as much as if it were conquered by a foreign power and held in perpetual tribute. A million a year by compound interest will be ten millions in five years, twenty millions in ten years, forty millions in fifteen years, eighty millions in twenty years, one hundred and sixty millions in twenty-five years, three hundred and twenty millions in thirty years! I will admit that the ordinary percentage of deaths on a business of thirty years will effect a drawback of one-third of the income, which in thirty years we will put at one hundred millions. Notwithstanding this, if we go on at our present scale of draining, we shall in thirty years lose by the insurance operation two hundred millions of dollars! But our drain, if we don't stop it, will not stand at one million a year, it will increase year after year from one million a year to two millions a year, which by my foregoing computation would in thirty years foot up to FOUR HUNDRED MILLIONS! What it would amount to in sixty years I leave to other calculators. In round numbers, I should guess it would come to the fall number of dollars equalling the national debt of the United States.

Now, sirs, I care not what may be said of me by critics or jealous opponents, some of whom cannot see farther than their noses. I announce myself as ready to make an effort to stop this drain, and I hold every man who cooperates with me a benefactor to his adopted country.

Let the capital of a Local Life and Health Insurance Company be one hundred thousand dollars to begin, in shares of one hundred dollars each. I shall cheerfully take the name of cooperators in a book opened this day in the office of the California Building and Savings Bank, California street, for that purpose.

I remain your obedient servant,
THOMAS MOONEY.
Buildings and Savings Bank, California street.
November 12th, 1867.

Removal.

WILLIAM SHERMAN & CO.,

Have this day Removed their Stock of

Clothing & Men's Furnishing Goods,

From Sansome Street to
608 Montgomery street,
(East Side,) North of Clay.
San Francisco, November 22, 1867.

The California.

"SURELY THERE IS A VEIN FOR THE SILVER AND A PLACE FOR GOLD WHERE THEY FINE IT."

VOLUME VII., No. 29.
OFFICE, No. 532 MERCHANT STREET.

SAN FRANCISCO, DECEMBER 7, 1867.

TERMS, $5 A YEAR, BY MAIL, IN ADVANCE. 50 CENTS A MONTH, BY CARRIER.

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A DREAM.

BY FLORENCE PERCY.

Back again, darling? O, day of delight!
How have I longed for you, morning and night;
Watched for you, pined for you, all the days through,
Craving no boon and no blessing but you;
Plead for you, prayed for you, sought you in vain,
Striving forever to find you again;
Counting all anguish as naught, if I might
Clasp you again as I clasp you to-night!

O, I have sorrowed and suffered so much
Since I last answered your lips' loving touch!
Through the night-watches, in daylight's broad beams,
Anguished by visions and tortured by dreams,—
Dreams so replete with bewildering pain,
Still it is throbbing in heart and in brain,—
O, for I dreamed—keep me close to your side,
Darling, O darling—I dreamed you had died!

Dreamed that I stood by your pillow, and heard
From your pale lips love's half-uttered word;
And by the light of the May morning skies,
Watched your face whiten, and saw your dear eyes
Gazing far into the wonderful Land,—
Felt your fond fingers grow cold in my hand:
"Darling," you whispered; "My darling!" you said,
Faintly, so faintly, and then you were dead!

O, the dark hours when I knelt by your grave,
Calling upon you to love and to save;
Pleading in vain for a sign or a word,
Only to tell me you listened and heard;
Only to say you remembered and knew
How all my soul was in anguish for you;
Bitter, despairing, the tears that I shed,—
Darling, O darling, because you were dead!

O, the black days of your absence, my own!
O, to be left in the wide world alone!
Long, with our little one clasped to my breast,
Wandered I, seeking for refuge and rest;
Yet all the world was so careless and cold,
Vainly I sought for a sheltering fold;
There was no roof and no home for my head,
Darling, O darling, because you were dead!

Yet, in the midst of the darkness and pain,
Darling, I knew I should find you again!
Knew as the rose knew, under the snow,
How the next summer would set them aglow;
So I did always, the dreary days through,
Keep my heart single and sacred to you,
As on the beautiful day we were wed,
Darling, O darling, although you have fled.

O, the great joy of awaking, to know
I did but dream all that torturing woe!
O, the delight that my searching can trace
Nothing of coldness or change in your face!
Still is your forehead unfurrowed and fair,
None of the light is lost out of your hair;
None of the light from your dear eyes is fled;
Darling, O, how could I dream you were dead?

Now you are here, you will always remain,
Never, O, never to leave me again!
How it has vanished, the anguish of years;
Vanished—nay, these are not sorrowful tears;
Happiness only my cheek has impearled,
There is no grieving for me in the world;
Dark clouds may threaten, but I have no fear,
Darling, O darling, because you are here!

THE LION'S MOUTH.

"THE gravest beast is an ass, the gravest bird is an owl, the gravest fish is an oyster, and the gravest man is a fool." SYDNEY SMITH.

"I WILL roar, that I will do any man's heart good to hear me." A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

"I WILL aggravate my voice so, that I will roar you as gently as any sucking dove; I will roar you an 't were any nightingale." IBID.

"*Nil falsi audeat, nil veri non audeat dicere.*" CICERO.

An Ill-used Fenian.

An American Fenian imprisoned in Kilmainham Jail, in Ireland, writes a harrowing account of his sufferings to the *Irishman*. He says he has mush for breakfast, which is "of the consistency of gruel made for invalids, and looks more like a fly-stew or a spider fricasee than anything else." He continues:

Dinner is served up at 3 o'clock, and consists of a species of black bread, apparently composed of equal parts of sawdust, bran and turf, well larded, I must say, with baked cockroaches, crickets and other succulent kitchen rangers.

He complains that he is not allowed a penknife with which to clean his nails, and growls savagely at being deprived of his proper allowance of sleep. He says:

We can go to bed at 5 P. M., and must get up at 6 A. M.; but, even if the countless swarms of fleas were to allow time to dream of our Dulcineas far away, there are other amusements to keep us awake. First, I presume, lest we should break our shins over the costly and extensive furniture of our cells, the gas is left burning all night.

We trust that the British Government will give this poor, ill-treated Fenian a knife to clean his nails with, and a packet of flea powder, and will also order the jailer to turn down the gas. We regret to state that the poor Fenian also complains of the literary food furnished to him He pitifully remarks:

With twenty-two out of every twenty-four hours hanging loosely on our hands, we very much feel the want of books to while away the time. The Protestant portion of our little circle are furnished with a pocket Bible and the Book of Common Prayer, while the Catholics have to be content with the "Imitation of Christ," and "The Garden of the Soul." The prison library, like its morning gruel, is of the doubtful and meagre kind. It consists of a few canting tracts, sketches of saintly women who were inspired to marry missionary Shylocks, who went out to India and China to become the self-appointed treasurers of the benighted natives; and histories of the wonderful voyages of the Bible into Spain, Italy, Ireland, and other benighted countries. This is the literary food on which the stomachs of Kilmainham's students are fed.

Under these circumstances we should not wonder if this once bold, but now subjugated Fenian, regrets that he ever left America for the purpose of freeing Ireland from the odious rule of the Saxon.

A Sneer at San Francisco.

Wilkes' Spirit of the Times sneers at San Francisco, because a paragraph announcing that Malibran, Lablache, and a few other artistes, long since dead, were on their way to this city, appeared in the *Dramatic Chronicle*. The San Francisco people appreciate the joke, and certainly if any one was taken in it was only the *Chronicle*. *Wilkes' Spirit of the Times* has the following comment:

SHARPS IN MUSIC.—The people of San Francisco are anxiously waiting the arrival of Malibran and a troupe of people who have been dead as many years as San Francisco has been a city. It is refreshing to find such rare musical taste combined with such extensive art matters in a remote Western city. The people of Lowell once lingered after the falling of the curtain until the manager came out and assured them that the play was ended. But then Lowell makes no pretensions to art.

The *Spirit of the Times* man had better stick to his horse-talk and prize-fight reporting. There is a good deal of musical taste in San Francisco, and we don't keep a piece like the *Black Crook* running for two years.

Wicked Mark Twain.

It is just as we feared. Mark Twain was not the sort of man to be sent to the Holy Land. He tries to write in a Christian-like spirit, but as the only Christianity of which he had any experience is that of a Mississippi pilot, (a very inferior article,) it is not to be wondered at that, in his letters to the New York *Tribune*, he talks in a very irreverent Mississippi manner about sacred things and places. When we heard that Beecher was not going on the vessel which started with the pilgrims for the Holy Land, we felt inclined to telegraph to the managers of the speculation, and beg them to keep Mark Twain off the boat. Beecher might possibly have toned him down a little, but without any religious element to counteract the effects of this reckless joker's influence, we feared that the Holy Land pilgrims would become thoroughly demoralized by this licensed libertine. We will not republish the wicked things that Mark Twain says—we are surprised that the *Tribune* did not cut out some of them—we are glad, however, that he is back in New York. Mark Twain in the Holy Land was about as misplaced as an Ethiopian minstrel would be in a church choir.

A Baby Fair.

A County Fair in Mississippi offers premiums for the finest male and female child between the ages of three and six, born within its limits.

It is a little arbitrary of the managers of this Mississippi fair to insist on the babies being born within its limits. If babies are continually being born within the limits of this fair, we should imagine that other productions of the country must suffer from neglect.

More Territory.

Poor Mr. Seward is no doubt very much cut up at the refusal of Congress to grant him any more money to buy islands with, but if he can get them for nothing that will be better than paying for them. A telegraphic dispatch brings the intelligence that the people of St. Thomas have voted in favor of annexation to the United States. Seward wanted to buy a West Indian Island. *Perhaps* he will be able to get St. Thomas for nothing, or perhaps on the other hand John Bull will have a word or two to say about the matter, and will, in spite of the people having voted in favor of annexation to the United States, conclude to stick to St. Thomas.

Since the above was in type, sad news has come from this place. Poor St. Thomas has experienced forty-seven shocks of earthquake on November 20th, and was virtually destroyed. The loss of life was enormous; every business firm on the Island is insolvent. Alas! the same paper which contains the news of the destruction of St. Thomas, publishes the following despatch:

The Governor of St. Thomas has returned from Europe to deliver the Island to the United States. The amount paid for it is $7,500,000.

Seward has made a sorry bargain. There will not be lacking old women who will gravely shake their heads and say it is "a judgment on him." It is certainly rather discouraging to buy an Island, and have it knocked into a cocked hat the day after you have paid for it.

Patriotic Drinks.

Teetotallers, Dashaways, Sons of Temperance, Rechabites *et id genus omne*, avaunt! Unpatriotic, unsocial men, git! And ye whose noses blossom with the flowers of perpetual gin exalt your horn. If ye will steadfastly pursue the course which ye have commenced, if ye will still persistently drink drops of whisky at intervals of ten minutes, then will the United States be freed from the burden of debt, and the American Eagle, unfettered by base trammels, soar to the empyrean. The San Francisco *Times* says:

If the present imposition of two dollars a gallon could be collected upon anything like the whole amount of spirits consumed in the United States, this one source would yield enough to pay all the expenses of Government, exclusive of the interest upon the public debt, and the taxes upon productive industry might be entirely swept away.

Let us all take a drink, and thus do as much as possible toward entirely sweeping away the taxes on productive industry.

Manners and Customs of the English.

The English are very queer people. An exchange says:

A butler in an English church, standing on one leg during a hymn, was punched in the back with a hymn book by his mistress who was the wife of a minister, and rebuked for his irreverent posture. Refusing to change it, he was ordered to leave the church, and on his declining, the minister came down and repeated the order; but the butler would not move. He prosecuted the lady for "brawling in church," but the Court cleared her.

We do not know which to admire most, the eccentric butler who insisted on standing on one leg during a hymn, or the minister's wife who "punched him in the back with a hymn book." The minister coming down from the pulpit to make the butler stand on two legs must have presented an edifying spectacle. We fancy that account must be garbled in some manner, and that the butler had some reason for standing on one leg, which does not appear.

"The Pups Will Die."

A most pathetic advertisement appears in the *Call* of yesterday:

$5 REWARD.—LOST OR STOLEN—On the third instant, a YELLOW SLUT; answers to the name of "Belle;" had pups two weeks ago The above reward will be paid to any person who will leave her at FRANK'S SALOON, corner of Stockton and Pacific streets. Please return her, or else the pups will die.

The Poundmaster himself could not, we should think resist so pitiful an appeal. "Please return her or else the pups will die." Whosoever you are that restrains Belle from returning to her helpless offspring, think of those pups and let her go.

Rude and Simple Legislators.

About the year 1685 the Legislature of Pennsylvania passed a resolution that "no member thereof should come to the House *barefoot, or eat his bread and cheese on the steps*.

Who dare say that these simple, barefooted bread and cheese munching Legislators did not impose any heavy debt on Pennsylvania. Just as soon as the Legislature began to put on airs and object to its members attending barefooted and eating their bread and cheese on the steps, corruptions began to creep in.

The Quality of Mercy a Little Strained.

Low is certainly a most merciful Governor. Some persons are inclined to think that he has during his term of office strained mercy a little two much. During the last few days of his term he pardoned nineteen criminals, and let loose twelve man-slayers on the community. No doubt Governor Low experienced much satisfaction in performing these acts of mercy. If these manslaughterers and murders kill any more people all that has to be done is to send them to San Quentin and let the next Governor do the merciful and pardon them again.

MORNING BY THE RIVER.

Flow down to the musical sea,
O golden tangle of streams!
Flow down with the odors of morning to me,
Through the beautiful land of my dreams.
I hear the light feet of the hours
In the corridors of the dawn;
And the tremble of stars—her lattice-flowers—
But the curtain of twilight is drawn!

I lie on thy glimmering sands,
With the phantasm of the dew;
I wait for the gleam of her rosy hands,
That kindle her windows anew.
O river of love and delight!
Roll down with the shining hours,
And the morn shall arise from the ruin of night,
And blossom in sunshine and flowers!

Lo! a light at her casement gleams,
Like the torch of a sinking star,
And the odors that haunt forever my dreams
Breathe over the land from afar—
That mix with my dream divine
In the mystical chalice of sleep—
Like the spice of the lotus in antique wine,
A myriad centuries keep.

I drink of the vintage of morn,
From flagons of purple and gold,
And the beautiful raptures within me born
Like the roses of heaven unfold.
O river of love and delight!
Flow on 'neath the radiant skies:
For the morn is abroad, and the world is bright
With the blossoms of Paradise!

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE WAR.

BY JAMES FRANKLIN FITTS.

NO. X.—INCIDENTS AT CEDAR CREEK.

WITHOUT intending it give a detailed plan or discription of this memorable battle, I propose to relate some of its features which impress themselves so strongly upon my mind at the time, that they recur to me now at the mere mention of the name. When that bloody and glorious day was over, every survivor of it had his full share of incidents to relate; and they formed the staple of our camp-fire and picket talk all winter. From these I will glean a few of the most striking, merely premising that they are real episodes which happened to the men who fought that day.

A Single paragraph will tell the general story of the fight sufficiently, so that the connection of these incidents with it may be known. On the morning of October 19th, 1864—a cool, still, misty morning—Sheridan's victorious host was surprised by a sudden and vigorous attack of the enemy, *en masse*, on its left, and was doubled back upon its centre, and forced from the field. At noon the rebels held the position, and were still pursuing us when the timely arrival of Sheridan from Winchester infused new life and spirit into his beaten army, and under his impetuous leadership the tide of defeat was turned, and the enemy driven in panic far beyond the ground of their attact in the morning, with heavy loss in arms and prisoners, to say nothing of the dead and wounded who littered the way for miles.

I believe no such unexpected thing as this attack ever happened to an army. The enemy had been badly beaten at Winchester, just one month before, chased up the valley to Harrisonburg, which continual punishment and heavy loss, and in fact, disorganized. But no sooner had we begun to fall back from our advanced position, than Early commenced to gathered up his scattered troops, and to unite to them large reinforcements; so that, unknown to us, an army almost as large as our own looked down upon us from Fisher's Hill. It was strange into what security we were lulled by the quiet of the situation, and apparent feebleness of the enemy. Sheridan had cosidered the time a good one to make a brief visit to Washington; and standing to arms before daylight had been discontinued three days before.

A few words about this duty of standing to arms before reveille—one of the most unpleasant and most dreaded things that the soldier is ever called upon to do. The hour just before daylight is considered the most favorable one for an attack, because of the darkness which then prevails, and the light which follows, and affords the best chance of following up an advantage. All good generals understand this, and in well-regulated armies, when in the enemy's country, it is always the rule to stand to arms for at least an hour before reveille. Without drum-beat or call of any kind, save the whispered words of the orderly sergants, each regiment forms its own line, and grimly waits the passing of the time before daylight. We had done this at Cedar Creek until within a few days of the surprise; thirty thousand men had leaned shiveringly on their muskets, morning after morning, in order that the army might be secure, waiting for an attack which it seemed folly to expect. One day we received orders from brigade headquarters to discontinue it, as it was considered entirely useless; and so when the rebel host came down upon us in the thick fog of that morning, they found our army asleep in its tents. There was a blame somewhere, that they were able to approach so near our pickets, *en masse*, without discovery; but no inquiry was ever ordered, and no one was held responsible for a negligence which resulted in the slaughter and maiming of thousands of brave men.

The attack began on the left. The position of my regiment was very near the center, and the first volley we heard was at least a mile away. My lieutenant and myself occupied a little shelter-tent together, and both of us at that moment were dozing in the light slumber of morning. I was detailed for duty upon a court-martial for that day, and I must have been thinking of it somewhat vaguely when that startling sound broke out upon the stillness.

"What's that, cap?" asked T——, rising to his elbow.

"Some careless regiment of the Eighth Corps cleaning their guns," I said, and dozed again.

There was a moment's silence; then an uproar of scattering shots, another volley, and that unmistakable rebel yell! We sprang up, threw on our clothes, seized our arms, and hurried out. In less than fifteen minutes our brigade was in line of battle, facing to the east, whence the noise proceeded; and here, in the fog and darkness, hardly able to distinguish the faces of the men who stood an arm's length from us, we fought with the surging lines of Early's army which swept up to us, until the brigade had lost more than one-third its numbers in killed and wounded. There were peculiar aspects about that dreadful fight on those hills at Cedar Creek, which I never experienced elsewhere. There was no time, and in some cases, no ground, to unite the regiments into brigades; each one fought in its own camp, as stubbornly as it could, and when overpowered, it joined the tide of retreat. Some of the cannoneers fought their pieces until every man was killed or wounded, and were then made prisoners with them; and many of the drivers in their haste to get the artillery and wagons to the rear, overturned them in the ditches and gullies, where they were made an easy prey. The fighting on this ground was close and desperate. The fog rose between us and the advancing enemy like a wall; we could hear their yells, while not a man of them was visible; but from out that deadly fog bullets whistled and hummed into our ranks, smiting down scores of our best and bravest. It was fearful to see them falling there, as if smitten down by some invisible terror, some lying still in death, and others crawling and limping back to the rear. And into that fog we poured our bullets, and not without effect, as we knew at night by the number of the dead we found in front of this position. When the fight had been prolonged until the enemy had driven everything back on the left of us, and we were in imminent peril of being surrounded, we left this ground and joined in the current of retreat.

The picture presented by that field at eight o'clock, was one which made my heart sink within me. It was by no means a rout; there was discipline and organization there, and every disposition to fight well; and half a dozen lines of regiments, brigades and divisions were trying to unite upon a common ground upon which to fight the battle out; but as the solid columns of the enemy steadily advanced, bearing with irresistible weight upon our left, all organized defence was forced to yield and continually fall back. Further to the rear was a host of stragglers, separated from their regiments, and fugitives, utterly demoralized, and glad to leave the field, all of them making their way to the woods near Newton; while from the very camping-ground out of which we had just been driven, the rebel cannon were thundering upon us. They were firing ricochet, or plunging shot, which is done by slightly elevating the piece, and using only a short charge of powder. My brigade was at this time flat on the ground, behind a fence, perhaps eighty rods from the ridge where three of these guns were in position. We could mark the flash and see the smoke; and almost instantly the heavy ball would drop on the ground before us; then rising again over our heads, would take a wild flight to the rear, crushing down and mangling sometimes four or five men together. Some of them bounded once before passing over us; all, I believe, struck the ground in front of us first, and many of them passed dangerously close over our heads.

During this episode of the fight, I witnessed a display of coolness which ought to be mentioned. One of our officers sat on the grass, cross-legged, smoking his brier-wood with perfect nonchalance; and as he observed some of the men watching the flight of the balls, to know when one was coming dangerously near, he sung out:

"Lie close, men; I'll watch for you." And he did watch, singing out at every discharge, "low ball," or "high ball," as it happened.

"I think those guns could be silenced," he said, addressing the colonel. "You'll allow me to pick three men, "I'll go forward about forty rods, and try it."

The colonel looked at the roaring monsters as though he would much like to have it done; but the enemy was continually menacing our line of retreat, and it was plain to see that such an attempt would be sure to result in capture.

During the disasters of the morning, several incidents occurred which made much amusement afterward. Everybody was exposed to a perfect torrent of musket-balls, the fighting-men, as well as the teamsters, who had never before been within range of a hostile shot. Some of the latter displayed a great deal of pluck and nerve in extricating their teams from the danger they were in. One of them, a man who was driving a wagon loaded with commissary stores across the fields at full gallop, was intercepted by a rebel cavalryman, who commanded him to halt. Without a word, the driver shot him dead, and went on his way. General Emery had a favorite horse, which he called Punch, and which fell dead under him early in the morning, pierced with bullets. The general was soon remounted upon a sorry nag; and his wrath against the slayers of his pet horse broke out in the very confusion of battle. General Birge also lost his horse, and could find nothing better to ride afterward, than a mule from one of the teams. The sight of a brigadier-general commanding a brigade on the battle-field, astride of a mule with great flopping ears, was no doubt ludicrous enough; but it was not remembered in this aspect until the day was over.

At the moment when my regiment yielded the hill where it had fought, and commenced to retire, a spark had in some way got into the cartridge-box of one of the sergeants. One after another, the cartridges exploded, sending out miniature sheets of flame, while the poor fellow writhed and tugged in vain at the straps to get his new Pandora's box detached from him. When the last of them had exploded, he found himself unhurt by this singular accident; but so amusing were his antics that there were some who could not restrain their laughter, although at the very moment the enemy's bullets were working havoc among us.

I must allude briefly to the result of the day. With the arrival of Sheridan, the battle was renewed, our army being now the attacking party, and after a desperate fight of half an hour the enemy gave way in panic, and were pursued by our cavalry and infantry far beyond the ground where we had been surprised in the morning. I hardly think that pursuit was ever equalled in the history of campaigns. General Custar complained that his cavalry could hardly keep pace with the infantry; and such was indeed the fact. The turning of the scale was so unexpected that our men were filled with enthusiasm, and as they rushed after the retreating enemy, it was hard to keep up any line at all. The woods and fields over which we passed, resounded with yells of triumph, and an irregular but incessant fire of musketry upon the fugitives. The rebel cannon occupied their old position upon the hill, and belched out their missiles upon us; but before they could be limbered up and driven off, our cavalry was upon them, cutting down their gunners, and capturing the whole of them. Every few moments a squad of prisoners was brought back; many were taken by the infantry as it swept on; and all of them surrendered with a good grace. "You 'uns does fight first-rate, and you've beat we 'uns this time, *sure!*" was the inelegant but highly expressive language used by one of them. And so we hastened on, cavalry and infantry, through the woods, over the meadows and hills, and wading the turbid brooks; stretching in a long line which were continually broken by the impetuosity of our advance, cheering and shouting; and passing by hundreds of the victims of the battle, dead, dying and wounded, broken down cannons and wagons, dead horses and mules by the dozen, and such terrible evidences as only speak of a desperate battle.

There was a large stone mansion very near the ground upon which my regiment had fought that morning, which had been used by Sheridan as his headquarters, and which was now turned into a hospital. Captain Wilkinson, of Emery's staff, was sorely wounded in the morning, and lay on the floor of one of the rooms of this house all day, listening amid his pain to the wild rejoicings of the rebels about him. He said that about the middle of the afternoon several soldiers went through the house, and drove from it every wounded prisoner who was able to walk, because, as they said, the Yankees had made a stand, and the prisoners must go to the rear for safety. Wilkinson was left, with a few others, as badly wounded; and for two hours more he lay in bodily and mental pain, thinking drearily of the Libbey, where he supposed he must go. Presently he heard the sound of feet, and one of his brother staff officers entered the room, and hastened to him with expressions of sympathy.

"But I did not know you were a prisoner," said Wilkinson.

"Nor did I," laughed the officer. "Don't you know, my dear fellow, we've whipped them gloriously, and that there is'nt a Johnny within five miles, and that your friends are all about you again?"

He learned the astonishing truth then, for the first time, with such feeling as only those who have been in like situations can realize.

The saddest part of this long, eventful day was the search for our dead and wounded, through our own camps, and in the hollows, and among the bushes near them. The fight had been the hottest in the morning, and within an area of half a mile square many hundreds had fallen. There was no time to send away the badly hurt; they had lain with the dead all day, under the blistering sun, tormented with thirst and the agony of their hurts, while the tide of battle flowed and re-

flowed over them. About dark my regiment reoccupied the very ground upon which it had slept on the previous night, and parties were immediately despatched over the field to bring in our wounded. Slowly and tenderly the poor fellows were borne up to the stone mansion from every part of the field, where their wounds were dressed, and where many of them died before morning.

In the sober darkness of the evening I walked out upon the hill where we had fought our fight, and looked around me. Bent and broken muskets, haversacks, canteens, and equipments were there; and there were twenty soldiers sleeping their last sleep, "dead upon the field of battle." Some miserable harpies, who always infest such places, had robbed the poor boys of their uniforms, and as they lay stark and stiff in their white underclothing, they looked like corpses already arrayed for the grave. I bent over them, one by one, and with such emotion as might well have brought tears to sterner eyes than mine, I recognized the faithful and beloved soldiers whom I had learned to treat more as brothers than as subordinates; the gallant fellows who had followed me uncomplainingly over the dusty roads of Louisiana and Virginia for two years, who had fought bravely by my side, and had with me watched through cold, and dark, and weary hours on the picket-line. There was one in particular—a slender, handsome lad, one of the best and most willing soldiers in the regiment, who had been made a corporal over men of twice his years, for his good conduct and ability. I had a special liking for him; and the sight of him lying here dead was inexpressibly sad to me. He was, as I have said, a remarkably handsome boy; and there was now upon his dead face an expression of such beautiful serenity and peace, that I could think of nothing but the rest of heaven while I saw it.

Behind the stone wall which surrounded the house, eighteen bodies of the slain of the regiment were buried in a row, each grave being marked with a pine board, inscribed with the name, company, and regiment.

"Their arms will rust,
And their bones be dust,
But their souls are with the saints, we trust."

Four days after the battle, just as I was riding out from division headquarters, I met the father of this soldier. The news of the battle and of the death of his boy had already reached him in his far Northern home, and he had journeyed down to that Virginia battle-field, to bear home his honored remains.

"Where is Edwin?" he asked, with trembling lips and moistened eye.

I dismounted, and giving my horse to my orderly, passed with him up the hill and behind the stone wall, where I pointed out to him the grave of his son among the eighteen. He knelt by it and bowed his head over it, while his tears fell fast and thick upon the unsodded earth.

"He was all I had," was the touching comment of the bereaved father to me, as I stood silently by. "He was my only boy, and I was building up bright hopes for him, which are all dashed now. All that I have was to have been his; I don't think I had a hope in life beyond him. And now it's all over!"

He was but one of the many fathers, brothers, and even wives and mothers, who came to this battle-field before our army left it, to secure all that was left of their gallant dead; and many times did we visit that hill, and recount the story of that terrible morning to these visitors.

There is one incident above all the others, which will always give to the name of Cedar Creek a deeply mournful significance to me. The lieutenant whom I have mentioned as waking with me at the first alarm that morning, was a noble youth, handsome, vivacious, and full of the enthusiasm of a military career. For eighteen months previous, we had shared the perils and the hardships of the campaigns together, and between us there had sprung up an abiding friendship. More than two years had passed since he had left his young wife and infant child in New York to join the regiment, and his thoughts wandered constantly and fondly back to them. He would read me portions of her letters, breathing the most intense affection for him, and prayers for his safe return to her; and sometimes, when he lay by my side at night, I have heard him stir uneasily in his slumber, and mutter her name. When I was permitted to visit home on a brief leave of absence, just before the Red River campaign, I fulfilled my solemn promise to the lieutenant that I would visit his wife and child, and talk with her of him. To do so, I had to travel by stage sixty miles, to a remote village of the State; but I felt amply repaid in seeing her, in gratifying her heart with what I could tell her of her beloved husband, and in witnessing the deep, fervent devotion which she bore him. She was only a girl in years; and when I held her hand and saw the tears spring to her eyes as I left her, expressing the hope that she would not be long separated from him, I sadly thought of the thousands of other loving young hearts, that must be crushed with sorrow, before the end of the strife.

He had entered the company as first sergeant; before that day at Cedar Creek, his bravery and ability had won him the bar of a first lieutenant, and he was upon that day acting as adjutant of the regiment. Through the defeat of the morning, and the victory of the afternoon, his bearing was one of conspicuous gallantry; and I thought then that he was certain of a captaincy when the roll of honor for this fight came to be made up. In the confusion and rush of the afternoon's chase, I lost sight of him; and after I returned to the company after my visit to the hill, I found that he was still absent. Presently the major came to me, and told me that he had just been informed that the lieutenant was badly wounded, and lay at that moment near the road, toward the left. Calling four of the men, I gave them an old piece of tent-canvass, which I had meant for my shelter that night, and together we traversed the ground between the camp and the road in the darkness, over and over, shouting out his name again and again. We had responses enough; but none from him. There were still many of the wounded lying in obscure spots, whither they had crawled to avoid the heat of the sun, the hoofs of the cavalry, or the artillery-wheels; and ever and anon we heard from out the darkness, repeated answers, such as these:

"For God's sake, come here! I'm dying with thirst!" "Send some of the Thirtieth Massachusetts here to take care of me; my leg is all crushed to pieces!" "Seventh Alabama—don't let me die here!"

We pitied the poor fellows, of both armies, but could do nothing for them now; we were bound to search for our own. But we did not find him that night; and when we returned to camp, sad and heavy-hearted for him, we were compelled to accompany our division to the front, where it was kept on picket that night, and all the following day. Upon the next day after, we returned to our old camp; and here I found a message from the lieutenant. He had been carried back to Newton, seven miles to the rear; and his message urged me to come to him without delay. I needed no urging to do that; my horse was saddled in a minute, and I rode him at a gallop till I reached the long straggling street of Newton. The place had been turned into a hospital; every house held its proportion of the wounded of both armies, and surgeons, stewards and hospital attendants were busy among them. The house in which the lieutenant lay was pointed out to me; and riding up to it, I dismounted, gave my reins to an orderly, and passed in. There was a table in the street, before this house; under it I counted at a glance six legs and arms; and while I was passing by, a poor sufferer, under the influence of chloroform, was laid on the table, and his leg was actually taken off before I had disappeared in the house! I recognized the stout, florid man who stood by it with his dress smeared with blood, his sleeves rolled up, and an array of knives glittering before him, as Surgeon H——, one of the most skillful operators in Sheridan's army; and as I passed him he suspended his horrible work long enough to nod to me and to ask, in accents of assumed gravity, if I wanted *some thing done!*

Poor T——, my lieutenant, was lying on his back in a comfortable bed, very white, but calm and conscious. I pass over the gratification and pain of both my meeting and parting with him; those are things which I can find no words to describe. He had pressed forward up to the hills with the foremost of our men, just at dusk when an ill-directed charge of grape from one of our own guns, which was rapidly unlimbering and firing every few moments on the pursuit, fell short, one of the shot striking the lieutenant in the thigh. I saw at a glance that it must prove fatal; the bone was hopelessly crushed. It was an hour of awful solemnity; in the very shadow of death as he was, the yearning husband and father strove and struggled with the destroyer, and piteously asked me to say that he would live, that he might again see the sweet faces of his wife and child!

But he never saw them again; I saw him no more, after that painful interview. He died the third day after, and the body was coffined and sent northward. Between Winchester and Martinsburg, the train which carried it was met by an ambulance, in which was the devoted wife, who had hastened down to him at the first intimation of his wound, and came too late to close his dead eyes.

I know not her after history, and whether she be living or dead; but I think that the red stream of war which flowed at Cedar Creek, quenched no nobler nor more loving heart than that which was given to her.

The deepest deposit of guano known is seventy feet. According to Humboldt, a deposit of three centuries would not exceed more than one-third of an inch in thickness. By an easy mathematical calculation it will be seen that at this rate it would take almost countless centuries to form the deepest guano bed. Such a calculation carries us back towards a former geological period, and proves that in past ages a greater number of birds existed.

Pictures must not be too picturesque. Nothing astonishes men like common sense and plain dealing. All great actions have been simple, and all great pictures are.

A smile may be bright while the heart is sad. The rainbow is beautiful in the air, while beneath is the moaning of the sea.

We live amid surfaces, and the art of life is to skate well on them.

BEAUTY IS POWER.

Beauty is power at all times and under all circumstances, whereas every other attribute which sophists may pretend to be power, can lay claim to be such in a very limited sense, and only under certain favorable circumstances. The power of beauty is unconditioned—it is absolute—it is universal. All other power is, at best, but particular. Let us take, for example, the instance already alluded to, as embodied in the dictum, "knowledge is power." Knowledge is power in a debating society, or in an æsthetic tea-room; but what is its power at a ball or in a street row? As Johnson says, "Go into the square and give one man a lecture on morality and the other a shilling, and see which will respect you the most." Bigotry is power at Exeter Hall, and even ignorance is power at a meeting of the Reform Leagues. Has not America had its "Know Nothings;" and was not power their very being's end and aim? But beauty is power everywhere and always. You may see it interrupt a lecturer, disconcert, a preacher, and make an orator forget the thread of his argument. It disturbs the saint at his prayers, the poet at his sonnet, and even the accountant laboring at his sum total. We have not dwelt upon the relative power of ugliness, or even of plainness; firstly, because the subject is disagreeable, or, in other words, because what we should be obliged to say thereon would be painfully true; and secondly, because we think our position is too strong, even on the positive side, to need any corroboration from what may be called negative arguments. We only appeal to the plain people to look into their own hearts, and say if we have exaggerated the power of beauty. They themselves, and they know it, make concessions to the beautiful, which they would never dream of making to their ill-favored fellows in distress. This deference to beauty, this slavish submission to it, may be right or may be wrong, but it is universal. If it is not everybody's nature to practice it, all we can say is, that everybody has caught the habit.

INCREASE OF HUMAN LIFE.

If the progeny of two salmon fishes could go on increasing at the natural rate without being disturbed by extraneous causes, they would soon fill the ocean and all its tributaries. But they are subject to various accidents that keep them from increasing at their natural rate. The same thing may be said of various animals and insects, as some of them are so prolific that, but for the accidents that check their natural increase, they would fill both the air and the earth with their progeny. It is the same, but of course to a much smaller extent, with the human race, and one of the most interesting applications of this subject is to the increase of the population of this earth. We saw a calculation the other day, the result of which was, that from a single married pair it might be calculated in five hundred years there would be four millions and upward of descendants.

The families of men of genius are singularly short lived; indeed, there is a peculiar fineness of susceptibility in the nervous systems of many which marks them as members of a decaying stock. A few families increase for a few generations very rapidly, and rise in influence, because they form a superior stock, until some habit of vice or peculiarity of employment or dissipation injures the race, and renders them inferior and then they decline. Individuals, families, nations, rise to the top through force of constitution, or character, or goodness; flower-like those water-plants which rise to the surface, blossom, and then lie down when their strength is spent, to make way for others. Every true thought in science or in morals is a power which elevates those who possess it. Men are governed by ideas, and those who have the most comprehensive view of life last the longest at the top. Those who have the most of what is required for the times rise most suddenly, even if they do not last.

A Pittsburg paper tells how two thieves met a gentleman walking the streets late at night with a box under his arm, and undertook to show him to a hotel. They relieved him of his box and ran off with it. The gentleman was a naturalist, and the box contained four rattlesnakes. Fancy the thieves' emotions when investigating their prize.

A new use for the tongue is to make it serve as a thief, by licking up diamonds at a jeweler's, the practitioner pretending to be very short-sighted and so bringing the jewels near enough to his face to lick them up.

Money is a very good servant, but a bad master. It may be accused of injustice toward mankind, inasmuch as there are only a few make false money, whereas money makes many men false.

Justice and generosity, rightly blended, constitute a dignified character; but, certainly, so far as a person is more just than generous, or more generous than just, that character is defective.

Perhaps the infant, when he sighs and weeps, hears as in a sea-shell the moan and roar of the ocean of life.

There is a certain decorum even in grief; for excess of sorrow is as foolish as profuse laughter.

LITERARY GLEANINGS.

GOSSIP ABOUT PUBLISHERS—THE HARPERS.

A NEW YORK Correspondent of the Boston *Saturday Gazette* furnishes that paper with an interesting sketch of some of the great publishing houses of the city, from which he writes. Of the Harpers and their establishment, he says:

The spacious structure on Fraoklin square, with all the machinery of type-setting, stereotyping, printing, folding, stitching, gilding, marbling, binding, lettering, has been described frequently before, and I have no iutention of inflicting it again upon the reader. There is a daily flow of visitors, some concerned only in the practical book-making, others eager to catch a glimpse of the literary features, the authors and editors and critics who carelessly come and go. The firm, one of the largest in the world, is the oldest and most extensive in America. It was founded iu 1816 by James and John Harper. Wesley Harper came in in 1822, and Fletcher Harper in 1826, since which the firm has stood as it stands now. It is not often that four brothers can be united so long, with no break in the rank by death or other cause. Hon. James Harper—Honorable because siuce our Mayor—is abont seventy-three years of age, and there is no youth about the establishment more active thau he. He delights iu a good story, a good listener, a good joke, and no oue can discover a reason why he shouldn't live twenty years yet. Mr. John Harper is about seventy, but not so robust in health as James. He is the negative element in the firm, and commonly wields the veto power. Mr. Wesley Harper is gentlemanly and cordial, comfortiug a disappoiuted author and encouraging a promising one with equal suavity. Mr. Fletcher Harper is the active, aggressive spirit of the firm, but with a vaulting ambition that never o'erleaps itself. It is his spirit that animates and directs the *Monthly*, *Weekly*, and *Bazaar*. Besides the four members of the firm there are numerous sons, making a round dozen in all. The Harpers resemble English firms in the tenacity with which their employees cling to them. There is one gray-haired octogenarian, who has been in their employ fifty years. The foreman of their composing room has been with them forty years: the foreman of the press-room thirty-five years, and there are women in the folding-rooms that have been with them thirty years. Their cashier has also been in their employ thirty-five years. I do not think these facts can readily be equalled in our American experience. I will not trouble the reader with statistics of the business of this firm. They have made fortunes for themselves and for others. As high as forty thousand dollars have been paid in a single year to one author as his copyright profits. Their issues are from ponderous Greek and Latin lexicons down to the last new novel in paper cover, and include every department of literature. They run forty Adams' steam presses and six big cylinder presses. They have the largest press-room, the largest bindery, and the largest engravsng-room in the country, and all are employed solely on their own publications.

CLERICAL BITTERNESS—THE PROHIBITORY LAW.

It is difficult for us out here in California, fully to realize the bitterness of the animositics that have been roused in the discussions on the Prohibitory Law. There are a few influ ential persons in this community, who are in favor of such a law here, bnt not enough to make the question a practical or an exciting one. Io Massachusetts it is quite otherwise, and it is amazing and humiliating to observe what bad passions have been kindled in the contest in regard to the act, and how malignant, even in this age, bigotry can become, when its domination is resisted, and its favorite doctrines assailed. The late Governor, John A. Andrew, is known throughout the United States, for his public services, his honorable character, and his blameless private life. But he was opposed to prohibition, and in the mind of a zealot for total abstinence, no personal virtues or public services can atone for the sin of differing from him in opinion. According to the Boston papers, the Rev. Dr. Miner, of that city, made a shameful assault from his pulpit, upon the memory of this illustrious citizen, *on the day succeeding his burial*. A Boston journal thus comments upon the circumstance:

Doubtless there are many candid and charitable men who honestly believe io the justice and the policy of the Prohibitory Law; but we would fain hope, for humanity's sake, that there are but few even here, whose hearts have become so malignified by political rancor, as to be patient of such a proceeding as this. To tread softly and reverently about the grave, is the common instinct of manhood; even gentle savages and modest blackguards are apt to do that; and the least that a brave man can do over the foe whom death has smitten, is to be silent. Bnt the uoble man, whose death has just bowed the heart of this community with grief, was in no sort a personal foe to Dr. Miner: he merely differed from him in a question of public policy; and in expressing that difference he was always courteous, temperate and fair. We were aware that Dr. Miner was wont to brow beat and insult the living for honest differeoces of opinioo; but to vituperate and blacken the dead, is a service from which we supposed that even his better nature would recoil. We do assure him that the proper solemnity of the occasion and the sacredness of the great public sorrow might have tied up his tongue, or at least awed away its bitterness, without any impeachment of his zeal for the public good. If he supposes that any good cause is to be furthered by such ungenerous and unnatural acts of hostility, then it may well be thought that bigotry and fanaticism have addled his head, as well as hardened his heart. Grief, however, not anger, is the right feeling for us all to have in view of such an indecency as this minister of the Gospel is said to have committed. And we would not desecrate the memory of John A. Andrew by auy gratuitous harshness of rebuke even against those who have the heart to trample on his new-made grave.

DEAD BOOKS.

Speaking of the class of books that still hold their places on library shelves, but are no longer read, a writer in the London *Saturday Review* finely says:

People who can go through a country churchyard with an unmoved and stolid unconsciousness must have dull souls. There is something of the same impressiveness or pathos as one stands in the midst of the written memorials of accumulated human effort and labor and genius. The student may sigh as he thinks what toil and hope and intrepid purpose confronts him on the shelves of his own library, where a volume stands for the single monument and relic of the life of a man. A churl may jeer as he reflects how many a man has scorned delights and lived laborious days to leave a volume which few people possess, and none ever thinking of looking into. But one of a higher temper finds this rather a tender thought than an excuse for a scoff. He feels at least that 'tis pity if 'tis true Besides the mere presence of a book on a shelf shows that the effort which it represents has not wholly spent itself. We know not what to speak of though a mere glance at its title on the cover may strike out in a ready mind. Anyhow, it is no more matter for cynical jest than the author's gravestone. The book is dead, so is the man who wrote it, but both in their time may have set some fine forces in motion, which have communicated some continuing impulse all through space. We can never exactly measure out and nicely apportion the energy which either man or book may have released and set in motion. The deadest book of old time is at least as interesting as an old suit of armor; a man has once lived and done his stroke of fighting inside of it. And in books that are not dead, which give us ideas or give us mere pleasure, there is even a certain religiosity. A book is in one sense incorporeal, while in another it is at least as corporeal as a graven image. Its mere presence is suggestive, and reminds us how, here even more than elsewhere, other men labor, and we enter into the fruit of their labor. Nobody feels so deeply the debt which a man owes to the best and wisest of his fellows, dead or living, as the scholar who feels towards his books as towards his more fleshly friends. It is only a sentiment, but it is a very comfortable one, and it is not sterile. It is not a forced paradox to say that a man may sometimes be far more profitably employed in surveying his bookshelves in meditative mood, than if he were to pull this or that volume down and take to reading it; just as two friends may hold sweeter converse in perfect silence together than if they were talking all the time.

MISCELLANEA.

THE New York *Review* says: "Messrs. Ticknor & Fields, the publishers of Longfellow, have printed a few copies of the translation of Dante, on large paper, in a style, as regards paper and type, which is highly creditable to the New England press. The paper in toned, and of very good quality; and the printing is by Messrs. Welsh, Bigelow & Co., of the University Press, Cambridge, near Boston. It is not every year that either London or Leipzig turns out a book so perfect in all its parts."

A WRITER in the London *Fun* says, "A new secret society at Vienna is announced. Not for the liberation of Hungary or any other oppressed nationality, however. Its object is the extinction of the trains—not railway trains, but the long trails with which ladies of fashion delight to sweep the streets. Members of the society solemnly swear to tread on, so as to tear, all the trains they meet with. These be strong measures, methinks, and Messieurs the Viennese might surely find a more honorable way of waging war against women—besides their statagem recoils on themselves. They tear the dresses—but the damage has to be repaired out of the pockets of husbands and fathers, who belong to their own sex."

WHITTIER'S winter idyl, "Snow Bound," has found a most fitting dress in the form in which it has just been issued. The publishers have done nothing better in the way of ornamental book-making. The binding, the illustrations, the paper, and the printing are all exquisite and leave nothing to be desired. The drawings for the illustrations, which are forty-one in number, were made by Mr. Harry Fenn, from sketches made by him during a visit to the scene of the poem, and are cordially indorsed by Mr. Whittier for their fidelity. The engraving for the work was done by Mr. A. V. S. Anthony and Mr. W. J. Linton. A vignette portrait of the author adorns the title page, which was drawn upon wood by Mr. W. J. Hennessey, and engraved by Mr. John Andrew. Ticknor & Fields publishers. It can be had at Roman's or Bancroft's.

A London paper says: "Mr. Henry G. Bohn has printed for private and personal circulation, not for sale, a stout "Dictionary of Poetical Quotatioos." It is well done, and is rich in selection, especially from the poets of the middle period, Milton to Akenside. The matter is classified nnder subjects, not uoder words; and the volume meant to be useful rather to the thought-seeker than the word-seeker. Many of the quotations have exact references to the quarters whence they have been drawn; bnt many others have not; and for these Mr. Bohn, with commendable modesty, asks the assistance of his readers."

THE first volume of a work which will possess a thrilling interest for many, *Les Mystéres de Constantinople*, is announced as ready by a Constantinople paper. We have had *Mysteries of London, usque ad nauseam*, and *Mysteries of Paris* too. It is to be hoped that *Mysteries of Constantinople* will reveal realities and not the mere imaginative pictures of the "literary book-maker."

VISITORS to Algiers have written with a shudder of the brutal and fanatical tricks of the Aissouas, a tribe of savages who exhibit every feat that is most disgnsting to every sense. Some of these people have been actually brought to the civilized city of Paris by a speculator, to chew glass, to devour serpents alive, to tear out their own eyes—in short, to go the whole round of the hideous mummeries which, if we could recollect right, M. Robin exposed in his ingenious confessions.

THE effects of Mrs. Lincoln, which were offered for sale in New York, are thus spoken of by "Jennie Junc:" "With the exception of the lace and camel's hair shawls and a few odd pieces of jewelry, there is nothing that any lady could wear, or which in its present condition would not be a disgrace to a second-hand clothes shop. The dresses, those that have been made up and worn, are crushed, dirty, old-fashioned, and most of them made and trimmed in the worst way."

MR. JOHN D. STOCKTON, late of the New York *Tribune*, and the author of many able and humorous editorials in that paper, has removed to Philadelphia, to take charge of a penny paper newly started in that city, entitled *The Morning Post*. Mr. Stockton takes with him the kindest wishes of many friends. Another of the *Tribune* editors, Mr. Kane O'Donnell, has gone to Mexico, on a special mission for that paper.

THE entire correspondence relating to the attempted foundation of the Mexican Empire and its fall is announced to be published by Duncker & Hamblot, at Leipzig, who also announce three more volumes of the Emperor Maximilian's memoirs and essays.

THE incomplete version of the early English *Siege of Jerusalem* is fonnd to be part of a poem, *The Vengeance of God's Death*, by Adam Davie—one of our fourteenth century writers, yet known only by fame.

THE Paris editions of Mr. Tennyson's works, in five volumes, at ten francs, has been lately stated by a shopman of the publishers, Messrs. Reinwald, to be selling at the rate of 5,000 volumes a month.

A MONUMENT, composed of lava stone found on the spot, is about to be erected to the memory of Captain Cook, in Kealakekua Bay, Hawaii, where he was killed.

MESSRS. SCRIBNER, WELFORD & Co. are the New York publishers of "St. Clair of the Isles" and "The Children of the Abbey," in a London Series entitled *Notable Novels*.

MESSRS. HURD & HOUGHTON republish the delicious old story of *Paul and Virginia*, by Bernardin de St. Pierre, in a new translation, and with illustrations by Homer.

GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA will contribute to the November number of *Belgravia* an article entitled "The Cant of Criticism."

A NEW edition, revised and enlarged, of the *Memorials of Thomas Hood*, is announced in London.

CHARLES DICKENS has been engaged by Messrs. Ticknor & Fields, to write a story for *Our Young Folks*.

A NEW translation of Balzac's novels is soon to be made in this country.

JAMES PARTON is said to be incubating on the idea of a weekly newspaper.

NEARLY two hundred newspapers of all kinds are published in New York city.

EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN is soon to publish a new collection of his poems.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES' *Guardian Angel* will be completed in two more numbers of the *Atlantic*.

THE United States contains nearly ten thousand somewhat known versifiers, who style themselves poets.

DIXON'S *New America* has passed to a seventh edition.

MR. E. C. STEDMAN is arranging for publication another collection of his poems.

MISS CAROLINE UNDERHILL, who has already published a collection of poems which were favorably recieved, purposes publishing a volume of poetry.

DR. R. SHELTON MACKENZIE, whose reminiscences of literary men and subjects are more interesting than perhaps those of any one else in the country, is collecting for the press a volume of his miscellaneous writings.

MRS. R. H. STODDARD will soon publish, through Messrs. G. W. Carleton & Co., a new novel of New England life.

MR. GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS is reported, with what truth we do not know, to be writing a novel.

THE REV. ROBERT COLLYER, of Chicago, is said to be similary employed.

MR. GEORGE CATLIN will soon give us *My Last Rambles amongst the Indians of the Rocky Mountains and the Andes*.

MR. P. FISHE REED'S volume of poems, to be published during the fall, will be entitled *Voices of the Wind, and other Poems*.

"NO BATHS LIKE DR. BOURNE'S BATHS!" is the universal testimony of all who are competent to judge. Adapted to sick or well. Only institution which excludes all loathesome diseases and improper persons. No. 10 Masonic Temple, Post street.

DRAMATIC AFFAIRS.

NOBODY'S DAUGHTER was played at Maguire's Opera House until Friday evening, when it was withdrawn to give place to the two act drama of *Meg's Diversion*, which is now running successfully in London, and made quite a hit when it was produced at Wallack's Theatre, New York. As the CALIFORNIAN goes to press at an early hour, I must defer a criticism of this play until next week. It will be played this afternoon and in the evening, in conjunction with *The Carpenter of Rouen.*

On Wednesday evening the American Theatre will be opened for a season of six nights of Italian Opera, under the management of Signor Bianchi. Ricci's comic opera, entitled *Scaramuccia*, will be produced for the first time in California. Signor G. Mancusi will fill the role of "Scaramuccia, poet and manager of the Italian opera in Paris." He will be supported by Mme. Stella Bonheur, Signorina Bellini, Signor Bianchi, Frank Howson, Signor E. Bellini, M. Charles and Mme. Yonkers.

Miss Fanny Young, a burlesque actress and comedienne, from the Australian theatres, arrived this week under engagement to the Opera House management. She will shortly appear in the extravaganza of *Rum-ti-foozle.*

At the Metropolitan Theatre, *Under the Gaslight* is drawing immensely; all the seats frequently being secured three days in advance. There is no denying the fact that express scene is an immense sensation, the scene on the wharf is very good and causes much fun, and the drama is so well played troughout that the interest of the audience is not allowed to flag. Charles Wheatleigh plays Snorkey in his usual quiet, intense style. Mrs. F. M. Bates is very good as "Laura Courtland," and gains immense applause. Mrs. C. R. Saunders causes roars of laughter by her inimitable impersonation of the erratic "Peach-blossom." Harry Edwards looks and acts the heavy swell to perfection, and in fact all the characters are well played.

Every night during the week the beautiful Temple of Music has been crowded by the beauty and fashions of the city. The *Ghost* proved a great hit. It will make its final appearence to night. A new and attractive programme has been prepared for Monday, and startling novelties will be produced in rapid succession. TOUCHSTONE.

A WARNING TO EARLY RISERS.—The recent life of Josiah Quincy has the following good anecdote: "One day, Mr. John Quincy Adams, who was addicted to the same vice of intemperate early rising, with much the same consequences, was visiting my father, who invited him to go into Judge Story's lecture-room, and hear his lecture to his law class. Now Judge Story did not accept the philosophy of his two friends in this particular, and would insist that it was a more excellent way to take out one's allowance of sleep in bed, and be wide awake when out of it—which he himself most assuredly always was. The Judge received the two Presidents gladly, and placed them in the seat of honer, on the dais by his side, fronting the class, and proceeded with his lectmre. It was not lang before, glancing his eye aside to see how his guests were impressed by the doctrine, he saw that they were both of them sound asleep, and he saw that the class saw it, too. Pausing a moment in his swift career of speech, he pointed to the two sleeping figures, and uttered these words of warning: 'Gentlemen, you see before you a melancholy example of the evil effects of early rising!' The shout of laughter with which this judicial *obiter dictum* was received effectnally aroused the sleepers, and it is to be hoped that they heard and profited by the remainder of the discourse."

EDITORIAL DUTIES.—Mr. Hunt, in his recent volume on the "Fourth Estate," thus sketches the peculiar duties of a journalist: The man who once becomes journalist, must almost bid farewell to mental rest or mental leisure. If he fulfills his duties truthfully, his attention must be ever awake to what is passing in the world, and his whole mind must be devoted to the instant examination, and discussion, and record of current events. He has little time for literary idleness, with such literary labor on his shoulders. He has no days to spend on catalogues, or in dreamy discursive researches in public libraries. He has no months to devote to the exhaustion of any one theme. What he has to deal with must be taken up at moment's notice, be examined, tested and dismissed at once; and thus his mind is ever kept occupied with the mental necessity of the world's passing hour.

WHAT can be more foolish than to think that all this rare fabric of heaven and earth could come by chance when all the skill of art is not able to make an oyster?

THE English champion swimmer has swum a thousand yards in seventeen minutes; this is said to be the fastest time on record.

NEVER waste argument on a man who does not know logic from logwood, which is the case with half the people who love disputation.

AROUND CORNERS.

THE amount of ingenuity displayed by the male lover in approaching the subject he has so much at heart is sometimes surprising; but his object generally out-hints him if she wishes to do so, her natural tact and delicacy lending a subtlety to her remarks which few men can approach. And nature has so happily adjusted the masculine and feminine minds, that the ready self-possession of the latter rises in exact proportion to the sinking of that quality in the former. So that, if a lady does not bring a too bashful lover to the point, the chances are that she does not wish to do so.

A gentleman, whose modesty was too great for his happiness, was one day going through a wood with a lady, to whom he longed but feared to offer his hand and his heart. He had schemed and manœuvered enough for ten diplomatists to draw her away alone from the picnic where they had met, and now he durst not speak out for the life of him. But the silence had become embarrassing, and at last he ventured on a hint:

"Hark!" he cried, snddenly stopping. "Do you hear that bird singing?"

"Yes," replied the lady.

"Do you catch what it says?"

"No, I cannot say that I do."

"Why, it says, 'I love you, I love yon, I love you,' as plainly as possible!"

"Dear me, how odd!" replied she; and they walked on again in silence for a little way.

Presently the lady, in her turn stopped.

"How funny!" said she. "Do you hear what that other bird says?"

"No; what?" asked the man.

"Why, it seems to me to say, 'show it, show it, show it!'"

That landed him.

The warning hint is the most annoying thing in the world, especially to a man of a timid or suspicions nature. And there are men and women in the world who seem to spend their lives at the mast-head, looking out for shoals and rocks; yet never seeing, or, at all events, never giving notice of real dangers, but perpetually insinuating the existence of imaginary ones.

You leave your house, as blythe as a lark, and meet Croker, say. You are about to pass him with a nod, but he stops and seizes you by the arm, and looks anxiously in yonr face.

"You are the man I wanted to see," says Croker. "Do you not bank with Bullion & Co.?"

"Yes," you reply.

"Much of a balance? Excuse the question."

"So, so."

"More than yon would like to lose?"

"Most decidedly!" you exclaim, turning pale.

"Oh! then, it is doubtless all right; you would know as soon as any man. What I heard was all nonsense."

"But what did yon hear, Croker?"

"Oh! nothing, nothing. Good morning."

And the harpy hurries away, having spoiled your comfort and your appetite for the day.

A social sufferer can trace three white-washings, seven disruptions of friendship, four severe illnesses, one terminating fatally, five addled matches, two separations, and one divorce, to warning hints in fifteen years' personal experience.

Not but what a hint is a valuable enough thing occasionally. When the poor scene-shifter at Drury Lane broke both his legs, Sheridan gave him a list of the shareholders who owned the theatre, and suggested a subscription. The poor fellow sent round and collected a handsome sum, applying last of all to Sheridan.

"I hope you will give me something, too."

"I give you something! Why you impudent rascal! did I not give you the hint?" replied Sheridan; and really there was something besides humor in the plea. If he had not contributed the hint, the man would never have got the rest of his subscriptions.

The social snfferer dined last week with a friend who has some very excellent wine, which he has kept so long that now he can hardly bear to part with it. The social sufferer was so old a friend that he ventured on a hint after dinner.

"Brown, old fellow," said he, slyly, "the bottle is empty."

"Is it?" cried Brown, rising with alacrity. "Then perhaps you would like to join Mrs. Brown."

Rogers, the poet, one of the most hospitable men that ever lived, once asked an Irish gentleman to come and stay with him. He came fast enough; but would not go. Weeks and months passed, and still, in spite of innumerable delicate hints, he remained a fixture. At last Rogers, in despair, was obliged to fill his house with invited company, appropriating the Irishman's room; and then he said to him, "My dear——, in spite of your probable arrangements for leaving sooner, I positively cannot part with you before next Saturday. Beyond that date I cannot ask you to remain, as my house will be quite full,"—which is the most courteous way in which one man ever ejected another on record.

To wind up with a generalization, it is really a very stupid thing to suppose that you can correct people's faults or foibles by throwing out hints before them, or talking at them. If they are stupid and don't take, your labor is lost; if they see you drift, they will be more offended than if you had spoken out openly.

But it strikes the social sufferer that he is beginning to prose, and that is a hint to wipe his pen.

THE NEW "BROCADE."—The prize brocade which took all the honors at the Paris Exhibition, is called "Napoleon III." It is a beauty, and copies of it have been ordered by the Queen of Portugal and Viceroy of Egypt, and the Empress of Russia, one for the wedding of the Grand Duchess Olga with the young King of Greece. The ground is white, and it costs one hundred and twenty francs per metre. It is brocaded with butterflies made of miniature flowers. The attennæ of the insects and their wings are perfect paintings, and could bo examined through a microscope. Some are made of gorgeous roses, others of the most diminutive flowrets. All hover in different directions, some meeting, some chasing each other, others settling for rest, and the effect is that of myriads of butterflies wafting the perfumes they bear with them on open clear space.

HORSE meat is decidedly becoming the fashion. Two new horse butcheries have been opened in Paris—one in the Rue Navarin and another in the Rue de Commerce. They have now eighteen shops entirely devoted to tho sale of this new food.

IT is stated that almost all the speculating brokers of Wall street, during the last fifteen years, have been ruined in the business, or have retired on fortunes no larger than they had at first. Some of them have been ruined a great many times.

FORBIDDEN fruit is sweet. It has until lately been a rule in Brussels that wine-shops should close at one o'clock in the morning, and there were many violations of the law. Now the restriction is taken off, and they close at half-past twelve.

BARGAINS IN CLOTHING.—The proprietors of *Quincy Hall Clothing Emporium*, Montgomery Block, Washington street, announce in our advertising columns that owing to a dissolution of co-partnership they will sell off their immense stock of clothing and gentlemen's furnishing goods for the next twenty days at prices regardless of cost. They wish to turn as much of their stock into cash as possible in the interval, and offer great bargains in clothing. They are selling good white shirts for $1 50; red flannel shirts and drawers at the same price, and other goods in proportion.

THE ship *Anna Schmidt*, which was destroyed by the *Alabama* off the coast of South America, had on board a quantity of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral for California. Dr. Ayer & Co. now appeal for redress direct to the British Government, as the responsible party in this wicked business, and base their claim for payment and protection on the ground of humanity, as their commodities are wholly for the sick. Their point is well taken and will doubtless be pressed with the pluck and persistency which characterize the operations of these celebrated chemists.—*Baltimore Clipper.*

AN ESTABLISHED REPUTATION.—There is in every city one restaurant, the fame of which surpasses that of all rival establishments. What Delmonico's is to New York, the *Pomme d'Or* to Paris, Simpson's to London, Martin's restaurant is to San Francisco. For many years 623 Commercial street has been celebrated for the excellence of its cuisine. Leon Dingeon and F. W. Haubrick understand their business thoroughly, and leave nothing undone which will add to the well-earned reputation of the house

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GOOD TASTE.—Much money may be spent to little purpose in a house if good taste is lacking. Joseph Fredericks has some of the finest carpeting and paper hangings in the State, and he is celebrated for the taste which he displays in upholstering and fitting up houses. It is worth the while of any one to call at the carpet and upholstery store, 123 Kearny street, between Sutter and Post.

GENUINE.—The market is glutted with an immense amount of trash in the way of groceries, damaged teas, sanded sugar, and half decayed coffee. Such articles are dear at any price. Those who deal with such a firm as Bowen Bros., southeast corner of Montgomery and California streets, can rely upon always getting genuine articles at the lowest market rates.

HOMES FOR THE PEOPLE.—A well-built and tastefully designed house often costs less than a rude unsightly building. Hoagland & Newsom, architects, at the south-west corner of Sacramento and Kearny streets, furnish architectural designs for buildings of every description, and fix the proper sum to be paid for each specification.

WIRE WORKS.—It is astonishing what a number of useful articles are made out of wire. Any one who will pay a visit to H. T. Graves' Wire Work establishment, 412 Clay street, will be amply repaid for his trouble, by inspecting the numerous wire-manufactured articles for sale there.

USEFUL HOLIDAY PRESENTS.—See inventory of dress and dry goods, laces, shawls, cloaks, etc., offered for sale during the Holiday weeks, by the extensive dry good's house of Meagher, Tauffe & Co No articles could be more acceptable as presents to ladies.

THOSE "P. B." SPECTACLES—Muller's, 205 Montgomery street, are a wonder and a puzzle. There's nothing like them for persons whose eyesight is impaired.

A NEW ENTERPRISE.—The Pacific Business College has fitted up class-rooms exclusively for the instruction of young ladies in commercial education. See advertisement.

BOYS.—H. M. Lockwood & Co., No. 624 Clay street, are selling off their large stock of boys' clothing at surprising low prices. They are closing business. See their advertisement on last page of this paper.

IF YOU WANT A KISS, TAKE IT.

THERE'S a jolly Saxon proverb
That is pretty much like this,
That a man is half in Heaven
When he has a woman's kiss;
But there's danger in delaying—
And the sweetness may forsake it;
So I tell you, bashful lover—
If you want a kiss, why take it!

Never let another fellow
Steal a march on you in this;
Never let a laughing maiden
See you spoiling for a kiss;
There's a royal way for kissing,
And the jolly ones who make it,
Have a motto that is winning—
If you want a kiss, why take it!

Any fool may face a cannon,
Any body wear a crown;
But a man must win a woman
If he'd have her for his own.
Would you have the golden apple,
You must find the tree and shake it;
If the thing is worth having,
And you want a kiss, why take it!

Who would burn upon a desert,
With a forest smiling by?
Who would give his sunny summer
For a bleak and wintry sky?
Oh, I tell you there is magic,
And you can not, can not break it;
For the sweetest part of loving
Is to want a kiss, and take it.

A TEXAS DUEL.

AN EPISODE IN THE HISTORY OF TEXAS.

DESPITE the cloud which hangs over the closing days of Sam Houston's life, I have always entertained a strong admiration for the hero of San Jacinto. I am fully conscious of his weaknesses, some of which were quite glaring, but he had a certain puck, a Jacksonian stubbornness, which commanded the respect of even his enemies.

There is an incident of Sam Houston's career which is not generally known, but which brings out as prominently as any act of his, the sterling courage to which I refer, and at the same time brings into notice one of the most extraordinary men of whom I have ever heard—that is, the individual known as Deaf Smith, the Texan Spy, an intimate friend of Sam Houston.

At the time Texas succeeded in establishing her independence the constitution provided that the city of Austin should be the permanent capital, where the public archives were to be kept; but the proviso was inserted, giving the President discretionary power to remove them temporarily to some safe point in case of danger from the inroads of a foreign enemy, or the power of a sudden insurrection.

About two years after the Texan revolution, the warlike Comanches became so daring as to commit several outrages within sight of the capital itself, whereupon Houston considered this condition of matters warranted his availing himself of the provision of the constitution already mentioned. He resided at this time in Washington, on the Brazos, from which place he dispatched a messenger, with an order commanding his subordinate functionaries to send the State records to that place, which he announced to be the seat of government *pro tempore*. This produced excitement in Austin. The hotel keepers, groceries, boarding-houses and gambling saloons foresaw irretrievable ruin. They gathered together and denounced the proposed "outrage." Gradually the muttering took shape, until, despite the constitutional warranty for the step, it was resolved that the thing should not be done.

A company of armed men were organized, and at their head was placed Colonel Morton, one of the most noted duelists in the Republic. He had achieved quite a fame during the war just closed, and was unquestionably a brave man, and as unprincipled as he was desperate. He was a fellow of no little conceit, and it was with no little pride he took charge of the men, who unanimously called upon him to be their leader. So noted, indeed, was Colonel Morton, that a great many were convinced that when General Houston learned that he headed this determined band, he would hasten to retract his ground and recall the offending command. But they greatly mistook the mettle of the old hero.

Colonel Morton, puffed up with his "brief authority," declared that if the President did succeed in removing the records by the power of overwhelming numbers, he would hunt him down like a wolf, and slay him wherever he found him, whether on the streets or in his bed. He went so far even as to send him a letter to that effect, and here is the identical answer he received:

"If the people of Austin do not send the archives, I shall instantly come and take them, and if Colonel Morton can kill me he is welcome to my ear cap. SAM HOUSTON."

On the reception of this answer the excitement became greater than ever. The guard was doubled around the State House, and picked sentinels were stationed along the road to the capital, the military paraded the streets from morning till night, and a caucus of the ring-leaders was held in the City Hall. Everything threatened a coming storm. Thus matters stood for several days, when the caucus at the City Hall were startled by the sudden arrival of a stranger among them. He did not knock at the door nor attempt to seek admission there, but climbed unnoticed, with the celerity of a monkey, a small oak which grew by the side of the wall, and without a word or warning sprang through a lofty window, and landed in the very room where the astonished caucus were congregated.

The stranger was clad in buckskin, carried a long and heavy rifle in his hand, wore at the bottom of his left suspender an immense bowie-knife, and held in his leathern belt a couple of enormous pistols. He was thin, tall and straight as an arrow, as lithe and supple as a panther, with a swarthy complexion, long jet black hair, a rigid, iron-like countenance, eyes of a glittering blackness, and as piercing as the point of a stilletto. His sudden appearance among them so startled them that they unconsciously grasped their arms.

"Who are you that comes among gentlemen uninvited?" thundered Colonel Morton, staring ferociously at him. The stranger turned his black eyes upon him, but the only answer he made was placing his finger upon his lips.

"Who are you? Speak or I will run you through," shouted Morton, driven to fury by the cool, contemptuous gaze of the other who now took his finger from his lip and laid it on the handle of his knife. The exasperated Colonel now drew his dagger, and was advancing upon the stranger, when several interposed and held him back. "Let him alone, Morton. Don't you see he is crazy?"

At this juncture Judge Webb stepped forward and spoke to the stranger in a kindly, respectful manner. "My good friend, I suppose you have made a mistake. This is a private meeting, where none but members are admitted."

The stranger did not seem to understand the words, but he did the conciliatory manner. His iron features relaxed somewhat, and stepping to a side table where there were writing materials, he took up a pen and rapidly traced the words, "I AM DEAF."

He then held up the paper before the spectators, as a sort of natural apology for his seeming discourtesy. Judge Webb then took up the pen and wrote: "Will you inform us what your business is with this meeting?" The stranger answered this question by handing a letter to the Judge, whose superscription was, "To the citizens of Austin." This seal was broken and it was read aloud:

"*Fellow-Citizens:*—Though in error, and deceived by the arts of a traitor, I will give you just three more days to decide whether you will surrender the public archives. At the end of that time, you will please let me know your decision.

SAM HOUSTON."

After the letter was read, the deaf man waited a moment or two for a reply, and then turned to leave the hall. At this juncture Col. Morton interposing, beckoned him to the table. The stranger obeyed, when Morton wrote:

"You were brave enough to insult me by your threatening looks ten minutes ago; are you brave enough to give me satisfaction?" The stranger instantly penned the reply: "I am at your service: time, sunset this evening; place, the left bank of the Colorado, opposite Austin; weapons, rifles; distance, one hundred yards. Do not fail to be in time."

The last sentence was not calculated to soothe the feelings of she irated Colonel and he compressed his lips as he read it. The next moment the stranger strodo across the floor and disappeared through the window in the same manner that he had entered.

"Is it possible, Colonel Morton, that you intend to fight that man?" exclaimed Judge Webb "He is a mute if not a maniac. Such a meeting, I fear, will tarnish the lustre of your laurels." "You are mistaken," answered Morton, with a smile; "that mute is a hero whose fame stands in the record of a dozen battles, and nearly as many bloody duels. Beside that, he is a favorite emissary and bosom friend of Honstou. If I have the good fortune to kill him, I think the president will retract his vow against venturing any more on the field of honor."

"You know the man, then? Who is he?" asked several "Deaf Smith."

"Impossible; that cannot be. Deaf Smith was killed at San Jacinto," replied Judge Webb. "There again your honor is mistaken," smiled Morton. "The story is mistaken," smiled Morton. "The story of Smith's death was a mere fiction, gotten up by Houston himself for the purpose of saving the life of his favorite from the vengeance of several Texans, on whose conduct he had acted the part of a spy. I learned the artifice over a year ago."

"Then you are a madman, yourself, Colonel. Deaf Smith was never known to miss his mark. He has been known to bring down ravens in their flight, and has picked off Comanches and Mexicans at the distance of two hundred and fifty yards.

"The thing is settled. I fancy I can do a little of that business myself."

"But for God's sake," persisted Judge Webb, becoming excited, "I don't want you to be murdered."

"Who is going to be murdered?" asked Colonel Morton, as he coolly smoked his cigar and smiled in his usual way.

"Why, you; if you undertake to fight Deaf Smith".

"The thing is all arranged, as I said a moment ago, and I wouldn't back out of it if I were certain of being shot; for what is death to dishonor?"

Toward evening a large crowd assembled at the place of meeting, and so reckless were the people, regarding the mighty issue at stake—a human life, perhaps two—that there were all manner of jokes, and not a few wagers were laid upon the result. At length, as the sun sank below the horizon, the two mortal antagonists appeared on the open space with their long rifles, and took their stations, standing back to back. At the waving of a handkerchief they began pacing off from each other, both stepping as exactly together as if they were keeping time to the tap of a drum. They completed the distance at the same second, when they wheeled so as to face each other.

As they were separated by a goodly distance, as they raised their rifles they paused a moment to make their aim. The pause was long enough for the crowd to glance from one to the other, and note the expression of their faces. Colonel Morton was calm and smiling; but the smile was a murderous one—far more terrible than the severest scowl could be. Deaf Smith, however, was as rigid and passionless as ever. His profile might have been supposed to be cut in stone, so expressionless was it. The former was attired to the finest and most expensive broadcloth, and the other in smoke tinted leather.

The next instant the two rifles exploded simultaneously. Colonel Morton, with a smothered shriek, sprang upward and fell to the ground dead. Deaf Smith stood unmoved, and began reloading his rifle, which being done, he turned and disappeared in the adjoining forest.

Three days afterward, General Houston, accompanied by Deaf Smith and ten other men, made his appearance in Austin, and, without further opposition removed the State papers.

Deaf Smith, as I remarked in another place, was one of the most extraordinary men known in the West. He appeared in Texas at an early period, and resided there until his death, which occurred somewhat over a dozen years ago. He had many ardent friends, but nothing definite was ever learned regarding his early history. Whether he ever acquainted Houston with it or not can never be known, for the old hero never enlightened me, nor any one else, so far as I can learn upon that point.

When Deaf Smith was questioned upon the point, he laid his finger upon his lip, and, if pressed, his black eyes gave such a rebuke that no one cared to question him further. Although deprived of the faculty of hearing, nature, as is often the case, seemed to compensate him, by giving him an eye as keen and as far reaching as an eagle's, and a smell as perfect as a raven's. He could decern Comanches so far off on the prairie that they were invisible to the most experienced rangers, and his friends declared that he could scent an Indian or a Mexican when miles away.

Gifted in this extraordinary manner, it will be seen that he possessed just the qualities to make him a successful spy; and his services to Houston during the Texan war for independence were invaluable. He nearly always went alone, and very rarely failed to obtain the information he desired.

FATE OF THE APOSTLES.—Matthew is supposed to have suffered martyrdom; he was slain in Ethiopia. Mark was dragged through the streets of Alexandria, Egypt, till he expired. Luke was hanged to an olive tree in Greece. John was put into a boiling cauldron at Rome, but escaped death; he died a natural death in Ephesus, Asia. James the Great was beheaded in Jerusalem. James the Less was thrown from a pinnacle and beaten to death. Andrew was crucified, and pounded while dying. Philip was beheaded. Bartholomew was skinned alive. Thomas was run through with a lance. Jude was shot through with arrows. Simon was crucified. Matthias was stoned. Barnabas was stoned to death. Paul was beheaded by the tyrant Nero, at Rome.

DR. PEET has discovered a very curious fact—that deaf persons can *feel* a drum when beaten. They feel the reverberation as if striking the soles of their feet and passing up to the region of the heart. He has made a curious application of the discovery, having an alphabet which he beats on the drum, and the mutes, with their backs turned, write the word spelled in that way.

THE word "Tariff" comes from the old Moorish fortress of Tarifa, on a promontory at the straits of Gibraltar. The Moors occupying this fortress exacted a duty on all merchandise coming in or going out of the Mediterranean Sea.

IT is asserted that magnets lose almost their entire power in the vicinity of graveyards, and electrical machines are similarly affected under the same circumstances.

THE heart of a coquette, like the tail of a lizard, always grows again after she has lost it.

THE NEW COMERS AT CLAPP'S CORNER.

THE hotel at Clapp's Corner, so every one said, was just the place for children. The low, wide plazza which extended entirely round the house, was prime for playing horse, and the smooth, level lawn, was perfectly charming lor the wee tots who could just toddle alone.

"It's a safe, wholesome, healthy place," said sensible fathers and mothers. So whole families came there every summer, with a rush and filled every room, up to the enrner attics, and I am convinced that at no other place in the world, not even at the orphan asylumns and charity schools, could so many children he found at one time and together.

Through every clink and crack they were peeping, up stairs, down stairs, through every entry they were chasing, and ronnd and round the piazza they were racing; the lawn was as thick with them as a honey-pot with flies, and the noise—it was as good as the Falls of Niagara, all the time.

The sensible mothers smiled at the uproar, and dressed their hoys in roomy pantaloons, so that they might kick up the dust the better, and didn't tell the girls not to get into the dirt, and eoddled their own babies and rode them on a trot horse to "Banbury Cross," an unheard-of number of times, every day; indeed it was hardly worth while to briug the nurses, they took care of the children so little.

As for the sensible fathers they wore linen coats, and told the young folks to "go it," and were always on hand to rig kites, and push swings, and tie knots in broken reins. Clapp's Corner was great for broken reins.

You can imagine, by what I have said, how very free and easy, and jolly everything was. Everybody went in for comfort and a good time, and nohody pretended to he fashionable or put on airs.

There were the Saltonstalls, who had brought up a splendid span of horses and half a dozen ponies (these last for the children), and who were worth a mint. Mrs. Saltonstall was as plain and quiet as could he, though every one knew she *might* have covered herself with diamonds, if she had wanted to. The Saltonstall children too, were just like the other children; they played hard, got their laces dirty, tore their clothes, with no idea of feeling hetter than their neighhors. The Saltonstall children numbered ten.

Then there were the Calcords with eight children, the oldest only thirteen, who helouged to the very "fast society." Papa Calcord, as all the children in the hotel called him, was a great favorite with all the little folks. He was nearly related to a great English lord, bnt he played with all the babies, and kept them screaming with delight; for he would neigh like a horse, and hray like a donkey, and squeal like a pig, and crow like a rooster.

There were also, the Thalers with two pair of twins; the Ricker family, that counted seven children. all strapping boys; the Morgan family, of seven girls, all solid families, hesides a great many others of the same sort.

So you see, that at Clapp's Corner, there was plenty of money and backbone, hut no fuss and feathers. Folks who wanted to show off and cut a dash never came there. They left this place to Young America and the glory of hahydom.

How the children enjoy it! How fat they grew, how hrown they burnt, how hungry they got! And at meal-times, how they did eat. They handled their knives, and forks, and spoons, in a way that meant husiness. They went into the victuals, or rather the victuals went into them, in a hurry.

One supper-time when they were gobbling away for dear life, as usual, a little girl, a stranger, stole gently through the doorway. She glided down the whole length of the dining-room, and everybody had a good chance to see her.

I don't think there ever was a more lovely, delicate-looking child, than this Madeleine Le Fevre. Her eyes were a soft blue, her hair was a pale gold, and drooped to her shoulders in large, loose curls, and her skin was faintly pink, like the leaves of blushing roses. They all stared at her in wonder.

"Who can she he?" said Mrs. Saltonstall. "Who does she belong to?" For Madeleine was all alone.

Nobody could answer Mrs. Saltonstall, for nobody had ever seen the child hefore.

"She don't look much like us," said Mrs. Thalers, glancing at her two pair of fat twins, and then across at the ten bouncing Saltonstalls, in their uniforms of brown Hollaud. The new-comer had on a wrought India muslin, which must have cost at least a hundred dollars.

The children noticed how daintily she picked at her food, like a little bird, how she only nibbled the corners off her cake, and sipped her milk hy spoonfuls. Not at all like the way they crammed the things into their own mouths. When she had finished, one of the waiters brought her a steaming cup of tea, which she took in her own hands and carried away.

After supper everybody went out on the piazza. Mothers and fathers sat and watched the sunset; the smaller fry hopped and romped hy way of settling what they had just eaten; and the smallest fry of all was walked gently up and down in the arms of their nurses.

All at once, through the hum and murmur of voices, and the merry shouts of the children, a clear, sweet melody arose. It was a sort of evening prayer or hymn, very soothing and softly lulling.

It was a child, evidently, that was singing, and all the piazza hushed into silence at once; and before the entrancing lullby was finished, the babies had fallen fast asleep, with a hroad smile on their dumpling faces.

Then came the buzz of inquiries.

"Who can it be? What child can sing like that?" everybody asked of everyhody else. And one and all answered, "I'm sure, I don't know."

Finally, Mrs. Saltonstall exclaimed, "I have it. It must he the new-comer, the little girl with the India dress."

"Yes, yes, it must be," assented the rest.

By that time, it was dusk, and the children's hed time.

In the middle of the night, Mrs. Saltonstall, who was a light sleeper, was awakened by a stir and moving in the room next to hers. Everything being so quiet, she could plainly hear the murmur of voices, with every lew minutes a slight moan, as of some one in pain.

The night-lamp was burning dimly, on the table, and Mrs. Saltonstall getting out of bed, turned the flame higher, and then opened her watch to see what time of night it really was. It was just twelve, and she was about turning the lamp down again, when there was a low rap on the door.

"Who is it?" she asked, quickly.

"It is I, Madeleine Le Fevre," was the answer; "mamma is so siek, I am frightened, and I saw the light under your door."

Mrs. Saltonstall thrust her feet into a pair of slippers, and wrapping a dressing-gown about her, hasteued to Mrs. Le Fevre's assistance.

She found that lady suffering from an attack of pleurisy, and drawing her breath with difficulty. She was hardly ahle to speak.

"Stay hy her," she said, to Madeleine. "I will he back in a minute."

She was as good as her word, and she brought with her a strip of eloth spread with mustard, which she applied to Mrs. Le Fevre's side. In a little while the lady was easier, and presently sank into a comfortahle sleep.

Then Mrs. Saltonstall arose to go, and Madeleine thanked her, with tears in her eyes, in a voice soft and sweet as musie.

"Was it you we heard singing, just after supper?" asked Mrs. Saltonstall.

"I do not know," answered she, modestly; "mamma wanted me to sing her to sleep, the journey had tired her so, and I sung her a cradle song."

Madeleine was as beautiful in her night-gown, and her curls tueked away under a little white cap, as in her India wrought-muslin.

"If your mother is sick again, call me," said Mrs. Saltonstall, when she went away.

All through the rest of the night she dreamed of little Madeleine's rose-leaf face and soft, sweet voice.

The next night, after supper, the piazza was deserted. Everybody went into tho parlor, for Madeleine sang again at Mrs. Saltonstall's request. Then Madeleine's mother, who was remarkably well, considering, played waltzes, and polkas, and all sorts of dance-tunes, and all the children went to dancing. And alter this there was music and dancing every evening. Sometimes it was kept up pretty late. Madeleine, though dressed elegantly at all times, was dressed anew for the evening in thin, airy tissues, with all sorts of ribbons, and scarfs, and sashes, and ends.

Little by little, the other children followed her lead, till finally the social hops became regular balls. The misses appeared in the parlors in fancy silks and gauze muslins flounced to the waist, and the lads wore patent-leather pumps and white kids. The sensible mothers and fathers shook their heads over it.

"It is not so good for the children," said they, "as the old times, when they went to hed before dark."

But, still, it was a pretty sight, and the young folks were enchanted with it, and the pretty little Madeleine had set it going, and who could cross her? One day Mrs. Le Fevre proposed getting up tableaux for the children. Madeleine clapped her hands.

"O, how beautiful," she cried. "I will be the angel of mercy, mamma, just as I was hefore, and we will have a curtain, and a red light, and a lace screen to make it look softer."

All the other children caught fire at her words, and for the next week, nothing was thought of or talked of or dreamed of, hut the coming tableaux. Little Jennie Saltonstall and Mrs. Thaler's chubby Susie were going to he "Babes in the Wood," all covered over with leaves; "The Village School," had as many as twenty hoys and girls in it, and Mr. Calcord himself had voluntcered to be schoolmaster, while his oldest hopeful, Peyton Calcord, was to he the dunce, and wear the fool's cap; then there was to be "The old woman that lived in a shoe, who had so many children she didn't know what to do."

There was a great deal of fun ahout this last tahleaux. The children gave out, that the carpenter down in the village was building a wooden shoe "as big as a steeple," and half the children in the house were going to he stuffed into it, hesides a great many more to be scrambling up the sides; and Madeleine was to be "the old woman" in cap and spectacles.

The tableau, however, which made tho most talk, was the last one of all. "The angel of Mercy." Madeleine was the angel, and everybody was hunting over the hen-coops for feathers to help make her wings. She was to have one crown on her head, and to hold a second in her hand, and these crowns were to he made of *Mrs. Saltonstall's diamonds.* The diamonds were what made the talk. They were famous diamonds, a fortune in themselves. Everyhody was surprised she had brought them with her; but she had conceived the idea of Madeleine's wearing them herself.

Well, to cut the matter short, the great night came at last. The audience was almost too hig for the parlors, but somehow everybody squeezed in, and the youthful performers won generous applause.

When the curtain rolled up on the Angel of Mercy, "Oh-h!" said every one, under their hreath; and then there was a dead hush.

Madeleine looked as though she were floating in the air. Her great white wings were outspread, her head was bent forward, and her flaxen curls drooped over her face. She wore a long robe of white, loosely confined about her waist with a girdle of gold, and over her forehead blazed and flashed Mrs. Saltonstall's diamonds.

They crowned her with living light; they shed over her face a radiant halo, that made it truly angelic.

Bending over, as I have already said, she held in her right hand another circlet of Mrs. Saltonstall's priceless gems. Thcse last were raised just ahove the head of a person who lay on the ground, with her eyes closed, as if utterly exhausted.

"Would you ever thiuk that was Mrs. Le Fevre, lying there?" said Laura Saltonstall, in a whisper. "See! her hands look as though they had been scratched with thorns, and her dress is torn, and her face is so pale and weary!"

"How it shines, ma!" said Susie Thalers, hlinking her fat eyes. "What does it mean?"

"Sh-h!" answered her mother; and then, putting her mouth to Susie's ear, "Madeleine's mother is somehody who has had a very hard time, and so Madeleine has come to crown her, and make her a heautiful angel, like herself."

When the curtain rolled down, the ceiling was almost taken off with the clapping, and the floor almost sunk through with the stamping, and of course the "Angel of Mercy" was done again.

After the curtain had rolled down for the second time, folks sat motionless a minute, in a trance of delight; then Mrs. Saltonstall and some of the other ladies started for the dressiug-room.

And now came conlusion and dismay, for Madeleine and her mother were not to be found.

"They have stolen the diamonds and gone!" cried Mrs. Saltonstall.

There was a universal exclamation of horror, but this was the truth.

Mrs. Le Peure had planned it well. She and Madeleine had been all alone in the last tahleau. Not a soul had heen left in the dressing-room, or behind the scenes. Every one had rushed to the front, to see "the Angel of Mercy," and during the minute all had sat spell-bound with its beauty, the two had made good their escape, with Mrs. Saltonstall's diamonds.

Beautiful little Madeleine, with her rose-leaf skin and flute-like voice, was only a thief! It was a pretty hard pill for the jolly folks at Clapp's Corner to swallow, and they made a dreadful firy face over it. And that was all they eould do, for Madeleiue nor her mother was ever seen afterwards.

SENTIMENT AND FACT.—Miss Goodman tells us how the English Sisters of Mercy observed a Romish Chaplain for some months to pass away the time in tending a pet lamb, whieh he led ahout by a scarlet string; and how, in the early morning, he might hc seen gathering the rose-leaves with the dew yet upon them, as a breakfast for the gentle creature. They were quite eoncerned, one morning, at perceiviug the priest about to take his walk unaccompanied by his favorite, and passed, in haste, across the hall to inquire for it; to their great griel he informed them that the lamb was killed. They waited for the particulars of his untimely fate, eoncluding the savage dogs to he guilty; but the most unromantie father went on to say, "I found it in excellent coudition; feeding an an animal on rose-leaves certainly improves the flavor of the meat." Think, says Dr. Boyd, of St. Andrews, of the great author, walking in the summer fields, and saying to his wife, as he looked at the frisky lambs, that they seemed so innocent and happ", he did not wonder that in all ages the lamb had been taken as the emblem of happiness and innocence. Think of the revulsion in his mind when the thoughtful lady replied, after some reflection, "Yes, lamb is very nice, especially with mint sauce!"

NOTICE.

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J. P. BOGARDUS, J. F. BOWMAN. } *Editors and Proprietors.*

THE CALIFORNIAN.

SAN FRANCISCO,.....SATURDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1867.

DICKENS' NOVELS—GLOBE EDITION.*

IT is not often the case that the books that most charmed us at fifteen, retain their fascination in middle life. We remember the time when there was no poetry for us like Moore's, and no novels like Capt. Marryatt's, and Bulwer's in his earlier style. The prime favorites of that period, seem, for the most part, stale and unprofitable now, and those who fill the shrines that they left vacant, would have failed to interest us then. But to this there are two notable exceptions—Walter Scott, and Dickens. "Old Mortality," and "Nicholas Nickleby," were among the first novels we ever read, and we have recently re-read them, with a great increase of enjoyment. Tempted by the fair large print of the Globe Edition, and our old appetite having been aroused by "Nickleby" taken as a preliminary morsel, we have since devoured "Chuzzlewit," "Dombey and Son," and several other volumes that have been published in this series, and we do not regard the time as wasted. We find Tom Pinch and Mark Tapley, Captain Cuttle, and Toots, more delightful than ever, while we discover manifold beauties, and strokes of genius on almost every page that we have never before appreciated. One thing in Dickens that has specially impressed us, during this recent re-reading, is the amazing breadth and scope of his genius. Thackeray, who has so frequently been compared and contrasted with him, is narrowly restricted in the sphere of his power, and notwithstanding his unapproached pre eminence as a satirist, (unapproached, unless it shall be thought that Anthony Trollope is an exception) cannot challenge comparison with him as a novelist. Thackeray is at home in conventional and artificial life, and can analyze and portray such characters as flourish there with the hand of a master; but Dickens is at home in all nature, on sea or land, in town or country. Thackeray has neither dramatic nor descriptive power. The range of his sympathies and of his insight is narrow; but within that range he is unequalled either for treatment or style. This Shakspearian breadth of power and sympathy in Dickens is illustrated in the immense variety of his creations, each perfectly distinct and individual, and also in the ease with which he moves from the ludicrous to the terrible, from a squalid city scene among the slums of London, to some country village, from those delightful family pictures which abound in his Christmas stories, to others full of the elements of tragedy and terror, such as his descriptions of the Duff Gordon riots in "Barnaby Rudge," of the murderer Sykes seeking refuge on the house-tops from the infuriated mob, or of the rising of the storm in which Steerforth perishes.

Another quality in Dickens, that has impressed us more powerfully than ever during the recent renewal of our acquaintance with his writings, is his thorough originality. To us, he seems by far the most original of all English novelists—certainly the most original since Scott. His entire method and spirit, as well as his style, are his own. He is indebted to no predecessor for his characters, his plots, his ideas of life, society, and human nature, for his peculiar humor, his idiosyncratic style, or even for the least of those exquisite felicities of phrase, that sparkle on almost every page of his novels. It is vain to search in any previous writer of fiction, for such descriptions as those of "little Paul's" decline and death, Carker's flight from Dijon, the murder of Montague Tigg, by Jonas Chuzzlewit, and the subsequent scenes until the arrest of the murderer, or for such characters as Pecksniff, Micawber, Cuttle, Dick Swiveller, Mrs. Gamp, Horace Skimpole, Sam Weller, and a host of other originals, scarcely less noteworthy.

But after all, the noblest characteristic of these writings, is the genuine sentiment of humanity that pervades them all; the wide-ranging human sympathy, the tender, and even loving toleration of frailties that provoke the scorn of the cynic; the gentle dealing with the weaker brothers of the race. In fact, the author seems to take a special delight in delineating characters of the class that combine goodness of heart, with a greater or less degree of mental imbecility, and to regard these creatures of his imagination with peculiar affection. In the hands of most novelists, characters of the intellectual grade of Toots, Smike, and Miss Flite, would be mere butts, or at best objects of scornful pity; but Dickens makes them not only inexpressibly ludicrous, but absolutely loveable. When Toots, after confiding to Captain Cuttle his love for Florence, says, "If you could see my legs when I take off my boots, you'd form some idea of what unrequited affection is," or "If by the sacrifice of all my property, I could get transmigrated into Miss Dombey's dog—I—I really think I should never leave off wagging my tail," the reader feels sympathetic rather than contemptuous, and is moved to admire the lover's devotion and constancy, rather than to despise his mental feebleness. At any rate, it is evident that this is the attitude in which the author designs to present him. Florence herself regards him in sincere good faith, as worthy of her friendship, and treats him uniformly with a consideration and earnest appreciation of his good qualities, that are unmingled with any touch of ridicule.

But we commenced this article with no other intention than that of speaking in the most familiar and informal manner, of the impressions produced in our own mind by the renewal of our acquaintance with these fascinating creations of the genius of the great story teller of the age, after an interval of many years. We had no thought of being betrayed into anything in the shape of criticism or disquisition; and we almost feel like apologizing for these hasty and desultory observations upon a writer whose extraordinary genius has been the theme of the first critics of our day, and whose place at the head of living English novelists is so well settled as to cause such poor acknowledgment of his merits as we have made, to seem superfluous and officious.

* Works of Charles Dickens, Globe Edition. Illustrated from designs by Darley and Gilbert. Dombey and Son; Martin Chuzzlewit; Bleak House; Little Dorrit; Tale of Two Cities. New York: Published by Hurd & Houghton, 459 Broome street, 1867. San Francisco: A. Roman & Co.

GEO. WASHINGTON MOON AS AN EPIC POET.

WHEN a truculent and remorseless critic, whose sanctum is haunted by the spectres of slaughtered poets and of writers of high and low degree, himself ventures upon the perilous path of authorship, it behooves him to be prepared for the worst. What eye so vigilant in the detection of blemishes, as that of him who has been made to writhe beneath the scalpel of the critic, and whose prayer "O that mine adversary would write a book!" is at last granted? Mr. G. Washington Moon, the author of "The Dean's English," is popularly supposed to have figuratively annihilated Dean Alford, the author of "The Queen's English;" immediately after which feat, in the exhilaration of victory, and eager for a fresh adversary upon whom to exercise his prowess as a grammarian and syllable splitter, Mr. Moon flies across the Atlantic, and pounces upon Mr. Gould's "Good English," which he proceeds to tear to pieces in the spirit of a dyspeptic pedagogue criticising the first attempt at "composition" of a dull urchin in the fourth form. And now Mr. Moon has turned author; has actually essayed to produce an epic poem; has produced it—and O, with what feelings of exultation will Dean Alford peruse it! His adversary has "written a book," and we are sure that the Dean will feel that all his wrongs are amply avenged.

But Mr. Moon's epic, though an utter failure as a poem, is not without its value as an illustration of the perils incurred by grammarians and critics, when they assume the *role* of the author. "Elijah the Prophet; An Epic Poem," is the title of the work which the bold assailant of Dean Allord and Mr. Gould, has had the hardihood to offer to the world, as if to furnish his enemies an opportunity for what the French call *un eclabante revanche*. The following specimens of the poem, we take from excerpts which we find in the New York *Round Table*:

"Elijah, who no sympathy could feel
For Baal's priests, still studied to obtain
Respect for kings. Exemplary in zeal,
And preaching ever by some deed,
He ran before King Ahab's steed—
And flying at its utmost speed—from Carmel to Jezreel."

"God's hand was on the prophet's, and he flew,
As if his feet had wings;
And though long ages have rolled by since then,
That lesson of God's prophet unto men is still divinely true.
Truth changes not with lapse of time!
No; ever as we higher climb
The mount of years, there rings,
Borne upward as on trumpet blast,
This lesson from the mighty past: 'Respect is due to kings.'"

We ought, by the way, to remember that Mr. Moon is under the singular impression that his poem is in the Spenserian stanza in which the "Fairie Queen," and "Childe Harold" are written.

It almost seems impossible that Mr. Moon should have succeeded by arranging his lines so as to produce to the eye a resemblance to the Spenserian stanza, in persuading himself that he was in reality employing that stanza. Yet he does seem to have thus deluded himself. The stanza last quoted is Spenserian to the eye alone. What it *really* is, will be apparent, when it is properly arranged, thus:

God's hand was on the prophets, and he flew
As if his feet had wings,
And though long ages have rolled by since then,
That lesson of God's prophet unto men
Is still divinely true.
Truth changes not with lapse of time.
No; ever as we higher climb
The mount of years, there rings
Borne upward as on trumpet blast,
This lesson from the mighty past:
Respect is due to Kings.

The following is not only a remarkable specimen of Spenserian verse, but it is quite astounding as an utterance of the epic muse:

Alas,
To think that e'er there should have been days when
A man was far less cared for than an ass!
But there are Ahabs now, as there were then,
Who more for mere dumb brutes care than for their fellow-men.

The *Round Table*, to which Mr. Moon has been a regular contributor for more than a year, deals very gingerly with "Elijah," and declares that though it "is not a great poem, it bears evidences all over it that it is not its author's best." By what singular process this conclusion is reached, (since it is his *only* poem, and therefore, to the ordinary apprehension, both his best and his worst,) the reviewer of the *Round Table* omits to inform us. But the pedagogical style in which our author has handled other writers, and the glaring blemishes by which "Elijah" is disfigured, judging from the extracts given in the *Round Table*, lead us to anticipate that it will not meet with the same indulgent criticism in less friendly quarters.

THE LAST GRAND JURY.

THE article in the last issue of the Californian, reviewing the report of the Grand Jury for the September Term, has elicited a communication in reply from a member of that body. We spoke of the report in question as exhibiting "some significant illustrations of the lack of real thoroughness that habitually characterizes the investigations of grand juries and boards of visitors, and of the easy reliance placed by them upon the representation of the functionaries upon whose conduct it is their duty to report."

As one of these "illustrations," we alluded to the circumstance that in speaking of the condition of the County Jail, the report, after stating that some prisoners under sentence for petty crimes made complaints in regard to the food or treatment, goes on to say: "The jury, however, became fully satisfied before leaving the jail that the complaints were utterly groundless. The food provided is by contract, *and the keepers assured us was generally of good quality.*"

And upon this, we communicated as follows: "Here, it is assured with simplicity, which however engaging, seems rather out of place in a body performing inquisitorial functions, that the 'assurances of the keepers' furnish a perfectly legitimate and satisfactory species of evidence upon which to decide a point involving the question of their misconduct. It can scarcely be necessary to suggest that if such 'assurances' are to have any weight, visits of examinations to prisons and insane asylums for the purpose of discovering and checking abuses are another formality that may be advantageously dispensed with altogether."

In reply to this criticism, our correspondent says that a prisoner told the jury that he was allowed but eight ounces of bread daily, and not a pound loaf; that the jury then procured a loaf, weighed it, and ascertained that it was a full pound in weight; that this loaf was then exhibited to the complaining prisoner, who admitted that it was of the same size as those served to him. Our correspondent goes on to furnish other details of a similar character, calculated to show that the Grand Jury were more careful and thorough in their investigations than we gave them credit for having been. The communication also alludes to the barbarities practiced at the Industrial School, some of which were exposed in the report, and concludes with a reminder that the directors of that institution have not as yet deigned to take any notice whatever of the grave charges made against them by the Grand Jury, and that it does not appear whether or not the abuses mentioned in the report have been corrected.

The tone of the communication upon which we have been commenting, seems to imply an impression on the part of our correspondent, that we had censured the Grand Jury for the September Term, for the careless and inefficient manner in which they discharged their duties. Such an impression, if it exists, is entirely erroneous. On the contrary, we gave that body credit for exhibiting a greater degree of zeal and energy than had been generally characteristic of their predecessors. Such language as the following, occurring at the close of our article, is assuredly not the language of censure: "The Grand Inquest for the September term, seems to have been animated by a highly commendable spirit in its investigations. Its members seem to have been humane, zealous, and fearless men, with no disposition to 'whitewash' any one, and with no hesitation about exposing such abuses as they discovered." It is true, we added that in our opinion, such inquisitorial bodies can never become the terror to evil doers which they were designed to be, without a larger measure of that sagacity which is mingled with suspicion, than seems to have characterized the last Grand Inquest. But this is an opinion which there is nothing in the communication of our correspondent to change or modify.

Frank Bret Harte is about to bring out a small volume of his poems as a Christmas book, under the title of *The Lost Galleon, and Other Tales*. It is to be elegantly illustrated, and will be ready in time for the holidays.

[For the Californian.]

FEMALE SUFFRAGE.

It is a matter for congratulation to both the friends and enemies of Female Suffrage, that the bold and aggressive action of its advocates has at length resulted in bringing the question into something like a distinct shape. For a long time the idea underlying this question, like an ill-built fire, has been smouldering under the mass of other social and political doctrines, only bursting forth occasionally in a flame of vehement and ill-timed protest, to be as suddenly smothered with ridicule and contempt.

For a considerable period it seemed to number among its advocates only the philosophers and the fools; and as the latter of course made the most noise, it came to be regarded as a matter germane to them alone, and worthy of support from no other class. It is even now associated in the popular mind with spiritualism, free-love, and other crazy heresies; and the phrase "Woman's Rights," the very mention of which ought to call into our cheeks the blush of shame that it should ever have been necessary to invent it, has acquired by association a signification little short of contemptible. But fanaticism being essentially progressive, and progress being truth, it frequently happens that a great truth is first seen—dimly and distortedly indeed, by the very class who have the most erroneous notions of its worth and its bearings on social problems, and who are least capable of bringing it clearly into the view of others. Their misdirected zeal calls down ridicule, not on themselves alone, but on the real truth, whose skirts they have seized. But the cant of fanaticism is limited in its influence to that class whose opinions either for the right or the wrong, have least weight; and the calm, dispassionate and abstruse reasonings of the teachers of ethics, are addressed to a very limited audience of mere scholars—men of thought rather than of action, whose influence, more powerful, indeed, than that of many other classes, requires a long time for its full effect. It seems somewhat surprising, therefore, that the doctrine under consideration, having its dual origin thus at the two extremes of the intellectual system, should have made such assured progress toward the centre—the great heart of society. It can scarcely be explained on any other hypothesis than that it was somehow in accord with a strong but previously unexpressed feeling pervading society, and needing only an opportunity to be heard. This feeling I believe to be a vague consciousness that with all our boasted civilization and our gallantry, there is something essentially wrong in the condition of woman among us. The whole question is a new one; indeed its advocacy with anything like consistency and definiteness of opinion and purpose, is a thing of the present decade. Like all reformatory ideas it has had, and still has to encounter popular misapprehension, and consequent ridicule and contempt. The worshipers of The Great Established have assailed it with their usual weapons, and with the usual result. But this creature of a day already numbers among its earnest supporters many of the best men and much of the keenest intelligence of the age. It would naturally be expected that among a people like ours, whose restless activity is constantly hewing out new models of thought—who are perhaps more nearly free from the tyranny of precedent than any other, an idea at once novel and progressive would secure its greatest growth and acquire its maximum influence. But with female suffrage such has not been the case; in England the principle has obtained a wider recognition than here. The pressing importance of other national questions has operated here to prevent the agitation of this. But beyond this there is a still *greater* cause for the difference in its advocacy in England by the powerful intellect of Mr. John Stuart Mill, who carried it boldly into the halls of Parliament, and compelled his more timid fellow-members to treat it with something of the consideration it deserves. Had the cause such an advocate here, we might reasonably hope soon to see it commanding greater attention than at present it seems likely to receive. Meantime, however, its open espousal by such men as Chief Justice Chase, Wendell Phillips, Judge Underwood, Senator Wade, George Wm. Curtis, and Henry Ward Beecher, is having its effect, and we may hope at no distant day to see it brought squarely to a decision in the only practical manner known to our system, viz.: incorporated into the platform of one of our great political parties. Pending this it is to be hoped that both its enemies may be heard from, that there may be intelligent action when the time arrives.

A. G. B.

The lecture of the Hon. Thomas Fitch, on "The Coming Empire," delivered at Mechanics' Hall, on Thursday evening, was well attended. In rhetorical brilliancy and oratorical power, the lecture has not for many years been equalled in San Francisco.

Opposition via Panama.—The North American Steamship Company will despatch the *America* for Panama on Saturday, December 14th, to connect with the *Santiago* on the Atlantic side. The Nicaragua line will be kept up as usual.

An eating establishment in London recently had on its bill of fare "roast lion."

ON THE WAR-PATH.

THE EDITORIAL EXCURSION TO THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS—WE SEND A SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT—AFFECTING INCIDENTS OF HIS DEPARTURE.

THERE is a happy mingling of humor and satire in the following little sketch, which we copy from the "Fat Contributor's Column," in the Cincinnati *Times*:

It was an affecting scene on Saturday afternoon, when our correspondent took his departure from the *Times* office for Chicago, to "join the innumerable caravan" of editors who leave to day for the Rocky Mountains. The somewhat too ostentatious welcome which the red denizens of the Plains are in the habit of extending to their pale face brothers who visit them, renders it not altogether certain that we shall ever see our correspondent again—at least not with his scalp on; hence the mournful and touching solicitude with which we saw him take his departure. He had been eager to go for some time, and had said that nothing would give him such inexpressible delight as to meet a dozen or two of those infernal redskins, single handed, and wipe them out—those were his words, "wipe them out!"

He has been seen in the back office fiercely wielding a hatchet that "Dan" uses to break up coal with, and hacking away at bags of waste paper as though he was tomahawking imaginary foes. One day he was observed before a glass trying the effects of yellow ochre and Venetian red upon his face, and several times he has startled all the inmates of the building, by what Carlyle would call "well authenticated" war whoops. Once he stole up behind a telegraph boy, as he was leaving the office, and made a fierce but ineffectual attempt to scalp him with the poker, and it was no unusual thing to see him practicing a war dance down in the alley. "Eb's" blood was up, and it seemed that our Indian difficulties were soon to receive at his hands a swift and sanguinary solution.

But when the period arrived for him to start on his bloody mission, he showed signs of weakening in his resolutions. He expressed doubt about the excursion amounting to much, and offered to give way if any other member of the establishment wanted to go. No one desired to embrace the proffered opportunity, and so he began the somewhat mournful task of preparing to depart. He had changed his tactics entirely, throwing away a case knife that he had sharpened in one of his sanguinary intervals for scalping purposes, and laying in a large stock of wampum, beads, return balls, dancing jacks, marbles, wire puzzles, toy bugles, photograph albums, and other trinkets calculated to please the childish and untutored mind of the savage, hoping thereby to propitiate them if captured, or ransom his scalp, to be sent home by Adams Express, if that essential article should become the red man's prey.

When he appeared at the office to bid us a final adieu, he presented a striking appearance. In order to deceive the savages into the belief that he was "one of 'em," he had encased his feet in moccasins, and wore leather leggings laced up with strips of raw buffalo hide. Around his shoulders he wore an Indian blanket from the battle-field of Shiloh, he had streaked his face a little, and had tied up a few thin hairs on the top of his head with a red ribbon, with a little bunch of feathers woven in that wore a drooping aspect. He attempted to look cheerful and smile, but it was a ghastly effort.

Our business manager gave him a letter of introduction to "Spotted Tail," which he is to present in case he is captured and brought before that noted chief. It was prepared, at the dictation of the departing correspondent himself, and assured variegated narrative, otherwise "Spotted Tail," that while as an individual his sympathies had ever been with the red man, and he had persistently burned at the wrongs that had been heaped upon his race by the ever aggressive whites, as an editor he had often paid a high tribute to the noble savage, and advocated the utmost leniency and consideration in treating with them—and the greatest possible frequency in standing *treat*. In case that nothing but the scalp could satisfy him, "Spotted Tail" was enjoined to perform the operation as tenderly as possible, and not disturb his back hair, with the assurance that the favor would be reciprocated whenever opportunity offered. Being too old and tough for *stake*, we are in no fear of his being led to it.

In presenting the letter, the business manager made a little speech, urging him not to falter on the war path, but to worthily represent the *Times* office in any emergency that may offer. Some stamped envelopes were given him in which to send home any scalps that he might be able to secure along the route. He bore up under the address until he was urged to leave us a lock of his top hair, when, suddenly overcome by the terrible significance of the suggestion, he clutched convulsively at his scalp, sat down upon his carpet-bag and burst into an uncontrolable flood of tears.

There wasn't a dry eye in the office. At length he rose to his feet, wiped away the tears with a piece of red calico that he had intended as one of his presents, and gave a hysterical whoop to show that he wasn't entirely subdued by the horrors of his situation. We painted his face again, where the paint had been washed away by the briny flood, and he prepared to depart.

Some kind hand had filled his pouch with parched corn, his powder flask with *corn* that would parch almost any thing, and supplied him with a bow and arrow, which in feeble abstraction he asked if it "had been loaded."

To more fully conform to the Indian style, he drops his real name during his great Indian invasion, and calls himself "*All-Day-With-Him.*" He thinks this will have its effect upon the savage mind. In parting with the leading editor, he urged him to advocate conciliation towards the red men.

He required assistance to help him into the hack that was waiting to carry him to the depot. The back was handsomely decorated with bead work, gorgeous Indian blankets, turkey feathers, tin tomahawks, etc., etc. The driver, a Milesian gentleman, who had been dressed up in Injun toggery for the occasion, but whose short clay pipe detracted somewhat from the dignity of the character, mounted his seat, our correspondent, too full for utterance, waved a silent adieu, and away they drove to the depot, the depressing influence of the scene being enlivened a little by wild whoops from a lot of assembled newsboys.

He painted his face likean Injun
And silently stole away.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Leyton Hall. By Mark Lemon, editor of *London Punch*, and author of "Loved at Last," "Wait For the End," etc. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers. San Francisco: A. Roman & Co.

Paul and Virginia. By J. H. B. Bernadon De St. Pierre, with illustrations by Augusta Hoppin. New York: Published by Hurd & Houghton, 459 Broome street. 1866. San Francisco: A. Roman & Co.

The Hermitage. And Other Poems. By Edward Rowland Sill. San Francisco: H. H. Bancroft & Co. 1868.

"Jessica's First Prayer."—We have received from the publisher, Henry Hoyt, 9 Cornhill, Boston, through Chillin Beach, 34 Montgomery street, a book entitled "Jessica's First Prayer," by the author of "Fern's Hollow." It is one of the Sunday School series of juvenile religious works. "Jessica's First Prayer" is one of the most charming juvenile books we have ever read. The characters of Jessica, and Daniel the coffee-stand keeper, are drawn by no inexperienced hand. We know of no book which we can more cordially recommend as a holiday present than "Jessica's First Prayer." It is entirely free from the sickly sentimentality and mock religion which too often disfigure religious works written for children.

"The Esquimaux," is the title of a monthly periodical published at Port Clarence, R. A. and Plover Bay, E. S., by John J. Harrington, during the years 1866 and 1867. Its contributors consisted of the members of the expedition under Col. Bulkley, for the purpose of connecting the two continents by telegraph *via* the Amoor River and Behrings Straits. At the earnest solicitation of many who witnessed the inception and close of the work, it has been presented to the public in its present elegant and attractive form. Considering the circumstances under which it was produced, it is a highly creditable publication, and must possess a peculiar interest for all who were connected with the expedition, and their friends.

The Musical Monthly.—We have received the *Musical Monthly* for December 1st, published by Mr. Gray, 609 and 613 Clay street. It contains two pages of original music: "The Bridal Veil Schottische," by Geo. T. Evans. The editor is enthusiastic in his praise of Miss. Dingeon, who had a complimentary concert given her at Platt's Hall on the 20th ult. He does not believe in faint phrase. He says:

For M'dlle Dingeon we have hardly anything but praise. Hers is the sweetest voice we have yet heard on the Pacific Coast: Young and fresh, and delightfully pure. The weakness which it shows in certain passages is, we believe, wholly due to youth, and for this complaint the cure is, alas! inevitable. M'dlle Dingeon has had the advantage of considerable training in Europe; but, her voice is her own.

Luck.—We believe in luck; believe in lucky stars. Some people are always lucky—never fail to get a drawing-ticket in a lottery—are always finding something—never lose anything. From infancy to old age, everything goes right. The lucky boy wins all his playmates' marbles—never gets thrashed at school, although the ring-leader of every plot, while his innocent playfellows get all the birching—has the prettiest girl for a sweetheart—never gets the measels—never stubs his toes—gets all the rewards of merit—the girls bring him "goodies"—the boys lend him their skates and sleds and jackknives, and forget to ask for 'em again—never tore his trowsers—never had to do chores—never had to sleep alone. When a man, never got euchred—never paid any tax—never sat on a jury—never was asked to "subscribe"—never was called upon to make a speech—never wrote for the newspapers—in a word, he's one of those lucky dogs you occasionally meet, with whom luck is so natural that if he were to fall and break his neck, he'd not die.

People seldom improve when they have no other model but themselves to copy after.

ADVERTISING ADVENTURES.

FEELING that a lack of profitable employment kept many of my young friends in the way of that celebrated Satanic personage who "always finds something for idle hands to do," I sent five dollars to some philosopher in Maine who was willing to communicate a method of making an easy livelihood to all young men of enterprising habits possessed of a V. Back came a book by return of post. The volume was labelled "Typographia." On opening it a slip of paper was found inserted between the title page and the blank leaves, and on the slip was written :

"You can be either a type-setter, a proof-reader, or a foreman, by reading this book. It contains all the necessary information. You only require a little practice, which you can gain by hiring yourself out for a year or two to any respectable printer. E. E."

This was nearly as good as the advice to a seeker after a fortune who sent money to an advertiser in Hartford, Connecticut, and received the advice "to peddle cigars, half Havana and half home-made, as I did, and be always ready to pick up a stray chicken."

My curiosity was next exercised by an advertisement setting forth that for one dollar the likeness of my "future wife or husband" would be sent. I consulted with half a-dozen bachelor friends on the subject, and we unanimously resolved to invest one dollar each for the immense privilege of seeing the individuals who were to be our partners in this "vale of tears," and who were to double our blessedness by sharing our singularities. It was understood that each was to exhibit the likeness of his predicted bride for the inspection of the company, be she fair or unfair. In due time I received a carte de visite through the post office. It bore on its face the representation of a female form, got up in the height of the latest fashion, regardless of expense. A splendid ostrich feather crowned what, from its magnificence and my ignorance, I will venture to designate an "empire" hat. A velvet cloak trimmed with lace was surmounted with a superb fur cape. A robe of black silk was ornamented with numerous devices that might have found their origin in the brains of a kaleidoscope. A foot, or scarce half a foot, peeped out from under a white skirt, revealed by the dress being slightly raised. One tiny tightly gloved hand was just visible. The face—but there was the trouble, it was a back view—and it might as well have been taken from a dry goodsmans' "dummy" as from the human form divine, so far as the "likeness" conveyed any idea to my mind. This was keeping the word of promise to the ear and breaking it to the hope with a vengeance. I felt inclined to tear the thing up, but, remembering my promise to my friends, I forebore. I found afterward that we were all served alike. We have this consolation, however, that our wives are to be fashionably dressed ; that is, if the present fashion miraculously continues till we are married.

I saw, lately, a paragraph intimating that to an anxious inquirer the advertiser of a receipt for the prevention of the freezing of cisterns or wells had answered with this twenty-five cents worth of advice :

"Take your cistern and well into the house on cold nights and keep up a good fire."

Cheeky enough, but no worse than the advice I paid a dollar for to an advertiser, who offered a remedy for frost-bitten feet and chapped hands, and which advice was embraced in three words, almost Shaksperean—"Go to Cuba!"

But both were excelled by the individual who in late war times offered for five dollars to show any one "a certain and infallible method of escaping the draft," and whose panacea was, "Commit suicide."

I need not say that, for the outlay of untold postage currency and postage stamps, I have received no advice whatever —the advertisers of important information having wisely considered that it was a needless expense trying to enlighten me —and that often I have been invited to invest in lotteries, and petroleum companies, and in the manufacturing of unhallowed articles militating against health and morals. Some of my house-hunting friends inform me that they have been victimized in small sums by advertisers who have offered information of leases for sale, and by pretended real estate agents who have demanded a bonus in advance.

The following curious adventure will serve as a caution, and will also do to wind up with :

A friend of mine in some freak of idleness answered an advertisement which required the small sum of three dollars for information by which any one could easily acquire a fortune. My friend is a simple-looking youth, and a very good living illustration of the deceptiveness of appearances. Shortly after he had written the letter to the bestower of fortunes, he was waited on at his lodgings by a neatly-dressed young man, who produced my friend's note, and asked if he had written it. Affirmatively answered, the stranger began to look cautiously around the room, and going to the door opened it suddenly, looked out into the hall, closed the door, and then with a knowing smile came up to my friend and asked if he was a good judge of money. "Tolerable," was the reply.

"Then look at these," said the stranger, producing a lot of fifty-cent currency stamps. My friend examined them, and saw nothing wrong. The stranger then began his tale to unfold. He would furnish any amount of fifty-cent stamps at twenty-five cents. Whew ! The murder was out. My friend was startled. What should he do? Call the police or kick the fellow out ?

To gain time for reflection, some questions were asked. Suddenly there were footsteps in the hall, and a slovenly dressed man rushed into the room, closed the door, and with a sardonic smile, seized the trembling vender of counterfeit currency by the coat collar, and in a tragical whisper hissed : "Caught at last—you're wanted !" and then to my friend, "I arrest you as an accomplice ! I would give a hundred dollars if I were in your place to get out of this affair !" My friend was astonished. In a moment, however, he regained his self-possession. Making a bound for the window, he opened it and shouted "Police !" The strangers, on hearing the talismanic word, made a rush for the door and the street. The rascals went, but no police came. The "queer" was left behind, and proved to be mighty queer "queer." It was so like the genuine that a broker declared it to be, and took it for good money, and my friend made some fifty dollars by the operation. Still, that kind of accident does not happen often enough to make the answering of swindling advertisements profitable business.

INTERESTING CORESPONDENCE.

BY JOHN QUILL.

I MET my friend Mr. Wilkens down in the front parlor of the hotel at Old Castle one evening last week. He was engaged in reading letters from his two boys, one of whom is at boarding-school, and the other visiting his aunt in the country in company with his mother. Wilkens is anxious to see his offsprings in print, so I send them to you. They are models of style.

LETTER FROM HOLOFERES MONTGOMERY WILKENS.

BIRCHWOOD ACADEMY, Sept. 20th.

DEAR POP :—I am getting along first-rate at the school and I like it very much, all except Whacks, the assistant—"Old Beeswax," we call him, and we are down on him like a pilledriver, all us boys, for he's ignorant. Why he's so ignorant he don't know the black board from a dark night, no, he don't ; and Bill Ferguson he put a torpedor under each leg of Old Beesey's chair yesterday, and when he sat down (you see, he sets down like he had ballasts in him), why the torpedors they exploded, and liked to blowed him through the roof. Golly, but wasen't he scared ! He looked at the almanac to make sure that it wasen't the 4th of July, and then he came down, looking mad, and licked Bill like blazes. But Bill said he diden't care a cent, and the next time he would sprinkle gunpowder in his hair, and burst his old frontis-piece off of him.

Dr. Goggles, he's a nice enough old feller, only he will set and chew gum drops right before us boys and never say "take some," once.

He wares green specs, and Bill Ferguson, he called him "old four eyes" one day, which the doctor, he heard Bill say it, and he nailed him and dragged him up to the desk, and then he gave us a lecture, and said there was once a boy he knew, and he was about Bills size, who insulted a grey headed old man, and called him wicked names, and the next day—the very morning— that boy's mother died of inflammatory rheumatism, and his sister broke out with bunions.

Bill, he cried while the doctor held him by the shirt collur, but he winked at the boys as he came away, and wrote on a piece of paper, and threw it over to me, that he thought the doctor was a "blower" and that he daresent hit a boy of his size.

I want some new books very much, about ten of them, and they will cost eight dollars. Please send the money for them. Don't send the books, for the doctor likes us to buy them here.

I don't want any money for taffy or marbles for I don't care about them ; but be sure not to send anything but the money for the books.

I am in good health. I was taken sick last week, and had a sore eye for a few days, but it is now well.

We was a playing mumbley-peg out on the grass, and Bill Ferguson, he grabbed my knife. I told him he better give up that knife or I would tell you, and get you to lick him when you came down, and he said he could lick you and a dozen like you, and then he dared me to knock a chip off his shoulder.

And Jake McGinnis, he pushed me against him, and that knocked the chip off, and Bill, he struck me over the nose three or four times, and then said he'd "bust me over the snoot" if I didn't dry up, for I couldn't help crying, and I was taken sick and couldn't go to school all that day.

And the doctor, he locked Bill up in the garret, but he didn't care, for he climb out on the roof, and was chasing around after Tom cats, up and down, almost all the morning, and pulling plaster out of the chimney to throw at people on the street.

Give my love to all at home, and don't forget the money for books.

Bill is about fourteen ; do you think he can lick you ?

Please send the money and believe me,

Your affectionate son,

H. M. WILKENS.

P. S.—Don't forget to send the money for the books.

LETTER FROM BUCEAHALUS ALEXANDER WILKENS.

IN THE COUNTRY, Sept. 21st, 1867.

MY DEAR FATHER :—Mo and William Henry are having a first-rate time, and I write to you these few lines to say that we are well, and so is mother. She and Aunt Samantha, they will spat, you know, and yesterday mother told Aunt Samantha that she had fished for you when she was a girl, but couldn't get you. Aunt Samantha said, she wouldn't marry such a bald-headed bushwhacker as you are, if you were worth a million.

Then mother she said she "couldn't," and Aunt Samantha said she "could," and mother went at her with the rolling-pin, and for a few minutes the fur flew, I tell you.

William Henry and I thought it would be a good chance to go for the preserves in the pantry, and so we did, but mother came in and caught us, and whipped us like the nation.

She's getting rather rough on us, I think. Can't you come down and help us over the stony places ?

Uncle John, he took us to the circus last night, where there was a boy about my size, who threw summer sets on a horse. Say, pop, may I quit going to school and join a circus ?

And William Henry he came home, and went out and tried to skin the cat in the barn, but he got over and couldn't get back, and he fell down and scared one of the horses so that he kicked his leg through the partition and broke it, and scared a hen off of thirteen eggs she was setting on, so that she wouldn't come back, besides knocking down a scythe blade that fell on a cow, and cut her so that she bled to death.

Didn't uncle John get up and howl over that? Well he did.

But William Henry said you'd pay for the damage, and we went fishing to get out of the way, but we didn't ketch much excepting a few catties, and while I was looking over the side of the boat William Henry kept a rocking it, and it upset and we both got wet, but a man hauled us out and we went home, but mother liked to have flogged the hide off us.

I wish you would come down here as soon as ever you can. Don't mind Aunt Samantha, she's nothing but a wall eyed old teapot, anyhow, and William Henry says he bets her teeth are false.

So we are enjoying ourselves very much, and we spend our time hunting for birds, and so on, and last week I got a fair crack at one and I shied a stone, and it slipped and hit six bottles of new ketchup that were standing on a table outside the kitchen door, and glanced over and hit the servant girl on the jaw, which swelled up like she had a half a brick in her mouth.

You never see such a face ; but I couldn't help it, and mother she spanked me like mad.

If you can come down as soon as convenient I will be very glad.

We are very well, excepting William Henry, and he has a slight attack of dog-bite—rush of dog to the leg, the doctor called it. You see the Mulloneys, over on the next farm, they have an orchard, and William Henry he went for his apples, but Mulley, you know, he was watching him behind a tree, and just as he got one leg over, the bull-terrier it clinched its teeth into his leg, and hung on just like as if he growed there and had never been used to any thing else. William Henry had his pants torn, and mother she made him go to bed without any supper, but he let a string out of the window, and I tied a basket full of gingerbread I found in the cellar on to it, and then I told mother that I wanted to go to bed, too, and William Henry and I had a bully time off of that gingerbread you just bet.

But mother comes it too severe on us, so can't you come down ?

I am Your affectionate son,

B. A. WILKENS.

Mr. Wilkens stated that he sympathized deeply with the boys, but wouldn't go down. "For," said he "what's the use of my going down along with that woman just to make myself miserable, and to loose the only chance I've got to have a little peace and quiet? What's the use, I say ? and by George, I won't go, not if I know myself, and I think I do.

EVERYBODY knows the story of Gunter, the ice cream man and pastrycook. He was mounted on a runaway horse with the King's hounds, and excused himself for riding against Alvanley, by saying, "O, my lord, I can't hold him ; he's so hot !" "Ice him, Gunter—ice him !" was the consoling rejoinder.

I HAVE HAD A 'GROVER AND BAKER' family machine in use for the past ten years, and from its use have received the most entire satisfaction. It has never been out of order, and runs as well to day as when purchased. I consider it a very excellent machine for all kinds of family work.

COOSE BAY, May 20, 1867. P. FLANAGAN.

WAGONS.

MILLS & EVANS, IMPORTERS OF THOROUGH-BRACE Wagons, light express, two and three spring Wagons, suitable for milk-men and furniture dealers, and others wishing light and durable Wagons. Their Wagons are made expressly for the California market, and Mills & Evans' is the only firm which receives Wagons from the celebrated manufactory of A. W. Sanborn & Co., Manchester, N. H. This latter firm stands A No. 1 in the east, and their wagons have stood the test of our California climate, and are sold by Mills & Evans fifty per cent. lower than any other establishment on the Pacific coast. Call and examine their Wagons, at No. 587 Market street, opposite the Metropolitan market. *

MEDICAL.—"YOUNG MAN'S FRIEND AND PROTECTOR," an Association for beneficent objects, Young men should inform themselves in relation to it, and by applying to, the ACTUARY, Dr. Bourne, 10 Masonic Temple, Post street, they will be furnished with Prospectus.

☞ **Use Ellery's Patent India Rubber Cement and Paint.**—It is for all outside surfaces, TIN, IRON, OR METAL ROOFS; Iron however manufactured, Brick and Wooden Buildings, Ship and steamboat Painting; will not rot, peel, blister, or crack. Water-proof coating for cloth roofing on tops of houses, decks of steamboats, tops of stages and cars. Cloth roofs cemented and painted for $9 per 100 square feet. New or old Tin Roofs, in good or bad condition, cemented and painted, guaranted, at $1 to $2 50 per 100 square feet.

EPES & E. H. R. ELLERY,
No. 226 Jackson street.

The Ladies are of one mind in pronouncing BOWMAN'S AMERICAN WASHING COMPOUND the best preparation for washing and cleaning in use. It is acknowledged to be a saving both in money and labor. The Compound softens the dirt, consequently the clothes require not more than one-half the rubbing necessary in washing by the old method; besides all who give it a trial acknowledge that their clothes are made whiter in washing with this Compound, than they were ever known to be by using any other preparation. For washing Woolen Goods and Flannels it cannot be equaled. Calicoes that can be washed with soap, without fading, are washed in the water used for boiling the white clothes. This Compound has been used in the eastern States for the past three years with perfect success. Warranted not to injure the clothes. For sale by all Grocers.

LYNCH & PARSONS, Agents,
Jackson street, near Battery.

Bradley & Rulofson's

MAGNIFICENT ESTABLISHMENT.

Has more room, larger lights, greater facilities, and

PRODUCES FINER PHOTOGRAPHS

Than any other in the City.

F. DIXEY,
Merchant Tailor,

625 WASHINGTON STREET,

Cloths, Cassimeres for Vestings, always on hand and made to order in the most

Fashionable Styles.

Satisfaction Guaranteed.

Removal.

THEODORE KALLENBERG,
Machinist,

Has removed from No. 416 Market street, to No. 10 Stevenson street, next to the corner of First.

Maker of Models for Inventors, Drawing Instruments, Small Machines; Philosophical Instruments, Scales and Weights, all kinds of Brass and Iron Work.

REPAIRING PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

JOSEPH FREDERICKS

CARPET AND UPHOLSTERY STORE,
PAPER HANGINGS, ETC.,

133 Kearny St., between Sutter and Post, San Francisco

FAMILIES ARE INVITED TO EXAMINE

OUR VARIED ASSORTMENT

Of the Finest Carpeting in the State. The best of taste displayed in Decoration and the unique Upholstering of Rooms, Halls and Public Buildings, and at prices conforming to the times. Call and examine goods.

Removal! Removal!

A. J. PLATE,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in

Guns, Rifles and Pistols.

—ALSO—

COLT'S AND DERINGER PISTOLS,

Powder, Shot, Lead, Caps, and Gun Trimmings, etc., etc.

—HAS REMOVED TO—

NO. 510 SACRAMENTO STREET,

Between Sansome and Leidosdorff Streets, San Francisco.

☞ New Work made to order, and Repairing executed in the neatest manner.

NATURE UNVEILED,

AT THE

PACIFIC MUSEUM OF ANATOMY AND SCIENCE

Eureka Theatre Montgomery street,
Between California and Pine

BOWMAN & CO.,

Dealers in Stoves and Tin Ware.
Main street, Petaluma

PARIS EXPOSITION,
1867.
GLORIOUS NEWS
FOR
THE FLORENCE!

OFFICIAL CATALOGUE JUST RECEIVED, (September 8th) the only copy on this coast—29 days from Loudon. FREE FOR INSPECTION.

THE FLORENCE

RECEIVED THE ONLY PREMIUM awarded to any Sewing Machine (except Button Hole Machine) for sale on the Pacific Coast.

SAMUEL HILL, Agent,
No. 111 Montgomery St., San Francisco.

D. GHIRARDELLI & CO.'S
Italian Manufactury,

415 and 417 JACKSON ST., SAN FRANCISCO,

Manufacturers and Dealers in

PLAIN, SWEET, CINNAMON AND VANILLA CHOCOLATES;

PREPARED COCOA, COCOA PASTE,
CRACKED COCOA, COCOA SHELLS, etc., etc.

PURE GROUND OLD JAVA COFFEE AND COSTA RICA COFFEE;

CHARTRES AND RIO COFFEE;
GREEN COFFEE OF EVERY QUALITY.
CHOICE WINES AND LIQUORS.

N. B.—Ghirardelli's Chocolate is manufactured by steam from Cocoa of the finest quality, imported direct. In excellence and delicacy of flavor, it is superior to any Imported Chocolate.

FREE HOMESTEADS FOR ALL
ON FILING A PETITION.

UNDER THE LAWS OF MEXICO which are now in force in this city, all the inhabitants are entitled to a HOMESTEAD LOT OF LAND, simply on petition. Justice Field has decided, and the Supreme Court of the United States has confirmed that decision, that the City of San Francisco is a Pueblo of four square leagues of land, and that the citizens thereof are the owners, which vests the right in each citizen to a lot of land for a homestead, and the undersigned have opened an office at 37 MERCHANTS' EXCHANGE, to enforce those rights, by petition to the Mayor, etc.: and each and every citizen can procure a Free Homestead by calling at their office and signing a petition, which will forthwith vest the right to the lot in question in them, and thereby secure to the petitioner property worth a large sum of money under the existing laws now in force.

BROOKS & MERRITT,
No. 37 New Merchants' Exchange.

N. B.—The Supreme Court of the United States have settled this question in another case, as to the ownership of the Outside Lands. In the case of J. B. Townsend vs. Geo. G. Greeley, December Term, 1866, No. 124, the Court say: "It is, therefore, now the settled law that the municipal lands held by the city of San Francisco, as successors to the former Pueblo existing there, are not held in absolute property, but IN TRUST for its inhabitants."

Therefore, all the inhabitants have to do under this decision, is to ask the city, by petition, for their vested rights, as this is the only way, under the law, that they can proceed to get their property.

E. L. B. BROOKS,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law.

All legal business transacted in the French and Spanish languages, if desired.

Carrington's Yeast Powders

ARE THE BEST IN THE MARKET.

Try them if you do not believe it.

I. LANDSBERGER, Sole Agent,
429 Jackson Street.

First Premium

AWARDED BY THE STATE FAIR TO

SILAS SELLECK,

FOR THE BEST PLAIN PHOTOGRAPH.

—ALSO—

SPECIAL PREMIUM

For the Best Cabinet Portraits.

MR. SELLECK is now prepared to execute the very best PHOTOGRAPHS, in all the different styles, at No. 415 Montgomery Street.

N. B.—The best Water Color and India Ink Artist in this city is attached to this Gallery.

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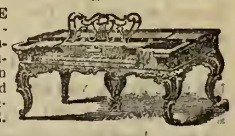

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Many years ago there lived in the not over classic neighborhood of Dock Square an old fellow who was called by the boys Gen H——. He kept a "gin-mill and a pop-shop,', and was, altogether, what is known as a hard case.

One morning he addressed a crowd of loungers thus:

"Boys, I had a queer dream last night—a most 'stornary dream—fact."

"Well, General, what was it? What did yon dream?'

"Well, boys, I dreamed I died."

"No! did you? Well," said the crowd in a breath, "where did you go?"

"Went to Heaven."

"O come, now, General, that's a little too much, you know; that could not be, you know."

"Fact, boys, for all that—I went to Heaven."

"But how did you get in, General?"

"Well, that's the queer part on it; I'll tell yon how. You see when I got over there I asked what place it was, and somebody looked over the wall and asked me what I wanted, and I said I wanted to come inside. Then he said he was St. Peter, and that was the gate of Heaven, and I told him that was just where I wanted to get to. He asked me some questions, and was just going to let me in, when, just my tarnal luck, along come the devil, and he hollered out to Peter that I belonged to him, and hadn't any business inside. Of cousre, I couldn't say nothing, hut I felt awful scary. Well, right away, Peter he came outside, and says he: 'Satan, what claim have yon on this soul?' 'Why, says the devil, 'he is my man; he's been selling rum and shaking props down in Boston more than twenty years.' 'I admit that,' says Peter, 'hut didn't he always sell good liquor?" 'Well, yes, I am bound to admit that he did,' said Satan. 'Did he ever cheat at prop-shaking?' 'Not that I can prove.' 'Well, then,' says the Saint, 'yon can't have him on that.' I began to feel better, boys, when the devil says he, 'but he sold rum on Sundays.' Peter looked sharp at me, and asked if that was so. I daren't lie, so I said, 'Yes, hut I always paid the largest snbscription of any man in the parish to the minister's salary.'

"'Well, says Peter to Satan, 'that alters the case again, you see.' With that the devil got a little riled, and says he, 'I can't bother all day about him; suppose we raffle for him. 'Agreed,' said Peter, and they threw me down and sot on me, and Satan got the first throw, and he threw three sixes! Ah, didn't I feel myself a goner when I felt him wriggle his tail; for he thought, and I knew, that three sixes couldn't he beat, and says he, 'Peter, I've got him.' 'Hold on,' says he, 'I haven't had my throw yet.' And he took the box and shook and shook, although I couldn't see the use of it, and as I am a livin' sinner yet, he threw two sixes and a seven! The devil jumped up quick, and putting off, says he, 'Peter, it ain't of no sort of use—if yon are going to come them *miracles* on me yon can have him!' So, you see, boys, I did get in, but it took a miracle to do it!

A GERMAN in Chicago married a Norwegian bride on Friday. He knows no word of the dialect of his wife, and she knows nothing of the dialect of her hnsband. There's a chance for peace in the family for a while anyhow.

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D. Michael & Co., 348 Third street.
Edward Dunn, 502 Third st eet.

WATER-CURE INSTITUTE.
Dr Bourne's Pioneer, 10 Post, near Montgomery.

WAX FLORIST.
Mrs. M. E. Gerrish, 11 Post street.

WHOLESALE WINE AND LIQUOR DEALERS.
Campbell & Co., 629 Front st., bet Jackson and Pacific.
Henry M. Cutter, Importer, 520 Front street.

WHOLESALE UPHOLSTERERS.
D. N. & E. Walters, 13 Battery street, corner Bush.

WOOD AND COAL YARDS.
Patrick Byrne, S. W. corner Perry and Fourth sts.
Edward Flanagan, Agt. Cuose Bay Coal Co. 606 Battery.
Occidental Fuel Depot, Geo. C. Eldrigde, 607 Market st

JOHN DANIEL,
Marble Works,
421 *PINE STREET,*
(Between Kearny and Montgomery.)

MANTELS, MONUMENTS, TOMBS, PLUMBERS' SLABS, ETC.,
On hand and manufactured to order.
Orders respectfully solicited.

THE ESSENCE OF OPERA;
OR, ALMANZOR AND IMOGEN:
An Opera in Three Acts.

SUBJECT OF THE OPERA.

A brave young prince a young Princess adores; A combat kills him, but a good restores.

PROLOUGE.

A Musician.—People, appear, approach, advance!

To Singers.

You that can sing, the chorus bear!

To Dancers.

You that can turn your toes out, dance! Let's celebrate this faithful pair.

ACT I.

Imogen.—My love!

Almanzor.—My soul;

Both.—At length, we then unite!

People, sing, dance, and show us your delight!

Chorus.—Let's sing, and dance, and show 'em our delight.

ACT II.

Imogen.—O love!

[A noise of war. The Prince appears, pursued by his enemies. Combat. The Princes faints. The Prince is mortally wounded.]

Almazor.—Alas!

Imogen.—Ah, what!

Almazor.—I die!

Imogen Ah me!

People, sing, dance, and show your misery!

Chorous.—Let's sing, and dance, and show our misery.

ACT III.

Pallas descends in a cloud to Almanzor and speaks.

Pallas.—Almanzor, live!

Imogen.—Oh, bliss!

Almanzor.—What do I see!

Trio.—People, sing, dance, and hail this prodigy!

[Curtain falls.]

As an original expression of heavy grief, we doubt if anything more touching has been read than the following, of a crushed heart in Star City, Nevada. Mrs.——, of that place, an eccentric old lady, recently rushed into the room of a relative, and without waiting for the usual salutations, said: "Well, John's dead!" "Dead! Is it possible?" "Yes; dead! Died last night! Want you all to come to the funeral. The Masons and Odd Fellows are going to turn out, and we shall have a beautiful time." Deaths being of a rare occurance in the settlement, of course everybody went to the funeral. Next day somebody remarked to the old lady that there was a large turn-out. "Yes, indeed there was," she replied, "but I didn't enjoy myself as well as I have at some funerals, the horses cut up so."

A MODERN Amazon, on her way to a convention, asked for a seat in a crowded car. An old gentleman, with keen eyes, inquired: "Be you one of the women righters?" "I be!" answered the undaunted heroine. "Do you believe that a woman has the same rights as a man?" "I do!" (emphatically.) "Well, then, stand up and enjoy 'em like a man!"

A YOUNG Englishman of wealth and culture, recently fell in love with a squaw in Omaha, Kansas, and married her. The next day she got drunk and turned somersaults in the street. The young Englishman of wealth and culture, at last accounts, was seeking for a divorce, on the ground of incompatibility of tastes.

PICTURES.—Christmas is coming, and your friends will expect presents. Go to Morse's Gallery, No. 315 Montgomery street, and let him take you in the highest style of the art. He is an accomplished photographer, and very reasonable in his charges. If desired, pictures can be colored by Miss Romanes in the most artistic and natural manner.—*Sunday Mercury.*

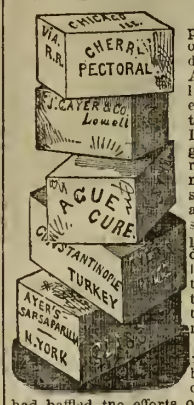
THE SNUG.—"The Snug" has been located one door below Maguire's Opera House, for ten years past. It was established for the convenience of the habituates of the Opera House, and has the reputation of dispensing the best wines and liquors in the city, under the charge of its present proprietor, Mr. Timothy McCarty. Entrances from various parts of the Opera House to the bar have been cut, for the convenience of the public. Mr. McCarty gives his entire attention to his guests, and renders his establishment a "Snug" place by day or night.

BOWMAN & CO.,
Dealers in Stoves and Tin Ware,
Main street, Petaluma

BUILDER'S INSURANCE CO.
OFFICE IN THE BUILDING OF THE CALIFORNIA SAVINGS BANK, CALIFORNIA ST., one door from Sansome.

FIRE AND MARINE INSURANCE.

AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL



Is a soothing expectorant, prepared to meet the urgent need of a safe and reliable cure for diseases of the throat and lungs. A trial of many years has established the fact, that it is more efficacious in pulmonary affections, than any other remedy. Its efficacy has now become so generally known, that it is justly regarded in many countries as a medicine of indispensable necessity. In Great Britain, France, and Germany, where medical science has reached its highest perfection, it is prescribed in domestic practice, and constantly used in the armies, in hospitals and other public institutions, where it is regarded by the attending physicians as the most speedy and agreeable remedy that can be employed.—Scarcely any neighborhood can be found where well known cases of diseased lungs, which had baffled the efforts of the most skillful and experienced doctors, have been permanently cured by it. These results are the most convincing proofs of the superior curative properties of this preparation; and to them the authors point with peculiar satisfaction. While it is most powerful against confirmed diseases, it is extremely gentle as a medicine in infancy and youth, being quite harmless to even the youngest, when administered judiciously.

This health restorer accomplishes even more by prevention than cure. If taken in season, it heals all irritations of the throat and lungs, whether arising from Colds or Coughs, or from other causes, and thus prevent that long train of painful and incurable diseases, which would arise from the neglect of them. Hence no family should be without it. Influenza, Croup, Hoarseness, Whooping Cough, Pleurisy, Incipient Consumption, and other affections of the breathing organs, give way before this pre-eminent combination of medical virtues.

Prepared by DR. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass., and sold by all Druggists and Dealers in Medicine everywhere.

CRANE & BRIGHAM, San Francisco.
Wholesale Agents.

PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.'S
STEAMSHIPS FOR
NEW YORK, JAPAN AND CHINA,
WILL BE DISPATCHED AS FOLLOWS:

Leave Brannan-street Wharf at 11 o'clock A. M. of the following dates, for PANAMA, connecting *via* Panama Railroad, with one of the Company's splendid steamers from ASPINWALL for NEW YORK.

On 10th, 18th, and 30th of each month that has 30 days.
On 10th, 19th, and 30th of each month that has 31 days.

When the 10th, 19th and 30th fall on Sunday, they will leave on Saturday preceding; when the 18th falls on Sunday, they will leave on Monday following.

Steamer leaving San Francisco on the 10th touches at Manzanillo. All touch at Acapulco.

Departure of 18th or 19th is expected to connect with the French Transatlantic Co.'s steamer for St. Nazaire, and English steamer for South America.

Departure of 10th is expected to connect with English steamer for Southampton and South America, and P. R. R. Co.'s steamer for Central America. Through tickets can be obtained.

STEAMERS FOR DECEMBER.

Dec. 10—SACRAMENTO, Capt. W. H. Parker, connecting with HENRY CHAUNCEY, Capt. Gray.
Dec. 19—CONSTITUTION, Capt. J. M. Caverly, connecting with RISING STAR, Capt. Connor.
Dec. 30—MONTANA, Capt. E. T. Farnsworth, connecting with ARIZONA, Capt. Maury.

Passengers will be berthed through. Baggage checked through—100 pounds allowed each adult.

Surgeon on board. Medicine and attendance free.

These steamers will positively leave at 11 o'clock. Passengers are requested to have their baggage on board before 10 o'clock.

Through tickets to Liverpool by the "Cunard," "Inman" and "National" Steamship Lines can be obtained of P. M. S. S. Co.'s office in San Francisco.

For Merchandise Freight apply to Wells, Fargo & Co.

The steamship GREAT REPUBLIC, Capt. S. Doane, will be dispatched on December 4th, from wharf, corner of First and Brannan streets, for YOKOHAMA and HONGKONG; connecting at Yokohama with the steamer COSTA RICA, for SHANGHAI.

For Passage and all other information, apply at Pacific Mail Steamship company's office, corner of Sacramento and Leidesdorff streets.

OLIVER ELDRIDGE, Agent.

M. S. WHITING. F. G. BERRY.

WHITING & BERRY,
DEALERS IN
TEAS,
WINES
AND
SPIRITS,
FOR MEDICINAL
and FAMILY USE.

Apothecaries, Physicians, Invalids and Families supplied, in quantities to suit, Wholesale or Retail, with
FINE,
MEDIUM,
or LOW PRICED QUALITIES.

609 Sacramento st., second door above Montgomery,
SAN FRANCISCO.

BERNHEIM & EHRENPFORT,
Wholesale Candy Manufacturers,
No. 408 CLAY STREET,
Between Sansome and Battery Sts., San Francisco.
FANCY AND COMMON CANDIES
OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.
Sugar Toys, Figures, Animals, Birds, etc.
Are prepared to receive orders to any extent and in any desired style.
BERNHEIM & EHRENPFORT.

ST. CHARLES RESTAURANT,

At the Hotel of C. Galliand, Nos. 507 and 509 Pine Street, between Kearny and Dupont streets.

BY MME. CAZINTRE.

All who will call at this Restaurant will find an excellent table and prompt attention.

California Coffee and Dining Saloon.

Nos. 612 and 614 MONTGOMERY STREET,
Between Clay and Merchant, San Francisco.
J. R. REAGAN, Proprietor.

A Ladies' Saloon has been fitted up, where private parties can receive every attention in the most comfortable quarters. We also keep lunch hot en chafing dishes at the counter, including the finest of Pastry, where customers can be served quickly and satisfactorily.

French Breakfasts and Dinners, with Wine, continued.

ITALIAN RESTAURANT,
No. 515 Merchant Street,
Between Montgomery and Sansome, San Francisco.

Taglierini, Maccaroni, Risotto and Ravioli, In the Italian Style.
MEALS FIFTY CENTS, OR TO ORDER.
Rooms for private parties up stairs.
MR. GUISEPPE CADENASSO.

LEON DINGEON. F. W. HAUBRICK.

DINGEON & HAUBRICK,
MARTIN'S RESTAURANT,
623 COMMERCIAL STREET.

Above Montgomery. Meals at all hours. The best of Wines, Oysters, Game, and all the delicacies of the season always on hand. Private Saloons up stairs for Dinner and Supper Parties.

NEW RESTAURANT.

MR. SORBIER takes pleasure in informing his friends and customers that he has opened a FIRST-CLASS RESTAURANT under the name of
SORBIER'S RESTAURANT,
at No. 607 SACRAMENTO STREET, above Montgomery, where he will be pleased to see his old friends and the public in general, and where all can be assured that they will be served with the very best the market affords, at most reasonable rates. JOHN E. SORBIER,
Late of the Occidental Restaurant.

F. C. BELDEN,
Of the well-known Family Depot, No. 612 Sacramento street, has opened the

SUMMER STREET RESTAURANT,
at the northeast corner of Spring and Summer Sts.
Meals to order, and by the plate. Wines and Liquors of the best quality.

OCCIDENTAL RESTAURANT,
536 Washington Street, below Montgomery.

GEORGE WITTMAN would inform the public and the former patrons of this
POPULAR RESTAURANT
That he has assumed full charge, and will continue to keep all the delicacies of the season and one of the best lists of WINES, etc., and solicits the continuance of their patronage.

PHILADELPHIA BREWERY,

Corner Second and Folsom streets,
SAN FRANCISCO.
JOHN WIELAND,
Proprietor.

AMERICAN EXCHANGE HOTEL,
SANSOME STREET, SAN FRANCISCO.
FIRE PROOF.
Two Hundred Rooms well Ventilated and Richly Furnished.
Prices from $1 50 to $2 a Day.
The Exchange Coach, with RED LIGHTS, will always be in readiness to convey Passengers to the Hotel FREE OF CHARGE.
The proprietor of this favorite Hotel would respectfully inform the traveling public that the
AMERICAN EXCHANGE
Is now and will continue as it ever has been, the most comfortable, homelike, quiet and economical Hotel in the State. TIMOTHY SARGENT, Proprietor.

CALIFORNIA
Steam Navigation Company.
STEAMER CAPITAL.....CAPT. E. A. POOLE.
" CHRYSOPOLIS. CAPT. A. FOSTER.
" YOSEMITE.....
" CORNELIA....CAPT. W. BROMLEY
" JULIA.....CAPT. E. CONCKLIN

One of the above steamers leave BROADWAY WHARF, at 4 o'clock P. M., *EVERY DAY*, (Sundays excepted,) for Sacramento and one for Stockton, the Sacramento steamer connecting with light-draft steamers for Marysville, Colusa, Chico and Red Bluff.

Office of the Company, northeast corner of Front and Jackson streets.

B. M. HARTSHORNE, President.

F. D. RING,
MANUFACTURER OF
JEWELRY AND SILVER WARE,
No. 540 Market Street, adjoining the Hibernia Bank,
SAN FRANCISCO.

All kinds of precious Stones set in the latest style and most approved manner. Watches and Jewelry carefully repaired by experienced workmen.

COCO-MUNGO SALOON.
J. M. WASHBURN, AGENT.
No. 536 Merchant Street, (Montgomery Block.)
THE BEST OF LIQUORS,
SKILLFULLY CONCOCTED MIXED DRINKS,
AND A FIRST-CLASS HOT LUNCH,
Not inferior to any offered in San Francisco, is furnished daily at the COCO-MUNGO—Clam Chowder, Fish Chowder, Gumbo Soup, Pork Tenderloins, Cape Cod Boned Turkey, Venison, Quail, and all the delicacies of the season, as fast as they are to be found in the market, figure upon the lunch-table of the COCO-MUNGO.

A Reading Room, abundantly supplied with Domestic and Foreign Papers and Periodicals, is one of the features of the COCO-MUNGO.

C. F. HAYWARD,
—DEALER IN—
Harness, Saddles, etc.,
305 BATTERY STREET,
Near Sacramento,
San Francisco.

Architectural Designs
—FURNISHED BY—
HOAGLAND & NEWSOM,
ARCHITECTS,
Southwest corner of Sacramento and Kearny Streets,
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H. T. GRAVES,
Manfacturer of
WIRE CLOTH, COAL SCREENS, FLOUR SEIVES, QUARTZ SCREENS, for Batteries, Door and Window Screens, for excluding Flies and Mosquitos.
CLOAK, SHAWL, CLOTHING AND BONNET STANDS
Fancy Work for Gardens, and a great variety of
WIRE WORK OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS.
Sole Agent for the sale and application of
BROWN'S PATENT AND METALIC WEATHER STRIPS,
For the perfect exclusion of wind, dust, and rain;
And for CRAMER'S PATENT WINDOW LIFTING PLATES AND RODS.
Call and examine them at the
CALIFORNIA WIRE WORKS,
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GROCERS,
Tea and Wine Merchants,
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Wholesale Store,
204 Front Street.

BUCKMAN BROS.,
(Successors to John Myers,)
CAPITOL SALOON,
226 *MONTGOMERY STREET,*
Opposite the Russ House

R. T. HOUSTON,
Merchant Tailor,
No. 414 BUSH STREET,
Between Kearny and Dupont, San Francisco.
Steam Scouring, Cleansing and Repairing neatly executed.
Also—Ladies' Cloth Dresses and Cloaks neatly Cleaned and Pressed, or Mis-Fits altered.

G. F. T. GLOVE COMPANY.
FACTORY, 526 MERCHANT STREET,
Between Montgomery and Sansome,

Manufacture all kinds of OIL DRESSED AND INDIAN TANNED GLOVES for Gentlemen, Drivers, Teamsters, Miners and Lumbermen. Also, BUCKSKIN MITTENS, GOLD BAGS, PURSES, etc., in endless variety, and all sewed by hand. All work warranted. The Trade supplied. We warrant one pair of our manufacture to outlast two pairs of Eastern manufacture,

Musée des Salons.

WONDERS OF WONDERS!
TO BE SEEN ONLY AT THE
Pacific Museum of Anatomy and Science,
Eureka Theatre, Montgomery street,
between California and Pine.

A colored witness was examined in Washington City Court to prove the identity of a white man the other day. *District Attorney*—"Did you see the man?" "Yes, sir, I seed him!" "Was he a white man?" "Dont know sir" "Do you tell me you saw the man and can't say wether he was a white or black?" "Yes, sir, I seed him bnt dare's so many white fellers callin' themselves 'niggers' round here, I can't tell one from tod'er!" Witness dismissed—explanation satisfactory.

A HATTER in Keokuk is as wise as the good Vicar of Wakefield in regard of the great family picture. He employed a blacksmith of that city to make him a huge sheet-iron hat for a sign. On completing the giant hat, it was found impossible to get it out without tearing down the shop—the door and window being to small too allow it egress.

IT would really seem that the ancients did surpass their descendants in the perfection of their arts. A fire and burglar proof safe, which has been subjected to a volcanic eruption has been discovered in Pompeii, its contents uninjured. It very much resembles modern safes.

"WHAT do you call this?" said Mr. Jones Smith, gently tapping his breakfast with his fork. "Call it?" snarled the landlady, "what do you call it?" "Well, really, Mrs. Brown, "I dont know. There is not hair enough in it for mortar, but there is entirely to much if it is intended for hash!"

A LADY out with her little girl and boy bought him a rubber balloon, which escaped him and flew up in the air. The girl seeing the tears in his eyes, said: "Never mind, Neddy, when you die and go to heaven, you'll dit it,"

THERE's our grandmother, says a contemporary, a striking instance why women should vote. She's paid taxes on a dog for the last ten years, and now declares she won't stand it any longer—she'll either vote or kill the dog!

"I SAY, Jones, how is it that your wife dresses so magnificently, and you always appear out at the elbows?" "You see, Thompson, my wife dresses according to the 'Gazette of Fashion," and I dress according to my ledger."

A YOUNG lady of Philadelphia is up before the courts for stealing—not pocket-handkerchiefs—but piano fortes by hiring them, paying for a month's hire, and then moving away. It is a cheap way of forming a collection.

JOHN DANIEL,

Marble Works,

421 *PINE STREET*,

(Between Kearny and Montgomery.)

MANTELS, MONUMENTS, TOMBS, PLUMBERS' SLABS, ETC.,

On hand and manufactured to order.

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Steam Scouring, Cleansing and Repairing neatly executed.

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DICKEY'S

CREME DE LIS

DE CALIFORNIE.

FOR CLEANSING AND PRESERVING THE TEETH Beautifying the Complexion, and removing Freckles, Eruptions, Sunburn, and Tan.

A New Combination, equal to the best French preparations, and free from their poisonous ingredients.

Invented by GEO. S. DICKEY, Chemist, Corner of Market, Stockton, Ellis and Fourth streets, San Francisco.

FIRE AND MARINE INSURANCE.

FIREMAN'S FUND

Insurance Company,

OF SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA.

—OFFICE—

S. W. cor. California and Sansome streets.

CAPITAL, $500,000, FULLY PAID IN GOLD COIN.

INSURE MARINE RISKS

Under Open Policies, on Cargoes, Treasure, Freights, Profits, and Commissions.

—ALSO—

ISSUE POLICIES ON TIME, VOYAGE AND HARBOR RISKS ON HULLS.

INSURE AGAINST LOSS BY FIRE

On Buildings, Merchandise, Furniture, Warce, and other Personal Property.

FIRE, MARINE, HARBOR, AND INLAND TRANSIT RISKS,

On terms as favorable as any other reliable First-Class Company.

Greatest amount taken on any one risk, $50,000. Portions of Risks considered too large, will be re-insured in responsible Companies.

LOSSES PROMPTLY PAID IN UNITED STATES GOLD COIN!

D. J. STAPLES, President,

CHAS. R. BOND, Secretary.

HAMBURG—BREMEN,

Fire Insurance Company.

CAPITAL, - - - - $1,000,000

MORRIS SPEYER, Agent.

OFFICE—526 Washington Street, a few doors below Montgomery.....San Francisco.

Being no longer governed by the Tariff of the Board of Underwriters, this Company will effect Insurances at as LOW RATES as those of any other responsible Company.

OCCIDENTAL

Insurance Company,

Southwest corner Montgomery and California streets.

INDIVIDUAL LIABILITY.

Capital Stock, - - - $300,000

LOSSES PAID IN UNITED STATES GOLD COIN.

THIS COMPANY will insure against loss by Fire on any Dwelling House, Buildings, Merchanise or other property, situated in the State of California. The largest sum they will take on any one risk is thirty thousand dollars.

C. CHRISTIANSEN, Pre'st.

J. GREENEBAUM, Vice President.

B. ROTHSCHILD, Secretary.

FIRE INSURANCE.

Manhattan Fire & Marine Insurance

OF NEW YORK.

Incorporated	1821.
Cash capital	$500,000
Surplus	650,000
Total Assets, over	$1,190,000

The above named responsible and well known Company has complied with the law of the State of California, and has deposited $75,000 as additional security for policy holders,

Buildings, Merchandise, Furniture, and other property insured against loss or damage by Fire, on the most favorable terms. Also, insurance on Merchandise, Specie and Freight to or from all parts of the world. Losses promptly adjusted and paid in United States Gold Coin.

R. B. SWAIN & CO., General Agents,

206 Front street, corner of California.

Removal.

WILLIAM SHERMAN & CO.,

Have this day Removed their Stock of

Clothing & Men's Furnishing Goods,

From Sansome Street to

608 Montgomery street,

(East Side,) North of Clay.

San Francisco, November 22, 1867.

Asphaltum for Sale

IN ANY QUANTITY TO SUIT, BY THE

PACIFIC ASPHALTUM COMPANY,

No. 533 Kearny street, corner of Sacramento,

SAN FRANCISCO.

This Asphaltum is the purest to be found in the market, being free from rock and clay, or other impurities.

Sidewalks Laid and Roofing Done at Shortest Notice.

NEUVAL & CO.

M. S. WHITING. F. G. BERRY.

WHITING & BERRY,

DEALERS IN

TEAS,

WINES

AND

SPIRITS,

FOR MEDICINAL

and FAMILY USE.

Apothecaries, Physicians, Invalids and Families supplied, in quantities to suit, Wholesale or Retail, with

FINE,

MEDIUM,

or LOW PRICED QUALITIES.

609 Sacramento st., second door above Montgomery,

SAN FRANCISCO.

IN THE PROBATE COURT OF THE CITY AND County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the Estate of ANTHONY GIFFORD, deceased.

Order to show cause why Order of Sale of Real Estate should not be made.

It appearing to the said Court, by the petition this day presented and filed by William A. Quarles, the Administrator of the estate of Anthony Gifford, deceased, praying for an order of sale of real estate, that it is necessary to sell the whole of the real estate, to pay the debts, expenses and charges of the administration.

It is therefore ordered by the said Court, that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased, appear before the said Probate Court on TUESDAY, the 24th day of December, A. D. 1867, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the Court room of said Probate Court, at the City Hall in the city and county of San Francisco, to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said Administrator to sell so much of the real estate of the said deceased as shall be necessary;

And that a copy of this order be published nt least four successive weeks in THE CALIFORNIAN, a weekly newspaper printed and published in said city and county.

M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

Dated November 22d, 1867.

T. J. FINN, Esq., Attorney for Petitioner.

nov23-30 dec7-14-21

IN THE PROBATE COURT of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the estate of JOHN DE VRIES, deceased.

City and County of San Francisco—ss.

Notice is hereby given that B. B. McAllister, having, on the 20th day of November, 1867, filed in this Court his petition, praying to be allowed to amend the petition of Charles Ackerman, praying for an order of sale of real estate, filed herein June 12th, 1865, to establish certain facts, which are in brief, to-wit:

That the said real estate was, at the time of filing said petition for the sale thereof, almost wholly unproductive, and produced a monthly rental of eight dollars per month and no more, and for the further particulars, reference is here made to said petition on file in my office; the hearing of the same has been fixed by said Court for MONDAY, the 16th day of December, 1867, at 11 o'clock A. M. of said day, of the December term of 1867, at the Court room thereof, at the City Hall, in the City and County of San Francisco; and all persons interested in the said estate, are hereby notified then, and there to appear, and show cause, if any they have, why the said petition should not be granted.

Dated November 20th, 1867.

WM. LOEWY, Clerk,

By A. J. JEGHERS, Deputy Clerk.

E. B. MASTICK & T. B. BISHOP, Esqs., Attorneys for Petitioners. nov23-30 dec7-14

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF H. C. KORF, deceased.—Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the Estate of H. C. Korf, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator, at his office and place of transaction of business, room 5, No. 520 Montgomery street, in the City and County of San Francisco.

Dated San Francisco, November 19th, 1867.

WILLIAM A. QUARLES,

Administrator of the Estate of H. C. Korf, deceased.

nov23-4t

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF BENJAMIN OBER, deceased.—Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Executrix of the last will of the estate of Benjamin Ober, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Executrix, at her place of business, at the law office of Messrs. Clarke & Carpentier, No 606 Washington street, in the City and County of San Francisco.

Dated at San Francisco, November 14th, 1867.

JANE E OBER,

Executrix of the last will of Benjamin Ober, deceased.

H. K. W. CLARKE, Esq., Attorney for Executrix.

nov16 23-30 dec7-14

AMERICAN HOTEL,

Main street, Petaluma.

EMERSON & LAMBERTON Proprietors.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE FIFTEENTH Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco.

MARY ANN LEEDOM, Plaintiff, vs. FRANCIS LEEDOM, Defendant.

Action brought in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in said city and county of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to FRANCIS LEEDOM, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named plaintiff, in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein, within ten days (exclusive of the day of service,) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this county; or if served out of this county, but in this District, within twenty days; otherwise within forty days; or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said complaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony existing between plaintiff and defendant, awarding the care and custody of her daughter Julia to plaintiff, and allowing her to resume her maiden name.

And you are hereby notified, that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

Given under my hand and Seal of the District Court of of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 7th day of August, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-seven.

[SEAL.] WM LOEWY, Clerk,

By OCTAVIUS BELL, Deputy Clerk.

Geo. W. Tyler, Plaintiff's Attorney. s14-3m

IN THE PROBATE COURT of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the estate of WM. D. PALMER, deceased.

Order to show cause why order of distribution should not be made.

On reading and filing the petition of Samuel L. Palmer, the administrator of the estate of William D. Palmer, deceased, setting forth that he has filed his final account of his administration of the estate of said deceased, in this Court, and that the same has been duly settled and allowed; that all the debts and expenses of administration have been duly paid; and that a portion of said estate remains to be divided among the heirs of said deceased, and those persons entitled, and praying among other things for an order of distribution of the residue of said estate among the persons entitled:

It is Ordered, that all persons interested in the estate of said William D. Palmer, deceased, be and appear before the Probate Court of the city and county of San Francisco, at the Court room of said Court, in the City Hall in said city and county, on MONDAY, the ninth day of December, Anno Domini 1867, at eleven o'clock, A. M., then and there to show cause why an order of distribution should not be made of the residue of said estate among the heirs of the said William D. Palmer, deceased, and the persons entitled, according to law.

It is further Ordered, that a copy of this order be published for four successive weeks, before the said ninth day of December, A. D. 1867, in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published in the said city and county.

M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

Dated November 7th, 1867.

A. J. GUNNISON, Esq., Attorney for Petitioner.

nov9 16 23 30 dec7

IN THE PROBATE COURT of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the estate of T. O. HOPKINS, deceased.

All papers and proceedings in the above entitled matter having been transferred to this Court from the Probate Court of Alameda County by reason of the disqualification of the Judge of said Court to act, and among said papers, a petition of A. J. Lowell, Administrator of said estate, setting forth that he has filed his final account of his administration of said estate, that the same has been audited, allowed and confirmed, that all the debts and expenses of administration have been fully paid, that a portion of said estate remains for distribution to the heirs of said deceased, and praying for a distribution to the heirs entitled.

It is ordered, That all persons interested in the estate of the said T. O. Hopkins, deceased, be and appear before the Probate Court of the City and County of San Francisco, at the Court room of said Court, in the City Hall, in said City and County, on MONDAY, the 16th day of December, A. D. 1867, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon of that day, then and there to show cause why an order of distribution should not be made of the residue of said estate among the heirs of the said T. O. Hopkins, deceased, according to law:

And it is further ordered, That a copy of this order be published for four successive weeks, before said hearing, in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published in the City and County of San Francisco.

M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

Dated November 13th, 1867. nov16-23 30 dec7-14

IN THE PROBATE COURT of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the estate of WILLIAM LOBB, deceased.

Order to show cause why order of distribution should not be made.

On reading and filing the petition of J. W. Brumagim, the Administrator of the Estate of William Lobb, deceased, setting forth that he has filed his final account of his administration of the estate of said deceased, in this Court, and that the same has been duly settled and allowed; that all the debts and expenses of administration have been duly paid; and that a portion of said estate remains to be divided among the heirs of said deceased, and praying among other things for an order of distribution of the residue of said estate among the persons entitled.

It is Ordered, that all persons interested in the estate of the said William Lobb, deceased, be and appear before the Probate Court of the city and county of San Francisco, at the Court Room of said Court, in the City Hall, in said city and county, on WEDNESDAY, the eleventh day of December, A. D. 1867, at eleven o'clock, A. M., then and there to show cause why an order of distribution should not be made of the residue of said estate among the heirs of the said William Lobb, deceased, according to law:

It is further ordered, that a copy of this order be published for four successive weeks, before the said eleventh day of December, A. D. 1867, in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published in the said city and county. M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

Dated November 1st, 1867.

J. T. FINN, Attorney for Petitioner. nov2 5w

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—IN THE MATTER OF the Estate of EDWARD O'DONNELL, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the estate of Edward O'Donnell, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said estate of the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator, at his place of business, on the southeast corner of Sansome and California streets, in the city and county of San Francisco.

Dated at San Francisco, November 14th, 1867.

CHARLES B. POLHEMUS,

Administrator of the Estate of Edward O'Donnell, deceased. nov16-5w

A certain bricklayer of Charleston has a "manhood" working for him in the capacity of hod-carrier, who is in the habit of going to sleep on the brick pile. The other day, working on the second story of a house, he yelled, 'More mort,' several times, if not oftener, and not hearing from the manhood, looked down and saw him sound asleep with the hod for a pillow. Yelling at him unsuccessfully, until hoarse, he adopted the novel expedient of throwing a brick on his head. The ruse succeeded. The darkey waked up, saying, "D—n dese miskeeters! Dey won't luff a fellow sleep."

THE only grocer in Hastings, Michigan, that persists in the selling of intoxicating beverages, has fixed a sort of wheel lettered with the initials of the liquors desired, as B for brandy, W for whiskey, and so on *ad infinitum*. The drinker places his tumbler upon the letter of the drink he desires— not forgetting to place the money there also—then turns the wheel. It goes behind the screen, is filled, rolls on its journey round to the drinker, and no one is seen to sell, or take pay, and thus the law is evaded.

A WAG, strolling with a friend through a country churchyard, called attention to a grave, the stone on which had no name nor inscription on it. "This," said H—, "is the grave of the notorious gambler, Mr. R—. You observe that there is no name recorded on the tombstone, but I think I could suggest an appropriate epitaph." "What would you suggest?" inquired his friend. "Waiting for the last trump!" was the reply.

A YOUNG man in New Haven, the other day, rushed into a drug store, and, in great alarm, asked the clerk if benzine was poisonous. "No, said the clerk, "why?" "Because," said the fellow, "father went to the closet to take down the gin bottle, and by mistake took several swallows before he knew it." "He is all right," replied the clerk. "The only difference between benzine and modern gin is the smell."

A Providence boy, five years of age, having stolen a can of milk, his mother took him to task, with moral suasion, and wound up her discourse by exclaiming: "What in the world were you going to do with the milk anyhow?" "I was going to steal a little dog to drink it," was the crushing reply.

AMERICAN EXCHANGE HOTEL,

SANSOME STREET, SAN FRANCISCO.

FIRE PROOF.

Two Hundred Rooms well Ventilated and Richly Furnished.

Prices from $1 50 to $2 a Day.

The Exchange Coach, with RED LIGHTS, will always be in readiness to convey Passengers to the Hotel FREE OF CHARGE.

The proprietor of this favorite Hotel would respectfully inform the traveling public that the

AMERICAN EXCHANGE

Is now and will continue as it ever has been, the most comfortable, homelike, quiet and economical Hotel in the state. TIMOTHY SARGENT, Proprietor.

BERNHEIM & EHRENPFORT,

Wholesale Candy Manufacturers,

No. 408 CLAY STREET,

Between Sansome and Battery Sts., San Francisco.

FANCY AND COMMON CANDIES

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

Sugar Toys, Figures, Animals, Birds, etc.

Are prepared to receive orders to any extent and in any desired style.

BERNHEIM & EHRENPFORT.

G. E. T. GLOVE COMPANY,

FACTORY, 526 MERCHANT STREET,

Between Montgomery and Sansome,

Manufacture all kinds of OIL DRESSED AND INDIAN TANNED GLOVES for Gentlemen, Drivers, Teamsters, Miners and Lumbermen. Also, BUCKSKIN MITTENS, GOLD BAGS, PURSES, etc., in endless variety, and all sewed by hand. All work warranted. The Trade supplied. We warrant one pair of our manufacture to outlast two pairs of Eastern manufacture,

Musee des Salons.

WONDERS OF WONDERS!

TO BE SEEN ONLY AT THE

Pacific Museum of Anatomy and Science,

Eureka Theatre, Montgomery street, between California and Pine.

Belden's Family Depot for Domestic Luxuries

AT this depot are, all should know,
For him who strong or faint is,
Superior grub—for home or club—
And every kind of dainties.
Westphalia hams, fresh oysters, clams,
Constituents of chowder,
Fine breakfast tea, and hominy,
And genuine curry powder.
Oil, mustard, wine, both French and Rhine,
Lard, coffee, ketchup, capers.
Crushed sugar, peas, and Switzer cheese,
And sperm and waxen tapers.
The giblets, pluck, of goose and duck,
Of woodcock, snipe and plovers,
Of partridge, too, and cockatoo—
The last express for lovers!
It seems absurb there scarce a bird—
My rhyme this somewhat ruffles—
But Belden's got in tin or pot,
The LIVER of with TRUFFLES.
Prunes, raisins, rice, preserves and spice,
Gin, whisky, rum and brandy,
Drinks made of malt, and table salt,
Tongues, sausages, and candy.
Above's not all to which I'd call
Particular attention.
Le vin d'elite, Chateau Lafitte,
And others, I would mention.
Surpassing fine Madeira wine,
St. Julien, port and sherry,
Chateaux Margaux and Veuve Clicquot,
Old apple jack and cherry.
La Rose, Chablis, and Burgundy
Both white, and red and sightly,
Prime Hermitage of ripe old age,
Still, sparkling too and sprightly.
Santerne, medoc, still sparkling hock,
Johannesberg, Hockheimer,
Then sirs and dames (these German names
Would craze an English rhymer!)
Just come and buy, and cease to sigh
For Egypt and its fleshpots;
Ne'er better fare did Pharoh share,
Or any other despots.

ET CETERA

No. 652 Sacramento Street.

$100 00

SAVED in a very Short Time by using

STANDARD SOAP CO.'S

WASHING POWDER.

TRY IT!

Does Not Injurn the Clothes. Sold Everywhere.

NOTICE!

Not Out of Business—Only Removed.

Pioneer Steam Marble Works Com'y

HAVE REMOVED

Their Marble Mantel Warerooms from No. 546 California street to their extensive Steam Factory,

422 and 424 Jackson Street,

Where they keep constantly on hand the best and most select stock of

MARBLE MANTELS AND GRATES, HEADSTONES AND MONUMENTS.

Our Steam facilitins enable us to sell better work at reduced prices than that manufactured by hand.

422 and 424 Jackson Street,
Between Montgomery and Sansome.

CANTY & WAGNER,

(SUCCESSORS TO J. REGAN,)

Wholesale & Retail Confectioners,

113 *Montgomery street, bet. Bush and Sutter*

N. B.—All candies sold by us are warranted to be manufactured from Stewart's double refined Sugar, and to be equal to any manufactured in the state. Country merchants solicited to examine our stock and prises. Goods delivered to any part of the city free of charge.

WILL & FINCK,

EXCELSIOR CUTLERS, LOCK-SMITHS & BELL-HANGERS, Importers and Manufacturers of all kinds of Cutlery Razors, Shears, and all kinds of Cutlery, ground and repaired — Bell Hanging and Locksmithing done in the best manner. 613 Jackson street, fourth door west of Kearny.

Country orders promptly attended to.

T. B. RODGERS,

CUTLER,

108 Leidesdorff street.

Corner California, adjoining the Pacific Insurance Office, San Francisco.

Dr. John T. Crook,

Late of the Pacific Mail service, has established himself in the practice of his profession in this city.

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S. W. corner of Montgomery and Bush Streets.

OFFICE HOURS—9 to 10 A. M.; 2 P. M.; 4 to 6 P. M.

REESE W. GLUYAS. S. E. DUTTON.

GLUYAS & DUTTON,

COUNTING HOUSE STATIONERS,

Fireman's Fund Insurance Company's Building,
No. 227 Sansome Street.....San Francisco.

Pioneer Iron Shutter Works,

ESTABLISHED 1849.

CALVIN NUTTING,

Manufacturer of

FIRE-PROOF DOORS & SHUTTERS,

STEEL LINED BANK VAULTS,

Prison Cells, Balconies, Awnings, Gratings, Iron Fence, Stairs, etc.

123 Bush street, between Sansome and Battery, San Francisco.

Constantly on hand a large assortment of second hand Fire-Proof Doors and Shutters.

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CORNER OF MARKET AND FREMONT STREETS, San Francisco.

KITTREDGE & LEAVITT

Manufacturers of

FIRE-PROOF DOORS, SHUTTERS, BANK VAULTS, PRISON CELLS, BALCONIES, GRATINGS, IRON FENCE, STAIRS, Etc.

BURGLAR PROOF BANK VAULT LOCKS

Constantly on hand, a large assortment of Fire-Proof Doors and Shutters.

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Steam Boiler and Sheet Iron WORKS.

Owned and conducted by Practical Boiler Makers.

HIGH AND LOW-PRESSURE BOILERS, STATIONARY AND MARINE.

Howard street, bet. Fremont and Beale, San Francisco.

Having had twenty-two years experience in this business, we feel confident of being able to compete—as to quality of work—with any establishment on the Pacific Coast.

CALIFORNIA BRASS FOUNDRY,

No. 125 First street, opposite Minna,

SAN FRANCISCO.

All kinds of Brass, Composition, Zinc, and Babbitt Metal Castings, furnished at the shortest notice. Brass Ship-Work of all kinds, Spikes, Sheathing Nails, Rudder Braces, Hinges, etc., constantly on hand and made to order. Also, manufacture Ship and Steamboat Bells and Gongs of superior tone.

All kinds of Steam, Liquor, Water, Oil, and Flange Cocks and Valves made and repaired.

Hydraulic Pipes and Nozzles, and Hose Couplings and Connections of all sizes and patterns, furnished with dispatch. *PRICES MODERATE.*

GALLAGHER WEED & CO.

J. R. MEAD & CO.,

Importers, Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

FINE CLOTHING,

AND

Gents' Furnishing Goods,

TRUNKS, VALISES, CARPET BAGS, ETC.,

200 & 202 MONTGOMERY STREET,

Corner of Bush,

AN FRANCISCO

ITALIAN MANUFACTORY

—OF—

MACCARONI,
VERMICELLI,
PASTE, and
FARINA

First Premium in 1857—1859—1864—1865.

Brignardello, Macchiavello & Co.,

706 SANSOME STREET,

San Francisco.

Removal.

JOHN G. HODGE & CO.,

Importers and Wholesale Stationers,

Have Removed to

329 and 331 Sansome Street,

Southwest corner of Sacramento.

GEORGE MORROW & CO.,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN

Hay, Grain, and Feed of all kinds.

Hucks & Lambert's Patent AXLE GREASE.

21 Clay street and 28 Commercial street, between Drumm and East, San Francisco.

MRS. C. COOK,

FIRST PREMIUM HAIR JEWELRY,

519 Montgomery street,

Between Clay and Commercial.....SAN FRANCISCO.

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GREAT

NATIONAL PUMP

AND WELL.

This Pump has proved itself to be the greatest invention of the age. Designed for DEEP WELLS, it will RAISE WATER (500) FIVE HUNDRED FEET; can sink a well 30 to 40 feet in (50) sixty minues.

This Pump is specially adapted to the wants of BREWERS and DISTILLELS, on account of the facility with which, by its use, casks in the upper stories of their warehouses can be filled from the vats below.

STATE, COUNTY, & TOWN RIGHTS FOR SALE.

Pumps Furnished at Moderate Prices, by

S. P. ROBERTS,

Agent for California and Nevada,

Care FARNSWORTH & MILNE, Plumbers,

318 Pine street, San Francisco.

"THE" HAT STORE,

647 Washington Street.

The Hat wearing community are invited to examine the Stock at the above store, and in quality, style and price,

THEY DEFY COMPETITION!

Their Stock embraces all of the latest "novelties" and Standard Styles to be found elsewhere.

"THE" HAT STORE,

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PRIVATE MEDICAL AID.

QUICK CURES AND MODERATE CHARGES.

DR. W. K. DOHERTY,

PRIVATE MEDICAL AND SURGICAL INSTITUTE,

Sacramento Street, below Montgomery, Opposite Pacific Mail Steamship Co's Office, Private Entrance on Leidesdorff Street, San Francisco.

Established expressly to afford the afflicted sound and scientific Medical Aid, in the treatment and cure of all Private and Chronic Diseases, cases of Secrecy, and all Sexual Disorders.

TO THE AFFLICTED.

DR. W. K. DOHERTY returns his sincere thanks to his numerous patients for their patronage and would take this opportunity to remind them that he continues to consult at his Institute for the cure of chronic diseases of the Lungs, Liver, Kidneys, Digestive and Genito-Urinary Organs, and all Private Diseases, viz: Syphilis in all its forms and stages, Seminal Weakness, and all the horrid consequences of Self-Abuse, Gonorrhœa, Gleet, Strictures, Nocturnal and Diurnal Emissions, Sexual Debility, Diseases of the Back and Loins, Inflammation of the Bladder and Kidneys, etc.; and he hopes that his long experience and successful practice will continue to insure him a share of public patronage. By his practice of many years in Europe and the United States, he is enabled to apply the most efficient and successful remedies against diseases of all kinds. He uses no mercury, charges moderate, treats his patients in a correct and honorable way, and has references of unquestionable veracity from men of known respectability and high standing in society. All parties consulting him, by letter or otherwise, will receive the best and gentlest treatment, and implicit secresy.

TO FEMALES.

When a female is in trouble, or afflicted with disease, as weakness of the back and limbs, pain in the head, dimness of sight, loss of muscular power, palpitation of the heart, irritability, nervousness, extreme urinary difficulties, derangement of digestive function, general debility, vaginitis, all disease of the womb, hysteria, sterility, and all other diseases peculiar to females, she should go or write at once to the celebrated female doctor, W. K. DOHERTY, at his Medical Institute, and consult him about her troubles and disease. Irregularities, suppressions, etc., will receive the Doctor's most particular attention. Let no false delicacy prevent, but apply immediately and save yourself from painful suffering and premature death. Ladies whose delicate health or other circumstances prevent an increase in their families, should write or call at DR. DOHERTY'S MEDICAL INSTITUTE, and they will receive every possible relief and help. The Doctor's offices, consisting of a suite of six rooms, are so arranged that he can be consulted without fear of observation.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Patients (male or female) residing in any part of the State, however distant, who may desire the opinion and advice of DR. W. K. DOHERTY in their respective cases, and who think proper to submit a written statement of such, in preference to holding a personal interview, are respectfully assured that their communications will be held most sacred. Dr. Doherty takes this opportunity of observing that all letters are only opened and replied to by himself, and the latter as promptly as possible.

If the case be fully and candidly described, personal communication will be unnecessary, as instructions for diet, regimen, and the general treatment of the case itself, (including the remedies) will be forwarded without delay, and in such a manner as to convey no idea of the purport of the letter or parcel so transmitted.

Consultation, by letter or otherwise, FREE. Permanent cure guaranteed, or no pay. Address,

W. K. DOHERTY, M. D.
San Francisco, Cal

SPERMATORRHŒA.

DR. DOHERTY has just published no important pamphlet embodying his own views and experiences in relation to Impotence or Virility, being a short treatise on Spermatorrhœa, or Seminal Weakness, Nervous and Physical Debility consequent on this affection, and other diseases of the Sexual Organs

This little work contains information of the utmost value to all whether married or single, and will be sent FREE by mail on receipt of Six Cents in Postage stamps for return postage. Address,

W. K. DOHERTY, M. D., San Francisco, Cal.

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THOMAS MAGUIRE,.....Sole Proprietor.
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MR. JOHN McCULLOUGH,
MRS. SOPHIE EDWIN,
AND THE STAR DRAMATIC COMPANY.

Matinee to-day,
MEG'S DIVERSION.

This Evening.....December 7th,
The Wallackian Success,
MEG'S DIVERSION,
And the Romantic Drama of
CARPENTER OF ROUEN.

The beautiful and accomplished Artiste, FANNY YOUNG, has arrived, and will shortly appear at this Theatre.

PRICES OF ADMISSION:
Dress Circle.....$1 00 | Orchestra.....$1 00
Parquette..... 50 | Upper Circle..... 25

METROPOLITAN THEATRE.

Lessees and Managers,
MESSRS. EDWARDS, BATES & VINSON.

This Afternoon and EVening,....Dec. 7th,
Augustin Daly's Original and Thrilling Drama of
UNDER THE GASLIGHT!
With the popular artist,
MR. CHARLES WHEATLEIGH.
In his celebrated impersonation of Snorkey,
Assisted by
MRS. F. M. BATES,
And the Entire Strength of the Company.

This extraordinary production will be presented
☞ EVERY EVENING TILL FURTHER NOTICE. ☜
THE RAILWAY TRAIN
Has been universally pronounced to be the GREATEST EFFECT ever witnessed on the Stage.
Box Office open at 10 o'clock A. M.
N. B.—An Early Application for Seats is necessary to prevent disappointment, as they are already secured several dars in advance.

PRICES OF ADMISSION.
Dress Circle and Orchestra Seats.....One Dollar
Parquet 50 cts | Gallery 25 cts
Doors open at 7 o'clock; to commence at 8.

Leslie, Raynor & Smith's Minstrels.

Temple of Music, 320 Bush Street,
Between Montgomery and Kearny.

Immense Success of the Grand Combination
NEW MINSTREL TROUPE!
Endorsed by the presence of thousands of our First Families.

To-day.....at 2 o'clock,
A GRAND MINSTREL MATINEE.

To-Night the Wonderful Optical Illusion,
THE GHOST!
Vast Audiences Spell Bound and Mystified by the Powerful Effect Produced!
GREAT SENSATION!

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Orchestra Chairs and Dress Circle.....75 Cents
Parquet.....50 cents | Upper Circle.....25 cents
Box Office open from 10 A. M. to 4 P. M., where Seats can be secured without extra charge.

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'CROSSING THE PLAINS'

NOW ON EXHIBITION AT

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Admission,.....25 cents.
Season Tickets, $1 00.

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CREME DE LIS

DE CALIFORNIE.

THE FASHIONABLE WHITE WASH FOR BEAUTIFYING THE COMPLEXION.

A NEW COMBINATION, equal to the best French preparations, and free from their poisonous ingredients.

GEO. S. DICKEY, Chemist,
Cornor of Market, Stocktou, Ellis and Fourth streets,
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SAMPLE ROOMS,

411 SANSOME STREET,
Between Commercial and Sacramento streets.

H. BATTEL BEGS TO INFORM HIS FRIENDS AND the public that he has opened the above hall as a first-class Refreshment Saloon, where they can always be sure to find the very best

WINES, LIQUORS, AND HAVANA CIGARS
in the Market.
Hot Lunch served daily from 10 to 2 o'clock.

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GREAT REDUCTION
IN
DRY GOODS
FOR THE
HOLIDAYS!

MEAGHER, TAAFFE & CO.
9 MONTGOMERY STREET,
WILL OFFER ON
Monday, - - December 2d,
THE FOLLOWING DESCRIBED GOODS
AT GREATLY REDUCED PRICES!

1000 Foulard de Laine Dresses;
1500 Empress Cloth Dresses;
1200 Poplin Dresses;
3000 Print Dresses;
500 Pieces of French Merinos;
300 Pieces Alpacas;
Empress Plaids,
Real Scotch Plaids,
Ottoman Velours,
Winseys,
Linseys.

MEAGHER, TAAFFE & CO.,
RETAIL STORE,
No. 9 Montgomery street.

WHOLESALE HOUSE,
No. 107 Battery Street, near Pine Street.

BRIDAL SILKS!
RICH LACES!
EVENING SILKS!
CHRISTMAS
and NEW YEAR'S
PRESENTS!

Meagher, Taaffe & Co.,
9 Montgomery Street,

Have received an unparalleled and choice assortment of the following described Goods suitable for

CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR'S
PRESENTS!

Bridal and Evening Silks;
Chantilly and Point Lace Shawls;
Black and Colored Silks;
Chene and Droge Silks;
Velvet and Silk Cloaks;
Indian Shawls;
Irish and French Poplins;
Point and Applique Lace Handkerchiefs;
Embroidered and Plain Handkerchiefs;
Irish and French Poplins;
Point de Venice Lace Collars;
French and English Hosiery;
Barnsley Napkins and Cloths;
Chantilly Flounces and Capes;
Cashmere Shawls;
Lama Lace Shawls;

GLOVES, BEST MAKE.

MEAGHER, TAAFFE & CO.'S
RETAL STORE:
No. 9 Montgomery street.

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H. M. LOCKWOOD & CO.

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Pioneer Clothing Store,

CLOSING BUSINESS!!

CLOSING BUSINESS!!!

We offer the entire stock at the following reduced prices:

	Regular Prices.	Present Prices.
Boys' French Cass. Basket Pants	$6 00	$4 00
Boys' Velvet Cass. Ext. Sup. Pants	8 00	5 00
Boys' Cadet Union Suits	8 00	5 00
Boys' Union Sack Overcoats	8 00	6 00
Boys' Petersham Overcoats	14 00	10 00
Boys' Bl'k Castor Beaver Overcoats	16 00	12 00
Boys' Bl'k Esquimaux Beaver Overcoats	18 00	13 00
Boys' French Cloth Frock Coats	18 00	12 00
Boys' Esqtimaux Bever Suits	15 00	12 00
Boys' Fine Esquimaux Bever Suits	26 00	18 00
Youths' Cassimere Knee Pants	2 50	1 50
Youths' Cassimere Knee Pants, ex. Fine	3 00	2 25
Youths' Cassimere Knee Pants, embr'd	4 00	3 00
Youths' Gatibaldi Fancy Suits	7 00	5 00
Youths' Garibaldi Extra Fine Suits	8 00	6 00
Youths' Embroidered Cloth Suits	10 00	5 00
Youths' Black Beaver Suits	10 00	6 00
Youths' Pilot Cloth Overcoats	10 00	7 00
Youths' Chinchilla Overcoats	10 50	8 00
Youths' Union Sack Overcosts	8 00	6 00
Youths' Black Castor Beaver Overcoats	12 00	9 00
Youths' Heavy Black Beaver Garricks	10 00	8 00
Youths' Black Cloth Overcoat (sleeves)	11 00	8 50

500 Men's Esquimaux and Castor Beaver Overcoats,
Forty per cent. less than any other store on this Coast.
100 dozen Men's Star Shirts, $1 50
Astonishing low figures.

Remember, our goods are all Custom-made, from our Broadway store in New York, thirteen years' standing. Everybody must know our goods. Retiring from business, the goods must he sold. Call at LOCKWOOD & CO'S, and examine the great reduction in prices.

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624 Clay Street.

Administrator's Sale of Real Estate.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, THAT, IN PURSUance of an order of the Probate Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, made on the 26th day of November, A. D. 1867, in the matter of the Estate of JUSTIN VICTOR SUBERVIELLE, deceased, the undersigned, the Administrator of the Estate of said deceased, will sell at private sale, to the highest bidder, for cash, gold coin of the United States, and subject to confirmation by said Probate Court, on

WEDNESDAY, THE 8TH DAY OF JANUARY, A.D. 1868,

at 12 o'clock, M., at the office of W. C. Burnett, Esquire, the attorney of said Administrator, No 606 Washington street in the said City and County, all the right, title, interest and estate of the said Justin Victor Suberville, at the time of his death, and all the right, title and interest that the said estate has by operation of law or otherwise, acquired other than, or in addition to that of the said deceased at the time of his death, in and to all those certain lots, pieces, or parcels of land, situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and bounded and described as follows, to wit:

I.—Commencing on the northwesterly line of King street, 114 feet 7 inches northeasterly from the northeast corner of Fifth and King streets, thence running northeasterly along said line of King street 91 feet 8 inches; thence northwesterly and parallel with Fifth street 120 feet; thence southwesterly and parallel with King street 91 feet 8 inches, and thence southeasterly 120 feet, to the point of commencement.

II.—Commencing on the northwesterly line of King street 343 feet 9 inches northeasterly from the northeasterly corner of Fifth and King streets, thence running northwesterly and parallel with Fifth street 120 feet; thence northeasterly and parallel with King street 22 feet 11 inches; thence southeasterly and parallel with Fifth street 120 feet, to King street, and thence southwesterly on the northwesterly line of King street 22 feet 11 inches, to the point of commencement.

III.—Commencing on the northwesterly line of Townsend street 137½ feet northeasterly from the northeasterly corner of Fifth and Townsend streets, thence running northeasterly aloug said line of Townsend street 45 feet 10 in hes; thence northwesterly and parallel with Fifth street 137½ feet; thence westerly and parallel with Townsend street 45 feet 10 inches, and thence southeasterly and parallel with Fifth street 137½ feet, to the point of commencement.

IV.—Commencing on the southeasterly line of Berry street, 229 feet 2 inches southwesterly from the southwesterly corner of Fifth and Berry streets, thence running southwesterly aloug said line of Berry street 45 feet 10 inches; thence southeasterly and parallel with Fifth street 137½ feet; thence northeasterly and parallel with Berry street 45 feet 10 inches, and thence northwesterly and parallel with Fifth street, 137½ feet, to the point of commencement.

V.—Commencing at the northeasterly corner of California and Mason streets, thence running easterly along the northerly line of California street 34 feet 4½ inches; thence northerly and parallel with Mason street 68 feet 9 inches; thence westerly and parallel with California street 34 feet 4½ inches to Mason street, and thence southerly along the easterly line of Mason street 68 feet 9 inches, to the point of commencement.

That offers and bids will be received, on such sale, on and from MONDAY, the 30th day of December, A. D. 1867, until and at 12 o'clock, M., on the 8th day of January, A. D. 1868 by said Administrator, at the said office of W. C. Burnett, Esquire, in said city and county.

Terms and Conditions of Sale: Cash, gold coin of the United States; ten per cent of the purchase money to ho paid to the Administrator, on the day of sale, the balance on confirmation of sale by said Probate Court: deeds and stamps at expense of purchasers.

LUCAS PONTON DE ARCE,
Administrator of the Estate of Justin Victor Subervielle, deceased.
W. C. BURNETT, Attorney for Administrator. Office 606 Washington street. d7-4t

NO HUMBUG! NO HUMBUG!

POSITIVE DISSOLUTION OF COPARTNERSHIP.

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Connecting, via Panama Railroad, at Aspinwall with the Company's new and splendid Steamship SANTIAGO, 3,000 Tons, for NEW YORK.

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Notice.

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PACIFIC ASPHALTUM COMPANY,

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VOLUME VII., No. 30. OFFICE, No. 532 MERCHANT STREET. | SAN FRANCISCO, DECEMBER 14, 1867. | TERMS, $5 A YEAR, BY MAIL, IN ADVANCE. 50 CENTS A MONTH, BY CARRIER.

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The Alaska Duels—their secret history; The "Manifestations" in Stockton; Brunettes and Blondes; Female Suffrage, by A. G. B.; A prowl through Shanghai, by Forbes Maitland; Dramatic Affairs, by Touchstone; Literary Gleanings; Public Reading in New York; Social Homage of Wealth. etc.; Near to Thee, a poem by W. A. Kendall; "Lion's Mouth;" The tale of a Black Cat; Tower of Babel; "Let Dogs delight to bark and bite;" A Fat-Witted Jester, etc; A Kangaroo Drive; Recollections of the War; Incidents in the Shenandoah Valley; A Lover's Quandary; Mrs. Wilkins' Club, by John Quill; Getting into the Opera without Pay; Poetry, Paragraphs, etc.

THE LION'S MOUTH.

"The gravest beast is an ass, the gravest bird is an owl, the gravest fish is an oyster, and the gravest man is a fool." SYDNEY SMITH.

"I will roar, that I will do any man's heart good to hear me." A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

"I will aggravato my voice so, that I will roar you as gently as any sucking dove; I will roar you an 't were any nightingalo." IBID.

"*Nil falsi audeat, nil veri non audeat dicere.*" CICERO.

"A Fat-Witted Jester."

The *Dramatic Chronicle* of Tuesday last published an editorial, over a column in length, under this heading. The fat-witted jester is, the writer says, "the official jester of THE CALIFORNIAN, whose weekly (or weakly) roar in the 'Lion's Mouth' of that paper, has degenerated into a spiritless echo." The writer says that this fat-witted jester (meaning us) "not only perpetrates pointless jokes himself, but he is so intellectually purblind that he blunders over other people's jokes where the point is as obvious as a church steeple to a man with his wits about him." We are afraid that the writer of this amazing editorial is rather a lean-witted jester, or he would not make such a poverty-stricken pun as "weekly (or weakly)" and think it funny. He would not, unless very lean-witted, repeat what has been said a dozen times before, by newspaper writers whom the Lion's roar has made nervous—that shockingly worn out 'joke' about the 'ass in the lion's skin.'" The especial reason which the heavy editor of the *Chronicle* advances, for calling us a "fat-witted jester" is as follows: Signor Maucusi sold the proprietor of the *Chronicle* by sending him a paragraph stating that "Benjamin Lumley, late of Her Majesty's Theatre," had engaged Malibran, Gindetta Grisi, Rubini Lablache, Ellsler, Cerito, Taglioni, and other renowned *artistes*, for a season in San Francisco."

Wilkes' Spirit of the Times, taking occasion to sneer at the ignorance of the San Francisco musical public on account of the publication of this paragraph, we said in our last "Lion's Mouth," "The public of San Francisco appreciated the joke, and certainly if any one was taken in it was only the *Chronicle*." Therefore—because we have not faith in the *Chronicle* man's knowledge of operatic and dramatic affairs, and believe it perfectly possible that he never heard of Benjamin Lumley et al—we are a fat-witted jester incapable of seeing a joke. We must confess to our inability to see the *Chronicle's* part of the joke in the instance in question, except it be that of the victim.

A Needless Apology.

The *Alta* of Tuesday last publishes the following:

ERRATUM.—In the *Alta* law report yesterday morning an error was made in the title of a divorce suit in the Fifteenth District Court. Instead of "William B. Clark *vs.* California Clark," it should read William P. Clark *vs.* Calfurnia Clark.

Oh, bah! What's the use of apologizing for such a mistake as that! Isn't "California" a darned sight more sensible, respectable, handsome-looking and in every way desirable a name than "Calfurnia." We expect her name is "California," after all, and that her father had a habit of mispronouncing it "Calfurnia," and when she was christened the clergyman misunderstood him. At all events it wasn't worth while correcting it. Such a name as "Calfurnia" should receive no protection. "Calphurnia," the name of the wife of Julius Cæsar, who was, or should have been, above suspicion, sounds well enough, but "Calfurnia," with an f, as we said before, is not half as good a name as California. Why couldn't Fitz Smythe leave well enough alone?

A Singing Mouse

The *Bulletin* says that a gentleman in the Pioneer building has caught a singing mouse. "He was surprised to hear the little prisoner utter a peculiar and pleasing whistling noise not unlike the feeble chirpings of a canary bird, and determined to preserve it. The mouse resembles other mice in every particular save that of its remarkable vocal powers." Peculiar and pleasing! Oh yes! The explanation of the phenomenon of a singing mouse was given to the world many years ago. The poor little beast has a frightful pain in its stomach, chronic disease of the bronchial tube, partial paralysis of the pneumogastric nerve, and is suffering from general debility. If the gentleman in the Pioneer building 'preserves' that mouse long, it must be in spirits,

"Let Dogs Delight to Bark and Bite" etc.

We do not know whether the Board of Education recommend the reading of the hymns of the admirable Doctor Watts in the public schools. Perhaps some of them, whether this be the case or not, remember one of these moral poetic effusions, which while impressing on the infant mind, the policy of allowing dogs to bark and bite, since they were created with a desire to do so, and also advising them not to interfere with the bears and lions who growl and fight for 'its their nature to. Perhaps they read that verse and no more. The next runs thus:

"But children you should never let
Your angry passions rise,
Your little hands were never made
To scratch each others eyes."

The moral inculcated is one which should be pondered on by members of the Board of Education, equally as much as by the children for whose education they provide. Birds in their little nests agree, and 'tis a dreadful sight when members of the Board of Education quarrel as they did in their chamber on Tuesday last, abuse one another and nearly fight. Of course it was hard for those who were newly elected to see the members, whose successors they were, occupying *their* seats even for the short time intervening between the assembling of the Board and the presentation of their credentials. Mr. Holt wanted his seat at once, and Mr. Graves, according to the *Bulletin's* report, "got up in an excited manner, and taking his overcoat and hat, remarked: 'If that is the decision I have no further occasion to remain here. I will not remain in the face of such an insult.'" And out he walked. Altogether Mr. Holt in his anxiety to take his seat as a member of the Board of Education kicked up a jolly row, and the Board of Education for a short time resembled a school without a school-master.

Very Kind.

San Francisco judges are not made of such stern stuff that they will follow the letter of the law at no matter what expense to the feelings of others The other day a young man was robbed of his money at a game of cards, by a man of the name of Ranson, Ranson being arrested, wished to settle the matter by refunding the money. The *Call* says:

"He was anxious to get out of the difficulty, and the victim was, like Barkis, "willin." He was anxious to go home, and begged the Court to let him take the money. It was finally determined to permit the matter to be compromised, and the young man received his money, purchased his ticket, and started on the steamer for the East."

This was very kind of judge Rix. He was very considerate towards the young man from the country, but we have heard "compromising the matter" expressed in other words viz: "Comounding a felony." Now compounding a felony is an offense against the law, therefore we will stick to the first expression "the matter was compromised."

Use Up the Dead Dogs.

The correspondent of the St. Louis *Democrat* was recently invited to a dog feast given by the Indian chief, "Spotted Tail." He says:

There were all kinds of wild meat spread out, and the most delicious of them all was the dog meat.

In the centre of the circle were two dogs, of a dropsical appearance, the hair merely cut lose, and roasted entire, intestines and all. Over this excellent, delicate food was poured the gravy dog's grease. The exquisite dripping had been collected in bone dishes. The dogs appeared plump and young, and all seemed to pay especial attention to the young pups, which was to them what dessert is to the civilized whites.

Any one who has attended a lou-hou in the Sandwich Islands knows how delicious the poe dog (a dog fed entirely on the taro root pounded into a past) is. If all the dogs in San Francisco are to be slaughtered at the expense to the city of somewhere about $1,200 a year, they might be put to some practical use. A large number of nations on the European continent now eat horses; let us eat our dogs, or make the Pound Master eat all he kills.

The Tower of Babel.

An English author and compiler asserts that he has made one of the most important discoveries of the present age, namely, that of demonstrating the identity of the great Pyramid of Egypt with the ancient biblical Tower of Babel. We don't believe he can prove any thing of the kind. The Tower of Babel was never finished, and the great Pyramid of Egypt is. There is no doubt but that this pyramid was built by the Israelites when in captivity in Egypt, as a close examination of it shows the exact part of it on which they were at work when Pharoah cut off their supply of straw. The bricks at the base, microscopically examined, show a large quantity of straw in their composition, but up higher they are made without any at all, the stubble which the Israelites were compelled to gather having been all used up. The English author had better tell some more probable yarn. Our story is true.

The Tale of a Black Cat.

In Pittsburgh lives a lady named Mrs. Carr. One of the neighbors of Mrs. Carr had a child who was afflicted with the croup, and in consequence was barking like a dog. Mrs. Carr bought a black cat and took from it three drops of blood which she administered to the child. The neighbors mobbed the old lady for witchcraft; she was rescued by the authorities and produced twenty witnesses to testify that the child recovered the instant it had swallowed the essence of black cat. There are many children in San Francisco afflicted with croup, the rainy season is coming on, and their number will increase. If the publication of this remarkable cure leads to the destruction of the black cat who, in the immediate vicinity of our dwelling, renders night hideous, then have we not written in vain. Shall infants die of croup when a little cat's blood would save them? Forbid it Heaven! Bleed the cats, black cats, white cats, tabby cats, tortoiseshell cats, any cats, and save the babies!

A KANGAROO DRIVE.

A PICTURE OF AUSTRALIAN SETTLER LIFE.

HECTOR McDIARMID was a tall, gaunt, red-bearded old Scot. He had been many years in Australia. Of the perils which made up the everyday life of the pioneer-squatter he had had his share. Possessed of vast personal strength, and a constitution utterly unassailable by the extremes of heat or cold, hunger or thirst, he had staked life against the many hazards of the bush, and risen a winner—a winner of the broad flats and rich forests of Ballandra, and the great herds which fed over them Simple as a child, kind as a woman, and fearing nothing upon earth—such was old Hector McDiarmid.

In all the pleasant west country was no pleasanter place than Ballandra. You staid a week, a month, a year, as you pleased. If you shot, there was abundance of game, guns and dogs. If you rode, there was every conceivable variety of horse. You might read, you might boat, you might write, or you might do nothing at all. In all of which employments and recreations you felt from the first hour that you had not only the concurrence of your host, but his warmest approbation.

McDiarmid was rich beyond his wants or cares. Unmarried, and with no thought of marriage, he was never so happy as when he had half-a dozen of the younger men of the district (pretending to help him to muster cattle), the effervescene of whose spirits he enjoyed deeply. Old as he was, his feats of strength, when we coaxed him to exhibit, were marvelous. His eyes was still as true and his nerve as steady as in the days when his rifle more than once saved his life. And when he would tell us—for he spoke very charily of deeds which went to make a large share of the legendary lore of the district—his "owre true tale" often made us grave enough.

"Well, ye disrespectful dogs, I'll tell you my idea: it's a grand one. I'm just going clean mad about those kangaroos that are eating me up completely. That's no new's, ye'll say. Eh, but it's got beyond a joke I'm not pushed for a thousand or two, I may say without boasting; but were I the poor man I once was, looking to my fat cattle to meet my bills or else lose the bonny hard-won station, where would I be now? Many a time in years past have I spared the poor furry brutes, when Brau and Barefoot and Fingal had their muzzels buried in their flanks, for surely I trusted that all forest things would disappear before civilization. All history is our warrant for wild beasties, ay, and all aboriginal craters, fading away before the great Anglo-Saxon. But there the brutes abide, every one of them eating as much grass as two sheep, forbye what they trample and spoil. There are thousands of great big kangaroos on the run, if there's one, this minute. They've increased like rabbits of late years, and the old run is now, what no man ever saw it before, short of grass."

Here the old man paused, with an expression of ruefulness almost ludicrous. It was certain that the enormous flock of kangaroo had consumed the herbage so completely which formed the food of the herds of cattle that these valuable and highly-bred animals were, though not starving, so much reduced in condition as to be little more than half their former value.

The veranda looked out on a shaven lawn, which was much loved by our host. It was entirely of English grasses, and the careful superintendence of it formed a great part of the old man's employment. Even in this fiery season it was comparatively green, and afforded a grateful relief to the eye.

As he spoke, a dozen tall, dusky, upright forms sailed over the high rail-fence which bounded the garden. Some fell to munching Mac's dogstail and cocksfoot in the degraded position to "all fours," sacrificing uprightness to appetite. Others "sat up" erect., and crossing their sinewy arms or forelegs across their chests, looked about them, "as natural as a white man." One huge brute, towering a couple of feet above his companions, showed his lighter-colored fur, about sixty yards from us, clearly in the starlight.

"Saw ye ever the like of that?" groaned Mac. "It's the

blessing of Provideace they'll no want iato a man's bedroom, for they'll no be kept oot. Am I any kind of kin to you Pharaoh, think ye, that a plague of these hrutes has come against me? What say ye, lads?"

Leaviag us to deliherate upon this view of the qnestion, he slipped quietly into a dressing-room, and reappeared with a long, heavy rifle, pretty well known in these parts, and lettiag drive without more ado, dowu came the "old man" kangaroo with a thud like a buffalo. The rest of the marauders retreated, with a silence and celerity as wouderful as their approach. We saw them top the high rail-fence, with the same gravity, the same stately stride, the same enormous bound, looking in the half light like a steeple-chase of ghouls. There remained "oae old man," however, a solemn fact. He lay dead under a choice young pine, and measnred ten feet from the head to the end of the tail.

"Noo, laddies, ye've ocular proof of my woes aad oppression," recommeaced Mac. "My life's a burden to me. I've tried dogs. I've twenty deer-hounds that can pull down anythiag from a bandicoot to a wild bull. But what ol that? The puir brutes are cut and gashed and ripped till there's hardly hide on them to hold stitches. And they're wearied out till they'll hardly rise to follow the everlastiag vermin."

"Don't you shoot a lot of them?" put in Jack Barton, in a soothiag tone of voice. "I should think a fellow in a week might make a goodish bag, eh?"

"Shoot them? I believe they breed much faster than rabbits, and then they're like the crows; they misdoot the auld iron, and just gae hop, hop, hopping fifty yards out of range. Well, we maun die fechting. I'll no give in. And now, ye'll have my idea. We'll have a 'finchel' as they call it in the Highlands—that is, a grand 'drive.' We'll get all the neighbors, strangers, friends, foes aud acquaintances, and then we'll see how many of the villains we can drive into the bran new yard that the Yankee trapper bodies have just finished. They're douce-like chiels, and I've promised them all the skins for their trouble."

The proposition was received with delight by every man of us; and next day we organized our plan in detail. We wrote hard till lunch—invitations, of course. We also sent au advertisement to the local thunderer, the Ballandra *Standard*, announcing the "Kangaroo Drive" for a certain day.

Every one came, and brought some one else. The proverbial hospitality of Ballandra attracted some, the sport more. Besides, it was the idle time of the year. The harvest was threshed, the sheep were shorn, the calves branded, the fat cattle not started. Like England at Christmas, Canada in a frost, India in "the rains," and Swan River all the year round, there was little or nothing to do. So every one for miles round about adopted the notion of a week's sport with cheerful promptitnde and a clear conscience.

Affirmative answers began to pour in. All the neighbors—McTavish, Sedley, Jones, Lecroix, and the rest—they would all come. It was "the thing" to help a neighbor. Besides, they might want the smart riders and good horses of Ballandra in a day of need. All the stockmen, we heard by word of month, were coming from the Moyne to Glenelg; partly for the fun, for which they did not care much, partly for the grog, for which they cared a great deal. All the boys made it clear that none of them would stay away. It was a glorious excnse for leaving home, and for showing off one's horse. It proffered unlimited galloping, yelling and bloodshed, singularly combined in the cause of duty. Even the doctor thought he would probably look in, "casualties might occur." In fine farmers, bankers, drapers, butchers, bakers' black fellows—every one who could get a horse or a holiday, came to our mighty hunt.

Our host made stupendous preparations for the company. Two bullocks were killed; a good shot was told off with O'Donnell to beat the river and lagoona, and strings of wild ducks, pigeons and a couple of noble wild turkeys, speedily adorned the larder. Impromptu stabling was devised; levies were made upon adjoining establishments for table necessaries and bedding; all the available hacks were got in for remount service; and after a week's incessant activity we rested, satisfied that either everything was done or that nothing more could be done—which came to the same thing.

On Monday the guests began to arrive: in the forenoon principally those who lived close to Ballandra—that is, from ten to thirty miles. Also boys in great numbers, nervously anxious not to be too late. In the afternoon the procession was continuous of hacks, dog-carts, buggies, mail-phætons, etc., as people preferred to ride or drive. By sundown the house was full; the kitchen and men's huts crowded: the lawn in front of the house, and the green before the "huts," all studded with every variety of man and boy possible under the existing laws of species. Most of the gentry lounged about the veranda or sat on the lawn, now as dry as a deal table. The small farmers, stockmen, and "people" generally sat upon lences, or logs, or carts, and smoked and chaffed unconstrainedly.

McDiarmid sounded the *reveille* at the first streak of dawn, say about 3:30 A. M. He was also good enough to notify that every one not dressing immediately would be left behind. The boys and many of the inexperienced were thereby goaded into an excited and comfortless style of dressiag. But we ol the ancient habitnés of Ballaadra knew better. We knew that Mrs. Teviot, the honsekeeper, could not have her cold rounds aad hot steaks, her wild-turkey hash aad deviled drumsticks, her jam, honey, fresh butter, eggs, and short-cake and porridge, marshaled at any such supernatural hours. So we of the committee and a dozen or two more "old hands" strolled quietly down to the calm cool river, lying bright in the crimson dawa light, and had a welcome dip.

The water was deliciously cool, but the air was so mild and warm that we sat on the rock or lounged about after comiag out, watching the blue and white cranes, the golden-burnished ibis, the pelicaas aad the spoonbills, as they fished in the shallows, or stood—principally on one leg—in dignified repose. So we lounged and trifled till, in a wave of billowy gold and purple, the "glorious sun rpist;" and then the woods woke up with warble and chatter, the stockmen shook themselves, lit their pipes, and were dressed for the day. Whips began to riag, running in the horses for the paddock. Business becoming imminent, we betook ourselves to our simple appareliag in earnest, and about an hour after sunrise we sat down to a breakfast that yet lives in dreams.

Before breakfast we had heard a few whips "going," and a rolling thunder of galloping hoofs which we knew to be the troop of riding horses which had been collected from all parts of the great horse-paddock, and "run in" to the horse yard—a spacious railed enclosure, with smaller yards abutting on to it. Therefore, directly the after-breakfast pipe was finished, every man shouldered his bridle and took his way down to the horse-yard.

Here was the commencement of the day's exciting duties. Every one had a bridle, by which he desired to connect himself with a horse. There were about one hundred and fifty horses in the yard—blacks, browns, bays, grays—all colors, values, sizes, ages, from Mr. Hollymount's Mameluke, up to fourteen stone with any hounds in Britain, to Dicky Wilder's Timor pony; from the doctor's venerable chestnut, quiet and sagacious enough almost to pay a medical visit on his own account, to Frank Smasher's black colt, backed the day before yesterday.

It is commonly believed that the Australian horse runs up to the colonist, who simply signifies his desire by whistling. This is not precisely true. Those horses which are quiet generally make some effort at evasion, unless when hobbled or lowered in spirit by traveling. The horses which are young, nervous, or vicious, bolt about the yard in utter disregard to the owner's feelings and dignity, and are only cornered with the help of numbers and forced to submit. When a great number are mixed together they excite one another to rebellion, and complicate confusion in every way.

Thus this morning we had before our embarrassed view a chaos of heads and tails—principally the latter for the first twenty minutes—every man trying, like hunting-men at a hand-gate, to get out of the scrape himself, regardless of his friends.

Cries of "Hang that colt of yours, Jones; he's run over the top of me: you're always riding a colt!" "Brown, why on earth did you bring that kicking mare of yours here?" "Wilson, lend us a hand with the filly; she won't take a minute." "Mr. Robinson may I venture to ask respectfully if you are on friendly terms acquainted with that white-legged chestnut, against whose hind-legs you brushed this moment? That horse, sir, is Mr. Leech's Cannibal; he has killed two men, and for private reasons, has just missed the chance of killing a third!"

Mr. Robinson goes and sits on the rails to recover himself.

At length all the horses were caught, and in much shorter time than might be expected. Anon we are all mounted and away, the younger men and boys "lashing" their horses over the great gum-tree logs, which, offering jumps suited to all comers, lay thinly scattered over the great flat which fringed the river.

Between the operation of the heat and the competitive energies of the cattle-herds, and the flocks of kangaroo, the vast natural meadow was, as one of the stockmen feelingly observed, "as bare of grass as the palm of your hand," while another gravely professed his belief, "that you could hunt a flea across it with a stock-whip."

Few of the depredators were visible at this hour of the day on the flat, though the night would see it thickly dotted with their dark, quaint forms; now they were lying in groups at the bases of the white and red gum-trees of the forest which we were just entering. The well-bred short-horns of the Ballandra herd soon began to meet our eyes in "mobs" or droves, and their manifest low condition drew forth angry comments from the squatters and their retainers.

The yard, which was to hold our game, could they be induced to enter it, was a large enclosure of split timber, with saplings and branches placed vertically against the rails, so as to augment the appearance of height and solidity.

A kangaroo can jump to a remarkable height, so that extraordinary fencing is needed. This, however, was but the strong room, as it were—the final prison, which, entered, "left hope behind." Longer enclosures, called "lanes," led in circuitous fashion to this *oubliette*. Exteading from these again were the "wings"—long lines of fencing, gradually closing in toward these lanes, and far apart—indeed out of sight—at their extremeties.

Captain O'Donnell divided us into companies, and with military decision and brevity gave us our instructions and routes.

Partly from McDiarmid's direction, and partly from a pretty accurate knowledge of the run, acquired in his numerous shooting excursions over it, he despatched one party after another to all points of the compass.

An active young neighbor was told off in command of a party to beat the Ettrick plain. "Cold Morning," a tame aboriginal, of hound-like qualities, led another band to rouse the long-tails out of the "green gully." Every creek, gully, flat and range, had a few well-known bushmen allotted to it, who were accompanied by a proportion of volunteers.

The general order was to keep wide and quiet till we got near the wings, and then to rush there and go "like steam."

Turning our horses' heads different ways, we soon lost sight of all but our immediate adherents. By this time the sun was not to be denied. It was of a lurid copper-color, and the air was of misty haze, fairly tremulous with the heat. Trees were plentiful, but shade was there none. Yet the horses bounded on, and the men were in high spirits and full of vigor.

Our costume was light to a fault. A shirt, trowsers and boots were the whole equipment of the stockmen and farmers.

But all honor to the genial Australian climate. Hot it was, yet the heated air was dry and fresh, and lacked the dreadful subtlety of the tropics.

Through the broad glades of the southern forest we held our way merrily. Now over wide flats like brown billiard tables; now under giant white barked weird encalypti; sometimes over piles of lava and scoria, through the clefts of which the grass grew broad and green in the early summer. We scared the wood-duck from the dry lakes, and the turkeys from the burnt grass. Clouds of paroquets flashed around us like clusters of winged emeralds and rubies—as onward and onward still we rode, until we had made the circuit of the run, and commenced to concentrate the forces of the "finchel."

Large flocks of the kangaroo had, from time to time, risen from their noonday camps, and fled before us.

As we now began to view our fellow hunters, we had in sight a continuous stream of terrified animals, hurrying before us to a common centre; the larger males—the "old men," as they are called—towered above the flying bucks, flying does and joeys, the half-grown bucks, does, and young ones. The wallaby, a smaller variety, and bearing the same analogy to its larger *confrere*, the forester, as the rabbit does to the hare—might be seen scuttling along in the *melee*—joining perforce with the main troop, and sometimes making vain attempts to double back; attempts which generally landed them in the midst of the army of dogs in the rear, where they were instantly snapped up and disappeared.

We were now close to the edge of the wings. The spectacle was remarkable. The long line of horsemen, at tolerably equal distances, were closing on the flying host of fur-clad, two-legged creatures, hopping and bounding frantically before them.

As they approached the eastern wing a larger proportion of the horsemen spread themselves in that direction, keeping behind them, and forming a continuous line with the end of the fence. The western side was comparatively open, so as to permit that flank of the body of game to extend itself easily. The leading kangaroo, so guided, ran up what appeared to be an unconnected fence. The pace now became better. Up to the leaders, fearing no evil and doubtless hoping for a turn to the right and general escape. Not so. The western wing is now sighted. The opening between the two wings is not more than five hundred yards, and rapidly narrows. At a wave from the captain's hand fifty eager riders spur across, and every five yards from fence to fence is filled by a horseman. If they do not turn and "break" now they are lost.

The moment has arrived, Mac gives the equivalent order to "Up Guards and at them?" and taking old Bushranger by the head, races desperately up to their tales. The younger portion of the company had been ready and more than willing for an hour back,

The wild centaurs of lads picked up their nags, and all but jumped on the backs of the crowded and frantic animals. All who could ride, and all who could not, delivered themselves over to the delirium of the moment.

The long heavy whips of the stockmen rose and fell like a forest of flails, while their reports rang like musketry. The dogs, sternly repressed up to this moment, barked and worried like demons. The rear of the mass pressed madly on the leading animals, which, with a fence on either side, and all Gehenna "maddening in the rear," had no choice but to go forward.

Up the fast closing straight running they flew, with the speed of a dream. Another half mile is gained, and the vast herd is approaching the fatal enclosure. But the vanguard, whose delicate instinct has been dominated temporarily only

scents the coming evil, and slackening pace, falls back on the main body.

Tremendous confusion is created. By the concussion, dozens of the younger animals are knocked over by the weight and impetus of the older ones. The whole herd are now mingled in one whirlwind of dust. The front, jammed by the rear, in vain try to charge back. Every one who has had the privilege of attending cattle musters recognizes this as the turning moment of the contest. If the herd "breaks," or turns its flank outward, a thousand horse would not stop them, and the day's work is thrown away.

"Stick to them, my lads," shouts Captain Blake, double-thonging with a hunting-whip like a maniac.

"Back up, for dear life," roars old Mack, with his features glowing with excitement and wrath, as he waves his broad-leafed hat, and shies it desperately amid the host.

These exertions were barely needed by any but the town-bred and inexperienced members of the hunt. Every old hand and every bush-bred lad was going it like an Irish sergeant at a forlorn hope. Their yells and cries were redoubled. The dogs raged with demoniac energy. The trained horses of the stockmen bit and kicked as they turned heads or tails alternately to the foe. None broke the line. The rear was forced bodily on to the front rank, which, confused and overpowered, once more took to the open.

After a short distance rattled over at a fair hunting pace, lo l a turn to the right appears leading back toward the route by which they had entered. Down the lane they go like a whirlwind, followed by the whole herd; and after passing down a lane, turning still more in the line of the escaped route, debouch into a large enclosure having no outlet whatever. It is the strong yard. For one moment the whole line of horsemen "blocks" the passage by which they had entered. Another—and two men simultaneously pull sliding lines, and a wall of canvas eight feet high stands between them and the other world.

Now there are great breath-takings, loosenings of girths, and general return to the realms of common sense. Apologies are made to any one who has got in the way, and been sworn at in the hurry of business. Now recommences the reign of chaff among the stockmen, too busy for conversation of late.

Now that we had got the kangaroo, the next question was: What were we to do with them? The duty of the historian becomes painful. They were all to be killed! Yes, dreadful as it sounds—butchered in cold blood. There was nothing else for it. We have our tenderness like other people, and hate needless cruelty. But the lives of these animals represented an annual loss of a couple of thousands a year, at least; and sheep and cattle, and the wellfare of Christian men, women, and children thereon depending, must be preferred to that of brutes, however directly inoffensive.

Mac and his squatter friend, and the stockmen, were thinking more of the despoiled pastures and diminished reputation of Ballandra, than of abstract questions of humanitarianism. So arming themselves with heavy sticks they entered the yard. Then every one else adopted a weapon, and hasted to the slaughter—one or two had got hold of swords; some had heavy-handled hunting-whips—one an Indian hogspear. The boys rushed to the prey. Then the slaughter commenced. Every one was rather excited by the chase, so after the first few moments every one went in savagely enough. The kangaroo is easily killed by a blow on the head; if, with an "old man" at bay, you have nerve enough to stand still for his rush (for at such a time he charges like a wild bull), and to strike him fair between the ears, he will fall as if shot. So the sticks were the favorite weapons.

Mac led the way, striking down right and left with a great oak sapling. The stockmen, who occasionally had some practice in killing calves on nearly as large a scale, and in the same fashion, were decidedly the most efficient macropicides, though all the laymen assisted manfully.

After all, killing a kangaroo, like many other arts and accomplishments, is not so easy as it looks. He is an agile beast, and if elderly, fierce. So when the youthful townsmen essayed this cheap form of heroism, they were occasonally deceived. But the greater number of the trapped creatures were huddled together too confused and terrified for further flight and resistance; but one flying buck, like the solitary Mameluke at the citadel of Cairo, dared the impossible, and took the canvas-wall fair.

The long, long summer day was nearly done—the tireless sun was lingering to his rest behind the far blue range in red golden glories—the air was cool as we rode soberly home to Ballandra, dusty, tired, hungry, and blood-stained. Yet, was the feeling not unpleasant as we let our horses go in the horse-paddock, knowing that a season of well-earned rest and delectation awaited us? Happy the man who, when the hour arrives, doubts not of appetite or the meal that is to satisfy it.

As we came up, each man bearing his saddle and bridle, old Mrs. Teviot greeted us with looks of astonishment and a mountain of towels, foreboding of the cool swim in the quartz-pebbled river, which was *de rigueur* after such a day.

"Eh l gudesake, look at the laddies l Just fearsome l And did ye kill a' the puir beasties? Weel-a-weel, it's sair work shedding the bluid o' sae mony o' the Lord's creatures. But ye gentlemen ken a'boot it, nae doot; it's no for me to judge. Puir Maister McDairmid's sair fashed and disjeckit like. He just canna sleep at nicht. Nae doot we maun live in the land and multiply, and we canna live for thae landloupin' thieves o' kangaroo. Noo, dinna swim a' the nicht, for the denner's a' but waitin' on ye."

In dozens we pitched ourselves off the tall rock, one after the other like school-boys, into the deep, cool river reach. now fast shadowing over in the long twilight. Who swims not, loses a pleasure of the choicest, in all lands where the sun shines strongly.

We came up cooled and freshened to the inmost nerve, and before dinner proceeded to comfort the inner gentleman with deep draughts of the well-cooled and delicate Yering.

And the dinner! But let us respect the sacred reserves of that immortal meal. None but men like us who had ridden and toiled, pure from the base compromise of lunch, could have performed such a feat as was then performed.

Those of our friends who were new to brush life asked themselves sternly why they did not so toil and so enjoy, daily, continually? Why, this was life—life to the very finger tips! It was a new revelation! Henceforth they would live in the wilderness, exist on horseback, and be demi-gods.

The night wore on, all violet-blue and silver-starred. Tales were told; songs were sung. Long we sat and gossiped, and lay about on the lawn's dewless grass far into the kind cool night. No fears had we in our *al fresco* indulgence. No viewless fear lurked in the flower-scented air, or to low, faint sigh of the river oaks. Why go to bed? why go at all? Had sleep fairer dreams than these? It was Aidenn, would it but last—lotus-land; and we world-worn wayfarers, dreaming on the bank of the lulling water, in a land of changeless summer.

So wore the night. The next day saw the departure of all save a few friends, who staid to keep Mac company. But for years after among the chronicles of the West the memory will be fresh of the jests and adventures, the hospitality and the good-fellowship of the great Ballandra kangoroo drive.

HOW WE GOT INTO THE OPERA WITHOUT PAYING.

ONE of the things we liked best while stationed at Cremona was to get a short leave of absence to go to Piadenza; and that fair city well deserved its name, for it was, in truth, a city of pleasures and delights. My first visit there really arose from my having nothing else to do.

One evening the opera was, for some reason or other, closed at Cremona, and we found the *cafe* somewhat dull. The captain second in command lived in the same quarters as myself; I had given up my rooms to our servants, and we shared everything together.

"What shall we do? Come, let us go home," he said to me. I consented, for I saw he had something in his head, and as we walked together, he asked, "Wert thou ever in Piacenza, Englishmau?" I replied in the negative. "So?" he answered, and then told me that there was an opera there, and that he would go to Piadenza, and be back in time for morning parade. It was then seven P. M., and there were twenty-five good miles to ride and the same distance to return, but the idea of the adventure charmed me, and in less than ten minutes we were in our saddles, preparing for *une nuit blanche*. My friend knew the road well, and after a little more than two hours and a half of hard galloping we entered the city, stabled our horses, which, contrary to our fears, were not too much knocked up to take kindly to their food, and finding the principal *cafe* empty, we turned our steps at once to the opera. At the door we discovered to mutual discomfiture that we had neither of us so much as a single kreutzer in our pockets, and could not, of course, obtain seats. We walked round the building, trusting to light on some of our comrades, and while doing so perceived a small door, which we pushed open. It led apparently to the lower regions, and we determined to explore a little. We groped our way cautiously along several damp, dark passages, always descending somewhat, until at length we became aware that we were under the stage, for at a distance we could see a light and a pair of legs, which we felt sure belonged to the prompter, while above we heard the crash of music and the applause of the audience. They were performing the opera of "Robert Devereux." Just then I stumbled, and came with a dreadful clanking of sword and spur to the ground. We stood silently for a little, but by the profound quiet around us, and the sound of the singers' voices, and the answering murmur of the spectators, we concluded that we were alone in this subterranean region. "Stay, Englander," said my friend. "I know exactly where we are now, and there is a passage by which we could enter the pit easily if only the attention of every one could be diverted for the moment. An idea comes to me which we will quickly execute. Draw thy sword and follow me softly.

We proceeded cautionsly until we arrived at the aforesaid pair of legs, on each side of which we arranged ourselves; then my friend pricked the leg nearest to him gently with his sword point, which produced from above a curious yell, not at all in harmony with the music. I caught a glimpse of an arm descending on the opposite side, and to counteract the movement, I also, with the utmost delicacy pricked the leg next to me. This caused another screech and a tremendous scuffling as of many feet rushing to and fro over the boards. Now or never, we thought, and immediately applied our swords' points to both legs at the same instant. The prompter uttered an unearthly scream, greatly resembling that of a wild-cat; the legs flew upward out of the reach of our persecution; the tumult above redoubled, and we hastily decamped, ran along the passage which communicated with the pit, with which my friend was acquainted, and having entered perfectly unnoticed in the excitement that ensued, we walked with an innocent and unconcerned air to the place reserved for the officers. We could not help being diverted with the scene that presented itself. The whole theatre was in a state of excitement and uproar such as only those who know the easily-moved, impetuous, effervescent nature of the Italians can understand.

The orchestra was dumb; at least half of the people from the pit and lower boxes had leaped upon the stage; the actors. every employé about the place, and all the ladies of the *corps de ballet*, in full costume, had likewise rushed thither. In the middle of them the prompter was hopping about with both his hands applied to the calves of his legs; every one was gesticulating, shouting, and asking what was the matter Some imagined the man was attacked by a sudden fit of madness and would have laid violent hands on him, and to elude their kindly grasp he crouched, dived, and darted here and there in the oddest conceivable way, screaming out as he did so that *il diavolo* was below, and calling on all the saints to aid and help him.

When comparative calm was restored a rigid search was made below, but, of course, nothing was discovered; his legs were stripped and carefully examined in presence of the gendarmes, but as there were neither wounds nor blond, and only one little scratch, which, I beg to say, was not on the leg which fate had given into my care, the assault was generally supposed to have been made by some playful kitten which had endeavored to ascend to the upper regions by using the prompter's legs for a ladder, and no further inquiry was made.

That night we supped joyously with our brother officers, but mindful of the consequences which we had formerly sustained by babbling tongues, we kept our little adventure rigidly to ourselves, and long before break of dawn we were on our horses, riding hard to reach Cremona before morning parade. The general and his wife had been present at the performance in question. He was good enough freqnently to invite me to dine at his house, and has more than once asked me if I ever saw anything more extraordinary than the prompter's *debut*.

"He shot on to the stage like an arrow from a bow, and made as much confusion among us as a bomb-shell," he said. To which I replied that I never had seen anything like it before, but I never told who strung the bow which sent that ponderous arrow.

ACTING IN GOOD FAITH.—A lawyer who had figured with some distinction in the national assemblies of the republic of France, recounts in the following terms his *debut:* "I was young and unsuspecting," said he, "when I pleaded my first cause. It was that of a peasant charged with stealing a watch. The papers in the case, the insufficiency of the evidence, and, above all, the air of the accused—which was that of a good man—had convinced me of the innocence of my client. I pleaded with all the warmth of soul which could be inspired by this strong faith, and acquitted the peasant. Once free he cast his arms around me.

"'Oh, monsieur,' said he, 'you spoke well. My children shall be taught to bless you. There is one more service you must do for me.'

"'What is it?'

"'Dig up the watch for me.'

"'Dig up the watch for you?'

"'Certainly. You understand that they still keep their eyes on me; whilst you, in your promenade, can dig it up with your little cane, and return it to me.'

"'Miserable wretch l Then you are guilty?'

"'What l didn't you know it? If I hadn't been guilty I should have dispensed with your services, and been my own lawyer.'"

ABYSSINIA is now the Mecca of wandering English newspaper correspondents. It is said that the publishers prefer darked-skinned men, and that none of the correspondents lately tried to change his color with tincture of iodine. Thus transformed, he took a quiet walk in the sunshine, and was rather surprised to find himself photographically tattoed with an exact reflex of the trees and flowers around him.

BRAVE actions are the substance of life, and good sayings the ornament of it.

A BALL struck a little boy in the eye last week. Strange to say, the *bawl* immediately came out of his mouth

LITERARY GLEANINGS.

PUBLIC READINGS IN NEW YORK—MRS. YELVERTON.

Though the New York critics differ widely in their estimate of the talents and skill of the "Honorable Mrs. Yelverton," as a reader, there seems to be little doubt that she has secured at least, a pecuniary success. The lady prefaced her career by sending the following curious letter to the New York *Herald*, which proves her to be either a singularly romantic and unsophisticated person, or one who is disposed to ace herself in the most confidential relations with the pub-. without too much regard for the conventional notions of icacy :

To the Editor of the Herald.—I notice, in a recent aber of the New York *Herald* that, in accordance with the ctice of ancient and modern authors, I am about to give .dings from my own writings. I must ask you kindly to rect the error, and try to explain that the 'Yelverton cor-spondence' alluded to is nothing more nor less than the love ters written to my husband, Major Yelverton, prior and osequent to our ill-starred marriage. They were written by the silvery moonbeams that lit the shores of the classic Mediterranean, for one beloved eye alone, or by the still more mystic shores of the Bosphorus, in sight of the very tower where Hero pined until Leander breasted the treacherous wave. They were the first outburst of a young heart, believing, with earnest faith, in all that is beautiful in God's creation—the first bloom of the plum, the first perfume of the bud, which aftertime destroys. Whatever their merits as literary productions, whatever their interest as emotional effusions I do not enquire. To me they are the only relics of 'love's young dream,' and now that the heart is broken and the object they were addressed to—dead to me—a nameless wander, unknown, uncared for. These letters are the sepulchre or funeral urn which contain the ashes of all that ever was, of all that ever can be, and it would seem like a desecration to me to expose them for the criticism or amusement of the public. True, they have been brought before the astonished gaze of bewigged lawyers to interpret or misinterpret, to the best or worst of their ability, according to the side they were engaged in. True, that two judges on the bench have been moved to tears in quoting them. True it is that most people have an invincible curiosity about love letters, for the reason given by the brilliant French poet :

Qui que tu sois voici ton maitre
Il est, il fut, ou il doit etre.

Those who have not been in love wish to ascertain precisely what it is like ; those who have wish to renew, if only for a moment, the pleasant delusions. I shall be most happy to contribute to these Elysian dreams by rendering, to the best of my ability, the loves of Héloise and Abelard, or *n'importe qui*, but I must respect the green turf now growing over the grave of my own. I am, sir, yours truly,

Threesa Yelverton.

Albemarle Hotel, Oct. 21, 1867."

ARTHUR SKETCHLEY.

In regard to the merits and the success of this English humorist, as a reader or lecturer, the New York papers and correspondents are by no means agreed. Satanella, the *Call's* correspondent pronounces him a failure, and says he has drawn none but scanty houses. The *Tribune* praises him, and speaks of his houses as " fair, and increasing," while the weekly papers differ *toto coelo* in their critcism. We suspect that his humor is too essentially English in its character, and its vein too thin, to delight New York audiences, who would soon tire of Mrs. Brown and her eccentricities of dialect. Here is a specimen of his peculiar style, from " Mrs. Brown's Budget :"

We was livin' down Stepney way then, as is a place as I'm partial to myself thro' bein' fond of anything of the sea as long as I aint on the top of it, for of all the sensations as ever I did feel it's them qualms as the briny ocean throws up, as is like the shadder of death a comin' over you, with no relief, and frightened ont of my wits to 'old the bason thro, a-remem'berin' what 'appened to 'Melia Emmins, as pitched for-'ard with her face in it on the deck that slippery through them waves a-washin' over it, as cut thro' her carroty artery, and must 'ave bled to death if a sailor 'adn't kep' his thum' on it by the 'our together till regular sewed up, as you can see the marks on to this day tho' a thrivin' woman and mother of three a'ready.

Well, as I was a-sayin', we lived out Stepney way, and my 'Liza wasn't born nor thought on, as the sayin' is, and Joe, the youngest, as is five years old nor'er, and Jane, as was eldest she did use to be a deal with her Aunt Barnes, as I always considered spiled'er ; but Brown said as my 'auds was full, and so they was thro' 'avin three down with measles, and buried two in screamin' convulsions.

I shall never forget one evenin' as Brown were ont, and mo a-eatin' lonely, for I'd put Joe to bed, and couldn't 'elp a frettin' over them two as was gone, tho' goodness knows I'm sure they're ont of a wicked world—though the world's good enough, it's the people as is in it, as Mrs. Barwell did use to say, as was a good unss, and one as I'd trust my life along with' tho' rayther too fond of 'er bit of 'ot supper, as made 'er a 'eavy sleeper, and frightened me nearly to death once a-thinkin' as she'd overlaid Joe, as caused us to part with words atween us, for it's a thing as I don't 'old with any but mother 'avin any a infant to sleep with them—tho' not always safe then, for Mrs. Portlock's daughter she woke up and her child black in the face, as they said was fits, tho' my opinion as she bein' a stout woman was the cause her-

ell, as I was a-sayin', I was a settin' between the lights, sayin' is, when a tap came to the door as opened into tichen, thro' there bein' no passage. I goes to open it, here stood Mrs. Overton, as lived three doors up, a like a ghost for whiteness.

ay, " Whatever is it ?" for she give me sich a turn.

o says, " Oh," she says, " do come in ; for," she says, " I do believe Overton is a killin' our Sam, he's 'ittin' 'im that wiolent."

Well, I 'nrries in with 'er, and there sure enough was Overton, the wuss for liquor, a-'amerin' away at the washus door, where the boy 'had been, and bolted 'isself in thro' fear.

Just as we got in the door give way, and in rushes Overton like a wild beast broke loose.

I was in pretty quick, and it's well as I were, for he'd got a coal 'ammer as he'd broke the door with, and was just a goin' to bring it down on that boys 'ead as were a-crouchin' behind the copper, when I 'eld on to his arm, a-sayin,' " Are you mad ?"

" No," he says, " I'm not, but I'll beat his brains out," and swore frightful.

" No," I says, " you won't."

He says, " Let go," and makes a blow at me.

I says, " Never."

He was a little man, as luck would 'ave it, so I jest ketched 'old of 'is neck-'ankercher, an' give it such a jerk as pretty nigh chocked 'im, an' give him a violent shove into a corner, where I 'eld him till the boy got away.

Etc., etc., all which would be voted " slow" by those who relish a more varied and rollicking kind of " fun."

NEW YORK SOCIETY—THE " NEW RICH."

The New York *Round Table*, in a somewhat sensational article, declares that " our most luxurious and ostentatious families," and thousands of the seemingly wealthy have been reduced by the great losses which have of late fallen upon almost all branches of trade, to a position where nothing but the most desperate spirits, postponements and accommodations, " preserve them from the appearance, as well as the reality of beggary." The writer adds :

We must risk the imputation of envy by confessing that we are a little tired of seeing so many beggars on horseback. The sight of these hordes of gilded dunces, these regiments of illiterate and coarse-minded millionaries with their coffers crammed to bursting by luck and rascality, becomes in time something distasteful. One's sense of congruity, indurated as it may be by hard use, is fretted and outraged by seeing these clowns and their mates swaggering in stately houses they know not how to live in, rolling in coaches whereon their place, if any, should be behind, lavishing their gold or its verdant non-representative in ridiculous excess, so hoping to make up for deficiencies of which they are uneasily conscious without being modester for the knowledge. Too much of New York society these few years past has resembled nothing so much as a gigantic performance of the farce of *High Life Below Stairs*. It will be a relief to hear the tinkle of the bell and to see the green curtain.

SOCIAL HOMAGE TO WEALTH.

The writer does not go so far as to insist that *all* the wealthier society of the metropolis has become vulgarized. He says :

There is culture, refinement, sound thought here, womanly delicacy and manly chivalry here ; but they are overslaughed, as the politicians say, put ont of sight and made to count for nothing by the mess of tawdry rubbish which surrounds and oppresses them. Therefore we do mean not to imply, but directly to assert that the tendency has been strongly in the direction described in our question ; that the homage paid to mere riches to the neglect of other standards of, or title to, social distinction has paved the way to results of which it is difficult to say whether they are more pitiable or ridiculous. Education and refinement has already been practically excluded in this country from their legitimate political influence ; the disposition of late has been to apply the same principle to society. The passion for money has become so universal that it has begotten a reverence for those who succeed in getting it that is almost equally so. A social tone has thus been generated so selfish and base, so depressing to all noble and delicate aspiration, so stimulating and congenial to all that is contemptible and sordid that one longs at times for something more substantial than the lash of the satirist wherewith to do it justice. We know what are the natural gravitations of a commercial and democratic community, and how easy and mistaken it may be to censure individuals for the product of principle, but in this matter we do not blame the masses alone for tabooing brains and culture, and setting up a golden calf in their place. The professional people who are not in trade at all, the clergy, the bar, even journalists have lent themselves to the same ignoble process. It has in it, in truth, something of contagion as well as of hallucination, so that people who are within the vortex become blinded in a manner to what goes on there.

THE AMERICAN LANGUAGE.

The *Monitor* of last week, had an editorial article, expressing the belief that the English language as used in this country was rapidly becoming " Americanized," that is, was taking on distinctive features which would in time make it a new tongue. That journal, with true Celtic detestation of everything that is English, seemed to think this result a highly desirable one. A writer in the October number of *Blackwood*, in an article entitled " Inroads upon English," takes a more reasonable view of the innovations which are being introduced in the United States, and seems to think it probable that most of these new words and idioms that are adopted here, *and admitted into literature*, will also be admitted in England, while at the same time we are on our part continually borrowing new words and new expressions from current English literature of the lighter sort, so that there is not likely to be any such wide divergence between the speeches of the two people, as to result in two distinct languages. The essayist of *Blackwood*, says, among other things :

The United States, in throwing off the political restraints that, in the days before the declaration of independence, attached them to the mother-country, threw off the restains of fashionable English as spoken at home ; and as the population was from year to year increased by immigration, mostly of persons without education, who brought with them the local words of the English counties, and of the sister kingdoms of Scotland and of Ireland, the language received a constant accession from this source. Thus, although the influence of English literature has been great in America, it has not been great enough to keep American writers within the customary limits of the language as spoken and written in the Old World. Such a result would neither have been natural nor desirable ; and the vast number of words, obsolete or provincial with us, that were carried to America generations ago—that have cropped up amongst them—and that, when met with in American writers, come back upon us unfamiliarly, or are no longer recognised, are a clean gain to the language. These words and phrases have often received, but very unjustly, the name of Americanisms, many of them being not only pure Anglicisms, but made English forevermore in the pages of Spenser, Shakspeare, and Ben Johnson. There are, however, two other classes of words which are daily growing up amongst our American cousins, and passing not only into colloquial, but into literary use, which more properly deserve to be called Americanisms, inasmuch as they are racy and of the soil, and are produced and generated by circumstances out of the reach of European and English experience, and descriptive of things, and modes of life and thought, not existent among ourselves. Some of these words are pure inventions ; some are perversions and caricatures, more or less grotesque, of pre-existing words or phrases ; some are affectations that happen to hit the fancy of the vulgar, in a country where the vulgar form a much larger majority of the people than elsewhere.

Among the words ordinarily classed as "Americanisms," but which are in fact old English words, which having become obsolete, and even forgotten at home, were revived in America, are "platform," "rile," "splurge," "squelch," "squirm," and others. "Platform," is used by Shakspeare and Hooker. "Splurge," is pronounced to be an old Northumbrian word. "Squelch" occurs in the old ballad of "St. George and the Dragon." "Squirm" is also an old English word, though long disused. All these words, together with "slick," "sag," "sliver," "stent," "wilt," and others, against which Mr. Barblett and the purists have solemnly warned us, as "vulgarisms." "Americanisms," etc., the writer in *Blackwood* thinks "are worthy of the favor of English writers and speakers." Many of them can certainly boast an illustrious English ancestry, and their respectability being thus viudicated, it is to be presumed that they will in future receive more courteous treatment at the hands of the Boston *literati*, or of that elegant and fastidious class of them, whom some malicious wag has christened the "Tuckermanites."

SUPERFLUOUS NASTINESS.

From the same source, we heve the following additional bill of indictment :

"Americans are, for their sins, pretty much under the necessity, whenever they stir from their homes, of foregoing decency and comfort until they return thither. That portion of the community which knows what is due to the proprieties and is quite willing, whenever their observance rests with other people, to pay for them, has no opportunity to do anything of the kind. On the contrary, however great one's solicitude for the simple privilege of immunity from disgust, no precaution short of total isolation from American life can preveut his having thrust upon his observation at every turn things that must raise the gorge of anybody not thoroughly pachydermatous. Most of the little details which go to make up the total of everyday lives have somehow been moulded by the tastes of that Great Unwashed whose presence in the world we acknowledge to be useful and necessary, but with whom and with their manners and customs there is no reason why we should be forced into terms of intimacy.

Yet in this country all men, and in some degree most women, have this intamacy inevitably thrust upon them. It is impossible to escape being overwhelmed by it. Wherever you may be in public, whether eating, sleeping, moving, or resting, nastiness of some kind is almost certainly about you. In the arrangements of even the better class of our ordinary eating-houses a total indifference to it is the prevailng characteristic. The salt and the butter are, as a rule, unaccompanied by salt-spoon or butter-knife, and one's stomach is turned, if not by the condition in which he finds them, at seeing his *vis-á-vis* invaded them with a knife used in that manner of the country which is described in *Martin Chuzzlewit*."

Elegant Professional Rooms.—The parlors, and ladies' and gentlemen's operating dental rooms of Dr. Jessup, over Tucker's new store, corner of Montgomery and Post Streets, are fitted in magnificent style, and are said to be the finest rooms in America for the purposes for which they are designed.

A Noble Present.—In passing along Montgomery Street you can catch through the long vista of Roman's store a glimpse of Bateman's Mount Shasta, which is pronounced to be the best landscape ever painted in California. The painting is for sale. What a magnificent Christmas present it would make !

New Fringe, Cord, Button, and Trimming Manufactory. Mr. M. Ettinger, who has been for the last eight years foreman at the manufactory of Mrs. Norcross, has established a manufactory of the above articles at 125 Kearney Street, between Post and Sutter. Nothing tends more to our permanent welfare than the building up of home manufactories.

Pure Coal Oil never explodes, and is much cheaper in the end than the low-priced article mixed with benzine. John B. Owens' "Standard Kerosene," sold at his store, No. 10 Third street, is the pure article, non-explosive, free from smell, burns longer than other brands, and consequently is cheaper. Try it.

Boys' Clothing.—Holiday presents can be bought at less than cost at H. M. Lockwood & Co's, 624 Clay Street. They are closing up business.

The People of San Francisco are at last beginning to realize the fact that the cold and stormy day is the very time for taking Dr. Bourne's Baths, and they are acting accordingly. The foolish notion that they are "weakening," and that there is danger of "taking cold," is nearly exploded. Dr. Bourne's Baths are different from all others —remember that. No. 10, Masonic Temple, Post street.

[For the Californian.]

A PROWL THROUGH THE NATIVE AND "FOREIGN" CITIES OF SHANGHAI.

BY FORBES MAITLAND.

LOTS of people have heard and read of Shanghai; how few understand what it actually is! I did not—I thought it must be the most magnificent and celestial place imaginable. I firmly believe the Chinese have really deceived more confiding Christians with regard to their cities than any people in the whole universe. I will give you just a glance at the much talked-of city of Shanghai, the residence of the "Toutai," the highest Manderin (Governor) of the province in which Shanghai is situated. Shanghai is one of the much-talked-of "open ports." Any number of San Franciscans have heard and read of Shanghai—and a few have seen it—that is to say in the condition it is in at the present day. But few, however, in this city know much about Shanghai as it was in 1859–60; I will therefore endeavor to give a slight glance at the interior of the native city, as I found it on my arrival there in 1859, just previous to the war in the northern portion of China.

After having done the polite to the friends to whom I had letters of introduction, my brother, along with his chums, invited me to visit the "City," and promised they would show me the lions. I at first objected, on account of being rather used up, and proposed to inspect the menagerie the next day. (In my innocence—poor boy! I misunderstood the word 'lions'—I was only a youngster at the time.) My big brother whispered in my ear that it was not a menagerie, but a Joss house, and lots of other funny things he and his friends wished to show me. What a Joss house and the "funny things" were I had no more idea of than I had of the "lions;" however, having implicit confidence in my big brother, I thought I might just as well go through it one day as another, so off we started.

We got into chairs, at least so they called them—I thought they resembled very much the cases in which patent mangles are generally shipped. The only difference was that the Shanghai mangle cases were nicely covered with blue cloth and had lots of fringe round the tops, two long poles and four coolies attached. My brother and friends got into their cases all right, and of course I was not going to show the white feather, (although I felt very much inclined to do so,) so in I popped, and a good deal I would have given if I could have popped out again, but no use; the "coolies" had started. Such a jolting and a "hie-hoing" (the cry of the chair coolies as they convey a fare,) I never heard. There I was, poor, miserable soul, cooped up in the infernal case, praying to Confucius, or any other man, that the bottom of the chair might fall out, and let me walk. Of course it was only for the dignity of the arrangement I remained in the confounded thing at all. The prayer was barely formed in my mind, when down I came—well, not exactly on my feet, but nearly so; when I recovered my presence of mind, I found my prayer had been granted, and I was once more on *terra firma*. The Coolies, however, not heeding the smash, kept going ahead, leaving me, poor devil! lying in a nice, clean little duck puddle, much to the amusement of a lot of Chinese washerwomen. In a few minutes, however, my chair (!) returned to pick up its load; in I got, that is to say, I got in all standing, as the bottom had entirely caved in. However, as dignity is everything in China, I was determined, at least, to have a covering over my head, if I had to go at a double-quick. It must have been very funny, indeed, to outsiders (no fun to the insider, however,) to see the chair, with two bearers, going at a double trot, and my poor feet and ankles just visible beneath the fringe, trotting along.

At last, praise be to Confucius, we arrived at the East Gate where the other chairs had halted. My brother looked in astonishment when he perceived the state in which I arrived, and asked, "Why, Forbes, where on earth have you been?" "Flat on my back," I replied, in the most malignant and sullen manner. "Flat on your back! how did that happen?" "Happen? why the bottom of that thing which you call a chair, went in, and I was left in a most degrading position, in a dirty duck puddle, being laughed at by a score of Chinese washerwomen. I would not have thought so much of the duck puddle, but to have to keep up my dignity by getting into a bottomless chair, and having to go at a double-quick to keep up with those confounded Chinamen, through all sorts of Chinese filth, is a little too severe a joke." "Oh, never mind, old boy," my fraternal relative remarked in the most cool manner, "it will all come out in the washing." Pretty consolation for a young man, one mass of mud from head to foot. In this cleanly condition I got into a chair (one with a good strong bottom this time) for a "prowl" through Shanghai, to see the "lions."

The first object that attracts the eye of a stranger entering Shanghai, or indeed any Chinese walled city, is what in San Franciscan parlance, might be called the "Home Guard." What a guard! Half a dozen miserable looking, half clad, unwashed Celestials. The lazaroni of Naples are perfect swells both as regards their cleanliness and costume, when compared with the "Home Guard" at the East Gate of Shanghai.

Off at last, and, that at a good round trot. The first place to be visited was the City Prison, and the cells of those condemned to linger out their miserable existence in closely barred iron cages. I can assure you it is no joke getting there, having to traverse the worst locality of the city. A succession of filthy alleys, none wider than six feet, the verandas of the filthy shanties within a few inches of meeting overhead, thus precluding all possibility of the slightest breath of air reaching the alley. I was in bodily fear of the shanties toppling over. They seemed to be hanging by, as the Scotch say, the "breers o' the een." What I had seen of misery and filth on our way hither was nothing when compared with what met my gaze on leaving the chair in front of one of the largest cages (there are fifty in all.) Inside a cage about five feet high were six—well I suppose I must call them human beings, but really they had little resemblance to anything human. They were manacled by the ancles two and two; some with a few rags on, some in a state of nudity, all in the most beastly state of filth; many having been inside the cage for three years, and a few for five. Our guide informed us one had actually been confined in this horrible prison for over eight years, and this without any allowance of water, or having the services of a barber. Their hair and beard was in most cases matted together with dirt, while their bodies were covered with the most disgusting sores. In one of the cells we actually found the corpse of one in a state of semi-decomposition, still manacled to the living prisoner, and this our guide informed us was a frequent occurrence. In some cases the miserable wretch would remain manacled to his dead companion for a week. These prisoners have no rations supplied them by government, being entirely dependent on the charity of passers-by for food and water. They never of course leave the cage alive.

The Hall of Justice; (the Hall of Injustice would be a much more appropriate name) not much to be seen here; an old grey-haired, bloated aristocrat of a Manderin sitting in "full fig" behind a small table, with one can of black paint and another of red in front of him; in his hand he held a small paint brush, with which he marked on the forehead the insignia of condemnation and acquittal; red being the sign of condemnation, and the black acquittal. The red was the winning color the day I was there. Out of fifty (they are brought in batches of fifty) only one got the black mark—the forty-nine were condemned in less than half an hour. (What a saving of time if Judge Rix could get through his cases with like dispatch!) Forty-nine human beings condemned to imprisonment for life, and the whole business finished in less than half an hour! It would rather astonish and disgust a San Francisco lawyer to have a choice and complicated murder case disposed of in three minutes. The characters over the Justice Hall I am sure, if interpreted, must mean "Time is money."

Our destination now was the Execution Ground, which is situated in the more aristocratic district of the "Tea Gardens." Our route to this part of the city was certainly more cleanly, so far as the road was concerned; the horrible stench was if anything increased, and compelled one to be continually applying the tips of his fingers to the olfactory organ; in fact by the time we arrived at our destination, my nasal organ resembled a stale plum. Such an effect had the severe compressing on my once good and decent Roman nose. At last we came to a halt. I looked out and found we were at the gate of the grounds. Execution Grounds indeed! That wretchedly dirty yard looked like a hog-pen—a filthier place I never saw. It was ancle deep with a mixture of thin mud, pools of blood and decayed straw. Hanging by their tails over the door of the guard-house, were about a dozen ghastly heads, while the trunks lay exposed to the scorching sun about twenty feet off. On enquiring of the guide why the bodies had not been removed, he quietly remarked, "Oh, those few were only beheaded yesterday; they never remove less than fifty at a time." I had seen sufficient of the Execution Grounds.

We next started for the "Tea Gardens." The alleys (there are no streets in a Chinese city—not even in Pekin) leading towards this portion of the city were a decided improvement on anything we had as yet passed through. In a very short time we had reached the outside portion of the pleasure grounds.

I really think this is the greatest of all great swindles, perpetrated by the Celestials—"Tea Gardens" forsooth! duck puddles, I should say. I expected to see verdure-clad lawns with magnificent shrubberies; fancy my disgust when I found the so much-talked-of "Tea Gardens" were composed of a stagnant frog-pond, a few artificial bridges, one or two decent "Tea Houses," (got up in the mud and bamboo style) and one decent duck swimming, evidently to his or her disgust, amongst last years' frog-spawn. This was a little too much for even my good nature to stand, after hearing the place lauded to the skies. The continual talk was "wait till we get to the 'Tea Gardens.'" (I forgot by the way to mention there were two small frogs in company with the duck, and they seemed quite fatigued with the efforts they had made to get out.) The Tea Garden swindle was more than mortal man could stand, and I at once made up my mind to continue my "prowl" at a later date. That is to say, after getting climatized to being swindled into the belief that there was anything magnificent about a Celestial city.

DRAMATIC AFFAIRS.

MAGUIRE'S Opera House has been closed the whole of the week. Scenic and decorative artists and stage carpenters have been engaged in tearing everything to pieces and thoroughly renovating the theatre, in order to add eclat to the first appearance of the burlesque and comedy actress Miss Fanny Young, and the production of the extravaganza of *Rum-ti-foozle*. This actress, of whose beauty and talent we have heard much, will make her first appearance before the San Francisco public on Monday, as "Polly Marigold," in the comedy of *Our Village*, and in *Rum-ti-foozel*. A number of new sensational effects which have been purchased in New York by Mr. Thos. Maguire, expressly for this theatre, will be presented under the experienced supervision of Messrs. Stackhouse & Torrence. New scenery has been painted by William Burbury, the talented scenic artiste whose productions since his engagement at the Opera House have caused such general admiration. These pieces will be produced under the stage direction of Harry Jackson. A season of comedy and burlesque will, I think, suit the public taste at present, and if Miss Fanny Young prove successful, as I have every reason to believe she will, cause the Opera House to be crowded nightly.

At the Metropolitan Theatre, *Under the Gaslight* has drawn crowded houses all through the week. This piece runs like an express train but draws a larger number of people. Every one is bound to see it. Arrivals from the country are now numerous, and there is no telling when the management will be able to withdraw it and produce another sensation, which they have already in a forward state of preparation.

The business at Leslie, Raynor & Smith's Temple, has been during the week, as indeed it has been ever since the opening of the establishment, very good. New acts are constantly introduced. "The Ghost," instead of frightening people away from its vicinity as these supernatural visitants are generally supposed to do, has drawn thousands to look at it, and will, in consequence of its continued popularity appear for a few nights more during the coming week. The usual matinee will be given to-day when children may see "The Ghost," and a splendid programme will be performed this evening. The latter end of next week the burlesque opera of *The Bohemian Girl* will be produced. Miss Emma Howson has been engaged, and will make her first appearance at the Temple of Music in this burlesque. This will give a pleasing variety to the entertainment. Miss Emma Howson is a very general favorite, and will appear to as good advantage, no doubt, in the burlesque as she does in the original.

I must acknowledge the receipt of an invitation to be present at the second full dress party of the Occidental Theatricals at Turn Verein Hall, on December 17th, when *The Merchant of Venice* will be performed, with Geo. M. Ciprico, the manager of the association, in the character of "Shylock." The last entertainment given by the Occidental Theatricals was a very pleasant affair, and I have no doubt that this will be equally so. A dance concludes the evening's amusement

TOUCHSTONE.

THE VERY THING.—Ellery's Patent India Rubber Paint will exclude all rain or dampness from the houses on which it is applied; and is now coming into general use. The Rubber Cement is first applied, either to wood, brick or metal, making all tight, and then a coat of paint, of any color required, follows. The process preserves the buildings, and the effect excellent. We call attention to the fine house of C. V. Stuart, Esq., on Capp street near Sixteenth, as a sample of work on wood, and to 611 Pine street for work on brick. For roofs see hundreds of houses in town. The office and manufactory of Ellery's Patent Paint is in the iron building, corner of Buttery and Jackson streets.

PRESERVED COFFEE—That is, coffee condensed in the form of paste, and put up in cakes, the same as chocolate, is now manufactured in this city by a process recently patented, and is really an article worthy the attention of housekeepers. None but the best Juva Coffee is used, and a trial of the "preserved coffee" has convinced us that the strength and flavor of the berry is fully preserved by this process, and that it will produce a finer flavored cup of coffee than can be obtained in any other way. Frank Silver & Co. No. 10 Stevenson street, are the manufacturers.

HAYNES & LAWTON announce in our advertising columns a list of goods most suitable for Holiday Presents, such as Bohemian glassware, statuary, vases, etc. This firm is one of the largest and oldest established in the city, and has always been noted for its fine and extensive stock of glass and crockery ware.

SICK PEOPLE have guaranteed cures in almost all cases, for a reasonable stipulated fee, if so agreed, because no medicines are used, nor bleeding, blistering, nor plastering, by Dr. Bourne, 10 Masonic Temple, Post street. *

HOLIDAY BOOKS.—A. Roman & Co., 417 and 419 Montgomery Street, is now displaying a splendid assortment of Holiday Books, Photograph Albums, and books for juveniles, for Christmas and New Year's presents.

EXPERIENCE, (more than twenty-five years,) knowledge, and skill combined, enable Dr. Bourne, 10 Masonic Temple, Post street, to offer great inducements to the sick, who should see him before undertaking to be drugged, bled, blistered, and plastered. *

CAKES, Confectionary and Cream for the Holiday tables. Procure them from Cammot's new Restaurant and Ice Cream Saloon, Nos. 57 and 59 Third Street, near Mission, and you will be sure to be served with the best articles in these lines.

AID FOR THE WEAK SIGHTED.—The beautiful Brazilian pebble spectacles manufactured by C. Muller, at 205 Montgomery street, are of great assistance to the weak sighted, and are the most comfortable known.

DRIFTING.

A LARK'S song rippled in the air,
With liquid thrill that smote the dawn,
He hastened down the dewy lawn
And found the morning breezes fair;

And half the anchor-cable in
And half the sails were loosed, and full
Of salty winds! with steady pull
He bade the frothing eddies spin

And whirl about his dripping oar,
As on he sped and joined the bark;
Then from the deck he leaned to mark
The wondrous beauty of the shore.

They seemed as falling scales, his tears,
From blinded eyes, that would not see
How comfort in that home could be,
Though comfort kept him all his years.

High on the yard a sailor sang:
"O! dusky love beyond the sea!
O! dusky love that longs for me"—
"And thee," the mocking echoes rang.

"There is a glory in the gale—
An idle dream will suit the calm,
And talk of leafy thatch and palm—
Shall fill the watch with song and tale.

"Lo! yonder is the star that guides
The mariner; we lift our hands
About the world in many lands;
For what are winds and what are tides,

"But spirits luring us abroad?
Rise fragrant isles before our eyes—
A pyre for passion's sacrifice,
Where pleasure is our only god!"

* * * * *

A hundred thrilling songs of larks
A hundred blooming dawns may greet,
But who shall stay the wanderer's feet,
And call his spirit from the dark?

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE WAR.

BY JAMES FRANKLIN FITTS.

NO. XI.—INCIDENTS IN THE SHENANDOAH—A RE-UNION.

THE night of October 19th, 1864, will always be held in my memory as one of the severest trials that soldiers could well be subjected to. From early morning until sunset, we had been fighting, retreating and pursuing, and when the victory was assured at the close of the day, every man felt as if he must either sleep or die. But our division had hardly chewed its hard-tack, when an order came for it to go out beyond Strasburg, and picket the front. There was some grumbling, of course—a soldier must be allowed that privilege—and the wearied men, some of them with hardly strength enough left to bear a musket or stand upright, fell into rank again, and the division moved slowly and painfully out to the front. The march, for a part of the way, was across the battle-field, still thick with the bodies of the slain; then we struck the highway, and followed it straight to Strasburg. There was an incessant thump, thump of hoofs on the hard road, as squads of our cavalry returned, bringing more prisoners and more cannon. We met them every half mile, and exchanged greetings with them. The road was a litter of dead horses, wrecked wagons, and artillery, and the streets of Strasburg were so blocked by the debris that our division was delayed in making its way through. Turning off to the west of the town, it halted on the summit of a high ridge, while the advanced pickets were sent out from it. There were very few officers present with my regiment, for the havoc of battle and the hardships of the campaign had dealt sorely with us, of late. The regiment was advanced to the outposts, and I was put in command of the front line of pickets.

There have been nights of this kind of duty which I remember very pleasantly; but neither of them was that awful night of suffering. They were in Louisiana, where, in the grateful cool of the night, we could lie on the wide prairie, or at the edge of forest, and watch sleeplessly, with no sense of discomfort, thinking, the while, of home, and friends on whom those stars shone with equal light. But Louisiana and Virginia are wide apart, with many parallels of latitude between, and picketing in October in the latter State is something that tries the mettle of old soldiers.

Our line on this night ran from the Shenandoah, on the left, in a crescent, around the skirts of the town, passing along two or three of the streets, then over a wide, deep ravine, then across the highway, and thence, for half a mile, over a rolling plane at the base of the ridge where the reserve lay, and along an old railroad track to the woods. It was two hours before I got it well posted and instructed; and then another was consumed in retracing my steps and enforcing watchfulness upon the men.

"Don't forget to-night," I repeated again and again to each group, and to each solitary sentinel, "how we were surprised this morning, and almost routed, for want of good picketing. Let us be wakeful to-night, if we never are again."

By twelve o'clock I had completed my round, and, returning to the central post, whither I had directed instant intelligence to be sent me of anything unusual, I wrapped myself in my poncho, and telling the sergeant to waken me if anything happened, I tried to sleep. I believe I was never more thoroughly fatigued in my whole life; and I was probably no worse off than every man of Sheridan's infantry that night. For twelve hours we had fought, marched—often on the double quick—and struggled through bushes, through brambles, and across streams, in pursuit of the enemy; and my whole physical nature cried out for rest. I had still another tour to make before morning, and I thought half an hour's nap would be most refreshing.

As well might I have tried to sleep on the coast of Labrador. The day had been mild and sunny, and with the golden atmosphere of autumn just touched with cool; the night had come, dark and obscure, with hardly a star to be seen, and with bitter, biting cold. There was no wind nor storm; it was a sharp, benumbing air, which seemed to make the blood congeal in our veins, and caused every man exposed to it acute suffering. About midnight, we could feel the frost in the air, and in the morning we saw it, lying thick all over the ground. I tried to sleep, but was not able to lose my consciousness for three minutes. The cold pierced me like a sharp arrow, and I lay shivering in my overcoat and poncho.

"Lay these blankets over him, Joe," I heard one of the men say. And Joe approached me to do it; but I sat up and declined them.

"No, boys, I don't mean to sleep to-night; none of us must. It is two o'clock, and I must go to the rounds again."

Two or three stars were twinkling in the heavens by this time, and I could see the occasional gleam of a bayonet here and there, at different parts of the line. The soldiers near me were walking about, swinging their arms and stamping their feet to promote the sluggish circulation. They said very little, though once I caught some sarcastic pleasantry about the delights of the soldiers' life, and the atrocity of this great American Revolution, which compelled men to sit up nights long after respectable people were abed. From the road, and off towards Fisher's Hill, there was an almost incessant thumping of horses' feet, which told us that our cavalry were having no rest for their feet that night, but must still keep up the chase. Far out on the summit of the hill, and high up the sides of the mountain to the left, the bright watch-fires of the cavalry twinkled through the night; and much nearer, from many of the houses of Strasburg, lights were shining, which told that the stern events of the day had made work for the inhabitants of the place. Unable to rest, and willing to make an effort to banish the cold in the activity of another visit to the line, I took a corporal with me, and started out again. There was little fear that there could be either attack or surprise that night; for Early's beaten army had fled over this ground before dark, and our cavalry were all in front of us. But we made assurance doubly sure, and watched with sleepless eyes. I found the men all vigilant, and about the first glimmer of dawn went back to the reserve to report; but before this, there was an incident occurred in Strasburg which I must relate.

I had finished my tour of the line, and was returning through the street towards the highway. No vision of Artic experience which I am able to conjure up, even with the assistance of Dr. Kane's voyages, can equal the discomforts of that hour. The cold enveloped me like a mantle, pierced me like a lance, and made my teeth chatter in my jaws. The corporal walked at my elbow, and I could feel him tremble and shake. The reader will understand, of course, that fires on the picket-line were prohibited, and that there seemed to be nothing for us but to wait till the sun was up, when we might thaw out our poor frost-bound bodies.

"Are you cold, corporal?" I inquired.

"I'm not sure; I think so," he replied, grimly, with his teeth rattling so that he could hardly utter the words.

We had reached a house on the corner of two streets, near the great ravine I have spoken of. The blinds were drawn close; but a warm ray of light poured out through a chink in one of the shutters, cheerfully suggestive of light and heat within. The temptation was an overcoming one; there seemed to be nothing in the situation to forbid our passing a few minutes within the doors of this house, and I said to the corporal:

"Let us go in here. We will get warm in five minutes, and go back to the front."

Within that house there was being enacted a scene of one of the pleasantest romances that the war has created. In my battlings and wanderings with our armies over the South, I have seen enough of romance in real life following in the bloody track of war, but generally of a sad and tragic nature, such as makes even soldiers sigh for the necessities of their profession. Women and children fleeing from their dwellings by the light of the blazing roofs, or sitting down in sad uncertainty of the fate of some dear object who was fighting upon one side or the other, were sights to which we had grown accustomed. There was little enough, God knows, to relieve the horrors of this war, which was bound to be one of horrors, spite of the disposition of all good men to alleviate its atrocities; but occasionally a glimpse of something better fell across the red record, and our wearied eyes were refreshed with such an incident as that which I saw in the old wooden house on the street-corner at Strasburg.

When the war began, there lived in Strasburg a man whom we call Taylor, who immediately espoused the Southern cause. He enlisted in the rebel army among the earliest, and was killed in the fight at Fort Republic, in 1862. He left behind him a wife and one daughter, Laura Taylor, a pretty and intelligent girl of twenty. Unlike most of the families of this town, there had been a division in this one upon the subject of the war. Laura and her mother were from the first ardent Unionists, and grieved long and bitterly over the adherence of their father and husband to the cause of rebellion. After his death, they continued as loyal as ever, and hopeful for the triumph of the Union arms. How they lived during the war, or how three-fourths of the people of this valley lived, I am unable to tell. The operations of both armies covered it again and again, and both armies drew on it so largely for subsistence that it would hardly seem that enough could have been left to keep the people in the scantiest manner. But in some way, the Taylors lived with the rest; and that they endured their share of suffering before the end of the military occupation of the valley, their story will show.

During the previous August, after much marching and strategizing through the valley, Early's army was in position near Strasburg, his advanced pickets covering it, and Sheridan was upon the almost identical ground where the battle of Cedar Creek was afterwards fought. A battle was imminent, in fact, reconnoitered and skirmished for two days; and then Sheridan fell back to the Opequan, and thence again to Harper's Ferry. The infantry had nothing to do with the sporadic fighting that took place around Strasburg at this time, and I lay, with the others, most of the time in the shade, glad of a chance to rest, after our long, hot marches. It was with an indifference that must have been rather provoking to the cavalry that we watched them pouring out in squadrons towards the front, although the chances seemed then decidedly good that the infantry would be moving after them before nightfall, to take part in a battle they might bring on.

In the cavalry which skirmished in front of us at that time, there were some of the most skillful and audacious of Sheridan's scouts. They went in this way by his orders, and were prepared to brave any hazard to obtain information of the enemy. When at night their reports were brought to the general, they always placed him in possession of information which was of the utmost value.

One of these men was a corporal of a Michigan regiment. He was a daring, dashing fellow, and rode a horse and handled a sabre second to none in his corps. As a scout, he was one of the most expert and successful, and he had for a month been attached to the general's headquarters. There was a kind of rivalry among these men, which led them to take the most incredible risks and chances; and it was said that this one, whom I will call Raymond, was not behind the most daring. One of his most remarkable adventures was that which first introduced him to the Taylors. He was one of a regiment which, in one of these reconnoissances, encountered a large force of rebel cavalry near the bridge which crosses Cedar Creek, a mile and a half north of Strasburg.

After a lively exchange of carbine shots, both parties charged together, and became intermingled in a wild melee of hand-to hand encounters. Corporal Raymond was doing valiant work with his sabre, cutting, thrusting and parrying right and left, when his horse received a pistol-shot in the body. From that instant the rebel cavalry ungovernable, and, greatly against his own wishes, Raymond was carried out of the fight. The horse took the bit in his teeth, and sprang away in a mad gallop down the road towards the town. Could he have checked his horse, he would probably have halted and surrendered at their call, as there seemed nothing else to do, under the circumstances. But the horse had the mastery. Raymond bent down over his neck, and heard the whistle of musket-balls all about him, one passing through the top of his cap; and so he sped along the street while the people ran to the doors and windows to see him pass. He had reached the outskirts of the town on the south side, when the horse fell dead beneath him, pitching him with the force of the fall over his head. Raymond fell, half stunned, before the open door of a house, on the steps of which was a handsome girl who had been called to the door by the noise. He was somewhat stunned, but not so much so as to forget his danger. He took a resolution on the spot to do a very bold thing—a thing which he could not have done nine times in ten in Strasburg without ensuring his capture; but which in this instance served him admirably. He rushed into the house without a word, to get himself out of sight, and then explained to the surprised girl, and to the elderly lady he found there, that he was a Union soldier, trying to escape from the rebels, and begged them to hide him. They complied, without hesitation or objection. The young lady took him into the darkest room of a very dark cellar, and there

concealed him in an empty pork-barrel. There is not much romance about that, but there is truth; and I presume that Raymond never stopped to inquire of himself whether he had better accept such refuge.

In fifteen minutes, a squad of rebel cavalry rode down the street after the fugitive, and of course stopped by the door where the dead horse lay. Both ladies stoutly denied that the Yankee was in their house. They said that when his horse fell, he had run for the woods west of the town. None of the rebels happened to know that the ladies were secret adherents of the Union cause, and therefore were satisfied with a short search. They sent a man into the house, who looked through the chambers and closets, while Mrs. Taylor and Laura indignantly protested against the suspicion that they would harbor a Yankee; and then satisfied himself by going to the bottom of the cellar-stairs, and firing his pistol among the barrels. The squad then rode off to the woods, to search for the fugitive; and Laura hastened to the cellar and lifted the cover. Raymond was cool, but a little nervous, as well he might be. The pistol-ball had passed through the barrel which concealed him, without his being hit!

Laura was shrewd enough to foresee that the Confederates would soon return for a more thorough search; and, taking Raymond up into a dark garret-loft, she concealed him under a pile of rags which were to have made a carpet for the front room. In less than an hour the troopers returned, declaring with loud and angry oaths that the Yankee was within a few rods of the spot where his dead horse lay, and that they would find him. Dividing into parties of two, they proceeded to search every house in that part of the town. The Taylors' was subjected to the most rigid scrutiny. Beds were shaken up, curtains pulled down, and all the barrels in the cellar tipped over; and had not the garret-loft entirely escaped the vigilance of the serchers, there can be little doubt that this history would have been one of imprisonment in Richmond, rather than of love in Strasburg. As it was, the Confederate soldiers went off without their captive, and Laura soon ascended to the garret, and had a long talk with Raymond. He was rather hungry, by this time, and she brought up his dinner; and he was fortunate enough to have a paper of tea in his pocket, with the gift of which he rejoiced the heart of Mrs. Taylor. Before he had talked with Laura ten minutes, Raymond had gained from his fair preserver an item of news of the utmost importance, which made him resolve upon the spot that he would return to the Union lines that night, at the risk of his head. The news was (and he knew that it had not reached General Sheridan) that a large division of the rebel army had been detached to the Luray Valley, and that it was expected to reach the rear of the Union army by way of Front Royal, and attack it at the same time with a front attack. Laura had learned it from some words which she overheard from a general officer and his aid, who stopped at the house the day before, to refresh themselves.

"Now I *must* get back to-night," Raymond said, decidedly. "Sheridan must know of this before he sleeps—and I guess he won't sleep much after he knows it. How can you help me?"

Laura thought a moment, went below and conferred with her mother, and then came back and informed Raymond that there was one of her father's cast-off butternut suits in the house, which might help him through the lines.

"The very thing!" Raymond cried, clapping his hands. "With that on, I'm as good as back again. However, it may be well not to leave till night."

He did not leave till night. I think the conclusion will warrant me in saying that Laura did not wish him to leave till night. He talked with her much about the war and the armies that day, hiding all the time in the garret, and was not long in discovering that her hopes and sympathies were all on his side of the struggle. What more they talked of, I do not know, and will not pretend to guess. I might record a belief that Corporal Raymond fell in love with her black eyes, and began to entertain feelings towards his benefactress which were not exactly those of mere gratitude, and that Laura found it no hard matter to take an interest in the handsome young scout; but these are only conjectures, and not worth half as much as the facts which I can tell.

Raymond waited till night, and then donned his gray uniform, and, bidding farewell to his kind friends, and promising to see them again, he left the house. He arrived at Sheridan's headquarters at eleven o'clock, in charge of a guard from the pickets, who brought him in as a prisoner. He had succeeded, after some remarkable adventures, in eluding the rebel pickets, and then came as fast as possible into our lines To shorten this part of the story as much as possible, he succeeded in coaxing the officer of the picket, who of course knew nothing of his real character, to send him direct to the provost marshal at Sheridan's headquarters; and half an hour after he reached them, the orderlies were flying to every part of the great army in hot haste, with orders for a movement toward Winchester at one o'clock.

I remember that morning well, when we were roused up in the darkness, the mud and the chilling rain, to plod back over the road which we had but a few hours before advanced over. Perhaps if I knew then what Corporal Raymond had just told General Sheridan, I should have been much better satisfied.

In some way, the prescnce of Raymond in Mrs. Taylor's house was discovered by the rebels, and both Mrs. Taylor and Laura were treated with much harshness. A guard was kept in the house for several weeks, and their little substance was consumed by roving parties of soldiers who ascertained that the house was under the ban, and made themselves much at home there. It was finally determined to confiscate their little property, and send them outside the lines; but the battle of Winchester came on just then, and Strasburg came under the shelter of the flag. Corporal Raymond was not slow in renewing his acquaintance with the Taylors, and through his agency a liberal supply of army rations was issued them for the fidelity to the cause and its soldiers.

For the next month, our army covered Strasburg all the time, and Raymond visited continually at the house. During this time, the old lady died, and Laura was left alone, without relatives, and with few friends. Raymond assured her that the war in the Valley was at an end, and as his term of service would expire in a few months, urged her to go to Winchester or Martinsburg, and wait for him, as they had agreed to be married when he was discharged. She was about to comply, when the movements of the armies interposed, and placed her again in the rebel lines. Sheridan fell back from Harrisonburg, through Strasburg and beyond, and encamped near Middletown. The enemy were on Fisher's Hill, and Strasburg, between the two, was debatable ground. Raymond would have executed his project then, but his duty kept him at headquarters, and he waited the next turn of events, chafing under the restraint. Then came the battle of Cedar Creek, with its disasters and its successes. Raymond was one of the foremost of Custer's cavalry, and with a score of companions rode down and captured a piece of artillery in the streets of Strasburg. He had stopped beside it a moment, when a shot struck him in the side. Where it could have been fired from is a mystery, to this day. It is most likely that it came from one of the houses. With the assistance of a comrade, and thinking himself mortally hurt, he rode over to the Taylor house, and was carried in with the blood streaming from his wound. The meeting between him and Laura was heart-rending. She threw herself upon the bed beside him, crying, amid her tears, that she would kill herself if he died, and distracting herself with fear. Before night, a surgeon came to the house and examined the wound. It was not serious, he said; the corporal would live. He was only weak from loss of blood. That there was joy in those two hearts over his words, we may be sure.

And this brings me to myself and the other corporal, standing outside this house in the bitter cold of early morning of October 20th. We went in, and warmed our poor benumbed bodies by the fire that roared up the wide chimney; and there we saw Raymond and Laura. I guessed part of the story at the time, and learned the balance afterward from those who knew it. It is enough to add that Laura accompanied her wounded soldier back to the hospital at Winchester; that she nursed him there all winter, and that when he was well enough to travel, she went with him to Michigan. He calls her Laura yet; the other name she has abandoned.

MRS. WILKINS' CLUB.

BY JOHN QUILL.

"BUT, Mr. Wilkins, you don't understand what——"

"Now don't talk to me any more on that subject. I'm sick of hearing you cackle. I tell you I don't approve of that club, and I don't want you to belong to it. Do you hear me? I say you shan't belong to it. Do you hear me? I say you shan't belong to it. I won't have you going down there and exposing family secrets, and letting all the women around town know what a ridiculous old chucklehead I've got for a wife—"

"Mr. Wilkins, I'll——"

"And undertaking to preach women's rights to a lot of pigeon-toed, fluffy old girls, each of whom has been trying all her life to get a *habeas corpus* on some single man or other, but never found any who had such bloody bad taste as to have her. I say I won't have it; it's perfectly ridiculous for a woman like you, who has about as much idea about writing an essay as a spoiled oyster has of thorough-bass, to undertake to read a paper on 'Woman's Mission.' In my opinion, women had better be missionaries at home, and try to convert victuals into dinners, than be going around reading documents like that you've been writing, about three miles long."

"Wilkin's, that's no such thing, and——"

"Three miles long, on a subject you don't know anything at all about. I'd like to know what sense there is in covering three or four million sheets of paper with your ideas, even if you had any? I suppose you'll be wanting me next to hire a dray to haul your manuscript around to the club room, but I give you fair warning. I ain't a going to do it, not if I know myself, and I think I do."

"You don't expect these old women to set it out while you read the whole of that, do you? Why, you must be crazy! You seem to forget that human beings don't often live more than three-score and ten years, and it'll take you that long to get half through, and they a sleeping all the time. You'd better take around a demijohn of Hoffman's anodyne, and be done with it."

"Wilkins, you talk like a——"

"I'd just like to know what you want to vote for, any how. In my opinion you'd better de-vote your attention to your family. A pretty looking spectacle you'll make going to the polls and getting into plug musses, and having your eyes blacked and your nose bloodied, and your ridiculous bonnet smashed over your eyes, and making stump speeches; not but what you'd do well on the stump speech. You've got an extra gift that way."

"Wilkins, you must be crazy."

"And wandering the streets in processions, carrying a torchlight, and coming home greasy about four o'clock in the morning, smelling of coal oil. By George, I say, I won't have it. If you havn't any respect for yourself, you shall have for your children and me. You shall, by George."

"You know I don't intend to——"

"I expect nothing else next but you'll be wanting to be boss of this shanty, and be putting on airs, and trying to wear the trowsers. But you shan't wear mine. If you go fooling around with my dry goods you'll get yourself into trouble, mind I tell you. I don't want you a straddling about in my clothes, let me tell you. I don't meddle with your petticoats, and one thing another, do I? and I give you notice, I want you to let my things alone."

"But Wilk——"

"Let them alone, and be decent. You needn't go around bragging and thinking I'm proud of you. I'm mortified half to death about your outrageous behavior. You're enough to aggravate a plaster of Paris angel, you are. Why don't you try to be genteel, and go down and practice on the front door-steps with a bar of soap and a scrubbing brush, instead of howling around this town about woman's rights, and making a perfectly absurd old jackass of yourself? Why don't you be of some use in the world, like Smith's wife, who had her leg cut off last week by accident, but instead of sitting down and yelping and bellowing over it, she gave it to Smith to have knife-handles and buttons made out of the bone? Why don't you do like her, and try to live for some purpose, hey?"

"What an awful story, Wilk——"

"I expect nothing else but you'll be sporting a high hat next, and trying to part your hair behind; what you've got left of it, at least."

"Wilkins, I'll scratch——"

"But I don't care how much bigger fool you make of yourself, only you're just polluting the minds of my offspring and teaching them to walk in the road to ruin. It's too outrageous for anything. There's Breckinridge Augustus has been and saved up and bought a high hat, and he staggers around under it looking more like some old clothes pin with an iron pot hung on it than like the child of respectable parents. There's more hat than there is boy, and the first thing you know he'll shut up in it like a telescope, and very likely smother to death, and all owing of your ridiculous tomfoolery and neglect of your own offspring."

"Wilkins, that is ridiculous."

"I say it's shameful that you should set such an example to your children, and stuff such ideas into Holofernes Montgomery's head, that he's doing his all fired best to grow a moustache, until its drawing all the strength out of his scalp, and his head's getting bald, and he has rubbed his upper lip with forcing-salve until it's swelled up about the size of a five cent loaf of bread, so that his nose looks like a hole in his face, and the boy's constitution is undermined for life. It's perfectly outrageous."

"You know that ain't so, Mr. Wilk—"

"And I've made up my mind not to stand it any longer, for you've even spoiled Mary Jane so that she tried to shave herself with my razor, and it slipped, and would have cut her innocent throat if you hadn't taken the edge off hacking at your abominable corns and bunions and so on. And she's got so stuck up that she has a boy to carry her books to school for her, and the little scoundrel thinks he is in love with her and spends his missionary money buying apples for her, and robs the poor, inoffensive heathen in a distant land, and prepares himself for a felon's grave, and all because you neglect your children and join clubs, and associate with strong minded old hags, and read essays a million miles long, and want to vote, and behave yourself like the regular slab-sided long-necked, scraggy old heifer that you are. I say——"

"Take that now, and if you come back here again I'll be the death of you," said Mrs. Wilkins, as a dull thud was heard, evidently proceeding from the contact of Wilkins' physical frame with the floor. In fact, Mrs. Wilkins had kicked him out of bed.

But they made it up again, for I heard Wilkins abusing his wife in the morning for starching his pocket handkerchief, so that he rubbed all the skin off his nose.

NOTICE.

The publication of "THE CALIFORNIAN" *takes place on Saturday mornings, and copies may be obtained in the City at all News stands, and of our News-agents through the country. It will also be served by carriers on the morning of publication.*

WHITE & BAUER, *News Dealers, No.* 413 *Washington street, are General Agents for* THE CALIFORNIAN *in the interior counties of this State, also, for the adjacent States and Territories.*

All kinds of JOB PRINTING done with neatness and despatch at reasonable rates.

J. P. BOGARDUS,
J. F. BOWMAN. } *Editors and Proprietors.*

THE CALIFORNIAN.

SAN FRANCISCO,.....SATURDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1867.

THE "MANIFESTATIONS" IN STOCKTON.

THE Stockton *Gazette* has recently furnished an account of certain "spirit manifestations" occurring in the city at the head of the slough, which seems eminently calculated to stagger unbelievers in the table-tipping faith. According to the *Gazette* a family in Stockton has been subjected to the most extraordinary spiritistic persecution of which we have any authentic record since the period of the Salem witchcraft. In what respect the persecuted family were sinners above others, we are not apprised. But according to the account in the *Gazette* they were the victims of special annoyances. The children of the family are said to have occupied an inner room which was only accessible by passing through the apartments of their parents. And yet, night after night they were drenched with buckets of water poured upon them by unseen hands. The parents and their neighbors, we are told, watched night after night in the children's room, and notwithstanding their presence, the water-throwing performance was repeated. Now we are firm believers in the proposition that spiritism is a humbug or a delusion. We believe that nearly all the pretended discoveries in the line of mesmerism since the days of Benjamin Franklin under the names of "biology," "psychology" "phreno-magnetism," "hypnotism" and spiritism, partake essentially of the character of charlatanism. They are only different names for the same thing; and all that there is of spiritism, that is not jugglery or imposture, is mesmerism. It is well enough for the Spiritist papers to promulgate such vulgar miracles as this of the throwing of dirty water at Stockton. But the miracle will not be repeated in the presence of unbelievers, who are men of science. The Stockton spirits will not throw the dirty water in the presence of Drs. Cole and Rowell. The difficulty about the spiritistic miracles is that they are only exhibited to the ignorant or to believers. Possibly Galileo did not see the four moons of Jupiter, and if he had failed to see them again, or to make others see them, the presumption would have been that he was mistaken. The modern spiritistic manifestations come under the head of experimental science. The Spiritists themselves declare that they take place under a law of nature. Yet they insist upon certain "conditions" without which the manifestations cannot take place. And what are the conditions? Credulity, or a credulous disposition on the part of the investigator. Darkness, when the cabinet and rope-tying tricks are performed. Mrs. Foye objects to any person acting on her committees who is a pronounced disbeliever in spiritism. What propounder of a scientific theory ever made a similar objection? The facts is, that all the spiritist miracles are wrought either in the presence of a few believers, or in the dark, or before persons who are not qualified to investigate phenomena requiring philosophical and scientific attainments for their elucidation. In the absence of real knowledge on any subject sham knowledge is sure to assert itself. Before astronomy became a science, we had astrology with its "houses of life" and its "houses of danger," while venerable, white-bearded imposters cast horoscopes, and spoke of all the worlds that are visible from this comparatively insignificant planet, as though they had no use or importance except for the purpose of telling fortunes. Before chemistry developed itself into its grand proportions, alchemy filled the world with its idiotic jargon about the philosopher's stone, and the elixir of life. And in like manner, until psychology shall have investigated the "phenomena" of table-tippers and the unfortunate hypochondriacs called "mediums," Spiritism will have its multitude of dupes.

INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION.—The Sixth Industrial Exhibition, under the auspices of the Mechanics' Institute, will be held in the month of August, 1868. The committee have petitioned for the use of Union Square, promising to erect a suitable and ornamental building thereon. The next Industrial Fair will doubtless be the most magnificent exposition ever held on the Pacific coast, and all parties desirous of exhibiting articles should make early application to the Executive Committee. The address of the Committee can be found in our advertising columns.

"THE GOLDEN CITY."—We last week inadvertently neglected to notice this new Sunday paper, published and edited by Messrs G. B. Densmore, J McDonough Foard, and J. B Foard. The paper presents a handsome typographical appearance, and the two numbers issued bear evidence of ability and industry in the editorial department. We wish our new neighbor every success.

[For the Californian.]

NEAR TO THEE.

Oh, were my soul as high as Jove,
My limbs, like Sampson's, lithe and strong;
And were my heart as full of fire
As an unprinted passion song,
Still heart and soul to thee would bow
As rapturously then as now.

Nearer and nearer I would lean
Toward thine eyes of changeful hue,
To catch the import of the thoughts
That flash their melting centres through;
And back in flame would shoot from mine
An answer written out of rhyme.

And nearer yet, and nearer yet,
However pure, and good, and bright,
Unto thy presence I would cling
In honeymoons of full delight!
And in the waning ashen year
Thy snowy breast should be my bier.

San Francisco, Dec. 9, 1867. W. A. KENDALL.

BRUNETTES AND BLONDES.

AFTER a long triumph of blonde locks and the "golden hair" so much in favor with the poets and popular novelists, a reaction is setting in, and "raven locks" are beginning to assert their claims. "Dark hair," says the New York *Evening Gazette*, "is coming in. And that is not the worst of it; dark complexions are coming in also, and dark eyes which is the worst of all. The hair is in a measure under the control of its owner. It may be powdered when gray hair is in fashion, it may be colored when auburn locks are the mode, it may be dyed when jetty ringlets are demanded by the powers that be in the fashionable world.

The complexion, too, is, in a measure, subject to the will of its possessor. Many of our belles are being sadly disappointed, however, at the fact that the sun and the north wind decline to assist them as readily as they had expected in their effort to accommodate their faces to the fashion. We see very many fair faces in our streets in spite of the size, or rather no size, of the bonnets, and the pinning of the veil behind the chignon. Fair complexions are more substantial than we had supposed--very provoking to the ladies isn't it? We think, however, with perseverance in the good cause, a fashionable brown may be obtained by the fairest American girl that kneels at the shrine of fashion. We trust that nature, with her zephyrs will do her best for the ladies, for what nature does not do art certainly will do.

But the blue eyes which pass us in the street, are very sad eyes now, for their unfortunate owners are in despair. Neither nature nor art affords them the slightest consolation. Their eyes are blue, and they will be blue in spite of their fondest wishes. They look upon the dark eyed brunettes who pass them with sorrow, if not, indeed, with envy. They can imitate their hair, and their faces; but the saucy sparkle of their black eyes cannot be imitated by the softer brilliancy of the blues. The blues must retire into the corners of the drawing-room, creep into recesses and conservatories, until the reign of the brilliant blacks is at an end. Ah, well, we gladly follow them into the recesses and the bay windows—we admire their softer luster; if the blushes which belong to them are forbidden by the bronze which nature or art may give to the complexion we will let the eyes, however, have the floor now and the diamonds will flash in the gaslight instead of the pearls.

STRATMAN'S HOLIDAY PICTORIALS.—The Major always comes out brilliantly with Almanacs and illustrated publications about Holiday times. We have received his budget for the present season, consisting of *Stratman's Holiday Pictorial*, a beautifully illustrated mammoth newspaper. *Stratman's Illustrated California Almanac* for 1868, containing 64 pages of valuable reading matter and illustrations. *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Almanac* for 1868, for which he is special agent for this coast; and *S. Zickel's Illustrirter Familien Kalender*, for 1868. The last being printed throughout in choice German, we have quietly laid it aside for our Tentonic brother of the *German Democrat*.

OPERATIC CONCERT.—On Tuesday evening, December 17th, W. H. Blake will give his second operatic concert at Dashaway Hall, when selections from many favorite operas will be sung by 26 colored artistes. Mr. Blake's first concert was very successful, and all who were present on that occasion, will, we should think, be glad to hear these really fine singers again.

ANOTOMICAL MUSEUM.—Much that is wonderful, pleasing and instructive may be seen at this museum. Many a young man has, at this institution, gained knowledge which proved of value to him in all his future life.

BIERSTADT'S PAINTING.—Of course everyone intends to see Bierstadt's great picture, "Crossing the Plains," now on exhibition at 209 Montgomery street. It is worthy of one or two inspections.

The new legal advertisements will be found on the twelfth page of to-day's paper.

THE ALASKA DUELS—THEIR SECRET HISTORY.

DUEL NUMBER I.

POSSIBLY some of my readers may remember seeing certain vague paragraphs floating about in the newspapers in relation to a series of duels alleged to have taken place at New Archangel, between Americans and Russians, on the occasion of the taking formal possession of our new territory at the North. Something of the sort was published in the New York *Herald*, and also in several journals in this city, but no names or particulars were given, and afterwards, writers for the press seem to have arrived at the conclusion that the story was a hoax, and made it the subject of jocose and playful allusion. This was natural enough, since after the return to this port of the steamer that carried the expedition under Gen. Davis to New Archangel, the reporters and other civilians who had accompanied the expedition maintained a mysterious silence on the subject, or at least a silence that would have seemed mysterious to those who believed that there was any foundation for the rumors in question.

Nevertheless, the original reports were true to this extent, that no sooner did the expedition reach its destination, and the members of it set foot upon the soil of Alaska, than a belligerent, not to say bloodthirsty disposition seemed to be suddenly developed among soldiers and civilians alike; gentlemen who had hitherto been noted for quiet and inoffensive deportment became aggressive, overbearing and quarrelsome; persons who had maintained the most friendly relations during the entire trip from San Francisco, fell into violent altercations; in short, a singular and inexplicable "fighting fever" broke out, apparently without cause or reason, which led to numerous challenges to mortal combat, that must have resulted fatally (such was the fury that inspired the hostile parties) had it not been for the humane efforts of a certain gentleman accompanying the expedition as a member of the press, who not being himself infected by the mad contagion, was indefatigable in his exertions as a peace-maker. But though, thanks to the interposition of this pacific minded gentleman, none of the long series of hostile meetings that were at one time or another on the *tapis* during the period of the *John L. Stephens'* stay at Sitka, ever came to mortal arbitrament, all of them having been compromised or arranged without bloodshed, and on terms perfectly honorable to the parties concerned; still the "secret history" of those affairs, which has not heretofore been given to the world, for reasons that will appear in the sequel, will prove no less interesting on that account. Indeed, I am fully persuaded that the appreciative reader will derive far more enjoyment from the perusal of a straightforward and faithful narrative of the facts in relation to these bloodless "Alaska Duels," than they could have afforded, had their terminations been of a tragical character.

During the voyage from San Francisco to Sitka, the utmost harmony and good feeling prevailed among the passengers, military and civil. Never was a better humored and more jovial company than assembled nightly in the cabins of the *Stephens* for social enjoyment. With the exception of some slight indications of a latent jealousy existing between the infantry officers, and those belonging to the artillery service, nothing whatever occurred to foreshadow the strange outburst of ferocity that ensued as soon as this pleasant and friendly company began to breathe the air of Alaska.

But I must pass rapidly over all preliminary matters and hasten to what the lawyers call the *res gestæ*. Among the gentlemen who accompanied the expedition as "representatives of the press," was Dr. Adonis, who went on behalf of the New York *Herald*. The Doctor's name, though an unusual one, is singularly appropriate, as all who have the pleasure of his acquaintance will readily acknowledge. His tall and elegantly moulded figure, his ingenuous yet ardent countenance, and above all his abundant auburn hair, which he parts in the middle and wears in those long hyacinthine curls which in vulgar parlance are sometimes designated "corkscrew ringlets," combine to impart to his appearance as a whole, something strikingly suggestive of the beautiful youth for whom the enamored Venus pined in vain. But in justice to the Doctor, we must here observe that however strong a personal resemblance he bears to the youth in whom the goddess found so backward a wooer, he by no means possesses the coldness of temperament which enabled the young hero of classic story to resist all the blandishments of the Paphian Queen. So far indeed is this from being the case, that it was his excessive gallantry and the irresistible charm which he experienced in female society, that were the original cause of all the trials (and it will be seen that they were neither few nor light) he was destined to pass through in Alaska. During the trip, the Doctor contributed his full share to the entertainment of that jovial company. None were gayer or more exhuberant in spirit than he. He overflowed with jest and anecdote, and abounded with inexhaustible narratives of the perilous adventures and hair-breadth escapes he had experienced in various parts of the world, and particularly during his residence in Salt Lake, where he adopted the faith of Brigham, and cultivated the friendship of the neglected wives of divers of the

Saints, but not without incurring risks such as even the most alluring smiles of the Mormon houris could tempt none but men of reckless daring to encounter.

But the limited amount of space placed at my disposal admonishes me of the necessity of making a long story short. On the arrival of the *Stephens* at Sitka, a number of the civilians established themselves on shore. Among these was Harry Baker, well known to old Californians as a shrewd and zealous Republican politician. Baker, who had accompanied the expedition as an agent for a Fur Company in San Francisco, become an inmate of a Russian family in the town, where he was occasionally visited by his friends who still remained on board the steamer. On one occasion, Dr. Adonis accompanied a party of officers on a visit of this sort, and was introduced to a fair young Russian, the daughter of Baker's hostess. Under the influence of the double intoxication produced by female charms and the generous wines dispensed with lavish hospitality, the gallant Doctor became exhilirated to such an unusual degree, that he began to make desperate love to the young lady. The circumstance that she seemed not at all displeased by his attentions probably aroused the jealousy of the less favored gentleman of the party who could not boast of the same personal attractions, and suggested the idea of the audacious practical joke which they afterwards carried out with such complete success. Before the evening was over, the Doctor, under the combined influences of love and wine became so bewildered, that he took the young lady aside and proposed marriage, an overture which in all probability she was only prevented from accepting by the circumstance that she could not understand a word of the language in which it was made. After assisting the enamored Doctor on board, and putting him to bed, his companions retired to a state-room and there arranged the details of a shameful conspiracy against their unsuspecting victim. The result of these midnight machinations was, that early the next morning, before the Doctor was out of his bed, half a dozen of the conspirators made their appearance in his state-room and commenced condoling with him with every demonstration of sympathy, on the score of his terrible behavior on the proceeding evening. The astonished Doctor, was perfectly oblivious as to all that had occurred, and had only a hazy recollection of having visited "Harry Baker," at a gorgeous palace somewhere in the city, of being introduced to a "Russian Princess with golden locks," of "drinking delicious wine out of golden goblets," and of being taken back to the steamer by "a team of reindeers, driven by the golden-haired princess" in person. Mystified and alarmed by the demeanor and the hints of his visitors, he tremblingly inquired "what he had done." "Done!" returns the first conspirator in a tone of amazement and horror, "Is it possible, Doctor, that you have forgotten the way in which you insulted that Russian lady at Baker's house? Why Doctor, I'm afraid you must really have been farther gone than I thought." "Good Heavens Doctor," exclaims the second conspirator, "are you so utterly oblivious? Don't you remember when you seized the young lady and embraced her, and when her brother drew a pistol and leveled it at your head, and Baker knocked it out of his hands just in time to save your life?" No, the doctor remembered none of these things, and for the very sufficient reason that they never occurred. But though he did not remember them, he had no doubt whatever in regard to their authenticity. He was a man of a simple and unsophisticated nature, and never for a moment suspected the conspiracy that had been organized aginst him. And so he was told that while under the influence of liquor he had grossly insulted a Russian lady who was connected with the "first families of Alaska;" that the young lady's brother, a Russian officer, was in a state of the most fearful excitement in regard to the matter and had sworn to have "the heart's blood" of the villian who had dared to treat his sister disrespectfully. A third conspirator, endowed with those rare imaginative powers which enable the man of genius to adorn the sober facts of history with the pleasing embellishments of fiction, narrated to the unhappy doctor the full particulars of his guilt. He had compromised himself in the grossest manner. He had insulted the young Russian lady in ways which it was not possible to particularize. The conspirators hinted at things too outrageous to be plainly specified; and the unsophisticated and unsuspicious Doctor believed it all. Mr, Kincaid, the popular purser of the *Stephens*, had been induced to enter into the plot, and he assisted in promoting the mystification. In short, the Doctor was assured that he had given mortal offence to the brother of the golden-haired Russian damsel, and that said brother was on his track with the fixed and relentless purpose of taking his life. Baker being gifted with the imagination of a poet, embellished the prosaic outline of the Doctor's offences with a number of rhetorical frills, assuring that gentleman, that he had, while under the influence of wine, taken the high-born Russian damsel upon his lap, and conducted himself toward her, more as though she were a Jackson street lager beer slinger, than the daughtor of one of the "first families of Sitka." While this remarkable scene was being enacted in the Doctor's state-room, a strange and portentous noise was heard without. Baker and the others rushing out to ascertain the cause of the disturbance, returned with the alarming intelligence that the brother of the insulted lady had come on board in search of the guilty party. The avenging brother was described by purser Kincaid, of the *Stephens*, as a ferocious looking Russian of colossal form, six and a half feet high, with an enormous red beard, and armed to the teeth. It took six of the conspirators to personate this imaginary Russian; and for more than half an hour they stamped, stormed and rampaged around the deck of the steamer, while their confederates kept running to the Doctor's state-room, informing him of his imminent peril, and advising him to keep quiet and not to stir out lest he should encounter the bloody-minded avenger. The Doctor, notwithstanding his dauntless courage and his insensibility to fear, was so overwhelmed with remorse in the contemplation of his imaginary offence that he remained all day in his state-room, never venturing to set his foot outside of the door. The next morning Baker and Kincaid with their confederates, carried out the plot they had devised, by inducing a Russian who had been appointed Adjutant to General Davis to indite a challenge addressed to the Doctor, demanding satisfaction for the insult offered to his sister. Kincaid and Baker having procured this document, it was sent to the state-room of Adonis, to whom, being written in Russian, it was all Greek. The unsuspecting Doctor at once surmised the character of the communication, and being acquainted with the Adjutant who had written it, repaired to him to procure a translation. The Adjutant, being already duly posted, kept his own counsel, and faithfully translated the cartel which he had composed. It read literally as follows:

To the Unknown Physician, called Dr. Adonis—SIR: On the last evening you did heavily insult the young lady Olga, my sister. Wherefore, and for which reason I now have the honor of calling upon you to render to me that satisfaction which the case demands. As a citizen of the brave American nationality you will not think it becoming to deny me the courtesies of a man of honor. If you will name a friend upon whom my own friend Mr. Herz Roffski, may confer, I will be happy to confirm to you the assurances of my distinguished consideration.

With due respect,
K. TRETIKOFF.

Dr. Adonis, upon the receipt of this cartel, consulted with several of his supposed friends, who were in fact enlisted in the conspiracy against him. These gentlemen advised him that it was incumbent upon him as an American citizen to uphold the honor of the Stars and Stripes, and not to "take water for any blood-thirsty Russian." The Doctor, however, being convinced by the representations of the persons who were present on the evening of the Baker entertainment, that he had been guilty of conduct unbecoming a gentleman, addressed to his imaginary antagonist, the mythical Tretikoff, the following apology:

NEW ARCHANGEL, October 27th, 1867,
Sunday Afternoon, half-past three o'clock.

In reply to Mr. Tretikoff—SIR: I am deeply heart-wounded to find myself charged with insulting your family, as your note of this morning informs me.

You will please consider my honor pledged with the fact that no insult was intended, and that I most sincerely regret having caused you and your family pain by my conduct towards you and them.

I fully, freely and frankly make this apology, and trust it will be received with forgiveness.

Should you look at it in another light, my life is at your service, and I will be honored by meeting you at any appointed place, you choosing weapons.

My friend, Lieut. Charles H. Egan will further conduct this affair.

Your true friend,
DR. ADONIS.

This apology being intercepted by the conspirators, of whom the Doctor's second, Lieutenant Egan was one, Harry Baker, who officiated as the "friend" of the mythical Tretikoff, represented that his principal was quite implacable, and that nothing but blood would satisfy him. In this condition of affairs, Egan advised his principal that it was incumbent upon him as an American citizen and a man of honor, to grant his ferocious antagonist the meeting he demanded. The chivalrous Docter thereupon screwed his courage to the sticking point, and authorized his friend, Lieutenant Egan, to arrange the preliminaries of the encounter, the particulars of which will appear in the next issue of the CALIFORNIAN.

[For the Californian]

FEMALE SUFFRAGE.

II.

IN a short article in last week's issue of THE CALIFORNIAN, I endeavored in a necessarily incomplete and general way to indicate the present state of the question of female suffrage. It is my present purpose to answer some of the most common objections put forth by its opponents.

The first of these is that woman is totally unfit to take part in matters so much beyond her proper sphere. Overlooking the *petitio principii* involved in this argument as usually given, and as here reproduced, we will proceed to examine it. The objection is in one sense well taken. By habit and education, woman is, doubtless, at present in some degree unqualified to understand matters, the study of which has hitherto been to her not only impossible but useless. She has been debarred from acquiring political, or in fact almost any other kind of knowledge, by the simple but effective process of confining her intellect to the round of petty duties, which are popularly denominated her "sphere." Even in those things in which we recognize her right to a voice and an influence—in literature, the arts and sciences—female education is pretty nearly synonymous with *no* education, nor is this the result of choice on her part; although under such a *regime* it could hardly be expected that she should have any very positive aspirations. If a man of education will take the trouble—and the risk— covertly to catechise a woman of average acquirements, he will probably be astonished at her deficiencies; but his surprise will be in an inverse ratio to his knowledge of her opportunities. Not only is woman excluded from all our leading colleges and universities, and from our scientific schools, but the culture she is allowed to acquire is of the wretched quality, dispensed by boarding-schools and female seminaries,—a culture which cultivates nothing—an education which educates no one. Possessed thus of, but the faintest rudiments of knowledge beneath a mass of merely superficial "accomplishments," she enters into her "sphere." If of the higher class, she gossips, embroiders and lolls herself through life; if of the lower, she accomplishes the same end by dint of washing, scrubbing and cooking. Her babies and her visitors are about her only society; and though the former are usually a source of delight. and the latter of annoyance, neither are particularly well calculated to give her broad views or mental culture. Society seems to have decided that the mission of man is to *do*, that of woman simply to *be*. We submmit, but still protest that if she is only to be, she ought at least to be something which we can admire as well as love. Disfranchised by law—disqualified by education, restrained by the tyranny of opinion from even the discussion of political affairs, it is hardly to be expected that woman shall know much of state or governmental policy.

Among those who most strenuously oppose female suffrage on the ground of female incapacity, are frequently found the most earnest supporters of negro suffrage, despite the acknowledged present incapacity of the negro. I admit that this is nearly *argumentum ad hominem* but it may serve to show that a great part of the opposition ostensibly on the ground specified, is, simply, on no such ground at all; for a like argument would be fatal to one of the most cherished schemes of those who use it.

But it is also asserted that the disability is not the result of defective education, but lies in the essential nature of the female mind. Let those who assert prove. The *onus probandi* rests with them. When they will show us a nation where woman has for a few generations enjoyed equal social and political privileges with man, and is still inferior in mental capacity, we must perforce believe. Until then we may reasonably doubt.

It is difficult to combat a belief the grounds for which have never been clearly stated. There seems to be in the popular mind a strong but undefined idea, that it is indelicate and unfeminine for woman to meddle with politics. (It will be observed that this argument owes much of its force to the use of the word "meddle.") As hinted above, however, the grounds for this belief are never clearly given. If there is anything essentially bad in the nature of politics; if the intrigues, dishonesty, and charlatanry for which politicians are *in*-famous, are a necessary part of the system and its essential concomitants; if noisy and disgraceful ward-meetings and drunken rowdyism at the polls are its legitimate fruits; if, in short, all its present evils are inseparable from it and integral parts of it—then indeed it would be indelicate and scandalous for a lady to have anything to do with it. But in that case it is equally indelicate and scandalous for a gentleman to engage in it. But one of the strongest arguments in favor of female suffrage is, that it will make politics both decent and respectable. At present it is neither, and much of the intellect and culture of the land will have nothing to do with it. This of course lowers the average of political and legislative intelligence, and throws power into the hands of the ignorant and the dishonest, to the detriment of every interest of the nation.

To illustrate the good influence which we claim that woman would have on politics, I will cite a familiar instance of her influences in social life. Let an intelligent stranger from a country where theatres are unknown, have the misfortune to enter one of the melodeons of this city during an evening's performance. He listens disgusted to the vile language of the stage, and shrinks from contact with the rabble who fill the auditorium. While shocked by every sound and blushing at every sight, it is suggested to him that the attendance of ladies at theatres would work a reform. How horrified would he be at the bare thought of exposing his wife, his sister or his daughter to the corruptions of a theatre. Now, with this den, let him contrast a theatre which women habitually attend. Not only is there no rowdyism in the audience, but the stage freed from indecencies has become an agency not only of amusement, but instruction. Superior actors are engaged—decorous plays are represented—respectable and intelligent audiences attend. The application is evident. The theatre is the arena of politics—the actors are the servants of the people—the play is the state policy—the audience the voters, and you, gentle reader, are the poor stranger in the melodeon, standing horrified at the thought suggested by the crazy fanatic with his wild scheme of theatrical reform.

There still remain a few popular objections to be met, the consideration of which I must defer until next week.

Dec., 1867. A. G. B.

MODERN COURTSHIP.

The sunlight is red on the river,
The woods are exceedingly brown;
And I with my trotter and buggy,
Am waiting to take thee to town.

For the beautiful summer is over;
You've killed it with wonderful grace,
You traveled on shape or on figure,
I run it entirely on face.

I have flirted with all the young women,
You've flirted with all of the men;
We smashed the whole party between us,
Let's at each other again.

I'm too good, as you know, for all others,
And you are ahead of the crowd;
Let us hitch and display to our victims
A couple amazingly loud.

And if thou wilt be true on the land, love,
As I have been true by the sea,
Then hully for thee, my own love,
Heart's dearest, oh hully for thee!

A LOVER'S QUANDARY.

THE Count de St. C—n was not rich, that is, being Count de St. C—n. Had he not been descended from a noble family, allied to all the best families of France, and admitted to all the best society of the Faubourg St. Germain, he would have been considered very well off. As it was, he had enough to give him a charming little apartment, a *valet de chambre*, a *cabriole*, with a fine horse and a little tiger, who, by dint of a little condescension on the part of the horse, contrived, standing on the pavement, to hold it by the bridle.

Monsieur le Comte de St. C—n paid all his tailor's bills, had a stall at the Italiens, a place in the omnibus box *au grand opera*, was a member of the jockey club, withal, was handsome, witty, good-tempered and refined.

Monsieur le Comte de St. C—n was lying on his sofa in his own apartment, smoking and thinking, when one of his friends, Ernest de V. entered the room.

"What are you doing, Anatole?" said Ernest, "you look quite serious."

"I am trying to solve a problem."

"Mathematical?"

"No; metaphysical."

"Let me solve it for you—two heads are better than one."

"Two hearts, probably; this is a problem of the heart."

As he spoke, the Count de St. C—n took from two envelopes, on the table beside him, two locks of hair.

"Look at these," said he, to Ernest.

Ernest took them in his hand and twisted them round his finger. Both locks of hair were long, fine and glossy; both were within a shade or two nearly of the same color.

"Well," said he, after a short panse, "they are both beautiful—which is *the* one?"

"That is precisely my problem. I'm in love with two women, and for the life of me I can't tell which I love best."

"The devil! Which loves you?"

"Both."

"Which is the prettiest?"

"I can't tell."

"Which do you see oftener?"

"Both every day."

"Do you want to decide, or have you determined to remain as you are?"

"The uncertainity in which I am at present, positively makes me nervous."

"Well, then, go and see them both to-day, and determine this evening which has made the deepest impression on you."

"I shall do as you say, Earnest and to-morrow you shall know the result."

About an hour later the Count entered a large mansion in the Faubourg St. Germain and, passing through a whole file of servants, was at last announced at the door of the Countess' boudoir, who was just then in the act of receiving the farewell compliments of a very noble and very ancient duke and duchess.

Turning to the Count, she made him a formal courtesy, whilst Monsieur de St. C—n responded by a most respectful bow.

But scarcely was the last compliment exchanged, and the door closed behind the ancient couple, than M. de St. C—n threw his hat and came on the sofa, and Mme. la Comtesse Adeline de R——rushed into his arms.

"Do you love me still?" asked she in a whisper, looking up at her lover.

"No," said he.

"You say no, but you look yes," said Adeline; "let me say that I am not home to any one."

At the end of about two hours the Count passed out of the boudoir, descended the stairs, and stood for an instant in the street.

"It is almost useless I should go and see Francine. I am sure now it is the Countess I love best."

But as he finished uttering this thought to himself, he mechanically took the street which led to the Champs Elysees. Here, without any one to announce him, he sprang up two flights of stairs, and, pushing open a door, entered a pretty room, which, without any appearance of magnificence, gave an impression from its extreme neatness of elegance and refinement. Scarcely did he appear at the door before a young girl, the very type of the Parisian grisette, rushed up to him, and, throwing her arms around his neck, exclaimed:

"Dearest Anatole, how late you are?"

It was very late that night when the Count returned home, on his table he found a large bouquet of flowers, and a little note from the Countess:

I send you the bouquet I had at the Italiens last night, and before I sleep I must tell you that I am yours. ADELINE.

Anatole sighed, and taking out a small red silk purse Francine had given him that evening, he went to bed.

"Well," exclaimed Ernest on entering next morning, "which is it, the Countess or grisette?"

"Both!"

"Which loves you best?"

"Both the same."

"Now," exclaimed Ernest, "I will settle the matter for you. Here are pen and paper and ink, write as I dictate;

My dearest love, I am obliged to leave Paris immediately. I shall be back again in a month.

"That's done."

"Now copy it; good, here are two envelopes, one for the Countess, the other for Francine." Ernest then rang the bell, and desired that the letters should be delivered at once.

"Your master is going to Fontainebleau with me to-day. Pack up his things for a month's absence, and bring them to him there to-morrow."

The Count obeyed his friend like a child, and within an hour had departed with Earnest. The next day his valet arrived, and brought him two letters. Both Francine and the Countess had been to Anatole's house, and both had written to him. The letters, excepting that one was better written than the other, were almost fac similies of each other.

Exiled from Paris for a month, the Count had wandered from chateau to chateau, until, tired of his friends, he had taken the railroad and gone to Brussels, Ernest being obliged to return to Paris. In Brussels, where there is a sort of echo of Parisian life, he contrived to amuse himself. He was terribly weary when he arrived there; but, thanks to his great name, he soon got introduced to the court, and to the best society, where his good looks, his manners, and the fact of his being a Parisian, made him quite a lion.

At length the month expired; he was in Paris eight hours afterwards.

His first visit was to the Countess.

Adeline blushed when she saw him, but recovering herself she assumed an air of dignity, and received him as though he had been a mere visitor. The Count, terribly piqued, began to feel that he loved the Countess best.

"Adeline," said he, "I have been away only one month, has that been long enough for you to forget me?"

"You forgot me; not a line nor a word."

"It was to try you."

"To try me? Did you doubt my love, Anatole?"

"I could scarcely believe I could inspire you, so courted and so beautiful, with a lasting passion."

"If that was all, your trial was well thought of. I love you more than ever. I have refused the best alliance in France for your sake. I love you better than all else in the world."

Towards evening the count went to Neuilly. He pushed open the door, Francine was sitting calmly at work; she was thin and pale.

As soon as she perceived Anatole she rushed into his arms and burst into tears.

"Oh, Anatole, I hoped never to see you again."

"My dear child, I wrote to you."

"But once; and I am only a grisette, so far beneath you; I thought you had forgotten me."

"Never! I returned yesterday, and I am here to-day. But how thin and pale you are."

"I have been ill. Oh, Anatole, I could not live without your love; and I have lost an uncle; I am in black, that makes me look so pale."

"Your uncle; I never heard of him."

"Nor I, till I heard of his death, and that he had left me his fortune."

"To you? I am so glad, Francine."

"Four hundred thousand francs, Anatole; we are rich now, for what is mine is yours."

Anatole, on his return home at twelve o'clock that evening, sat down, and, burying his face in his hands, there he sat till daylight. At last, getting up with unwonted energy, he rang the bell. The valet, half dressed and half awake, entered.

"Have you unpacked the trunks, Henri?"

"Yes, Monsieur le Comte."

"Pack them up again, we are going back to Brussels by the next train.

A few days later Ernest received a letter from his friend; it contained the two locks of hair. The letter ran thus, and was dated Brussels:

I have the pleasure of announcing to you, my dear friend, my marriage with Mlle. Gertrude Rosalia de Vandervele. She is the daughter of a nobleman whose ancestors were much distinguished by the Emperor Charles the Fifth. She is eighteen, goes to mass every day, and has two millions to her dowry, besides all sorts of estates from uncles and aunts in perspective. To you, Ernest, I confide the care of returning the two locks of hair. Dear Francine, dear Adeline, I know not to this hour which I loved the best, nor could I ever have decided. One would always have reminded me of the other. Mlle. Gertrude will remind me of neither, as you will say when you see her. ANATOLE DE C.

SONG.

O roses! for the flush of youth,
And laurel for the perfect prime;
But pluck an ivy branch for me
Grown all before my time.

O violets! for the graves of youth,
And bay for those dead in their prime;
Give me the withered leaves I choose
Before in the old time. C. G. ROSETTE.

We have always a suspicion of sonorous sentences. The full shell sounds little, showing by that little how much is within.

To QUARREL with those who have a high reputation for probity and goodness is to have all the world take side against us.

A FRIEND asks: "Why are a fashionable young lady's brains like a speckled trout?" Answer: "Because they love to sport under a waterfall."

A THOUGHTLESS word may excite a world of thought.

DECEMBER SERENADE.

One, by the stroke of the clock!
The time drags heavy and slow:
And I wake from dreams as full of thee
As the clouds are full of snow,
From dreams as white with thee, my dove,
As the clouds are white with snow.

I call the all sweet names,
Song-lark, lily, and rose,
And I only hear the night-fowl's cry,
And the wind as it beats and blows,
And the moan of the river under the hill
Freezing as it flows.

One, by the stroke of the clock!
The night will never go by!
My love, thou hast grown as cold
As the gray cloud up in the sky!
Yet come, and snow thyself in my arms,
And chill me till I die. ALICE CARY.

HOMLEY GIRLS.—The editor of the Cleveland *Herald*, having been tolerably profuse in his compliments to the pretty girls of Cleveland, has been requested to say a good thing in behalf of the homely ones, and he does it thus:

First. The homely girls of Cleveland are in a hopeless minority, but they mean well.

Second. They go to church every Sunday and are fond of their meals. They had rather have their meals regularly than a new bonnet.

Third. They understand their business, and wear No. 16 gaiters.

Fourth. They are bright, intelligent, devoid of low jealousy, fond of music, dance at Garrett's Hall as though it was the chief aim of life, and always go in when it rains.

Fifth. They always thank the gentlemen for giving them seats in the street cars; never flirt with the boys—because its out of their line—and keep out of the fire.

Sixth. They never have half a dozen young sprigs keeping company with them.

Seventh. They wash their own handkerchiefs, iron their own collars, and darn their own stockings.

Eighth. They never wear waterfalls that weigh over one hundred and fifty pounds, and have neither "rats" nor other animals in their hair.

Ninth. They don't call the young bloods, and other trash, "perfectly splendid."

Tenth. They never eat between meals.

Eleventh. They are all going to get married.

Twelfth. They will all marry well.

Thirteenth. Their children will be bright and shining lights in the world.

Fourteenth. They won't keep hired girls till their husbands can afford them.

Fifteenth. They sleep under mosquito bars when convenient.

Sixteenth. They can make coffee and nut cakes and can do chamberwork.

Seventeenth. They are O K.

Eighteenth. They are homely, but oh Jerusalem!

Nineteenth. They know they are homely.

Twentieth. They perspire when the thermometer is at 94 in the shade, and wear gored waists.

Twenty-first. Young gentlemen don't squeeze them by the hand, and they like pea-nuts.

SPANISH WOMEN.—Both in Madrid and Barcelona French dressmakers find plenty of employment, for Paris fashions are as strictly followed by Spanish *senoras* as they are by the *elegantes* of that city from whence emanate, among other things, the laws for women's dress, so scrupulously adhered to by the fair sex of all civilized nations. In personal appearance, as a rule, Spanish women are very attractive; their features are not strictly handsome, nor are their figures faultless, but there is so much piquancy of expression in their faces, and their movements are so full of easy grace and elegance that the real tangible gifts of beauty are not missed, and an impression of charm is usually left on those foreigners who mix among the higher grades of Spanish society. And notwithstanding the presence of these French *modistes*, a certain international mixture may be detected in the toilette of Spanish belles. The inevitable mantilla of the banks of Manzanares may be seen draping a dress arranged by ingenious fingers imported from the Faubourg Montmartre. But this mixture of foreign with indiginous fashions is confined to the larger towns; it would be difficult to find a single example of it in any village on the other side of the Pyrenees.

A LONG-LIVED law suit has just come to a close in Albany. It was begun in 1827, involved a right of dower, and the property in debate increased twenty five times its value since the commencement of the litigation. The Albany *Argus* says with reference to the case, that "forty years at law seems an unhappy destiny for a suitor, but there is at least this poor consolation, that the end of the case has at length arrived, unless forsooth, some infatuated party determine to try another venture upon the vast ocean of the law!"

I HAVE used a "Grover & Baker's Sewing Machine" for a long time, and the longer I use it the better I like it; would part with any article of furniture in the house sooner than my Sewing Machine; would advise any one who is in want of a Sewing Machine to examine Grover & Baker's before purchasing any other. MRS. E. DANFORTH.

Benicia, Aug. 1st, 1867.

WAGONS.

MILLS & EVANS, IMPORTERS OF THOROUGH-BRACE Wagons, light express, two and three spring Wagons, suitable for milk-men and furniture dealers, and others wishing light and durable Wagons. Their Wagons are made expressly for the California market, and Mills & Evans' is the only firm which receives Wagons from the celebrated manufactory of A. W. Sanborn & Co., Manchester, N. H. This latter firm stands A No. 1 in the east, and their wagons have stood the test of our California climate, and are sold by Mills & Evans fifty per cent. lower than any other establishment on the Pacific coast. Call and examine their Wagons, at No. 587 Market street, opposite the Metropolitan market. *

MEDICAL.—"YOUNG MAN'S FRIEND AND PROTECTOR," an Association for beneficent objects, Young men should inform themselves in relation to it, and by applying to, the ACADEMY, Dr. Bourne, 10 Masonic Temple, Post street, they will be furnished with Prospectus.

☞ **Use Ellery's Patent India Rubber Cement** AND PAINT.—It is for all outside surfaces, TIN, IRON, OR METAL ROOFS; Iron however manufactured, Brick and Wooden Buildings, Ship and steamboat Painting; will not rot, peel, blister, or crack. Water-proof coating for cloth roofing on tops of houses, decks of steamboats, tops of stages and cars. Cloth roofs cemented and painted for $9 per 100 square feet. New or old Tin Roofs, in good or bad condition, cemented and painted, guaranted, at $1 to $2 50 per 100 square feet.

EPES & E. H. R. ELLERY,
No. 226 Jackson street.

The Ladies are of one mind in pronouncing BOWMAN'S AMERICAN WASHING COMPOUND the best preparation for washing and cleaning in use. It is acknowledged to be a saving both in money and labor. The Compound softens the dirt, consequently the clothes require not more than one-half the rubbing necessary in washing by the old method: besides all who give it a trial acknowledge that their clothes are made whiter in washing with this Compound, than they were ever known to be by using any other preparation. For washing Woolen Goods and Flannels it cannot be equaled. Calicoes that can be washed with soap, without fading, are washed in the water used for boiling the white clothes. This Compound has been used in the eastern States for the past three years with perfect success. Warranted not to injure the clothes. For sale by all Grocers.

LYNCH & PARSONS, Agents,
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Cloths, Cassimeres for Vestings, always on hand and made to order in the most

Fashionable Styles.

Satisfaction Guaranteed.

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THEODORE KALLENBERG,
Machinist,

Has removed from No. 416 Market street, to No. 10 Stevenson street, next to the corner of First.

Maker of Models for Inventors, Drawing Instruments, Small Machines, Philosophical Instruments, Scales and Weights, all kinds of Brass and Iron Work.

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FAMILIES ARE INVITED TO EXAMINE
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Of the Finest Carpeting in the State. The best of taste displayed in Decoration and the unique Upholstering of Rooms, Halls and Public Buildings, and at prices conforming to the times. Call and examine goods.

Carrington's Yeast Powders

ARE THE BEST IN THE MARKET.

Try them if you do not believe it.

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1867.
GLORIOUS NEWS
FOR
THE FLORENCE!

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GREEN COFFEE OF EVERY QUALITY.
CHOICE WINES AND LIQUORS.

N. B.—Ghirardelli's Chocolate is manufactured by steam from Cocoa of the finest quality, imported direct, in excellence and delicacy of flavor, it is superior to any Imported Chocolate.

FREE HOMESTEADS FOR ALL
ON FILING A PETITION.

UNDER THE LAWS OF MEXICO which are now in force in this city, all the inhabitants are entitled to a HOMESTEAD LOT OF LAND, simply on petition. Justice Field has decided, and the Supreme Court of the United States has confirmed that decision, that the City of San Francisco is a Pueblo of four square leagues of land, and that the citizens thereof are the owners, which vests the right in each citizen to a lot of land for a homestead, and the undersigned have opened an office at 37 MERCHANTS' EXCHANGE, to enforce those rights, by petition to the Mayor, etc.; and each and every citizen can procure a Free Homestead by calling at their office and signing a petition, which will forthwith vest the right to the lot in question in them, and thereby secure to the petitioner property worth a large sum of money under the existing laws now in force.

BROOKS & MERRITT,
No. 37 New Merchants' Exchange.

N. B.—The Supreme Court of the United States have settled this question in another case, as to the ownership of the Outside Lands. In the case of J. B. Townsend vs. Geo. G. Greeley, December Term, 1866, No. 124, the Court say: "It is, therefore, now the settled law that the municipal lands held by the city of San Francisco, as successors to the former Pueblo existing there, are not held in absolute property, but IN TRUST for its inhabitants."

Therefore, all the inhabitants have to do under this decision, is to ask the city, by petition, for their vested rights, as this is the only way, under the law, that they can proceed to get their property.

E. L. B. BROOKS,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law.

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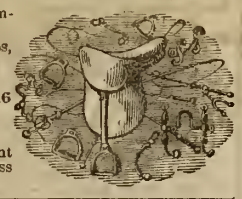

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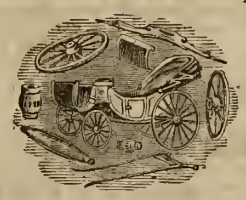

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WE TAKE OCCASION TO INFORM OUR FRIENDS and customers that we have sold our entire stock in warehouse also invoices to arrive to Messrs. N. COLE & CO., 312 and 314 Pine steeet. The whole forma a most complete and desirable assortment of FURNITURE, and well merits attention before purchasing elsewhere.

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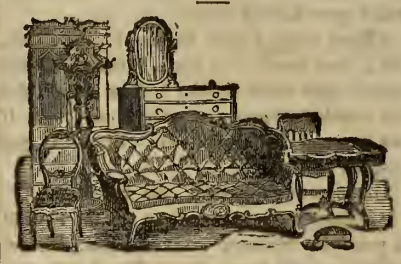

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"My country calls me," Gifted Hopkins said Susan Posey, "and I am preparing to obey her summons. I if I can pass the medical examination, which it is possible I may, though I fear my constitution may be thought too weak, and if no obstacle impedes me, I think of marching in the ranks of the Oxbow Invincibles. If I go, Susan, and if I fall, will you remember me—as one who—cherished the tenderest—sentiments— towards you—and who had looked forward to the time when—when—"

His eyes told the rest. He loved!

Susan forgot all the rules of reserve to which she had been trained. What were cold conventionalities at such a moment?

"Never! never!" she said, throwing her arms about his neck and mingling her tears with his, which were flowing freely.

"Your country does not need your sword, but it does need—your pen. Your poems will inspire—our soldiers—the Oxbow Invincibles will march to victory, singing your song. If you go—and if you—fall—Oh, Gifted—I—yes I—shall die too!"

His love was returned. He was blest!

"Susan," he said, "my own Susan, I yield to your own wishes at every sacrifice. Henceforth they will be my law. Yes, I will stay and encourage my brave countrymen to go forward to the bloody field. My voice shall urge them on to the battle-ground. I will give my dearest breath to stimulate their ardor—O Susan! My own, own Susan."—*Holmes' Guardian Angel.*

OUR KITCHEN BATTERIES do more for the comfort and welfare of our people than those furnished with ten-inch guns. A good supply of stoves, ranges, and tinware, particularly Stewart's famous stoves with ten-inch griddle plates if properly used will render a city comfortable and contented and prolong the lives of the inhabitants, while a ten-inch Paixhan gun battery directed against it would fill it with widows and orphans. The man who supplies nations with destructive weapons by many is regarded as an enemy to the human race, while a gentleman like CALEB M. SICKLER, at four hundred and twenty-two Kearny street, who supplies a city with articles that make the operations in its kitchens effective and pleasant. can only be regarded as a public benefactor.—*Golden Era.*

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100 Solid Gold Hunting Watches	$250 to	$1,000
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200 Gold Hunting Chronometer Watches	250 to	300
200 Gold Hunting English Levers	200 to	250
300 Gold Hunting Duplex Watches	150 to	200
300 Gold Hunting American Watches	100 to	250
500 Silver Hunting Levers	50 to	150
500 Silver Hunting Duplexes	75 to	250
500 Gold Ladies Watches	50 to	250
1,000 Gold Hunting Lepines	50 to	75
1,000 Miscellaneous Silver Watches	50 to	100
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5,000 Assorted Watches, all kinds	10 to	75

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No Lottery, but a straightforward legitimate transaction, which may be participated in by the most fastidious!

A single certificate will be sent by mail, post paid, upon receipt of 25 cents, five for $1, eleven for $2, thirty-three and an elegant premium for $5, sixty six and more valuable premium for $10, one hundred and most superb Watch for $15. To agents, or those wishing employment this is a rare opportunity. It is a legitimately conducted business, duly authorized by the Government, and open to the most careful scrutiny. TRY US!

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CONFECTIONERS.
Baldwin & Lawlers, South Park Store, 418 Third st.
J. F. Donnelly, 112 Kearny st. near Sutter.
Ellwood & Ryan, (Fruits, etc.,) 258 Third st.
Mrs. Kain, 617 Mission, near Second.
J. Vogeley & Bro. 46 Second st.

DENTISTS.
Dr. Blake, removed to 645 Clay street;
Dr. A. B. Campbell, 17 Third st.
Dr. Heald, S. W. cor. Montgomery and Bush sts.
N. T. Whitcomb, 205 Third, near Howard.

DRESS AND CLOAK MAKERS.
Mrs. Taylor & Mrs. Jones 258 First, near Folsom.
Mme. Weller, 129 Second st.

DRY GOODS.
Irving, Landers & Co., No. 4 Third street.
Keane Brothers, 218 Third, bet Howard and Tehama.
M. Waterman, 22 Second street, corner of Stevenson.
Meagher, Taaffe & Co., 9 Montgomery street.
S. Mosgrove, 222 Third, bet Howard and Tehama sts.

FAIRBANKS' SCALES.
Fairbanks & Hutchinson, Depot 120 California street.

DRIED FISH.
Torello Kiezole, corner Fourth and Brannan sts.

FRINGE, CORD, AND TRIMMING FACTORY.
M. Ettinger, 125 Kearny st., bet. Post and Sutter.

FURNITURE AND BEDDING.
N. P. Cole & Co., 21 Sutter and 524 Market streets.
Goodwin & Co., 510 and 528 Washington streets.
J. Regan, 29 Second st.
Jacob Schreiber, 121 and 123 Sansome, bet. Pine & Bush
G. Scheier, (Crockery and Glassware,) 20 Fourth st.

GROCERS.
N. Bruns, northwest corner Third and Berry sts.
M. Farrou, 523 Fourth st, corner Welsh.
Derby & Johnson, northeast cor. Bush and Powell sts.
Flinn & Neall, cor. Third and Tehama.
Fred. Lange, Family Grocer, cor. Powell and Lombard.
Jos. Van Doren, northeast cor. Bush and Mason sts.
Bernard Railly, 219 Second, cor Tehama.
Hermon Schuldt, corner Third and Harrison.
Seneca Jones, Family Grocer, 105 Third street.
Wellman, Peck & Co., wholesale grocers, 404 Front st.

GUN-SMITHS.
W. Rudolph, Union Gun Store, 216 Pacific street.
Wilson & Evans, 513 Clay street.

H. & L. AXLE-GREASE.
Manufactory 146 Tehama st, and at North Beach.

HAIR DRESSING SALOONS.
Anthens & Fleischman, 329 Kearny, near Bush st.

HARDWARE AND CUTLERY.
L. B. Benchley & Co., (American and Foreign,) 3 and 5 Front street.
J. S. Sesser, 138 Fourth st, bet. Mission and Howard.

HATTERS.
Lamott (wholesale and retail) 227 Montgomery street.
Nickerson & Co., 35 Kearny, below Post.

HAY AND GRAIN.
Grant & Smith, 26 Market and 19 Sacramento sts.
J. B. Holmes & Co., 110 Market street.
George Morrow & Co., 21 Clay and 28 Commercial sts
Wm. H. Nichols, 18 Sacramento, and 17 Commercial.

HOTELS.
Atlantic House, John McManus, 210 and 212 Pacific st.
"Branch," M. O'Neil, 12 Sutter street.
Brooklyn, John Kelly, Jr., Sansome, corner Pine.
Chicago, Droste & Pfefferle, 220 Pacific street.
Empire House, Peter Thompson, 106 Jackson street.
Franklin Hotel, Hugh Curran, cor Sansome & Pacific.
Franklin House, C. Maloney, cor. Br'dway & Sansome.
Golden Gate Hotel, J. Blackmun, 728 Market street.
Mariner's House, Brown & Chandler, 504 and 506 Davis.
"Oriental," H. Saxtorph & Co., Washington & Drumm.
Sanders' Hotel, J. P. Sanders, 24 Sacramento st.

HOUSE AND SIGN PAINTER.
Michael English, 414 Pine street.

HARNESS AND SADDLE MANUFACTURERS.
A. B. Bois, 510 Davis street,
M. G. Conway, 721 Market bet. Third & Fourth sts.
D. Fennel, 522 Battery street, opposite the Post Office.
H. D. Jameson, Market st. opposite Treadwell & Co.
Mead & Son, 557 Market, opp. Sansome.
H. Weaver, 671 Market, bet. Second and Third.

INSURANCE.
Firemen's Fund Ins. cor. California and Sansomo.
Manhattan, R. B. Swain & Co., Agents, 206 Front, cor. Cal.
North British Mercantile, S. E. cor Sansome & Califor'
Occidental Ins. Co., S. W. cor. Montgom'y and California.
People's Insurance Co., N. E. cor. Montgomery & Pine.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY, CONTINUED.

LADIES' BIJOUTERIE, AND FANCY GOODS.
Jackson & Spaulding, 65 Third st. near Mission.

LADIES' FANCY GOODS AND TRIMMINGS.
Thomas Collinson, 160 Third, near Howard street.

LIVERY STABLES.
Central Stable, Washburn & Co., 207 and 209 Sutter st.
Gardner & Finch, 211 and 213 Pine street.

LUMBER.
Armstrong, Sheldon & Davis, cor. Mission & Spear sts.

MARBLE WORKERS.
Zeglio & Moore, 783½ Market, bet. Third and Fourth.

MERCHANT TAILORS.
B. Curran, 109 Kearny above Post.
R. Phillip, 518 Market, near Metropolitan Market.
John Straub, 351 Third st.

MARKETS.
Bennett & Wallace, 151 Third street.
J. Hertz & Co. 107 Second, near Mission.
F. J. Stelling, San Jose Market, 154 First st.
I. Gans, "New York Market," Fourth st, near Market.
C. Wagner & Co., (Golden Gate,) 512 Davis street.

MEERSCHAUM PIPE MANUFACTURERS.
Chas. Koblman, 507 Kearny, near Sacramento st.

MILITARY GOODS AND REGALIA.
T. Rodgers Johnson, Odd-Fellow's Hall, 325 Montg'ry st.

MILLINERS.
Mrs. Cowles, 122 Third st.

MUSIC TEACHERS.
Prof. J. R. Boullet, Pianist and Vocalist, 1320 Stockton.

NOTARY PUBLIC,
H. S. Tibbey, 604, Montgomery street.

PAINT MANUFACTURERS.
Epes & Ellery, dealers in paints, etc, 226 Jackson st.

PAINTS, OILS, ETC.
James R. Kelly, 38 California street.

PHOTOGRAPHIC GALLERIES.
H. Bush, corner Post, Market and Montgomery streets.
New York, B. F. Howland proprietor, 25 Third street.

PIANOS, MUSIC, ETC.
Kohler, Chase & Co., 421 Montgomery street.
W. S. Pierce, removed to 534 Market, opposite Second.

PHOTOGRAPHS, CUTLERY, SPECTACLES, ETC.
Lawrence & Houseworth, 317 and 319 Montgomery st

PLUMBERS AND GAS FITTERS.
Chas. Barman, 121 Fourth street, near Minna.

PRINT SELLER AND PUBLISHER.
Thomas H. Lawlor, Second street, near Howard:

PRODUCE COMMISSION MERCHANTS.
Dorman & Wolf, 426 Davis street.
George Hughes, 410 Davis street.
Johnson & Harmon, 412 Davis street near Washington.
J. W. Nye & Co., 219 Washington street, corner Cedar.
Thos. Newell, 62 Clay street between Drumm and East.
S. C. Wilson & Co., S. E. corner Clay and Davis sts.

REAL ESTATE AGENTS.
Geo. W. Chapin, 338 Montgomery.
John Pforr, 328 Montgomery.

RESTAURANTS.
Bivalve, W. Wilson, manager, 640 Market st.
"California Market," Summer st, next to Cal. Market.
Cammet's, 57 and 59 Third, near Mission st.
Delmonico's, Young & Mandell, 45 Second st.
Helvetia, Johnjury & Bros., 524 Merchant street.
Ladies' Refreshment Saloon, Swain & Brown, 636 Market
J. A. Miley & Perrin, Ladies' Restaurant, 521 Kearny.
New York Bakery, G. S. Hall & Co, 628 Kearny near Clay
Market, by Hanzo & Besson, 520 Merchant street
The Opera, J. Weiss, 335 Pine street.

SALOONS.
Beck's Saloon, 504 Drumm street, near Pacific.
Blancy & Carroll, "Sample Rooms," 107 Third street.
Brevoort Exchange, Barrington & Werner, 44 Fourth.
John Burns, Bomhoat Exchange, Berry st, near Third.
Carr & McElroy's, opposite San Jose R. R. Depot.
Clement Dixon's Ale Vaults, Nos. 2 & 3, Summer st.
Charley Smith's Saloon, 539 Washington street.
Charter Oak, Frank Kelly, N. E. cor Third and Howard
Coates & Henderson, 37 Sutter street.
Cleveland's Sample Rooms, 318 Bush, above Montg'y.
W. B. Dolan's, 145 Third, corner Hunt street.
Donahue & Phelan, 321 Second st.
Evans' Saloon, Long Bridge, corner Berry and Third.
"Excelsior," Haase & Co., cor. Drum and Commercial.
Fitch & Little, fancy liquors, Summer st. near the Markt
Fourth Street Exchange, Chas. F. Sitter, 245 Fourth st.
James Gibb, "Cosmopolitan," 617 Merchant street
German Hall, Ed. Angelis, Propr., 18 Sansome st.
Headquarters, Decols & McLean, Fourth, cor Townsend.
J. P. Lavins' Saloon, northwest cor. Battery & Br'dwy
J. Dillon, "Fourth St. Exchange," cor. F'rth and Mkt.
John B. Holje & Co., 28 Clay street.
John J. Kahman, N. W. cor. Post and Kearny sts.
King & McCormick, "Rotunda," Market & O'Farrell.
A. Leppert, New Corner, corner Fourth and Berry.
Mechanics' Sample Room, C. Diedrichsen, 1st, cor Mrkt
"Manadnock," A. Horstkemper, Drumm & Oregon sts.
Nolan's Exchange, Ball & Racket Court, 732 Howard st.
Meyer & Quaid's, S. E. corner Market and Fourth sts
A. Phister & Co. (Punches) cor Leidesdorff and Halleck.
Russell & Holding's Exchange, 622 Market street.
Riog's Saloon, Peter Ring, California st., below Drumm.
Squarza's, A. Bona, Prop'r, 120 Leidesdorff st.
Uncle Billy & George, Saloon 707 Davis st.
Union Saloon, C. H. Cordes, Market, below Fremont.
"Young American," Geo. C. W. Heuer, Stewart & Howard

SAWING, PLANING AND MOULDING MILLS.
D. A. Macdonald & Co. corner Market and Beale sts.

SEWING MACHINES.
Grover & Baker, R. G. Brown, 116 Montgomery.
The Florence, office 111 Montgomery street.
Henry Lehnhardt, (dealer in all kinds) 3d cor Tehama

SHIPWRIGHTS, CAULKERS AND SPAR-MAKERS.
Coombs & Taylor, 109 Market street.

SODA AND MIXERAL WATERS.
Empire Soda Works, corner Third and Harrison.

STATIONERS AND BOOKBINDERS.
Jas. E. Damon & Co., 421 and 423 Sansome street.

STOVES AND TIN WARE.
M. J. Blackman, 302 Third street, near Folsom.
Reinzi Hughes, (also Crockery and Glassware) 215 3d.
A. Swigert, corner Fifth and Folsom.
Schuster Bros., 102 Kearny, near Post st.
Murphy & Sheldon, (Metal Roofers, etc.) 153 Third st.

UMBRELLA AND PARASOL MANUFACTORIES.
C. King & Co., (repairing and fitting) 255 Third st.
John D. Barr, Manufacturer 623 Mission near Second.

UNDERTAKERS.
Craig & Yung, 705 Market st., one door west of Third.

VARIETY STORE.
D. Michael & Co., 348 Third street.
Edward Dunn, 502 Third street.

VIOLIN, GUITAR AND BANJO STRINGS.
Libby & Munk, 329 Kearny, st.

WATER-CURE INSTITUTE.
Dr Bourne's Pioneer, 10 Post, near Montgomery.

WAX FLORIST.
Mrs. M. E. Gerrish, 11 Post street.

WHOLESALE WINE AND LIQUOR DEALERS.
Campbell & Co., 629 Front st., bet Jackson and Pacific.
Henry M. Cutter, Importer, 520 Front street.

WHOLESALE UPHOLSTERERS.
D. N. & E. Walters, 13 Battery street, corner Bush.

WOOD AND COAL YARDS.
Patrick Byrne, S. W. corner Perry and Fourth sts.
Edward Flanagan, Agt. Coose Bay Coal Co. 606 Battery
Occidental Fuel Depot, Geo. C. Eldridge, 607 Market st

EDWIN BOOTH'S NEW THEATRE, N.Y

The frontage on Twenty-third street will be one hnndred and eighty-fonr feet, and on Sixth avenne seventy-nine feet, in the Renaissance style of architecture. The hight from the side-walk will he seventy feet to the base of the rich main cornice, and over all these will be a Mansard roof of twenty-four feet.

The part of the hnilding occupied as the theatre proper will range one hnndred and forty-nine feet on Twenty-third street, and will be divided into three parts, so combined as to form a snperb *ensemble*, with arched entrance at either extremity—on the one side for the admission of the pnblic, the other for the actors and others employed in the house. Directly in the centre of this frontage will he three other doors, devided for the prupose of securing the most rapid egress of a crowded audience, in case of fire or any other sudden emergency. Upon the occurance of any such alarm, these the doors will he thrown open, and their aid and facilities provided for the rest of the throng, the entire hnilding could he vacated in five minntes.

Between these enterance doors, and on either side, will he spacions and lofty windows, while above them, and forming a part of the second story, will he roomy niches surrounded by coupled columns resting on chastely sculptured pedestals. Between these columns,at the depths of the recess, will be neat pilasters sustaining the elliptical arches that will serve to crown and span the niches, the latter to be occupied by statnes of the great dramatic authors and interpreters of evrey age and country. The main niche, in the centre, will be flanked on either side by curiously contrived blank windows. This entire *facade*, as well as that on Sixth avenue, will he huilt of the finest Concord granite from the best quarries in New Hampshire.

"My Dear Ellen," said a yonng man, "I have long wished for this opportunity, but I hardly dare trust myself to speak the deep emotions of my heart; but I declare to you most tenderlly. Your smiles would shed——"

"Never mind the wood-shed," said Ellen, "bnt go on with your pretty talk."

Pictures.—Christmas is coming, and your friends will expect presents. Go to Morse's Gallery, No. 315 Montgomery street, and let him take you in the highest style of the art. He is an accomplished photographer, and very reasonable in his charges. If desired, pictures can be colored by Miss Romanes in the most artistic and natural manner.—*Sunday Mercury.*

The Snug.—"The Snug" has been located one door below Maguire's Opera House, for ten years past. It was established for the convenience of the habituates of the Opera House, and has the reputation of dispensing the best wines and liquors in the city, under the charge of its present proprietor, Mr. Timothy McCarty. Entrances from various parts of the Opera House to the bar have been cut, for the convenience of the public. Mr. McCarty gives his entire attention to his guests, and renders his establishment a "Snug" place by day or night.

BOWEN BROS.

GROCERS,
Tea and Wine Merchants,
S. E. cor. Montgo'ry and California,
San Fraucisco.

Wholesale Store,
304 Front Street.

BUCKMAN BROS.,

(Successors to John Myers,)

CAPITOL SALOON,

226 *MONTGOMERY STREET,*

Opposito the Russ Houso

Notice to Creditors.—Estate of John Horgan, deceased.—Notice ie hereby given by the undersigned, Administratrix of the Estate of John Horgan, deceased, to the creditore of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exbibit them, with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administratrix, at the place of her transaction of business, at the office of William A. Quarles, Public Administrator, room 5, No: 520 Montgomery street, in the City and County of San Francisco.

Dated December 13th, 1867.

CATHARINE HORGAN,
Administratrix of the Estate of John Horgan, deceased.
d14-6w

In the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco.

ADDIE M. VINES, Plaintiff, vs. DANIEL B. VINES, Defendant.

Action brought in the District Court of the Fifteentb Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in said city and county of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to DANIEL B. VINES, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named plaitiff, in the District Court of the Fifteentb Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein, within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this county; or if served out of this county, hut in this District, within twenty days; otherwise within forty days; or judgment hy default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said complaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a decreo from this Court dissolving the honds of mstrimony existing between plaintiff and defendant, and that the custody and care of the child of the parties hereto may be awarded to plsintiff. Also for general relief.

And you are hereby notified, that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded therein.

Given under my hand and Seal of the District Court of of the Fifteentb Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 22d dsy of Novcmber, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-seven.

[SEAL.] WM. LOEWY, Clerk,
By J. D. Ruggles, Deputy Clerk.
Pixley & Smith, Attorneys for Plaiutiffs. d14-13w.

In the Probate Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the Estate of NATHANIEL MASON, deceased.

Order to show cause why order of distribution sbould not be made.

On reading and filing the petition of SAMUEL BROCKHURST and NOAH CLIFT EFFORD, the Executors of the last will and testament of NATHANIEL MASON, deceased, setting forth that they bave filed their final account of their administration of the estate of said deceased, in this Court, and that the same bas been duly settled and allowed; that all the debts and expenses of administration have been duly paid; and that a portion of said estate remains to be distributed to the devisees and belrs of said deceased, and praying smong other things for an order of distribution of the residue of said cstate among tbe persons entitled:

It is ordered, that all persons interested in the estste of the said Nathaniel Mason, deceased, be and appear before the Prohate Court of the City and County of San Francisco, at the Court room of said Court, in the City Hall, in said City and County, on TUESDAY, the fourteenth day of January A. n. 1868, at eleven o'clock, A. M., then and there to show cause why an order of distribution sbould not be made of the residue of said estate among the devisees and heirs of the said Nathaniel Mason, deceased, according to law.

It is further ordered, that a copy of this order be published for four successivo weeks before tbe said fourteenth day of January, A. D. 1868, in The Californian, a newspaper printed and published in the said city and county.

M. C. BLAKE, Prohate Judge.

Dated Decemher 11th, A. n. 1867.
E. B. Mastick, Esq., Att'y for Executors. d14 5t

In the Probate Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the Estate of JULIUS STURM, deceased.

Order to show cause why order of sale of real estate should not be made.

It appearing to the said Court, hy the petition this day presented and filed hy William A. Quarles, the Administrator of the estate of Julius Sturm, deceased, praying for an order of sale of real estate, tnat it is necessary to sell the whole or some portion of tho real estate, to pay the debts outstanding against the deceased, and the debts, expenses and charges of the administration.

It is therefore ordered by the said Court, that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased, appear before the said Probate Court on TUESDAY, the 14th day of January, A. D. 1868, at eleven o'clock in tho forenoon of said day, at the Court room of said Probate Court, at the City Hall, in the City and County of San Francisco, to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said Administrator to sell so much of the real estate of the said deceased, as shall be necessary.

And that a copy of this order be published at least four successive weeks in The Californian, a newspaper printed and published in the said city and county.

Datcd Decemher 13th, 1867.

M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

Office of the County Clerk of tbe City and County of San Francisco.—I, Washington Bartlett, County Clerk of the city and county of San Francisco, State of California, snd ex-officio Clerk of the Prohate Court, in and for said city and county, do nerchy certify tho foregoing to be a true and correct copy of an order duly made and entered upon the minutes of the said Probate Court.

Wituess my hand, and the seal of said Probate Court, this 13th day of Decemher, A. D. 1867.

[SEAL AND STAMP] WASHINGTON BARTLETT, Clerk.
By A. J. Jegbers, Deputy Clerk.
J. F. Finn, Esq., Att'y for Administrator. d14 5w

In the Probate Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the estate of MINNIE SHERWOOD, deceased.

Order to show cause why order of distribution should not be mado.

On rcading and filing the potition of Lilly Sherwood, the Administratrix of the Estate of Minnie Sherwood, deceased, setting forth that she has filed her final account of her administration of the estate of said deceased, in this Court, and that the same hae been duly settled and allowed; that all the debts and expenses of administration have heen duly paid; and that a portion of said estate remains to bo distributed to her as the only and sole heir of said deceased, praying among other things for an order ofdistrihution of the residue of said estate among the persons entitled.

It is Ordered, that all persons interested in the estato of the said Minnie Sherwood, deceased, be and appear before the Probate Court of the city and county of San Francisco, at the Court Room of said Court, in the City Hall, in said city and county, on MONDAY, the thirteenth day of January, A. D. 1868, at eleven o'clock, A. M., then and there to show cause why an order of distrihution should not he mado of the residuo of said estate to the said petitionor, as heir of the said Minnie Sherwood, deceased, according to law.

It is further ordered, that a copy of this order ho published for four successive weeks, hefore the said 13th day of January, A. D. 1868, in The Californian, a newspaper printed and published in the said city and county.

M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

Dated December 13th, 1867.
Jas. C. Cary, Attorney for Petitioner. d13 5w

Nature Unveiled,

AT THE

PACIFIC MUSEUM OF ANATOMY AND SCIENCE

Eureka, Theatre Montgomery street,
Between California and Pine.

BUILDER'S INSURANCE CO.

OFFICE IN THE BUILDING OF THE CALIFORNIA SAVINGS BANK, CALIFORNIA ST., one door from Sansomo.

FIRE AND MARINE INSURANCE.

AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL

Is a soothing expectorant, prepared to meet the urgent need of a safe and reliable cure for diseases of the throat and lungs. A trial of many years has established the fact, that it is more efficacious in pulmonary affections, than any other remedy. Its efficacy has now become so generally known, that it is justly regarded in many countries as a medicine of indispensable necessity. In Great Britain, France, and Germany, where medical science has reached its highest perfection, it is prescribed in domestic practice, and constantly used in the armies, in hospitals and other public institutions, where it is regarded hy the attending physicians as the most speedy and agreeable remedy that can be employed.—Scarcely any neighborhood can be found where well known cases of diseased lungs, which had baffled the efforts of the most skillful and experienced doctors, have been permanently cured hy it. These results are the most convincing proofs of the superior curative properties of this preparation; and to them the authors point with peculiar satisfaction. While it is most powerful against confirmed diseases, it is extremely gentle as a medicine in infancy and youth, being quite harmless to even the youngest, when administered judiciously.

This health-restorer accomplishes even more by prevention than cure. If taken in season, it heals all irritations of the throat and lungs, whether arising from Colds or Coughs, or from other causes, and thus prevent that long train of painful and incurable diseases, which would arise from the neglect of them. Hence no family should be without it. Influenza, Croup, Hoarseness, Whooping Cough, Pleurisy, Incipient Consumption, and other affections of the breathing organs, give way before this preeminent combination of medical virtues.

Prepared by DR. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass., and sold by all Druggists and Dealers in Medicine everywhere,

CRANE & BRIGHAM, San Francisco,
Wholesale Agents.

PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.'S

STEAMSHIPS FOR

NEW YORK, JAPAN AND CHINA,

WILL BE DISPATCHED AS FOLLOWS:

Leave Brannan-street Wharf at 11 o'clock A. M. of the following dates, for PANAMA, connecting *via* Panama Railroad, with one of the Company's splendid steamers from ASPINWALL for NEW YORK.

On 10th, 18th, and 30th of each month that has 30 days.
On 10th, 19th, and 30th of each month that has 31 days.

When the 10th, 19th and 30th fall on Sunday, they will leave on Saturday preceding; when the 18th falls on Sunday, they will leave on Monday following.

Steamer leaving San Francisco on the 10th touches at Manzanillo. All touch at Acapulco.

Departure of 18th or 19th is expected to connect with the French Transatlantic Co.'s steamer for St. Nazaire, and English steamer for South America.

Departure of 10th is expected to connect with English steamer for Southampton and South America, and P. R. R. Co.'s steamer for Central America. Through tickets can he obtained.

STEAMERS FOR DECEMBER.

Dec. 10—SACRAMENTO, Capt. W. H. Parker, conuecting with HENRY CHAUNCEY. Capt. Gray.
Dec. 19—CONSTITUTION, Capt. J. M. Caverly, conuecting with RISING STAR, Capt. Conuor.
Dec. 30—MONTANA, Capt. E. T. Farnsworth, connecting with ARIZONA. Capt. Maury.

Passengers will be berthed through. Baggage checked through—100 pounds allowed each adult.

Surgeon on board. Medicine and attendance free.

These steamers will positively leave at 11 o'clock. Passengers are requested to bave their baggage on hoard hefore 10 o'clock.

Through tickets to Liverpool hy the "Cunard," "Inman" and "National" Steamship Lines can be obtained of P. M. S. S. Co.'s office in San Francisco.

For Merchandise Freight apply to Wells, Fargo & Co.

The steamship GREAT REPUBLIC, Capt. S. Doane, will be dispatched on December 4th, from wharf, corner of First and Brannan streets, for YOKOHAMA and HONGKONG; connecting at Yokohama with the steamer COSTA RICA, for SHANGHAI.

For Passage and all other information, apply at Pacific Mail Steamship company's office, corner of Sacramento and Leidesdorff streets.

OLIVER ELDRIDGE, Agent.

New Opposition Line via Panama.

The North American Steamebip Company will dispatch the elegant and commodious Steamship

AMERICA,
(3000 Tons,)

EDWARD WAKEMAN.....Commander,

For PANAMA, from Mission Street Wharf, at 12 o'clock noon, on

SATURDAY, - - - - - DEC. 14th, 1867,

Connecting, via Panama Railroad, at Aspinwall with the Company's now and splendid Steamship SANTIAGO, 3,000 Tons, for NEW YORK.

One hundred pounds Baggage free.
Surgeon on board; medicine and attendance free.
The Company will continue their Line via Nicaragua.
For further information apply to

I. W. RAYMOND, Agent,
Northwest corner Battery and Pino streets,
Up stairs, San Francisco

First Premium

AWARDED BY THE STATE FAIR TO

SILAS SELLECK,

FOR THE BEST PLAIN PHOTOGRAPH.

—ALSO—

SPECIAL PREMIUM

For the Best Cabinet Portraits.

MR. SELLECK is now prepared to execute the very best PHOTOGRAPHS, in all the different styles, at No. 415 Montgomery Street.

N. B.—The best Water Color and India Ink Artist in this city is attached to this Gallery.

ST. CHARLES RESTAURANT,

At the Hotel of C. Galliand, Nos. 507 and 509 Pine Street, between Kearny and Dupont streets.

BY MME. CAZINTRE.

☞ All who will call at this Restaurant will find an excellent table and prompt attention.

California Coffee and Dining Saloon.

Nos. 612 and 614 MONTGOMERY STREET,
Between Clay and Merchant, San Francisco.
J. R. REAGAN, Proprietor.

A Ladies' Saloon has been fitted up, where private parties can receive every attention in the most comfortable quarters. We also keep lunch hot en chafing dishes at the counter, including the finest of Pastry, where customers can he served quickly snd satisfactorily.

French Breakfasts and Dinners, with Wine, continued.

ITALIAN RESTAURANT,

No. 515 Merchant Street,

Between Montgomery and Sansome, San Francisco.

Taglierini, Maccaroni, Risotto and Ravioli In the Italian Style.

MEALS FIFTY CENTS, OR TO ORDER.

Rooms for private parties up stairs.
MR. GUISEPPE CADENASSO.

LEON DINGEON. F. W. HAUBRICK.

DINGEON & HAUBRICK,

MARTIN'S RESTAURANT,

623 COMMERCIAL STREET.

Above Montgomery. Meals at all hours. The best of Wines, Oysters, Game, and all the delicacies of the season always on hand. Private Saloons up stairs for Dinner and Supper Parties.

NEW RESTAURANT.

MR. SORBIER takes pleasure in informing his friends and customers that he has opened a FIRST-CLASS RESTAURANT under the name of

SORBIER'S RESTAURANT,

at No. 607 SACRAMENTO STREET, above Montgomery, where he will be pleased to see his old friends and the public in general, and where all can be assured that they will be served with the very best the market affords, at most reasonable rates.

JOHN E. SORBIER,
Late of the Occidental Restaurant.

F. C. BELDEN,

Of the well-known Family Depot, No. 612 Sacramento street, has opened the

SUMMER STREET RESTAURANT,

at the northeast corner of Spring and Summer Sts.

☞ Meals to order, and by the plate. Wines and Liquors of the best quality.

OCCIDENTAL RESTAURANT,

536 Washington Street, below Montgomery.

GEORGE WITTMAN would inform the public and the former patrons of this

POPULAR RESTAURANT

That he has assumed full charge, and will continue to keep all the delicacies of the season and one of the best lists of WINES, etc., and solicits the continuance of their patronage.

COCO-MUNGO SALOON.

J. M. WASHBURN, Agent.

No. 536 Merchant Street, (Montgomery Block.)

THE BEST OF LIQUORS,

SKILLFULLY CONCOCTED MIXED DRINKS,

AND A FIRST-CLASS HOT LUNCH,

Not inferior to any offered in San Francisco, is furnished daily at the COCO-MUNGO—Clam Chowder, Fish Chowder, Gumbo Soup, Pork Tenderloins, Cape Cod Boned Turkey, Venison, Quail, and all the delicacies of the season, as fast as they are to be found in the market, figure upon the lunch table of the COCO-MUNGO.

A Reading Room, abundantly supplied with Domestic and Foreign Papers and Periodicals, is one of the features of the COCO-MUNGO.

C. F. HAYWARD,

—DEALER IN—

Harness, Saddles, etc.,

305 BATTERY STREET,
Near Sacramento,
San Francisco.

Architectural Designs

—FURNISHED BY—

HOAGLAND & NEWSOM,

ARCHITECTS,

Southwest corner of Sacramento and Kearny Streets, San Francisco.

AMERICAN HOTEL,
Main street. Petaluma.
EMERSON & LAMBERTON Proprietors.

A GOOD HUSBAND.

There is one sensible married man in this State. He is a soldier, and was reported to have been killed, but was only prisoner. He returned home to find that his wife had turned over a new leaf in the marriage service, and that another man occupied his seat in the chimney corner. Did he go to work slaughtering the false wife and new husband? Not much. He walked in and said :

"Well, old gal, how is things?"

"Pretty good, Bill," said the double married woman, not taken back greatly.

"Which do you prefer, the old or new love?"

She hesitated for an instant, and then said :

"I don't like to hurt your feelings, but —but——"

"Oh, spit it out. Don't mind my feelings, nor the other chap's! I won't be angry if you come down a little rough on my vanity. Count on me being amiable. I won't cut up rusty if you should go back on me."

"I'm glad you're so thoughtful, Bill, and I acknowledge that I do like my present husband best; but if anything should happen to him, I know nobody else I would so soon join fortunes with again as you."

"That's the way to talk. I'll now bid you good-bye.

"Trusting that a wise and beneficent providence will permit no accident to happen to the other fellow, and that he will live long enough to enjoy your delightful society. Good day."

And the careless husband traveled off with his knapsack on his back, whistling in a cheery, clear tone, "The girl I left behind me."

"A RICH ONE.—A lighthouse keeper recently appointed on the Jersey coast, made a ridiculous blunder.

Immediately after he had taken possession complaints were that the lights went out by twelve o'clock. The proper officer was at once sent to look into the matter, and he was told that complaints were made against him.

"For what?" was the inquiry.

"Why," replied the officer, "they say that our lights do not burn after twelve o'clock at night."

"Well," was the reply, "I know they don't for I put 'em out myself then, for I thought all the vessels had got in by that time, and I wanted to save the *ile*."

MANY years since, in California, old Judge C— kept a little dead fall as they call a rum mill out there, a few miles above Marysville,

H. BATTEL'S SAMPLE ROOMS,

411 SANSOME STREET,

Betwoen Commercial and Sacramento streets.

H. BATTEL BEGS TO INFORM HIS FRIENDS AND the public that he has opened the above hall as a first-class Refreshment Saloon, where they can always be sure to find the very best

WINES, LIQUORS, AND HAVANA CIGARS

In the Market.

Hot Lunch served daily from 10 to 2 o'clock.

Notice.

PACIFIC BUSINESS COLLEGE,

MECHANICS' INSTITUTE, POST STREET.

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

THE PROPRIETORS OF THIS POPULAR INSTITUtion have much pleasure in announcing that in consequence of the growing interest taken by American ladies in mercantile pursuits, they have at the solicitation of many heads of families, fitted up class rooms exclusively for young ladies, that they may have all the advantages of a commercial education, and be fitted to act in the capacity of clerks or book-keepers. Experience in this matter in the Eastern States and on the Continent, shows that with a little careful training, they can be qualified to fill with efficiency all the lighter departments of trade, where there is a wide range for the exercise of their talents.

A. DE LEO DE LAGUNA, Principal,
JAMES VINSONHALER, President.

Asphaltum for Sale

IN ANY QUANTITY TO SUIT, BY THE

PACIFIC ASPHALTUM COMPANY,

No. 533 Kearny street, corner of Sacramento,

SAN FRANCISCO.

This Asphaltum is the purest to be found in the market, being free from rock and clay, or other impurities.

Sidewalks Laid and Roofing Done at Shortest Notice.

NEUVAL & CO.

FIRE AND MARINE INSURANCE.

FIREMAN'S FUND

Insurance Company,

OF SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA.

—OFFICE—

S. W. cor. California and Sansome streets.

CAPITAL, $500,000, FULLY PAID IN GOLD COIN.

INSURE MARINE RISKS

Under Open Policies, on Cargoes, Treasurs, Freights, Profits, and Commissions.

—ALSO—

ISSUE POLICIES ON TIME,
VOYAGE AND HARBOR RISKS ON HULLS.

INSURE AGAINST LOSS BY FIRE

On Buildings, Merchandise, Furniture, Wares, and other Porsonal Property.

FIRE, MARINE, HARBOR, AND INLAND TRANSIT RISKS,

On terms as favorable as any other reliable First-Class Company.

Greatest amount taken on any one risk, $50,000. Portions of Risks considered too large, will be re-insured in responsible Companies.

LOSSES PROMPTLY PAID IN UNITED STATES GOLD COIN!

D. J. STAPLES, President,
CHAS. R. BOND, Secretary.

HAMBURG—BREMEN,

Fire Insurance Company.

CAPITAL, - - - - - $1,000,000

MORRIS SPEYER, Agent.

OFFICE—526 Washington Street, a few doors below Montgomery.....San Francisco.

Being no longer governed by the Tariff of the Board of Underwriters, this Company will effect Insurances at as LOW RATES as those of any other responsible Company.

OCCIDENTAL

Insurance Company,

Southwest corner Montgomery and California streets.

INDIVIDUAL LIABILITY.

Capital Stock, - - - $300,000

LOSSES PAID IN UNITED STATES GOLD COIN.

THIS COMPANY will insure against loss by Fire on any Dwelling House, Buildings, Merchanise or other property, situated in the State of California. The largest sum they will take on any one risk is thirty thousand dollars.

C. CHRISTIANSEN, Pre'st.
J. GREENEBAUM, Vice President.
B. ROTHSCHILD, Secretary.

FIRE INSURANCE.

Manhattan Fire & Marine Insurance

OF NEW YORK.

Incorporated.....1821.
Cash capital.....$500,000
Surplus..... 650,000

Total Assets, over.....$1,190,000

The above named responsible and well known Company has complied with the law of the State of California, and has deposited $75,000 as additional security for policy holders,

Buildings, Merchandise, Furniture, and other property insured against loss or damage by Fire, on the most favorable terms. Also, Insurance on Merchandise, Specie and Freight to or from all parts of the world. Losses promptly adjusted and paid in United States Gold Coin.

R. B. SWAIN & CO., General Agents,
206 Front street, corner of California.

DR. N. T. WHITCOMB,

DENTIST,

No. 205 Third Street, San Francisco.

Teeth filled with fine gold, artificial bone and platina. All plate work made and repaired, of the best material, at the shortest notice and warranted. None cheaper or better on the coast. Call and examine specimens. North Beach and South Park Cars pass the door.

N. T. WHITCOMB.

Removal.

WILLIAM SHERMAN & CO.,

Have this day Removed their Stock of

Clothing & Men's Furnishing Goods,

From Sansome Street to

608 Montgomery street,

(East Side,) North of Clay,

San Francisco, November 22, 1867.

AT THE REGULAR

RETAILING AMERICAN WATCHES

C. E. COLLINS & CO.,
603 MONTGOMERY STREET,
SAN FRANCISCO.

Nos. 42 and 44 Nassau Street,
NEW YORK.

Dealers in American, Swiss and English WATCHES,

JEWELRY AND ATERIALS.

☞We have made arrangements to buy AMERICAN WATCHES in large quantities from the Factory, and will receive a discount on the regular Wholesale Prices. We will hereafter

Retail the American Watches
AT
The Regular Wholesale Prices.

Our only profit being the small per cent. allowed by buying in large quantities.

WHOLESALE PRICES.

DICKEY'S

CREME DE LIS

DE CALIFORNIE.

THE FASHIONABLE WHITE WASH FOR BEAUTIFYING THE COMPLEXION.

A NEW COMBINATION, equal to the best French preparations, and free from their poisonous ingredients.

GEO. S. DICKEY, Chemist,
Corner of Market, Stockton, Ellis and Fourth streets,
San Francisco.

Administrator's Sale of Real Estate.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, THAT, IN PURSUance of an order of the Probate Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, made on the 26th day of November, A. D. 1867, in the matter of the Estate of JUSTIN VICTOR SUBERVIELLE, deceased, the undersigned, the Administrator of the Estate of said deceased, will sell at private sale, to the highest bidder, for cash, gold coin of the United States, and subject to confirmation by said Probate Court, on

WEDNESDAY, THE 8TH DAY OF JANUARY, A.D. 1868,

at 12 o'clock, M., at the office of W. C. Burnett, Esquire, the attorney of said Administrator, No. 606 Washington street in the said City and County, all the right, title, interest and estate of the said Justin Victor Suberville, at the time of his death, and all the right, title and interest that the said estate has by operation of law or otherwise, acquired other than, or in addition to that of the said deceased at the time of his death, in and to all those certain lots, pieces, or parcels of land, situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and bounded and described as follows, to wit :

I.—Commencing on the northwesterly line of King street, 114 feet 7 inches northeasterly from the northeast corner of Fifth and King streets, thence running north easterly along said line of King street 91 feet 8 inches; thence northwesterly and parallel with Fifth street 120 feet; thence southwesterly and parallel with King street 91 feet 8 inches, and thence southeasterly 120 feet, to the point of commencement.

II.—Commencing on the northwesterly line of King street 343 feet 9 inches northeasterly from the northeasterly corner of Fifth and King streets, thence running northwesterly and parallel with Fifth street 120 feet; thence northeasterly and parallel with King street 22 feet 11 inches; thence southeasterly and parallel with Fifth street 120 feet, to King street, and thence southwesterly on the northwesterly line of King street 22 feet 11 inches, to the point of commencement.

III.—Commencing on the northwesterly line of Townsend street 137½ feet northeasterly from the northeasterly corner of Fifth and Townsend streets, thence running northeasterly along said line of Townsend street 45 feet 10 inches; thence northwesterly and parallel with Fifth street 137½ feet; thence westerly and parallel with Townsend street 45 feet 10 inches, and thence southeasterly and parallel with Fifth street 137½ feet, to the point of commencement.

IV.—Commencing on the southeasterly line of Berry street, 229 feet 2 inches southwesterly from the southwesterly corner of Fifth and Berry streets, thence running southwesterly along said line of Berry street 45 feet 10 inches; thence southeasterly and parallel with Fifth street 137½ feet; thence northeasterly and parallel with Berry street 45 feet 10 inches, and thence northwesterly and parallel with Fifth street, 137½ feet, to the point of commencement.

V.—Commencing at the northeasterly corner of California and Mason streets, thence running easterly along the northerly line of California street 34 feet 4½ inches; thence northerly and parallel with Mason street 68 feet 9 inches; thence westerly and parallel with California street 34 feet 4½ inches to Mason street, and thence southerly along the easterly line of Mason street 68 feet 9 inches, to the point of commencement.

That offers and bids will be received, on such sale, on and from MONDAY, the 30th day of December, A. D. 1867, until and at 12 o'clock, M., on the 8th day of January, A. D. 1868, by said Administrator, at the said office of W. C. Burnett, Esquire, in said city and county.

Terms and Conditions of Sale: Cash, gold coin of the United States; ten per cent of the purchase money to be paid to the Administrator, on the day of sale, the balance on confirmation of sale by said Probate Court: deeds and stamps at expense of purchasers.

LUCAS PONTON DE ARCE,
Administrator of the Estate of Justin Victor Suhervielle, deceased.

W. C. BURNETT, Attorney for Administrator. Office 606 Washington street. d7-4t

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF BENJAMIN OBER, deceased.—Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Executrix of the last will of the estate of Benjamin Ober, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Executrix, at her place of business, at the law office of Messrs. Clarke & Carpentier, No. 606 Washington street, in the City and County of San Francisco.

Dated at San Francisco, November 14th, 1867.

JANE E. OBER,
Executrix of the last will of Benjamin Ober, deceased.
H. K. W. CLARKE, Esq., Attorney for Executrix.
nov16-23-30 dec7-14

AMERICAN HOTEL,
Main street, . Petaluma.
EMERSON & LAMBERTON Proprietors.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE FIFTEENTH Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco.

MARY ANN LEEDOM, Plaintiff, vs. FRANCIS LEEDOM, Defendant.

Action brought in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in said city and county of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to FRANCIS LEEDOM, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named plaitiff, in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein, within ten days (exclusive of the day of service,) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this county; or if served out of this county, but in this District, within twenty days; otherwise within forty days; or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said complaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony existing between plaintiff and defendant, awarding the care and custody of her daughter Julia to plaintiff, and allowing her to resume her maiden name.

And you are hereby notified, that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

Given under my hand and Seal of the District Court of of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 7th day of August, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-seven.

[SEAL.] WM LOEWY, Clerk,
By OCTAVIUS BELL, Deputy Clerk.
Geo. W. Tyler, Plaintiff's Attorney. s14-3m

IN THE PROBATE COURT of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the estate of T. O. HOPKINS, deceased.

All papers and proceedings in the above entitled matter having been transferred to this Court from the Probate Court of Alameda County by reason of the disqualification of the Judge of said Court to act, and among said papers, a petition of A. J. Lowell, Administrator of said estate, setting forth that he has filed his final account of his administration of said estate, that the same has been audited, allowed and confirmed, that all the debts and expenses of administration have been fully paid, that a portion of said estate remains for distribution to the heirs of said deceased, and praying for a distribution to the heirs entitled.

It is ordered, That all persons interested in the estate of the said T. O. Hopkins, deceased, be and appear before the Probate Court of the City and County of San Francisco, at the Court room of said Court, in the City Hall, in said City and County, on MONDAY, the 16th day of December, A. D. 1867, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon of that day, then and there to show cause why an order of distribution should not be made of the residue of said estate among the heirs of the said T. O. Hopkins, deceased, according to law :

And it is further ordered, That a copy of this order be published for four successive weeks, before said hearing, in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published in the City and County of San Francisco.

M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.
Dated November 13th, 1867. nov16-23 30 dec7 14

IN THE PROBATE COURT OF THE CITY AND County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the Estate of ANTHONY GIFFORD, deceased.

Order to show cause why Order of Sale of Real Estate should not be made.

It appearing to the said Court, by the petition this day presented and filed by William A. Quarles, the Administrator of the estate of Anthony Gifford, deceased, praying for an order of sale of real estate, that it is necessary to sell the whole of the real estate, to pay the debts, expenses and charges of the administration.

It is therefore ordered by the said Court, that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased, appear before the said Probate Court on TUESDAY, the 24th day of December, A. D. 1867, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the Court room of said Probate Court, at the City Hall in the city and county of San Francisco, to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said Administrator to sell so much of the real estate of the said deceased as shall be necessary;

And that a copy of this order be published at least four successive weeks in THE CALIFORNIAN, a weekly newspaper printed and published in said city and county.

M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.
Dated November 22d, 1867.
T. J. FINN, Esq., Attorney for Petitioner.
nov23-30 dec7-14-21

IN THE PROBATE COURT of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the estate of JOHN DE VRIES, deceased.

City and County of San Francisco—ss.

Notice is hereby given that B. B. McAllister, having, on the 20th day of November, 1867, filed in this Court his petition, praying to be allowed to amend the petition of Charles Ackerman, praying for an order of sale of real estate, filed herein June 12th, 1865, to establish certain facts, which are in brief, to-wit :

That the said real estate was, at the time of filing said petition for the sale thereof, almost wholly unproductive, and produced a monthly rental of eight dollars per month and no more, and for the further particulars, reference is here made to said petition on file in my office; the hearing of the same has been fixed by said Court for MONDAY, the 16th day of December, 1867, at 11 o'clock A. M. of said day, of the December term of 1867, at the Court room thereof, at the City Hall, in the City and County of San Francisco; and all persons interested in the said estate, are hereby notified then, and there to appear, and show cause, if any they have, why the said petition should not be granted.

Dated November 20th, 1867.

WM. LOEWY, Clerk,
By A. J. JACOBUS, Deputy Clerk.
E. B. MASTICK & T. B. BISHOP, Esqs., Attorneys for Petitioners. nov23-30 dec7-14

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—IN THE MATTER OF the Estate of EDWARD O'DONNELL, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the estate of Edward O'Donnell, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said estate of the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator, at his place of business, on the southeast corner of Sansome and California streets, in the city and county of San Francisco.

Dated at San Francisco, November 14th, 1867.

CHARLES B. POLHEMUS,
Administrator of the Estate of Edward O'Donnell, deceased. nov16-5w

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF H. C. KORF, deceased.—Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the Estate of H. C. Korf, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator, at his office and place of transaction of business, room 5, No. 520 Montgomery street, in the City and County of San Francisco.

Dated San Francisco, November 19th, 1867.

WILLIAM A. QUARLES,
Administrator of the Estate of H. C. Korf, deceased
nov23-4t

SOLD HER MAN.

A young medical student from Michigan, who had been attending lectures in this city for some time, and who considered himself exceeding good looking and fascinating, made a deadly onset on the heart and fortune of a beautiful young lady in the same family with him. After a long siege the lady surrendered. They were married. The same afternoon the young wife sent for and exhibited to the astonished student a "beautiful" little daughter, aged three years and a half.

"Good heavens! then you are a widow?" exclaimed the student.

"Yes, my dear, and this is Amelia, my youngest; to-morrow, Augustus, James, and Reuben will arrive from the country, and then I shall see my children together once more."

The unhappy student replied not a word; his feelings were too deep for utterance. The "other little darlings" arrived. Reuben was six years old, James nine, and Augustus a saucy boy of twelve. They were delighted to hear that they had a new papa, because they could now live at home and have all the playthings they wanted. The "new papa," as soon as he could speak, remarked that Augustus and James did not much resemble Reuben and Amelia.

"Well, no," said the happy mother; "my first husband was quite a different style of man from my second—complexion, temperment, the the color of hair and eyes— all different."

This was too much. He had not only married a widow, but was her third husband, and the astonished step-father of four children.

But the fortune, tought he; that will make amends. He spoke of her fortune.

"There are my treasures," said she, in the Roman matron style, pointing to her children.

The conceit was quite out of the Michigander, who finding that he had made a complete goose of himself, retired to a farm in his own native State, where he could have a chance of making "his" boys useful, and make them sweat for the deceit practiced upon him by the mother.

ADVICE to Husbands—"How to make a home happy"—Go off somewhere.

A one-legged miller is at once a miller and hopper.

TAILOR'S revenge—giving a customer fits.

AMERICAN EXCHANGE HOTEL,

SANSOME STREET, SAN FRANCISCO.

FIRE PROOF.

Two Hundred Rooms well Ventilated and Richly Furnished.

Prices from $1 50 to $2 a Day.

The Exchange Coach, with RED LIGHTS, will always be in readiness to convey Passengers to the Hotel FREE OF CHARGE.

The proprietor of this favorite Hotel would respectfully inform the traveling public that the

AMERICAN EXCHANGE

Is now and will continue as it ever has been, the most comfortable, homelike, quiet and economical Hotel in the State. TIMOTHY SARGENT, Proprietor.

F. D. RING,

MANUFACTURER OF

JEWELRY AND SILVER WARE,

No. 540 Market Street, adjoining the Hibernia Bank,

SAN FRANCISCO.

All kinds of precious Stones set in the latest style and most approved manner. Watches and Jewelry carefully repaired by experienced workmen.

G. E. T. GLOVE COMPANY,

FACTORY, 526 MERCHANT STREET,

Between Montgomery and Sansome,

Manufacture all kinds of OIL DRESSED AND INDIAN TANNED GLOVES for Gentlemen, Drivers, Teamsters, Miners and Lumbermen. Also, BUCKSKIN MITTENS, GOLD BAGS, PURSES, etc., in endless variety, and all sewed by hand. All work warranted. The Trade supplied. We warrant one pair of our manufacture to outlast two pairs of Eastern manufacture.

PHILADELPHIA BREWERY,

Corner Second and Folsom streets,

SAN FRANCISCO.

JOHN WIELAND,

Proprietor

WONDERS OF WONDERS!

TO BE SEEN ONLY AT THE

Pacific Museum of Anatomy and Science,

Eureka Theatre, Montgomery street, between California and Pine.

Belden's Family Depot for Domestic Luxuries

AT this depot are, all should know,
For him who strong or faint is,
Superior grub—for home or club—
And every kind of dainties.
Westphalia hams, fresh oysters, clams,
Constituents of chowder,
Fine breakfast tea, and hominy,
And genuine curry powder.
Oil, mustard, wine, both French and Rhine,
Lard, coffee, ketchup, capers.
Crushed sugar, peas, and Switzer cheese,
And sperm and waxen tapers.
The giblets, pluck, of goose and duck,
Of woodcock, snipe and plovers,
Of partridge, too, and cockatoo—
The last express for lovers!
It seems absurb there scarce a bird—
My rhyme this somewhat ruffles—
But Belden's got in tin or pot,
The RIVER of with TRUFFLES.
Prunes, raisins, rice, preserves and spice,
Gin, whisky, rum and brandy,
Drinks made of malt, and table salt,
Tongues, sausages, and candy.
Above's not all to which I'd call
Particular attention.
Le vin d'elite, Chateau Lafitte,
And others, I would mention.
Surpassing fine Madeira wine,
St. Julien, port and sherry,
Chateaux Margaux and Veuve Clicqnot,
Old apple jack and cherry.
La Rose, Chablis, and Burgundy
Both white, and red and sightly,
Prime Hermitage of ripe old age,
Still, sparkling too and sprightly.
Sauterne, medoc, still sparkling hock,
Johannesberg, Hockheimer,
Then sirs and dames (these German names
Would craze an English rhymer!)
Just come and buy, and cease to sigh
For Egypt and its fleshpots;
Ne'er better fare did Pharoh share,
Or any other despots.

ET CETERA

No. 652 Sacramento Street.

$100 00

SAVED in a very Short Time by using

STANDARD SOAP CO.'S

WASHING POWDER.

TRY IT!

Does Not Injure the Clothes. Sold Everywhere.

NOTICE!

Not Out of Business—Only Removed.

Pioneer Steam Marble Works Com'y

HAVE REMOVED

Their Marble Mantel Warerooms from No. 546 California street to their extensive Steam Factory,

422 and 424 Jackson Street,

Where they keep constantly on hand the best and most select stock of

MARBLE MANTELS AND GRATES, HEADSTONES AND MONUMENTS.

Our Steam facilities enable us to sell better work at reduced prices than that manufactured by hand.

422 and 424 Jackson Street, Between Montgomery and Sansome.

CANTY & WAGNER,

(SUCCESSORS TO J. REGAN,)

Wholesale & Retail Confectioners,

113 *Montgomery street, bet. Bush and Sutter*

N. B.—All candies sold by us are warranted to be manufactured from Stewart's double refined Sugar, and to be equal to any manufactured in the state. Country merchants solicited to examine our stock and prices. Goods delivered to any part of the city free of charge.

WILL & FINCK,

EXCELSIOR CUTLERS, LOCK-SMITHS & BELL-HANGERS, Importers and Manufacturers of all kinds of Cutlery. Razors, Shears, and all kinds of Cutlery, ground and repaired. Bell Hanging and Lock-smithing done in the best manner. 613 Jackson street, fourth door west of Kearny.

Country orders promptly attended to.

T. B. RODGERS,

CUTLER,

108 Leidesdorff street.

Corner California, adjoining the Pacific Insurance Office, San Francisco.

Dr. John T. Crook,

Late of the Pacific Mail service, has established himself in the practice of his profession in this city.

—OFFICE:—

S. W. corner of Montgomery and Bush Streets.

OFFICE HOURS—9 to 10 A. M.; 2 P. M.; 4 to 6 P. M.

REESE W. GLUYAS. S. E. DUTTON.

GLUYAS & DUTTON,

COUNTING HOUSE STATIONERS,

Fireman's Fund Insurance Company's Building, No. 227 Sansome Street.....San Francisco.

Pioneer Iron Shutter Works,

ESTABLISHED 1849.

CALVIN NUTTING,

Manufacturer of

FIRE-PROOF DOORS & SHUTTERS,

STEEL LINED BANK VAULTS,

Prison Cells, Balconies, Awnings, Gratings, Iron Fence, Stairs, etc.

123 Bush street, between Sansome and Battery, San Francisco.

Constantly on hand a large assortment of second hand Fire-Proof Doors and Shutters.

Pioneer Iron Works,

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This Pump is specially adapted to the wants of BREWERS and DISTILLELS, on account of the facility with which, by its use, casks in the upper stories of their warehouses can be filled from the vats below.

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When a female is in trouble, or afflicted with disease, as weakness of the back and limbs, pain in the head, dimness of sight, loss of muscular power, palpitation of the heart, irritability, nervousness, extreme urinary difficulties, derangement of digestive function, general debility, vaginitis, all disease of the womb, hysteria, sterility, and all other diseases peculiar to females, she should go or write at once to the celebrated female doctor, W. K. DOHERTY, at his Medical Institute, and consult him about her troubles and disease. Irregularities, suppressions, etc., will receive the Doctor's most particular attention. Let no false delicacy prevent, but apply immediately and save yourself from painful suffering and premature death. Ladies whose delicate health or other circumstances prevent an increase in their families, should write or call at DR. DOHERTY'S MEDICAL INSTITUTE, and they will receive every possible relief and help. The Doctor's offices, consisting of a suite of six rooms, are so arranged that he can be consulted without fear of observation.

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Patients (male or female) residing in any part of the State, however distant, who may desire the opinion and advice of DR. W. K. DOHERTY on their respective cases, and who think proper to submit a written statement of such, in preference to holding a personal interview, are respectfully assured that their communications will be held most sacred. Dr. Doherty takes this opportunity of observing that all letters are duly opened and replied to by himself, and the latter as promptly as possible.

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SPERMATORRHŒA.

DR. DOHERTY has just published an important pamphlet embodying his own views and experiences in relation to Impotence or Virility, being a short treatise on Spermatorrhœa, or Seminal Weakness, Nervous and Physical Debility consequent on this affection, and other diseases of the Sexual Organs

This little work contains information of the utmost value to all whether married or single, and will be sent FREE by mail on receipt of Six Cents in Postage stamps for return postage. Address,

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MONDAY EVENING.....DECEMBER 16.

First Appearance of
MISS FANNY YOUNG,
In the New Play of
OUR VILLAGE,
As Polly Marigold;
And in the Burlesque Extravaganza of
RUM-TI-FOO-ZELL.

NEW SONGS! NEW BURLESQUES!
OPERATIC GEMS! NEW DANCES!
Also, Great and Novel Sensational Effects never before attempted on any Stage on this Coast,
The Mechanical Plans for which have been purchased by Mr. Thos. Maguire, in New York, expressly for this Theatre, and will be produced by the celebrated mechanists, Messrs. Stackhouse and John Torrence. The new scenery by Mr. Burbury.
For full particulars, see Bills and "DAILY CRITIC."
Box Sheet now open.

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Dress Circle	$1 00	Orchestra	$1 00
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Lessees and Managers,
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FOURTH WEEK OF "UNDER THE GASLIGHT."

This Afternoon and Evening....Dec. 14th,
Augustin Daly's Original and Thrilling Drama of
UNDER THE GASLIGHT!
With the popular artist,
MR. CHARLES WHEATLEIGH.
In his celebrated impersonation of Snorkey,
Assisted by
MRS. F. M. BATES,
And the Entire Strength of the Company.

This extraordinary production will be presented
☞ EVERY EVENING TILL FURTHER NOTICE. ☜
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N. B.—An Early Application for Seats is necessary to prevent disappointment, as they are already secured several days in advance.

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Parquet 50 cts | Gallery 25 cts
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Immense Success of the Grand Combination
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Will give his Second GRAND OPERATIC CONCERT
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ON TUESDAY EVENING,....DECEMBER 17.

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Conductor.....W. H. BLAKE.

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Youths' Pilot Cloth Overcoats	10 00	7 00
Youths' Chinchilla Overcoats	10 50	8 00
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500 Men's Esquimaux and Castor Beaver Overcoats,
Forty per cent. less than any other store on this Coast.
100 dozen Men's Star Shirts, $1 50
Astonishing low figures.
Remember, our goods are all Custom-made, from our Broadway store in New York, thirteen years' standing. Everybody must know our goods. Retiring from business, the goods must be sold. Call at LOCKWOOD & CO'S, and examine the great reduction in prices.
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PRESENTS!

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Extensive Stock
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Please call and examine.
HAYNES & LAWTON,
516 Sansome street, corner of Merchant.

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INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION,
Under the auspices of the
Mechanics' Institute,
SAN FRANCISCO.

THE UNDERSIGNED, ACTING UNDER authority from the Mechanics' Instituto of the city of San Francisco, take great pleasure in announcing to the Public that they have resolved upon holding an Industrial Exhibition in the month of August, 1868, on a much larger scale than was ever before attempted on this coast; and they make this early announcement of their intention, that all who may desire to participate shall have ample time for preparation.
A programme, embracing rules and regulations for the government of participants, with a list of Premiums to be awarded, etc., is receiving such earnest and careful attention as the importance of the enterprise demands, and in due season the same will be made public by circular letters widely distributed, and by advertisements in the leading journals of this coast.

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The Copartnership of the Proprietors of
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EMPORIUM
Will positively be dissolved on or before the
FIRST OF JANUARY, 1868,
In consequence of which, we offer our Entire Stock until then at
PRICES REGARDLESS OF COST!
Good quality of White Shirts for.....$1 50
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FRINGE, CORD, TASSAL,
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Every article made in the best style and at the most reasonable rates. LADIES' DRESS TRIMMINGS manufactured to order. Orders filled at the shortest notice.
Orders from the Interior promptly attended to.
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Foreman for the past eight years at the manufactory of Mrs. D. Norcross.

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Coal Oil and Lamp Store,
NO: 10 THIRD STREET,

KEEPS CONSTANTLY ON HAND THE BEST brands of Kerosene Oil, Lampa of every description, GLOBES, WICKS, SHADES, CHIMNEYS, LANTERNS, Etc.
The public are cautioned against buying inferior Coal Oil, sold by parties as STANDARD KEROSENE, and which is frequently explosive, being a mixture of Coal Oil and Benzine. The Standard Kerosene sold at No. 10 Third street, is warranted to be free from smell, and burn longer than any other brand of Oil, and is to the consumer cheaper than less priced oils. All goods warranted to be as represented.
☞ Give us a call. JOHN B. OWENS.

SOMETHING NEW AND GOOD.
TRY IT!
PRESERVED COFFEE
PREPARED FROM
THE BEST OLD GOVERNMENT
JAVA COFFEE,

Condensed in the form of paste, by a process patented September 3d, 1867. One ounce equal to two of the best ground coffee, and suitable for any gentleman's table. Preserves its strength and flavor without deterioration, in any climate and without regard to length of time.
If you want chicory, apply it yourself. Give our Coffee a trial, and if it is not fifty per cent. cheaper and better than any other, we will return your money.
FRANK SILVER & CO.,
No. 10 Stevenson street, near First,
San Francisco.

The California.

"SURELY THERE IS A VEIN FOR THE SILVER AND A PLACE FOR GOLD WHERE THEY FINE IT."

VOLUME VII., No. 31.
OFFICE, No. 532 MERCHANT STREET.

SAN FRANCISCO, DECEMBER 21, 1867.

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CONTENTS:

Religious Weeklies; "The Lost Galleon;" The Alaska Duels—their Secret History, No. 2; A "Paper Hunt" in Japan, by Forbes Maitland; Female Suffrage, by A. G. B. Literary Gleanings: The Educational Question; The Reason Why; The *Herald* on "Mark Twain," etc. "Lion's Mouth:" The Educational Bear-Garden; Earthquakes, Tornadoes and Northers; The *Bulletin's* Puns; A Brother Snip; The Epicurean Crow, etc. Express Riding in Western Texas; The Hair Markets of Europe and Fashions in Hair Dressing; Waited for at the Downley Station; The Last Moments of Nero; Volcanic Marvels in Java; The History of the Stove.

THE LION'S MOUTH.

"THE gravest beast is an ass, the gravest bird is an owl, the gravest fish is an oyster, and the gravest man is a fool." SYDNEY SMITH.

"I WILL roar, that I will do any man's heart good to hear me." A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

"I WILL aggravate my voice so, that I will roar you as gently as any sucking dove; I will roar you an 't were any nightingale." IBID.

"*Nil falsi audeat, nil veri non audeat dicere.*" CICERO.

Earthquakes, Tornadoes and Northers.

The last issue of the *California Farmer* contained a remarkably cheerful article on the prevalence of storms and earthquakes this year. The editor after enumerating the different varieties of disasters which have of late visited various portions of the globe says:

While reflecting upon the subject, we are led to ask, why should the "Pacific coast" be *exempt* from its share of these calamities? We do not desire to awaken fears, or alarm the timid, but may we not *repeat* the question, and ask, why should the PACIFIC COAST be exempt?

Why should the Pacific Coast *not* be exempt from storms, typhoons and earthquakes, although St. Thomas has suffered? That is quite as sensible a question as the *Farmer's*. We are not in the same latitude as St. Thomas, and are, we should imagine sufficiently far distant from it to remain unaffected by any earthquakes which may occur there. The *Farmer* insists that we ought to have our turn, saying:

"Shall we not have our turn? Either by an EARTHQUAKE, TORNADO, or a terrible NORTHER, that shall sweep into our harbor and sink our shipping at the wharves, and destroy our city front!"

"Shall we not have our turn?" Well, we are not particularly anxious for it, and should not mind being overlooked. Of course the editor of the *Farmer* hopes such things won't occur, but then "why shouldn't they?" This inspiriting editorial closes with the following valuable advice:

"We trust such things may never occur, but are we sure they will not? While we are continually reading the records of such things elsewhere, let us do what we can to meet the exigency of our case, if our now favored territory must suffer."

Certainly, as we are not sure such things will never occur—"such things" being an EARTHQUAKE, TORNADO and a terrible NORTHER that shall sweep into our harbor and destroy our shipping at the wharves, and destroy our city front—we must "do what we can to meet the exigency of our case." That is to say we must take all the precautions possible against earthquakes, strive hard to stave off the norther and if possible prevent the arrival of the tornado. The *Farmer* man is evidently longing for something of the kind. He had better go down to St. Thomas and take his paper with him. You wouldn't catch him asking "why shouldn't we have the rinderpest amomg our cattle," 'why shouldn't all our horses die of blind staggers?" or "why shouldn't the Sacramento valley be swept by another flood." That would not suit his readers at all. The people in the interior are not half so much alarmed at reading about earthquakes, or tornadoes, or nortbers, which would sweep away the city front of San Francisco, as by a description of a new disease among the chickens, or the prevalence of smut in oats. That bucolic old croaker had better employ himself in hunting up gigantic potatoes and writing editorials on them, than in asking impertinent questions as to why San Francisco shouldn't be tetotally smashed up.

The Bulletin's Puns.

Puns don't look well in the editorals of a dignified daily paper. We don't object to the *Bulletin* publishing a sprightly and slightly facetious editoral occasionally, but we must protest against its becoming so utterly lost to all feelings of sense, decency and respect for the English language, as to commence an editorial in the manner it did on Wednesday:

"The Legislature is not happy thus far in its essays towards economy, which are all on the principle of saving at the spigot and losing at the bung—literally a bungling policy."

D'ye see? "Losing at the bung—literally a *bung*-ling policy. Funny isn't it? The man who wrote that would ask you whether your pipe was "a meerschaum or a meer sham," would observe that he meant to "throw some light on the subject," when he lit the gas, would call chicken stealing "a foul proceeding" would do anything! We are shocked and grieved. In the *Alta* we are prepared to see this sort of thing, but we expected better things of the *Bulletin*.

The Educational Bear-Garden.

In spite of our publishing last week a verse of Dr. Watts' beautiful hymn, with reference to dogs delighting in barking and biting, and bears growling and fighting, for the express benefit of the members of the Board of Education, they *will not* behave themselves. At the last meeting of the Educational bears, while the subject of the nomination of teachers was being discussed, the following scene took place. We take the *Bulletin's* report:

Dr. Ayer—All we desire is that the ladies shall be treated respectfully.

Mr. Cobb—(Very excitedly and close to Dr. A.'s face)—I call the gentleman to order, sir. Doctor Ayer, you shall not stand here and charge me with treating ladies with disrespect. No gentleman, sir, treats them with more respect than I do. You can't come any of your suave over me, sir.

Chairman—Order! Order, gentlemen!

Dr. Ayer—I am surprised, Mr. President, that the learned and very affable gentleman from the Fourth should express himself with such warmth about language which did not mean any discourtesy to him.

This was very wrong of Mr. Cobb, very wrong indeed, to tell Dr Ayer that he couldn't come any of his suave over him. Mr. Cobb has evidently a great dislike to "suave," but he should not have accused Dr. Ayer of trying to come his suave over him. No one can doubt for a minute that Mr. Cobb is the very pink of politeness, and that be could never be guilty of treating ladies with disrespect. He has of course an unlimited supply of "suave" for them. We are sorry that he should have spoken "excitedly and close to Dr. A.'s face;" there is a way of "saying a thing to a man's face" without going close to it. We rejoice to find that in the end Dr Ayer succeeded in coming his "suave" over Mr. Cobb. He called him "the learned and very affable gentleman from the Fourth," and then Mr. Cobb said, "I am satisfied." We do trust that order will be kept in the Board of Education, and that no fighting will be allowed during school hours.

A Brother Snip.

A Washington letter chronicles the visit to the White House of James Verner, a delegate from the striking tailors of London, who is on a visit to this country to raise funds for the relief of the suffering strikers. The President gave him $50, besides favoring him with the old Joe Miller, which relates the origin of the noted saying: "It takes nine tailors to make a man." This is a pleasant anecdote. It is charming to find that Andrew Johnson does not forget the days when he was engaged on piece-work less important, and far easier than the peace work which he is at present attempting to put through. We wonder if Andrew Johnson was ever on a strike. If he ever was we should fancy his employer had to give in to his obstinate endurance. It was rather a good idea for James Verner, who has come to this country on a begging mission, to drop in at the White House to see a brother snip. At any rate be made $50 by the operation. As it takes nine tailors to make a man the funds collected should go a long way towards relieving the distress of the strikers, but we fear that the ninth part of a man has a full sized appetite. Of course the President having subscribed $50 for the tailors, the people of the United States generally, and the tailors of the United States in particular will follow his example, and support these ill-used artistes in their opposition to the tyranny of capital. When the aristocracy of England find their clothes beginning to look seedy, the Prince of Wales has to walk about in a coat out at elbows, and the city magnates are forced to have their old clothes turned, cleaned and repaired; then the master tailors will be forced to come to their senses and submit to the demands of their workmen, the cheerful goose will once more hiss over the jet black cloth, the cabbage will again flourish luxuriantly, and the people of England who are now in danger of being reduced to nothing to wear will again be clothed. All honor to Andrew Johnson, who did not turn a deaf ear to the appeal of brother snips in distress!

The Epicurean Crow.

The editor of the *Critic* appears to be deeply versed in ornithology. In a paragraph treating of the difference between dining and feeding, the most important moral of which appears to be that George, of the Occidental Restaurant on Washington street, caters to the taste of epicures, he draws a distinction between the manner in which the cultivated man and the beast eats. He says:

The beast, as a rule, (there are some exceptions, the crow, for instance, is an epicure, and gets all the enjoyment possible out of eating,) fills its stomach as speedily as possible, on the food which it can obtain readily, and is satisfied.

The editor of the *Critic* may know all about the habits of crows, but we must take exception to his calling a crow a beast. A crow isn't a beast, it is a bird. What proof he can bring of the epicurean tastes of the crow we cannot imagine. Crows seem to be very sociable over their dinner, and to indulge in a good deal of social conversation, but we never knew that they were very particular in choosing their food. We are sure that a carrion crow cannot be considered an epicure, his being a hippophagist gives him no claim to the title of *gourmet*, and he generally prefers his horse flesh in a terribly "high" condition. If the editor of the *Critic* insists on the crow being considered an epicure, either he should—or make the crow—produce cause.

The County for Sale.

Thomas Young, late County Recorder, and Jos. S. Paxson have gone into the business of selling real estate, and from the number of lots which they advertise for sale in one day's issue of the *Call*, we should fancy if they continue at the same rate it will not be long before they have sold the whole county. We don't see that they have any right to do this just because one of them happens to have been County Recorder, and the other County Treasurer.

EXPRESS RIDING IN WESTERN TEXAS.

DICK CARTER'S RIDE.

"WHO'LL ride this express to-night? A hundred dollars to any man who'll volunteer to ride this express!" shouted Captain Walker; and received no response.

Captain Walker had been detailed by General Baylor, (Confederate service,) to watch the lower parts of the Rio Grande del Norte, and report upon Federal movements, while he himself endeavored to seize Melissa and the Union forts some two hundred miles above. Very irregular communication had been maintained by the two commanders for the expanse of country to be traversed by express riders was barren of all supplies, and little better than an inhospitable prairie, over which bands of savage Indians and outlaws roamed at will; so that the prospect was not very pleasing or encouraging to anyone sufficiently bold and patriotic to proffer their services for the undertaking. His irregularly-armed and indifferently-mounted men, at the moment at which he spoke, were gathered in groups upon a knoll, intently watching the approach of a single horseman, who was galloping from the north-west at the top of his speed, while clouds of dust ascended in his wake at every stride. The rider was evidently in hot haste, and although the whole prairie was minutely scanned for Indians, who, it was supposed, might be chasing him, not a Comanche was visible in any direction. Though yet some distance away, his haste and gestures gave token that the news he brought was of vital importance. Hence it was that, knowing the necessity for a speedy answer to his commander, Walker shouted out again and again—

"Who'll ride the return express? Two hundred dollars for a volunteer to ride the express."

He received no response from his men. All laughed at the idea of his tempting any one for the miserable sum offered, (Confederate currency?) particularly as the distance was great, and the dangers many.

His dirty, leather-trowsered men for the most part saddled their horses, and galloped forth to meet the courier approaching, to ascertain the news.

"Hallo, Dick!" shouted one.

"What news, comrade?" asked another.

"Where's Baylor and Canby? Have they had a fight yet?"

"How far have you come?"

"How's the Indians?"

Such were the questions put to the courier, who, more dead than alive, endeavored to push through the crowd of excited troopers questioing and encircling him.

He said nothing, but, looking deadly pale, and excited, spurred up his jaded animal into a maddening gallop, and plunged forward to the camp fires, smoking in a small copse by the side of two wells. Without heeding the many questions put to him by the crowd of excited soldiers galloping, shouting, and yelling beside him, like so many wild men, he raced into camp, and delivered his letters to Captain Walker who sat watching a pot of sweet potatoes boiling—the only procurable dish he had enjoyed for many weeks.

"Why, Dick, you look tired, my boy. How far have you come to-day? Sixty miles! Not a very bad ride that, either; and it is fully two hours of sun yet. Why, this letter is spattered with blood, Dick! How comes that? Met the Indians, eh? Well, by Jove! you seem to have had a narrow escape, my boy. Here, lad, help yourself to my share of supper. And, Lopez, you hitch out his horse to grass. Why, that ain't your own horse! An Indian pony, eh? So they killed yours! Rather tight work that, boys, ain't it?

And with that Captain Walker left his troopers, and, sitting alone under a distant tree, was soon lost in reading the bloodstained letter.

Dick, the courier, had scarcely dismounted beside the camp fire, ere he fell into a profound sleep, perfectly overcome with exhaustion and excitement. Perceiving blood upon his hands, and several shot-holes through his leathern jacket and trowsers, kind troopers, in their rough, half-civilized manner, opened his garments, and discovered that he had received a flesh-wound in the shoulder from rifle shot, and another in the left

hand. Neither of them were of a dangerous character, yet he had evidently bled profusely.

While sleeping, they washed his hurts, and, in turning him over, found an arrow had penetrated the leather, and was within an inch of his side. The weapon was deeply dyed with poison, and had it only scratched his flesh must have caused certain death. While performing these kind offices for their unconscious comrade, many were joking about the pleasures of express riding, and calculating the chances of this or that one being obliged to "run" the return journey. As evening advanced, horses were driven in nearer to camp, and so "staked out" that in case of any alarm each man might saddle and mount without confusion in the dark.

When Dick was rested after an hour or two, and had refreshed himself with whatever the camp afforded, he began to recite the adventures of his two hundred miles' journey across the prairie; while Captain Walker, with a large flat stone for a desk, was sitting with his lieutenants around their own fire, writing his dispatch to General Baylor in pencil, on the fly-leaf of an old bible.

"Well, yon see, boys, I don't wish to scare anyone; but whoever has to ride the next express must be a man, out and out, for he'll have to fight his way through, and no mistake, for the Federals have all the Indians under their pay, and they are cutting up all kinds o' shines over the whole country as they never did before, and have lots of powder and shot. You see, General Baylor thought that old Canby had but one thousand men in New Mexico, at Melissa and Fort Craig, or he would not have come five hundred miles to attack him with our regiment of twelve hundred. But instead of Canby having a thousand he had five!

"I don't mean to say that? Yes, but I do, though, and what is more, there's going to be some very tall fighting, or some very fast running, done by somebody, and no two ways about it, gentlemen, and very shortly, too. And just look how the case stands. General Jack Baylor starts out from San Antonio (Texas) with twelve hundred men for El Paso, Arizona, to take possession of the territory, and hold it for the South. He travels more than seven hundred miles of sandy prairie, with few wagons, and very little of supplies. Nothing could be bought on the route. If we had all the gold in California, nought was to be met with but wild, throat-cutting Comanches, and dried prairie grass.

"When we could not find water we had to dig for it; and after several weeks of pulling and hauling we all arrived at El Passo, and looked around.

"Instead of finding the territory vacated by the Federals, Baylor discovers that they have five times more men than he has; but this was not known until he had left El Paso, and gone several hundred miles up the Colorado. Not only this, but he also ascertained that they are well fortified and provisioned in several forts on the south bank, and endeavoring to surround him. This is exactly how the case stands; and here am I, after four days' ride, sent to call you all together to go up and help him out of the scrape! So, as I said before, boys, it's my idea that we shall all have to do some very lofty fighting, or some very swift running, before long."

"My wounds, eh? Oh, they are easily explained. When I set out, they told me that the Indians were pretty thick all over, but I've seen so much of the redskins I didn't mind it much. I laid by all day, and traveled, as usual, at night. The first journey I made fifty miles, and, as the sun was coming up fast, I hid in a large bunch of cactus, and staked my horse to grass among the overgrown chaperalle near it. There was an old well hard by, and I wasn't at all pleased to find Indian trails round it. None on 'em could be more nor two days old.

"'They are a hunting party,' I thought, 'after buffalo,' but was never more mistaken in my life.

"As I cautiously looked about over the prairie, before lying down to sleep, It struck me I could see smoke about five miles away. So I got up into a tree, and saw what appeared to be a cabin on fire.

"'There's no cabins about these parts,' I thought; but after awhile I remembered I couldn't be far from the trail of the El Paso mail stage route, which ran from California through El Paso, San Antonio, and on to the Mississippi river.

"I looked and looked again, and felt certain that it was the mail station on fire, for with my glass I could plainly see a drove of mules running about the prairie, chased by what appeared to be Indians.

"I was not long kept in doubt as to who they were, for to my astonishment I saw about two dozen of them galloping towards me, driving some fifty head of horses and mules. I knew they were coming to the well, and if they caught me I was a dead man, so I immediately unhitched my horse and led him away some distance through the high grass, and secreted myself.

"At night I stole out cautiously, and one of the first things I met was a mail stage broken and upset in the road. Boots, caps, papers, and clothes were scattered about, and from the down-trodden appearance of the grass I felt certain there had been a desperate fight. In the distance I saw camp fires, and was certain they were Comanches. I felt benumbed to all thoughts of danger, and resolved to approach and see what they were about, let the cost be what it would

"They were camped under a rise in the plain, and the red devils were dancing round some eight or ten bodies of dead white men! They had evidently made a capture of whisky somewhere, for most of them were reeling and drunk.

"There were no doubts now about the matter. They had waylaid the mail party, and butchered them, and must have afterwards proceeded a few miles, and attacked the mail station. As it was built in the form of a square, and well fortified with timber, they found much difficulty in getting in; but, as the wind was blowing freshly, they set fire to it, and soon drove out the occupants. (We afterwards learned some four or five escaped on horseback; but three were murdered and consumed in the flames. They had been quick about their work, however, for, although the fire burned briskly, they managed to secure many things, and, among others, three barrels of whisky, with which they had made themselves drunk.)

"I don't know what possessed me at the moment. I knew that curiosity was leading me into great danger, but yet I lingered near the encampment, listening to their songs, and grinding my teeth with rage.

"'I'll have a shot,' I said, 'if it costs me my life.'

"So, mounting my horse, I approached as near as I dare, and let fly at the tallest of them all. I saw him drop, and, spurring my horse, was soon lost in the darkness among the high grass.

"The redskins were on their feet in an instant; but, as most of their horses had gone on with the first party, few of them could mount. I saw them flying about in all directions, looking for my trail; but, although the flicker of their camp fires gave me a good view of them, it was impossible for them to discover me in the darkness; so, perceiving the coast to be clear, I continued my journey somewhat satisfied, guiding myself for the most part by the stars.

"I don't know how far I traveled; but, when the sun rose, I was very tired, and my poor horse trembled with exhaustion. I searched for water in all directions, but couldn't find a drop. I would have given my right hand for water—not so much for myself as for the poor animal which had carried me so well. Not a pint could be found anywhere. The grass was wet from heavy dews, however, and that in some sort quenched his thirst. I was soon sound asleep, and dreaming of horrible things, I awoke to hear a party of Indians yelling in the distance. They had discovered my 'trail,' and were after me. If you ever saw a fellow saddle and mount in a hurry, you should have seen me do it on that occasion! I was up and off in a moment!

"Directly they saw me they gave a loud yell, and commenced the chase. Shot after shot went whistling past my head, and a shower of arrows fell around me. I dug spurs deeply into the sides of my poor horse, and he darted off like a rocket. I scarcely knew in what direction I was going, but judged that I couldn't be far off my true course; so I flogged, and whipped, and spurred, until I seemed to fly over the prairies. After riding hard for about ten miles, my horse began to weaken.

"'It is all over with Dick, now,' I thought. My revolvers were loaded and untouched, and I still had one full load in my double-barreled shot gun. 'I'll make some of 'em tumble yet before I go,' I said, 'if they only come close enough.'

I fired two shots, and disabled a couple of the red rascals; yet there were still four of them left in chase, and one, being splendidly mounted, was rapidly gaining upon me.

"'It is you or I for it,' I thought, whipping and spurring like a madman.

"After a three or four mile ride, he was alone in the pursuit, and had wounded me in the shoulder. My poor horse had two arrows in him, while two more had stuck in my saddle-bow, but luckily escaped me. My poor animal was failing at every stride, and the Indian, knowing me to be wounded, and desirous of taking me alive, rode up to throw a lasso over my head; but just as the coil was spinning through the air, I suddenly halted, and drove a bullet through his skull. My horse fell under me; but, quick as thought, I seized the Indian mustang, and in two minutes was flying like the wind on my newly-acquired half-wild animal.

"I was never so excited in my life. It seemed as if I had lived a full century during that last chase; but it was a long time before I returned, as it were, to consciousness, for my wound bled freely, and it was death to halt, as I felt certain the red devils would only be more exasperated, and sure to follow.

"My mustang, however, seemed to be as much excited as myself, for he maintained his gallop for several hours, and carried me along at a rapid rate. I saw he had not been half trained, and was perfectly young, fiery, and fresh. So, therefore, I determined to push him hard until far in the night, for my life depended upon his fleetness.

"I had the good fortune to fall in with no more redskins on the following day; but, from frequent recent trails visible on my whole route, I felt certain that they could not be far off; so that the nearer I approached your camp, the more carefully I picked my way.

"Last night I was rather excited, it must be confessed, for I knew the remaining distance could not be more than sixty miles; but I also knew that parties of them would certainly be found prowling round you. In fact, I was so excited for once in my life that I could not sleep, but lay awake, listening for sounds, and looking for camp fires. Towards early morning, when the mustang had grassed sufficiently, I mounted again, and started off on the last stage. All progressed well with me until within twenty miles of camp, and then I fell in again with a small party returning from a hunt, and was obliged to fight my way through them as best I could.

"One shot hit me in the hand, and several arrows stuck in my jacket; but beyond that I received little in return for two capital shots which I gave them, for each load brought one of them down, and a pretty noisy howling they made over it, you may be sure. Here I am once again, boys, and pretty well tired out; but if there's to be any more express riding done for a month or two, I hope Captain Walker and all of you will be kind enough to count me out, and let me take a back seat."

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BILL RODNEY'S RIDE.

When Dick had concluded his narrative, there was a general laugh among the sunburnt, dirty, leather-dressed troopers at his escapes and mishaps, and many cried out, derisively—

"Who'll ride this express? Two hundred dollars to any man who volunteers to ride this return express!"

"Well, laugh as you please, boys," said Captain Walker, approaching the noisiest of the circles, who, squatted around their fires, were smoking and laughing; "laugh as you please, my lads. The dispatch is ready, and some one must ride with it. I don't like detailing men for such duty. I would rather have one volunteer than a hundred of any other sort. I'll give two hundred dollars to any volunteer. Who goes?"

"Let us toss up for it," said some.

"No, make a lottery of it," cried another. "Whoever gets a blank must go."

"Detail a man, captain," proposed a third, "and that will settle the matter. It is nothing but regular duty, and no one can refuse."

"Oh, my horse is lame," said one, "or else I'd ride it without asking."

"Yes, and mine is so weak he couldn't go twenty miles," added another.

"Oh, yes, grumble away, boys. Don't any of you go. Let the general get surrounded and cut up. I suppose you don't think it matters much. Some of you fellows have talked about the Indians so much of late that I thought you would not desire better sport than to meet a few lodges of them. But when the time comes, I take particular notice most of you always have lame horses, or something of that kind, when any express has to be ridden."

This was said by Bill Rodney, and did not please his companions much, who showed displeasure at his remarks by growling, and asking what business it was of his what they said or did.

"Well, I'll tell you what I'll do," continued the first speaker rising from the fire. "Every one knows that my horse has been lame for a month; but, if Captain Walker will lend me his mare, I'll ride the express, and start now."

"Well done, Rodney," said Walker, slapping him on the back. "The thing must be done, you know, my boy, and you're welcome to ride my mare. She'll carry you as far and as fast as anything in the country; and, as you ride light, I think you'll manage to pull through the trip in quick time, and without injury—at least, I hope so."

Walker's mare was the best-conditioned and most powerful animal in camp, and could have carried two such wiry, lathy fellows as young Rodney.

Most of the troopers, like inhabitants of distant settlements, were attired as Mexicans—that is to say, they wore leather jackets and trowsers, the latter slit from hip to heel, and profusely decorated with double rows of buttons down the sides, so that when riding in warm weather they could loosen those garments and cool themselves. In truth, any attire but such as was made with leather would not have withstood the wear and tear of one week.

Putting a plug of tobacco in one pocket, and a few matches in another, young Rodney filled his gourd with water, and stuffing two or three corn cakes in his harvesack, was ready for the journey in five minutes. His rifles and revolvers were the main articles of curiosity, and these he cocked, and primed, and oiled until perfectly satisfied of their efficiency and trustworthiness.

Coiling a lariet over the high bow of his Spanish saddle, and throwing a blanket behind him, he was mounted and off before half the men in camp were aware of his purpose or destination, saying, as he galloped away—

"If I don't get through, captain, you'll know what's happened."

"I hope he'll get through safe," said Dick, as Rodney galloped forth into the darkness, "for I can tell you, boys it's no joke to ride an express in these squally times."

Some of the troopers accompanied him a short distance, and returned. The night was dark, we soon lost the sounds of his horse's hoofs as he bounded forward on his perilous journey.

In a few days after Rodney's departure, Walker's command began their march to join Baylor. Indians frequently seen upon the route were timorous, and would not approach within less distance than a mile, for, although very demonstrative and threatening, they were loth to bring on an engagement, fully aware that a few bundred of them would be useless in any encounter with a body of disciplined, hardy, and well-mounted men.

Little indeed occurred on the journey to relieve the troopers of monotony. Some left the line of march to shoot a buffalo or two ; but were always careful to rejoin the command before sunset, for fear of being butchered by prowling bands of Comanches, who always hung upon the flanks of the regiment. Great care was also necessary during night to prevent the rascals from stampeding or running off the horses for they were so full of tricks and disguises that oftentimes they successfully approached within a few bundred yards of the encampment for purposes of theft or murder. Yet, with all their tricks and schemes, they could not succeed in stealing a single horse, and never dared to fire, for our men would have been up and upon them in a moment. On one occasion indeed, they set fire to the prairie at different points ; but the wind, blowing strongly in one direction, saved us without trouble.

It was resolved by the troopers to give chase to the rascals on a fitting opportunity ; but the wild sons of the desert were by far too nimble and fleet afoot to be overtaken or punished. One of their chiefs, more daring than the rest, rode within rifle distance, but was quickly tumbled over by an accurate shot. His comrades endeavored to carry off the body, but did not succeed. Upon his person were found many things which had evidently belonged to strangers ; and on close examination, a jacket, proved to be the property of the express rider, Rodney. There were several rents in the sleeves, as if made by rifle shot, and the opinion generally prevailed that the poor fellow had been caught, overpowered and murdered. These surmises were confirmed, for two days subsequently the command halted at a deserted Indian camp, where his sombrero and other articles were found torn up into shreds ! This discovery only hightened the fury of Walker's men, and many schemes were planned and devised for repaying the Comanches with tenfold vengeance ; but those crafty gentlemen maintained a respectful distance, and from unknown causes, suddenly disappeared altogether from the line of march.

As Walker approached Melissa, he was met by several outriders, urging him to push forward rapidly. And in answer to inquiries, it proved that Rodner had not been taken by the Indians ; but, as the outriders said, was in Baylor's camp, and "sound as a trout." In a day or two that young scapegrace appeared, and explained matters thus :

"When I had been ten hours out from your camp, I became aware that Comanches were in the neighborhood, for their fires were still smouldering, and gave token that they could not be many miles away.

"The captain's mare was so powerful and fresh that she bounded along at a glorious pace, and, when night had far advanced, I began to congratulate myself upon having escaped the red fiends ; but, as morning broke, I descried far off in the prairie large numbers of horses, which was more than enough to convince me that I had unfortunately overtaken a party of cut-throats, and was in no good humor at the prospect before me. As no time was to be lost, I rode into very high grass, hobbled the mare by a fore and hind foot, and then threw her upon her side. She could not move. Taking off my jacket, sombrero, and riding shirt, I got some moist red clay, and rubbed it on my face, arms, and body, pulled my hair about in Indian style, and within a short time looked as much like a Comanche as could be.

"The sharp-eyed rascals had discovered my trail, and were hunting for me. I put my sombrero and jacket on a cactus bush, in such a manner that at a distance they would have been taken for a living person standing there. I loosened the mare and kept well in the chapparal, so that I had gone a long distance from the cactus tree ere any one of them would go near it.

"They approached the spot very cautiously, and found my saddle. They gave a wild yell, and making sure I was there also, began to 'pop' away at my poor jacket until it shook again. They seemed loth to approach, and, while hesitating, I mounted my saddleless mare, and appeared on their outskirts, screaming and jabbering as finely as any Comanche that ever breathed. I managed to get a considerable distance from them ere myself or the deception was discovered ; but finding the *ruse*, they gave chase in fine style, and felt convinced I was some wandering Crow or Blackfoot—two tribes they held in the most desperate enmity.

"Walker's horse was equal to the occasion, however, and outraced them in gallant style. I rode hard all day, as you may suppose, and, when night came on, began to feel chilly and benumbed with the heavy dews. As fortune would have it, I had a few matches, and resolved, at all hazards, to light a fire, for I was now approaching the river, and the woods became thicker at every mile.

"I had scarcely lit the fire, and was warming myself comfortably in a hollow, when I heard the sound of approaching animals, and, before I could decide upon any line of action or deception, a lasso was thrown over my neck, and I began to suffocate.

"'Caught at last,' I thought, and had fleet, hazy, flashing visions of home, parents, and sweetheart, when I was suddenly and violently jerked, and lost all further consciousness.

"When I recovered sensibility. I found myself lying beside a comfortable camp fire, and was well wrapped up in blankets. One of the party was bathing my temples, and holding my head in his lap, attending to me as gently and affectionately as ever woman could do.

"'Oh, he'll come round ag'in, Limpey,' said a gruff voice. 'It were a pretty close shave, though, warn't it? Who'd a thought of finding young Rod out here fixed up like a darned Comanche ?

"'Well, its lucky he halloed in time,' said Limpey, in reply, 'or he'd bin a dead horse by this time, but directly I hearn him holler, I know'd it warn't no Injun, for they cant jabber English yet awhile.'

"When I opened my eyes I endeavored to speak, but the violent tug of the lasso had benumbed and hurt the muscles of my throat, so that I had to make signs in order to be understood, and was scarcely able to whisper. I was evidently in the hands of friends, and knew their voices, so that when I crawled near the fire I recognized the features of an old friend named Brown, *alias* Limpey Brown, from the fact of his having been lamed in his youth in an Indian border fight.

"As well as I could ascertain from the old man Brown and his party of five, it appeared that the Indians, taking advantage of all the young men being away in the army, had been in the habit of making frequent incursions among the border settlements, had run off all the horses, and oftentimes destroyed every dwelling in their path. Old Brown, or Lame Bear, as the Indians called him, had been frequently visited, and at last had come to the resolution of gathering his neighbors and giving chase. He was now out after a party who had run off his stock, and was waiting for them at one of the fords of the river over which they were necessitated to pass. When the moon had risen over the prairie they were watching for Indians, and perceiving an object approaching lay in ambush, and judging from my appearance that I must certainly be a Comanche, had entrapped and almost strangled me ere the mistake was discovered. Had I not shouted at the moment I did, in an agony of despair, I should have been lifeless. Another tug of the lasso would have finished me for a certainty.

When Walker's command had formed a junction with General Baylor, they marched upon Melissa, and their forces being magnified by Federal spies, the Union troops in Fort Craig evacuated the place, in hopes of joining other forces higher up the river ; but they were so harassed in their retreat by the Confederates, that they broke into a panic, and dispersed in various directions, losing all their material, guns, and several hundred prisoners. In truth, Baylor's commaud, though small, fought the enemy in detail, and so effectually routed them that the whole territory of Arizona was quickly vacated, and for the time fell into the hands of southern leaders.

T. C.

THE HISTORY OF THE STOVE.

FOR an article of such general use, so indispensible in every household, it is astonishing how brief has been the history of stoves. With all of its multiplicity of forms, patterns, and varieties, it is a creation of the present age—a modern convenience—which our grandfathers knew naught of. The Troy (N. Y.) *Times* thus relates the history of stoves in general :

Stoves are comparatively of recent general use, though they were in this country as early as 1790. In that year a Mr. Pettibone, of Philadelphia, was granted a patent for a stove, which was claimed to be capable of warming houses by pure heated air. Pettibone's stove was soon after put up in the almshouse at Philadelphia, and Drs. James and Chapman, and several members of Congress, gave testimonials of its utility for warming and ventilating churches, courts of justice, hospitals, manufactories, etc. This was probably the first attempt to use stoves, at least in this country. From this time forward for many years, the stove was confined to public places, its use for warming private houses, or for cooking purposes not having been thought of. The long box stove, capable of taking three feet wood, was the only stove our ancestors knew anything about.

Cooking stoves have come in use within the last few years. The first advance toward a cooking stove was making the Franklin stove with an oven : and the first that deserves the name of cooking stove was an oblong affair, having an oven running the whole length, the door of which was in front and directly over the door for supplying fuel, and having also a boiler hole and a boiler on the back part of the top near the pipe. Then a stove similar in arrangement, with swelling or eliptical sides, was made, generally called the nine-plate stove. About the year 1812 cooking stoves were made at Hudson from patterns made by a Mr. Hoxie, who was the first to elevate the fire-box above the bottom. This improvement was patented, and was sustained in suits against parties who in any way elevated fire from the bottom. In Hoxie's cooking stove the fire was made above and upon the oven, and he was the first who made any stove in which the flame was made to descend from the top to the bottom of the oven. In 1815, William T. James, of Lansingburg, afterward of Troy, made the stove known as the "James' Stove," which not only continued a leading cooking stove for nearly a quarter of a century, but may yet be seen on board of small eastern coasting vessels, where, being cheap and durable, it supplies the place of a caboose. James' stove is probably better known as the "Saddle-bags Stove."

The first heating of houses by flues, from anthracite coal, was accomplished by Professor Johnson, of Philadelphia about 1825. The Professor succeeded in heating a large house by means of a furnace in a cellar, surrounded by an air chamber of brick work, whence the gaseous products of the combustion were carried through the building, passing through cylindrical drums, on the first and third floors, and out at the top. This mode of warming buildings rapidly grew into favor as our people came to be well acquainted with coal.

The ample supply of wood in the country was for many years in the way of the successful introduction of stoves. This fuel was at every man's door, and houses were all supplied with ample fire places. The cost for preparing wood for stoves was an item which quite offset any economic advantages they had otherwise. And, besides, the people were loth to give up the cheerful fire-place for "a little black box in the corner," as the stove was disparagingly called. Even now, the West uses few stoves compared with the East, and Eastern manufacturers make stoves adjusted to wood for the Western market, while those for the market of the Central and Middle States are nearly all coal burners.

ARE OUR FEET PROPERLY CLOTHED?

IT is somewhat surprising that, with all our boasted improvements, we have not as yet produced a proper covering for the feet. Barbarous people, if their climate admits, go with bare feet, or wear sandals, covering only the sole of the foot. We, however, encase the whole foot, and a portion of the leg, in a material almost impervious to air and moisture, and generally uncomfortably hard and rigid. The color and polish of our boots are directly calculated to attract the sun's rays ; and the enamel on patent leather, and the blacking on ordinary calf-skin, tends to harden and soldify the substance, closing the pores and making air tight cases for a portion of the body which exudes more perspiration than any other, and is subjected to greater strain.

Our boots in summer parboil our feet in a warm bath, and in winter freeze them in an icy envelope. It is doubtful if wet feet are, in themselves, very conductive to disease, some medical men to the contrary notwithstanding ; but cramped confinement of the feet, in an icy cold envelope, generated by perspiration and chilled by the eternal atmosphere, thus shutting the internal atmosphere, thus shutting the imprisoned feet almost air-tight, is as unhealthy as it is uncomfortable.

For hot weather there is hardly any shoe so agreeable as that introduced within the past three or four years, known as the army shoe, and extensively used by base-ball players. It is of heavy canvass and unblacked leather. It is cool and remarkably easy to the feet. The texture of the canvass allows the escape of the perspiration, and the color of the shoe does not attract the heat of the sun.

It would seem that the plan of covering other portions of our bodies with material pervious to air might advantageously be extended to our feet. There is no natural reason why our feet should be so much less sensitive than our hands. They become indurated and deprived of their natural activity by long, close confinement. The people of warm climates, who use their toes as we do our fingers, and the barefooted school boy, who picks up and throws pebbles with his feet, show that the foot of the civilized adult in our climate is a much abused member.

A more flexible and porous material for our boots and shoes might save us from many of those terrible annoyances, which, in the form of corns and bunions, make our pilgrimage one of pain.

GOOD FAMILY ADVICE.—Let all troublesome topics be avoided at meals. Do not dwell upon the difficulties of business, the delinquencies of domestics, or discipline the children at the dinner table, for a cheerful spirit not only gives relish for food, but a good start at digesting the same.

FRIENDSHIP.—The friendship of an artful man is mere self-interest ; you will get nothing by it.

TO-MORROW.—The day when misers give, when idlers work, and when sinners reform.

IDLENESS is like the nightmare—the moment you begin to stir yourself you shake it off.

LITERARY GLEANINGS.

THE EDUCATIONAL QUESTION.

A NUMBER of rather elaborate works have recently appeared having a bearing upon the question of the relative claims of positive science and of literature for the leading position in the academic *curriculum* of our American colleges. Nevertheless, but little new light has been shed upon the question. Speaking of the branches of study pursued in our colleges in their purely utilitarian aspect, a writer in the New York *Round Table* says:

"The constant recurrence of the word "use" and "practical" suggests a query. How if the advocates of literature were to cary the war into Africa and boldly deny that the positive scieoces are of much practical value to the majority of men? It seems a bold paradox, yet we are inclined to think that a skillful pleader might make something of the case. Most persons reading for the first time George Cornwall Lewis's *Astronomy of the Ancients* must have been startled at coming upon his statement that modern discoveries in this science have been of no immediate practical benefit; even our calendar was regulated by men who believed in Ptolemy. But it is easier to be surprised at the assertion than to confute it. Take the recent discovery of the sun's material by means of the spectral liues: it evokes all manner of curious emotions; yet what practical inference can we deduce from it? But it is different with other sciences—chemistry, for instance. In the aggregate, yes; but even here the results of science to society are one thing, the value of scientific knowledge to individuals (not experts or professionals) quite another. How is an ordinary merchant or shopkeeper or lawyer or clergyman helped in his daily business by knowing that common salt is muriate of soda, that the red rust of iron is a deutoxide: that water is composed of two gases? To be sure if a man ventures to talk of such things without knowing anything about them, he is likely to make himself ridiculous. There is a striking instance of this in Bastiat's *Economic Sophisms*. He supposed *hydrogen* to be an ingredient of *air*, and turned one of his illustrations accordingly—a blunder which, oddly enough, some of his American translators have failed to correct, while his English adapters have noticed it. But this merely shows that men should not draw illustrations from subjects with which they are not thoroughly conversant. In a majority of cases the effect produced by the acquisition and exercise of scientific knowledge is a feeling of wonder and pleasure combined, not specifically differing from that produced by the acquisition and exercise of literary knowledge. A tourist of a philologic turn, descending the Alps into Italy for the first time, sees on a sign *Asta di Vino*. That word *asta* carries him back to the days of old Rome, when the captured booty was sold under the spear (*hastano*), the origin of our auction red flag. His scientific companion may derive equal satisfaction from examining the material of an old wall or the plants which grow about it. Both knowldges are *useful* in the highest sense of the word, both men enjoy their tour as no uneducated man men can; but the money value of the acquisition is about the same in both cases.

Whichever theory of education we adopt, the formatio nor the information one, much dependence must be placed on the memory of one of our instruments. Now, there is no intellectual faculty more loosely and vaguely talked about than the memory. People speak of such a man "having a good memory." A good memory *for what?* Such a thing is "easy to remembar." Easy *for whom* to remember? There is a well-known story of Foote, the comedian, how he posed a boaster by writing half-a-dozen incongruous lines which the other was unable to learn; and there is a general acquiesce in the difficulty of remembering that particular scrap of nonsense; a popular child's book represents several smart lads and lasses floored by it; which—to use a popular phrase—is all bosh. Any man *with a keen sense of the ludicrous* will commit to memory much sooner and retain for a much longer time the history of the female party who "went into the garden to cut a cabbage leaf to make an apple pie," than the same number of lines from an ordinary sermon or essay or newspaper narrative.

We know a person who has the reputation among his friends of possessing a remarkably tenacious memory—and so it is—for literature of all languages, especially poetry. He does not forget a ballad in twenty years. This same gentleman once lost $10,000 in a law-suit from having clean forgotten a conversation with a physician on a medical subject only three years before. Parson Crawley in the *Chronicle of Barsetshire* represents this class of literary men; and what is called their absence of mind is often only an absence of interest. A sharp business man, failing to recollect a poem or play which he had accidentally heard, would not be charged with absent-mindedness.

As a general rule, men learn most quickly and retain longest those things which they like best. A turfman will pour out volumes of racing or trotting statistics, though his recollection of political or historical facts may be very imperfect. To be sure, this is not the only test. Association has much to do with recollection. Thus the "funny-man" who learns and retains with ease the already-mentioned passage from Foote, has in his mind's eye some image, more or less distinct, of the great she-bear coming up the street to enquire for soap, and the great Panjandrum with its little round button at the top. Unsystematized and exoteric facts, in the subject of which one feels no strong interest, are difficult to retain. Let a naturalist communicate to half a dozen of his unscientific friends some elementary facts of his science, say the general division of insects according to their wings, and then try a week after how many of the party recollect them accurately. Unconnected dates are still harder to keep in mind. The upshot of all which and of much more that might be adduced is that all general assertions where the memory is concerned should be received with caution. When we are told, for instance, that a boy may acquire the rudiments of six or more sciences while he is acquiring the rudiments of Greek and Latin, our proper answer is, "Some boys can and others cannot."

It is said, and with truth, that the old-fashioned school and college studies are distasteful to a large number, perhaps a majority of the students. But this fact is far from justifying the inference that a course consisting chiefly of the positive sciences would be more attractive in the long run. No doubt lectures, especially when illustrated by experiments, are preferred to recitations by most boys; but the serious study of science soon becomes a steed of a very different hue. Most ladies are interested by chemical lectures, but an extempore examination will show how little most of them learn in this way. We have seen the experiment tried to the utter disgust of both lecturer and audience. Chemistry is really *learned* by hard "grinding" and "sapping." It may well be suspected that the idea of amusing scholars by their studies is a little utopian. How many grown men are amused by their business occupations?

THE REASON WHY.

The London *Saturday Review* thinks there is a great misapprehension in this country in regard to reasons that prevented England from interfering in behalf of the rebels during the war. It says:

Some say that we did not interfere because we were afraid of the North; others because, with a diabolical malignity, we calculated on the exhaustion of both North and South. Others, again, hold the faith that the operatives of our manufacturing districts, electors and non-electors, acted as a drag on the Government, and would not let it go to war. Of these reasons we know the two former to be utterly false, and the latter only in part true. As to fear of war, there are, we admit, many more persons in England unwilling to go to war with America than there are Americans unwilling to go to war with England. But all that this means is that we have a greater horror of war with a kindred race than they have. The imputation that we were afraid of the military and naval resources of the Federal Government may safely be left to be refuted by any American citizen who ever took the trouble to ascertain the available resources of his country at the beginning of the Civil War. No Englishman who witnessed the manœuvring of the Northern army for the first year of the war, or the condition of the blockading squadron in the Gulf for the two first years, can ever admit that there was at that date, in either of the services, anything to deter England, much more England and France combined, from giving active aid to the South. Whatever accession of vigor accrued afterwards was partly due to security from European attack. As to the action of the North-country operatives, it could have availed little against the Government and the residue of the English population, had these been resolved on intervention. But the real fact is, that neither the Government nor the people wished to interfere. They thought that intervention, under the actual circumstances of the contest, would be not only a deviation from a favorite policy, but a vindictive meanness. It would be tantamount to saying that we had old grudges against the United States Government to pay off, and that we took the opportunity of its weakness for paying them off. Add to this, there were men in Parliament and in the Ministry who were, by principle and tradition, hearty friends of the Republic. Others, again, hated slavery, and therefore hated the South. What with predilection and magnanimity, we forbore from taking a part which, if taken, must have produced a most important effect on the war. We did not take that part; and, as we believe, mainly because we did not take it, the Union is, to all outward appearance, restored to its integrity. That this view will ever be shared by the bulk of the American people it is impossible to believe. That many among their more enlightened politicians hold it is a notion which the language of the Bancrofts, the Beechers, and the Sumners is sufficient to confute. That any Transatlantic historian will ever venture to adopt it is more than we can hope. It flatters the pride of the American citizen to think that England gratified a revengeful spite against his country in the hour of her extreme peril. It would offend his pride if he were persuaded that the Union owes its present consolidation to the deliberate inaction of England. People and politicians will go on in their old courses, abusing us, reviling us, and threatening us. The Americanized bog-trotters will still continue to interweave with the tribal traditions of Celtic annals the semi-Jacobin aspirations of modern republicanism, and to arouse against the constitutionalism of England the sentiments both of feudalism and of democracy. Even before the fabric of their own polity is thoroughly reconstructed, some American statesmen may not disdain to profit by the large leaven of Irish discontent fermenting among them to exacerbate a dispute with England into a serious quarrel. Anything would serve the purpose—a Fenian privateer, or a New England fishing-boat on the banks of Newfoundland. And the placidity of England in past times may perhaps seem to justify exorbitant demands and insolent threats. But it may not be irrelevant to remind the most hot-headed of the anti-English party that even the best-tempered men can be provoked into a quarrel; that the intensity with which a contest is carried on is often in a direct ratio to the long-suffering which deferred it to the last moment; and that nothing would so irritate the thoughtful and intelligent classes of Englishmen as the reflection that a magnanimity and endurance almost without precedent had inspired neither good will nor respect in the minds of those whose country and institutions they had helped to preserve.

THE HERALD ON MARK TWAIN.

The New York *Herald* of Nov. 26th, says:

In yesterday's *Herald* we published a most amusing letter from the pen of that most amusing American genius, Mark Twain, giving an account of that most amusing of all modern pilgrimages—the pilgrimage of the Quaker City. It has been amusing all through, this Quaker City affair. It might have become more serious than amusing if the ship had been sold at Jaffa, Alexandria, or Yalta, in the Black Sea, as it appears might have happened. In such a case the passengers would have been more effectually sold than the ship. The descendants of the Puritan pilgrims have, naturally enough, some of them, an affection for ships; but if all that is said about this religious cruise be true they have also a singularly sharp eye to business. It was scarcely wise on the part of the pilgrims, although it was well for the public, that so strange a genius as Mr. Mark Twain should have found admission into the sacred circle. We are not aware whether Mr. Twain intends giving us a book on this pilgrimage, but we do know that a book written from his own peculiar stand point, giving an account of the characters and events on board ship and of the scenes which the pilgrims witnessed, would command an almost unprecedented sale. There are varieties of genius peculiar to America. Of one of these varieties Mark Twain is a striking specimen. For the development of his peculiar genius he has never had a more fitting opportunity. Besides, there are some things which he knows and which the world ought to know about this last edition of the *May-Flower*.

MISCELLANEA.

CHURCH the painter is said to be starting for the Orient. He intends to sojourn in Syria, making Beyrout his head-quarters. The fruits of his studies in this field, new to American artists, but old to European *confréres*, will be looked for with the liveliest interest.

MR. PARTON'S brilliant paper on "International Copyright," published in the October number of the Atlantic Monthly, has attracted more attention abroad than any other recent American production. It furnishes the London Times of October the 28th with a subject for a leading editorial.

MRS. HENRY WOOD, author of "East Lynne," etc., is to assume the editorship of The Argosy. A serial story from her pen will be commenced in the December number of that magazine, which has led a very feeble existence since Charles Reade finished the story of "Griffith Gaunt."

RICHARD GRANT WHITE in a letter to the New York *Times* of Saturday, denies having said that Mr. Charles Reade stole the plot of "White Lies" from the French, and asserts that Mr. Reade is the most imaginative and dramatic writer in our language, since Walter Scott.

MR. DANIEL SMITH, brother of the late poet, Alexander Smith, is preparing a new work, based upon Madame Ida Pfeiffer's Voyage Round the World."

VICTOR HUGO and Lamartine are engaged in preparing political works. That of the former is a poem called "Ideas of the Revolution." Lamartine's book is entitled "France et l'Avenier."

MATHEW ARNOLD is forty-six years old. He published his first volume of poems in 1849, after his marriage. He will be the next Laureate.

ALEXANDRE DUMAS, *pere*, is said to have made ten millions of francs by his writings, and to have expended it all like a prodigal prince.

CHARLES DICKEN'S new story, in *Our Young Folks*, will be entitled "A Holiday Romance."

THE FESTIVE SEASON.—Merry Christmas is close at hand. Fat turkeys with a premonition of their fate, are gobbling as hard as they can, knowing that they can enjoy the pleasures of life but for a short season, for to-morrow they die. Those who are looking up splendid fat turkeys as Christmas presents for their friends, should not forget that Will & Finck, the Excelsior Cutlers, have the most beautiful carving-knives and forks which would serve as a most appropriate accompanying present to the turkey. Will & Finck's assortment of cutlery at 613 Jackson street, is well worthy of inspection.

THE People of San Francisco are at last beginning to realize the fact that the cold and stormy day is the very time for taking DR. BOURNE'S BATHS, and they are now acting accordingly. The foolish notion that they are "weakening," and that there is danger of "taking cold," is nearly exploded. Dr. Bourne's Baths are different from all others—remember that. No. 10 Masonic Temple, Post street.

To those living in the southern part of the city we would recommend a call at Tyler's, 691 Market street, corner of Third, and take an inspection of his articles suitable for Holiday presents. His Zoethrop, or Wheel of Life, is a great novelty; there are besides photograph albums, writing desks, fancy articles, a great variety of juvenile books, scrap books, cutlery, etc. Tyler's stock is very extensive, and you will be very likely to find what you want there.

WATCHES, DIAMONDS, JEWELRY AND SILVERWARE.—There is one place in the city where you can purchase Watches, Diamonds, Jewelry and Silverware, at a fair price and not get imposed on, and that is at J. W. Tucker & Co.'s new store 101 and 103 Montgomery street, corner of Sutter. We advise our friends to go there.

BUTMAN'S splendid painting of Mount Shasta, which adorns the alcove of Roman's bookstore, is for sale. This is one of the best landscapes, if not the best, ever produced in California. The size of the painting is five feet by eight. What a splendid Holiday Present it would make!

CHRISTMAS GIFTS.—A. Roman & Co., 417 Montgomery street, have a magnificent stock of new illustrated books, standard and miscellaneous books, juvenile and toy books, writing desks, portfolios, photograph albums, fancy stationery, etc., most suitable for Holiday Gifts.

NO ONE who has not examined the wonderful Brazilian Pebble Spectacles, knows what spectacles are. Call at Muller's, 205 Montgomery street, if you wish to get suited with spectacles. Muller is an optician, and can fit your eyes at sight.

HAYNES & LAWTON announce in our advertising columns a list of goods most suitable for Holiday Presents, such as Bohemian glass ware, statuary, vases, etc. This firm is one of the largest and oldest established in the city, and has always been noted for its fine and extensive stock of glass and crockery ware.

QUINCY HALL SELLING OFF.—The immense stock of clothing and gentlemen's furnishing goods at Quincy Hall, Montgomery block, is offered at great reduction for the next twenty days, as there is to be a dissolution of co-partnership. They are selling goods unprecedently low.

RESPUBLICA.

GEORGE LUNT.

When Greece, in arts and arms supreme,
Rose sovereign o'er her darkened Age,
And lent its old, immortal theme
To grateful History's burning page,

When words, like arrows winged with fire,
Touched hearts that kindled at the flame,
And Song, re-echoing to her lyre,
Heard the far voice of coming fame;

Then Freedom kept, a guarded mound,
That fortressed rock where Athens sate,
And Wisdoms soul, divinely crowned,
Its sheltering Genius, held the State.

Resistless Thought its vital beam
To bard and sage and hero gave;
That long has lit Time's upward stream,
And shines eternal on the wave.

This was her boast, and is her pride,
The old Republic's stern behest
That mind to answering mind replied;
And they who swayed her were her Best.

This wrote her story with the stars;
She perished! How, her annals tell:
Hate, envy, meanness, all that mars,
And Folly ruled, as Greatness fell.

Then Force and Fraud's barbarian will
Rose o'er the mind's decay,
And sank on tower and templed hill
The twilight shades that closed her day.

This golden moral Eld unrolls,
O proud Republic! to thine eyes;
Bids thee love most thy nobles souls,
For Freedom sinks when Honor dies.

[For the Californian.]

A "PAPER HUNT" IN JAPAN.

BY FORBES HAITLAND.

A number of articles have been written of late on fox hunting, steeple-chasing, kangaroo hunts, "drives," etc., but I have never heard anything about a "paper hunt." It is too bad to overlook such glorious sport, especially such "meets" as we had at the Marines' Camp, on the bluff near Yokahama. It was magnificent fun; we really went at it in earnest. There was no sham in the runs we had; such eight-foot drops, and the paddy-fields up to your girths at every pop, with good six foot ditches containing not the cleanest of water, we managed to get up a rather decent run. As this style of hunting (?) is entirely unknown in California, I will give a description of one of the best runs I ever had.

The advertisement in the Japan *Herald* generally read as follows: "The foxes will break cover on the bluff at one o'clock on Saturday." The great thing is to have good dare-devil foxes, mounted on good strong Tartar ponies. (It may appear absurd to talk of mounting foxes; the explanation is we are compelled, on account of the scarcity of the quadruped, to use the biped.) Each fox is furnished with a bag containing small pieces of white paper, which the fox will strew along so as to give the scent to the hounds. The said hounds consist of some twenty or thirty hair-brained English and American residents. The foxes on the occasion to which I refer were No. 1; their ponies well up in ditching, and the riders capable of carrying them over. Captain C., and young D——, were the two best foxes in Japan. The day was delightful; such a day as we have nowhere but in Japan—the air clear and bracing, just cool enough not to overheat your horse, yet warm enough to prevent the rider or his horse catching cold on the homeward journey. After a first class tiffin with the Marine mess, a sufficient amount of champagne and good jokes to put the devil in one, the bugle sounded "hounds to your horses." The echo of the bugle had hardly ceased when up came the 20th fellow's in full cry "No time to talk, into your saddles, sharp!" "Into your saddles," was an order a precious sight easier given than obeyed, when one had a mount like mine. Oh, "Blotting-paper," (the animal's name; I called him so on account of the number of badly-formed spots on his hide, he looked like a perambulating landscape,) "you had a vile temper, but you were the best cross-country nag I ever had a leg across." He was perhaps the homeliest looking animal one ever clapped eyes on. He exactly resembled the toy rocking-horses, made by contract and cut off in lengths to suit purchasers. After a ten minutes' struggle I at length got my feet in the stirrups. It is an old saying "a stern chase is a long chase," but it did not prove so in my case. I very soon closed on the tail end, and a few minutes later had collared the leading horse. Blood will tell and so will strong hind-quarters crossing a girth-deep paddy-field. We had only found one trace of the foxes, and lost all scent almost immediately. We were at a stand—they must have doubled on us But no, a piece of white paper flutters about a foot from the ground at a distance of fifty yards. I gave my horse a cut with my hunting-crop and a dig of the spurs, and I was going to utter a terrific tally-ho, when I was shut up by Col. S.'s pony depositing something under a ton of clay slap in my mouth. Down the hill we went at a two-forty pace, soon to be stopped by a nine-foot creek and not a bridge in sight. No matter, Blotting-paper is good for that any day in the week; if I can't leap it he can swim, and what's a wet jacket to being first over; and with a "go it, old landscape," and a cut of the whip, we dash in and cross the creek, and are soon striding over a comparatively dry paddy-field. Following close on my heels were some dozen fellows looking more like half-drowned rats than human beings, all bespattered and with the water dripping from their clothes. These were all that remained of our gallant troupe. We are still on the proper scent, every now and again sighting the paper. At last from the brow of a hill we can see our foxes tearing along at break-neck pace, about half a mile distant. Now comes the tug of war; they are making for the eight-foot drop with a broad ditch, and within three feet of it, thinking to scare us, but there's no danger of that, we all had good sound horses and prided ourselves on being tolerable horsemen.

At it they went, neck or nothing. Well done, C., you took that splendidly; no shirk in you! Now D——, go it! Ah! a balk by Jove! Now for a chance to collar at least one fox. C., is making for the short cut to camp, (once past the sentry he is safe.) D—— has remounted and up the hill he goes; once over the leap and drop and I can collar him. Blotting-paper was thoroughly heated, and seemed to work with me; a minute more and the ditch was cleared; a second more and Blotting-paper and I were performing the most wonderful evolutions in the field below. I had given him too much head, he overreached, and the edge of the bank gave way; over we went I just recovered in time to see S., take the drop in stunning style, remarking as he passed, "keep quiet old boy, and you'll have a few friends with you instanter." Not being particularly anxious for company, and finding I had neither broken my neck nor my collar-bone, and seeing my gallant steed grazing close by me, (the fire having been considerably taken out of him,) I remounted as quickly as possible and made after D. As luck would have it, S., had doubled on him and was now pushing him hard. At last I have him; no, he doubles again, and dashes right into the grasp of a man who had shirked the heavy leap and taken the bridge path! After we had made sure of our fox—that is, after he had given his word of honor not to bolt, I observed D., was perfectly dry, while we, poor devils, were drenched to the skin. "I say, old fellow, how did you manage to get over the nine-foot creek?" "Why you are quite dry!" "Look at me, wet right through!" "And look at me!" were the exclamations which greeted him on all sides. "Hold on, not too many at once. The fact of the matter is C., and I pressed a couple of Coolies into the service and made them act as sappers and pontoon the creek. After having led our horses over, we dropped some paper farther down the creek to put you off the scent, having destroyed our pontoon; thus as we thought severing all connection with the opposite side, we scurried over the paddy-field. You caught me, but C., got in all right. Now for Sherry and bitters." Thus ended one of the many pleasant paper-hunts I had in Japan.

[For the Californian.]

FEMALE SUFFRAGE.

It is usually asserted by the opponents of female suffrage that its adoption would introduce a bone of contention into the domestic circle. Political disagreement would produce domestic discord. This argument assumes two things. First: Political preferences are more powerful than nature affections and the ties of consanguinity. Second: irreconcilable political differences among members of families must necessarily arise. The falsity of the first assumption becomes obvious from even the most superficial examination of the subject. Nearly every man reckons among his personal friends, some whose political views differ radically from his own. Indeed it is very rarely the case that even the most ordinary friendships are in any degree affected by political differences. In the most exciting political campaigns, when each candidate is straining every energy, and making use of every means to defeat his opponent, it not unfrequently happens that the two are warm personal friends. It is true that when we listen to the bitter invective, the charges of dishonesty, and the imputations against each others private and public character, which they hurl at one another from the rostrum or the press, we are apt to think that these men hate each other with an undying hate. But any one at all acquainted with the subject knows how little sincerity or real feeling these frothy ebullitions embody. They are the merest vapor, and have for their legitimate object only the obscurity of the political horizon.

Even when political differences were pushed to their extreme, culminating in a war which strained antagonistic feelings and prejudices to the top of their bent; when from arguing we fell to cutting one anothers throats, the estrangement of families was exceptional; and even in these exceptional cases, was mostly temporary. No true father discarded the son whose convictions—mistaken though they may have been deemed—led him to battle for "the other side." No true, loyal mother ever ceased to pray for the darling boy fighting bravely against his country. Many a hated suit of yankee "blue" has yielded to the clasp of a Southern sisters arms. After the long weary strife, many a husband has presented his soiled uniform at the door of the little cottage over the border, from which for years, political differences had made him an exile, and been received with tears of joy by the wife, true to her section, but loyal to him alone. Truly blood is thicker than water; and would to God the animosities engendered by the war had faded half so completely from political, as they have from domestic, circles.

It seems hardly possible that, in families, a difference of opinion between man and woman could exert a greater or more deleterious influence over the affections than a like difference between man and man. Nor could its influence be even so great; for in families the affection of the male members for the female members, and conversely, is even stronger than that obtaining between the male members, or between the female members. Sexual love is so general a law that it deepens and intensifies even the ties of consanguinity. And yet how seldom do we find any contentions among the male members of a family on account of difference in politics. This is due first, to the falsity of the first of the assumptions previously noticed; and, secondly, to the falsity of the second of these.

That irreconcilable political differences among the members of a family often can arise is denied by reason; and that they *do* is disproved by observation. The children are from infancy subjected to the same, or very similar, influences accustomed from the earliest dawn of his intelligence, to regard the opinions of his father as next to infallible, and judging of the truth of all others according to their conformity with these; his political reading confined to the books and papers which inculcate like beliefs because selected by the same authority; the son, in the great majority of cases, embraces the family politics entire, or with but slight modifications. Politically, then, the son being but a reflection of the father, it could scarcely happen that the daughter could differ very widely; she being exposed to the same paternal influences, and even fewer extraneous ones. But this argument is too narrow in its application to cover the whole case. It shows indeed, how important differences in politics would be unlikely to arise between father and daughter, or between brother and sister; but, so far from showing that these differences would be infrequent between husband and wife, it implies rather the contrary; for having imbibed very decided political views from their respective parents, they might be expected to retain them. Certainly we should not then witness that slavish readiness on the part of the wife to adopt the opinions of the husband, which we now see; and which, implying as it does the absence of any decided opinion at all, could not then take place.

For if woman had a voice and an influence in government, she would acquire her political beliefs in a way which would induce something like conviction of their truth.

But in the marital relation, the beliefs of one party must always be dominant over those of the other. When two minds are brought into close and constant relations with one another, their dissimilarities, constantly acting and reacting on each other, are finally worn away, and there is formed—not so much two similar minds as—one aggregate of belief and feeling. Under the present state of things the beliefs of the husband, as a matter of course, must predominate. Under different conditions, which mind might exercise the greater effect in shaping the family politics, would depend on a variety of circumstances, too involved to be intelligibly discussed. But in the aggregate of cases taken as a whole, the chances would be in favor of the eventual predominance of those political opinions which should go along with the greater intelligence. The political faith of each, however, would modify that of the other, and there would be a softening of the asperities of both.

But even supposing husband and wife to retain opposite political beliefs, it does not necessarily follow that contention would be the result. Certainly there is no subject upon which people differ more widely, or about which they are more disposed to wrangle, than Religion. And yet we daily observe men of one creed taking wives of another, with no unpleasant results arising from their difference of faith.

It was our object to overthrow a certain objection. We first saw that it was based upon two assumptions. We have now seen that neither of these assumptions is in any degree true. The objection raised upon them, then, must fall. It is simply a conclusion from no premises. A. G. B.

San Francisco Dec. 18th, 1867.

If you are puzzled what to buy for a Holiday Present, go to Appleton's, 508 Montgomery street; and if the present is for a lady, buy one of his beautiful shell boxes, photographic albums, Rodger's scissors, or cutlery, or some of the beautiful fancy articles he has on hand. If for a gentleman, one of Appleton's fine knives, or gold pens, or California diaries, would be just the thing.

Idaho.—Old patients and friends, of Idaho, will find Dr. Bourne, as usual, at No. 10 Masonic Temple, Post street. Science, knowledge and fixed principles enable Dr. Bourne to be permanent in location, and on the square in his intercourse with the sick.

THE HAIR MARKETS OF EUROPE, AND FASHIONS IN HAIR-DRESSING.

WHEN, in any fashionable promenade, we watch the mob of fair women with those wen-like appendages which destroy all the symmetry of the head, the idea that naturally occurs to us is, where does all this hair come from with which our fashionable beauties are adorned? If one woman possesses a chignon of portentous proportions, what other woman has been despoiled to furnish it forth? If another woman passes by with an auburn "heart-breaker," coquettishly thrown over her shoulder, that does not quite match her own tresses, we may be sure there must have been a "rape of the lock" of modern date. When vanity is made to sport in a superabundance of flowing locks, where are we to seek the "miserables" from whose heads they have been ravished?

Such were our thoughts the other day as we watched the lop-sided coiffures of the fair promenaders in the street. It is certainly a startling reflection that half the world is dressed in the hair of the other half—that the charming Mary owes half her beauty to some red-legged Scandinavian Olga, or that whilst we are admiring the silken tresses Beatrice so gracefully sports, the head upon which they have grown is bowed perhaps in sorrow at the foot of the convent cross. The commercial transactions that must take place in these treasures of Vanity Fair can be of no ordinary kind, and of no mean value.

When we are told that locks of a fashionable color are nearly as valuable as gold, weight for weight, the wonder is that spring-heeled Jack—whose prominent trick some years ago was to cut off young women's back hair—is not heard of again. The supply of back hair is more easily accounted for than that of the highly-prized golden tints. The majority of it comes, we are told, from Brittany and the south of France, and the ease with which young girls part with it is accounted for on very rational principles. In Brittany a very quaint and becoming cap is universally worn by the women young and old, which all travelers in that part must have noticed. This head-dress so completely covers the head that the hair cannot be seen; hence the hair merchant finds here a fine field for his operations. Mr. Trollope, traveling through Brittany, gives a most interesting description of the shearing of a whole fair full of people. The young girls, he tells us, stood in a row with their caps off, and their long black hair combed out ready for the man who operated. Each peasant-girl as she advanced was shorn, the lock tied up into a knot, and thrown into a large basket; in this manner the whole number submitted to be shorn like so many sheep, parting from what is considered their "glory" by other women without a pang, and for a few sous. This hair is particularly fine, and is very long, hence the collectors must make an immense profit by the transaction. As all the southern countries of Europe are dark-haired and Catholic, the reader may conjecture another source from which black locks are derived. The cloister sends its contingent to supply the requirements of the fashionable world. Every nun delivers up her locks as a sacrifice, and fashionable women immediately takes possession of it to use it, if we are not too uncharitable, as a snare—so diverse are the motives of human nature.

Brown hair, which is the most universal color in the great European states, is consequently supplied in the largest quantities. Now that it has become so valuable, there are strong motives for its abstraction from the most objectionable and repulsive sources. Besides those named, we have no manner of doubt ourselves that in all cases of fever the hair shaved off for the purposes of health passes once more into the hands of the barber, and very possibly becomes a fresh centre of contagion. It would be well for the interests of the community that in all such cases it should be burnt in the presence of witnesses. Not many years ago it was the custom to cut off the hair of pauper women when they entered the workhouse; but this practice, which was illegal and very cruel, has been for some time discontinued; but the rule is carried out inexorably with all prisoners, not excepting those suffering for political causes. These may be called the domestic sources of supply to the hair market, scarcely any of which, we should say, is consigned to the great emporium for this article, which is Paris. Towards this centre hundreds of tons find their way every year, and is their made up to suit the requirements of fashion, and is thence redistributed over Europe.

In the present Paris Exhibition, in the Neapolitan department devoted to human hair, is a very curious case, exhibiting the processes by which what is termed "chiffonier's hair" is prepared for ornamental purposes. This hair, it may be stated, appears with its root intact—in other words, it has clearly been torn from the head by violence. When first it came into the market, much speculation existed among the hair merchants as to the source from whence it had come. That it had been obtained by violence was evidence; but it soon appeared that the violence was exercised by its owners—in other words, these pieces of hair were neither more nor less than the cleanings of the comb at the toilet table. These, in Continental cities, find their way into the streets—there are no dust-bins there—whence they are collected by the chiffoniers, and sold to the hair merchants. A writer in the *Hairdresser's Journal*, speaking of the singular exhibition of the little knots of toiletted hair he found in one of the cases, says:—"The first process to which the manufacturer submits them is to sort them into colors; and here I find them divided into some eight or nine separate colors, of which the dark most decidedly predominates, thus showing the Italian climate. The second process is to disentangle these masses of hair by carding them. They are now submitted to the fourth operation—a secret, I presume, to the Italian manufacturer—that of turning, or, in plain words, putting all the hairs with the roots at one end. The whole process is interesting, as exhibiting the manufacture of an article that has always been surrounded with doubt and suspicion;" and we may add that it affords a singular example of the care with which every scrap of hair, day by day growing more valuable in the markets of Europe, is collected and returned to human heads if not from those whence they originally came. Among the peasantry of our own country it would be considered most unlucky to throw away such scraps of hair; it is the universal practice to collect it and burn them. A writer in *Notes and Queries* says that they imagine that, if left about, the birds would build their nests with it; a fatal thing for him or her from whose heads it had fallen, the belief being that if a pyet (Anglice, magpie) should get hold of it for the purpose of building a nest—not an unlikely thing, considering the thievish nature of the bird—the person from whom it had fallen would be sure to die within the year.

And now for a few words in conclusion respecting those abominations called chignons. Any one who knows anything about human hair, knows that immediately upon death everything like animal life immediately escapes from it. The hair dealers have never seen life in any animal from among the large quantities that pass through their hands. Vegetable growths, no doubt, exist; but when we hear the "chignon fungus" spoken of in the *Lancet*, we cannot help laughing, as it must be quite clear that the form the manufactured hair takes can have nothing whatever to do with the nature of the growth of the parasite.

It will perhaps surprise our readers to be told that the chignon was known by that name nearly a hundred years ago. The *Hairdresser's Journal* makes the following quotation from a book on hairdressing bearing date 1782:—"Those ladies who are obliged to wear false hair, I would inform them that the greatest difficulty attending it is the putting it on properly. . . Now to put on; and first the false chignon. I have before said where this is to be placed, but if it is not made very flat and strong with a good small comb, it will make the head appear bumpy and awkard behind." In these words the ugliest of all fashionable adornments of the head is most clearly identified both by name and nature, and it is only another proof that, as in architecture, so in the coiffure, we go back to the past for our styles and fashions—a hundred years is only a modern revival, indeed. Is there not a wig in the British Museum very like the present fashion, which is at least two thousand years old?

The very golden hair so beloved by the poets and painters of old, is rising in value every day, and we are really puzzled to know from what source it is obtained; speaking generally, the major portion of it comes from the northern parts of Europe, where this colored hair, or rather light hair, greatly predominates. The only southern country that seems to possess it is Venice, or rather it did in the time of the great artists of the past. Giorgione and Titian rarely painted a female head of another colour; Rubens, still later, indulged in this color, but in this he merely copied the fair locks of the Flemings, who are still famous for the beauty of their golden hair. We do not know if in Venice the same hair is still to be found, or whether, it having possibly been a foreign introduction, it has not disappeared by reason of the mingling of the races. The beauty of golden hair by no means depends upon its color, its quality also far surpasses any other. It is so beautifully fine that a head of hair of this color contains nearly twice as many individual hairs as are found in a red head. The gradation in bulk, in fact, regularly progresses from the blonde, the most delicate and flowing, to brown, black and red—the coarsest of all hairs. The flexibility of the fair hair gives that artistic and kindly sweep which the painter loves to depict. The very yellow hair comes from the low countries; it is a very different looking thing from the saffron-tinted, disagreeable-looking color we see in the shop-windows shown as specimens of the result of using dye. The deadness that always distinguishes these wretched attempts to produce artificially this much coveted color, is but too apparent. A woman must be weak indeed, or the veriest slave to fashion, who submits to these vile tricks of the hair-doctors; and when once the dyeing process has been accomplished, the man or woman is forever after the slave of the dye. For inasmuch as the hair grows from the root, and not, like a vegetable growth, from its free extremity, of course the dye must be applied day by day, otherwise the hair next the scalp will be of a totally different color from that on the other portion of the head. Thus the poor devotee of fashion, or of vanity, in an evil moment places his or her charms, or the counterfeit of them, completely at the mercy of the hairdresser and his worthless nostrums.

At the hair-merchants sometimes very long hair is to be met with; six feet is often attained, but such lengths as these are very valuable indeed. Gray hair is now much used for mixing with the scanty locks of the aged, for vanity in many cases journeys with us unto the end, and it is now largely employed in wig-making. There is nothing that looks more unnatural than a bright brown or jet black wig upon an old withered face; the hairdressers are beginning to see this. The weather-marks of age should be indicated in the hair as well as in the skin; this is now done by adding a few gray hairs into the dark peruke, and by changing the wig as years go by, throwing in a little more snow from time to time, the artist manages to let us down harmoniously, whilst the horrors of a bald pate are avoided. Gray hair has accordingly risen considerably in demand and in price: it is as dear now as the fashionable golden color. In Paris, where old age seems to be a greater enemy than it is here, there are establishments where young girls are employed to pluck out grey hairs from the head and beard; but these are by no means thrown away; they fall to the lot of the perruquier, who works them up into the artful contrivances with which we hide the bare and shiny pate.

The color of the hair is wholly due to the pigment which is conveyed into it from the blood; hence the absurdity of plastering the hair with all kinds of pomatum, which only acts upon the outside of the hair. In all cases baldness and grayness are caused by an absence of this secretion. In baldness the root becomes obliterated, and of course the hair falls out; in grayness, however, there is a mere cessation of the pigment secreted. This may occur from other causes than age; sudden fear or great emotion has been known to turn people gray in the course of the night. In such cases the hair may recover its tint, although but rarely; but where grayness arises from natural decay, it is vain to attempt to restore its color, and it is equally vain to attempt to make the hair grow again when it has once fallen off from the same cause. In youth, where fever has arrested nutrition and caused it to fall off, it comes with a recovery of strength; but where the bulb of the hair has perished, all the hair restorers in the world would prove ineffectual.

In England the prevailing color of the hair is brown. This may be ascribed to the great mixture the race has undergone by reason of the number of foreigners commerce has attracted to our shores. In London this is especially observable. In the south and west, where the Saxon element has remained undisturbed, light hair is much more common. Indeed, in Somersetshire, among the country-folks, where there has been but little change for centuries, a dark-haired peasant child is a thing to be remarked. A Bristol physician has, in fact, boldly declared that we are, day by day, getting a darker-haired people—not by reason of our greater mixture with dark-haired nations, but by reason of conjugal selection. He has asserted that, of a given number of light women he had watched, thirty-two per cent. remained single, whilst of a similar number of dark-brown and black-haired women, only twenty-one per cent. remained single. Now, if this state of things should be permanent—if men selected dark-haired women instead of light-haired ones—in course of time, perhaps, we should become a black-haired people. But this is a pretty theory, which our senses condemn at once. If light-haired women are looked coldly upon by the men, why are the fair so very solicitous about having light hair? If the matrimonial market inclines in the contrary direction, the mode (possibly set by the hair-dressers, on account of the value of golden tresses) would not have been followed; for much as the women like to be in the mode, they would, as a rule, rather find themselves eligible in the matrimonial market. Fashion, for once, in the matter of the color of the hair, is right. What the poets and painters have praised, must possess the quality of beauty; and fashion, in the method of dressing the hair (always excepting chignons) is at the present moment admirable. The method of artfully adjusting it in curls over the brow adds infinite softness to the outline, and makes many an ordinary-looking face interesting, if nothing more. The same style was prevalent at the end of the last and the beginning of the present century, and that, perhaps, is the reason why English faces of that period, under the hands of Reynolds and Lawrence, looked so much more full of character and so much more "taking" than those of a year or two ago, when every woman imagined she could afford to dress her hair after the Greek method, wanting the pure lines of the Greek face. Let us trust, however, that that gross deformity, the chignon, which we have evidently copied from the Chinese and Japanese, and, of course, exaggerated the mode, like barbarians as they tell us we are, will speedily fall out of favor. Why women should increase the apparent size of the head to double its real proportions whilst they have reduced their skirts to the scantiness of wet bathing clothes, is a matter so marvellous that men have given it up altogether.

In the last century the fashion was extraordinary enough. The hair was piled up a foot high, and ornamented with rib-

bons, and manipulated into all manner of devices. Altitude did give a certain dignity to the figure; but now the lateral extension makes us fear that the ladies will lose their balance and fall backwards. Whilst the one sex is dressing the hair so as to point obliquely behind up into the sky, the other are running all to beard in the contrary direction. Possibly there never was a time when so much hair was worn upon the human face, masculine and feminine, as now.

In Paris they have already grown tired of the passion for blonde hair, or rather the dark-haired beauties have decided that the fair hair has had its innings long enough and have determined to give the brunettes a chance. Consequently, jet black tresses are coming into fashion, and as the Frenchwomen are all artists in their way, they have taken to dye their skins to match: preparations of walnut-juice and chicory are now used to give fair dames an almost Eastern cast of complexion. If any man should—according to the Bristol physician's theory of natural selection—marry one of these made-up brunettes, we may fairly ask whether, on discovering that he had been wedded by mistake to a masked blonde, he will have a fair reason for demanding a divorce. But dark or fair are by far too natural distinctions to satisfy the fair Parisiennes. We hear that some of the leaders of fashion—we suspect they must be very fast—have adopted the fashion of dyeing the hair green, mauve and blue, as it may be, to match the color of the dress they may be wearing at the time. We have all heard of Blue Beard, but blue locks!—the idea is too terrible: we may debit the demi monde pretty safely with the introduction of this fashion.

Anything that is very startling finds favour with this class, and it certainly is not to the credit of honest women that they submit to follow the lead of such people. In the metropolis the actresses are the true leader of fashion. The theatre is, in fact, an invaluable means of puffing off any new style the professors of new coiffures may invent. It will, perhaps, be new to some of our readers to be told there are weekly meetings in London of a society termed La Societe du Progres de la Coiffure, at which foreigners and Englishmen assist at what is termed a grand course. Imagine, good reader, an assembly-room crowded with a barbarous—forgive the pun—company. An artist, with the politeness of the Grand Nation, leads a fair demoiselle up to the tribune, and without more ado tries all the efforts of his inventive skill in producing some sublime hirsute effect amid the rapturous applause of his fellows. Imagine the feelings of the young lady thus operated upon, and the sensation of intense jealousy with which she is often obliged to witness some other fair one experiment upon with greater applause from the spectators. As long as the arrangement of hair among women follows a particular mode, there is not much chance of judging character or disposition from the manner in which it is dressed. As long as girls will wear as much false hair as that naturally belonging to them, it would be puerile to attempt to read character or disposition in the fashion and character of the locks displayed; but viewed naturally, the hair is as great an index of temperament and disposition as the features. Mr. Creer, in his volume on hair, for instance, quotes the following indications of character founded upon the set and texture of flowing locks from a book recently published in Paris, entitled "Secrets of Beauty:"—"Coarse black hair and dark skin signify great power of character, with a tendency to sensuality. Fine black hair and dark skin indicate strength of character along with purity and goodness. Stiff, straight black hair and beard indicate a coarse, strong, rigid, straightforward character. Fine dark brown hair signifies the combination of exquisite sensibilities with great strength of character. Flat, clinging, straight hair a melancholy but extremely constant character. Harsh, upright hair is the sign of a reticent and sour spirit; a stubborn and harsh character. Coarse red hair and whiskers indicate powerful animal passions, together with a corresponding strength of character. Auburn hair with florid countenance denotes the highest order of sentiment and intensity of feeling, purity of character, with the highest capacity for enjoyment or suffering. Straight, even, smooth, and glossy hair denotes strength, harmony, and evenness of character, hearty affections, a clear head, and superior talents. Fine, silky, supple hair is the mark of a delicate and sensitive temperament, and speaks in favor of the mind and character of the owner. Crisp, curly hair indicates a hasty, somewhat impetuous and rash character. White hair denotes a lymphatic and indolent constitution;" and we may add that besides all these qualities there are chemical properties residing in the coloring matter of the hair-tube which undoubtedly have some effect upon the disposition. Thus, red-haired people are notoriously passionate. Now red hair is proved by analysis to contain a large amount of sulphur, whilst very black hair is colored with almost pure carbon. The presence of these matters in the blood points to peculiarities of temperament and feeling which are almost universally associated with them. The very way in which the hair flows is strongly indicative of the ruling passions and inclinations, and perhaps a clever person could give a shrewd guess at the manner of a man or woman's disposition by only seeing the backs of their heads.

POEMS UNWRITTEN.

THERE are poems unwritten and songs unsung,
Sweeter than any that were ever heard—
Poems that wait for angel tongue,
Songs that but long for a paradise bird.

Poems that ripple through lowliest lives—
Poems unnoticed and hid away
Down in the souls, where the beautiful thrives,

Poems that only the angels above us,
Looking down deep in our hearts, may behold—
Felt though unseen by the beings who love us,
Written on lives as in letters of gold.

Sing to my soul the sweet song that thou livest!
Read me the poem that never was penned—
The wonderful idol of life that thou givest
Fresh from thy spirit, O beautiful friend.

THE LAST MOMENTS OF NERO.

WHEN Nero learned that he had a master in Galba, he upset the table at which he was seated feasting, dashed to pieces his two most favorite crystal glasses, called for a box of poison, which he was afraid to use, and then rushed into the Servilian garden to think upon what he should do next. There, or within his sleeping room, he passed a most miserable night; and when, at daybreak, he found that his guards had not only deserted him, but had carried off the little gold box containing the poison, and even the very covering of his bed, he ran headlong down to the Tiber, where he stopped short on the bank, and slowly walked back again. It was then, barefooted and half-dressed as he was, that he was encountered by the faithful Phaon, who flung a cloak over his shoulders, tied an old handkerchief about his head, hoisted the bewildered wretch upon a horse, and rode away towards a country house four miles off. In danger of discovery, the fugitive party abandoned their horses, scrambled through thickets, drakes, by-paths and brambles, and at length reached the neighborhood of the desired asylum. The tender feet of the Emperor were mangled and bloody, despite the care which had been shown by his friend to spread his cloak on the ground for the ex-Emperor to tread upon. Phaon asked him to conceal himself for a while in a gravel pit; but Nero declared that it looked to much like a grave, and he was determined not to be buried alive. He sat down under a wall, picked the burrs and brambles from his dress, drank from the hollow of his hand a few drops of water, and sighed over the thought of the draughts he used to imbide of boiled water made cold again in snow. He was at length got into the house, where he turned away in disgust from the piece of brown bread which was offered him—his last banquet; drank again a little luke-warm water, flung himself on an old flock-bed, and cursed his destiny. They who surrounded him counseled him to make an end quickly; and thereupon he had a grave made before him to his exact measure. He ordered sundry preparations to be made for his funeral, commanded water for the washing of his body, wood for the pile, expressed a hope that they who survived him would allow his head to remain on his body, and he then burst into an agony of tears at the thought, as he said, of what a clever fellow the world was about to lose: "*Qualis artifex pereo!*" was his exclamation. It was not his only one. He cited lines from various Greek and Latin authors as applicable to his situation; and when reproached for dallying so long before he put himself to death, very appositely and naturally inquired if any one present was willing to show him the way by setting him the example. He then made a few more pedantic quotations, and finally, with trembling hands, put the dagger to his throat. He would have held it there long enough had it not been for Epaphroditus, who grasped his hands and forced it into his throat. The terror of the ex-monarch was fixed on his features after death. But even he had friends; five thousand crowns were expended on his funeral pile, on which his body was laid in a splendid silk covering; a couple of his old nurses collected his ashes, and an imperial congress accompanied them in the pious task of solemnly depositing the body in the tomb of the Domiti. For years after loving hands hung garlands on his tomb! and surely Nero could not have won this tribute of sympathy, spontaneously made, had he not had some touch of virtue in him, which saved him from ranking beneath humanity!

INTELLIGENCE OF ANIMALS.

BORLASE says he saw a lobster attack an oyster, which persisted in closing his shell as often as the lobster attempted to intrude within it. After many failures, the lobster took a small stone, and placed it between the shells as soon as they were separated, and then devoured the fish. Mr. Gardener, in his "Curiosities of Natural History," states that he once watched a crab enlarging its burrow in the sand; and about every two minutes it came up to the surface with a quantity of sand in its left claw, and, by a sudden jerk, threw it to the distance of about six inches. Having a few shells in his pocket, he endeavored to throw one of them into the hole; three of them fell near, and the fourth rolled into it. Five minutes afterward, the animal made its appearance, bringing with it the shell which had gone down; and, carrying it to the distance of a foot from its burrow, there deposited it. Seeing the others lying near the mouth of the hole, it immediately carried them, one by one, to the place where the first had been deposited, and then resumed its original labor. Duges saw a spider which had seized a bee by the back, and effectually prevented it from taking flight; but its legs being at liberty, the bee dragged the spider along, which presently suspended it by a thread from its web, leaving it to dangle in the air till it was dead, and then it was drawn up and devoured. An individual living in the square at St. Mark's, Venice, has been in the habit of scattering grain every day at two o'clock, previous to which hour the birds assemble in one place on the cathedral; and as the clock strikes, they take wing and hover round his window in small circles till he appears, and distributes a few handsful of food. This, at all events, indicates the facility of noting time, and may be placed on a parallel with the story of the dog which went to church regularly every Sunday, at the proper hour, to meet his master. Animals are prompt in using their experience in reference to things from which they have suffered pain or annoyance. Grant mentions an ourang-outang which having had, when ill, some medicine administered to him in an egg, could never be induced to take one afterward. Le Vaillant's monkey was extremely fond of brandy, but never could be prevailed upon to touch it again after a lighted match had been applied to some it was drinking. A dog, having great antipathy to the sound of a violin, always tried to get the bow and conceal it. Plutarch tells a strange story of a mule, which, when laden with salt, fell into a stream; and finding its load thereby lightened, adopted the experiment afterward, and whenever it crossed a stream slipped into the water with its panniers. To cure it of the trick, the panniers were filled with sponge, under which, when fully saturated, it could barely stagger.

VOLCANIC MARVELS IN JAVA.

THE materials for studying the power and the produce of volcanic action are found, perhaps, in greater variety, extent and abundance in Java, than in any other part of the known world. All the mountains bear the evidence of these awful agitations, which force their way from the earth's centre to its circumference, and become the safety-valves in the ordinary normal action, or record the terrible explosions when that action is insufficient to give vent to the fierce and fiery element which rests or rages under the crust of our terrestrial sphere. Not at the top of Tenyer Mountain, but along its sides, and at a fluctuating elevation of 6000 to 7000 feet, we passed, on our way from Samarang to Sourabaya, through a crater of nearly three miles in length, having on each side various rugged elevations; the floor being sometimes hard and rocky, sometimes wavy, like the tidal sand, and sometimes so loose as to make progress difficult. The natives speak of the mountain with reverence, one of its volcanic peaks bearing the name of Bramah—a name which, though of Hindoo origin, is associated with terror in even the minds of Mussulmans. In Java, as indeed throughout the Oriental world, the new faiths which have been introduced by foreign invaders or settlers, whether Christian, Mohammedan or Buddhist, are all tainted with the phraseology, and invested with the superstitions, even of pre-historic times.

The mud lakes fling up vast volumes of mingled black earth and water, and masses of smoke are seen in the distance; they rise and disappear, while sounds resembling remote thunder accompany the explosion of the filthy springs. As the borders of the lake are approached, the soil gets softer and softer, warmer and warmer, till it merges in an agitated mass of hot mud, from which boiling columns are flung up from a circular mouth, in the very centre of the lake, and are scattered all around in successive bursts. The greatest height reached by jets is about thirty feet. The neighboring ground is impregnated with the salt which is found in the saline forces of springs. A demon, in the shape of a water serpent—is believed to have taken up his abode in the regions under the lake, and its outpourings are but exhibitions of his supernatural powers. There and elsewhere, if a traveler desires to obtain any information from the natives, he will do well to respect their credulity, and not to stop their narratives by expressions of doubt or disbelief. How often I have seen the willing Oriental talker suddenly and hopelessly silenced by a single word which could be construed into contempt for his religious belief or an impeachment of his veracity.

In many parts of Java the paths are lighted by jets of fire which burst from the earth's surface—inextinguishable, or at least, never extinguished lamps, whose flames are fed by a perpetual supply of hydrogen, and consumed on reaching the atmosphere of the outer world. The whole character of the scenery of these tropical islands has something mysterious and sublime.

HAVING used the 'Grover & Baker Sewing Machine" for many years, I take great pleasure in recommending it to the publis, as I believe it superior to all others that have come under my notice. MRS. MATTHEW CROOKS.

San Francisco, May 1st, 1867.

NOTICE.

The publication of "THE CALIFORNIAN" *takes place on Saturday mornings, and copies may be obtained in the City at all News stands, and of our News-agents through the country. It will also be served by carriers on the morning of publication.*

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THE CALIFORNIAN.

SAN FRANCISCO,.....SATURDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1867.

RELIGIOUS WEEKLIES.

The dulness and insipidity of the religious journals have recently been the theme of much ungracious comment. The New York *Round Table* declares that as a class, the various sectarian organ evinces less talent and freshness than even the flash Sunday papers. With the exception of the *Independent*, we know of no religious journal that has ever gained any considerable share of reputation or influence, outside of a very narrow denominational circle. Of the religious weeklies published in this city, there is not one that is specially noticeable for ability, or that possesses any interest for the general reader. If any exception is to be made to this statement, it must be in favor of the Catholic *Monitor*, which evinces more spirit and vigor than any other sectarian organ in the State. The Stockton *Gazette*, in noticing the *Spare Hour* a new Baptist paper, says:

"In its editorial department we trust a few more spare hours will be employed than on most theological papers in this State. If the vitality of these religious weeklies is an evidence of that in the churches, the visible decline of general interest in religious matters is not to be wondered at. They are as dull and dry as an old fashioned orthodox sermon divided into forty-two heads. Their columns may be hunted in vain for a live idea or a new thought save in the selected matter which owes its presence to the clerical arm and shears. They have not a word to say regarding new faiths and opinions springing up on every side and embraced by millions. Through conscientious motives and religious belief, people are induced to subscribe for them. They hope for bread and get stones.

We can assure these reverend knights of the pen and kings of the shears if they do not wake up and bestir themselves in common with their profane cotemporaries, that their slow, ungreased coaches will shortly be left out of sight. Religion now-a-days is becoming eminently practical. It involves something else besides the perpetual repetition of a text or a sermon. It is working itself more and more into the details of every-day life. Any one of the leading profane dailies embodies more of it in its columns than the combined religious press. True, they flavor their dish with much of the spice of Anti-Christ. That is certain to be read by *all*. The wheat and the tares will come up together."

"THE LOST GALLEON."

THE LOST GALLEON, AND OTHER TALES, is the title of a litte volume of verse by Frank Bret Harte, just published by the author, and printed by Towne & Bacon. As a specimen of book-making in all its mechanical departments it is altogether admirable, and so superior to many Californian productions that are brought out at the East, that we hope Mr. Harte will forward a copy to Carleton & Co., who published his "Condensed Novels," in order to afford those gentlemen an opportunity of comparing the two. Besides "The Lost Galleon." "John Burns of Gettysburg," "The Tale of a Pony," "The Ballad of the Emeu," "North Beach," "To the Pliocene Skull," the book contains a considerable number of pieces not inferior to these, though less familiar to the reading public of California. The author introduces his volume with the following highly characteristic verses:

BEFORE THE CURTAIN.

Behind the footlights hangs the rusty baize;
A trifle shabby in the upturned blaze
Of flaring gas, and curious eyes that gaze.

The stage, methinks, perhaps is none too wide;
And hardly fit for royal Richard's stride,
Or Falstaff 's bulk, or Denmark's youthful pride.

Ah well! no passion walks its humble boards—
O'er it no king nor valiant Hector lords—
The simplest skill is all its space affords—

The song and jest, the dance and trifling play—
The local hit at follies of the day—
The trick to pass an idle hour away—

For these, no trumpets that announce the Moor—
No blast that makes the hero's welcome sure—
A single fiddle in the overture!

Although there are several poems in the book that we have been accustomed to rank as among the best of their class, by any American writer, the impression produced by them upon a re-reading in the present collected form, is not less favorable. One of the author's most powerful literary instincts seems to be a horror of the exaggerated, the unreal, and false in sentiment and passion. This instinct, while it guards a writer against the danger of doing anything that can be made to appear absurd, sometimes exercises an injurious effect by too closely restricting the natural impulses of genius. There are some notable literary performances which the world is the better for, and could not willingly spare, which could not have been produced by men of a cautious and critical turn of mind, and possessed of a quick and delicate perception of the ludicrous or unheroic aspects of things. We have said that Mr. Harte's introductory verses are "highly characteristic," and when we add that we do not exactly like them, might be understood as meaning that we do not admire the author's writings. This, however, is not our meaning, since "Before the Curtain" is marked by *the only* quality in Mr. Harte's productions that affects us disagreeably, a certain something that it would be inexact to call an affectation of self-disparagement, but which we can at present find no other name for. He offers us a volume of poems, excellent in their kind, nearly perfect as literary compositions, and calculated to charm the taste of all cultivated readers. And yet, he cannot permit us to sit down to enjoyment of the feast, without first entering a formal protest against being supposed to labor under the illusion that he has done anything worth speaking of, and solemnly cautioning his readers against doing him such an injustice by imagining that *he* attaches any value to such literary trifles. "Before the Curtain" is not, however, the key note to the volume. It contains several poems that evince no trace of critical consciousness, and many that are exquisite for delicacy and beauty. No such elegant volume has ever been printed in California, and we hope that it may find a place on every center table in the State.

THE ALASKA DUELS—THEIR SECRET HISTORY.

NUMBER II.

DOCTOR ADONIS having at length determined to accept the challenge of the mythical Tretikoff, Lieutenant Eagan as the second of the Doctor, and Harry Baker as the "friend" of the bloodthirsty Russian, arranged for the meeting, and fixed upon the time and place when and where the encounter was to come off. The Doctor having magnanimously given his adversary the choice of weapons, Baker announced that his principal had chosen sabres. The spot selected for the scene of the combat was a secluded valley about a mile from the town. But as the time drew near, the Doctor began to experience some scruples of conscience in regard to taking the life of a gentleman whose sister he had grossly insulted, and he accordingly consulted with a particular friend named Murphy as the most feasible means of preventing the affair from going further. Murphy, who had accompanied the expedition as a member of the press, had formerly been connected with one of the leading papers of Virginia City, and he claimed to have been in some way officially concerned in the duel between Tom Fitch and Joe Goodman of the *Territorial Enterprise*, in which the eloquent Republican orator received a bullet in the leg. By virtue of this experience and of much study of the code, Murphy assumed to be *au fait* in all matters relating to the duello. No man on this coast understood the nicer points of the theory and etiquette of affairs of this sort so well as he. But he was particularly proud of his skill in effecting compromises without damage to the honor of either party. In fact he used to intimate that no "affair" need ever go beyond a certain point, provided the seconds are thoroughly posted in the niceties of the code, and are sincerely desirous of bringing about an amicable adjustment. He further gave his acquaintances to understand that he could and would have arranged the Fitch and Goodman affair, though not acting formally as the second of either party, had the difficulty occurred in a civilized community. "But you see," he used to observe in alluding to that matter, "it was a sort of backwoods community. Neither the principals nor the seconds had any knowledge of the fine points of the business in hand, no more than so many Piutes. They thought that the main thing was just to fight, and fight they would, if they had to go into it with no more ceremony or regard to the proprieties than a couple of grizzlies. What can a gentleman, who wants to have things conducted according to European precedent, do with such "savages?" In short, Murphy's strong suit was "compromises;" he held that the regular and legitimate termination of every "affair," was a tableau in which the principals, instead of facing each other at ten paces with levelled pistols, are clasped in a loving embrace, while the seconds are "popping" champagne corks, preparatory to bumpers all round. Duels that terminated in bloodshed, he regarded as coarse and butcherly transactions, that resulted from ignorance and bungling on the part of the seconds, or brutality on the part of the principals. The Doctor being aware of the peculiar notions of Murphy on this subject, repaired to him for advice, in the hope that his skill and experience might suggest some plan by which matters could even at this late stage be amicably arranged. He laid the whole case before the humane and accomplished pacificator, stating his conscientious scruples against his taking his adversary's life, after having so grossly insulted his sister, and also representing that being himself utterly unacquainted with the use of the sabre, while the gigantic Russian was a cavalry officer to whom that weapon was probably familiar, the chances were that he, the Doctor, would be chopped into mince meat, a fate which he did not dread on his own account, so much as because of the disappointment and injury which would result to his employers from the loss of his services. Murphy at once entered into the business with alacrity: he declared that the affair was one that might be compromised by the use of a little tact, and further consoled the unhappy Adonis by assuring him that in case all attempts to bring it to a pacific termination should fail, and his worst forebodings he realized, he, Murphy, would assume the discharge of the other's duties as correspondent of the *Herald*.

The pacificator's first proceeding was to call upon the seconds, Baker and Lieut. Eagan, to whom he suggested "a basis of honorable compromise." The Doctor's second was willing to consider the matter, but Baker represented his principal, the sanguinary Tretikoff, as being inexorable in his determination to force the affair to a bloody issue. Baker deplored this implacable disposition on the part of the Russian, but he professed his utter inability to shake his resolution. Finding that nothing could be effected in this quarter, the peacemaker next sought an interview with General Davis, laid the case before him, represented that the Doctor was sure to be sacrificed if the meeting took place, and begged the General to interfere. The latter saw no way in which he could act in the matter, unless an application were made to him for protection, in which case, if the applicant were an American citizen, he would feel authorized to interfere. Murphy, after consultation with his friend, returned and with his consent, and on his behalf, formally demanded protection. Thereupon, the General being apprised of the hour and place of the meeting, promised to have an officer with a file of men upon the ground, to arrest the parties, in time to prevent bloodshed. Delighted at this fortunate result of his efforts, Murphy hastened to impart the pleasing intelligence to the Doctor, who received it with the most extravagant demonstrations of joy. His second calling upon him an hour or so later, was amazed to find him in such improved spirits. The dejection that had oppressed him ever since the receipt of Tretikoff's cartel had vanished. He borrowed Eagan's saber and illustrated to the astonished Eagan, the manner in which he intended to "carve" his adversary. The Lieutenant expressed his gratification at finding him in so cheerful a mood, and took his leave making an appointment to meet him in the morning, at the Club Room of the officers, two hours before the time appointed for the combat. Punctual to his appointment, the Doctor presented himself at ten A. M., at the Club Room, where his second, together with Lieut. Livermore, and several other officers who were acquainted with the history of the difficulty and took a lively interest in its progress, were already assembled. Never did a man about to engage in mortal combat with a formidable and ferocious antagonist, appear more cool and confident than the Doctor on this occasion. His bearing was haughty and heroic, and he seemed to be actually eager for the fray.

The hour fixed for the meeting was 12 o'clock M., and Eagan suggested that inasmuch as Tretikoff was reported to be skilful with the sabre, while the Doctor knew nothing of the weapon, it might be well to spend the intervening time in practising the broadsword exercise. To this the Doctor assented, though declaring that he did not consider it necessary, since he felt convinced that he could "carve" the Russian on general principles, without regard to science. Accordingly, having stripped to the buff, he was furnished with a sabre, and his second proceeded to "exercise" him, which he did with such energy that the perspiration soon began to stream down the hero's countenance, and he was compelled to desist, panting with his exertions. Just at this time Dr. Hough, the regimental surgeon, looked in, and stating with grave politeness, that he supposed from what he had heard of the principals in the "little affair" about to come off, that in all probability the services of a professional man would be required before it was over, he had come to volunteer his own. "The sabre," he added, "was an butcherly sort of weapon, and generally made wounds of that ugly description that defied surgery, but still it was as well to have a professional man on the ground, just for form's sake, if nothing else. Lieutenant Eagan thanked the Doctor for his offer and accepted it, on behalf of his principal, while for a moment or two the perspiring Adonis relapsed into a meditative silence. In consequence of the number of officers and others who gathered at the club room, it was now suggested that the party should adjourn to Baker's to continue the "exercises," which was accordingly done. There they found Baker in company with a stern looking Russian of large stature, whom the Doctor naturally enough took to be his adversary, the redoubtable Tretikoff, but who was in fact an officer in the Company's service, who happened to be present at the time. No one undeceived the Doctor on this point; but when he expressed a wish to have a conversation with his foe, Baker

objected to such a proceeding as "irregular," and added that inasmuch as the gentleman did not understand a word of English, it would be impossible for the two to understand one another. The supposed Tretikoff taking his leave in a few moments, the sabre exercise was resumed, Lieutenant Livermore, who was a proficient in the use of the weapon, offering to give Adonis a lesson, which proved even a rougher one than that previously given by Eagan. At length the latter, looking at his watch, declared that it was time to start for the place of meeting, Baker had already disappeared in order, as he said, to attend his principal to the ground. An enormous sabre was now huckled to the Doctor's side, which he vainly endeavored to conceal beneath his overcoat. Accoutred in this warlike guise, and attended by his second, together with Livermore and one or two others, the Doctor was marched through the principal street of the town, an object of no little curiosity to the spectators. On reaching the ground it appeared that the other party had not yet arrived, nor were any soldiers visible to make the arrest promised by General Davis. Adonis, after looking around with some appearance of excitement, probably caused by his impatience for the combat, took Murphy aside, and asked him whether he was sure that he had made no mistake in informing the General where the fight was to come off. The pacificator was certain there was no mistake, and that the soldiers would soon make their appearance. The Doctor now began to exhibit a singular and inexplicable agitation, which no one could fail to observe, and which may be naturally accounted for upon the supposition that he dreaded lest the party detailed to arrest him should arrive before his adversary, and so deprive him of the opportunity of putting his newly acquired skill as a swordsman to practical use. Eagan kept comforting his principal with the assurance that "they would be on the ground in half a minute more;" that "Tretikoff wasn't the kind of fellow to keep a gentleman waiting on such an occasion," with more to the like effect. Meanwhile the "pacificator" exhibited nearly as much mental disturbance as his friend, and ran out to a small eminence every few seconds to see if any one was approaching. At length the sound of footsteps was heard. "There they come!" cried Eagan, "and egad its time. I've a mind to call Baker out myself for this infernal slight. Why, we might have had our Russian killed and eaten by this time. But I'll have satisfaction out of Baker for this, or know the reason why."

"They come?" gasped the Doctor, turning as yellow as a peculiarly sanguine complexion would permit, "*Who* come?"

"Why, Tretikoff and Baker, to be sure," responded the Lieutenant, "who else in the d—l's name should it be?"

"What?" faltered the Doctor, with another gasp, and looking as though he were going to faint. "Then there's something wrong. Murphy, I tell you there's something wrong. Why did I ever make such an ass of myself as to"—

But here these excited and somewhat incoherent exclamations were interrupted by a cry of delight from the pacificator, and the Doctor, turning round, saw that the new comers were not the hostile party, but an officer with a party of soldiers. In fact, it was Major Wood, the officer of the day, with a file of men, sent by General Davis to prevent the duel, and arrest the parties to it. The Major demanded to know who were the principals in the affair, and Adonis, who promptly answered for himself as the only principal upon the ground, was formally placed under arrest. Eagan eyed the Major with anything but a friendly look, and muttered something or other about a "d—d provoking interruption;" but his principal bore the disappointment with a cheerful resignation, that seemed almost like light-hearted joyousness, and on the return he was far the liveliest of the party, notwithstanding that he was marched as a prisoner through the most frequented thoroughfare of the town. Being taken before Gen. Davis, he stated his perfect willingness to give his *parole* that he "would not pursue the matter further." The General was so well satisfied of the Doctor's good faith in the matter, that he ordered him to be released upon having signed the following written parole, which was done:

SITKA, October 29th, 1867.

I, Dr. Byron Adonis, do solemnly pledge my sacred word as a gentleman of honor, that I will take no steps to violate the law by dueling. BYRON ADONIS.

Taken at Sitka, October 29th, 1867, before me,
SAMUEL H. KINNEY, 1st Lieut., Second Artillery.

Thus terminated the first of the "Alaska Duels;" but out of it sprang a fruitful crop of the most terrible quarrels. That between Baker and Eagan, which immediately succeeded the Tretikoff affair, will be related in next week's CALIFORNIAN, with the same historical fidelity that has characterized the present narrative. I ought perhaps to add, that Baker accounted for the non-appearance of himself and his principal at the appointed time and place, by stating that they had got wind of the intended arrest, and thought it best to keep out of the way. Adonis, however, had another theory on the subject, which he often broached in his more convivial moments, namely: that his adversary (whom he still believes to be the Russian official he met at Baker's) was so impressed and awed by his, the Doctor's, bold and fearless bearing, that his courage failed him at the last moment.

DRAMATIC AFFAIRS.

On Monday night Maguires's Opera House was again opened after a week being devoted to redecorating and renovating, and Miss Fanny Young made her debut before the San Francisco public. The character of "Polly Marigold," in the drama of "Our Village," did not afford her much opportunity to display any talent, save for singing and dancing, and for both of these she gained much applause. Harry Jackson carried off the honors of the piece by his capital acting as "Tom Tulloch"; he played the part with an earnestness and vim that drew enthusiastic applause from the audience. Mrs. Sophie Edwin, "Florence," acted as usual, well. Miss Katy Lynch made her first appearance on the stage on this occasion. Miss Lynch is pretty and made a favorable impression. She will rapidly gain experience at the Opera House and will no doubt prove a desirable addition to the company. The wreck of the Rattlesnake in this play was one of the most effectively managed shipwrecks I have ever seen on the stage, and reflected credit on Harry Jackson, who at present fills the position of stage manager. The burlesque of *Rum-ti-foo-zle* concluded the performance. In this Miss Fanny Young caused much laughter by her impersonation of "Lady Nancy Bell," and was loudly applauded for her burlesque opera singing. Her dance was also received with much favor. Harry Jackson was tremendously funny as *Rum-ti-foo-zle*, and was admirably seconded by Willie Edouin, who perfectly revelled in the opportunity afforded him of being as extravagant as he liked and as funny as he could. The gymnastic feat in which Willie Edouin burlesqued the performance of a rope walker, by walking and dancing on a chalk line drawn on the stage, was capital, and caused much laughter. On Thursday the drama of *Rose Redland or the Coiner's Wife*, was produced, with Mrs. Sophie Edwin in the title role, L. F. Beatty as "Mark Redland," Harry Jackson as "Larry O'Gig," and Willie Edouin as "Sawney McFile." Harry Jackson and Willie Edouin in comic parts are a whole team; the comical sayings and doings of "Larry O'Gig," the Irishman and "Sawney McFile," the Scotchman kept the house in a roar of laughter. Harry Jackson is certainly an actor of wonderful versatility and in his own line of characters never fails to please. This play was repeated last night in conjunction with the extravaganza of *Rum-ti-foo-zle*, Miss Fanny Young gaining popularity on each successive evening of its representation. It will be played this afternoon, and will be the afterpiece this evening, the performance commencing with the drama of *Ben Bolt*, in which Miss Fanny Young will appear as "Mary Moonlight."

Next week Miss Young will go to Sacramento to fill an engagement with the members of the Opera House company, now performing at the Metropolitan Theatre in that city. On Monday evening the Webb sisters, who left these shores many years ago, juvenile prodigies, and who have returned talented and experienced actresses, will commence an engagement at the Opera House. They will appear in dramas, comedies, burlesques and musical farces. The pieces chosen for their first appearance, are *The Foster Sisters* and *A Day Too Late*. During the engagement of these actresses, seats can be secured a week in advance without extra charge. The box office was open yesterday, and the box sheet is already filling rapidly. Those who wish to obtain seats on Monday should lose no time in securing them, as there will certainly be a tremendous rush.

Under the Gaslight has run very successfully through the week. It will be repeated this afternoon and this evening for the last time. On Monday, Boucicault's last grand sensation *Flying Scud* will be produced. By some unaccountable oversight, Boucicault so arranged the scenes in this play that the interest culminated about the middle and the concluding scene formed an anti-climax; for this reason the play did not meet with the success which was anticipated for it in New York. This fault has been remedied in this city by a judicious transposition of scenes, and the grand scene where "Flying Scud" dashes across the stage and wins the race is now the last. The plot of this play is an interesting one and it abounds in telling situations. The dance by the Pigskin Club, where the members are represented by the ladies of the ballet in an extremely grotesque and original performance, and the ladies will no doubt look charming in jockey costume. New scenery has been painted for this play, and nothing has been left undone which can insure its success. The parts are well distributed. I notice, by the by, that Miss Clelia Howson has on this occasion to play a part new to her, that of a young English swell, but one in which I imagine she will appear to good advantage. Not having the cast before us I am unable to say anything further about the characters of the play and those who perform them. A magnificent horse has been "engaged" for the part of "Flying Scud." An idea of his value may be gained from the fact that his life has been insured for the period of his engagement for $1,000. Everything promises well, and I should not be surprised if *Flying Scud* were to prove even a bigger hit than *Under the Gaslight*.

On Tuesday evening the second party of the series of Occidental Theatricals was given at Turn Verein Hall. The weather being unpropitious, but a limited audience was present. *Shylock* was performed with Geo. M. Ciprico in the title role. I, and I am sure with me, all lovers of the works of Shakspeare wish that amateurs would leave them alone, and content themselves with domestic dramas and farces. Take the best amateur company ever formed, and even if there is one actor who is able to play the leading role, the greater portion of his support will be stupid and tame, and perhaps distort the text. It is not kind of Mr. Ciprico's friends to pat him on the back and praise him until he thinks himself a young Garrick or Edmund Kean. Very few actors play Shakspearian parts well, and it is very painful to see the creations of the immortal bard made ridiculous. Some will say, "Mr. Ciprico is a young amateur and should not be harshly criticised." Yes he should if he *will* play Shakspeare. The intelligent public don't want to see an amateur play Shakspeare, and he has no right to do it. Mr. Ciprico did not play "Shylock" well; he was assisted by his recollections of all the actors he had ever seen in the part, and gave his audience a little Charles Kean, then some Forrest, next some Bandmann, and last, worst of all, some Ciprico. I am not going to spare these amateurs if they won't leave Shakspeare alone. Then J. B. Badger, because he possesses sufficient elocutionary powers to enable him to sell chairs and tables and action sufficiently graceful to knock them down should not try to play "Bassanio." He threw about as much feeling into his part as is expressed in the tones of a drill-sergeant. Miss Bell Devine read "Portia" capitally, but then she is not an amateur. The amateur who knew his part thoroughly had carefully studied it, read it intelligently and well, and showed some of the requisites for the making of an actor, was Mr. James Cosgrove, who played "Antonio." He has a good stage presence, a fine voice, and acted his part with a modesty which was in itself a great recommendation. The dance did not come off but will be given on New Year's Eve, when, if there must be a dramatic performance, we hope there will be a less pretentious and a better one than that which took place on Tuesday last.

W. H. Blake's second operatic concert by colored performers at Dashaway Hall, on Tuesday evening last, was really a most creditable musical success. In spite of the rain which poured down in buckets-full, quite a large audience assembled. The performers who appeared, nearly all of them, possess fine voices and sang correctly, though they of course were somewhat lacking in the skill evinced by professionals in managing the voice. Several operatic choruses were very well sung. Miss Evans gained great applause for the manner in which she sang "Ah! canst thou leave me." She has a sweet, full voice. Miss Davis' beautiful contralto voice was heard to great advantage in the duet "Music on the Wave," which she sang with Miss Lester, who has a soprano voice of remarkable sweetness and purity. The programme was well performed throughout, and all who were present on Tuesday evening were thoroughly well pleased. TOUCHSTONE.

CALIFORNIA GRAPES IN NEW YORK.—The last number of *Wilkes' Spirit of the Times*, speaks of the condition of a sample shipment of California grapes, which arrived in New York after a twenty-two days' voyage, a greater portion of which was through the tropics in the hot season, as follows: "We saw last week a shipment of California grapes from the Sonoma Valley. There were three varieties—Rose of Peru, Muscats and Tokay. The first were all decayed, about one half of the Muscats were good, and of the most delicate flavor, far surpassing any Malagas we ever tasted. The Tokays, a large, firm, flame-colored grape, came in good condition, and, although less delicate in flavor than the Muscats were, from their rich color and immense size, tho most beautiful grapes of the lot. This shipment was an experiment of Mr. William Hill, of Sonoma; and from the success attending this first trial, we hope to see our markets liberally supplied with this luscious fruit, that grows there in such profusion and luxuriance. Experience will teach our California friends how to pack them, and the freight will be reduced when once the R. R. is finished." Ah! when once the railroad is finished, not only California grapes, but California fruit in general will become a familiar sight alongside the stinted productions of the Atlantic seaboard, and will give her a reputation only second to that which her gold mines and grain-fields have gained for her.

A GALLERY OF PACIFIC COAST PAINTINGS IN NEW YORK.—Butman, the well-known California artist, is preparing to have an exhibition of his paintings in New York. The *Home Journal* says they will consist of paintings of scenery in the Far West, in California, Oregon, Nevada, Washington Territory, etc., and will be on exhibition at Miner & Somerville's Gallery, 82 Fifth Avenue, on the 16th of December. They comprise about one hundred pictures painted from sketches taken by the artist during a ten years' sojourn on the Pacific coast.

AN attempt is to be made in New York to revive *The Century*, an excellent weekly, published there some years ago by Thomas E. McElrath.

WAITED FOR AT THE DOWNLEY STATION.

AS I stood at my door, looking for a passing cab, I could not help wishing that I had taken my wife's advice, and gone to Dowuley by an earlier train. The weather had grown much worse instead of better, and not only did the wind blow as boisterously as it had done all day, but its gusts now drove before them a heavy rain which would have wetted one through in a very few minutes. As a rule, disengaged cabs crawling slowly past my house were a nuisance, and now I had waited full a quarter of an hour without seeing one, and I knew that the margin beyond the number of minutes absolutely necessary for getting to the station was growing dangerously narrow. There was a howl—there was a deluge! I could never walk to the station in this. Ah! there was one. In answer to the man's hail, I dashed through my little garden, and in a few seconds was inside a four-wheeler.

"Great Southern, sir? yes, sir," said the man as he stood at the door, the rain pouring from his oilskin in streams. "An uncommon nasty night, sir."

So it was, and so I should fancy the fellow found it, for when he opened the door for me to alight at the station, a complete ring of water formed where he stood. We were in pretty good time after all, and I got my ticket and was seated comfortably in the carriage for some minutes before the moment of starting. There were very few passengers in any of the carriages, and in the one by which I traveled, and which was marked for the Dowuley branch, there were but two or three, and I was the only occupant of my compartment. The last bell had rung, the whistle had sounded, the premonitory scream from the engine had been given, and then, of course, had followed the first tug, when I heard a voice shout—

"This way, sir, this way."

A guard tore along the platform, followed by a belated passenger; my door was unlocked, the stranger jumped panting in, the door was slammed-to, a shilling changed hands rapidly, and we swept from the station.

"By Jove," exclaimed the new comer, wiping his forehead as he spoke, "by Jove, that was a close thing."

"Very," I assented, "and the last train too."

"The last train, certainly," said my companion. "I believe there is no way whatever of getting to Downley if you miss this train."

"There is none," I replied, "which is very inconvenient."

"Oh, excessively so," returned he. "Have you any objection?"

Of course, as he said this, he exhibited his cigar-case, and finding I had no objection, he pressed a cigar upon me, which I may remark was one of the very best I ever smoked, and then, without further speech, he reclined with his eyes closed, as though in deep thought.

He was a tall, good-looking man, with fine beard and moustache, very black and full. But I could not help thinking that his head was a little too much like a head from a hairdresser's window; and his attire was a trifle too like a picture from a fashion-book. Somehow, everything about him was too new and glossy to please me entirely, and his jewelry was also too profuse, but it could not be denied that his cigar was a capital one.

I sank into a reverie as deep as his own; indeed, I rather suspect I had begun to doze, when I was roused by the stopping of the train. My companion roused himself too. I was on the side nearer to the platform, and looked out.

"A rough night still, isn't it?" he said.

"It is indeed," I replied. "Just put your head out, and try how the wind is blowing."

"No, thank you," he returned with a smile, "I will take your word for it."

I laughed in reply, and was about to close the window, when the guard looked in. The official passed on, but returned in a few seconds, and stared somewhat curiously, I fancied, into the carriage. The scream and the tug came again, and on we went.

"That fellow had a good stare at you," said my companion.

"Well, I fancied he looked chiefly at you," I said; "but the fact was, I have no doubt, he smelt a somewhat powerful odor of tobacco, and he wished us to see that he did."

"I shouldn't wonder," said the stranger, throwing himself back with the languid air of one who takes no interest in a conversation. "Do we stop again before we arrive at the Downley branch?"

"No," I replied.

"Very good, then," he continued; "let us make ourselves comfortable."

And, by way of doing this, he unlocked a black valise he had with him, and drew out a couple of bottles of champagne, which proved as good in quality as his cigars. He next produced contrivances for glasses, which shut up into a mere ring. With these appliances, we very merrily journeyed over the twelve miles which remained of the main line, when "Dowuley Junction" was now shouted; and, as soon as we came to a stand, our carriage was detached from the train.

"All tickets ready, if you please," said the collector, appearing at the door. As we handed our pieces of pasteboard to the man, the same guard who had twice before looked in, peered over his shoulder, to the annoyance of my companion, who muttered something strongly condemnatory of his impudence.

In another moment the main line train was thundering over the viaduct, and dashing, with its roaring and its sparks, into the utter darkness of the night, while our modest little engine came fussing out of some siding, and was hooked on to its smaller charge.

"Now we're off to Downley," exclaimed my new friend.

But he was wrong. A delay of some minutes yet took place, which really seemed quite unnecessary; for there was not a soul on the platform—along which the gusts of rain and wind swept fiercely—save and except the station-master, who, well wrapped up, twice walked slowly past our carriage, and looked sideways at us, with a very keen expression, or so I fancied. My fellow-traveler did not see this, as he was fixedly gazing into vacancy from the other side of the carriage. At last we puffed on to the branch. We had got into pretty good speed as we passed the second platform, which, on the Dowuley branch, exists for the convenience of up passengers, when, to my amazement, the door was pulled open, and a young man jumped in.

"Come, my lad," I remonstrated, "this is a very dangerous game; and surely we have been long enough at the station for you to get in leisurely."

"Yes," he said, with a grin.

On looking at him I thought he was one of the most dissipated, impudent-looking young fellows I had ever seen.

"Yes; you've been at the station long enough!" he added.

Then he stopped, without any perceptible reason, to grin again, and to wink at me. I tried to freeze him by a scornful look, but it had not the least effect upon him.

"Now," he continued, "do either of you gents know me?"

"I do not," was my reply.

My companion turned his face from the window for an instant, and bestowing a lofty glance of contempt upon the speaker, resumed his gaze. The new-comer was in no way abashed at the cool manner in which his advances were received, but resumed—

"I want to have a little talk with one of you, but I don't know which. Have either of you ever heard of Tawell, the Quaker, who was waited for when he got out of the train, all through the electric telegraph, which was a new thing in his time?"

I stared at the speaker, while my fellow-traveler bestowed a momentary glance upon him as before.

"Oh, come," continued the young fellow, assuming a still more knowing expression, "this won't do. The branch is only seven miles long, and one of you is wasting time awfully. Which of you is likely to be waited for at Downley?"

I could only continue my blank stare at the boy (he was little better); my fellow-traveler just moved, but I took no notice of him.

"Come, I say," urged the youth, "don't be a fool, one of you. I'm telegraph clerk at the junction, and I have wired to Downley to have a couple of blues ready for this carriage—two hundred and four B; that's the number you see. Oh, that's enough," he went on, turning to my new friend; "I can see which is the party. You're in for it, mister."

"But—but why should—how could anybody know?" began the gentleman, and his voice was now husky and quavering.

"That doesn't matter, that I see," retorted the youth; "the only question is, are you afraid of a policeman just now, or are you not?"

"Well, there are circumstances at present——"

"That will do," interrupted the clerk; "I don't want to know particulars. It was the guard of the down train, Bill Rixon, (he's been a policeman himself), put the station-master at the junction on the scent. They were very close over it. But he didn't say to me, 'Here, Sam, you share in whatever reward we get;' and, of course, they expect to get something."

"But what is the use of your telling me this now?" demanded the gentleman.

"Just this," returned Mr. Samuel. "Can you find a pound or two for advice that will get you out safe?"

"Yes; here are five sovereigns. Will that do?" said my friend.

"Good," ejaculated the clerk, dropping the money into his pocket; "now listen. About a mile this side of Downley, the road is under repair, and the orders are not to run over it at more than five miles an hour—in fact, just before they get there, the train very nearly stops. I'll tell you the right place to jump out, and I've got a key. If this other party can manage it, he had better make himself scarce too, I think. There will be a row when they open the doors at Downley."

"But what will you do?" asked my fellow traveler.

"Why, you don't suppose I should be such a fool as to stay in after you had got out," retorted the clerk, with a laugh. "Nobody knows I'm in the train, and it's worth my walking four miles to my lodgings if I can earn five pounds by doing it."

"Now sir," said the stranger, turning to me, "it is not fair for me to involve you in this trouble."

"Don't mention it," I said. It was a stupid thing to say, but perhaps the champagne had something to do with it.

"But I must mention it," returned my fellow-passenger. "The fact is that it is dangerous for you to remain here. If the carriage arrives with no one but you in it, the officers will certainly mistake you for me. Two days, at least will be required to establish your identity, during which you will be kept closely in confinement."

This was an alarming prospect indeed. Two days' confinement, not to speak of the annoyance and disgrace, would have been ruin to me. I had business on the following day of vital importance, which could not possibly be postponed, and my companion's anticipations seemed only too probable. "I hope," I said hesitatingly, "I hope you have not been engaged in any transaction of a questionable nature."

"Oh, as to that," returned my companion, "I will tell you frankly the whole truth about this painful case. You are a gentleman, and a man of honor, and will not betray me. I am an officer in the army; I cannot now enter into particulars, but my lieutenant-colonel was a scoundrel, a villain of the deepest dye. I challenged him—I horsewhipped him; the coward bore his disgrace. But his time came. He brought most unfounded charges against me, which, were certain officers in England, I could easily rebut. In their absence I may be ruined. I sent off two expresses to Canada and Bengal yesterday, but until they return I must conceal myself. But I weary you."

"Far from it," I exclaimed. "Pray go on."

"I have little more to say," he resumed. "You know why I fly. I will tell you who I am. My name is Lionel Gerald de Mortimer—have you an Army List about you?"

I mechanically clapped my hands upon my waistcoat pockets, as if to be quite certain on the matter, and regretfully said, "No, I have not."

"It's of little consequence," resumed the officer. "I should merely have shown you that the Honorable Lionel Gerald de Mortimer's name is in no plebeian corps. My father the baron's name, is of course, familiar to you."

I murmured that it was, and Samuel, the telegraph clerk, also murmured that it was familiar to him.

"May I confide in you?" said the fugitive.

"You can," I exclaimed. "You can," echoed Samuel, the telegraph clerk, and then we all shook hands. The officer stooped to his valise again, and the clerk hurriedly whispered:

"I say, we're all right."

He winked, and struck the side of his nose with his finger, and I mechanically imitated his gesture. The train was slackening speed now, but the captain—for such I had decided was his rank—produced another bottle, this time of brandy, and we all three quaffed to his escape—Samuel, the telegraph clerk, drinking, it seemed to me, rather more than his share. "Adieu! my preserver," exclaimed the officer, as the clerk rose and carefully unlocked the door.

"Fling out your bag," said the youth; this was accordingly done. "Now jump the way the train is going."

We did so, and although somewhat shaken, no harm was done, and we saw the angry lights at the rear of the carriages disappear with quickening speed round a curve.

"Well, I'm off," exclaimed the clerk, "good luck to you captain," and he vanished in the darkness.

"Now, where on earth are we to go?" said my friend. "I only thought of coming to Dowuley, because it was, I supposed, a quiet retired place; but I don't know the neighborhood."

"I do," I said, "follow me." He followed me accordingly, and I told him that I would take him to the little inn at which I usually lodged, and where I could obtain a bed for him. This latter offer he declined. He said he would just wash, and have some bread and cheese, and then walk across the country to a town he named some few miles off. I, of course, allowed him to decide on his own movements without comment, and in a few minutes we arrived at my inn, which was, luckily, a good way out of Downle in our direction. Tired and splashed as he was, for the night was still wet and tempestuous, the officer decided upon having "his crust," as he called it, which turned out to be a very hearty meal of cold roast beef, before refreshing himself with a wash. I then took him up stairs to my room, and as we crossed the landing he said, pointing to a staircase—

"Where does that flight lead to?"

"Oh, only to the back yard of the house," I replied, and we entered.

I had obtained two candles, and he went, taking his valise with him into the dressing room, while I sorted some papers which I had brought down with me. I heard him washing, and in a minute or two, hearing a footstep coming from the drawing-room, I looked up. I recoiled with an exclamation of alarm, for there stood a man in a moleskin jacket and trowsers, cloth cap, shaven face, and close cut hair.

"Oh, it's all right, I should say, if you don't know me," said the man, and I recognized the voice of Captain de Mortimer.

"What!" I cried, more astounded than before. "In the name of all that is wonderful, what does this mean;"

"You are not a bad fellow, but you are very green," returned the voice; "a greater spoony I never saw—nor a better hearted one. Why, old fellow, you stare as if you had never read of a sham moustache or beard. Good-bye, old chap, you have made a mistake to night, that's all; and our sharp young friend of the telegraph department has made a much greater. I won't ask you to shake hands with me again, because you are a gentleman and a man of honor, though soft, and I am a rogue; but take this."

As he spoke he offered me a ring.

"I don't want——" I began.

"Nonsense," said he; "take it. It is one of the few things which are really and honestly my own; believe me for once when I tell you I have had that ring for twenty years. That's right. I wish you good luck. Good-bye."

He was gone; valise, moleskin clothes, felt cap, and all. I heard him run steadily down the back stairs, and I never saw him again. I had disturbed sleep that night, dreaming of officers, both of the army and of the police, and woke very little refreshed in the morning. Luckily, the weather was now fine, and my business demanded that I should be in Downley early.

As I entered the market-place, I saw several small groups staring at placards, evidently newly-fixed; indeed a man was posting one up as I got there. I naturally stopped to see what it was about, and saw that it was headed, in bold type "Robbery. Five Hundred Pounds Reward." It went on to describe the appearance of Mr. John Macely in such language as to leave no little doubt as to who my companion on the preceeding evening Captain de Mortimer really was.

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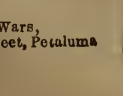

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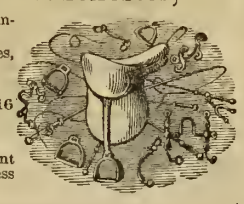

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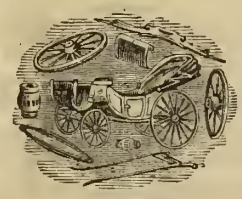

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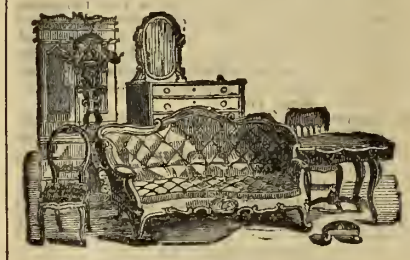

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GARIDALDI.—Our biographical editor has been exercising himself over Garibaldi since he heard of his capture, with the following result Garibaldi, as he is called in Italy, though his real name is Jerry Baldy, was born in Hancock County, and emigrated at an early age to Rome, (Georgia.) He first attracted public attention as a keeeper of a saloon in Rome, in company with his brother Tom. They got to be immensely popular in Rome and in fact, *Tom and Jerry*, became household words whenever the language of the tap-room was spoken, or folks invited up to drink. The beverage that bears the name has immortalized them.

Jerry Baldi has created a good deal of excitement in Rome of late, through his quarrels with the Pope family. He don't like anybody who bears the name. The latest intelligence is that he attempted to drive General Pope, Military commander of Georgia, out of Rome. He was defeated in a satad-up fight, and attempting to retreat to Buzzard's Roost, was captured by Pope's corps of army correspondents assisted py the Freedmen's Bureau. Tom Baldi still continues the saloon business in Rome, hoping by close attention to business a merit a share of public patronage, and promising to maintain the well-earned repultation of the old firm of Tom and Jerry Baldi, He sells *bald eye* whisky for the most part.

Jerry Baldi speakes Italian fluently, having acquired it by liberally patronizing Italian fruit stands. He is so much attached to Rome that he had serions thought of taking the city. At least, he made an offer for it, but it seems the offer was'n't large enough. The Pope family seems to be ahead of the present writing, and the red shirted chieftain a prisoner. But those Baldis are of the irrepressible order and he may turn up a tromp again. If not, sic transit Jerry Baldi, "the noblest *rum un* of them all."—*Cincinnati Daily Times.*

MISUNDERSTOOD THE TEXT.—A worthy deacon in this State hired a journeyman farmer to assist him through the summer, and induced him—although he was unaccustomed to churchgoing—to accompany the family to church, on the first Sabbath of his stay. Upon their return to the deacon's house he asked his hired man how he liked the preaching. He replied:

"I don't like to hear any minister preach politics."

"I am very sure you never heard no politics to-day," said the deacon.

"I am sure that I did," said the man.

"Mention the passages," said the deacon

"I will. He said, 'If the Democrats scarcely are saved, where will the Republicans appear?'"

"Ah," said the deacon, "you are mistaken. These are the words: 'If the righteous scarcely are saved, how will the ungodly and wicked appear?'"

"Oh, yes, said the man, "he might have used those words, but I knew dnced well *what he meant!*"

A YOUNG LADY in company with a right reverned prelate, consented, after a long and coy resistance, to be led to the piano. She played and sang so badly, that the auditors hesitated to express their thanks. In this strait his lordship arose, and crossing the room, said, with his sweetest smile, "Thank, you, Miss——, very particularly. Another time, when you say you can't sing, we shall all know how to believe you."

A YOUNG LADY school-teacher was endeavoring to impress upon one of her pupils the terrible effects of the punishment of Nebuchadnezzar. She told him that for seven years he ate grass like a cow. Just then a small boy asked: "Did he give milk?" We are not informed whether the teacher gave any further bovine information to the small boy.

LUCY STONE said: "There is cotton in the ears of a man, and hope in the bosom of woman." Lucy made a mistake, and got the cotton in wrong place.

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CURIOSITIES OF NATURAL HISTORY.—The rattlesnake finds a superior in the deer and black snake. Whenever a buck discovers a rattlesnake in a situation which invites attack, he loses no time in preparing for battle. He makes up to within ten or twelve feet of the snake, then leaps forward, and aims to sever the back of the snake with his sharp, bifurcated hoofs. The first onset is most commonly successful; but if otherwise, the buck repeats the trial until he cuts the snake in twain. The rapidity and fatality of his skillful maneuvre leave but a slight chance for its victim to escape, or inject his poison into his more alert antaganist. The black snake is also more than an equal competitor against the rattlesnake. Such is its celerity of motion, not only in running, but in entwining itself around the rattlesnake and then escaping from its embrace. When the black and rattlesnake are about to meet for battle, the former darts forward at the hight of his speed, and strikes at the neck of the latter with unerring certainty, leaving a foot or two of the upper part of his own body at liberty. In an instant he incircles him within five or six folds; he then stops and looks the strangled and gasping foe in the face, o ascertain the effect produced upon his corseted body. If he shows signs of life, the coils are multiplied and he screws tightened, the operator all the while narrowly watching the countenance of the helpless victim. Thus the two remain thirty or forty minutes; the executioner then slackens one coil, noticing at the same time whether any signs of life appear. If so, the coil is resumed, and retained until the incarcerated wretch is completely dead. The moccasin snake is distroyed in the same way.

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Taglierini, Maccaroni, Risotto and Ravioli In the Italian Style.

MEALS FIFTY CENTS, OR TO ORDER.

Rooms for private parties up stairs.
MR. GUISEPPE CADENASSO.

LEON DINGEON. F. W. HAUBRICK.

DINGEON & HAUBRICK,

MARTIN'S RESTAURANT,

623 COMMERCIAL STREET.

Above Montgomery. Meals at all hours. The best of Wines, Oysters, Game, and all the delicacies of the season always on hand. Private Saloons up stairs for Dinner and Supper Parties.

NEW RESTAURANT.

MR. SORBIER takes pleasure in informing his friends and customers that he has opened a FIRST-CLASS RESTAURANT under the name of

SORBIER'S RESTAURANT,

at No. 607 SACRAMENTO STREET, above Montgomery, where he will be pleased to see his old friends and the public in general, and where all can be assured that they will be served with the very best the market affords, at most reasonable rates. JOHN E. SORBIER,
Late of the Occidental Restaurant.

OCCIDENTAL RESTAURANT,

536 Washington Street, below Montgomery.

GEORGE WITTMAN would inform the public and the former patrons of this

POPULAR RESTAURANT

That he has assumed full charge, and will continue to keep all the delicacies of the season and one of the best lists of WINES, etc., and solicits the continuance of their patronage.

COCO-MUNGO SALOON.

J. M. WASHBURN, AGENT.

No. 536 Merchant Street, (Montgomery Block.)

THE BEST OF LIQUORS,

SKILLFULLY CONCOCTED MIXED DRINKS,

AND A FIRST-CLASS HOT LUNCH,

Not inferior to any offered in San Francisco, is furnished daily at the COCO-MUNGO—Clam Chowder, Fish Chowder, Gumbo Soup, Pork Tenderloins, Cape Cod Boned Turkey, Venison, Quail, and all the delicacies of the season, as fast as they are to be found in the market, figure upon the lunch table of the COCO-MUNGO.

A Reading Room, abundantly supplied with Domestic and Foreign Papers and Periodicals, is one of the features of the COCO-MUNGO.

C. F. HAYWARD,

—DEALER IN—

Harness, Saddles, etc.,

305 BATTERY STREET,

Near Sacramento,

San Francisco.

Pioneer Iron Works,

CORNER OF MARKET AND FREMONT STREETS,
San Francisco.

KITTREDGE & LEAVITT

Manufacturers of

FIRE-PROOF DOORS, SHUTTERS, BANK VAULTS,
PRISON CELLS, BALCONIES, GRATINGS,
IRON FENCE, STAIRS, ETC.

BURGLAR PROOF BANK VAULT LOCKS

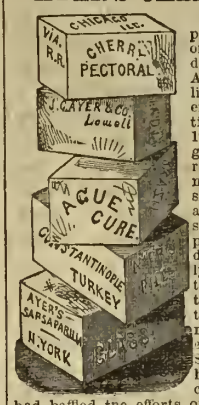
Constantly on had, a large assortment of Fire-Proof Doors and Shutters.

BUILDER'S INSURANCE CO.

OFFICE IN THE BUILDING OF THE CALIFORNIA SAVINGS BANK, CALIFORNIA ST., one door from Sansome.

FIRE AND MARINE INSURANCE.

AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL



Is a soothing expectorant, prepared to meet the urgent need of a safe and reliable cure for diseases of the throat and lungs. A trial of many years has established the fact, that it is more efficacious in pulmonary affections, than any other remedy. Its efficacy has now become so generally known, that it is justly regarded in many countries as a medicine of indispensable necessity. In Great Britain, France, and Germany, where medical science has reached its highest perfection, it is prescribed in domestic practice, and constantly used in the armies, in hospitals and other public institutions, where it is regarded by the attending physicians as the most speedy and agreeable remedy that can be employed.—Scarcely any neighborhood can be found where well known cases of diseased lungs, which had baffled the efforts of the most skillful and experienced doctors, have been permanently cured by it. These results are the most convincing proofs of the superior curative properties of this preparation; and to them the authors point with peculiar satisfaction. While it is most powerful against confirmed diseases, it is extremely gentle as a medicine in infancy and youth, being quite harmless to even the youngest, when administered judiciously.

This health-restorer accomplishes even more by prevention than cure. If taken in season, it heals all irritations of the throat and lungs, whether arising from Colds or Coughs, or from other causes, and thus prevent that long train of painful and incurable diseases, which would arise from the neglect of them. Hence no family should be without it. Influenza, Croup, Hoarseness, Whooping Cough, Pleurisy, Incipient Consumption, and other affections of the breathing organs, give way before this preeminent combination of medical virtues.

Prepared by DR. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass., and sold by all Druggists and Dealers in Medicine everywhere.
CRANE & BRIGHAM, San Francisco,
Wholesale Agents.

PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.'S

STEAMSHIPS FOR

NEW YORK, JAPAN AND CHINA,

WILL BE DISPATCHED AS FOLLOWS:

Leave Brannan-street Wharf at 11 o'clock A. M. of the following dates, for PANAMA, connecting *via* Panama Railroad, with one of the Company's spleudid steamers from ASPINWALL for NEW YORK.

On 10th, 18th, and 30th of each month that has 30 days.
On 10th, 19th, and 30th of each month that has 31 days.

When the 10th, 19th and 30th fall on Sunday, they will leave on Saturday preceding; when the 18th falls on Sunday, they will leave on Monday following.

Steamer leaving San Francisco on the 10th touches at Manzanillo. All touch at Acapulco.

Departure of 18th or 19th is expected to connect with the French Transatlantic Co.'s steamer for St. Nazaire, and English steamer for South America.

Departure of 10th is expected to connect with English steamer for Southampton and South America, and P. R. R. Co.'s steamer for Central America. Through tickets can be obtained.

STEAMERS FOR DECEMBER.

Dec. 10—SACRAMENTO, Capt. W. H. Parker, connecting with HENRY CHAUNCEY. Capt. Gray.
Dec. 19—CONSTITUTION, Capt. J. M. Caverly, connecting with RISING STAR, Capt. Connor.
Dec. 30—MONTANA, Capt. E. T. Farnsworth, connecting with ARIZONA. Capt. Maury.

Passengers will be berthed through. Baggage checked through—100 pounds allowed each adult.
Surgeon on board. Medicine and attendance free.
These steamers will positively leave at 11 o'clock. Passengers are requested to have their baggage on board before 10 o'clock.
Through tickets to Liverpool by the "Cunard," "Inman" and "National" Steamship Lines can be obtained of P. M. S. S. Co.'s office in San Francisco.
For Merchandise Freight apply to Wells, Fargo & Co.
The steamship GREAT REPUBLIC, Capt. S. Doane, will be dispatched on December 4th, from wharf, corner of First and Brannan streets, for YOKOHAMA and HONGKONG; connecting at Yokohama with the steamer COSTA RICA, for SHANGHAI.
For Passage and all other information, apply at Pacific Mail Steamship company's office, corner of Sacramento and Leidesdorff streets.

OLIVER ELDRIDGE, Agent.

Pioneer Iron Shutter Works,

ESTABLISHED 1849.

CALVIN NUTTING,

Manufacturer of

FIRE-PROOF DOORS & SHUTTERS,

STEEL LINED BANK VAULTS,

Prison Cells, Balconies, Awnings, Gratings, Iron Fence, Stairs, etc.

123 Bush street, between Sansome and Battery, San Francisco.

Constantly on hand a large assortment of second hand Fire-Proof Doors and Shutters.

MORE LIGHT FOR THE MILLION

THE EXCELSIOR

Coal Oil and Lamp Store,

NO. 10 THIRD STREET,

KEEPS CONSTANTLY ON HAND THE BEST brands of Kerosene Oil, Lamps of every description, GLOBES, WICKS, SHADES, CHIMNEYS, LANTERNS, Etc.

The public are cautioned against buying inferior Coal Oil, sold by parties as STANDARD KEROSENE, and which is frequently explosive, being a mixture of Coal Oil and Benzine. The Standard Kerosene sold at No. 10 Third street, is warranted to be free from smell, and burn longer than any other brand of Oil, and is to the consumer cheaper than less priced oils. All goods warranted to be as represented.

Give us a call. JOHN P. OWENS.

Chocolate.—It was among the Mexicans that the Spaniards found the use of coffee established from time immemorial. They introduced it into there native land, whence it soon passed into Italy. But it was not till the seventeenth century that it penetrated into France. According to the tradition, it is to Queen Marie Therese that the French owe the preparation of chocolate. An officer of this princess obtained a monopoly for the sale of chocolate, and established himself in one of the principal thoroughfares at Paris. The use of chocolate spread with toleable rapidity, as a passage shown us in the letter of Madame de Sevigne to her daughter: "Yon are not well; a little chocolate is sure to restore you; bnt you have not, as I have a thousand times, thought of the means of preparing it. How will yon manage?" Medical science in this matter favored fashion, and in 1784 a physician of Paris, called Bachat, propounded at the schools of the faculty during his pesidency a thesis to prove that chocolate well made was an "invention of the gods, rather than Nectar and Ambrosia." This opinion was also that of Linnæus, who gave to cocoa the name of *Theobroma*, or the food of gods. Nevertheless, chocolate never acquired in France the same popn larity as coffee. The reason of the difference may, perhaps, be sought in the French organism. Suitable for the inhabitans of hot, dry countries, choclate is too heavy for the men of the north. On the other hand, coffee excites him, and stimulates him at the same time that it favors the development of his ideas. Chocolate is still less popular in England than in France, it is, not coffee but tea which is in England the prevailing beverage. Tea in France and coffee in England are almost eqnally undrinkable.

What can be a more desolate spectacle than an old maid sitting on an inverted half bushel, in a cold kitchen, with her feet on the brim of a slop bucket, paring her corns with a case knife, by the light of a tallow candle.

A man who won a fat turkey at a raffle, and whose pious wife was very inqusitive about the method of obtaining the poultry, satisfied her at last by the remark that the "Shakers" gave it to him.

DICKEY'S

CREME DE LIS

DE CALIFORNIE.

THE FASHIONABLE WHITE WASH FOR BEAUTIFYING THE COMPLEXION.

A NEW COMBINATION, equal to the best French preparations, and free from their poisonous ingredients.

GEO. S. DICKEY, Chemist,
Corner of Market, Stockton, Ellis and Fourth streets,
San Francisco.

Notice.

PACIFIC BUSINESS COLLEGE,

MECHANICS' INSTITUTE, POST STREET.

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

THE PROPRIETORS OF THIS POPULAR INSTITUtion bave much pleasure in announcing that in consequence of the growing interest taken by American ladies in mercantile pursuits, they bave nt the solicitation of many heads of families, fitted up class rooms exclusively for young ladies, that they may have all the advantages of a commercial education, and be fitted to act in the capacity of clerks or book-keepers. Experience in this matter in tha Eastern States and on the Continent, shows that with a little careful training, they can ba qualified to fill with efficiency all the lighter departments of trade, where there is a wide range for the exercise of their talents.

A. DE LEO DE LAGUNA, Principal,
JAMES VINSONHALER, President.

Asphaltum for Sale

IN ANY QUANTITY TO SUIT, BY THE
PACIFIC ASPHALTUM COMPANY,
No. 533 Kearny street, corner of Sacramanto,
SAN FRANCISCO.

This Aspbaltum is the purest to be found in the market, baing free from rock and clay, or other impurities.

Sidewalks Laid and Roofing Done at Shortest Notice.

NEUVAL & CO.

FIRE AND MARINE INSURANCE.

FIREMAN'S FUND

Insurance Company,

OF SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA.

—OFFICE—

S. W. cor. California and Sansome streets.

CAPITAL, $500,000, FULLY PAID IN GOLD COIN.

INSURE MARINE RISKS

Under Open Policies, on Cargoes, Treasure, Freights, Profits, and Commissions.

—ALSO—

ISSUE POLICIES ON TIME,
VOYAGE AND HARBOR RISKS ON HULLS.

INSURE AGAINST LOSS BY FIRE

On Buildings, Merchandise, Furniture, Wares, and other Personal Property.

FIRE, MARINE, HARBOR, AND INLAND TRANSIT RISKS,

On terms as favorable as any other reliable First-Class Company.

Greatest amount taken on any one risk, $50,000. Portions of Risks considered too large, will be re-insured in responsible Companies.

LOSSES PROMPTLY PAID IN UNITED STATES GOLD COIN!

D. J. STAPLES, President,
CHAS. R. BOND, Secretary.

HAMBURG—BREMEN,

Fire Insurance Company.

CAPITAL, - - - - $1,000,000

MORRIS SPEYER, Agent.

OFFICE—526 Washington Street, a few doors below Montgomery.....San Francisco.

Being no longer governed by the Tariff of the Board of Underwriters, this Company will effect Insurances at as LOW RATES as those of any other responsible Company.

OCCIDENTAL

Insurance Company,

Southwest corner Montgomery and California streets.

INDIVIDUAL LIABILITY.

Capital Stock, - - - $300,000

LOSSES PAID IN UNITED STATES GOLD COIN.

THIS COMPANY will insure against loss by Fire on any Dwelling House, Buildings, Merchinnise or other property, situated in the State of California. The largest sum they will take on any one risk is thirty thousand dollars.

C. CHRISTIANSEN, Pre'st.
J. GREENEBAUM, Vice President.
B. Rothschild, Secretary.

FIRE INSURANCE.

Manhattan Fire & Marine Insurance

OF NEW YORK.

Incorporated.....1821.
Cash capital.....$500,000
Surplus..... 650,000

Total Assets, over.....$1,190,000

The above named responsible and well known Company has complied with the law of the State of California, and has deposited $75,000 as additional security for policy holders,

Buildings, Merchandise, Furniture, and other property insured against loss or damage by Fire, on the most favorable terms. Also, insurance on Merchandise, Specie and Freight to or from all parts of the world. Losses promptly adjusted and paid in United States Gold Coin.

R. B. SWAIN & CO., General Agents,
206 Front street, corner of California.

DR. N. T. WHITCOMB,

DENTIST,

No. 205 Third Street, San Francisco.

Teeth filled with fine gold, artificial bone and platina. All plate work made and repaired, of the best material, at the shortest notice and warranted. None cheaper or better on the coast. Call and examine specimens.

North Beach and South Park Cars pass the door.

N. T. WHITCOMB.

Removal.

WILLIAM SHERMAN & CO.

Have this day Removed their Stock of

Clothing & Men's Furnishing Goods,

From Sansome Street to

608 Montgomery street,

(East Side,) North of Clay.

San Francisco, November 22, 1867.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE FIFTEENTH Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco.

ADDIE M. VINES, Plaintiff, vs. DANIEL B. VINES, Defendant.

Action brought in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in said city and county of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to DANIEL B. VINES, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named plaitiff, in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein, within ten days (exclusive of the day of service,) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this county; or if served out of this county, but in this District, within twenty days; otherwise within forty days; or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said complaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree from this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony existing between plaintiff and defendant, and that the custody and care of the child of the parties hereto may be awarded to plaintiff. Also for general relief.

And you are hereby notified, that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded therein.

Given under my hand and Seal of the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 22d day of November, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-seven.

[SEAL.] WM. LOEWY, Clerk,
By J. D. Ruggles, Deputy Clerk.
Pixley & Smith, Attorneys for Plaintiffs. d14-13w.

IN THE PROBATE COURT of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the Estate of NATHANIEL MASON, deceased.

Order to show cause why order of distribution should not be made.

On reading and filing the petition of SAMUEL BROCKHURST and NOAH CLIFT EFFORD, the Executors of the last will and testament of NATHANIEL MASON, deceased, setting forth that they have filed their final account of their administration of the estate of said deceased, in this Court, and that the same has been duly settled and allowed; that all the debts and expenses of administration have been duly paid; and that a portion of said estate remains to be distributed to the devisees and heirs of said deceased, and praying among other things for an order of distribution of the residue of said estate among the persons entitled:

It is ordered, that all persons interested in the estate of the said Nathaniel Mason, deceased, be and appear before the Probate Court of the City and County of San Francisco, at the Court room of said Court, in the City Hall, in said City and County, on TUESDAY, the fourteenth day of January A. D. 1868, at eleven o'clock, A. M., then and there to show cause why an order of distribution should not be made of the residue of said estate among the devisees and heirs of the said Nathaniel Mason, deceased, according to law.

It is further ordered, that a copy of this order be published for four successive weeks before the said fourteenth day of January, A. D. 1868, in The Californian, a newspaper printed and published in the said city and county.

M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

Dated December 11th, A. D. 1867.
E. B. Mastick, Esq., Att'y for Executors. d14 5t

IN THE PROBATE COURT of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the Estate of JULIUS STURM, deceased.

Order to show cause why order of sale of real estate should not be made.

It appearing to the said Court, by the petition this day presented and filed by William A Quarles, the Administrator of the estate of Julius Sturm, deceased, praying for an order of sale of real estate, that it is necessary to sell the whole or some portion of the real estate, to pay the debts outstanding against the deceased, and the debts, expenses and charges of the administration.

It is therefore ordered by the said Court, that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased, appear before the said Probate Court on TUESDAY, the 14th day of January, A. D. 1868, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the Court room of said Probate Court, at the City Hall, in the City and County of San Francisco, to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said Administrator to sell so much of the real estate of the said deceased, as shall be necessary.

And that a copy of this order be published at least four successive weeks in The Californian, a newspaper printed and published in the said city and county.

Dated December 13th, 1867.

M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

Office of the County Clerk of the City and County of San Francisco.—I, Washington Bartlett, County Clerk of the city and county of San Francisco, State of California, and ex-officio Clerk of the Probate Court, in and for said city and county, do hereby certify the foregoing to be a true and correct copy of an order duly made and entered upon the minutes of the said Probate Court.

Witness my hand, and the seal of said Probate Court, this 13th day of December, A. D. 1867.

[SEAL AND STAMP] WASHINGTON BARTLETT, Clerk.
By A. J. Jeghers, Deputy Clerk.
J. F. Finn, Esq., Att'y for Administrator. d14 5w

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF JOHN HORGAN, deceased.—Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administratrix of the Estate of John Horgan, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them, with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administratrix, at the place of her transaction of business, at the office of William A. Quarles, Public Administrator, room 5, No. 520 Montgomery street, in the City and County of San Francisco.

Dated December 13th, 1867.

CATHARINE HORGAN,
Administratrix of the Estate of John Horgan, deceased.
d14 5w

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF H. C. KORF, deceased.—Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the Estate of H. C. Korf, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator, at his office and place of transaction of business, room 5, No. 520 Montgomery street, in the City and County of San Francisco.

Dated San Francisco, November 19th, 1867.

WILLIAM A. QUARLES,
Administrator of the Estate of H. C. Korf, deceased
nov23-4t

ZEITSKA & SHEPPARD,

Merchant Taylors,

NO. 610 CLAY STREET,

Near Montgomery,

SAN FRANCISCO.

Administrator's Sale of Real Estate.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, THAT, IN PURSUance of an order of the Probate Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, made on the 26th day of November, A. D. 1867, in the matter of the Estate of JUSTIN VICTOR SUBERVIELLE, deceased, the undersigned, the Administrator of the Estate of said deceased, will sell at private sale, to the highest bidder, for cash, gold coin of the United States, and subject to confirmation by said Probate Court, on

WEDNESDAY, THE 8TH DAY OF JANUARY, A.D. 1868,

at 12 o'clock, M., at the office of W. C. Burnett, Esquire, the attorney of said Administrator, No. 606 Washington street in the said City and County, all the right, title, interest and estate of the said Justin Victor Subervile, at the time of his death, and all the right, title and interest that the said estate has by operation of law or otherwise, acquired other than, or in addition to that of the said deceased at the time of his death, in and to all those certain lots, pieces, or parcels of land, situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and bounded and described as follows, to wit:

I.—Commencing on the northwesterly line of King street, 114 feet 7 inches northeasterly from the northeast corner of Fifth and King streets, thence running northeasterly along said line of King street 91 feet 8 inches; thence northwesterly and parallel with Fifth street 120 feet; thence southwesterly and parallel with King street 91 feet 8 inches, and thence southeasterly 120 feet, to the point of commencement.

II.—Commencing on the northwesterly line of King street 343 feet 9 inches northeasterly from the northeasterly corner of Fifth and King streets, thence running northwesterly and parallel with Fifth street 120 feet; thence northeasterly and parallel with King street 22 feet 11 inches; thence southeasterly and parallel with Fifth street 120 feet, to King street, and thence southwesterly on the northwesterly line of King street 22 feet 11 inches, to the point of commencement.

III.—Commencing on the northwesterly line of Townsend street 137½ feet northeasterly from the northeasterly corner of Fifth and Townsend streets, thence running northeasterly along said line of Townsend street 45 feet 10 inches; thence northwestorly and parallel with Fifth street 137½ feet; thence westerly and parallel with Townsend street 45 feet 10 inches, and thence southeasterly and parallel with Fifth street 137½ feet, to the point of commencement.

IV.—Commencing on the southeasterly line of Berry street, 229 feet 2 inches southwesterly from the southwesterly corner of Fifth and Berry streets, thence running southwesterly along said line of Berry street 45 feet 10 inches; thence southeasterly and parallel with Fifth street 137½ feet; thence northeasterly and parallel with Berry street 45 feet 10 inches, and thence northwesterly and parallel with Fifth street, 137½ feet, to the point of commencement.

V.—Commencing at the northeasterly corner of California and Mason streets, thence running easterly along the northerly line of California street 34 feet 4½ inches; thence northerly and parallel with Mason street 68 feet 9 inches; thence westerly and parallel with California street 34 feet 4½ inches to Mason street, and thence southerly along the easterly line of Mason street 68 feet 9 inches, to the point of commencement.

That offers and bids will be received, on such sale, on and from MONDAY, the 30th day of December, A. D. 1867, until and at 12 o'clock, M., on the 8th day of January, A. D. 1868, by said Administrator, at the said office of W. C. Burnett, Esquire, in said city and county.

Terms and Conditions of Sale: Cash, gold coin of the United States; ten per cent of the purchase money to be paid to the Administrator, on the day of sale, the balance on confirmation of sale by said Probate Court: deeds and stamps at expense of purchasers.

LUCAS PONTON DE ARCE,
Administrator of the Estate of Justin Victor Subervielle, deceased.
W. C. Burnett, Attorney for Administrator. Office 606 Washington street. d7-4t

IN THE PROBATE COURT OF THE CITY AND County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the Estate of ANTHONY GIFFORD, deceased.

Order to show cause why Order of Sale of Real Estate should not be made.

It appearing to the said Court, by the petition this day presented and filed by William A. Quarles, the Administrator of the estate of Anthony Gifford, deceased, praying for an order of sale of real estate, that it is necessary to sell the whole of the real estate, to pay the debts, expenses and charges of the administration.

It is therefore ordered by the said Court, that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased, appear before the said Probate Court on TUESDAY, the 24th day of December, A. D. 1867, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the Court room of said Probate Court, at the City Hall in the city and county of San Francisco, to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said Administrator to sell so much of the real estate of the said deceased as shall be necessary;

And that a copy of this order be published at least four successive weeks in The Californian, a weekly newspaper printed and published in said city and county.

M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

Dated November 22d, 1867.
T. J. Finn, Esq., Attorney for Petitioner.
nov23-30 dec7-14-21

IN THE PROBATE COURT of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the estate of MINNIE SHERWOOD, deceased.

Order to show cause why order of distribution should not be made.

On reading and filing the petition of Lilly Sherwood, the Administratrix of the Estate of Minnie Sherwood, deceased, setting forth that she has filed her final account of her administration of the estate of said deceased, in this Court, and that the same has been duly settled and allowed; that all the debts and expenses of administration have been duly paid; and that a portion of said estate remains to be distributed to her as the only and sole heir of said deceased, praying among other things for an order of distribution of the residue of said estate among the persons entitled.

It is Ordered, that all persons interested in the estate of the said Minnie Sherwood, deceased, be and appear before the Probate Court of the city and county of San Francisco, at the Court Room of said Court, in the City Hall, in said city and county, on MONDAY, the thirteenth day of January, A. D. 1868, at eleven o'clock, A. M., then and there to show cause why an order of distribution should not be made of the residue of said estate to the said petitioner, as heir of the said Minnie Sherwood, deceased, according to law.

It is further ordered, that a copy of this order be published for four successive weeks, before the said 13th day of January, A. D. 1868, in The Californian, a newspapor printed and published in the said city and county.

M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

Dated December 13th, 1867.
Jas. C. Carey, Attorney for Petitioner. d13 5w

Architectural Designs

—FURNISHED BY—

HOAGLAND & NEWSOM,

ARCHITECTS,

Southwest corner of Sacramento and Kearny Streets,
San Francisco.

WHY HE ASKED.

Coupon, the corpulent banker, was standing in Third street one hot day in August, "wipiug the servile drops from his brow," when a ragged but sharp-eyed newsboy accosted him with :

"Please, sir, tell me the time ?"

Coupon lugged out his time-piece, and looking benignantly down upon his interlocutor responded :

"Just two o'clock."

"All right, old bluff," said the urchin, gathering his rags together for a run, "You can sell out for soap grease at three."

The insulted man of money raised his cane, and, making a frantic rush at his tormentor, nearly fell over a friend who was coming up the street.

"Hallo, Coupon, what's the trouble ?" said the other.

"Matter!" said Coupon, puffing with heat and anger, "why, one of those d——d newsboys asked me the time, and when I told him two o'clock, the impudent young scoundrel said I might sell for soap grease at three."

"Don't be in such a hurry, was the malicious response ; "it's only five minutes past two ; you've got fifty five minutes to do it in."

Many years since, in California, old Judge C— kept a little dead fall as they call a rum mill out there, a few miles above Marysville, and made frequent trips to San Francisco, to deposit his "hard earned" savings, and lay in a fresh stock. One night he sat late, imbibed much, and assisted at a little game of "draw." An hour after going to bed he awoke, and, to his horror, saw a robber staring at him through the window near the foot of the bed. Judge dodged ; robber dodged back ; judge peeped ; robber peeped. Judge put hand under pillow, drew out 'Navy,' and fired—through a looking-glass! the trade price of which was an even $25. The robber did not again appear ; the judge did not treat—perhaps.

AMERICAN EXCHANGE HOTEL,

SANSOME STREET, San Francisco.

FIRE PROOF.

Two Hundrod Rooms well Ventilated and Richly Furnished.

Prices from $1 50 to $2 a Day.

The Exchange Coach, with Red Lights, will always be in readiness to convey Passengers to the Hotel Free of Charge.

The proprietor of this favorite Hotel would respectfully utorm the traveling public that the

AMERICAN EXCHANGE

Is now and will continue as it ever has been, the most comfortable, homelike, quiet and economical Hotel in the State. TIMOTHY SARGENT, Proprietor.

F. D. RING,

MANUFACTURER OF

JEWELRY AND SILVER WARE,

No. 540 Market Street, adjoining the Hibernia Bank, SAN FRANCISCO.

All kinds of precious Stones set in the latest style and most approved manner. Watches and Jewelry carefully repaired by experienced workmen.

G. E. T. GLOVE COMPANY,

FACTORY, 526 MERCHANT STREET,

Between Montgomery and Sansome,

Manufacture all kinds of OIL DRESSED AND INDIAN TANNED GLOVES for Gentlemen, Drivers, Teamsters, Miners and Lumbermen. Also, BUCKSKIN MITTENS, GOLD BAGS, PURSES, etc., in endless variety, and all sewed by hand. All work warranted. The Trade supplied. We warrant one pair of our manufacture to outlast two pairs of Eastern manufacture,

PHILADELPHIA BREWERY,

Corner Second and Folsom streets,

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JOHN WIELAND,

Proprietor

T. B. RODGERS,

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Corner California, adjoining the Pacific Insurance Office, San Francisco.

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Eureka Theatre, Montgomery street, between California and Pine.

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$100 00

SAVED in a very Short Time by using

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WASHING POWDER.

TRY IT!

Does Not Injure the Clothes. Sold Everywhere.

$1,000,000 IN WATCHES!

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GIVING EVERY PATRON A

Handsome and Reliable Watch!

For the Low Price of Ten Dollars,

Without Regard to Value!

And not to be paid for unless perfectly satisfactory:

100 Solid Gold Hunting Watches	$250 to $1,000
100 Magic Cased Gold Watches	200 to 500
100 Ladies Watches, enameled	100 to 300
200 Gold Hunting Chronometer Watches	250 to 300
200 Gold Hunting English Levers	200 to 250
300 Gold Hunting Duplex Watches	150 to 200
300 Gold Hunting American Watches	100 to 250
500 Silver Hunting Levers	50 to 150
500 Silver Hunting Duplexes	75 to 250
500 Gold Ladies Watches	50 to 250
1,000 Gold Hunting Lepines	50 to 75
1,000 Miscellaneous Silver Watches	50 to 100
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5,000 Assorted Watches, all kinds	10 to 75

☞ Every patron obtains a Watch by this arrangement, costing but $10, while it may be worth $1,000. No partiality shown.

We wish to immediately dispose of the above magnificent Stock. Certificates naming the articles, are placed in sealed envelopes, and well mixed. Holders are entitled to the articles named on their certificates upon payment of Ten Dollars, whether it be a Watch worth $1,000 or one worth less. The return of any of our certificates entitles you to the article named thereon upon paymout, irrespective of its worth, and as no article valued less than $10 is named on any certificate, it will at once be seen that this is

No Lottery, but a straightforward legitimate transaction, which may be participated in by the most fastidious!

A single certificate will be sent by mail, post paid, upon receipt of 25 cents, five for $1, eleven for $2, thirty-three and an elegant premium for $5, sixty six and more valuable premium for $10, one hundred and most superb Watch for $15. To agents, or those wishing employment this is a rare opportunity. It is a legitimately conducted business, duly authorized by the Government, and open to the most careful scrutiny Try us!

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Not Out of Business—Only Removed.

Pioneer Steam Marble Works Com'y

HAVE REMOVED

Their Marble Mantel Warerooms from No. 546 California street to their extensive Steam Factory,

422 and 424 Jackson Street,

Where they keep constantly on hand the best and most select stock of

MARBLE MANTELS AND GRATES, HEADSTONES AND MONUMENTS.

Our Steam facilities enable us to sell better work at reduced prices than that manufactured by hand.

422 and 424 Jackson Street,
Between Montgomery and Sansome.

CANTY & WAGNER,

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Wholesale & Retail Confectioners,

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N. B.—All candies sold by us are warranted to be manufactured from Stewart's double refined Sugar, and to be equal to any manufactured in the State. Country merchants solicited to examine our stock and prises. Goods delivered to any part of the city free of charge.

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EXCELSIOR CUTLERS, LOCK-SMITHS & BELL-HANGERS, Importers and Manufacturers of all kinds of Cutlery. Razors, Shears, and all kinds of Cutlery, ground and repaired — Bell-Hanging and Lock-smithing done in the best manner. 613 Jackson street, fourth door west of Kearny.

Country orders promptly attended to.

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WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN

Hay, Grain, and Feed of all kinds.

Hucks & Lambert's Patent AXLE GREASE.

21 Clay street and 28 Commercial street, between Drumm and East, San Francisco.

H. BATTEL'S SAMPLE ROOMS,

411 SANSOME STREET,

Between Commercial and Sacramento streets.

H. BATTEL BEGS TO INFORM HIS FRIENDS AND the public that he has opened the above hall as a first-class Refreshment Saloon, where they can always be sure to find the very best

WINES, LIQUORS, AND HAVANA CIGARS

In the Market.

Hot Lunch served daily from 10 to 2 o'clock.

Pioneer Iron Shutter Works,

ESTABLISHED 1849.

CALVIN NUTTING,

Manufacturer of

FIRE-PROOF DOORS & SHUTTERS,

STEEL LINED BANK VAULTS,

Prison Cells, Balconies, Awnings, Gratings, Iron Fence, Stairs, etc.

123 Bush street, between Sansome and Battery, San Francisco.

Constantly on hand a large assortment of second hand Fire-Proof Doors and Shutters.

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CORNER OF MARKET AND FREMONT STREETS,

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KITTREDGE & LEAVITT

Manufacturers of

FIRE-PROOF DOORS, SHUTTERS, BANK VAULTS, PRISON CELLS, BALCONIES, GRATINGS, IRON FENCE, STAIRS, Etc.

BURGLAR PROOF BANK VAULT LOCKS

Constantly on had, a large assortment of Fire-Proof Doors and Shutters.

CALIFORNIA BRASS FOUNDRY,

No. 125 First street, opposite Minna,

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All kinds of Brass, Composition, Zinc, and Babbitt Meta Castings, furnished at the shortest notice. Brass Ship-Work o all kinds, Spikes,

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All kinds of Steam, Liquor, Water, Oil, and Flange Cocks and Valves made and repaired.

Hydraulic Pipes and Nozzles, and Hose Couplings and Connections of all sizes and patterns, furnished with dispatch. *PRICES MODERATE.*

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TRUNKS, VALISES, CARPET BAGS, ETC.,

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MACCARONI,
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First Premium in 1857—1859—1864—1865.

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BERNHEIM & EHRENPFORT,

Wholesale Candy Manufacturers,

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Between Sansome and Battery Sts., San Francisco.

FANCY AND COMMON CANDIES

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

Sugar Toys, Figures, Animals, Birds, etc.

Are prepared to receive orders to any extent and in any desired style.

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Importers and Wholesale Stationers,

Have Removed to

329 and 331 Sansome Street,

Southwest corner of Sacramento.

Dr. John T. Crook,

Late of the Pacific Mail service, has established himself in the practice of his profession in this city.

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S. W. corner of Montgomery and Bush Streets.

Office Hours—9 to 10 A. M.; 2 P. M.; 4 to 6 P. M.

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GLUYAS & DUTTON,

COUNTING HOUSE STATIONERS,

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NATIONAL PUMP

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This Pump has proved itself to be the greatest invention of the age. Designed for DEEP WELLS, it will RAISE WATER (500) FIVE HUNDRED FEET; can sink a well 30 to 40 feet in (60) sixty minues.

This Pump is specially adapted to the wants of BREWERS and DISTILLELS, on account of the facility with which, by its use, casks in the upper stories of their warehouses can be filled from the vats below.

STATE, COUNTY, & TOWN RIGHTS FOR SALE.

Pumps Furnished at Moderate Prices, by

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The Hat wearing community are invited to examine the Stock at the above store, and in quality, style and price,

THEY DEFY COMPETITION!

Their Stock embraces all of the latest "novelties" and Standard Styles to be found elsewhere.

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PRIVATE MEDICAL AID.

QUICK CURES AND MODERATE CHARGES.

DR. W. K. DOHERTY,

PRIVATE MEDICAL AND SURGICAL INSTITUTE,

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Established expressly to afford the afflicted sound and scientific Medical Aid, in the treatment and cure of all Private and Chronic Diseases, cases of Secrecy, and all Sexual Disorders.

TO THE AFFLICTED.

Dr. W. K. Doherty returns his sincere thanks to his numerous patients for their patronage and would take this opportunity to remind them that he continues to consult at his Institute for the cure of chronic diseases of the Lungs, Liver, Kidneys, Digestive and Genito-Urinary Organs, and all Private Diseases, viz ; Syphilis in all its forms and stages, Seminal Weakness, and all the horrid consequences of Self-Abuse, Gonorrhœa, Gleet, Strictures. Nocturnal and Diurnal Emissions, Sexual Debility, Diseases of the Back and Loins, Inflammation of the Bladder and Kidneys, etc.; and he hopes that his long experience and successful practice will continue to insure him a share of public patronage. By his practice of many years in Europe and the United States, he is enabled to apply the most efficient and successful remedies against diseases of all kinds. He uses no mercury, charges moderate, treats his patients in a correct and honorable way, and has references of unquestionable veracity from men of known respectability and high standing in society. All parties consulting him, by letter or otherwise, will receive the best and gentlest treatment, and implicit secresy.

TO FEMALES.

When a female is in trouble, or afflicted with disease, as weakness of the back and limbs, pain in the head, dimness of sight, loss of muscular power, palpitation of the heart, irritability, nervousness, extreme urinary difficulties, derangement of digestive function, general debility, vaginitis, all disease of the womb, hysteria, sterility, and all other diseases peculiar to females, she should go or write at once to the celebrated female doctor, W. K. DOHERTY, at his Medical Institute, and consult him about her troubles and disease. Irregularities, suppressions, etc., will receive the Doctor's most particular attention. Let no false delicacy prevent, but apply immediately and save yourself from painful suffering and premature death. Ladies whose delicate health or other circumstances prevent an increase in their families, should write or call at DR. DOHERTY'S MEDICAL INSTITUTE, and they will receive every possible relief and help. The Doctor's offices, consisting of a suite of six rooms, are so arranged that he can be consulted without fear of observation.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Patients (male or female) residing in any part of the State, however distant, who may desire the opinion and advice of DR. W. K. DOHERTY on their respective cases and who think proper to submit a written statement of such, in preference to holding a personal interview, are respectfully assured that their communications will be held most sacred. Dr. Doherty takes this opportunity of observing that all letters are only opened and replied to by himself, and the latter as promptly as possible.

If the case be fully and candidly described, personal communication will be unnecessary, as instructions for diet, regimen, and the general treatment of the case itself, (including the remedies) will be forwarded without delay, and in such a manner as to convey no idea of the purport of the letter or parcel so transmitted.

Consultation, by letter or otherwise, Free. Permanent cure guaranteed, or no pay. Address,

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San Francisco, Cal

SPERMATORRHŒA.

DR. DOHERTY has just published an important pamphlet embodying his own views and experiences in relation to Impotence or Virility, being a short treatise on Spermatorrhœa, or Seminal Weakness, Nervous and Physical Debility consequent on this affection, and other diseases of the Sexual Organs

This little work contains information of the utmost value to all whether married or single, and will be sent Free by mail on receipt of Six Cents in Postage stamps for return postage. Address,

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THOMAS MAGUIRE,.....Sole Proprietor.
CARL TIBBETTS,.....Business Manager
WM. STEVENSON.....Treasurer
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SATURDAY EVENING.....DECEMBER 21
Last night of
MISS FANNY YOUNG,
Who will appear as "Mary Moonlight," in the drama of
BEN BOLT.
And in her original speciality of "Lady Nancy Bell," in
RUM-TI-FOO-ZLE.

For to-day's Matinee, "Rum-ti-foo-zle."

MODAY.....DECEMBER 23
First appearance of the talented sisters
EMMA AND ADA WEBB.
Box Book now open.

PRICES OF ADMISSION:
Dress Circle.....$1 00 | Orchestra $1 00
Parquette..... 50 | Upper Circle..... 25

METROPOLITAN THEATRE.

Lessees and Managers,
MESSRS. EDWARDS, BATES & VINSON.

LAST NIGHT OF "UNDER THE GASLIGHT."

This Afternoon and Evening.....Dec. 21
Last representation of the Thrilling Drama of
UNDER THE GASLIGHT!
With the popular artist,
MR. CHARLES WHEATLEIGH.
In his celebrated impersonation of Snorkey,
Assisted by
MRS. F. M. BATES,
And the Entire Strength of the Company.

MONDAY EVENING.....DECEMBER 23
Boucicalt's latest dramatic triumph,
FLYING SCUD,
—OR A—
FOUR-LEGGED FORTUNE,
In which
MISS ANNIE FIRMAN,
Will make her first appearance.
Box Plan now open.

PRICES OF ADMISSION.
Dress Circle and Orchestra Seats.....One Dollar
Parquet 50 cts | Gallery 25 cts
Doors open at 7 o'clock; to commence at 8.

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THE TALENTED SISTERS,

EMMA & ADA WEBB,

After the most successful engagements in all principal cities in the United States, Canada, the West Indies, and London, England, have returned to the home of their first Dramatic Triumphs, and will, during their brief stay

APPEAR NIGHTLY

In Choice Selections from

Dramas,
Comedies,
Burlesques,
Musical Farces,

SHERIDAN CORBYN, Manager.

BIERSTADT'S PAINTING,

'CROSSING THE PLAINS'

NOW ON EXHIBITION AT

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Admission,.....25 cents.
Season Tickets, $1 00.

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GENTLEMEN—AFTER A CAREFUL EXAMINATION of the following samples of Wines and Spirits bearing your label, including:

Whiting & Berry's Table Sherry,
Whiting & Berry's Golden Sherry,
Whiting & Berry's Voyage Port,
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Whiting & Berry's Ky. Bourbon, O. O. Whisky,
Whiting & Berry's Vine Growers Co. Cognac 1854.

I have failed to discover any deleterious substances finding them ENTIRELY FREE from any of the ingredients generally used in the adulteration of Wines and Liquors.

(Signed) B. B. THAYER,
Chemist and State Assayer.

SPECIAL NOTICE!

GREAT REDUCTION
IN
DRY GOODS
FOR THE
HOLIDAYS!

MEAGHER, TAAFFE & CO.
9 MONTGOMERY STREET,
WILL OFFER ON
Monday, - - December 2d,
THE FOLLOWING DESCRIBED GOODS
AT GREATLY REDUCED PRICES!

1000 Foulard de Laine Dresses;
1500 Empress Cloth Dresses;
1200 Poplin Dresses;
3000 Print Dresses;
500 Pieces of French Merinos;
300 Pieces Alpacas;
Empress Plaids,
Real Scotch Plaids,
Ottoman Velours,
Winseys,
Linseys.

MEAGHER, TAAFFE & CO.,
RETAIL STORE,
No. 9 Montgomery street.

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No. 107 Battery Street, near Pine Street.

BRIDAL SILKS!
RICH LACES!
EVENING SILKS!
CHRISTMAS
and NEW YEAR'S
PRESENTS!

Meagher, Taaffe & Co.,
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Have received an unparalleled and choice assortment of the following described Goods suitable for

CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR'S
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Bridal and Evening Silks;
Chantilly and Point Lace Shawls;
Black and Colored Silks;
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Irish and French Poplins;
Point and Applique Lace Handkerchiefs;
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Point de Venice Lace Collars;
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GLOVES, BEST MAKE.

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Pioneer Clothing Store,

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We offer the entire stock at the following reduced prices:

	Regular Prices.	Present Prices.
Boys' French Cass. Basket Pants	$6 00	$4 00
Boys' Velvet Cass. Ext. Sup. Pants	8 00	5 00
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Boys' Bl'k Esquimaux Beaver Overcoats	18 00	13 00
Boys' French Cloth Frock Coats	18 00	12 00
Boys' Esquimaux Bever Suits	15 00	12 00
Boys' Fine Esquimaux Bever Suits	26 00	18 00
Youths' Cassimere Knee Pants	2 50	1 50
Youths' Cassimere Knee Pants, ex. Fine	3 00	2 25
Youths' CaSsimere Knee Pants, embr'd	4 00	3 00
Youths' Gatibaldi Fancy Suits	7 00	5 00
Youths' Garibaldi Extra Fine Suits	8 00	6 00
Youths' Embroidered Cloth Suits	10 00	5 00
Youths' Black Beaver Suits	10 00	6 00
Youths' Pilot Cloth Overcoats	10 00	7 00
Youths' Chinchilla Overcoats	10 50	8 00
Youths' Union Sack Overcosts	8 00	6 00
Youths' Black Castor Beaver Overcoats	12 00	9 00
Youths' Heavy Black Beaver Garricks	10 00	8 00
Youths' Black Cloth Overcoat (sleeves)	11 00	8 50

500 Men's Esquimaux and Castor Beaver Overcoats,
Forty per cent. less than any other store on this Coast.
100 dozen Men's Star Shirts, $1 50
Astonishing low figures.

Remember, our goods are all Custom-made, from our Broadway store in New York, thirteen years' standing. Everybody must know our goods. Retiring from business, the goods must be sold. Call at LOCKWOOD & CO'S, and examine the great reduction in prices.

H. M. LOCKWOOD & CO.,
624 Clay Street.

THE OCCIDENT.

A RELIGIOUS AND FAMILY NEWPAPER, WITH the above title will be published by the subscribers, commencing January 31, 1868, at the office, 609 Montgomery street, San Francisco. It will be issued weekly, (on Friday) in quarto form, each number containing twelve pages. Editor, Rev. JAMES FELLS, D. D. Associate Editor, Rev. E. B. WALSWORTH.

Subscription price, $4.00 per annum, in gold coin, or its equivalent, payable in advance, or $2 50 for six months, same terms. BANCROFT & CO,
San Francisco, Cal.

BANCROFT & CO.
San Francisco, Cal.
Are the exclusive publishers for the Pacific Coast of
PUTNAM'S MAGAZINE.
FIRST NUMBER, JANUARY, 1868, NOW READY.

THIS PUBLICATION WILL BE SIMILAR IN CHARACTER and appearance to the former series of PUTNAM'S MONTHLY, and will be supported by the BEST WRITERS, in each department, in every section of the country.

TERMS—$4 00 a year in gold coin, payable in advance. One copy of PUTNAM and one copy of THE OCCIDENT will be sent to one address, one year, for $7.00.
BANCROFT & CO,
San Francisco, Cal.

USEFUL AND ELEGANT
PRESENTS!

WE ARE IN RECEIPT, EX FRENCH SHIPS, "VOLTA" and "MAHELA," of
LARGE ADDITIONS
TO OUR
Extensive Stock
OF
CHINA, GLASSWARE,
FANCY GOODS, Etc., Etc.
Please call and examine.
HAYNES & LAWTON,
516 Sansome street, corner of Merchant.

BUCKMAN BROS.,
(Successors to John Myers,)
CAPITOL SALOON,
226 *MONTGOMERY STREET*,
Opposite the Russ House.

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Good Work!—One Price!—Punctuality!

D. BRUCE,
PRINTER,
COMMERCIAL STREET OPPOSITE MINERS' RESTAURANT.

IN THE PROBATE COURT, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.
Estate of FRANK O. ELDREDGE, deceased.
On reading and filing the petition of John S. Bugbee, administrator, with the will annexed, of the estate of Frank O. Eldredge, deceased, setting forth that he has filed his final account of his administration upon said estate, in this Court, and the same has been duly audited, allowed and confirmed; that all debts have been fully paid; and that a portion of said estate remains to be distributed among the persons who by law are entitled to the same; that deceased was not a resident of this State, and died testate; that his will was duly proved and allowed in the State of Massachusetts, the place of his resdence, and an authenticated copy thereof admitted to Probate in this State; and that it is necessary, in order that said estate be distributed according to said will, that the estate in this State be delivered to the executor in the State of Massachusetts; and praying, among other things, for an order that said estate may be delivered to said executor

It is ordered, That all persons interested in the estate of Frank O. Eldredge, deceased, be and appear before the Probate Court of the City and County of San Francisco, at the Court room of said Court, in the City Hall, in said City and County, on the 27th day of January, A. D. 1868, at two o'clock in the afternoon of said day, then and there to show cause, if any they have, why an order should not be made for the delivery of said estate to such executor, according to law.

It is further ordered, That a copy of this order be published for four successive weeks, before said twenty-seventh day of January, 1868, in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published in the City and County of San Francisco.

M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.
Dated December 19th, 1868. de21-28-ja4-11

IN THE PROBATE COURT OF THE CITY AND County of San Francisco, State of California.
In the matter of the Estate of JOSEFA MUNOZ DE URIBE, deceased.
Order to show cause why Order of Distribution should not be made.

On reading the petion of Francisco E. Lynch, Executor of the last will and testament of Josefa Munoz de Uribe, deceased, setting forth that he has filed his final account of his administration of the estate of said deceased, in this Court, and that the same has been duly settled and allowed; that all the debts and expenses of administration have been duly paid; and that a portion of said estate remains to be divided among the legatees of said deceased, and praying among other things for an order of distribution of the residue of said estate among the persons entitled:

It is therefore ordered, that all persons interested in the estate of said Josefa Munoz de Uribe, deceased, be and appear before the Probate Court of the City and County of San Francisco, at the Court room of said Court, in the City Hall in said city and county, on MONDAY, the 20th day of January, A. D. 1868, at (2) two o'clock P. M., then and there to show cause why an order of distribution should not be made of the residue of said estate among the legatees of the said deceased, according to the provisions of decedent's last will and testament, heretofore admitted to Probate by this Court.

It is further ordered, that a copy of this order be published for four successive weeks before the said twentieth day of January, A. D. 1868, in THE CALIFORNIAN, a weekly newspaperprinted and published in said city and county.

M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.
Dated December 16, A. D. 1867.
M. BERGIN, Esq., Attorney for Petitioner.
de21-28 ja4-11-18

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF GEORGE W COLEMERE, deceased.—Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the estate of George W. Coleman, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice, to the said administrator at his place of business at the office of Burnett & Burnett, Esqs. No. 606 Washington street, rooms No. 57, 58 and 59, in the city and county of San Francisco, State of California, or they will be forever barred.
JAMES B. CHALMERS,
Administrator of the estate of George W. Colemere, deceased.
Dated December 17th, 1867.
W. C. & J. M. Burnett, Attorneys for Administrator.
de21-28 ja4 11-18

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF WILLIAM STANNAH, deceased. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administratrix of the estate of William Stannah, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against said deceased, to exhibit the same with the necessary vouchers, within ten months from the first publication of this notice, to the undersigned, at the office of W. C. & J. M. Burnett, Esqs. No. 606 Washington street, San Francisco.
BRIDGET STANNAH, Administratrix.
W. C. & J. M. Burnett, Attorneys for Administratrix.
de21-28-ja4-11-18

BOWEN BROS.

GROCERS,
Tea and Wine Merchants,
S. E. cor. Montgo'ry and California,
San Francisco.
Wholesale Store,
204 Front Street.

The California.

"SURELY THERE IS A VEIN FOR THE SILVER AND A PLACE FOR GOLD WHERE THEY FINE IT."

VOLUME VII., No. 32. OFFICE, No. 532 MERCHANT ST REET. | SAN FRANCISCO, DECEMBER 28, 1867. | TERMS, $5 A YEAR, BY MAIL, IN ADVANCE 50 CENTS A MONTH, BY CARRIER

THE LION'S MOUTH.

"THE gravest beast is an ass, the gravest bird is an owl, the gravest fish is an oyster, and the gravest man is a fool." SYDNEY SMITH.

"I WILL roar, that I will do any man's heart good to hear me." A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

"I WILL aggravate my voice so, that I will roar you as gently as any sucking dove; I will roar you an 't were any nightingale." IBID.

"*Nil falsi audeat, nil veri non audeat dicere.*" CICERO.

The Educational Bear-Garden Again.

In spite of our remonstrances the members of the new Board of Education will not behave themselves. They were at it again last Monday. Mr. Cobb was terribly excited on the subject of Mr. Pelton's resignation having been accepted. He insisted that the Board should provide Mr. Pelton with a position in the public schools, where he could earn his bread. He said:

If you are determined to turn this man, who has served the Department well and faithfully, not two years, but eighteen out to starve, I shake my coat tails clear of it.

The noble spectacle of Mr. Cobb shaking his coat-tails, which he did in an excited and angry manner, led to more quarrelling. Mr. Holt misbehaved himself, he talked of Mr. Pelton's "Punic faith" and called the "discussion" (very correctly) a "quarrel." Then he said:

"In this dispute between Hoitt and Pelton, I can only say, with Tybalt, when stabbed, "A plague, say I, on both your houses."

This is bad for a member of the Board of Education. Tybalt did not say when stabbed, "A plague say I on both your houses," on the contrary he lay down and gave up the ghost without saying a word. *Mercutio*, when Tybalt stabbed him said:

"A plague o'both the houses!"

Then Mr. Holt did worse; he swore! He said, "Take both of these men out, for so help me God, all I have at heart is the good of this Department and the Lincoln School."

This is very shocking. Then when Mr. Cornwall said "the gentleman from the——" Mr. Cobb called him to order, saying:

"I call the speaker to order. Not the gentleman from the Fifth—the member."

The following then occurred:

"*Dr. Ayer*—Is any personal reflection intended by that remark, sir?

Mr. Cobb—By no means, as to you. I consider you every inch a gentleman.

Now it is quite evident that Dr. Ayer's efforts to "come his suave over" Mr. Cobb have been successful, as he considers him every inch a gentleman. So the quarrel—"discussion we mean—went on. Mr. Scott never thought the Board would submit to Hoitt's "base appeal to 1000 boys in that school." No suave about that! The meeting wound up with a row—a discussion—about a resolution offered by Mr. Cobb providing for the revision of the Committees on school houses and sites—furniture and supplies and printing, as they were "too much stereotyped." This is the style:

Mr. Holt—I hope this resolution will be acted on at once. The gentlemen stand up here and disclaim any insinuation against the members of these committees, and yet say they have things to say which they do not wish to utter in open Board, I say again, so far as I am concerned, I defy you both.

Mr. Coe—And I.

Mr. Rogers—And I.

Mr. Cobb.—If the cap fits your head, sir, I put it upon it.

We do hope if order cannot be maintained in the Educational Bear Garden that Mr. Cobb will be restrained from personal violence, that nothing more liable to injury, than furniture will be knocked down at any session of the Board. Seriously speaking, is it not time that the chairman had gained sufficient influence over these unruly supervisors of the education and training of the children of this State to prevent such "discussions as have occurred of late?

Literature in California.

Linn C. Doyle in his letter to the Stockton *Evening Herald*, makes some straightforward and sensible remarks in reply to the *Alta's* assertion, that writers for the Press in California received adequate remuneration. Linn C. Doyle sticks up manfully for his brethren of the Press, and claims that California possesses "the best literary brains in the Union, and the poorest paid." We like this writer's style: he is so evidently in earnest, and so fully believes in the literary supremacy of California—as far as the supply of talented writers is concerned—over all other States. The editor of the *Alta* like a comfortable, fat stalled ox cannot imagine what the writers of California have to grumble about. He says:

"In our editorial note we estimated the amount paid to California authors at $10,000, and we have no reason to reduce that estimate now.

Wicked, ungrateful Linn C. Doyle to accuse California of not encouraging home authors! A State that has during the space of seventeen years rewarded her literary men with the munificent sum of $10,000! Shame on such ingratitude. It must be true; the *Alta* "has no reason to reduce that estimate now." Then "Roman & Co., have paid out about $3,000 dollars to authors during the last six months," and during that time, perhaps, more than $15,000 in California gold has been paid for *National Police Gazettes*, *Ledgers*, and other Eastern publications. After enumerating a number of California publications, all of which it pronounces to be excellent, the *Alta* continues:

"Whether these Californian books have been profitable to their authors appear to us to be a secondary question."

Oh! most decidedly a secondary question. It is not of the slightest consequence that California writers, who produce works of merit, should derive any profit from them. Then in the same style:

"We take more pride in the literary merit of the books of California than in their pecuniary success."

It is much to be regretted that this editorial did not appear in the *Alta* during the hot weather. It is so refreshingly cool. It is unseasonable at Christmas time, when some of these Californian authors who have not derived any profit from their excellent works, would willingly invest in over-coats had they been fairly remunerated for their labor. Now hear this sleek and well-liking animal once more rebuke the lean kine, whose champion, Linn C. Doyle, has costituted himself:

"The profession of letters on the Pacific appears to us, when we take all the circumstances into consideration, to be in a very satisfactory and promising condition."

This is the conclusion of the article. The editor of the *Alta* is perfectly satisfied and so we trust will be every member of the profession of letters after he has carefully perused this remarkable editorial. When we reflect that this literary production cost the proprietors of the *Alta* somewhere about twenty dollars, basing our calculations on the yearly pay of the editor, and the proportionate amount of literary labor which he performs, who dare say that members of the literary profession in California are underpaid!

The Reverend Henry Ward Beecher, Novelist and Playwright.

On dit; that Mr. Beecher is now engaged in writing a drama of a strictly original character—the scenes to be laid in New England—for the Worrell Sisters.

Anything to turn an honest penny says Beecher. Why shouldn't he increase his limited income by writing stories for the *Ledger*, and plays for the Worrell Sisters? We hope that his congregation will not raise any frivolous objections to his thus filling up his spare time. Perhaps Mr. Beecher will in course of time acquire such a liking for the stage that he will on a future occasion appear in some part not derogatory to his character as a minister of the Gospel. We all know that old-fashioned people consider the theatre the entrance to hell and the pit as a sort of preparatory academy for those destined for the bottomless pit. But why should not Mr. Beecher carry the war right into the devil's domain? Can any improper word, guesture or thought be perpetrated on a stage, devoted to the representation of scenes in New England which is as all know the special abode of the saints on earth. Even if Mr. Beecher does play at a theatre on week days and preach on Sundays, we do not think that he is liable to get his morals hurt.

The Negative of Life.

The *Times* says:

"George F. parsons has copyrighted a story entitled "Hiram Potter's Vision: The Phantom that visited him, and the scenes that were shown him; the negtive of life in San Francisco."

We don't exactly know what "the negative of life in San Francisco" is useless, it is death. A photographic negative presents lights and shades reversed. Certainly this is not a characteristic of Mr. Parson's story; he presents a faithful picture, and by no means represents the dark shades of juvenile life in San Francisco as light; he paints the horrid boys very black, but not blacker than they really are. The moral throughout is most positively urged, and certainly "the negative of life in San Francisco" appears anything but a fitting sub-title for "Hiram Potter's Vision."

Respect for the Dead.

An exchange says:

China has rich mines, but will not let them be worked for the fear of disturbing the repose of the dead.

Good gracious! Such a reason would not carry much weight here. Let gold be discovered in Lone Mountain Cemetary, and within six hours after the fact was known there would not be a foot of ground which was not staked out for mining purposes. Bah! A man in San Francisco under the influence of a mining excitement would jump his grandmother's grave, and turn his family vault into a whiskey mill for the accomodation of miners. What cursed, sentimental fools those Chinamen must be! It is a comfort to reflect that we sent them another missionary not long ago.

A Beautiful Simile.

The *Call* speaking of the beef displayed by two rival butches at the California Market on Christmas eve says:

Both of them displayed the carcasses of several large cattle, which were so fat that the grease looked like butter, and the meat as rosy as a maiden's lips.

This is pretty and poetical, but the converse would not be so pretty. It is a happy thought to compare raw beef to a maiden's lips, but it would not be so poetical to say a maiden's lips looked like raw beef. TREM.

DRIVEN OVERBOARD—AN ADVENTURE IN THE CHINESE WATERS.

BY JACOB CARRINGTON.

NATURE having given me a disposition inclined to a roving and adventurous life, and fate having gratified my foolish inclinations by making me a sailor, after leading a checkered existence in various parts of the world, I found myself, toward the close of the year 1861, in that strange, out-of-the-way Chinese port, Ningpo; found myself also captain and sole owner of one of those round bottomed, swift, piratical-looking craft to which the Portuguese have given the name of lorcha.

Fair to the nautical eyes were the proportions of my *Queen Mary*; low, rakish, and light in hull and spars; snowy white her new American cotton-canvass wings; formidable her two twelve pounder brass guns.

At the period referred to, I had not tested the lorcha by a sea-voyage, and only knew of her sailing qualities by repute. All aboard, however, was ship-shape, and I was eagerly on the look-out for business, when welcome news came among the little fleet of coasting vessels thronging the port, to the effect that the incorrigible Taiping rebels meditated an attack upon the island of Chusan, which lies some score and a half miles to the eastward.

This rumor, to us, meant business indeed; and skippers were soon dodging about from boat to boat, seeking information as to who intended sailing for the island, borrowing or leading munitions of war, and getting everything prepared to bring to a haven of security any luckless Chusanite disposed to flee the avenging Taiping.

A curious and a motley set were those same skippers or boat captains, representing, as they did, nearly every nationality. All assembled on board the largest lorcha (the captain of which, by the tacit consent of the masters of the smaller craft, became a sort of honorary commodore of the fleet and president of the council), to settle finally the order of going, and the ways thereof.

The pirate *Ti-mungs*, (large sea-going war junks) were cruising, some one said, as thick as monkeys in the Strait of Bafleman, where a ship cannot square her yards for them, and the notorious A-pak (the terror of the north-east coast) was declared to have a large fleet as hard at work as the much abused Davy Jones in a gale of wind.

Talking of pirates, many a legend, many a deadly encounter, and many a wonderful escape came to be narrated. One long Yankee favored us with the exhibition of a dozen jagged slugs, that had been extracted from where they had been carefully deposited in different parts of his body by the bucaneers of the south coast. Another member of the council had lost two fingers and a nose; while some one else deposed to having had his ears cut off, and sent to his friends in an envelope, as a gentle intimation of what was in reserve if the demanded ransom were not forthcoming. Then the murder of poor B——(who had been nailed to the deck of his own boat, and in that position horribly mutilated) was animadverted upon with grim rage. Nearly every one had some desperate affair to relate, sufficiently terrible, even after allowing for the elaboration in which the traveler and adventurer usually delight.

Our beverage, that afternoon, was fiery Holland gin, poured from comfortable-looking, square-faced black bottles, into cracked tumblers, china tea cups, and empty tin percussion cap boxes—our host being weak in the crockery line—indeed, the last comer solaced himself from a large glass ink bottle, but then he was skipper of some very diminutive "hooker."

The following morn came bright and clear; and before the early sun had driven the light hoarfrost from the decks, the *Queen Mary* was under weigh, bound, with many other vessels, to Chusan. Unfortunately, while dropping down the river, we fouled the ground-tackle of a large ship at anchor, and so, being unable to get clear for some time, I had the melancholy satisfaction to see the rest of the fleet skimming away without me. Away they flew, with fair wind and tide—schooners, lorchas, junks, every imaginable rig and flag, they gradually disappeared, leaving me with my new vessel to make the voyage alone and unsupported.

I had a Chinese crew, the only white man on board beside myself being young Harley, the mate—a cool hand; a strange reckless, likeable American from the old "Palmetto State;" sharp as a needle, and perfectly fearless.

Having lost an anchor before getting clear of the ship, and being unable to replace it until the next day, we were obliged to remain for the night at Ningpo.

We cleared our cables on the following morning, and were once more under weigh.

A friend of mine, a Canton man, who owned a large *Timung*, was also bound to Chusan, and with him I entered into an alliance offensive and defensive, agreeing to start to-

gether and sail in company. This same native skipper was a jolly and sociable fellow, and exceedingly brave withal (while safely in port).

"Look here, Massa Ha-le," he had said in the course of conversation, "mi no fear that—pieeee pilong" [pirates] "one smallo piecee! S'pose be come, mi fightee he; kill aller piecee man chop, chop" [quickly].

We sailed faster than our Canton consort; and when abreast of the town of Chinhae (situated at the mouth of the river, some twelve miles below Ningpo), we were more than half a mile ahead. We held on our course, straight out between the grim rocks guarding the river's bar, and the old *Ti-mung* followed in our wake. A fair wind whistled loudly in the offing as, with sail set, the *Queen Mary's* sticks bent bravely to it.

Such coasting vessels as mine always carry a Chinese captain and pilot, or lowder, as he is named, on whom the steering, and generally the working of the ship devolve. In Ningpo I had discharged my old lowder for misconduct, but the rest of the crew, with one exception, had sailed with me before. The stranger was a wolf-limbed, sharp-featured Chinese mariner, who had been picked up in some tea shop, or perhaps an opium den. My boy (*aet.* fifty), Jim by name, though more frequently called by his other sobriquet, the "Angel"—how he obtained that interesting and euphonious cognomen deponent sayeth not—was himself a Chusanman, and by long experience afloat, knew every turn of the coast, every set of the strong currents, therefore had I installed him as lowder pro tem. Jim had a moon-faced Mrs. Jim, as well as several equally moon-faced, interesting little Jims residing in the island; and although, when I asked whether he liked the prospect of a voyage, to Chusan, he answered with oriental humility: "S'pose master likee, mi likee; s'pose master no likee, mi no likee," I could yet see, by the twinkle of his oblique little black eyes—as he made the men now sway taut the halyards, now drag at the sheet—that a meeting with the Celestial beauty and her scantily clothed progeny would be decidedly to his taste.

I had heard that Jim had been suspected of having done a little pirating in his younger days; but in spite of this, and the fact that he was an inveterate opium-smoker when ashore, he proved a faithful servant to me, and one who watched my interests with the greatest attention. Whatever might be the time I called him, day or night, he would always promptly appear, and there, before me, he would stand, composing his great smooth face into an air of respectful deference, while ready and willing to execute my slightest wish. He would often rise, unbidden, in the middle of the night, and come to my berth, as he said, "to look see how master was." More than once, when I have been lying awake, shivering with cold, has he voluntarily obtained extra blankets wherewith to cover up the chilly "white demon," as his countrymen call us; covering him up too, and tucking him in, with almost feminine tenderness—so these few lines are but a just tribute to his worth.

We were still bowling along before the breeze, which, however, was beginning to lull, when I observed my Canton friend's *Ti-mung* "hauling her wind," and putting back for Chinhae. Jim explained that the skipper's courage was fleeing with the wind—his braggadocia not sufficing to make him relish the idea of knocking about the pirate-infested bays and creeks during a calm night. It was a serious consideration whether I, too, had not better return; but as both pride and pocket argued the other way, they vanquished prudence, and on we stood.

The Angel's eyes were anxiously watching the sails, and he seemed determined to take advantage of every breath of air, as he devoted himself to his duties at the helm. Ere long, back came the mainsail and foresail with that sudden heavy flap which, to the mariner's ear, speaks so meaningly of approaching calm. We were within a couple of miles of the indented coast, and had made but little further progress, when I noticed that the crew were intently gazing shoreward; upon glancing in the same direction, I saw two black and wicked-looking boats riding at anchor in a sheltered little bay.

A very short scrutiny satisfied the Angel. "Jaundow," cried he emphatically, in the Ningpo dialect. My own experience was sufficient to make me credit his assertion that the strangers were pirates. Then, as in the present day, the whole coast swarmed with them.

All hands were quickly mustered, as we at once proceeded to beat to quarters with a Chinese gong. The new hand shipped at Ningpo made himself particularly active; his face wore an exceedingly fearless expression—an expression of mingled irony and exultation. He flew to the mast-head with the rapidity of a monkey, and prepared for use the *stink pots** hanging there.

Jim's attention was again riveted on the sails, and he scarcely gave a second glance at the two boats that were now hoisting their brown mat-sails, and putting out after us. Hardly a zephyr ruffled the surface of the sea; and the pirates, being of lighter build than the *Queen Mary*, as well as sculling four large oars apiece, were rapidly gaining on us.

At length the foremost boat arrived within two or three hundred yards; and then, taking careful aim with the after-gun, I fired, and had the satisfaction to see the splinters fly as the shot took effect. Still the pirate steadily held her course, and presented so small a mark end on, while her crew were safely concealed behind thick shot-proof bamboo mats in the stern, that our guns were comparatively useless. My own crew, with the exception of Jim and the new hand (whose name was A-sing), began to manifest unequivocal symptoms of fear—their yellow skins turning to a pale, unhealthy blue. Harley was only able to prevent them deserting their stations, and running below, by presenting a loaded revolver and threatening to shoot the first who attempted to do so.

Soon we could hear the whooping of the pirates at their oars, as they rapidly shortened the distance between us. Harley and myself were kneeling, with our rifles rested, only waiting for the appearance of a man on the deck of either boat. We were perfectly well aware that if we once allowed them to get within stink-pot range, it would be all up with us. Our opportunity came at last. One fellow, impatient to board, and not having a proper fear of English powder and rifle-range, forsook the safe cover of the mats, and walked to the forepart of one of the pursuing vessels, where he began preparing various instruments for grappling. Harley's eyes was upon him; we knew full well how much depended on the first shot; nevertheless, confidently came that amiable Celestial. Already, in anticipation, he smells the blood of the "foreign devils," but he cannot divine the imminence of his own fate, or the deadly and almost imperceptible movement whence proceeds the danger. The brown muzzle of Harley's rifle shifts just a little to the left, and a hairbreadth higher. A sharp, ringing crack! And when that little column of white smoke clears away I see upon the mate's face a self-satisfied, determined expression; some hundred yards astern there afloats the dusty carcass of a Chinamen, with a large red patch near the heart—a man and a brother, doubtless, but nearly potted, very!

That rifle-crack seems to have released the wind. The Angel, cool as a cucumber, gathers his men to take a pull at the mainsheet, and the canvas once more fills to a particular welcome breeze. Harry's shot, too, seems to have given our recreant tars fresh courage, and as we begin to leave the pirates far astern, their bravery is quite refreshing; they loudly congratulated each other upon the valor they have displayed, and vow, with terrific Chinese maledictions, to cut out and devour the heart of any Jaun-dow foolish enough to tackle them.

About 5 P. M., the pirates being quite out of sight, Harley and myself went below to dinner in the cabin; after which, we lay down, and had an hour's sleep, knowing that our utmost vigilence would be required during the night, so multitudinous were the pirates in the vicinity of Chusan, and so active their operations during the darkness.

Harley was the first to wake up, and when he aroused me, we went on deck together. The tide was running slack, and the wind had fallen quite light again. The Angel was lying stretched out in a blanket near his assistant at the helm. The moon had not risen, and the night was profoundly dark; this would have been a matter for congratulation, but, to our horror, we had only been enjoying our cheroots a few moments, when we discovered that the mast-head light was hoisted and burning brightly. The Angel was instantly aroused from his slumber, and surprised us by declaring that he had given the crew strict orders not to hoist that lantern, and also be careful that they did not display any other. The lamp was quickly hauled down, and all hands were mustered, but not a man would own to having touched it. Eventually I knew who to blame, but at that time had no suspicion.

Having given the necessary instructions to extinguish every light on board, I remained on deck to see that my orders were obeyed, so that our whereabouts might not be betrayed to lurking disbonesty; if, indeed, such a misfortune had not already taken place, as it was quite possible that our late assailants had followed us, and, by keeping close inshore, passed ahead, so as to have seen our light. As a further precaution, I instructed Harley to employ several men at drawing water, with which to keep the decks thoroughly wet, so as to extinguish any stink-pots that might come. But I knew that, if we were attacked, our chance of escape would be but small indeed; two Europeans would not be able to work the guns without assistance, and our Chinese mariners would be perfectly useless in the dark.

Over our dinner, I had asked Harley whether he could swim, and, in answer to his look of surprise, had stated my fear that such a contingency as taking to the water, for our lives was far from being improbable ere another sun had risen. My companion had replied that he could swim a little, and I had promised to give him all the assistance in my power, should we be fortunate enough to experience so desperate an emergency.

Having buckled on our cutlasses and revolvers, we placed our easy chairs on the weather side of the quarter deck, and sat straining our eyes at the deep darkness, while yarning in a broken manner of friends and home so far away.

I should imagine that nearly half an hour had passed away when Harley and the Angel suddenly gave the alarm together; the latter, from his post at the helm, crying: "Jaun dow li, Juan dow li!" and the former seizing me tightly by the arm, and exclaiming: "Pirates, by the Eternal!"

Even as they spoke, my ear plainly distinguished the distant creaking of the heavy *yulos* (large oars, generally thrust out astern, and sculled backward and forward on the screw principle). We sprang to our feet, and our half dozen rifles were on deck within a couple of minutes. Then the mate stood by the after-gun, all his temper "riz" at the notion of a free fight. Two or three of the crew—A-sing among them—lent a hand. Then, as a large black hull loomed up on our weather-beam, I asked: "Are you ready with the gun?"

"All ready!" cried the mate.

"Then fire!"

Down went the match—a second's suspense—and the roar of the polished brazen destroyer echoed aloud and ringing through the still night air; but, alas! the gun being double shotted, the recoil was so great as to carry away its trunnion-bands, when it flew up from the carriage and fell on deck.

"Never mind, Harley," said I; "run forward, and let them have the contents of the other gun. Keep her away a couple of points, Jim."

I waited. Down went the match, but the gun hung fire.

"Bear a hand there, Harley—bear a hand!" I shouted impatiently, for the suspicious vessels were getting alarmingly near. "What is the matter? Fire! fire!"

The mate came aft, quietly picking his way, and said: "By the Eternal, capt'n, the foremost gun is spiked! I reckon some of the crew have jist done this."

The pirates were now within pistol range, and through the gloom we saw the long dark shadows of other boats following the nearest. There was nothing left us but to take our rifles and trust to Providence, though we could hardly expect to be able to do more than to sell our lives dearly. Chinese pirates show no mercy.

At this moment, and while the approaching vessels seemed "lying-to"—probably to make final arrangements before closing with us—the man A-sing came aft. We were leaning against the cabin sky-light, waiting for the pirates to show a light (which we knew they would soon require, Chinese fashion, to see us by), when he came up grinning and chuckling as he said: "Mi chinchin you; mi hang lamp; mi putee nail inside gun. Just now mi go friend; by-em-by come back, *sar, sar!* for you two piecee head."

He sawed the air sideways with his hand, to illustrate the pleasing meaning of *sar, sar!* and then made two or three active leaps to the gunnel. Another moment and the wretch would have taken to the water, and been safe with his friends the pirates, for I was too much surprised to stop him, but just then a sharp report rang in my ears, one shrill cry was heard, and the traitor fell in-board, shot dead by Harley's "six shooter." My friend then proposed the following problem, with the air of a man propounding a serious metaphysical difficulty: "Can you tell me why a fellow, when he has done a dirty trick, must nearly always brag about it?" He turned the yellow betrayer over with his foot, and continued: "I thought you were a bad lot anyhow, and kept a 'weather eye lifting.' Wall, you sold us twice, but I reckon we're quits now. Darned skunk!"

The discovery of the treachery made us both "kinder riled," as Harley expressed it.

The pirates were now rounding to under our stern, and lighting, as we expected, great torches. We loaded and fired as quickly as possible, now and then getting a good chance to deliver a dead shot. Nor were our assailants backward in replying, for their missiles came rattling heavily about us.

"Shoot straight—shoot straight, darn you!" yelled Harley, excitedly. But then, whiz came stink-pot number one. Being nearly amidships, it did not affect us, though Jim (whom we could discern by the fitful red glare still faithful at his post) must have been sadly burned.

Now, for the first time, a panic seemed to seize poor Harley; he suddenly called to me in a low, hurried voice: "Captain! let us jump—let us swim for it!" He sprang to the side.

"Hold on a bit, Harley," said I. "Let me have another shot—one more yellow devil—and then we'll be off."

I picked up my own particular rifle, not yet used; I had not long to wait. Taking a steady aim at a wretch holding a flaring torch in one hand and swinging a stink-pot in the other, I pulled the trigger, and saw him spring several feet in the air. Then I bawled: "Come on, Harley—come on!" And, in fact, the dread reality of being within a few moments of death by hacking dawned upon me, so infectious is fear. I could not see my friend, though I looked eagerly around. As for the crew, with the exception of the Angel, they had long since stowed themselves away.

The Angel called to me: "Typho (mate) have go down-side water."

"Come along then, Jim; let us follow him; be quick," I shouted.

"Master, mi no can; mi too muchee burn. Chinchin you

more better go just now."

Bump came the bow of the foremost pirate against our stern, and her crew began clambering on board. I threw off my monkey-jacket and quietly dropped overboard, heavy sea boots and all, there being no time to undress now. I held on to a rope for a couple of seconds, while shouting for Harley; but meeting with no response, I put my feet to the lorcha's side, audibly muttered "good-bye," and commending myself to God, kicked out well under water.

I knew that the pirates had seen me, by the shower of bullets splashing around when I came to the surface. Fortunately, they failed to strike me, and the night was so dark that in a few moments I was out of sight. I swam the first fifty yards at a rate that would doubtless have insured me the champion's belt, being nerved thereto by the dread that the pirates might send a boat after me; then I remembered that my chance of reaching the land would be very forlorn, unless I moderated the spurt, especially as I was much encumbered with clothing. I knew, by old swimming-match experience, that the winning stroke was long and easy.

Boots, I felt, were unnecessary appendages at such a time; so, quietly seizing the water-logged casing of my left extremity, I sank, and removed it. A moment to blow, and then down for the right foot. Trousers followed in the same way, though the difficulty of removing them was greater; indeed, they clung around my feet in such a tenacious manner that I began to wonder whether I had wronged the tailor, and so, by an act of retributive justice, was to meet my death through the medium of an article of his construction. I next tore off my under-clothing (which, thanks to the Ningpo washermen, was of material tender and flimsy.) Then I bent my head sideways on the water, and struck out in the old racing style

The first quarter of an hour nearly finished me; after that my strength and breathing improved, though the stroke became so monotonous that I almost began to doze. I remember singing in a humming, droning sort of way, feeling also that my face wore a more than usually vacant expression.

After a time the excitement died away, and I realized the fact that the water was very cold. Then came a terrible idea. What is the use of this eternal grind, grind? Better raise up my arms and sink quietly down. I wondered whether it would be suicide if I did so since there seemed not the faintest prospect of ever reaching the land.

Suddenly the full horror of the situation burst upon my disordered mind. Here was I, a poor, helpless mortal, floating, drifting in the deep stillness and darkness of the night—God alone knew whither—perhaps far out at sea. I speculated in the same dreary, helpless sort of way as to how the end would come. Dashed, should I be, against some sharp jagged rock; mangled by the cruel shark (and this thought sent a thrill through my frame, such as can only be imagined by those who have had a swim for life against him); or would some swiftly rushing tide carry me into the "chow-chow" water, there to be whirled round and round for a few brief seconds, and then be sucked down to a large still pool with the loathsome dead bodies of other drowned men?

The apparent hopelessness of the situation seemed to paralyze me. I thought a prayer, rested my arms from their wearisome exertions, and sank down deeper and deeper yet. The first terrible sensation of drowning was upon me; but then, clear through the dense water, tangible, soft, even imploring, came the face of one dearest to me on earth. My energies revived; my body, too, regained the surface, where, during a few moments of confusion, I floundered like an ungainly Newfoundland. Thank heaven, I managed to keep myself afloat, and before striking out again, cleared my eyes of salt water. I had previously been swimming with my head on one side, so I now paused to gaze around for the first time. The moon was just rising over a bank of—cloud? No! There right before me—making my heart throb with joy and courage—land loomed large and clear!

All my strength, all my love of life returned. Inspired with hope, I swam vigorously toward the shore. I could now discern the dim outline of a large boat lying at the mouth of a creek, and my joy was redoubled when I found that a strong tide was sweeping me nearer to the beach. Soon afterward I heard voices, talking, vociferating, as only your true Chinese can; threateningly, I fancied, they sounded; but my great exertions were producing complete exhaustion, so I struggled onward. I could now barely keep my head above water, when suddenly my foot struck something hard. It is mother earth—earth at last! I tried to stand up, but only fell helplessly about. Then, through the shallow water, with a rush and a loud splashing, there comes a Chinaman. "Keep off, wretch, keep off!" I feebly cry. He won't, and is friendly.

In a short time, I recovered my senses, and found myself lying, enveloped in sheep-skins, the center of an admiring group of natives, who, perhaps, rejoiced, but who certainly shouted. It was out of the nature of things for me to resist thanking that Power (not poor dumb "Joss," to whom the surrounding people ascribed my wonderful deliverance) which had saved me; but when I had done so, the carnal man being still unsubdued, I shook my fist in the direction of the pirates at sea. This proceeding elicited a round of applause from the crowd, and produced the sounding title of Tasin, that is, Great-heart, borrowed, I presume, from some Chinese Pilgrim's Progress.

Four stout fellows at once seized and carried me off toward their village in the hills.

Upon reaching the mud and straw built hamlet, I was carried into the largest cottage—the residence of the venerable elder of the place. Ready hands assisted in placing me upon a couple of boards stretched over trestles, which, in this primitive household, constituted a bed. They then covered me with a huge cotten stuffed quilt—dirty and not aromatic, but very welcome. Brass vessels filled with burning chorcoal were placed underneath my couch; hot *laou-chou* (native wine) was poured down my throat, as well as vast quantities of scalding tea.

More than an hour elapsed before returning circulation warmed me, and rewarded the efforts of my kind attendants.

Very gravely the elders debated what was to be done with me, until I gave them to understand that it was my wish to proceed to Chusan, and that I would reward them for taking me there. I fell asleep muttering in their tongue, as far as I could speak it: "Chusan go, I give dollars."

In the morning, while waiting for the tide to permit my departure in a boat, numerous small natives took me into their possession, and with every symptom of lively satisfaction, trotted me off to the sights of the village, commencing with the Buddhist temple, mud *ad infinitum*, and ending with the coffin-maker's shop, mud as before. At length, after numerous farewells, and spasmodic attempts on my part to express the gratitude I felt, we cast off, made sail and were away.

At four o'clock in the afternoon I had the satisfaction to reach Chusan, and once more see the Christian ensigns fluttering in the breeze. The captain of the lorcha to which we steered did not at first recognize me in my Chinese rig, but when assured of my identity, nothing could have been kinder than the welcome he gave me. After well paying my Chinese friends for their trouble, and thereby rejoicing their hearts, I bade them adieu.

I have little more to narrate. That night, while sitting over unexceptionable cognac and cheroots in the cabin, a voice called me on deck. Proceeding there, who should I find but the Angel—aghast at what he considered my supernatural escape, and seemingly burned into one huge blister by stink-pots. At length he was able to exclaim: "O master, mi too muchee glad! Hi-ya! you have swim too muchee long way! O master"—now fairly blubbering—"mi before muchee sorry; mi tinkee you have die."

"All right, Jim; thank Heaven, we are both safe," said I. "But where is Harley?"

"Master, Harley have makee die. He no go water long a you; he makee hide. By-em by, Jaundow li [come]; cut, cut, cut; too muchee knife. Harley makee little fightee; no good. He jump now; no good. Too muchee sick; alle cut; no can walkee [swim]. Harley have go downside die."

The pirate had let Jim off to make terms for the ransom of the *Queen Mary*, *he* said; but I could not help thinking that he might not have met an old *camrade*, who had spoken a good word for him.

"Well, Jim, you too muchee burn, eh?"

"Yes, master," replied he, blubbering again, "but mi no care, master no have die. Ma-se-ke [never mind], mi pay Joss one numbah one chin-chin."

And in another moment he would have been kissing my feet. I was "green" then in China, and consequently treated the natives as fellowmen—beings with souls as well as myself—and some of them rather liked it; I think the Angel did.

Three months later, there came, from an old plantation in South Carolina, kind words and forgiveness for him who rested, hacked and quiet, at the bottom of the Chinese seas.

The Way to Health.—The only true way to health is that which common sense dictates to man. Live within the bounds of reason. Eat moderately, drink temperately, sleep regularly, avoid excess in anything, and preserve a conscience "void of offence." Some men eat themselves to death, some drink themselves to death, some wear their lives out in indolence, and some by over-exertion; others are killed by the doctors; while not a few sink into the grave under the effects of vicious and beastly practices. All the medicines in creation are not worth a farthing to a man who is constantly and habitually violating the laws of his own nature. All the medical science in the world cannot save him from a premature grave. With a suicidal course of conduct, he is planting the seeds of decay in his own constitution, and accelerating the destruction of his own life.

Example moves more than homily, though it be less clamorous.

Satire should not be like a saw, but a sword; it should cut, not mangle.

The bee and the butterfly are both busy-bodies, but they are differently employed.

TOILERS WITH THE BRAIN.

THE "Health and Longevity of Brain Workers," by Dr. George M. Beard, an article in *Harpers Monthly*, presents some curious statements with regard to the physical effects of intellectual labor, showing that constant activity of mind forms the most favorable condition for the attainment of old age. It is true that many whose names shine brightest in the galaxy of the world's thinkers, walked all their lives in sorrow and pain, and sunk into premature graves. But on the other hand it is just as true that the logical cause of the suffering and early decease of these men is to be found, in most instances, not in their intellectual activity as authors so much as in their native feebleness of constitution, in their dissipated habits or in their external circumstances. Many delicate, finely strung natures are irresistibly impelled to authorship by the force of their genius, and, if such are doomed to a life-long battle with disease, surely their calling should not be held responsible for their misfortunes. Some worry themselves to death, others hasten it by over-indulgence of the passions, and others die simply because nature does not allow them sufficient capital to sustain life; but very few die simply from over exertion of the mind.

Contemplate what wonders of toil as well as of suffering have been endured by many authors who have yet attained a good old age. Sir Walter Scott, overwhelmed with debt, lonely through bereavement, persistently writing and planning until he was past sixty; Dante, fighting with poverty and his own weaknesses, plunging into all mysteries and sciences for three-score years and ten; Edwards establishing a reputation as a theologian and philosopher that shall stand forever, while he was obliged to measure out his plain food according to the caprices of his delicate stomach; Irving, working at his desk for ten and even fifteen hours a day, rising often at midnight to resume his task, and yet not compelled to lay aside his pen until he was seventy-six. Besides these, scores of names are at once suggested of men of genius and letters who have struggled with poverty and various forms of ill, and yet have thought on and written until past the allotted term of human life.

College students are referred to as affording examples of vigorous and bounding health, not inferior to that of any other body of young men in the country. Intelligent farmers form an important class of brain-workers, and it is generally known that they reach a high average of longevity. "But this green old age is not due to their muscular exercise alone, for mechanics and laborers, who work even harder than farmers, do not live as long by many years; it is not due to the pure air they breathe, for many out-of-door laborers are much lower in the scale of longevity than they; nor lastly, is it due to the calmness of rural life, for the farmer, if a freeholder is burdened with grave responsibilities and oppressed by weightier cares than the butcher in the market, the teamster on the highway, or the workman he employs by the day, all of whom die much younger than he.

"Farmers are long-lived not only because of pure air, moderate exercise and country quiet, but more especially effects of merely physical labor by varied activity of the mind. Of nearly twenty thousand of this class who died in Massachusetts, the average age was over sixty."

In our large cities also the best physical development is found in the most highly favored classes as regards material prosperity, and whose habitual pursuits demand constant activity of mind. Merchants and manufacturers live longer than artisans and laborers, but not so long as professional men. Reasoning from analogy and from the facts of biography, it would seem that those who are endowed with unusual intellectual powers can work harder and longer, all things being equal, than the rank and file of humanity.

Alfred Tennyson's great poem. "Enoch Arden," has been translated into German, in masterly style, by Edward Duboc (pseudonyme for Robert Waldmueller). The metre is that of the original.

Robert Browning is fifty-six years old, instead of forty-nine, as stated by an exchange. His first poem appeared in his twenty-third.

Mr. Bently is preparing for publication "The Miscellaneous Prose Works of Edward Bulwer, LordL ytton" now first collected.

Mr. W. H. Dixon's new work is to be called "Spiritual Wives."

Victor Hugo is endeavoring to get the material for writing the life of John Brown.

James Greenwood, the well-known author of "A Night in a Casual Ward," has published a novel called "Humphrey Dyot."

A recent writer says, on Dicken's authority, that the novelist's first model of Pickwick was a tall, dignified, benevolent, *thin* man.

George Ticknor Curtis has written a "Life of Daniel Webster," which the Appletons announce for immediate publication.

LITERARY GLEANINGS.

A "PHENOMENAL" ARTIST.

RUSKIN, who is recognized in many circles as an almost oracular authority on art matters, has no appreciation of Gustave Dore, and in one of his recent lectures, he sneered at the popular French artist, and poured vials of contempt upon the taste of his admirers. With the English critic, the extraordinary popularity of Doré went for no more than the popularity of Mr. Tupper would with a Saturday Review. Yet Doré has no Tupperish element in him, and the *kind* of popularity he enjoys, if not its extent, is in itself a proof that his works are worthy of attention. We do not know of any other French artist who has ever been employed to illustrate English books, and no artist of any nation who has evinced a genius at once so versatile and fecund. We have before us an edition of Don Quixotte, containing a few illustrations by this artist, which are not favorable specimens of his work, and yet there is much vigor and imagination in them all. One of the most striking things about Doré, is the readiness with which he undertakes to illustrate anything, from a child's story to an epic poem, and from the last sensational novel to a new edition of the Bible. A writer in the *North British Review*, thus speaks of his amazing versatility :

Here is a young man who has already illustrated the Bible and Dante, Milton and Croquemitaine, the Contes Drolatiques and Tennyson's Poems. If you expect all this to be done with classical purity of outline, like the studies Raphael made for his pictures, or even like those lovely drawings known to only a favored few of the artist world, which the modesty of Edward Calvert, and his high standard of perfection, hid from the public, you expect that which you will not find. Why, the man is (we believe) under forty, and his drawings are numbered by thousands. He must do at least two or three a day.

By the Cenacolo of Raphael, in the old convent of San Onofrio at Florence, hang two sheets of paper covered with original studies for the picture. Two of them are of Saint Peter's Feet, so carefully studied, so delicately and perfectly expressed, that you dwell on them with delight. There is more beauty of outline in any of the thirteen pair of feet in that picture, than in all of Gustave Doré's works put together. Look at the grace and elegance both of shape and of action of each of the hands ; if you have the faculty of perceiving it, you will know henceforward what beauty of form is, and that beauty you will not find in Gustave Doré.

In rapidity and cleverness Doré is quite a typical Frenchman ; he has all the dash, the vivacity, the *élan* of his race : he has also their hardness of heart, their want of sensibility, of tenderness, their total want of perception of beauty. As a people they do not know the meaning of the word. They understand effect, brilliancy, contrast of color, elegance, prettiness, the attractive grace of Watteau, but pure simple beauty of form is a thing unknown to them. Ask the first sweet young girl you meet what she thinks of Doré, and she will unhesitatingly condemn most of his drawings as "so ugly." Her own glass shows a fairer form every morning than any she will find in his works, and thus unconsciously gives her a higher standard of beauty than he has imagined. The plainness of French women is recognized in their own proverb : "Quand une francaise se mêle d'etre jolie, elle est furiensement jolie," but it is very seldom they do meddle in the matter. The perfection of form among the ancient Greeks is considered the source of the perfection of their statues, and on this ground we might expect to find that British and Italian painters far surpass either the French or Germans in their perception and delineation of beauty. Delaroche, whose Martyre Chretienne is one of the loveliest creations of the French pencil, had a lovely wife, the only and lamented daughter of Horace Vernet. We may lay it down as a canon that none but a beautiful race will have a keen sense of beauty, and, even though it should endanger the *entente cordiale*, we must maintain that the French are not a beautiful race. Their illustrated books are all ugly,—Doré's perhaps the least so. The Italians are a remarkably handsome race, and this beauty is reproduced in their pictures. Without vanity we may say the same thing of our own nation. Look at the difference between the distractingly lovely young girls, the handsome matrons, and charming children portrayed by Leech, and those in any French illustrated book you can find.

The following comments, though unjust to the French as a people, and indicating that the writer confounds the superficial levity of the French character, with real want of sensibility, are eminently suggestive :

To keep the conscience pure we must refrain from a voluntary contemplation of sin ; and to keep the taste pure we must refrain from dwelling on ugliness, especially before the judgment is formed and the taste fixed.

What can be more hideous than those French bronze figures of preternatural length and emaciation, like spiders on stilts? Yet these are, or were, all the fashion in Paris!

The national hardness of heart and want of sensibility in the French nation comes out strikingly in Doré. Want of imagination often produces apathy. Kind-hearted people sometimes do not feel for suffering, because they cannot imagine it ; but Doré, with a vivid imagination of suffering, has no feeling for it. On the contrary, he revels in depicting it. This is especially the case in his illustrations of Dante. The poet represents schismatics as cut in pieces,—their punishment for dividing the unity of the Church. Doré gives no less than four illustrations of these mangled bodies—some with the face cut off some split in two, others with their mangled stumps turned towards the spectator. It is like a butcher's shop ; all moral meaning is wholly lost sight of, and nothing but disgust excited. Dante's own descriptions are horrible enough, but they are generally brief, and there is a tone of judicial gravity about them which directs the attention rather to the punishment of the sin than to the torment of that punishment. We can read and approve of a hanging, though we could not endure to see either it, or an exact picture of it. Our sense of justice produces a feeling of satisfaction on hearing of the execution of such criminals as Burke and Hare, Rush or Courvoisier, but a picture of a murderer in his dying agony would be scouted as too horrible. The physical details of suffering are no fit subjects for art. Music might as well reproduce shrieks of agony, as painting the severing of limbs, the rending of the muscles, the pouring forth of human gore.

THE CIRCULATION OF NEWSPAPERS.

The New York *Round Table* makes a charge against the publishers of the *Independent*, of endeavoring to promote their own business interests by a resort to peculiarly small arts. It says :

The Independent, a generally respectable weekly, has lately been at great pains to impress upon the public mind an appreciative notion of the extent of its circulation. This is fair and reasonable enough, and we have nothing to say against it. The circulation of *The Independent* is probably large, and we rejoice in its prosperity. But its publishers have just now had the curiously bad taste to lump together some half-dozen of its weekly contemporaries, designating them by name, for the purpose of drawing attention to the alleged numerical inferiority of their aggregate circulations to that of *The Independent*. Even to this, which is probably a ludicrous misstatement, we should have taken no public exception, had it not been for the circumstance that the publisher of the journal in question had for some time previously been actively engaged in distributing *private circulars* of a very ungenerous and even more explicit character, with the direct and flagrant intention of injuring the same unoffending contemporaries for the profit and glory of his own publication. This circular contained some statements which we know to be untrue, and inferentially, additional statements which others know to be untrue We have no desire to indulge in invective either towards *The Independent* or any other journal, and in a case like this, did we refer to it at all, we should especially be disposed to content ourselves with a plain exposition of the facts, leaving the public to draw their own inferences and take their own course. There are, however, a few points of a general character to which we had reference in speaking of popular mistakes in this connection, and which may profitably be discussed. The first point is suggested by the common error that the value of an advertisement is strictly measurable by the numerical circulation of the sheet that contains it. Such an estimate is fallacious for reasons as good, although somewhat different, as would invalidate the supposition that the intrinsic merit of a book could be guaged by the number of copies sold. Mother Goose probably sells better than Bacon, and there may be a wider demand for the dissertations of Peter Parley than for those of John Stuart Mill. There can, however, be no serious question as to the comparative value of these works, or as to their relative influence with society. New editions of Mother Goose and Peter Parley might perhaps be advertised with advantage in the Sunday newspapers, but not so with Bacon and Mill. In like manner, the "personal" intimations, whereby imperfectly educated persons of an immoral turn of mind are in the habit of communicating with congenial souls, no doubt answer their purpose if inserted in similar vehicles ; but a respectable young lady seeking a situation as governess, or a gentleman wishing to buy or sell property, would scarcely select them notwithstanding the acknowledged extent of their circulation. In such cases quality is a far more important consideration than quantity, and the same principle holds good as applied to a great variety of merchandise as well as to personal needs. There are journals to which, if their editions were quadrupled, certain kinds of advertisements would never make their way; there are others to which, were their editions much smaller than in fact they are, certain kinds of advertising would never fail to come. The instinct of dealers teaches them to announce their wares not to the greatest number of possible readers but to the greatest number of probable purchasers.

THE PACIFIC PRESS.

The changes in the journalism of this coast are so rapid, and newspaper births and deaths are so frequent, that the following statement of "the present condition of the Pacific Press" from *Trubner's Literary Record*, being more than six months old, is of course, very inaccurate. We can count up more than thirty new dailies and weeklies that have been commenced since this statement was compiled, and nearly half that number that have given up the ghost, taking only California and Oregon into our calculation :

"In San Francisco there are twelve dailies, one tri-weekly, and forty-one weeklies. Part of the latter are printed in French, Spanish and Italian.

"In the remainder of that state—twelve dailes, one tri-weekly, and seventy three weeklies.

"In Oregon—three dailes and nineteen weeklies.

"In Nevada—four dailies and six weeklies.

"In Washington Territory—eight weeklies.

"In Idaho—one daily, one tri weekly, and three weeklies.

"In Utah—two dailies. one semi-weekly, and two weeklies.

"In Colorado—one daily and one weekly.

"In Montana—one tri-weekly and one weekly.

"In British Columbia—three dailies and five weeklies.

"In Pacific ports of Mexico—six weeklies.

"In Sandwich Islands—two English and two Hawaiian weeklies, and two monthlies—in all six papers.

"The total comprises 214 papers. The advertisements paid for in San Francisco exceed 400,000 dollars per annum. The weekly circulation of all the city papers exceed 225,000 copies. The circulation of the three English papers printed in Honolulu (*Advertiser*, *Gazette*, and *Friend*) is about 2,200 copies, and that of the three Hawaiian papers (*Kuokoa*, *Au Okoa*, and *Alaula*) 7,800—in all 10,000 copies, among a population of 6,000 foreigners and 60,000 Hawaiians.

CARLYLESE.

The last number of the New York *Broadway* contains a very clever burlesque on Carlyle's "Shooting Niagara." Several similar imitations that have appeared in English periodicals, are said to have caused the philosopher much annoyance. The present attempts, entitled "In a Whale's Belly," is not inferior to any of the others that we have seen. Here is a specimen of the writer's skill in Carlylese :

The case of our ancient friend Jonah should seem to be more or less in point here. Jonah, prophetic person of the Hebrew species, gone upon bad courses, and "fleeing from the face of the Lord"—it is a phrase, my much illuminated friends, with deep meaning now, as of old—thought it best for him to go by sea. The infatuated mortal so fleeing! It is well known whither he fled—into the devouring belly of a "great fish"—whale, say some; but we will leave the species obscure, not seeking to be wise beyond what is written. Clear *finis* of Jonah, you would say, and conclusion put upon him and his prophesyings. But it did not turn out so ; it turned out quite other than so, as is vouched to us by the record. Jonah, engulphed in his dark prison, wondering much, as is like, where the dence it was he got to, tumbled about as we may fancy there, seeking his way out—tumbled and rumbled extremely, and "cried" mightily, as we read. The unhappy prophet! one pities him a little in his dark plight ; but also one must confess to a little human feeling for the whale, unused to a diet of live prophets, and puzzled to dispose of this one. A prophet not to be disposed of by the understood methods of digestion. Whale strove hard to digest the prophet, diligently secreting its juices upon him ; the indigestible prophet, secreted upon corrosively, tumbled and rumbled, as was natural, not the less terribly, but the more. Finally, the poor sea monster, very sick with its prophet, and thinking in the dim, fishy mind of it, it must have swallowed the very devil himself, incontinently "vomited" its prophet, glad to be quit of him on any terms ; vomited him "on dry land"—which was considerate on the poor sea monster's part—and wished him God-speed elsewhither.

MISCELLANEA.

As Henry Ward Beecher's "Norwood" was longer than he had intended, Robert Bonner gave him $5,000 additional to the $25,000 previously paid.

SEVERAL distinguished foreign critics have declared Phœbe Cary's "Dead Love" one of the best poems ever published in America.

RICHARD H. DANA, the venerable author—one of the oldest American writers living—attained his 80th birthday on the 15th inst.

CHARLES SUMNER is to write a series of political essays for one of the Boston weeklies.

TUCKER'S.—What admiring crowds gather round the brilliant show windows of Tucker's every pleasant evening to gaze on the magnificent exhibition of jewelry, gold and silver ware, etc., therein displayed. Tucker is really becoming famous for the richness, magnificence and extent of his stock. We imagine a New Year's present would be looked upon with increased value for having come from Tucker's.

GIFT BOOKS.—The most proper time for donating a present of a handsome volume, is on New Year's day—hence the publication of gift books, annuals, etc., in such quantities. Those seeking suitable works of this kind, as well as beautifully illustrated editions of poems and standard works, can procure them at Roman's, whose assortment and stock is almost inexhaustible. There also, can be found a splendid assortment of most beautiful photographic albums, and juvenile books.

THE NEW YEAR is close at hand and Appleton, at 508 Montgomery street has a perfect bazaar of articles suitable for New Year's gifts. He has shell-boxes, photographic albums, Rodger's scissors and fancy cutlery, and every description of fancy articles for presents for ladies. For presents for gentlemen, he has California diaries, filled with local statistical information, gold pens, pocket knives of all kinds, etc., etc.

GIVE those that are near and dear to you a New Year's present. Tyler Brothers, under the Nucleus Hotel, No. 691 Market street, corner of Third, have an extensive stock of photographic albums, portfolios, scrap-books, juvenile books, and many beautiful articles suitable for such gifts. Those living in the southern portion of the city will find Tyler's a most convenient place to purchase such articles.

PURE WINES AND LIQUORS.—Of course every one will be anxious to have pure liquors for their New Year's table, and for this reason we remind our readers that Whiting & Berry, at 609 Sacramento street, holds B. B. Thayer's, State Chemist, certificate that their wines and liquors are "entirely free from any of the ingredients used in the adulterations of wines and liquors."

CARL H. HAIN & CO. desire to call attention to their very select stock of Jewelry and Holiday Presents, particularly their immense assortment of Watches; the public may rely upon purchasing our goods at the usual low rates, and that no fancy holiday prices will be asked. 321 Montgomery st.

HAYNES & LAWTON, Sansome street, corner of Merchant, have the best selected assortment of Bohemian and glassware, vases, statuary, fine crockery and table cutlery, etc., in San Francisco. This firm has a partner residing at the East to purchase their goods and ship them, and has been noted for years for having the newest and latest style of goods in their line.

ALL persons requiring spectacles should go to Muller's, 205 Montgomery street, and inspect his Brazillian crystal spectacles. They are not only as "clear as cyrstal," but they are the real article itself Muller can fit the eyes at sight.

BOY'S CLOTHING—For New Year's presents can be bought at less than cost at H. M. Lockwood & Co's. 624 Clay street. They are closing up business. See list of prices on sixteenth page.

SEA VENTURES.

I stood and watched my ships go out
  Each one by one, unmooring free,
What time the quiet harbor filled
  With flood tide from the sea.

The first that sailed, her name was Joy,
  She spread a smooth, white, ample sail;
And eastward drove with bending spars
  Before the rushing gale.

Another sailed, her name was Hope.
  No cargo in her hold she bore;
Thinking to find in Western lands
  Of merchandise a store.

The next that sailed, her name was love,
  She showed a red flag at the mast—
A flag as red as blood she showed,
  And she sped South right fast.

The last that sailed, her name was Faith,
  Slowly she took her passage forth;
Tacked and lay-to: at last she steered
  A straight course for the North.

My gallant ships they sailed away,
  Over the shimmering summer sea,
I stood at watch for many a day—
  But *one* came back to me.

For Joy was caught by Pirate Pain—
  Hope ran upon a hidden reef—
And Love took fire and foundered fast
  In whelming seas of Grief.

Faith came at last, storm-beat and torn,
  She recompensed me all my loss;
For as a cargo safe she brought
  A Crown linked to a Cross.

[For the Californian.]

FEMALE SUFFRAGE

No. III.

Since the publication in your paper of my articles on Female Suffrage, there has been placed in my hands a copy of "The Constitution of the Universal Franchise Association." The organization of this Association, of whose existence I was ignorant, dates from July 11th, 1867, and its object, as explained in Articles II of its constitution, is "to secure equal rights to all American citizens, and especially the right of woman to vote." In an address "to the friends of equal rights" the association uses the following language.

"Deeply impressed with the condition of woman, her "duties and responsibilities, and the demands of the hour, "this association, through its Board of Managers, determines "to enter upon vigorous efforts for her enfranchisement, and "to continue that work until throughout this country, she "possesses the legal right to a vote in the government she is "now taxed to support, and to defend, which she is required "to sacrifice life, children, husband, property and home.

"In the District of Columbia, and in most of the Territor-"ties, *ex parte* laws exist which have elsewhere been changed. "This vast extent, comprising half the area, and one fortieth "of the population of our republic, is under the immediate "control of Congress. It is public domain, in the govern-"ment of which every citizen has a voice. We ask your "influence and aid to sustain and assist us in procuring the "passage by Congress of equal laws, giving to woman the "right to the guardianship of her own children; the right "to her own earnings; to hold property in her own name; "to a voice in the educational and moral interests of the com-"munity; and to the one thing which embraces all these and "more—her right to vote.'

Accompaning this address is a petition in blank, praying Congress "for immediate legislation to secure to woman equal "suffrage with man in the District of Columbia."

As a movement of this kind is apt to be judged, not so much by its own merits or the real principles involved, as by the character of its supporters, I append a list of the names of the Advisory Committee of the association. I think it will readily be conceded that if the association fails of accomplishing its object, it will not be from the want of talent to direct it.

Mrs. D. W. Cheesman, San Francisco, Cal.; Harriet Beecher Stowe, Conn.; Thomas Garret, Wilmington Del.; M. A. Tracy Cutler, Dwight, Ill.; Hon. G. W. Julian, M. C., Centerville, Ind.; Judge S. D. Bailey, Lawrence, Kansas.; Thomas J. Durant, New Orleans. La.; Augustus F. Holt. New Sharon, Me.; Wendell Phillips, Boston, Mass.; Lydia Maria Child, Mass.; E. Lagget, Mich.; B. Gratz Brown, St. Louis, Mo.; Ex-Governor Sanders, Nebraska.; Parker Pillsbury, Concord N. H.; Lucy Stone, N. J.; J. M. Scovill, Camden, N. J. Elizabeth C. Stanton, N. Y.; Charles E. De Long, Virginia, Nev.; Us. Sen. Benj. T. Wade, Jefferson, Ohio; Martha J. Filden, Cleveland, Ohio,; Lucretia Mott, Philadelpeia, Pa.; Col. T. W. Higginson, Newport, R. I.; Us. Sen. Jas. S. Fowler, Nashville, Tenn.; Mrs. M. A. Cutts, Brattleboro, Vt.; Judge J. C. Underwood, Alexandria, Va. C. P. Hotchkiss, Madison, Wis.; Samuel B. Watrous, Ft. Union, N. M.; Geo. Wm. Curtis, N. Y.; Chief Justice, Salmon P. Chase, D. C.; John Stuart Mill, Blackheath Park, Kent County, England.; Rev. W. H. Channing, Liverpool, Eng.; Victor Hugo, Hautéville House, Isle of Guernsey, Great Britain.

Let those whose opposition to Female Suffrage is manifested only by ridicule; whose arguments are drawn from their wit, and pointed with sarcasm only, reflect whether they can longer afford to waste on this question, such vast stores of the contempt which they will some day require for themselves. But lest this numerous and intelligent body of our opponents should be unfamiliar with any of the names mentioned above, and thus this simple argument, like many more elaborate ones, should fail of its effect, because of the peculiar intellectual state of those to whom it is addressed, I will add another, adapted to a less advanced state of general information—in fact suited to the meanest capacity. At the recent election in Kansas, Female Suffrage was a distinct issue in the contest, and the question which ten years ago a man would have been deemed crazy to advocate in a political meeting, received over forty per cent. of the votes cast in forty counties.

I have perhaps occupied too much of your valuable space with these details; but it seemed to me desirable to let the friends of the movement, as well as others, know what is doing in the matter.

Certainly the former have little cause to be discouraged. Although petitions and addresses may not have the desired effect; although the enfranchisement of woman in the District of Columbia be at present neither possible nor desirable; although every specific effort toward the great end may fail of full success; still every honest endeavor will have its equivalent of effect. The result of our efforts may not always be apparent, but be sure that no word spoken, no sentence written, will be in vain. It is little indeed that an individual can hope to effect in the cause of truth. Considered alone he is insignificant, but considered as one atom of the great aggregate, he is important. Perhaps the most we can at present hope to effect is to make the people familiar with the subject. But this is much. Whenever men become so familiar with the sound of new ideas that their advocacy no longer shocks their old feelings and prejudices, they are in a fair way to be reached by argument—to give the subject careful consideration; and when the time arrives that Female Suffrage shall be intelligently considered, the period of its adoption is near at hand. A. G. B.

SUBJUGATING AN ELEPHANT.

ON November 12th, a Cincinnati paper says, a circus elephant, 36 years old, 10,000 pounds weight, and named Tippoo Saib, while in winter quarters at Connorsville, Indiana, became unruly on account of a change of his keeper, and went to war against all mankind. He would allow no one in his quarters, and struck at everybody who approached him with his trunk and tusks most violently. His keeper determined to subdue him, and the process and result are thus described: The new keeper, with nine assistants, had fully equipped himself with chains and cables for tying, and spears and pitchforks for subduing Tippoo. The first thing done was to fasten a brickbat to the end of a rope and throw it over the end of the tusk chain, which latter is fastened to one leg and one tusk. By means of this rope, a twenty ton cable chain, formerly used to subdue the famous Hannibal, was slipnoosed around the tusk. Next an excavation three feet deep was made under the sill of the house, and while the elephant's attention was attracted to the other side of the room by a pail of water poured into his trough, the cable chain was passed through the excavation and fastened to heavy stakes outside. All this time the infuriated monster struck all around him with terrible ferocity, and tugged at his chain with incredible momentum. The next thing accomplished was the snaring of his hind legs. This was consummated by the slinging of fresh ropes around those two stately pillars of elephant flesh, bone and muscle, and finally, by the stealthy strategy of the keeper and another man, these ropes were fastened to stumps outside. The elephant was now sufficiently pinioned to allow the order, "change pitchforks," to be given. Ten men, armed with these ugly implements of offence, plunged them into the rampaging beast, taking care of course, to avoid penetrating his eyes or joints. The tenderest spot in an elephant is just behind the fore legs, and that locality was prodded unmercifully By means of a hooked spear sunk in his back, Tippoo was brought to his knees, but he surged up again with such awful strength that he swept his tormentors off their feet and made his chains whistle like fiddle-strings. After an hour's fighting he was brought down on his side, but for two hours longer he tugged at his chains with frenzied obstinacy. He pulled so hard at times that his hind legs were straight out behind him, and three feet off the ground. At the end of the three hours the giant gave in by trumpeting, which is the elephant's way of crying enough. The moment this peculiar cry was heard the battle ceased. The keeper made Tippoo get up and lie down a number of times, and he was as obedient to the word of command as a gentle pony. The animal was then groomed and rubbed off with whisky. He allowed all manner of liberties without so much as flapping an ear. He was a subjugated elephant.

TOM QUICK ON GAMBLERS AND GAMBLING.

FIFTY-TWO cards, rather longer on the sides than ends, starched backs, beautiful pictures representing kings, queens, jacks-in-waiting—which appear to be favorites with all—holders and beholders. The jacks have a way of turning up, to the gratification of many, and often make game for the players. Honors are often conferred upon those participating in the play. To be "low" is considered quite a favor.

In a religious point of view, or rather as a ready reckoner, as Pelee Dates used to say, "A full pack is a handy thing to have in the house; for," said he, "there's a card for every day in the year. The four seasons are represented by the ace of diamonds for spring, ace of hearts for summer, spades for autumn to bury the dead leaves that fall, while the ace of clubs greet the fallen limbs and bare trunks of winter. The thirteen cards dealt each hand in whist will count the weeks of the four quarters. They are an atlas, for the aces mark Europe, Asia, Africa and America."

Gentle wives, loving sisters, kind mothers and stately grandmas will not for a moment imagine that it is the intention of Tom Quick to glorify gambling or ornament it in any way that will tend to hide the dreadful results that surround it, let it be in parlor or garret. Wine and degradation follow it to the end, and I care not who binds himself to it for trade or excitement, evil results will attend him. Soft natures give way to dogged indifference. To finer feelings he loses himself. The man who adopts gambling as a profession, by degrees falls from the high position every gentleman should work his life out to maintain. Possessing kindness, love and humility, he becomes mistrustful, deceitful, full of knavery and all the other defects of character. Professional gamblers generally are generous, have kind hearts and are full of love for the world's people, yet they do not represent these excellent traits in the true way.

The gamester shows his generosity by throwing away thousands of dollars in extravagance like this. The hawd glorifies him, and calls him "bully boy." Why, he gave her five hundred for wine last nigh. The beggar-woman who holds out her hand to him, as he promenades in his dress of fashion, receives the first coin that his hand reaches—one of value, of course. The next moment he forgets that there was ever a beggar in the world.

Tailors, shoemakers and other tradesmen who have his custom, praise him. Why? Because he looks over no bills and pays the prices asked. His love for all God's creatures is proven by the risks he takes. If the house be on fire and a fellow-being in danger, he will be the first to the rescue. Let the proud or great on earth snub or trample the poor and lonely, I'll warrant you he will cry "shame, shame," to their very teeth. He fears no soiling in lifting, aiding or protecting the unfortunate in his walks. The friend or needy is welcome to his purse. Behold the change that comes over him, when the cards are shuffled and dice at work. Should his own brother contend against him, he will watch with hawk's eye that he gains no advantage. So to friends, so to everybody that is brought in contact with him while in play. There is a mistrust of all men, and certainly a fear that all believe, that when we are gambling opportunity alone is required to make us cheat or robbers. Surely you can call it nothing else but stealing when a man at play knowingly appropriates my counters to himself, let it be a split quarter or a pile of fifties.

This is done daily, nightly. Men loiter around the gaming table for no other purpose than to steal the money of the players, who from excitement or over interest in the game forget or overlook.

I have seen men whom the outside world call honest, with thousands in their pockets, steal a single check, in amount not a dollar, and argue a lie that it was theirs when they well knew it was not. What is he who cheats or takes advantage of any player but a thief? Call one of these men thieves, and high honor fills them up, and you must apologize. They try to soften thieving by calling it "smart."

They are gambling men who would take arsenic for death before they would take a farthing chip, or a penny not theirs, yet they have no compunction to win your last dollar when you risk yours against theirs, even if the pistol shot that sounds so near tells them that with the last dollar just now went a life. The dealer will subscribe a hundred dollars to bury the suicide, or bestow ten times that should the widow in her sorrow ask charity, but not a penny while the game goes on.—*New York Citizen.*

A Cincinnati gentleman who has been married for the past twenty years, has always desired to be the father of a daughter—his children being all boys. So great, indeed, has been his desire for a daughter, that he has often prayed that Providence might bless him with one. A kind Providence was not deaf to his prayers, for, to his great surprise, he was granted three girls a few days ago, there being about three hours difference in their ages. He don't pray now so much as he did.

MY AUNT'S PEARL RING.

"THAT pearl ring, Mabel,—you prefer that to all others?" I fancied my aunt spoke in a slightly regretful tone, although she had emptied the contents of her little jewel-casket into my lap so carelessly, and bid me select the trinket which should be her gfit to me on my approaching wedding day.

"You know I have a strange fancy for pearls, aunt; but if you have the slightest affection for this ring, I would not take it for the world;—and indeed," I added, setting the delicate little circle aside, and turning again to its more glittering fellows. "I dare say I can find one which pleases me equally admidst such a collection."

But with a little hasty movement my annt threw it back, saying, "No, no, my dear; if you like it, take it. I have no affection for it. Heaven knows I have little cause ever to wish to see it or hear of it again." And then, seeing that I looked up in some amazement at her unusual energy, she added, with almost a scornful smile, "What are jewels to me now?"

We were silent a moment or two, and somehow I felt that, in spite of the quiet manner with which my still beautiful aunt sank back in her chair and resumed her embroidery, I had inadvertently touched on some painful memory, and roused some emotion which it required all her strength of will to repress.

She was no ordinary character, as I well knew. Self-possessed and reserved to a remarkable degree, she had always inspired me with more awe and respect than loving confidence; but as she sat there, with the evening light falling on her delicate face, her lips firmly compressed, her brows slightly frowning, something seemed suddenly to thaw my heart towards her; and in spite of her frigid manner, I drew closer to her, and, laying my head on her knee, said softly, "I fear I have pained you aunt Magdalen."

Her needle went very fast for a few stitches, and then, as if with some resolution which cost her an effort to make, she laid down her work, and fixing her eyes on mine, gazed at me for some moments thoughtfully and intently.

"I am not superstitious, Mabel, as you know," she began slowly, and laying her light cold hand on my head; "but I think before we quite conclude the matter of the pearl ring, I should like to tell you its history. I am not sure that you will think it an auspicious bridal gift when you know all about it, and—and me."

Her voice dropped painfully as she said the last words, and I saw by her face that the memory of some past sorrow was pressing upon her with a force that even her strong will could scarcely meet and master.

"It is not a pleasant story to tell, Mabel, and it is one which, though known to others, *my* lips have never before told; and——"

"If it is painful to you, dear aunt," I interrupted quickly, "do not make such an effort for me, then. Never mind the ring, aunt Magdalen; give me that little cross you used to wear,—indeed the only ornament I have ever seen upon you: I shall treasurer it even more than the pearl ring."

"Hush, my dear—hush!" she answered, more kindly, however, than was her wont. "I have made up my mind to tell you this story. Do not interrupt me, but listen quietly; and if you can draw any lesson for your own future guidance in life, do; and then, at any rate, some good may result from my pain.

I was very handsome when I was your age, Mabel; I was, moreover, accomplished; and having lived with a fashionable cousin in London, I had acquired all the polish of manner, at least, which the habitual contact of good society gives. So when on one of my rare visits home I met and became engaged to Lord Rutherford, the possessor of Rutherford Park, no one was very much surprised, except perhaps myself.

Your mother was many years my senior, and though an angel in disposition, she had never been remarkable for her beauty; neither was she accomplished: and she therefore regarded me as a marvel, and thought no position too high for me to aspire to. My father shared her enthusiasm, and the consequence was, when I occasionally came to spend a month or two at the quiet country rectory, I was treated as a kind of divinity by my own family, and feted and admired as a superior being by the quiet country neighbors.

In justice to myself, however, I must say that, although naturally enough I was willing and pleased to be flattered, my head was not altogether turned by it; and I had acquired enough worldly knowledge in my London experiences to know that beauty was not the sole charm by which husbands were to be won,—especially noble husbands,—or fate ruled. And when, therefore, Lord Rutherford asked me to be his wife, I was very much delighted and certainly a little surprised.

I accepted him without a moment's hesitation; or rather, I should say, I accepted his coronet and fortune; for of himself, except as a necessary appendage to these desirable blessings, I thought nothing.

He was dark, and stern, and rather cold in manner; and certainly had he been a simple nobody I should never have dreamed of preferring him to a light-hearted captain of dragoons who happened to be staying in the neighborhood, and who for some time had been paying me devoted attention.

Guy Deveril was one of those men to whom the term "fascinating" may be truly applied. He certainly thoroughly understood the art of making himself agreeable; and if he did not win hearts quite so quickly or constantly as he fancied, he won without difficulty those first vivid fancies which a little constancy on his part could soon have made firm, even fierce, love.

I certainly liked Guy better than Lord Rutherford, and it was rather a trial at first to have to give him up as my constant companion in walking and riding, and take dark, stern Eustace instead; but the coronet kept me firm for the first few days, and then gradually my betrothed's truly noble character became more revealed, and if I did not love him enthusiastically, I learned to respect and honor him, as well as to appreciate his refined and intellectual conversation.

The more I was with him, too, the higher grew this esteem; and, in justice to myself, I must say, that though I felt my own nature was scarcely fit to soar with his, I made vigorous efforts to make myself worthy of him.

I was clever after a style of my own, and perhaps really more acute in my appreciation of character than Lord Rutherford, and I clearly saw that he did not comprehend me; I saw that he worshipped rather some ideal standard of female perfection which he imagined developed in me than my real true self.

But this pained me.

In the first place, I was too sincere to wish to deceive him; but at the same time I was afraid of his suddenly becoming aware of my inferiority and ceasing his devoted worship.

In spite of my disquietude, however, the courtship proceeded very quietly for some weeks, and things were advancing satisfactory towards the consummation of all our hopes. The wedding-day was fixed, my trousseau was nearly ready, the sojourn for the honeymoon was decided on, and as far as human ken could reach nothing appeared which could possibly interfere with the event which was to place a coronet on my brow and make me the wife of dark, stern Eustace Rutherford.

[My aunt paused a moment, and looking dreamily out over the distant scene of orchard and garden, dimly glimmering in the last faint rays of the red sunset, sighed sadly.]

I seem to see those scenes of the past still. I could almost fancy that figure pacing there beneath on the lawn, and pausing every now and then to look at this window, was that of Eustace Rutherford. It was just such an evening, I remember, when as I sat there on that seat, Mabel, over which hangs that rich laburnum, I was startled by Eustace's hurrying up in a breathless state, and seizing my hand, exclaiming, "Magdalen, I must leave you; my mother has been taken dangerously ill and I must go to her. I have only an instant to say good by, but I will write"; and then, before I could say a word, he had kissed me hastily and was gone.

I turned pale and cold, though I scarcely knew why, and without further delay I went into the house to tell the news to my sister Alice.

"This is indeed sad. Poor Eustace! He loves his mother so devotedly," she exclaimed simply.

"Yes," I answered; "and it will put off our marriage for—Heaven knows how long."

Ah, in my selfishness I was a true prophetess.

Alice looked up gravely. "That should scarcely be your first thought, Magdalen."

"I know it ought not; but I'm not a good young person like you, Ally, and—and besides I'm in love, you know," I replied lightly, as I was wont to do when I felt I ought to be ashamed of myself; and then I sat down to the piano and began dashing off a brilliant waltz, till my sister's light hand laid upon my shoulder suddenly checked me.

"Don't play that now, Magdalen; come to tea and calm yourself a little," she said. "You are unwise to give way to such excitable moods; Lord Rutherford is not the nature to stand it."

"I know that, and I do not indulge in them before him," I replied.

"But if you allow this habit to grow, when you are married you will not find the restraint easy," she exclaimed.

"I shall not trouble myself then; my husband must take me for what I am," was my reply.

I needed not Alice's firm "You are very wrong, Magdalen," to make me aware of the fact; but somehow that evening I felt as if some great pressure had been taken off me, and my own true nature, evil though it might be, would out.

I went out again into the garden, to avoid continuing the conversation, and to calm myself.

The next day I watched anxiously for a letter,—for truth to tell, I was particularly anxious that my wedding should take place at the time named, and if Lady Rutherford died I knew this could not be. But to my surprise Eustace did not write for a couple of days, and then only a hurried note to say his mother continued ill, but that he thought there were still faint hopes of her ultimate recovery; he did not ever mention his return.

I was disappointed; but at the same time I knew Lord Rutherford's cold nature, and I therefore comforted myself with the thought that he probably had not the gift of warm love-letter writing. I was naturally of a lively disposition, and putting the epistle in my desk, I certainly troubled myself but little about it, turning my attention to such amusement as Eustance's absence now gave me leisure to join in.

Instead of confining myself to the rectory garden, I went visiting among the neighboring families, and,—alas for my weakness and idleness!—again fell into the company of Guy Deveril. Since my engagement to Lord Rutherford I had done my best to avoid Captain Deveril, feeling that it was better for my own happiness and also more pleasant to Eustace, who, though he would not stoop to outward demonstration of jealousy, was one who I knew would brook no rival. Now that I had nothing to do, however, no one to be with me constantly, the temptation was too great for me to resist, and, insensibly, from meeting Guy in company, and talking generally with him, I passed on to strolling with him apart from others, and finally to *tete a-tete* rambles and moonlight saunterings, much in the same free way which I had been wont to indulge in before my betrothal.

Guy was more on a level with myself than the stern intellectual Lord Rutherford, and the effort I made to comprehend and appreciate Eustace was not necessary when I was with the gay captain.

He loved pleasure, romance, poetry, music,—all that could give sunshine to life, but which gives no help to weather its storms—and I was of the same light nature. His company charmed me, his flattery charmed me, and that gallant attention in little matters, which Lord Rutherford would never have thought of paying, charmed me. But though I indulged my vanity and love of gayety, my conscience was still on the alert, and as yet I was faithful in my thoughts to Eustace, and if he had but returned then, as I hoped and expected, all might yet have been well. Ah, how different indeed might my fate have been!

Days, weeks passed—a couple of months went by, and Lord Rutherford only wrote that from day to day they expected her to breathe her last. Our union he never mentioned: only once or twice did he speak of his return; and though his letters came regularly enough, and always breathed affection, I began to receive them as a matter of course, and to grow less interested in their contents.

I was a little displeased with Eustace at thus deserting me for his dying mother, and the attentions of Guy Deveril were therefore all the more welcome; and I know not whether by design or not, just at that time Guy pressed them more assiduously than ever, and whenever he could be he was always beside me.

Alice shook her head, and my father looked grave; but I used to laugh and say I was dull without Eustace, and should die if I had no one to help me while away the time, or else I put on an offended air, and asked them if they distrusted me. My foolish pride made me obstinate,—I would not be reprimanded and ruled by simple Alice, who spent her life in cutting out clothes for the poor, and visiting the sick,—and in very bravado I increased rather than diminished my intimacy with the gay captain.

Meanwhile my imprudence was attaining its culminating point.

In a neighboring town there was a grand fancy fair about to be held in aid of some charity, and a cousin of Guy Deveril, who was one of the lady patronesses, asked me to join her in keeping a stall. The invitation was sent to me through Guy, and he was very urgent that I should accept it, as the office of driving me to and from Little Denton would fall to him, and indeed we should be able to pass the day together in a scene of excitement and gayety such as we both loved.

My conscience was not quite easy, but I agreed, and set about preparing a dress which should do justice to the occasion and my own beauty; and after not a few hours' hard labor I laid out a costume before Alice's wondering eyes which even she declared would make me the belle of the *fete*.

You will think me very foolish, Mabel; but do you know I dreamt of that dress? I longed to wear it as eagerly as any village school-girl longs to put on her new bonnet. You may conceive, then, my disappointment when, on the eve of the fair, I received a letter from Eustace, which at first sight seemed to make the pleasure impossible. It was a long letter filled with accounts of his mother's health, and his own intense anxiety to get over the next few days, during which a crisis was expected to take place in the disease; but in a short postscript he said, "I have heard that you have been asked to patronize the charity fair at Little Denton. I will send you £10 as my contribution. Of course under our present circumstances you cannot be expected to appear at such a place."

That was all. He seemed to consider it a matter of course that whilst his mother lay dying I should never dream of appearing in any public place of amusement. To make such a

request as a favor granted to himself would have appeared like an insult to my good feeling and good taste.

But instead of arguing in this way, I exclaimed, "How selfish lovers are! Eustace expects me to feel as much for his mother, whom I never saw in my life, just because she *is* his mother, as he does! Absurd!" And then crumpling up the letter, I dashed down stairs to stop Guy Deveril, who happened at that moment to be passing the garden-gate and casting longing looks up at my window, to tell him that after all I must give up the anticipated pleasure; and also to ask him to make my excuses to his cousin for deserting her party after so short a notice.

"Give up the fair!" exclaimed Captain Deveril. "Why, Magdalen, whatever spirit of change has seized on you?"

"It is a great disappointment," I said; "but Lord Rutherford would be seriously offended, I fear, if I went."

Guy never spoke against Eustace to me; but he was always meaningly silent whenever his name was mentioned.

"And what harm can you do his lordship by going? By George, a man should not leave a girl for ten or twelve weeks in such an inexplicable manner, and then expect her to live like a nun! Rutherford is unreasonable!"

I was silent, for I did not choose to join Guy in abusing my betrothed.

"I suppose he thinks it would look odd," I said after a pause; "and perhaps it would; but I am very sorry. Will you tell Mrs. Deveril, and say also that Lord Rutherford intends contributing £10 to the charity?"

"Let him keep his money!" exclaimed Guy savagely. "£10 won't make up for your absence; and indeed, Magdalen, I must say I think you are a little ridiculous."

"Ridiculous, Captain Deveril! Why, what can I do? I would do anything to go,—at least," I added as Guy turned suddenly and looked at me with a strange expression—an expression which frightened me a little,—"anything that was not absolutely wrong."

"Well, then, burn Lord Rutherford's letter, and *go*," was his reply in low tones. "Perhaps it would not be quite the correct thing, all things considered, for you to attend the stall and make yourself conspicuous; but there would be no manner of harm in your driving quietly over and walking through the place with the other steady people who come to spend their money. Even Lord Rutherford only meant your joining the stall-keepers. Besides, Magdalen, the Little Deutonians are a distinct set from this neighborhood. Few persons would recognize you."

He was leaning over the gate, and somehow his hand touched mine as he said this; but I did not remove mine.

"It will be horrible dull without you, Magdalen; and go I must, for I have promised Julia," he went on. "Do come. There really won't be any harm."

Still I hesitated. I was sorely tempted. I thought of the elegant dress, the pleasures of a day leaning on Guy's arm in a tolerable crowd of company; and thus I contrasted the dreariness of twelve whole long hours wandering about the dull garden or village, and Guy at Little Denton. Surely Eustace did expect too much; besides, would he ever know?

"Come," Guy exclaimed suddenly. "You relent. You won't begin slavery till you leave the altar, at any rate; and I shall be at the gate to-morrow, punctually at twelve. Good night." Without waiting for me to say yes or no, the captain turned as he spoke, and disappeared behind the rose-hedge.

When I went into the house ten minutes after, I never said a word to Alice about Lord Rutherford's letter; and when she said to me, "I suppose, Maggy, you are quite ready for to-morrow," I answered simply, "Yes; quite."

Well, Mabel, I went to that fête, and I confess I enjoyed it. My disposition was one which thoroughly loved excitement; and whilst flattery and compliments sounded in my ears conscience had no chance of being heard. I was the handsomest girl there; and Guy, proud of being my chosen cavalier, was as devoted as I could possibly desire. Indeed that day he ventured on more downright love-making than he had ever before attempted; and he gave me to understand (at least so I thought) that even then, if I would desert Eustace Rutherford, he would only too readily claim me as a wife. I came home in a whirl of excitement; and it was only when I laid my head on my pillow, weary and exhausted, that my restless thoughts turned to consider what might be the consequences of my conduct.

I grew strangely anxious now that I had dared fate; and I trusted most intensely that Lord Rutherford would remain away from the park long enough for the excitement of the fair to subside entirely. So anxious was I, that I condescended to say to Alice that I thought perhaps I had outstepped the bounds of propriety in going, and that I hoped she would not mention it in Eustace's presence.

It happened that on the previous day I had lost a small locket, of no great value; but being particularly fond of it (and indeed of all jewelry), I had shown some vexation at the loss, and sought anxiously about; and the next day I was not surprised therefore to see Guy appear at a later hour than usual, as he had promised to go to Denton and make inquiries.

I was seated in my accustomed place under the drooping willow, working, when Guy approached, and throwing a small packet into my lap, dropped into the seat beside me. "My locket!" I exclaimed. "A thousand thanks! I scarcely expected you would succeed."

"Nor have I," replied Guy. "I thought *that*, however, might replace it. I went to Smith's, but they had nothing like the locket; and I knew your fancy for pearls."

Meanwhile, in some surprise, I had unfastened the packet, and discovered a magnificent pearl ring instead of my humble little gold medallion.

"O, but, Guy, I ought not to accept it!" I exclaimed. "You forget I am engaged to Lord Rutherford."

"Stuff! Are you never going to take a friendly gift from any one when you are his wife? I was the means of your losing your pet locket, and I do my best to replace it. Do not be so unkind as to reject my offering."

A little while ago I should have refused it firmly; but the wrong path descends very easily, though swiftly, and I was already some way in my descent "Eustace must never know about it, then," I thought; but I slipped on the beautiful trinket, and laughed as Guy declared I ought only to wear pearls, for they were the only ornament delicate enough for my fragile white fingers. Still I was not quite easy; and when Alice suddenly joined us, I carefully hid the hand newly decorated from her sight.

I do not think Guy was pleased at this interruption; but for once Alice was not to be frightened away by even Guy's displeasure, and producing her work, she sat down and remained with us till the Captain reluctantly said he must prepare for his walk home; and even whilst we sauntered down to the gate, and stood for an instant or two chattering, she remained within view on the lawn, as if resolutely determined to watch him out and me in.

But I was not inclined for a lecture; and so leaning my arms on the gate, I resolved to try Alice's patience a little.

Presently a step coming in the direction Guy had gone made me look up. Of course it must be Captain Deveril returning for something. I saw a man's shadow approaching and then I started back. It was Lord Rutherford who stood before me.

I turned icily cold as he caught me in his arms.

"How you startle me! I did not expect you in the least," I exclaimed; and making an effort to hide my embarrassment under a show, at least, of delight,—"When did you come? How is Lady Rutherford? Why did you not write?"

"Not a dozen questions, please, dearest, in one breath," he answered, with a pleased laugh, however. "Let me look at you, and see that it is truly yourself."

He was in high, even excited spirits for him; and I could not help gazing up at him in astonishment, remembering his late anxious letters.

He rushed into the house to give Alice and my father a hasty greeting, and then rejoined me in the garden, having, he said, something particular to say to me. My guilty conscience would have shrunk had he not uttered the words so joyfully, and seemed so happy; and so I stood there waiting for him, and most earnestly trusting that all would be right.

A favorable turn had taken place in his mother's malady, and now the physicians ordered an immediate removal abroad; and her great desire was that our marriage should take place immediately, and that after a short honeymoon we should join her in Italy. Lord Rutherford urged me most earnestly to accede to her wish and his, and of course I was willing enough.

Eustace talked unusually fast; there was much to arrange and little time to do it in, as the wedding would have to take place early in the ensuing week. His own business at the park, too, required his presence; and so after an hour's earnest conversation he prepared to leave me. I could scarcely believe, as I walked down to the gate the second time that evening, that such a short space so much had happened. Guy was almost forgotten,—the fair quite. All I remembered was that next Tuesday the ambition of my life would be gratified, and I should belong to the British peerage.

We stood at the gate, and for once Eustace lingered and we talked. I had a nervous habit of twisting my fingers when excited; and was it my evil fortune or an avenging Nemesis made me fidget with them then? My thoughts were so entirely engrossed, that I quite started when Lord Rutherford suddenly exclaimed, "Mind, Magdalen, you have dropped a ring." He stooped, and, to my horror, took up the pearl circlet. "Ah, that reminds me I have forgotten the case of pearls my mother sent you. What a delicate little affair! I didn't give you this, did I?"

"No," I replied faintly; and then as he still held it admiringly, I added daringly, "Papa gave it to me years ago."

Perfectly satisfied, he slipped it on my finger, saying, "I wish I had remembered my mother's gift. Well, never mind; all will soon be yours. Good night dearest."

I had never told Eustace a flat untruth before, though I had not hesitated to deceive him; and I felt anything but comfortable as I retired to bed that night. I was very much excited; nevertheless I could not help being haunted by an uncomfortable dread of to-morrow, and directly I got to my room, I carefully locked up that fatal ring.

. . . . . .

I was not surprised that the whole of the next day passed without Eustace making his appearance, for I knew he was very busy with servants and tenants; but as the evening drew on I grew a little uneasy.

This uneasiness increased when, just as we were going to sit down to tea, my father suddenly summoned Alice out of the room

Had anything occurred? My heart beat so that I could hear it above the ticking of the clock.

A quarter of an hour passed, and then to my intense relief the door opened, and Alice returned. She was deadly pale, and coming up to me, she seized my hands, and almost dropped down on the stool before me.

"Something has happened?" I exclaimed calmly, for I felt desperate,—"something has happened, Alice? do not keep me in suspense. It is about Eustace?

"It is," she answered, faintly. "Oh Magdalen, what have you done?"

"I have been foolish, I know; but,—"

"Worse, worse!" she exclaimed. "You have been mad. You have given room for Guy Deveril's boasting."

I turned pale.

"What do you mean, Alice? tell me out plainly what has occurred."

"I scarcely know the whole of the story myself; but it appears that some chance brought Lord Rutherford and Captain Deveril together late last night in company, where it angered Eustace to hear Guy speak of you with the freedom he did He boasted, Magdalen, that he had more influence over you than your betrothed, and that it was the coronet alone which made you accept Rutherford. Finally, as words got higher, he declared that you wore his *gage d'amour* on the same finger with that of your engaged ring. Lord Rutherford gave him a flat contradiction, declaring it was false; and you may guess the rest"

"A challenge!" I whisped faintly. And Alice burst into tears.

I cannot distinctly remember all that passed that miserable evening. I was like one in some terrible dream. Somehow I found myself out in the night air, running between the rose-hedges; and I distinctly see the scene, even now, of summer stars gleaming here and there through the foliage of the trees. And then I stood in the great library of Rutherford House.

Lord Rutherford was sitting by the table, with the light falling on his face, writing; but as I entered he looked up. What I said I know not—whether I made a full confession and besought pardon, or whether I gasped out a few accusing sentences, and left Eustace to guess the truth,—I never distinctly knew. Some words of his, though stamped themselves on my heart, and haunted me for years,—

"Tell me one thing, Magdalen," he said sternly,—"that ring, was it Captain Deveril's gift?"

"Yes," I answered faintly.

"Then you told me a falsehood; *you*, Magdalen, stooped to the degredation of untruth. I have indeed been deceived."

There was a silence—a dead silence—during which Eustace Rutherford stood looking down on me from his tall height with an expression of stern resolution. I knew I was condemned; my judge was just but merciless.

"I will grant your request," at length he said in clear, low tones; "I will apologize to Captain Deveril: he spoke truth;" and then he turned and walked out of the room, and left me.

I never saw him again—indeed never. I was very ill after that, and it was weeks before I recoveaed complete consciousness, or could comprehend the few lines of farewell he had left for me before starting for the Continent. He did not reproach me for the past, but he only said that we ought both to feel thankful that *before*, rather than *after*, marriage we had discovered how totally unsuited we were to each other's happiness.

Guy Deveril left the neighborhood during my illness. You see, my punishment was not undeserved; but it was heavy. And now what say you to the pearl ring? Think you that it is an auspicious bridal gift"—*Ada Buisson, in Belgravia, for November.*

Permit me to add my testimony to the invaluable qualities of the "Grover & Baker Sewing Machine." I have had one in constant use for six years: it is just as good *to-day* as it was the *day I purchased it*, which I consider quite an item in its favor. I have used it for all kinds of sewing and embroidery; I prefer it to any other Sewing Machine that I have tried, for several reasons: First, It is not so apt to get out of order as a more complicated machine. Second, The stitch is more elastic, consequently more durable. Third, It will do a greater variety of work; yet it is so simple a child can learn to operate upon it. Mrs. E. E. Turner,

San Francisco, May 8th, 1867. 608 Pine street.

NOTICE.

he publication of "THE CALIFORNIAN" *takes place on Saturday mornings, and copies may be obtained in the City at all News stands, and of our News-agents through the country. It will also be served by carriers on the morning of publication.*

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J. P. BOGARDUS,
J. F. BOWMAN. } *Editors and Proprietors.*

THE CALIFORNIAN.

SAN FRANCISCO,.....SATURDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1867.

LITERARY CONTESTS.

IT is very amusing, unless indeed an irascible temperament renders it exasperating, to listen to the ordinary drawing room criticisms of a new poem or novel. The charming unreserve and frank decision with which these critical verdicts are rendered, the curt process by which they are arrived at, tho complacency of the judges, and their apparent freedom from suspicion of the existence of any higher tribunal to which an appeal may be made, are calculated to prove both edifying and entertaining to persons of a meditative turn, who have an eye for the curiosities of human nature. We are not sure that it is not to be ranked among the misfortunes of authors that they are denied the privilege of listening to the ordinary drawing-room criticism of their works. We do not speak of writers who have become famous or popular, and whom it is therefore, the mode to praise, but of the younger class, who have not yet won recognition beyond a small circle, and who may therefore be disparaged or flouted without thereby making proclamation of the critic's folly. We think it was Doctor Johnson who observed that by a wise provision of nature confidence ordinarily keeps pace with ability, a saying in illustration of which he cites the fact that fledgling birds never show a desire to leave the nest until they are in a condition to fly. The maxim may hold good so far as physical prowess is concerned, but in the field of intellectual effort, the general rule seems to be directly the reverse, so that we more often find confidence outstripping ability than lagging modesty behind it, or keeping dutifully at its side. It is not often that a man who cannot swim, takes a voluntary plunge into water that is beyond his depth, or that an individual uninstructed in the manly art, however liberally endowed with self-esteem and approbativeness, can be induced to put on the gloves with an expert. In trials of this sort the tests of success are apparent and infallible, and the consequences of overweening conceit are immediate, and often disagreeable. If a man professes to be able to lift a thousand pounds, his pretensions can be tested in such a way as to put the matter beyond dispute. If Jones boasts that he can "whip" Tompkins, or outrun him, the question can be summarily and decisively adjudicated in a twenty-four foot ring, or on a one-mile race track. But if Mr. Gusher claims to be a poet, or Mr. Snarlsnap a critic, or Mr Glimmer a philosopher or a scholar—if the conflicting pretensions of two rival critics, or poets are in question, the matter is not by any means so easily decided—not at any rate in such a manner as to compel the acquiescence of the worsted party. A fencer who is run through the body by his antagonist, or a pugilist who fails to come to "the scratch" when "time" is called, can scarcely be conceived as claiming that he has achieved a victory; but when has it ever happened in the history of intellectual contests that the vanquished party and his adherents have confessed to a defeat?

There are many persons of both sexes, we are credibly informed, and some who have attained to years of discretion, who hold Mr. Tupper to be a greater poet than Mr. Tennyson; and there are others, as we know of our own knowledge who find more pleasure in reading the novels of T. S. Arthur and Albert S. Roe, than in those of Dickens or "George Eliot." We have no manner of doubt, that if two articles on the "political situation" the one written with the calm incisiveness, and in the polished but vigorous style of the *Saturday Review*, and the other on the model of the "Triple Thunder" leaders that were wont to adorn the editorial columns of a late San Francisco daily, were submitted to the judgment of our entire reading population, and a vote taken upon their respective merits, the admirers of the latter would be found in a large majority. And unquestionably the majority, who admire Mr. Tupper and Mr. T. S. Arthur, and who like to have their politics seasoned with sulphur and administered red hot, have a perfect right to consult their own tastes in the matter. Indeed, it is probably better that they should do so, than that they should allow themselves to be bullied by a supercilious minority into pretending that they admire what they do not appreciate, and into wasting their time in reading that which neither interests nor edifies them. Probably the "Proverbial Philosophy" is calculated to be far more improving than Coleridge's "Biographia Literaria" to those who can glow with enthusiasm over the former, and who would not understand the latter, just as sermons of the flimsiest texture, full of sounding platitudes and furbished common-places, may, when delivered with unction, kindle a devotional glow in hearts that could not be touched by discourses of a loftier and more intellectual strain.

[For the Californian.]

CONCERNING TICKETS.

SOME astute philosopher with a *penchant* for definition describes man as "an animal which uses fire to prepare its food." Of cooking *in itself* he has not left a record of his valuable opinion; but of cooking as a distinguishing trait of the genus Homo—the one thing which elevates the race above the brute creation—he has expressed a decided appreciation. We may remark *en passant*, that if this profound interpretation of the culinary mission of mankind is correct, a good cook is the most nearly perfect type of humanity. Imbued with the same spirit which prompted this comprehensive description of man, if we were asked to define the term "San Francisco lady," we should unhesitatingly reply, "an animal which sells tickets." Other cities may boast of the beauty and intellect of their women—of their taste, their elegance, their wit—they may place to the credit of their ladies a thousand and one moral, social and intellectual sundries; we scorn to call in question their claims by the faintest protest. But with conscious pride, we boldly assert that an average specimen of the San Franciscaness can dispose of more tickets in a given time than any similar establishment in nature.

And in this fact we see a wise adaptation of means to an end. In a city so painfully appreciative of modest merit; so generously intent on rendering unto Cæsar the things that are Antony's; and withal gifted with such frank openness in its manner of doing good by stealth, how could the endless list of "benefits," "testimonials," "grand complimentaries," etc., which have their origin in these peculiarities of character, be sustained, unless the ladies were gifted with extraordinary abilities in the disposal of tickets. How else, indeed, could Bob Ridley—who carried a sack of onions on his back from Dan to Beersheba for the benefit of the suffering sailor boarding-house keepers, and afterwards lost in stocks all he had made in onions—how, I say, could he be suitably rewarded unless the ladies all sold tickets for his "benefit"—and their own.

Suppose that Spriggins should lose money at bluff, and the orphans should ungratefully refuse to grind an organ through Montgomery street to reimburse him. Suppose, also, that no one could be a second time induced to become a monkey for the occasion. What then is to be done? Why, clearly, a "benefit" at Platt's Hall is the only thing under heaven whereby Spriggins may be saved. But who will fardels bear, to groan and sweat under bad acting and worse music, unless the ladies will put their delicate shoulders to the wheel, and induce us to part with our very hard cash for the very doubtful satisfaction of extracting a smile from them and a chuckle from Spriggins.

Again: amateur dramatic societies are a necessary evil, Whatever is necessary should be sustained; and the proper way to sustain this, is to help them to turn an honest penny. This can best be done by a "testimonial" to some deserving individual who will generously donate the proceeds to the performers. (N. B.—It is always best to select a name for the beneficiary the very sound of which shall suggest poverty and excite sympathy in the hearts of a charitable people. Such names as Parrott, Brannan, Hayward and Reese, are good of their kind.) Then let the ladies proceed to sell their tickets—and their friends.

Such is the general plan of proceeding, but is susceptible of slight modifications in detail. For instance, instead of asking the gentleman to *buy*, it may frequently be better to request him to *sell;* at the same time handing him not more than half a dozen tickets. Of course he cannot decline; and —equally of course—he will pay for them himself rather than return them, or bore anyone else with them.

And so it goes. If you stop to speak with a lady on the street, it is well to have a few dollars loose in your pocket. If you call at her residence, you are expected to "pay at the door."

But aside from the great utility of the custom, it has also its æsthetic side. What can be more delightful than the delicate contrast between the fair vender's indifference of manner, and the half-disguised persistence with which she urges the claims of the beneficiary—whose name, five minutes before, she had probably never heard in her life? And how apologetically she assures you that she never attempted to sell a ticket before—and does not believe in it—and will never try again—and is ashamed, really—and—and won't you just take two, only a dollar each? And then it is such capital fun to sit by (you are supposed to have paid dearly for the privilege) and watch the contortions of the next victim. How nervously he twirls his glove, and how hideously he smiles. Poor fellow! At last he dives into his pocket for the two half dollars, remaining after a similar purchase from Miss Smith next door. He pulls them out with a long breath of relief, and imagines it's all over. But horror of horrors! one proves to be a five dollar piece, and he is too proud to take it back, having no other money, and cannot ask change from a lady, (in fact she has none, which is strange when you remember what *you* have just given her,) and so he takes five. A brilliant smile from her—an abortive ditto from him, and it passes into history that Francis Augustus Fitzriggle has been swindled. You both take your hats and you leave, with many promises to call again. Sly dogs! you know you will do nothing of the kind. Nor would I.

A. GWINNETT.

THE FLOOD IN SACRAMENTO VALLEY.

YESTERDAY'S *Sacarmento Union* contains sad intelligence of the devastating effects of the late ten-days' storm, and the flood raging in the inland vallies. All communication with the towns above Sacramento, by railroad or telegraph, had been cut off, and the Sacramento valley was one sea of swiftly flowing water. On Thursday morning the Sacramento river was twenty-four feet one inch above low water mark, the American, which reached its highest point about the same time, was one inch and a half higher than the water mark of the memorable flood of January 10, 1862. The levee, having been strengthened since the commencement of the rains in portions where the currents threatened to wear it away by many car loads of boulders and granite, stood the test without a breach. The *Union* congratulates the citizens of Sacramento upon this fact, and asserts that the levee would stand a still further rise of eighteen inches or two feet before it would be overflowed at its lowest part. Though Sacramento has escaped so fortunately, the surrounding valley must have suffered most severely. We gather the subjoined record of the flood from the columns of the Sacramento *Union* and *Bee:*

From the roofs of high buildings in the city, the whole country around Sacramento appears to be covered with one vast body of water. From the city to the tannery the embankment was lined with men, women and children, all come "to see for themselves." Looking to the north, the country was covered completely with water, which rushed along with great velocity. A great many houses and barns, belonging to ranchmen, had been carried away, while others were standing in a doubtful position.

A portion of the Pacific Railroad Company's track across the slough north of the city was rendered impassable yesterday morning by the washing away of the embankment on which it was laid. The rails and ties were saved.

Many houses in Washington were last evening more or less filled with water, which enters through the break in the levee at Hoagland's.

The levee on the Yolo side is all washed away for a considerable distance above the old mouth of the American, so that the waters of the Feather and Upper Sacramento have spread for miles over the Yolo plains. A Mr. Hoagland, whose house was on the Yolo side of the Sacramento, a half mile above the bridge, was placed in great peril by the breakage of the levee on Tuesday morning, and the subsequent washing away of his house; but was finally rescued from an apple tree on Tursday morning by a volunteer crew in a Whitehall boat, at the peril of their lives. Hoagland had been two days and nights without food. Several ineffectual attempts were made by his nephew and others to rescue him on the day preceding. John Fales and another man were rescued in the same manner from a tree on the north side of the American river; their house having been swept away. Fales was nearly exhausted.

From every quarter that news has reached us since the 24th, we have accounts of destruction by flood. At two o'clock on the morning of the 26th, the suspension bridge at Mormon Island was carried away. At Folsom a quarter of a mile of railway leading to the Natoma Company's stone quarry was swept away; also, a part of the same company's new canal. The railroad bridge at Alder creek was greatly damaged, the rise in that stream having been unprecedented. The American at Folsom, on the morning of the 26th, was thought to be higher than at any time in 1862.

By the clerk of a Marysville steamer, it is reported that the streets of that place were overflowed, and the water a foot and a half higher than in January, 1862. The street in front of the Western Hotel was nearly two feet under water.

The Marysville *Appeal* states that the embankments of the California Northern Railroad at the Simmerly and F street sloughs, have been more or less damaged by high water, and railroad travel suspended for a few days. The lands in the vicinity of Yuba City are generally submerged. The levee recently built, stands firm, but we learn that the waters of the slough have spread out to the west and passing around the levee, virtually rendering the levee useless at the present high stage of water. The new levee built this season to protect the lands in the vicinity of Nicolaus from the waters of Bear river, was broken by the present floods, and the country is again inundated. The same levee was carried away last winter, and now as then the whole country is one vast inland sea. The damage will be severe, as full reliance was placed upon the permanency of the new and enlarged levee.

THE New York *Home Journal* says: "The *Independent* has been enlarged by the addition of a column to each of its pages, giving it sixty-four columns in all. It says it is now 'probably the largest newspaper in the United States.'" THE CALIFORNIAN contains fifty-four columns. So our religious contempoary heads us by only ten columns—a little difference that we will make up when we "enlarge."

THE title of the new Christmas story written by Charles Dickens and Wilkie Collins is "No Thoroughfare."

[For the Californian.]

A LITTLE LONGER.

[The unexpected recovery from a serious illness of an elderly lady far past three score and ten, suggested the following lines. The writer of them, although in the prime of life, was herself called by the "ferryman," and was carried over the "dark river of death" only a few days after the lines were written].

Thou did'st wander, ancient mother,
Down close to that dark, dim shore,
While our spirits watching by thee
Caught the sound of the dashing oar,
As the ferryman crossed the river
And gave forth a call for thee;
As if the great feast was ready,
And thou of the guests must be.

We thought of the splendid city,
Just over the hazy gloom;
Of its precious walks of jasper,
And its fresh, unchanging bloom.
And we seemed to list while waiting,
To chimes from the golden bells;
And watch for glorious sparklings
From the gush of living wells.

We thought of many a promise,
And assurance of a rest,
In the precious words of Jesus,
For His chosen and His blest.
We thought of that City's mansions,
Prepared by that loving One,
And kept for His ransomed people
By our God's beloved Son.
But the boatman on the river,
In our vision passed away,
Leaving thee a little longer,
On this life's still changing way.

DRAMATIC AFFAIRS.

ON Monday night, the Webb sisters made their first appearance at Maguire's Opera House; they received a hearty welcome back to California, at the hands of old friends who remembered them when they were here before and the California public in general, who are always ready to give a cordial greeting to every new comer. These young actresses were not long in establishing themselves in the favor of the audience. Miss Ada Webb bewitched everyone in the house by a look and a smile, and the spell is still on them. In the play of *The Foster Sisters*, with which the performance commenced, Miss Emma Webb played the part of "Neomie" with much feeling, and was particularly good in the scene where "Count d' Auvigny" acknowledges her as his child. Miss Ada Webb in the soubrette part of "Annette," acted with great spirit and showed artistic ability of a high order. There is nothing meretricious about her style of acting; she does not make big eyes at the audience, and then simper as if saying, "come now, applaud me." The audience are forced to applaud her, because her acting is really meritorious, nature is aided by art and the effect is most happy. John McCullough, who made his re-appearance on the Opera House boards on this occasion, played the part of "Elenore d' Auvigny" very quietly and well and L. F. Beatty acted the part of "Count d' Auvigny" very effectively. The performance concluded with the protean vaudeville entitled *A Day Too Late*, in which Miss Emma Webb and Miss Ada Webb each appeared in three distinct characters. Miss Emma Webb's impersonation of Angeline Sophia Soprino, a New York actress, was spirited and clever, Miss Ada Webb made a very natty Jack Tar, sang a song capitally, and danced a hornpipe in a style which perfectly electrified the audience. Her Dutch girl. "Pauline Catherinevondernopecanhearterpicklespeal," was a very good piece of comic acting, and the song caused immense fun. The medley duet by the sisters was very well sung. Both have sweet voices and use them well.

On Wednesday evening the bill was changed. An overflowing house witnessed the production of Edmund Falconer's fine comedy of *The Nobleman's Daughter*. In this play Miss Emma Webb appeared to good advantage, as "Julia Countess de Clairville," the faithful wife who is under all temptations, true to her boorish husband "Robert," (John McCullough). Miss Ada Webb was everything that could be desired as "Fanchette," causing the audience to applaud until they had to cease from sheer fatigue. John McCullough gave an artistic representation of "Robert," and Harry Jackson was very good as "Pierre Rouge." The performance concluded with the protean extravaganza entitled *The Young Actress*, in which Miss Ada Webb undertook four parts and filled each one of them excellently well, displaying wonderful versatility. Harry Jackson won great applause for his capital make up for and imitation of the style of acting of Edwin Forrest; it was one of the best imitations of this actor ever given on the San Francisco boards. This attractive bill will be played again this evening. The matinee performance will consist of *The Foster Sisters* and *A Day Too Late*.

The success of the Webb Sisters is assured, and nothing can shake the firm hold which their talent has given them on the good opinion of the public. Their repertoire is extensive, and novelties will be produced in rapid succession.

On Monday evening Boucicault's drama entitled *Flying Scud*, was produced at the Metropolitan Theatre, with new scenery, costumes and mechanical effects. The house was densely crowded. The Press have pretty unanimously decided that this play, both in action and dialogue, falls short of the merit which usually characterizes Boucicault's plays. It possesses however, many attractive features. Charles Wheatleigh played the character of old "Nat Goslihg," the jockey, in his usual neat and artistic style, never straining the text to make points, but conscientiously carrying out the ideas of the author. H. Edwards has not had grateful parts to perform since he became a manager. There is not much in "Tom Meredith"; he of course played it for all it was worth. The two best parts in the play are undoubtedly "Lord Woodbie" and "Mo. Davis," which fell to Miss Clelia Howson and J. H. Vinson respectively. Miss Clelia Howson's impersonation of the young lord, about sixteen years of age, who has just left school and taken his first plunge into the follies and dissipation of London life is a remarkably clever piece of acting. It is not too much to say that no actor or actress at present on the California stage, could have given so truthful a representation of the youthful swell. J. H. Vinson's make up for and acting in the character of "Mo. Vinson" the London Jew, were both capital. The characteristic shrug of the cockney jew was admirably imitated, and every point in the character brought out in bold relief. Miss A. Firman, who made her first appearance on the California stage, on this occasion played the short part of "Katy Rideout" with considerable animation and sang very pleasingly. This lady has a fine stage presence, is young, pretty and graceful, and rejoices in a profusion of bright and flowing hair which has gained for her the sobriquet of "The Fair One with the Golden Locks." Miss Emmeline Voeller, who played "Miss Latimer," has had considerable experience on the German stage, but is not well suited for this part. A. Fitzgerald's "Captain Mulligan" was a very good piece of acting, and John Howson proved that he had made a careful study of the part of Bob Buckskin. The most effective scenes in the play are the Fattenham Club, where Lord Woodbie challenges "Captain Goodge," played pretty well for a beginner, by E. Buckley, and the grand finale representing Epsom Downs and the Derby race. This last is the great feature of the play. The stage is crowded with negro minstrels, showmen, race-card sellers, pickpockets, policemen, gipsies, acrobats, thimble-riggers and jockeys, as well as members of the upper crust. The enthusiasm caused when old "Nat" expresses his determination—the jockey having been drugged—to ride Flying Scud himself, is immense, and the audience is kept in a delightful glow of excitement during the progress of the race. By a clever scenic and mechanical arrangement the race is seen—the horses flying round the course; just as the leading horse is nearing the winning post, Flying Scud passes him and comes in winner of the Derby. Old Nat sits in the saddle exhausted by his effort, while the crowd press round the now famous horse and congratulate the owner and the rider. The fortunes of both Tom Meredith and Lord Woodbie have been staked on Flying Scud, and the curtain falls on a happy denouement; the blacklegs are foiled and Tom Meredith and Lord Woodbie have gained back their fortunes and their lady loves, of both of which the trio, "Davis," "Goodge" and "Mulligan," have during the progress of the play plotted to deprive them. The house has been crowded ever since the production of this play. It will be performed at the matinee to-day, and every evening until further notice.

TOUCHSTONE.

CHRISTMAS FESTIVAL OF THE CHURCH OF THE ADVENT.—The tenth Christmas festival of the Sunday school of the Church of the Advent, will be held at Dashaway Hall, on Saturday evening, Dec. 28th. A capital programme has been prepared and will be sung by the children. A new Carol entitled "Christmas Bells," with an accompaniement of chimes, will be a pleasing feature. The rector, Rev. H. D. Lathrop, will deliver an address to the scholars. All who are present may expect to enjoy a very pleasant evening.

The organ of Trinity Church, New York, has been taken down for repairs, and for inspection, as crowds are going to see it. It was built by Erben, in 1846, at a cost of $20,000. Such an organ would now cost $35,000. The largest metal pipe is 32 feet long and 17 inches diameter. The largest wooden pipe is of the same length, and weighs 1,700 pounds. These pipes had quite a little congregation stowed away in them on the day they were taken down.

ANATOMICAL MUSEUM.—The wonders exhibited at this institution should be seen by all who visit this city. Here may be found the Cyclops child, a natural anatomical preparation of a child born, with one eye in the center of its forehead; three real Egyptian mummies thousands of years old, and hundreds of other surprising things.

"MONTEREY DEMOCRAT."—This is the title of a new paper published at Monterey under the editorial charge of Rasey Biven Esq. Monterey may be rather a slow old-fashioned town, but it possesses an able and spirited paper.

CHARLES DICKENS AS A READER.—When Mr. Dickens reads he seems wholly forgetful of his audience. No applause moves him to leave an abstracted mood. He is the interpreter of a drama, and the room full of ladies and gentlemen has no existence to him. A book lies before him, and he turns over the leaves, but he rarely looks at the pages. He knows them by heart. At first it strikes you his voice is artificial. There is a theatrical tone in it which prepares you for a disappointment; but in the case of nine lectures out of ten, this impression goes off, and the laugh or the tear defy the strongest will. Mr. Dickens extremely dislikes, while reading, the noise of people entering or leaving, and printed slips are usually placed at the doors begging that silence may be maintained. He does not address a syllable to the audience. On entering he goes straight to his desk, and commences forthwith.

NEW WEDDING WRINKLES.—The fashion now is, at church weddings, to stretch a broad, white ribbon across the aisle up which the bridal party pass, above which none but invited guests are allowed to sit. Another new idea with regard to weddings has been invented in Connecticut. A citizen of that State announces that his golden wedding will come off just thirty years from now, and offers a liberal discount on any presents his friends then design to make him.

ARTISTS' SECOND ANNUAL SALE.—A fine collection of paintings by our local artists—Marple, Denny, Bush, Brooks, Holdridge, Young, and others—The result of sketches made during the summer tour, will be sold at the saleroom of Duncan & Co., 406 Montgomery street, on Monday evening. The paintings are now on exhibition, and this sale will present an excellent opportunity to purchase original paintings of merit.

DAN RICE, the showman, has retired permanently from the business. At his farewell performance in Pittsburg, he made a speech, in which he boasted of having made more money than any six circus managers in the country, and said that he had given away during twenty-six years more than a million and a half dollars to various charitable enterprises.

BIERSTADT'S PAINTING, of "Crossing the Plains," on exhibition at 209 Montgomery street, still continues to attract large numbers of visitors, notwithstanding the bad weather. Strangers visiting the city should not lose this opportunity of seeing one of Bierstadt's famous works.

AN indication of shrewd sense in the publishers of Holmes' "Guardian Angel," is that they print the severe condemnation of the ultra orthodox papers as well as the praises of the more liberal secular journals. The public feel more interest in a book that is soundly abused than in one that is supremely lauded.

A REAL live manatee, or sea cow, has been captured in the St Louis River, Florida, and brought to Savannah by the steamer *Dictator*. So few in number have been the captures of this wonderful creature, that the fact of its existence in Florida has been doubted.

ANNA E. DICKINSON having been applied to by a committee from the West for a political lecture, offered "Breakers Ahead." She received answer by telegraph: "All right; give us Break his Head."

DU CHAILLU is shortly to revisit the United States, when he will deliver lectures on his African Life, illustrating them by a series of pictures which have been painted expressly for this purpose.

MR. FITZHUGH LUDLOW, who visited California in company with Bierstadt, the artist, is at work upon a novel. We wonder if it is to be a California one?

CHARLES DICKENS will write a novel for the *Atlantic Monthly*, next year, entitled "George Silverman's Explanation.', It will run through three or four numbers of the magazine.

EDWIN P. WHIPPLE is to write the life of Governor Andrew, and will begin the task at once.

JOHN NEAL, the veteran *litterateur* had an article in the December *Atlantic*.

ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS' "Causes of the War" will soon be ready for publication.

NAPOLEON'S "Life of Julius Cæsar," hardly paid for printing and stereotyping.

CHICAGO has thirty-eight daily and weekly papers, and eight monthly magazines.

WALT WHITMAN'S "Leaves of Grass" has been translated and published in Germany.

MARK LEMON has a novel in press, entitled "Golden Fetters."

IT is asserted that the Czar Alexander is writing a book.

MISS THACKERAY has engaged to write for the *Home Journal*.

ANOTHER successor to *Vanity Fair* and *Mrs. Grundy* is talked of.

HOW THE AVALANCHE COMES DOWN AT BAREGES.

IN a long, narrow, bleak, Pyrenean valley, and at a height of four thousand feet above the level of the sea, there springs from the rock, hot, sulphurous water, reputed to be the most efficacious of the many mineral springs of the Pyrenees. There is, naturally, a bathing establishment; and, in spite of the cold, inhospitable site, a long irregular street, which is called Bareges.

The avalanche does not fall from the mountains which tower above the village, but down an ominous cleft in the rocks on its right bank, and on the opposite side of the valley. And the inconvenience is, that not content with rushing from the snowy summits and sweeping bare the face of the rocks, and marking its desolate track with the scattered pines which it has uprooted, and choking the noisy river, it rushes up the opposite bank, and so through the very center of Bareges. Of course the inhabitants of Bareges know this, expect it and are prepared for it. In winter there is a great gap in the one long street—no house, nor shed, nor tree, nor bush being visible. This is the road left clear for the avalanche, which sometimes travels that way five or six times in the course of the winter. In the spring, when his visits are supposed to be at an end, the disjointed street is united by wooden houses, or baraques, in which the various merchants from neighboring towns display their wares. There is something to a traveler almost incredible, and quite incomprehensible, in erecting a village in the very teeth of an avalanche. Why not put the houses lower down in the valley in safety? the walk or ride, in summer, to the establissement being so easy. Why not convey the water in pipes? Why not—in fact—fifty other things? But no—the Bernais of the mountain is familiar with the danger, he does not despise it, but he considers the being buried under an avalanche as one of the necessary conditions of life, and all times the possible termination of it. Even in Bareges, where, as Pierre Palasson, the guide, will tell you, they take such good precaution, it is not always found a sufficient one; and the avalanche will swerve to the right or left, and cover part of the village; or it will exceed the dimensions deemed desirable, and overwhelm the houses on both sides of it.

In May of last year the winter, which had been an unusually fine one, was supposed to be at an end, and many of the marchands began to erect their baraques. Thirteen were completed, and others begun, when the weather changed, and a snow-storm came on. All that day it snowed, and in the evening the long sweep of the wind was heard at intervals through the valley.

"There is snow enough up there to burry the whole village!" said the old men who were standing in groups, consulting as to what was to be done.

"Well, well, the baraques must be left—for who will help to pull them down with this danger threatening us?"

"Depend on it this will be no light affair," said another, "and the neighbors in the end houses had better come to us for to-night."

And they separated; each, who considered himself safe from possible danger, offering shelter to others who might be overtaken by it. Thus it happened that, besides the thirteen baraques, many houses on either side of the high road for the avalanche, were left empty. But there were two households regardless of the danger—one consisted of father and mother and three children; the other was an auberge, a little inn frequented by Spaniards and mountaineers in their contraband excursions; and, on the night in question, there were thirteen under this roof. In both cases they relied for safety on the fact of the house being built against a projecting rock, which would afford shelter from the wind that precedes the avalanche. The show is a minor inconvenience that no one troubles himself much about.

The evening wore into night and nothing came of anyone's expectatations, so everybody went to bed and to sleep. Not everybody—for one man sat intently listening for sounds in the upper regions which might indicate the approach of danger. At length he rose, and went into the little room, where his only child, a youth of seventeen, was sleeping.

"Jules, mon ami, get up!"

Jules slept soundly, and only pulled the bed-clothes over his head at this appeal.

"Jules!" said his father more loudly, "make haste—get up and run to neighbor Henri; tell him I am sure the avalanche is on the point of falling, and he must catch up the three children and come with his wife at once—I fell quite certain that they are not safe. Make haste! It is midnight, and very dark." Jules had hastily thrown on his clothes; and as his father was speaking the last words, he left the house.

A few minutes only elapsed when there was that terrific sweep of the wind, and crash of obstacles opposing it, which tells of the avalanche. The father who stood straining his eyes through the darkness, thought he could see the pale spirit that followed silently and swiftly, and drew its white mantle over the desolation left by the storm.

As soon as it was daylight, all Bareges was out; for Jules had not been heard of, and many houses were under the snow; among them the two which were inhabited. The father of Jules stood by, and watched the work in silence. Few words were uttered by anybody, for who could tell what the result of the search might be?

They had begun to work, as near as they could possibly judge, just over Henri's house. At midday they had reached the roof; and hastily breaking through, entered. All was safe. Henri and his wife and children waiting patiently for their deliverers.

"Jules is not here, then! I sent him to warn you."

"Ah, mon Dieu," said Henri, "we heard a cry—just one—it sounded close to the house—I thought it was some poor beast swept away by the wind."

The neighbors broke open the house door and groped about in the snow. There, laying across the threshold, and crushed by an adjoining wall which had fallen on him, lay poor Jules, dead.

The workers left the father to his grief and to the care of the women, and hurried to the auberger, at which some few had already been occupied since day-break. The snow beneath which it was buried, lay so thickly over it, that it was after dusk before an entry was effected—of course through the roof. Jean Cahasse, the aubergiste, told the neighbors that neither he nor any of the others had heard any unusual noise in the night, though he fancied he remembered something like a clap of thunder. But, in the morning he awoke and said, "Wife, it is very dark, and yet I seem to have had a long sleep. It must surely be time to get up." So, he carried his watch to the window, intending to open the outer shutters. But he could not move them. He went to the house-door; fast again in spite of all his pushing. Then up to the trap-door in the roof; and, finding that he could not lift it, he returned to his wife and said, "Wife, the avalanche has fallen; so you had better get up and make the breakfast."

After breakfast all the men took out their knitting, hanging the skein of wool round their necks; the women and children were busy spinning flax, and thus they sat around the fire telling of past dangers till the evening. Then Jean Cahasse said:

"I am sure the neighbors would begin to dig as soon as it was light—but, doubtless, the snow lies deep. Wife, if the onion-soup is ready, we will have supper."

It was whilst they were at supper that the neighbors entered, and were greeted, of course with much effusion; tears, and kisses, and loud cries, and altogether in the manner of men who suddenly found that they had escaped a great danger, and did not think it worth while to exercise any self-control in the matter. Except the life of poor Jules, no lives were lost, and no damage was done than some four or, five stone houses leveled, and all the wooden baraques swept away.

"C'est un rien," said Pierre Palasson, the guide, with a shrug of the shoulders. "It is the flood avalanche that we are afraid of. Ah! To hear it come roaring down in summer when the snows have melted on the mountains—rocks and stones, and trees, and rivers of mud, one trembles to think of it."

Fortunately the flood avalanche descends by another ravine, which you pass just before you reach Bareges, and the flood has never yet done more than threaten the village, and make the approach to it a most unpromising one. On the whole, therefore, we fairly say that the avalanche, or rather the avalanches, do come come down at Bareges in an almost inconceivably uncomfortable manner, ane with a rapidity of recurrence which it takes one's breath away to think of. But those who are the most affected by the inconvenience, the inhabitants, think nothing of it.

"The neighbors are so near," they say, "and we all help one another! What would you have more?"

What indeed! Rightly understood, there is, under these circumstances, very little more to be desired.

ARTICLES DE PARIS.

ONE of the chief characteristics of the article de Paris is that, whether it be necessary or unnecessary, it plays upon the fancy and comes to us in disguise. It is not enough that you should have an ink-bottle on your table; it is above all things that this ink-bottle should appear to be something else. It is a cannon ball—it is a pound weight—it is a negro's head—it is a railway engine. You take the negro by his black, woolly hair; you find that his skull opens on a hinge, and there is a pot of ink where his brains should be! So there is a store of ink in the heart of the cannon ball, in the pound weight, and in the boiler of the engine! The play of fancy which is allowed in this way is boundless. You see a silver railway locomotive, with tender attached. The locomotive contains whiskey, the tender hot water; sugar takes the place of coals upon the tender, and the stoker is converted into a silver sugar-tongs! If you see a silver drum upon a friend's table, its a riddle; and you must guess what it is. It may be anything from a match-box to a mustard-pot.

Here is a little model of an umbrella-stand, with an umbrella, a walking-stick, and a whip in it. The umbrella is a pen wiper, the walking-stick is a pencil, the riding-whip is a pen-holder. Here is a silver-gilt coal-scuttle with a coal-scoop in it; you are expected to use it for a salt-cellar. Here is a little hat-box; it is intended for matches, Here is a silver cow with a large fly on her back; you seize the fly and find that it is the handle of a small lid upon the back of the cow. The animal is hollow; she is intended for a cream jug, and the cream pours out of her mouth. Here is a large acorn; it is a nutmeg grater. Here is a small ivory coffee mill; it is a yard measure. Here is a fiddle; it a tooth-pick. Here is a bee-hive; it is a box of *bon-bons*. Here is a jolly farmer, whose paunch contains a clock. Here is an umbrella handle which appears a loose chain of rhinoceros horn; you grasp it and find it as firm as a rod of iron.

The chief centres for the manufacture of articles de Paris are Paris, Vienna, and London. What they make best in Paris are small bronzes, and little boxes of enamel, of earth, enware, and of inlaid woods. In the making of boxes the French are unequaled. They have a wonderful sympathy with that extravagant passion of the human soul for small boxes and receptacles. They have boxes for everything—for gloves, for jewels, for handkerchiefs, for stamps, for *bon-bons*, for pens, for wafers. As misers seem to love money for its own sake, and apart from the use to which it can be turned, there are crowds of people in the world who like little boxes for their own sakes, especially if they have curious compartments, and sub-divisions, and secret drawers. A little nest of drawers is their delight; a pretty set of pigeon-holes sends them into exstacies; a box is a box whether it contains anything or not, and they will put it on their tables to look at and *imagine* it utilized. The French cunningly play upon this weakness of the human heart.

THE HARBOR.

A roaring wind blew out of the South
That dashed the foam against the rocks;
The white-caps danced at the harbor's mouth,
The gulls flew by in screaming flocks
But never a storm-cloud darkened the sky,
The waves flashed bright in the sinking sun;
And the wind that roared to the sea-birds' cry
Was as gay as youth with its race to run.

White sails were glancing near and far,
And some their journey had just begun;
And some came home to the harbor-bar
From the coral island of the sun;
Some from the spicy Indian gales—
Some from the icy Arctic breeze;
These tell of battles with mighty whales
In the desolate waste of Polar seas.

What strange, rare things bring you home to show,
Oh sailor lad! from the palm-crowned heights?
What from the swart little Esquimaux
Under the arch of the Northern Lights?
What gems do you bring, my sailor man!
From the elephant-trodden Indian shore?
What quaint devices from far Japan?
What radiant shells from Singapore?

In hammock, swung from the bread-fruit tree,
The dusky island-maiden swings;
Forever over that charmed sea
The gales that blow are always Spring's!
All through the radiant afternoon,
The palm-trees drowse and the wind breathes low,
And up to the rising of the moon
The rollers boom on the shore below.

Up to the moonrise; regular, deep,
They boom on the rocks in spray and showers,
The long, slow clocks of that land of sleep,
They sound the flight of Time and his hours;
But after the rising of the moon,
When cooler airs blow over the sea,
The breakers sink to a lullaby tune
Like the night-birds in the tamarind-tree.

And you have been to those shining shores
Of endless Spring, oh gallant bark!
And you, where the Arctic tempest roars
From out the dread half-year of Dark!
And to one who sailed from this harbor-bar
'Twas given to reach that mythic goal,
The sea that is under the Northern Star
And rolls in mistery round the Pole.

Many and strange are the thoughts you bring,
Oh, beautiful, mysterious ships!
My heart goes out on the sea-bird's wing,
But even its utterance dies on the lips.
The sea of thought is a boundless sea—
Its brightest gems are not thrown on the beach;
The waves that would tell of the mystery
Die and fall on the shore of speech.

WALT WHITMAN designs to publish an article called "Democracy," in reply to Carlyle's "Shooting Niagara"—which is bad for Carlyle.

CONTENTMENT swells a mite into a talent, makes even the poor richer than the Indies.

The magazine publishers of London, with the exception of Messrs. Tinsley & Co., have entered into a arrangement by which all the London magzines will hereafter be simultaneously published on the first of every month. This excellent arrangement might be imitated here. As it is, there is a constant strife on the part of the publishers to be each month the first in the field, for although the date of publication is a matter of little or no consequnce to the regular subscribers to a magazine. yet the magazine which is the first to apppear at the newspaper stands and book stalls, has a decided advantage over its latter contemporaries, so far as casual sales are concerned From this fact it has come to pass that magazines are usually issued ten or fifteen days before the professed time of publication, a mode of proceeding preposterous in itself, and besides directly injurious to the completeness of those magazines which profess to contain a summary of politic or literary events of the preceding month. We have hardly a sufficient number of magaeines to make their time of publication a matter of consequence, but a reform in this particular would be much easier now than it will be when they shall become as numerous as they are in England.

WAGONS.

MILLS & EVANS, IMPORTERS OF THOROUGH-BRACE Wagons, light express, two and three spring Wagons, suitable for milk-men and furniture dealers, and others wishing light and durable Wagons. Their Wagons are made expressly for the California market, and Mills & Evans' is the only firm which receives Wagons from the celebrated manufactory of A. W. Sanborn & Co., Manchester, N. H. This latter firm stands A No. 1 in the east, and their wagons have stood the test of our California climate, and are sold by Mills & Evans fifty per cent. lower than any other establishment on the Pacific coast. Call and examine their Wagons, at No. 587 Market street, opposite the Metropolitan market.

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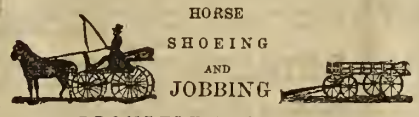

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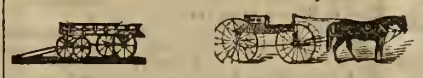

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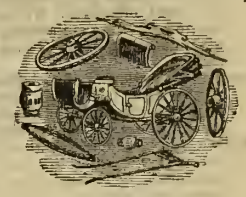

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THE PIRATE.

Don Estiphan Raffelino de Rustibloati was a Corsair, with a high, pale brow, curly hair, and a compact, well-knit form; and he paced his vessel, the Lord High Chief of Barnegat. He was the scourge of the seas, and so was his noble craft.

A storm arose. The ocean, from her deep caverns, threw to the sky her rolling waves; the dreadful thunder flashed, the terrific lightning roared, and the howling wiud whistled through the vessel's cordage.

Yet Don Raffelino was not afraid, if his brandy-bottle was full. With a loud voice he roared out:

"Man at the top of the big mast, ahoy!"

The man at the the top of mast, a huge, burly seaman, answered:

"Hullo! what's up?"

"Anything in sight?" asked Dod Raffelino.

"Yes, sir," yelled the burly salior.

"What is it—Spanish or English?"

"Neither; it's a spermacity whale, hard on our lee bow."

A feeling of compression thrilled through the terrible bosom of the hardened Barnegat pirate; and with with a subdued and feeling voice, he said to the pilot:

"Ship, ahoy!"

"'Ahoy, yourself,', cried the bluff old son of Neptune.

"Which way are you steering?"

"Nor' by nor' sou' west, a little easterly by west."

"Good. Keep her close to that track, bnt don't ran over that spermacity whale."

The command came to late. A tremendous shock threw the ill fated pirate off his feet, and shattered the vessel into seventeen hundred and ninety-seven thousand eight hundred and sixty two pieces, besides injuring the bowsprit and demolishing the neck of a cologne bottle.

The Barnegat pirate was no more; but his boots were afterwards found upon a flight of stone steps which were floating in the Polar Sea.

RIP.—When I used to keep store in Syracuse, said Toby, the old gentleman came rounnd one day and said:

"Boys, the one who sells the most 'twixt now and Christmas,, gets a vest pattern for a present.'

Maybe we didn't work for that vest! I tell you there was some tall stories told in praise of goods about the time. Bnt the tallest talker and the one that had more cheek than any of us, was a certain Jonah Squries, who roomed with me. He could talk a dollar out a man's pocket when the man intended only to spend a sixpence. And the women—bless you!—they just handed over their pocket books an let him take out as much as he wanted.

One night Jonah woke me up with—"I tell you, old fellow, if you think that has got any cotton in it, I'll bring down the sheep it was cut from, and make him swear to his own wool!

Twon't wear out either; I wore a pair of pants of that stuff for five years, and, they're as good now as when I first put 'em on. Take it at thirty cents, and I'll say you owe me cth ing. Eh? too dear! Well, call it twenty-eight What d'ye say? Shall I tear it? All right it's a bargain."

Jonah was talking in his sleep. I could hear his hand playing about the bed clothes for an instant and then—rip!—went something, and I had my head under the blankets, perfectly convulsed with laughter, and sure that Jonah had torn the sheet from top to bottom.

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A Great Tunnel.—The silver mines in the Hartz Mountains in Germany, were commenced to be worked in the year 926, nine hundred and forty-one years ago, and have been worked steadily ever since. These mines have reached the depth of 3,200 feet, a point, which threatened a total suspension of the work, a tunnel was commenced in 1859, as a last effort for draining the mines still deeper, and has been recently completed, and satisfied all expectations, as the mines can be continued in working for the next twenty years. The tunnel is twenty-two English miles long, ten feet high and eight wide, with a rubble arch overhead. So exact were the surveys, that in the eighteen ends, one mile from each other, the bearings were out of reckoning but five inches for the whole length, and that was occasioned by a strong load of iron ore disturbing the surveyor's instrument. Great rejoicing took place after its completion. A solemn thanksgiving in the Lutheran churches; a torchlight procession of over 30,000 miners in full uniform, and headed by sixteen bands of music.

Marking his Back.—A small boy was assisting his father to mark sheep with paint and brush. The father would catch a sheep, and say to the boy, "Mark that." After the job was done, the boy started for his home, which was at some distant, and was overtaken by a minister on horseback, who, seeing the boy barefooted, invited him to ride behind him. After the boy was seated, he began to catechise him, thus; My lad do you attend the Sunday school?"—"No," was the reply. "You should attend the Sunday school, mark that! All good children attend both church and Sunday school, mark that!" After many more remarks of this kind, the boy replied:—"I have marked your back all over now, and it looks like thunder!" The reverend gentleman was somewhat astonished when he examined his coat.

His Native Air.—An Irishman speaking of his children said, "They are all well but the one born in this country. I must take him to the Green Isle, for I believe he is languishing for his native air, that he never smelt at all."

Saur Kraut has become an article of export in Doylestown, Penn. The stampers and cutters, we are told, resound at all hours in that locality now, and the demand for this delicacy is so great that fears are entertained of the Doylestowners to supply it.

Pictures.—Christmas is coming, and your friends will expect presents. Go to Morse's Gallery, No. 315 Montgomery street, and let him take you in the highest style of the art. He is an accomplished photographer, and very reasonable in his charges. If desired, pictures can be colored by Miss Romanes the most artistic and natural manner.—*Sunday ercury.*

The Snug.—"The Snug" has been located one door below Maguire's Opera House, for ten years past. It was established for the convenience of the habitnates of the Opera House, and has the reputation of dispensing the best wines and liquors in the city, under the charge of its present proprietor, Mr. Timothy McCarty. Entrances from various parts of the Opera House to the bar have been cut, for the convenience of the public. Mr. McCarty ives his entire attention to his guests, and renders his establishment a "Snug" place by day or night.

Our Kitchen Batteries do more for the comfort and welfare of our people than those furnished with ten-inch guns. A good supply of stoves, ranges, and tinware, particularly Stewart's famous stoves with ten-inch griddle plates if properly used will render a city comfortable and contented and prolong the lives of the inhabitants, while a ten-inch Paixhan gun battery directed against it would fill it with widows and orphans. The man who supplies nations with destructive weapons by many is regarded as an enemy to the human race while a gentleman like Caleb M. Sickler, at four hundred and twenty-two Kearny street, who supplies a city with articles that make the operations in its kitchens effective and pleasant, can only be regarded as a public benefactor.—*Golden Era.*

Wanted.—At the Pacific Coast employment and business Exchange, all the best help are engaged and supplied with first class and permanent positions. Male and female help for every kind of employment; clerks, book-keepers; mechanics for every trade; men and wives, housekeepers teachers—all in want of good help and all in want of positions—will be faithfully supplied. No charge or expense to the employer, and no commission charged to the employe unless a positive situation is furnished. Apply to S. P. WHITMAN, 313 Montgomery st.

Now is the Time—The season of cold weather and storms—when you feel bad—to go to Dr. Bonrne, No. 10 Masonic Temple, Post street, and take one of his Baths, to make you feel good; to cure colds, (the only scientific mode,) coughs, aches, paine, etc.

NO HUMBUG! NO HUMBUG!

POSITIVE DISSOLUTION OF COPARTNERSHIP.

The Copartnership of the Proprietors of

QUINCY HALL

CLOTHING

EMPORIUM

Will positively be dissolved on or before the

FIRST OF JANUARY, 1868,

In consequence of which, we offer our Entire Stock until then at

PRICES REGARDLESS OF COST!

Good quality of White Shirts for $1 50
Good Red Flannel Undershirts and Drawers for....$1 50

ALL OTHER GOODS PROPORTIONATELY LOW.

Now is your time to secure BARGAINS

AT

545, 547, & 549 Washington street.

SAN FRANCISCO

FRINGE, CORD, TASSAL,

BUTTON AND TRIMMING

MANUFACTORY,

125 Kearny street, between Post and Sutter.

Every article made in the best style and at the most reasonable rates. LADIES' DRESS TRIMMINGS manufactured to order. Orders filled at the shortest notice. Orders from the interior promptly attended to.

M. ETTINGER.

Foreman for the past eight years at the manufactory of Mrs. D. Noreross.

SOMETHING NEW AND GOOD.

TRY IT!

PRESERVED COFFEE

PREPARED FROM

THE BEST OLD GOVERNMENT

JAVA COFFEE,

Condensed in the form of paste, by a process patented September 31, 1867. One ounce equal to two of the best ground coffee, and suitable for any gentleman's table. Preserves its strength and flavor without deterioration, in any climate and without regard to length of time.

If you want chicory, apply it yourself. Give our Coffee a trial, and if it is not fifty per cent. cheaper and better than any other, we will return your money.

FRANK SILVER & CO.,
No. 10 Stevenson street, near First,
San Francisco.

SIXTH

INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION,

Under the auspices of the

Mechanics' Institute,

San Francisco.

THE UNDERSIGNED, ACTING UNDER authority from the Mechanics' Institute of the city of San Francisco, take great pleasure in announcing to the Public that they have resolved upon holding an Industrial Exhibition in the month of August, 1868, on a much larger scale than was ever before attempted on this coast; and they make this early announcement of their intention, that all who may desire to participate shall have ample time for preparation.

A programme, embracing rules and regulations for the government of participants, with a list of Premiums to be awarded, etc., is receiving such earnest and careful attention as the importance of the enterprise demands, and in due season the same will be made public by circular letters widely distributed and by advertisements in the leading journals of this coast.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE:

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AT THE

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Eureka Theatre Montgomery street,

Between California and Pine

BOWMAN & CO.,
Dealers in Stoves and Tin Ware,
Main street, Petaluma

ST. CHARLES RESTAURANT,

At the Hotel of C. Galliand, Nos. 507 and 509 Pine Street, between Kearny and Dupont streets.

BY MME. CAZINTRE.

All who will call at this Restaurant will find an excellent table and prompt attention.

California Coffee and Dining Saloon.

Nos. 612 and 614 MONTGOMERY STREET,
Between Clay and Merchant, San Francisco.
J. R. REAGAN, Proprietor.

A Ladies' Saloon has been fitted up, where private parties can receive every attention in the most comfortable quarters. We also keep lunch hot on chafing dishes at the counter, including the finest of Pastry, where customers can be served quickly and satisfactorily.

French Breakfasts and Dinners, with Wine, continued.

CAMMET'S

LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S

Coffee and Ice Cream Saloon,

Nos. 57 and 59 Third street, near Mission.

HOUSE OPEN ALL NIGHT.

ITALIAN RESTAURANT,

No. 515 Merchant Street,

Between Montgomery and Sansome, San Francisco.

Taglierini, Maccaroni, Risotto and Ravioli In the Italian Style.

MEALS FIFTY CENTS, OR TO ORDER.

Rooms for private parties up stairs.
MR. GUISEPPE CADENASSO.

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MARTIN'S RESTAURANT,

623 COMMERCIAL STREET.

Above Montgomery. Meals at all hours. The best of Wines, Oysters, Game, and all the delicacies of the season always on hand. Private Saloons up staire for Dinner and Supper Parties.

NEW RESTAURANT.

MR. SORBIER takes pleasure in informing his friends and customers that he has opened a FIRST-CLASS RESTAURANT under the name of

SORBIER'S RESTAURANT,

at No. 607 SACRAMENTO STREET, above Montgomery, where he will be pleased to see his old friends and the public in general, and where all can be assured that they will be served with the very best the market affords, at most reasonable rates. JOHN E. SORBIER,
Late of the Occidental Restaurant.

OCCIDENTAL RESTAURANT,

536 Washington Street, below Montgomery.

GEORGE WITTMAN would inform the public and the former patrons of this

POPULAR RESTAURANT

That he has assumed full charge, and will continue to keep all the delicacies of the season and one of the best lists of WINES, etc., and solicits the continuance of their patronage.

COCO-MUNGO SALOON.

J. M. WASHBURN, Agent.

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THE BEST OF LIQUORS,

SKILLFULLY CONCOCTED MIXED DRINKS,

AND A FIRST-CLASS HOT LUNCH,

Not inferior to any offered in San Francisco, is furnished daily at the COCO-MUNGO—Clam Chowder, Fish Chowder, Gumbo Soup, Pork Tenderloins, Cape Cod Boned Turkey, Venison, Quail, and all the delicacies of the season, as fast as they are to be found in the market, figure upon the lunch table of the COCO-MUNGO.

A Reading Room, abundantly supplied with Domestic and Foreign Papers and Periodicals, is one of the features of the COCO-MUNGO.

C. F. HAYWARD,

—DEALER IN—

Harness, Saddles, etc.,

305 BATTERY STREET,

Near Sacramento,

San Francisco.

Pioneer Iron Works,

CORNER OF MARKET AND FREMONT STREETS,

San Francisco.

KITTREDGE & LEAVITT

Manufacturers of

FIRE-PROOF DOORS, SHUTTERS, BANK VAULTS,
PRISON CELLS, BALCONIES, GRATINGS,
IRON FENCE, STAIRS, Etc.
BURGLAR PROOF BANK VAULT LOCKS

Constantly on hand, a large assortment of Fire-Proof Doors and Shutters.

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OFFICE IN THE BUILDING OF THE CALIFORNIA SAVINGS BANK, CALIFORNIA ST., one door from Sansome.

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AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL

Is a soothing expectorant, prepared to meet the urgent need of a safe and reliable cure for diseases of the throat and lungs. A trial of many years has established the fact, that it is more efficacious in pulmonary affections, than any other remedy. Its efficacy has now become so generally known, that it is justly regarded in many countries as a medicine of indispensable necessity. In Great Britain, France, and Germany, where medical science has reached its highest perfection, it is prescribed in domestic practice, and constantly used in the armies, in hospitals and other public institutions, where it is regarded by the attending physicians as the most speedy and agreeable remedy that can be employed.—Scarcely any neighborhood can be found where well known cases of diseased lungs, which had baffled the efforts of the most skillful and experienced doctors, have been permanently cured by it. These results are the most convincing proofs of the superior curative properties of this preparation; and to them the authors point with peculiar satisfaction. While it is most powerful against confirmed diseases, it is extremely gentle as a medicine in infancy and youth, being quite harmless to even the youngest, when administered judiciously.

This health-restorer accomplishes even more by prevention than cure. If taken in season, it heals all irritations of the throat and lungs, whether arising from Colds or Coughs, or from other causes, and thus prevent that long train of painful and incurable diseases, which would arise from the neglect of them. Hence no family should be without it. Influenza, Croup, Hoarseness, Whooping Cough, Pleurisy, Incipient Consumption, and other affections of the breathing organs, give way before this preeminent combination of medical virtues.

Prepared by DR. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass., and sold by all Druggists and Dealers in Medicine everywhere.

CRANE & BRIGHAM, San Francisco,
Wholesale Agents.

PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.'S

STEAMSHIPS FOR

NEW YORK, JAPAN AND CHINA,

WILL BE DISPATCHED AS FOLLOWS:

Leave Brannan-street Wharf at 11 o'clock A. M. of the following dates, for PANAMA, connecting via Panama Railroad, with one of the Company's splendid steamers from ASPINWALL for NEW YORK.

On 10th, 18th, and 30th of each month that has 30 days.
On 10th, 19th, and 30th of each month that has 31 days.

When the 10th, 19th and 30th fall on Sunday, they will leave on Saturday preceding; when the 18th falls on Sunday, they will leave on Monday following.

Steamer leaving San Francisco on the 10th touches at Manzanillo. All touch at Acapulco.

Departure of 18th or 19th is expected to connect with the French Transatlantic Co.'s steamer for St. Nazaire, and English steamer for South America.

Departure of 10th is expected to connect with English steamer for Southampton and South America, and P. R. R. Co.'s steamer for Central America. Through tickets can be obtained.

STEAMERS FOR DECEMBER.

Dec. 10—SACRAMENTO, Capt W. H. Parker, connecting with HENRY CHAUNCEY, Capt. Gray.
Dec. 19—CONSTITUTION. Capt. J. M. Caverly, connecting with RISING STAR, Capt. Connor.
Dec. 30—MONTANA, Capt. E T. Farnsworth, connecting with ARIZONA. Capt. Maury.

Passengers will be berthed through. Baggage checked through—100 pounds allowed each adult.

Surgeon on board. Medicine and attendance free.

These steamers will positively leave at 11 o'clock. Passengers are requested to have their baggage on board before 10 o'clock.

Through tickets to Liverpool by the "Cunard," "Inman" and "National" Steamship Lines can be obtained of P. M. S. S. Co.'s office in San Francisco.

For Merchandise Freight apply to Wells, Fargo & Co.

The steamship GREAT REPUBLIC, Capt. S. Doane, will be dispatched on December 4th, from wharf, corner of First and Brannan streets, for YOKOHAMA and HONGKONG; connecting at Yokohama with the steamer COSTA RICA, for SHANGHAI.

For Passage and all other information, apply at Pacific Mail Steamship company's office, corner of Sacramento and Leidesdorff streets.

OLIVER ELDRIDGE, Agent.

Pioneer Iron Shutter Works,

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CALVIN NUTTING,

Manufacturer of

FIRE-PROOF DOORS & SHUTTERS,

STEEL LINED BANK VAULTS,

Prison Cells, Balconies, Awnings, Gr[illwork] Iron Fence, Stairs, etc.

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Constantly on hand a large assortment of second hand Fire-Proof Doors and Shutters.

MORE LIGHT FOR THE MILLION

THE EXCELSIOR

Coal Oil and Lamp Store,

NO. 10 THIRD STREET,

KEEPS CONSTANTLY ON HAND THE BEST brands of Kerosene Oil, Lamps of every description, GLOBES, WICKS, SHADES, CHIMNEYS, LANTERNS, Etc.

The public are cautioned against buying inferior Coal Oil, sold by parties as STANDARD KEROSENE, and which is frequently explosive, being a mixture of Coal Oil and Benzine. The Standard Kerosene sold at No. 10 Third street, is warranted to be free from smell, and burn longer than any other brand of Oil, and is to the consumer cheaper than less priced oils. All goods warranted to be as represented.

Give us a call. JOHN B. OWENS.

AVERY'S

GREAT

NATIONAL PUMP

AND WELL.

This Pump has proved itself to be the greatest invention of the age. Designed for DEEP WELLS, it will RAISE WATER (500) FIVE HUNDRED FEET; can sink a well 30 to 40 feet in (50) sixty minues.

This Pump is specially adapted to the wants of BREWERS and DISTILLELS, on account of the facility with which, by its use, casks in the upper stories of their warehouses can he filled from the vats below.

STATE, COUNTY, & TOWN RIGHTS FOR SALE.

Pumps Furnished at Moderate Prices, by

S. P. ROBERTS,

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318 Pine street, San Francisco.

"THE" HAT STORE,

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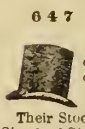

The Hat wearing community are invited to examine the Stock at the above store, and in quality, style and price,

THEY DEFY COMPETITION!

Their Stock embraces all of the latest "novelties" and Standard Styles to he found elsewhere.

"THE" HAT STORE,
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PRIVATE MEDICAL AID.

QUICK CURES AND MODERATE CHARGES.

DR. W. K. DOHERTY,

PRIVATE MEDICAL AND SURGICAL INSTITUTE,
Sacramento Street, below Montgomery, Opposite Pacific Mail Steamship Co's Office, Private Entrance on Leidesdorff Street, San Francisco.

Established expressly to afford the afflicted sound and scientific Medical Aid, in the treatment and cure of all Private and Chronic Diseases, cases of Secrecy, and all Sexual Disorders.

TO THE AFFLICTED.

DR. W. K. DOHERTY returns his sincere thanks to his numerous patients for their patronage and would take this opportunity to remind them that he continues to consult at his Institute for the cure of chronic diseases of the Lungs, Liver, Kidneys, Digestive and Genito-Urinary Organs, and all Private Diseases, viz: Syphilis in all its forms and stages, Seminal Weakness, and all the horrid consequences of Self-Abuse, Gonorrhœa, Gleet, Strictures. Nocturnal and Diurnal Emissions, Sexual Debility, Diseases of the Back and Loins, Inflammation of the Bladder and Kidneys, etc.; and he hopes that his long experience and successful practice will continue to insure him a share of public patronage. By his practice of many years in Europe and the United States, he is enabled to apply the most efficient and successful remedies against diseases of all kinds. He uses no mercury, charges moderate, treats his patients in a correct and honorable way, and has references of unquestionable veracity from men of known respectability and high standing in society. All parties consulting him, by letter or otherwise, will receive the best and gentlest treatment, and implicit secresy.

TO FEMALES.

When a female is in trouble, or afflicted with disease, as weakness of the back and limbs, pain in the head, dimness of sight, loss of muscular power, palpitation of the heart, irritability, nervousness, extreme urinary difficulties, derangement of digestive function, general debility, vaginitis, all disease of the womb, hysteria, sterility, and all other diseases peculiar to females, she should go or write at once to the celebrated female doctor, W. K. DOHERTY, at his Medical Institute, and consult him about her troubles and disease. Irregularities, suppressions, etc., will receive the Doctor's most particular attention. Let no false delicacy prevent, but apply immediately and save yourself from painful sufferiug and premature death. Ladies whose delicate health or other circumstances prevent an increase in their families, should write or call at DR. DOHERTY'S MEDICAL INSTITUTE, and they will receive every possible relief and help. The Doctor's offices, consistiug of a suite of six rooms, are so arranged that he can be consulted without fear of observation.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Patients (male or female) residing in any part of the State, however distant, who may desire the opiuion and advice of DR. W. K. DOHERTY on their respective cases and who think proper to submit a written statement of such, in preference to holding a personal interview, are respectfully assured that their communications will be held most sacred. Dr. Doherty takes this opportunity of observing that all letters are only opened and replied to by himself, and the latter as promptly as possible.

If the case he fully and candidly described, personal communication will be unnecessary, as instructions for diet, regimen, and the general treatment of the case itself, (including the remedies) will he forwarded without delay, and in such a manner as to convey no idea of the purport of the letter or parcel so transmitted.

Consultation, by letter or otherwise, FREE. Permanent cure guaranteed, or no pay. Address,

W. K. DOHERTY, M. D.
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SPERMATORRHŒA.

DR. DOHERTY has just published an important pamphlet embodying his own views and experiences in relation to Impotence or Virility, being a short treatise on Spermatorrhœa, or Seminal Weakness, Nervous and Physical Debility consequent on this affection, and other diseases of the Sexual Organs

This little work contains information of the utmost value to all whether married or single, and will be sent FREE by mail on receipt of Six Cents in Postage stamps for return postage. Address,

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No. 125 First street, opposite Minna,
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All kinds of Brass, Composition, Zinc, and Babbitt Meta Castings, furnished at the shortest notice. Brass Ship Work o all kinds, Spikes, Sheathing Nails, Rudder Braces, Hinges, etc., constantly on hand and made to order. Also, manufacture Ship and Steamboat Bells and Gongs of superior tone.

All kinds of Steam, Liquor, Water, Oil, and Flange Cocks and Valves made and repaired.

Hydraulic Pipes and Nozzles, and Hose Couplings and Connections of all sizes and patterns, furnished with dispatch. *PRICES MODERATE.*

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Importers, Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

FINE CLOTHING,

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TRUNKS, VALISES, CARPET BAGS, ETC.,

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First Premium in 1857—1859—1864—1865.

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No 540 Market Street, adjoining the Hibernia Bank,
SAN FRANCISCO.

All kinds of precious Stones set in the latest style and most approved manner. Watches and Jewelry carefully repaired by experienced workmen.

H. BATTEL'S
SAMPLE ROOMS,

411 SANSOME STREET,

Between Commercial and Sacramento streets.

H. BATTEL BEGS TO INFORM HIS FRIENDS AND the public that he has opened the above hall as a first class Refreshment Saloon, where they can always be sure to find the very best

WINES, LIQUORS, AND HAVANA CIGARS

In the Market.

Hot Lunch served daily from 10 to 2 o'clock.

PHILADELPHIA BREWERY,

Corner Second and Folsom streets,

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JOHN WIELAND,
Proprietor

AMERICAN EXCHANGE HOTEL,

SANSOME STREET, SAN FRANCISCO.

FIRE PROOF.

Two Hundred Rooms well Ventilated and Richly Furnished.

Prices from $1 50 to $2 a Day.

The Exchange Coach, with RED LIGHTS, will always be in readiness to convey Passengers to the Hotel FREE OF CHARGE.

The proprietor of this favorite Hotel would respectfully inform the traveling public that the

AMERICAN EXCHANGE

Is now and will continue as it ever has been, the most comfortable, homelike, quiet and economical Hotel in the State. TIMOTHY SARGENT, Proprietor.

BUCKMAN BROS.,

(Successors to John Myers,)

CAPITOL SALOON,

226 *MONTGOMERY STREET,*

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Main street. . . Petaluma.
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$100 00

SAVED in a very Short Time by using
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WASHING POWDER.

TRY IT!

Does Not Injure the Clothes.
Sold Everywhere.

$1,000,000 IN WATCHES!

FOR SALE ON THE POPULAR

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GIVING EVERY PATRON A

Handsome and Reliable Watch!

For the Low Price of Ten Dollars,

Without Regard to Value!

And not to be paid for unless perfectly satisfactory:

100 Solid Gold Hunting Watches	$250 to	$1,000
100 Magic Cased Gold Watches	200 to	500
100 Ladies Watches, enameled	100 to	300
200 Gold Hunting Chronometer Watches	250 to	300
200 Gold Hunting English Levers	200 to	250
300 Gold Hunting Duplex Watches	150 to	200
300 Gold Hunting American Watches	100 to	250
500 Silver Hunting Levers	50 to	150
500 Silver Hunting Duplexes	75 to	250
500 Gold Ladies Watches	50 to	250
1,000 Gold Hunting Leoines	50 to	75
1,000 Miscellaneous Silver Watches	50 to	100
2,500 Hunting Silver Watches	25 to	50
5,000 Assorted Watches, all kinds	10 to	75

☞ Every patron obtains a Watch by this arrangement, costing but $10, while it may be worth $1,000. No partiality shown.

We wish to immediately dispose of the above magnificent Stock. Certificates naming the articles, are placed in sealed envelopes, and well mixed. Holders are entitled to the articles named on their certificates upon payment of Ten Dollars, whether it be a Watch worth $1,000 or one worth less. The return of any of our certificates entitles you to the article named thereon upon payment, irrespective of its worth, and as no article valued less than $10 is named on any certificate, it will at once be seen that this is

No Lottery, but a straightforward legitimate transaction, which may be participated in by the most fastidious!

A single certificate will be sent by mail, post paid, upon receipt of 25 cents, five for $1, eleven for $2, thirty-three and an elegant premium for $5, sixty six and more valuable premium for $10, one hundred and most superb Watch for $15. To agents, or those wishing employment this is a rare opportunity. It is a legitimately conducted business, duly authorized by the Government, and open to the most careful scrutiny. TRY US!

WRIGHT, BRO., & Co., Importers,
161 Broadway, New York.

N. GRAY & CO.,

UNDERTAKERS,

641 SACRAMENTO STREET, CORNER OF WEBB

Sole agents for BARSTOW'S PATENT METALLIC BURIAL CASES and CASKETS.

ANALYSIS.

MESSRS. WHITING & BERRY,

609 SACRAMENTO STREET.

GENTLEMEN—AFTER A CAREFUL EXAMINATION of the following samples of Wines and Spirits bearing your label, including:

Whiting & Berry's Table Sherry,
Whiting & Berry's Golden Sherry,
Whiting & Berry's Voyage Port,
Whiting & Berry's Century Port,
Whiting & Berry's Cabinet Gin,
Whiting & Berry's Wheat Family Tonic
Whiting & Berry's Ky. Bourbon, O. O Whisky,
Whiting & Berry's Vine Growers Co. Cognac 1854.

I have failed to discover any deleterious substances finding them ENTIRELY FREE from any of the ingredients generally used in the adulteration of Wines and Liquors.

(Signed) B. B. THAYER,
Chemist and State Assayer.

First Premium

AWARDED BY THE STATE FAIR TO

SILAS SELLECK,

FOR THE BEST PLAIN PHOTOGRAPH.

—ALSO—

SPECIAL PREMIUM

For the Best Cabinet Portraits.

MR. SELLECK is now prepared to execute the very best PHOTOGRAPHS, in all the different styles, at No. 415 Montgomery Street.

N. B.—The best Water Color and India Ink Artist in this city is attached to this Gallery.

CANTY & WAGNER,

(SUCCESSORS TO J. REGAN,)

Wholesale & Retail Confectioners,

113 *Montgomery street, bet. Bush and Sutter*

N. B.—All candies sold by us are warranted to be manufactured from Stewart's double refined Sugar, and to be equal to any manufactured in the state. Country merchants solicited to examine our stock and prices. Goods delivered to any part of the city free of charge.

SOTOYOME HOTEL,
B. C. WRIGHT, Proprietor, Healdshur, Cal.

CHARIOTEER, PAUSE!"—A good story is told of a certain colonel who was riding in a stage coach, with several other passengers, when he accidently dropped his hat out of the coach. Putting his head out of the coach window he exclaimed, in a stentorian voice, "Charioteer, pause! I have lost my chapeau." The driver paid no heed to the demand. Again the bombastic fellow authoritatively spake—"Charioteer, Pause! I have lost my chapeau." No attention being paid by the driver to this last command, a plain blunt man, who had become disgusted with his fellow-traveller's silliness and pomposity, put his head out of the window, and said, "Driver, hold on! this d——d fool has lost his hat." This was perfectly intelligible to the driver, expletive and all, and the hat was secured.

"WELL, my child," said a stern father to his little girl after church, "what do you know of all the clergyman said?" "Nothing," was the timid reply. "Nothing," said he, severely; "now, remembered, next time you must tell me something he says, or stay way from church. The next Sunday she came home, her eyes all excitement. "I remembered," something she said. "Ah! very glad to hear it," replied the father; "what did he say?" "He said," she cried, delightedly, "a collection will now be made."

CURE FOR EARACHE—Take a small piece of cotton wool, make a depression in the centre with the end of your finger, fill it with as much ground pepper as will rest upon a five cent piece, gather it into a ball and tie it up, and dip the ball into sweet oil and insert it into the ear, covering the latter with cotton wool, and use a bandage or cap, to retain it in its place. Almost instant relief will be experienced, and the application is so gentle that an infant would not be injured by it, but experience relief as well as adults.

New Opposition Line via Panama.

The North American Steamship Company will dispatch the splendid new Steamship

NEVADA,

(3000 Tons,)

J. K. KELLY.....Commander,

For PANAMA, from Mission Street Wharf, at 12 o'clock noon, on

SATURDAY, - - - - - JAN. 4th, 1868,

Connecting, via Panama Railroad, at Aspinwall with the Company's new and splendid Steamship NEBRASKA, 3,000 Tons, for NEW YORK.

One hundred pounds Baggage free.
Surgeon on board: medicine and attendance free.
The Nevada has proven herself the fastest steamship afloat, and the Company intend making the trip through TO NEW YORK IN 18 DAYS.
The Moses Taylor will sail January 15th, via Nicaragua.
For further information apply to

I. W. RAYMOND, Agent,
Northwest corner Battery and Pine streets,
Up stairs, San Francisco

SIXTH

INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION,

Under the auspices of the

Mechanics' Institute,

SAN FRANCISCO.

THE UNDERSIGNED, ACTING UNDER authority from the Mechanics' Institute of the city of San Francisco, take great pleasure in announcing to the Public that they have resolved upon holding an Industrial Exhibition in the month of August, 1868, on a much larger scale than was ever before attempted on this coast; and they make this early announcement of their intention, that all who may desire to participate shall have ample time for preparation.

A programme, embracing rules and regulations for the government of participants, with a list of Premiums to be awarded, etc., is receiving such earnest and careful attention as the importance of the enterprise demands, and in due season the same will be made public by circular letters widely distributed and by advertisements in the leading journals of this coast.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE:

GEO. K. GLUYAS,	J. P. O'CONNOR,
THOMAS YOUNG,	EDWARD NUNAN,
D. E. HAYES,	GARDNER ELLIOTT,
HORACE D. DUNN,	H. F. WILLIAMS,
GEO. T. BONEN,	C. M. PLUM,
H. ROSEKRANS,	J. A PRITCHARD,
C. H. HARRISON,	WM. J. LEWIS,
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IRVING M. SCOTT,	GEO. COFRAN.

REESE W. GLUYAS. S. E. DUTTON.

GLUYAS & DUTTON,

COUNTING HOUSE STATIONERS,

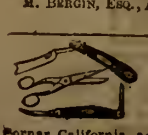
Fireman's Fund Insurance Company's Building,
No. 237 Sansome Street.....San Francisco

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE FIFTEENTH Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco.
ADDIE M. VINES, Plaintiff, vs. DANIEL B. VINES, Defendant.
Action brought in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in said city and county of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.
The People of the State of California send Greeting to DANIEL B. VINES, Defendant.
You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named plaitiff, in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein, within ten days (exclusive of the day of service,) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this county; or if served out of this county, but in this District, within twenty days; otherwise within forty days; or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said complaint.
The said action is brought to obtain a decree from this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony existing between plaintiff and defendant, and that the custody and care of the child of the parties hereto may be awarded to plaintiff. Also for general relief.
And you are hereby notified, that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded therein.
Given under my hand and Seal of the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 22d day of November, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-seven.
[SEAL.] WM. LOEWY, Clerk,
By J. D. RUGGLES, Deputy Clerk.
Pixley & Smith, Attorneys for Plaintiffs. d14-13w.

IN THE PROBATE COURT of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.
In the matter of the Estate of NATHANIEL MASON, deceased.
Order to show cause why order of distribution should not be made.
On reading and filing the petition of SAMUEL BROCKHURST and NOAH CLIFT EFFORD, the Executors of the last will and testament of NATHANIEL MASON, deceased, setting forth that they have filed their final account of their administration of the estate of said deceased, in this Court, and that the same has been duly settled and allowed; that all the debts and expenses of administration have been duly paid; and that a portion of said estate remains to be distributed to the devisees and heirs of said deceased, and praying among other things for an order of distribution of the residue of said estate among the persons entitled:
It is ordered, that all persons interested in the estate of the said Nathaniel Mason, deceased, be and appear before the Probate Court of the City and County of San Francisco, at the Court room of said Court, in the City Hall, in said City and County, on TUESDAY, the fourteenth day of January A. D. 1868, at eleven o'clock, A. M., then and there to show cause why an order of distribution should not be made of the residue of said estate among the devisees and heirs of the said Nathaniel Mason, deceased, according to law.
It is further ordered, that a copy of this order be published for four successive weeks before the said fourteenth day of January, A. D. 1868, in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published in the said city and county.
M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.
Dated December 11th, A. D. 1867.
E. B. MASTICK, Esq., Att'y for Executors. d14 5t

IN THE PROBATE COURT, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.
Estate of FRANK O. ELDREDGE, deceased.
On reading and filing the petition of John S. Bugbee, administrator, with the will annexed, of the estate of Frank O. Eldredge, deceased, setting forth that he has filed his final account of his administration upon said estae, in this Court, and the same has been duly audited, allowed and confirmed; that all debts have been fully paid; and that a portion of said estate remains to be distributed among the persons who by law are entitled to the same; that deceased was not a resident of this State, and died teatato; that his will was duly proved and allowed in the State of Massachusetts, the place of his resdonce, and an authenticated copy thereof admitted to Probate in this State; and that it is necessary, in order that said estate be distributed according to said will, that the estate in this State be delivered to the executor in the State of Massachusetts; and praying, among other things, for an order that said estate may be delivered to said executor
It is ordered, That all persons interested in the estate of FRANK O. Eldredge, deceased, be and appear before the Probate Court of the City and County of San Francisco, at the Court room of said Court, in the City Hall, in said City and County, on the 27th day of January, A. D. 1868, at two o'clock in the afternoon of said day, then and there to show cause, if any they have, why an order should not be made for the delivery of said estate to such executor, according to law.
It is further ordered, That a copy of this order be published for four successive weeks, before said twenty-seventh day of January, 1868, in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published in the City and County of San Francisco.
M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.
Dated December 19th, 1868. dc21-28-ja4-11

IN THE PROBATE COURT OF THE CITY AND County of San Francisco, State of California.
In the matter of the Estate of JOSEFA MUNOZ DE URIBE, deceased.
Order to show cause why Order of Distribution should not be made.
On reading the petion of Francisco E. Lynch, Executor of the last will and testament of Josefa Munoz de Uribe, deceased, setting forth that he has filed his final account of his administration of the estate of said deceased, in this Court, and that the same has been duly settled and allowed; that all the debts and expenses of administration have been duly paid; and that a portion of said estate remains to be divided among the legatees of said deceased, and praying among other things for an order of distribution of the residue of said estate among the persons entitled:
It is thorefore ordered, that all persons interested in the estate of said Josefa Munoz de Uribe, deceased, be and appear before the Probate Court of the City and County of San Francisco, at the Court room of said Court, in the City Hall in said city and county, on MONDAY, the 20th day of January, A. D 1868, at (2) two o'clock P. M., then and there to show cause why an order of distribution should not be made of the residue of said estate among the legatees of the said deceased, according to the provisions of decedent's last will and testament, heretofore admitted to Probato by this Court.
It is further ordered, that a copy of this order be published for four successive weeks before the said twentieth day of January, A D. 1868, in THE CALIFORNIAN, a weekly newspaperprinted and published in said city and county.
M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.
Dated December 16, A. D. 1867.
M. BERGIN, Esq., Attorney for Petitioner.
dc21-28 js4-11-18



T. B. RODGERS,
CUTLER,
108 Leidesdorff street.
Corner California, adjoining the Pacific Insurance Office, San Francisco.

Administrator's Sale of Real Estate.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, THAT, IN PURSUance of an order of the Probate Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, made on the 26th day of November, A. D. 1867, in the matter of the Estate of JUSTIN VICTOR SUBERVIELLE, deceased, the undersigned, the Administrator of the Estate of said deceased, will sell at private sale, to the highest bidder, for cash, gold coin of the United States, and subject to confirmation by said Probate Court, on
WEDNESDAY, THE 8TH DAY OF JANUARY, A.D. 1868, at 12 o'clock, M., at the office of W. C. Burnett, Esquire, the attorney of said Administrator, No. 606 Washington street in the said City and County, all the right, title, interest and estate of the said Justin Victor Suberville, at the time of his death, and all the right, title and interest that the said estate has by operation of law or otherwise, acquired other than, or in addition to that of the said deceased at the time of his death, in and to all those certain lots, pieces, or parcels of land, situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and bounded and described as follows, to wit:
I.—Commencing on the northwesterly line of King street, 114 feet 7 inches northeasterly from the northeast corner of Fifth and King streets, thence running northeasterly along said line of King street 91 feet 8 inches; thence northwesterly and parallel with Fifth street 120 feet; thence southwesterly and parallel with King street 91 feet 8 inches, and thence southeasterly 120 feet, to the point of commencement.
II.—Commencing on the northwesterly line of King street 343 feet 9 inches northeasterly from the northeasterly corner of Fifth and King streets, thence running northwesterly and parallel with Fifth street 120 feet; thence northeasterly and parallel with King street 22 feet 11 inches; thence southeasterly and parallel with Fifth street 120 feet, to King street, and thence southwesterly on the northwesterly line of King street 22 feet 11 inches, to the point of commencement.
III.—Commencing on the northwesterly line of Townsend street 137½ feet northeasterly from the northeasterly corner of Fifth and Townsend streets, thence running northeasterly along said line of Townsend street 45 feet 10 inches; thence northwesterly and parallel with Fifth street 137½ feet; thence westerly and parallel with Townsend street 45 feet 10 inches, and thence southeasterly and parallel with Fifth street 137½ feet, to the point of commencement.
IV.—Commencing on the southeasterly line of Berry street, 229 feet 2 inches southwesterly from the southwesterly corner of Fifth and Berry streets, thence running southwesterly along said line of Berry street 45 feet 10 inches; thence southeasterly and parallel with Fifth street 137½ feet; thence northeasterly and parallel with Berry street 45 feet 10 inches, and thence northwesterly and parallel with Fifth street, 137½ feet, to the point of commencement.
V.—Commencing at the northeasterly corner of California and Mason streets, thence running easterly along the northerly line of California street 34 feet 4½ inches; theece northerly and parallel with Mason street 68 feet 9 inches; thence westerly and parallel with California street 34 feet 4½ inches to Mason street, and thence southerly along the easterly line of Mason street 68 feet 9 inches, to the point of commencement.
That offers and bids will be received, on such sale, on and from MONDAY, the 30th day of December, A. D. 1867, until and at 12 o'clock, M., on the 8th day of January, A. D. 1868, by said Administrator, at the said office of W. C. Burnett, Esquire, in said city and county.
Terms and Conditions of Sale: Cash, gold coin of the United States; ten per cent of the purchase money to be paid to the Administrator, on the day of sale, the balance on confirmation of sale by said Probate Court: deeds and stamps at expense of purchasers.
LUCAS PONTON DE ARCE,
Administrator of the Estate of Justin Victor Subervielle, deceased.
W. C. BURNETT, Attorney for Administrator. Office 606 Washington street. d7-4t

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IN THE PROBATE COURT of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.
In the matter of the estate of MINNIE SHERWOOD, deceased.
Order to show cause why order of distribution should not be made.
On reading and filing the petition of Lilly Sherwood, the Administratrix of the Estate of Minnie Sherwood, deceased, setting forth that she has filed her final account of her administration of the estate of said deceased, in this Court, and that the same has been duly settled and allowed; that all the debts and expenses of administration have been duly paid; and that a portion of said estate remains to be distributed to her as the only and sole heir of said deceased, praying among other things for an order of distribution of the residue of said estate among the persons entitled.
It is Ordered, that all persons interested in the estate of the said Minnie Sherwood, deceased, be and appear before the Probate Court of the city and county of San Francisco, at the Court Room of said Court, in the City Hall, in said city and county, on MONDAY, the thirteenth day of January, A. D. 1868, at eleven o'clock, A. M., then and there to show cause why an order of distribution should not be made of the residue of said estate to the said petitioner, as heir of the said Minnie Sherwood, deceased, according to law.
It is further ordered, that a copy of this order be published for four successive weeks, before the said 13th day of January, A. D 1868, in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published in the said city and county.
M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.
Dated December 13th, 1867.
JAS. C. CARY, Attorney for Petitioner. d13 5w

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF GEORGE W COLEMERE, deceased.—Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the estate of George W. Coleman, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice, to the said administrator at his place of business at the office of Burnett & Burnett, Esqs. No. 606 Washington street, rooms No. 57, 58 and 59, in the city and county of San Francisco, State of California, or they will be forever barred. JAMES B. CHALMERS,
Administrator of the estate of George W. Colomero, deceased.
Dated December 17th, 1867.
W. C. & J. M. Burnett, Attorneys for Administrator.
dc21-28-j4 11 18

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF JOHN HORGAN, deceased.—Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administratrix of the Estate of John Horgan, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them, with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administratrix, at the place of her transaction of business, at the office of William A. Quarles, Public Administrator, room 5, No. 520 Montgomery street, in the City and County of San Francisco.
Dated December 13th, 1867.
CATHARINE HORGAN,
Administratrix of the Estate of John Horgan, deceased.
d14 5w

ZEITSKA & SHEPPARD,
Merchant Taylors,
NO. 610 CLAY STREET,
Near Montgomery,
SAN FRANCISCO.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF WILLIAM STANNAH, deceased. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administratrix of the estate of William Stannah, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against said deceased, to exhibit the same with the necessary vouchers, within ten months from the first publication of this notice, to the undersigned, at the office of W. C. & J. M. Burnett, Esqs. No. 606 Washington street, San Francisco.
BRIDGET STANNAH, Administratrix.
W. C. & J. M. Burnett, Attorneys for Administratrix.
dc21-28-ja4-11-81

HAMBURG—BREMEN,
Fire Insurance Company.
CAPITAL, - - - - - $1,000,000
MORRIS SPEYER, Agent.
OFFICE—526 Washington Street, a few doors below Montgomery.....San Francisco.
Being no longer governed by the Tariff of the Board of Underwriters, this Company will effect Insurances at as LOW RATES as those of any other responsible Company.

OCCIDENTAL
Insurance Company,
Southwest corner Montgomery and California streets.
INDIVIDUAL LIABILITY.
Capital Stock, - - - $300,000
LOSSES PAID IN UNITED STATES GOLD COIN.
THIS COMPANY will insure against loss by Fire on any Dwelling House, Buildings, Merchanise or other property, situated in the State of California. The largest sum they will take on any one risk is thirty thousand dollars.
C. CHRISTIANSEN, Pre'st.
J. GREENEBAUM, Vice President.
B. ROTHSCHILD, Secretary.

FIRE INSURANCE.
Manhattan Fire & Marine Insurance
OF NEW YORK.
Incorporated.....1821.
Cash capital.....$500,000
Surplus.....650,000
Total Assets, over.....$1,190,000
The above named reaponsible and well known Company has complied with the law of the State of California, and has deposited $75,000 as additional security for policy holders,
Buildings, Merchandise, Furniture, and other property insured against loss or damage by Fire, on the most favorable terms. Also, Insurance on Merchandise, Specie and Freight to or from all parts of the world. Losses promptly adjusted and paid in United States Gold Coin.
R. B. SWAIN & CO., General Agents,
206 Front street, corner of California.

DR. N. T. WHITCOMB,
DENTIST,
No. 205 Third Street, San Francisco.
Teeth filled with fine gold, artificial bone and platina. All plate work made and repaired, of the best material, at the shortest notice and warranted. None cheaper or better on the coast. Call and examine specimens.
North Beach and South Park Cars pass the door.
N. T. WHITCOMB.

Removal.
WILLIAM SHERMAN & CO.
Have this day Removed their Stock of
Clothing & Men's Furnishing Goods,
From Sansome Street to
608 Montgomery street,
(East Side,) North of Clay.
San Francisco, November 22, 1867.

BERNHEIM & EHRENPFORT,
Wholesale Candy Manufacturers,
No. 408 CLAY STREET,
Between Sansome and Battery Sts., San Francisco.
FANCY AND COMMON CANDIES
OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.
Sugar Toys, Figures, Animals, Birds, etc.
Are prepared to receive orders to any extent and in any desired style,
BERNHEIM & EHRENPFORT.

Removal.
JOHN G. HODGE & CO.,
Importers and Wholesale Stationers,
Have Removed to
329 and 331 Sansome Street,
Southwest corner of Sacramento.

Dr. John T. Crook,
Late of the Pacific Mail service, has established himself in the practice of his profession in this city.
—OFFICE:—
S. W. corner of Montgomery and Bush Streets
OFFICE HOURS—9 to 10 A. M.; 2 P. M.; 4 to 6 P. M.

G. F. T. GLOVE COMPANY,
FACTORY, 526 MERCHANT STREET,
Between Montgomery and Sansome,
Manufacture all kinds of OIL DRESSED AND INDIAN TANNED GLOVES for Gentlemen, Drivers, Teamsters, Miners and Lumbermen. Also, BUCKSKIN MITTENS, GOLD BAGS, PURSES, etc., in endless variety, and all sewed by hand. All work warranted. The Trade supplied. We warrant one pair of our manufacture to outlast two pairs of Eastern manufacture,

---

BOWMAN & CO.,
Dealers in Stoves and Tin Ware,
Main street, Petaluma

DICKEY'S
CREME DE LIS
DE CALIFORNIE.
THE FASHIONABLE WHITE WASH FOR BEAUTIFYING THE COMPLEXION.
A NEW COMBINATION, equal to the best French preparations, and free from their poisonous ingredients.
GEO. S. DICKEY, Chemist,
Corner of Market, Stockton, Ellis and Fourth streets,
San Francisco.

Notice.
PACIFIC BUSINESS COLLEGE,
MECHANICS' INSTITUTE, POST STREET.
LADIES' DEPARTMENT.
THE PROPRIETORS OF THIS POPULAR INSTITUtion have much pleasure in announcing that in consequence of the growing interest taken by American ladies in mercantile pursuits, they have at the solicitation of many heads of families, fitted up class rooms exclusively for young ladies, that they may have all the advantages of a commercial education, and be fitted to act in the capacity of clerks or book-keepers. Experience in this matter in the Eastern States and on the Continent, shows that with a little careful training, they can be qualified to fill with efficiency all the lighter departments of trade, where there is a wide range for the exercise of their talents.
A. DE LEO DE LAGUNA, Principal,
JAMES VINSONHALER, President.

FIRE AND MARINE INSURANCE.
FIREMAN'S FUND
Insurance Company,
OF SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA.
—OFFICE—
S. W. cor. California and Sansome streets.
CAPITAL, $500,000, FULLY PAID IN GOLD COIN.
INSURE MARINE RISKS
Under Open Policies, on Cargoes, Treasure, Freights, Profits, and Commissions.
—ALSO—
ISSUE POLICIES ON TIME,
VOYAGE AND HARBOR RISKS ON HULLS.
INSURE AGAINST LOSS BY FIRE
On Buildings, Merchandise, Furniture, Wares, and other Personal Property.
FIRE, MARINE, HARBOR, AND INLAND TRANSIT RISKS,
On terms as favorable as any other reliable First-Class Company.
Greatest amount taken on any one risk, $50,000. Portions of Risks considered too large, will be re-insured in responsible Companies.
LOSSES PROMPTLY PAID IN UNITED STATES GOLD COIN!
D. J. STAPLES, President,
CHAS. R. BOND, Secretary.

Asphaltum for Sale
IN ANY QUANTITY TO SUIT, BY THE
PACIFIC ASPHALTUM COMPANY,
No. 533 Kearny street, corner of Sacramento,
SAN FRANCISCO.
This Asphaltum is the purest to be found in the market, being free from rock and clay, or other Impurities.
Sidewalks Laid and Roofing Done at Shortest Notice.
NEUVAL & CO.

Architectural Designs
—FURNISHED BY—
HOAGLAND & NEWSOM
ARCHITECTS,
Southwest corner of Sacramento and Kearny Streets,
San Francisco.

GEORGE MORROW & CO.,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN
Hay, Grain, and Feed of all kinds.
Hucks & Lambert's Patent AXLE GREASE.
21 Clay street and 28 Commercial street, between Drumm and East, San Francisco.

MAGUIRE'S OPERA HOUSE.

THOMAS MAGUIRE,.....Sole Proprietor.
CARR. TIBBETTS,.....Business Manager
WM STEVENSON,.....Treasurer
HARRY JACKSON,.....Stage Manager.

GREAT SUCCESS OF THE TALENTED SISTERS,

EMMA AND ADA WEBB.

SATURDAY EVENING..... DECEMBER 28

Edmund Falconer's Comedy entitled the

NOBLEMAN'S DAUGHTER!

Robert, a Gardener.....John McCulloch
Pierre Rogue.....Harry Jackson
Marquis de Provocœur.....L F B atty
Julie, Countess de Clairville.....Emma Webb
Fanchette.....Ada Webb
Dowager, Countess de Clairville.....Mrs Judah
Honore, Countess D'Aubigny.....Miss Helen Tracy

To conclude with the Proteau Extravaganza,

THE YOUNG ACTRESS.

Marie, the Young Actress; Jean, a French Boy;
Effie Heatherbloom, a Scotch Lassie; and
Fergus O'Botherum, an Irish Boy.....Ada Webb
With Songs and Dances.

WEBB MATINEE TO-DAY.

THE FOSTER SISTERS,

—AND—

A DAY TOO LATE.

In Preparation—MOTHER'S DYING CHILD.

PRICES OF ADMISSION:

Dress Circle.....	$1 00	Orchestra	$1 00
Parquette.....	50	Upper Circle.....	25

METROPOLITAN THEATRE.

Lessees and Managers,
MESSRS. EDWARDS, BATES & VINSON.

BRILLIANT AND SPARKLING SUCCESS!

—OF—

Boucicalt's Latest Dramatic Sensation,

FLYING SCUD,

—OR A—

FOUR-LEGGED FORTUNE,

CHARLES WHEATLEIGH,
CHARLES WHEATLEIGH,
CHARLES WHEATLEIGH,
NAT GOSLING THE JOCKEY
NAT GOSLING THE JOCKEY
NAT GOSLING THE JOCKEY
MISS ANNIE FIRMAN,
MISS CLELIA HOWSON,
THE STAR COMPANY.
BEAUTIFUL SCENERY BY ROGERS,
BEAUTIFUL SCENERY BY ROGERS,
BEAUTIFUL SCENERY BY ROGERS,
THE DERBY DAY!
THE DERBY DAY!
THE DERBY DAY!

For to-day's Matinee, and
☞ EVERY EVENING TILL FURTHER NOTICE. ☜
Box Plan now open.

PRICES OF ADMISSION.
Dress Circle and Orchestra Seats.....One Dollar
Parquet 50 cts | Gallery 25 cts
Doors open at 7 o'clock; to commence at 8.

BIERSTADT'S PAINTING,

'CROSSING THE PLAINS'

NOW ON EXHIBITION AT

209 Montgomery Street.

Admission,.....25 cents.
Season Tickets, $1 00.

Artists' Second Annual Sale!

—AT—

DUNCAN & CO.'S SALESROOM,

406 MOOTGOMERY ST.

MONDAY EVENING..... ....DECEMBER 30,

WE SHALL OFFER, TO THE HIGHEST BIDDER, by direction of the Artists of this city,

THEIR FINE COLLECTION

—OF—

OIL PAINTINGS,

From skeches made during the last summer tour through the State. This is the Second Annual Sale, and will include the works of

MARPLE,
DENNY,
BUSH,
BROOKS,
HOLDRIDGE,
YOUNG,
AND OTHERS.

SPECIAL NOTICE!

GREAT REDUCTION

IN

DRY GOODS

FOR THE

HOLIDAYS!

MEAGHER, TAAFFE & CO.

9 MONTGOMERY STREET.

WILL OFFER ON

Monday, - - December 2d,

THE FOLLOWING DESCRIBED GOODS

AT GREATLY REDUCED PRICES!

1000 Foulard de Laine Dresses;
1500 Empress Cloth Dresses;
1200 Poplin Dresses;
3000 Print Dresses;
500 Pieces of French Merinos;
300 Pieces Alpacas;
Empress Plaids,
Real Scotch Plaids,
Ottoman Velours,
Winseys,
Linseys.

MEAGHER, TAAFFE & CO.,

RETAIL STORE,

No. 9 Montgomery street.

WHOLESALE HOUSE,

No. 107 Battery Street, near Pine Street.

BRIDAL SILKS!
RICH LACES!
EVENING SILKS!
CHRISTMAS
and NEW YEAR'S
PRESENTS!

Meagher, Taaffe & Co.,

9 Montgomery Street,

Have received an unparalleled and choice assortment of the following described Goods suitable for

CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR'S

PRESENTS!

Bridal and Evening Silks;
Chantilly and Point Lace Shawls;
Black and Colored Silks;
Chene and Droge Silks;
Velvet and Silk Cloaks;
Indian Shawls;
Irish and French Poplins;
Point and Applique Lace Handkerchiefs;
Embroidered and Plain Handkerchiefs;
Irish and French Poplins;
Point de Venice Lace Collars;
French and English Hosiery;
Barnsley Napkins and Cloths;
Chantilly Flounces and Capes;
Cashmere Shawls;
Lama Lace Shawls;

GLOVES, BEST MAKE.

MEAGHER, TAAFFE & CO.'S

RETAL STORE:

No. 9 Montgomery street.

WHOLESALE STORE:

No. 107 Battery street.

WONDERS OF WONDERS!

TO BE SEEN ONLY AT THE

Pacific Museum of Anatomy and Science,

Eureka Theatre, Montgomery street,
between California and Pine.

AMERICAN HOTEL, Main street, Petaluma.
EMERSON & LAMBERTON Proprietors.

H. M. LOCKWOOD & CO.

BOYS'

Pioneer Clothing Store,

CLOSING BUSINESS!!

CLOSING BUSINESS!!!

We offer the entire stock at the following reduced prices:

	Regular Prices.	Present Prices.
Boys' French Cass. Basket Pants.....	$6 00	$4 00
Boys' Velvet Cass. Ext. Sup. Pants.....	8 00	5 00
Boys' Cadet Union Suits.....	8 00	5 00
Boys' Union Sack Overcoats.....	8 00	5 00
Boys' Petersham Overcoats.....	14 00	10 00
Boys' Blk Castor Beaver Overcoats.....	16 00	12 00
Boys' Blk Esquimaux Beaver Overcoats...	18 00	13 00
Boys' French Cloth Frock Coats.....	18 00	12 00
Boys' Esquimaux Beaver Suits.....	15 00	12 00
Boys' Fine Esquimaux Bever Suits.....	26 00	18 00
Youths' Cassimere Knee Pants.....	2 50	1 50
Youths' Cassimere Knee Pants, ex. Fine...	3 00	2 25
Youths' CaSsimere Knee Pants, embr'd....	4 00	3 00
Youths' Gatibaldi Fancy Suits.....	7 00	5 00
Youths' Garibaldi Extra Fine Suits.....	8 00	6 00
Youths' Embroidered Cloth Suits.....	10 00	5 00
Youths' Black Beaver Suits.....	10 00	6 00
Youths' Print Cloth Overcoats.....	10 00	7 00
Youths' Chinchilla Overcoats.....	10 50	8 00
Youths' Union Sack Overcosts.....	8 00	6 00
Youths' Black Castor Beaver Overcoats....	12 00	9 00
Youths' Heavy Black Beaver Garricks.....	10 00	8 00
Youths' Black Cloth Overcoat (sleeves)....	11 00	8 50

500 Men's Esquimaux and Castor Beaver Overcoats,

Forty per cent. less than any other store on this Coast.

100 dozen Men's Star Shirts, $1 50

Astonishing low figures.

Remember, our goods are all Custom-made, from our Broadway store in New York, thirteen years' standing. Everybody must know our goods. Retiring from business, the goods must be sold. Call at LOCKWOOD & CO'S, and examine the great reduction in prices.

H. M. LOCKWOOD & CO.,
624 Clay Street.

REMOVAL

—OF THE—

BROOKLYN HOTEL

TO BUSH STREET,

Opposite the Cosmopolitan, adjoining the new Mercantile Library, between

MONTGOMERY AND SANSOME STS.

SAN FRANCISCO.

J. KELLY, Jr.....Proprietor.

THANKFUL FOR THE PATRONAGE WHICH HAS been bestowed upon him during the last seventeen years, respectfully informs his friends and the public at his new house will open TUESDAY, Dec. 31st. The new establishment will be far superior to the old one in every respect.

The Brooklyn Hotel Coach

Will always be in readiness to convey

PASSENGERS AND THEIR BAGGAGE

To the Hotel free of charge, and to any part of the city for fifty cents.

New Opposition Line via Panama.

The North American Steamship Company will dispatch the splendid new Steamship

NEVADA,

(3000 Tons,)

J. K. KELLY.....Commander,

For PANAMA, from Mission Street Wharf, at 12 o'clock noon, on

SATURDAY, - - - - - JAN. 4th, 1868,

Connecting, via Panama Railroad, at Aspinwall with the Company's new and splendid Steamship NEBRASKA, 3,000 Tons, for NEW YORK.

One hundred pounds Baggage free.
Surgeon on board medicine and attendance free.
The Nevada has proven herself the fastest steamship afloat, and the Company intend making the trip through TO NEW YORK IN 18 DAYS.
The Moses Taylor will sail January 15th, via Nicaragua.
The Steamers of this Line, via Panama, will hereafter touch at Manzanillo, each way. Freight and passage at reduced rates.
Passage tickets to and from Liverpool and Queenstown, by the "Liverpool and Great Western S. S. Company's" staunch and elegant Iron Steamships, at unusually low rates.
For further information apply to
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Northwest corner Battery and Pine streets,
Up stairs. San Francisco

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Tea and Wine Merchants,

S. E. cor. Montg'ry and California,

San Francisco.

Wholesale Store,
204 Front Street.

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PRESENTS!

WE ARE IN RECEIPT, EX FRENCH SHIPS, "VOLTA" and "MAHELA," of

LARGE ADDITIONS

TO OUR

Extensive Stock

OF

CHINA, GLASSWARE,

FANCY GOODS, Etc., Etc.

Please call and examine.

HAYNES & LAWTON,

516 Sansome street, corner of Merchant.

Turnbull & Smith,

PRINTERS,

522 CLAY ST.,

SAN FRANCISCO.

Good Work!—One Price!—Punctuality!

D. BRUCE,

PRINTER,

COMMERCIAL STREET OPPOSITE MINERS' RESTAURANT.

IN THE PROBATE COURT, of the City and County of San Francisco.
In re Estate of FRANK O. ELDREDGE, deceased.
On reading and filing the petition of John S. Bugbee, administrator, with the will annexed, of the estate of Frank O. Eldredge, deceased, setting forth that he has filed his final account of his administration upon said estate, in this Court, and that the same has been duly audited, allowed and confirmed; that all debts have been fully paid; and that a portion of said estate remains to be distributed among the persons who by law are entitled to the same; that deceased was not a resident of this State, and died testate; that his will was duly proved and allowed in the State of Massachusetts, the place of his residence, and an authenticated copy thereof admitted to Probate in this State; and that it is necessary, in order that said estate be distributed according to said will, that the estate in this State be delivered to the executor in the State of Massachusetts; and praying, among other things, for an order that said estate may be delivered to said executor

It is ordered, That all persons interested in the estate of Frank O. Eldredge, deceased, be and appear before the Probate Court of the City and County of San Francisco, at the Court room of said Court, in the City Hall, in said City and County, on the 27th day of January, A. D. 1868, at two o'clock in the afternoon of said day, then and there to show cause, if any they have, why an order should not be made for the delivery of said estate to such executor, according to law.

It is further ordered, That a copy of this order be published for four successive weeks, before said twenty-seventh day of January, 1868, in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published in the City and County of San Francisco.

M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.
Dated December 19th, 1867. de28-ja4-11-18

IN THE PROBATE COURT of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.
In the matter of the Estate of JOSEPH L. FOLSOM, deceased.

It appearing to the Court by the petition presented and filed by Henry W. Halleck and Archibald C. Peachy, two of the Executors of the last will and testament of Joseph L. Folsom, deceased, praying for an order to sell real estate, that it is necessary to sell the whole of the real estate to pay the debts outstanding against the deceased, and the debts, expenses and charges of the administration.

It is therefore ordered by the Court, that all persons interested in said estate appear before said Probate Court on MONDAY, the 27th day of January, A. D. 1868, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the Court room of said Probate Court, in the City Hall, in the City and County of San Francisco, to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said Executors to sell all the real estate of said deceased.

And that a copy of this order be published at least four successive weeks in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published in the said city and county.

Dated December 25th, A. D. 1867.
M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.
D. P. Barstow, Esq, Attorney for Executor.
de28-ja4-11-18-25

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF GEORGE W COLEMERE, deceased.—Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the estate of George W. Colemere, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice, to the said administrator at his place of business at the office of Burnett & Burnett, Esqs. No. 606 Washington street, rooms No. 57, 58 and 59, in the city and county of San Francisco, State of California, or they will be forever barred.
JAMES B. CHALMERS,
Administrator of the estate of George W. Colemere, deceased.
Dated December 17th, 1867.
W. C. & J. M. Burnett, Attorneys for Administrator.
de21-28-ja4-11-18

The Ladies are of one mind in pronouncing BOWMAN'S AMERICAN WASHING COMPOUND the best preparation for washing and cleaning in use. It is acknowledged to be a saving both in money and labor. The Compound softens the dirt, consequently the clothes require not more than one-half the rubbing necessary in washing by the old method; besides all who give it a trial acknowledge that their clothes are made whiter in washing with this Compound, than they were ever known to be by using any other preparation. For washing Woolen Goods and Flannels it cannot be equaled. Calicoes that can be washed with soap, without fading, are washed in the water used for boiling the white clothes. This Compound has been used in the eastern States for the past three years with perfect success. Warranted not to injure the clothes. FOR SALE BY ALL GROCERS.
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Depot at Peck & Turner's, corner California and Battery streets.